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MAGAZINE.

VOL. CLXIV.

JULY—DECEMBER 1898.



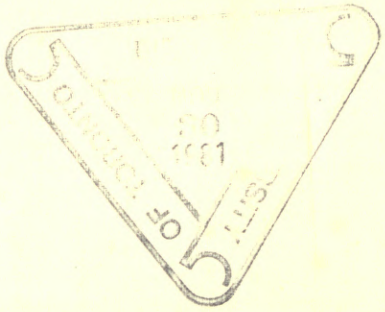
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH;

AND

37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

1898.

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCCXCIII. JULY 1898. Vol. CLXIV.

SEVENTY YEARS AT WESTMINSTER.

BY

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN R. MOWBRAY, BART., M.P.

I.

I MAY as well begin with the first incident in my life's history. It is a joke in my family that I once saw the First Napoleon. And I don't see that any one could very well dispute the assertion, if I chose to make it. I was born on June 3, 1815, at Exeter —fifteen days before Waterloo; and a month later was taken to Teignmouth with my mother after her convalescence. The Bellerophon, with the Emperor on board, was anchored in Torbay on the evening of July 24, and lay there until the morning of the 26th. During that time crowds of little boats put off with folks anxious to catch a glimpse of the great Napoleon. My people did not go owing to some accident, but as it was, my mother was on the shore, and I was close by in the nurse's arms, on the 25th of July, to see what could be seen. So that it is not impossible that (though I do not know it) I set eyes upon the Bellerophon, with Napoleon standing on the deck.

I was born, at any rate, at a time when the memory of the great Emperor was quite fresh, and the terror of the name of Buonaparte had scarcely passed away. I remember well hearing of his death, in 1821. Mr Balcombe, with whose family Napoleon was intimate at St Helena, was a friend of my grandfather, and sent him news from Longwood. He sent also a walking-cane of the Emperor's, which I have in my possession now.

One of my earliest recollections is of the news of George III.'s death coming to us in Devonshire. My mother was in grief and tears on the receipt of it: we were

always a strong Tory family, and the good old king was held in affectionate veneration by his loyal subjects. In 1821 I was at Exeter Cathedral, at a crowded service on the day of the coronation of George IV. From the nursery upwards I was a great politician. I learnt to abhor Queen Caroline. I diligently read 'John Bull,' and was confirmed in my Toryism by Theodore Hook. I watched with keen interest the struggles between Mr Canning and Mr Peel for the ascendancy of the Tory party, and was an early Peelite. I rejoiced in the downfall of the short-lived Canning Administration. I attended county meetings and signed petitions against Roman Catholic Emancipation; and was, of course, greatly irate with the Duke and Peel for their surrender. In 1829 I went to Westminster School.

George IV. died on June 26, 1830. That was a Saturday, and William IV. was not proclaimed until the Monday following. I can remember going to two churches on the intervening Sunday. The parsons were greatly at a loss to know in what terms to pray for the King. Some prayed for the King simply, and some for King William; and there were others who, crediting a rumour that had been going about that the new King wished to be known as William Henry I., prayed for him in that style. I was at the coronation of William IV. and Queen Adelaide in the autumn of the next year, and sent an account of it to my mother in the following letter, which may be interesting after this lapse of time:—

"Dean's Yard,
September 9, 1831.

"All the sixth breakfasted together yesterday, and at half-past seven we went into the Abbey. Having inspected all the arrangements the day before, I knew where to fix myself, and I got about the best place in our seats, which certainly were as good as any. About nine the Peers and Peeresses arrived, dressed in their robes. The Duchess of St Albans was the most magnificent, with such a profusion of diamonds; next to her in splendour came the Marchioness of Londonderry. The dress of the Duke of St Albans as Grand Falconer was also very splendid. I saw the Earl of Munster, Lord Frederick and Lord Augustus FitzClarence, then. When the Duke of Wellington did homage to the King, there was a loud and universal shout of applause and clapping of hands for several minutes, in which, as you may suppose, I joined most heartily. There was no dissentient voice. Lord Lyndhurst received marks of approbation, though not quite so warm. Cheers were attempted for Lord Grey, but they were very feeble, and met by a corresponding number of hisses. When Lord Brougham came forward, cheers were given for him, but they were drowned in hisses and groans. The Chancellor did not appear well pleased, as he showed by the twitches of his nose and his distortions of countenance. He was continually displaying a glaring yellow pocket-handkerchief, which excited the laughter of the spectators. The King looked a feeble old man. The Queen supported the high station with all proper dignity. When she returned to her throne with the crown on her head, the bursts of applause with which she was welcomed far surpassed those which attended his Majesty's reception.

"I got out of the Abbey about four o'clock. In the evening I went out to see the illuminations. I went up Whitehall, through Strand, Fleet Street, Holborn, Oxford Street, Bond Street, Piccadilly, St James's Street, Pall Mall, Parliament Street, &c., and returned about ten o'clock."

At the Queen's Jubilee in 1897 I was one of the deputation who presented an address from the University of Oxford to her Majesty at Windsor Castle. I mentioned to several friends that I was the only member of Convo-

cation then present who had gone up with the address on the occasion of the Queen's marriage in 1840, of which, owing to one little incident, I had a peculiarly vivid recollection. We had met at the Oxford and Cambridge Club and walked to Buckingham Palace, the Duke of Wellington in cap and gown heading the procession as Chancellor. At the top of the stairs outside the Audience Chamber we were kept waiting for a short time. I heard the Duke of Wellington say to Phillpotts, the Bishop of Exeter: "My Lord, there is an ancient motto — it is a very good motto — that should be hung in the halls of all sovereigns. It is a French motto: '*L'exactitude est la politesse des Rois.*'" When I mentioned the fact of my going up in 1840, the present Chancellor said he could beat me, for he was at the coronation in 1838; to which I was able to reply, "Oh, I was at the coronation of William IV. in 1831." The 'Daily News' afterwards stated that I had been present at the Coronation of William III., whereupon the 'Pall Mall Gazette' made some pretty play, saying that as that took place in 1689 I must be two hundred years old at least.

Westminster School in the eighteenth century was a rival of Eton, and a training-ground especially for Whig statesmen. When I went there in 1829 the Russells, the Lennoxs, the Pagets, and many other families still sent their sons there; but the school began to fall off after the opening of King's College in 1831, and has never recovered its old position. The Cabinet of Lord John Russell in 1846 was composed, to a great extent, of old Westminsters. Among my contemporaries at the school were the Earl of March, now Duke of Richmond; Lord Henry Fitzmaurice, father of the present Marquis of Lansdowne; Lords Alfred and George Paget; Baliol Brett, now Viscount Esher; Sir Walter James, afterwards created Lord Northbourne; Cotton and Milman, successively Bishops of Calcutta; and James Anthony Froude. Froude, like myself, was a Devonshire boy, and I kept up an acquaintance with him all his life, and was the first old friend who congratulated him on his appointment as Regius Professor of History at Oxford. He was younger than I was, and he entered the school later, though not much later evidently; for on asking him in after years if he had been there during the reign of George IV., "Yes, I was there," he said; "don't you remember the bell tolling for the King?" I remembered very well the bell of St Paul's tolling. Froude was a bright fellow. As a small boy he had read all the Waverley novels, and at school was very interesting, having lived all his young life in a region of romance.

Westminster School was to me a portal to the House of Commons, for I made good use of the ancient privilege Westminster scholars have of going in and out of the Houses of Parliament when they like. In my day more advantage was taken of it than is now the case, and it was a larger privilege then; for we could go under the gallery and on a level with the floor of the House of Commons, and could appear at the bar of the Lords. My earliest recollections of the House of Lords are connected with the dignified attitude and charm of Lord Lyndhurst sitting as Chancellor on the woolsack, and my latest thoughts of him are connected with the memorable speech which "the old man

eloquent" made on his ninetieth birthday in 1863. By very frequent attendances in both Houses I came to hear all the great speakers and debaters of the day —the Duke of Wellington, Earl Grey, Lansdowne, Lyndhurst, Brougham, Ellenborough, and many others in the Lords; Lords Althorp and John Russell, Mr Stanley and Sir James Graham, Sir Robert Peel, Sir Charles Wetherall, Croker, Macaulay, O'Connell, and Shiel in the Commons.

My Westminster life fell upon one of the most exciting times that our Parliament has ever known. The various stages of the first Reform Act are still clear in my mind. On March 1, 1831, the Reform Bill was introduced into the House of Commons, and on the 22nd the second reading was carried by a majority of 1. In Committee the Ministry was defeated on General Gascoyne's amendment on April 19. The next day they were again defeated on Estimates. On the 21st I went to Fenton's Hotel, St James's Street, to call upon Mr Buck, M.P. for Exeter, and he told me that he thought they were in for Dissolution. On my way back from him I saw the Duke of Cumberland galloping in hot haste under the archway of the Horse Guards; and in Dean's Yard I heard the guns firing and guessed what it meant, and I was told that the King was already proroguing Parliament. In the Lords, before the King's arrival, Brougham amid tremendous excitement alleged that the Commons had threatened to stop Supplies, thus getting up a cry to go to the country with. On May 22, during the Whitsuntide holidays, I went home, going down to Exeter on a mail-coach. It was a bitter night, and the Devonshire apples were all nipped; so that it has always been a saying with me, "Never be sure of your apples until the 22nd of May is past."

The next stage of the fight began after the New Parliament met on June 14, and for the second reading of the New Reform Bill there was a majority of upwards of 100. On September 8 the King was crowned. The Bill was not out of the Commons until September 22; and, October 8, it was thrown out by the Lords by a majority of 41. The next day was a day of the greatest excitement; Parliament was prorogued, and summoned to meet again on December 6. The majority in the Commons for the second reading on December 17 was 162. In March 1832 it was introduced into the Lords, and this time the second reading was carried on April 13. I had special leave to get away to the House that night with another Westminster boy, whose father, Sir George Clerk, was looking after us. Our pockets were filled with food against an all-night sitting. We were first at the bar, and afterwards placed within the steps of the throne; but as we were in the way—for there was a great crowd, and the House of Lords of those days was very small—we we were sent home about nine, the debate continuing until seven in the morning. The bill had still to run the gantlet of Committee, however; and on May 7 a motion of Lord Lyndhurst to determine the number of places to be enfranchised before entering into consideration of what places should be disenfranchised was carried by 35; on the 9th Lord Grey resigned, the King accepted the resignation, and sent for the Duke

of Wellington. The tension in the country was tremendous: during the six days in which the Duke was trying to form a Ministry, I suppose, we were as near a revolution as ever a country was. I remember very well the placards that were posted everywhere—

"TO STOP THE DUKE, GO FOR GOLD."

Charing Cross seemed covered with them. Among them appeared another—

"SUSSEX FOR PRIME MINISTER";

for there was some idle irresponsible talk about the Duke of Sussex taking the place of Lord Grey as Prime Minister. As a counterblast to it some one had posted up—

"PUT NOT YOUR TRUST IN PRINCES."

The Duke of Wellington failed to form an Administration, and Lord Grey was restored to office, having obtained from the King the power which he desired authorising a creation of peers sufficient to pass the Bill. Thereupon the Duke exerted his influence and induced some of the Lords to absent themselves, and so withdraw their opposition, and on June 22 the Reform Bill received the Royal Assent. There my experience of my first three Parliaments ended, for I left Westminster School at Christmas 1832.

I may mention here my recollection of the destruction of the Houses of Parliament by fire, though that occurred in October 1834, after I had left Westminster. I happened to be passing through London on my way home from Oxford, and was dining out that night. Among the party was Smedley, High Bailiff of Westminster, and he was sent for in his official capacity. I begged him to take me with him, which he did, and thus I saw the fire well.

I passed through some of the passages of the old House of Commons, and in particular through that which is now the members' cloak-room; thence I went out, and remained all night in front of the east end of Henry VII.'s Chapel watching the progress of the fire. Opposite to me was a low screen in brick-and-plaster, in the Strawberry Hill Gothic style, with the House of Lords behind it and a very tall Perpendicular window. In the middle of the night the flames mounted up the window, and the whole collapsed like a house built of cards. We all exclaimed with horror, "Nothing now can save Westminster Hall," and it appeared as if it was so at first. The flames spread in a northerly direction and seemed to make for the roof. However, the fire was kept under, and the old Hall of Rufus remained unhurt, and is so still, giving a noble vestibule to the Houses of Parliament. At that time the Law Courts all opened into the Hall, and it was reported that Sir Frederick Thesiger said next day, "If Westminster Hall had been burnt down, what a pettifogging profession ours would have been!"

After leaving Westminster I went for six months to a private tutor's, and then proceeded to Oxford, matriculating on May 23, 1833, and going into residence at Christ Church in October of the same year. In 1835 I was elected a student of Christ Church. In 1836 I was president of the Oxford Union, of which Mr Gladstone was president in 1830; and now all the presidents before me are dead. In November of the same year I

went in for my examination *in Literis Humanioribus*. I was placed in the second class, in company with the Earl of Cranbrook, Frederic William Faber, and Lord Justice Mellish. In 1837 I took my degree, and went out of residence.

At Christ Church I found William George Ward, then of three years' standing, and it was through him that I came to be introduced to the leading spirits of the Union. With the Union my most cherished recollections of Oxford are bound up. Perhaps it absorbed almost too much of my interests; perhaps it rather spoiled my class. But I have always looked upon that debating-ground as giving men the best training they could have for public life—for political life certainly. That was proved in the case of the very remarkable men among whom I was thrown: Archibald Campbell Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury; Roundell Palmer, afterwards Lord Chancellor Earl of Selborne; Robert Lowe, afterwards Viscount Sherbrooke; Edward Cardwell (Viscount Cardwell); Lord Justice Mellish, whom an early death stopped in a career that seemed destined to end in a higher place; Gathorne Hardy, now Earl of Cranbrook; Stafford Northcote, first Earl of Iddesleigh; Charles Marriott, Ward, Faber, and many others.

I had gone up in the Union's palmy days. In the few years immediately preceding this Sydney Herbert, Milnes Gaskell, Mr Gladstone, the Earl of Elgin, the Duke of Newcastle, had held the office of president. As I have said, all the presidents before me are gone; and I believe that I am very nearly the oldest member of Christ Church living now.

Though not eligible as a member of the Union in my first winter in residence, I was present at its now famous meeting when the fate of the "Ramblers" was discussed. It was a question of Union politics. The committee for a year or two had been drawn from a party that included Ward, Cardwell, Tait, and Roundell Palmer, whose government had been vehemently criticised by an opposition led by Lowe. Feeling ran high, and when in 1833 Edward Massie, of Wadham, the nominee of the opposition, was elected president, with Lowe himself as librarian, the ousted committee took their dismissal in some personal dudgeon, and started a society of their own. This was the "Ramblers," so called because it had no stated meeting-place. Its success so dimmed the lustre of the Union that the new committee now proposed to expel the "Ramblers." The Union Hall could not hold all who wished to hear the debate on this motion, and a clamorous meeting was held in the Star Hotel.

The debate has been celebrated in a Greek-Latin macaronic poem, the 'Uniomachia,' justly praised for its scholarship and good fun. The idea seems to have originated with Thomas Jackson, afterwards rector of Stoke Newington; and Sinclair, the "Skimmerian Sinclair" of the poem, assisted in working it out. Robert Scott, afterwards Master of Balliol, is said to have supplied the very ingenious and learned notes—probably more. He had already written a clever Greek squib on an imaginary contest between the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel for the Chancellorship of the University. It was privately circulated only, and was anonymous, although the author was known. At any rate, some years later I was staying at

Rochester with Dr Hawkins, and met Scott at dinner, and on the conversation happening to turn upon this skit, I discovered that Dr Hawkins had never heard of it. Yet he was Provost of Oriel in 1834, and I had the pleasure of introducing him, sometime in the seventies, to the lines in which the various Heads of Houses were described as they were in the thirties. It is possible that, for some reason or other, Scott did not care to avow his full share in the 'Uniomachia,' of which an English version shortly afterwards appeared.

The two parties, then, were ranged for battle in the Star :—

"Ranged on the left the foe prepared to fight
The Rambler phalanx marshalled on the right;
In high command above their host are seen
Ward, Tory chief, and Cardwell's graceful mien.
Supreme in eloquence they lead the way,
The first in counsel, and the first in sway:
Brancker conducts the bold Massienian throng." [1]

Massie left the chair to speak, and Lowe took his place. When Tait interrupted Massie's speech and refused to sit down, Lowe promptly fined him in £1 :—

"With thund'ring sound
Tait shook his tasselled cap, and sprang to ground
(The tasselled cap by Juggins' hand was made,
Or some keen brother of the London trade,
Unconscious of the stern decrees of fate
What ruthless thumps the batter'd trencher waits).
Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar
Of Tait indignant, rushing to the war.
In vain the Chair's dread mandate interfered,
Nor Chair, nor fine, the angry warrior feared,—
A forfeit pound th' unequal contest ends." [2]

In the end the Ramblers won the day. Charles Marriott, "Marriott the good" of the poem, who had intervened in the row caused by Tait with a plea for more order on both sides, was elected president in the following session, and the feud ended. The joke was, that when Tait, with his own party in power, made an appeal against the fine, the appeal was not successful. Of Archbishop Tait, with whom I was closely intimate till his death, I used to say that I knew him first in connection with the incident. There was another row in 1835, which lasted several weeks, when there were sharp encounters between Trevor, after-

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[1] Μέμβερες ἀλλ' κόσμηθεν, ἅμ' ἡγεμόνεσσιν ἕκαστοι,
'Ρίτῳ 'Ράμβληροι σίττον, λέφτῳ τε Μασεῖχοι.
Καρπέτῳ ἐν δαπέδῳ σίττει πρεσιδέντιος ἄλλων
[Οὗ Μάτθευς κομικός ποτ' ἔπαιζε πυνοῖς τε τρίχοις τε.]
Ἰφθιμος Μασίχης, εἴδων ἐπέεσσ' ἀγορεύειν.

[2] Ὣς ἔφατ' εὐφρονέων· Ταιεῖτος δ' ἅλτο χαμᾶζε·
Καὶ πῖλον βράνδισσε, νεὺν δέ τε ῥούον ὄρωρεν.
Πῖλον 'Ιύγγινσος ποιήσατο καὶ κάμε χέρσιν
Ἤ τις Λονδεῖνου τράδσμαν· ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐνόησε
'Εν τούτῳ ποτε κἂν πῖλον θύμψεσθαι ἀγῶνι.
'Αδδρέσσειν δ' ἐθέλοντι φιλοὺς, πρεσιδέντιος αὐτῷ
Σίγην κομμάνδει, ὅτ' ἄρ' ἰντέβρυπτε δέβατα·
'Αλλ' ὅτι πέρσιστει δύστηνος φείνεται ὄνπουνδ.

wards Honorary Canon of York, and Lowe. Trevor had attacked the committee, of which Ward, Mellish, and myself were members. A select committee was appointed, of which Lowe was chairman, and they replied that Trevor's allegations were unfounded and he ought to withdraw them. Ward was absorbed in the struggle all the time. In Mr Wilfred Ward's Life of his father, Cardwell is reported to have said, "There goes old Ward, the incarnation of the Union." As a proof of how much Ward was possessed of the subject all that time, he told me he dreamt he was back at Winchester and was construing some Latin words thus: "*Bona* (a constitutional woman), *prognata* (sprung), *parentibus* (of parents), *bonis* (who likewise supported the committee)." He always called the supporters of the committee the Constitutional party.

The Oxford Union was founded in 1823 as the United Debating Society, and in October 1873 there was a Jubilee dinner at which all these old days were pleasantly brought to mind. For me there was a special and unique link with that past, for it was my great pleasure to see my son, the then president, in the chair at that dinner, and presiding at this reunion of men distinguished at the Union, and distinguished in public service later,—Archbishop Tait, Lord Chancellor Selborne, the Marquis of Salisbury (Chancellor of the University), Mr Cardwell, Mr Gathorne Hardy, Mr Goschen, Lord Justice Mellish, Sir John Coleridge (then Attorney-General), the Bishops of Chichester and Oxford, Cardinal Manning; and Canon Liddon, Mr Matthew Arnold, Mr Jowett, among those of later times.

Many of these Union acquaintances remained lifelong friends. Ward I knew intimately. At Oxford we recognised that he was a man of great reasoning powers, of strong convictions, well grounded, like most Wykehamists, in his Latin and Greek, but not an industrious undergraduate. He was a commoner of Christ Church, and ought to have gone up for the schools in May of 1834; but he was not ready, and did not wish to go up then, and asked permission to wait until later. This was refused. He then stood for and was elected to a scholarship at Lincoln College, and he took two seconds in classics and mathematics. In the same year he was elected a Fellow of Balliol. He was in those days a professed admirer of Arnold and of Archbishop Whately.

But Ward was at the same time a tremendous High Tory, and had a natural love of authority, although all his theological proclivities were then for the latitudinarian side. Even at that period we said of him that he ought to have belonged to the Roman communion. As a matter of fact, he had then no affinity for Newman, over whom, after he had thrown himself into the Tractarian movement, he had enormous influence, — an influence that was remarkable, for he did not profess to be, nor was he, a man of deep reading or wide knowledge.

We frequently met in these later years—sometimes when in London he dined with me and other friends; and he was the same man as of old. I have always been a great walker, and used to delight in a walk on Hampstead Heath. The last time I met Ward I found him on the Heath, where he also resorted. We had a long talk about old friends. He spoke especially of Tait's great kindness to him, and how he was always the same. He added: "Tait's a lucky

fellow, you're a lucky fellow. Both lucky fellows!

'Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit hic diadema'

—I don't mean to say that either of you is *scelus*." That was in Ward's old manner.

The mention of Ward naturally suggests the "Tractarian movement." I only knew one or two of the leaders of it, and none of them as such. Keble, of course, was a much older man. He was Professor of Poetry at Oxford when I was in residence there, but I did not know him until later. I spent a day with him once at Hursley: he was a charming man, the finest type of a thoughtful, learned, sober-minded English country clergyman. When I came up to Oxford I brought an introduction to Pusey, who had been Regius Professor of Hebrew for years. He used to invite parties of undergraduates to his house,—parties of eight or ten, who would go there about eight o'clock after dining in Hall—we dined at five o'clock in those days—and stayed for an hour or so. These were very quiet affairs. In after-years I called upon him always when I was in Oxford. He received me most kindly, and it was always a privilege to be received as cordially as I was by such a saintly man. He took a lively interest in all academical questions which from time to time came before the House of Commons.

It does not fall within the scope of these reminiscences to give an opinion on the effects generally of the Tractarian movement. Keble's assize sermon, which Newman always regarded as the beginning of the movement, was preached at St Mary's, Oxford, in July 1833, after I matriculated but before I came up to residence. The early 'Tracts for the Times' appeared in the autumn, and were noticed to some extent. The 'Christian Year' was largely read, and at that time the movement was all for good. I am not thinking of the undergraduates alone.

To return to the friends I made at Oxford. In November 1834 I noticed Ward at a window with a man I hadn't seen before, and Ward beckoned me up and introduced me to the new-comer. It was Arthur Stanley, who had just come up and won the Balliol Scholarship. The friendship begun thus in Dean Stanley's first days at Oxford lasted all through his lifetime. One of my later recollections of him is his delight when Lightfoot was made a bishop. "I went unto the Abbey," he told me, "and read the lesson: 'Can we find such a one as this is, a man in whom the Spirit of God is? And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, Forasmuch as God hath showed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art. . . . And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen.'" And he added, "When I came out I read my 'Times,' and found that Joseph Barber Lightfoot was Bishop of Durham."

Tait, too, I knew during all his after-life, and of course when I became Archbishop's Commissioner at the Ecclesiastical Commission I met him constantly. He once said to me in a joke that I had made him a bishop, the foundation of the joke being this. In the summer of 1854 my wife and I were at the Lakes, and we spent a Sunday at Carlisle Deanery. Tait preached twice; in the Cathedral he attended a Sunday-school, had a third service for some old people, and had a class of young men who came to him in

the evening at the Deanery. I cannot now recall the number and particular nature of all his engagements throughout the day, but remember that every hour he was apologising for leaving us for this and for that. The following year, during a debate in the House of Commons on the Carlisle Canonries Bill, it was asserted by some one that the Chapter did nothing for the spiritual wants of the city. I was able to get up and tell the House my experience of one Sunday at the Deanery at any rate, and the House received it well.

I need say no more of the transcendent merits of Tait. The fine presence, the noble character, the personal goodness, the statesmanlike capacity of the great Archbishop live in our memories and are enshrined in the history of the Church of England.

The social life of the undergraduates has changed greatly since then. In my day there were no railways, and consequently few visits to town—none at all, in fact. We dined at five o'clock. After dinner we probably adjourned to some man's rooms for wine. These wine-parties were quiet gatherings, there was no excess at them. We left early and went to our own rooms to read. There was little or no smoking. Smoking after dinner was not the custom then as it is now.

The most interesting scene in my first year at Oxford was the installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor of Oxford, in the Sheldonian Theatre, in June 1834. To the undergraduate of that day the crowning victory of Waterloo was the great landmark in English history, and the conqueror of the great Napoleon was the national hero, the greatest Englishman that ever lived. Moreover, the Tory party, just beginning to rally after the disasters of 1832, had gathered in great force around their illustrious leader. The Duke of Cumberland was there and the Earl of Eldon. The Archbishop of Canterbury and many bishops, and the Duke's old companions in arms, Lord Hill and Lord Fitzroy Somerset, Lord Londonderry, and many whose names are household words to that generation, were there welcomed and honoured by the university. Three days were occupied in conferring degrees and listening to prize essays and poems. I was in the gallery on Wednesday, June 11. Mr Arnould, scholar of Wadham, recited his poem, "The Hospice of St Bernard," which had won the Newdigate. After describing Napoleon crossing St Bernard, he proceeded with these lines:—

"Till on that field where last the eagle soared,
War's mightier master wielded Britain's sword,
And the dark soul the world could not subdue
Bowed to thy genius, Prince of Waterloo."

Then followed such a scene as I never witnessed before or since. I have heard many rousing speeches in both Houses of Parliament, and many harangues, which have called forth the enthusiastic applause of great gatherings elsewhere. I recollect well the electrical effect which Lord Derby, as Chancellor, produced in the same theatre in 1863, on the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, when the simple words "Ipsa adest" charmed and delighted the loyal multitude, but I never saw anything comparable to the effect produced by those lines in that Newdigate in 1834. We, the undergraduates, rose in the galleries, shouted until we were hoarse, sat down and rested, shouted again and again until our vocal powers

were quite exhausted. The great men in the semicircle, statesmen, bishops, soldiers, divines, Heads of Houses, were stirred beyond belief; the very floor of the theatre, crowded with university dons, solemn dignitaries, staid country parsons, cynical lawyers, seemed almost moved with the commotion of its occupants, and the proceedings were actually interrupted and impeded for a time, until we could all recover our composure. The bursts of applause which greeted many of the recipients of degrees, presented as they were in most admirable speeches by Dr Joseph Phillimore, Regius Professor of Civil Law, was very remarkable. One very striking scene was when Viscount Encombe, grandson of old Eldon, was described simply and concisely as "Comitis de Eldon unicum nepotem." Lord Encombe, after receiving his degree and shaking hands with the Duke, proceeded in affectionate and reverential attitude to receive the welcome of his grandfather, the High Steward of the University; and that brought the house down. Another happy phrase was when the Regius Professor, after describing the merits of Lord Fitzroy Somerset, brought them to a climax by the words, "et quod maximum est commilitonem tuum." In the evening the Duke of Wellington dined in Christ Church Hall. We gave him a most hearty welcome.

I was called to the Bar, and joined the Devon Sessions and the Western Circuit in 1842. Sir Stafford Northcote contemplated doing the same thing, and we had arranged to have chambers together in the Temple. He, however, relinquished his intention of following the Bar as a profession when he became private secretary to Mr Gladstone in 1842. Extracts from two letters of his of this year will show what our anticipations as to the future were at that period:—

Letter from Mr (afterwards Sir) Stafford H. Northcote.

"United University Club,
July 1, 1842.

My dear Cornish,—I called yesterday at your chambers. I was very sorry to miss you, for I had to communicate news which is highly interesting to me and will not be quite indifferent to you, as it is of a nature which destroys the pleasant prospect which you had held out to me of our living together like Siamese twins with a connecting clerk. In short, I have given up the law, and have accepted the post of private secretary to the Right Honourable Wm. Ewart Gladstone, Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Master of the Mint, and future Prime Minister of England. I think upon the whole I have done rightly. I have attached myself to the man of all others whom I respect and agree with; I have entered upon a line which I think will suit me better than the law, at all events which will lead me to more agreeable studies. I think I have every fair prospect of success, and I am in a position that justifies my running some slight risks.

"Gladstone having to look out for a new private secretary, applied to my tutor (E. Coleridge) to recommend him a person for the office. My tutor recommended me. I received the offer on Tuesday evening, and am going to begin work in something less than half an hour. My duties are not to be very onerous, though there will be a good deal to do; but a good proportion of my time may be spent in very interesting studies and occupations. And there are all the chances of war, for I link my fate to Gladstone's, and a more zealous friend I could not have.

"If you are to be at Exeter in August I shall hope to see you and talk over matters. I need not say that if there is any little post, not excluding a judgeship, which you would like in the interim, you have only to name it to me.—Yours very sincerely,

"Stafford H. Northcote."

Letter from Mr (afterwards Sir) Stafford H. Northcote.

"U. U. C., *July* 14, 1842.

"My dear Cornish,—I think I ought to send a line to thank you for your kind letter the other day, and to congratulate you on your success at Sessions. I hope when the Ministry of principle, which we used to anticipate, is formed, with Gladstone at the head, you will occupy the post of Attorney-General, and that we shall sit side by side on the Treasury benches. I am in full work learning the subordinate part of a Minister's business. My blissful independence is gone, and I am unable to shirk my master for a day. Gladstone is, as I expected, everything that is delightful, and I have no doubt we shall get on very well together. You will find Whitehall conveniently near to Westminster, and I shall hope to have the honour of an interview next term.—Yours sincerely, S. H. N."

I abandoned Circuit after I entered Parliament in 1853. I had no reason to complain of want of employment such as a junior can find at Sessions. And life on the Western Circuit passed pleasantly enough, associated as one was with leaders like Sir William Erle, afterwards Lord Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, then M.P. for Oxford City; Sir Alexander Cockburn, afterwards Lord Chief-Justice of England, then M.P. for Southampton; and Crowder, M.P. for Liskeard, and Montague Smith, M.P. for Truro, who afterwards adorned the judicial Bench. But success at the Bar had never been the dominating object of my ambition, and a House of Commons life had always offered greater attractions than anything else. Moreover, I had three men, all my juniors, treading on my heels and certain to pass me. Each of them in his turn became Attorney-General: Robert Collier, afterwards Lord Monkswell; John Duke Coleridge, afterwards Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief-Justice of England, a constant friend through life; and John Karslake, whose premature loss when the highest honour was within his grasp all alike deplored. In 1847 an auspicious event occurred, which was the commencement to me of prolonged domestic happiness. I parted with my west-country patronymic of Cornish, and I assumed by royal licence the name by which I have been known in Parliament, that of Mowbray. I formed connections in the North, and particularly in the county of Durham, and in 1853 I was enabled to realise the object of my ambition and to enter the House of Commons as member for the city of Durham.

There are, however, one or two incidents in the period between my leaving Oxford and entering Parliament, to which I may refer here. In 1837 I spent five months on the Continent, visiting France, Italy, and Switzerland. I was in Paris when King Louis Philippe brought the Duke and Duchess of Orleans a bride and bridegroom from Neuilly to the Tuileries. The King used to appear in the evening at the windows of the palace facing the gardens, surrounded by the Queen and his children. I was present at the ceremonial in St Peter's, Rome, on St Peter's Day. The following account, written at the time, may be of some interest, because the day is no longer kept with its ancient honours:—

"*June* 28, 1837.—In the evening we went to St Peter's to hear vespers. It was the eve of the festival, and the Pope and cardinals were to be present. The figure of St Peter (metamorphosed from Jupiter Capitolinus) was clothed

in a crimson silk dress covered with gold lace; on his head he wore a white satin tiara studded with jewels, on one finger a ring. Before him blazed four enormous wax lights, and multitudes of the faithful crowded to kiss his black toe. The church was lined with the Civic Guard. Beneath the dome and around the altar were the Swiss Guard. In an inner line about the high altar were a smaller body of fine-looking men, forming the Pope's noble guard. In splendour it exceeded everything I have seen except the Coronation of William IV. There were thirty cardinals, dressed in magnificent robes of crimson and gold and wearing mitres of white satin figured — many with all the dignity and carriage of patricians of old Rome. After them were ecclesiastics of various grades, all in splendid robes. Nearly at the end came Gregory XVI., the venerable successor of St Peter, wearing a splendid tiara, borne by four men on a chair of state. The ceremony took place in the spot between the high altar and the end of the church. The Pope sat on a chair covered with cloth of gold, with a canopy, on a raised dais. The dignified churchmen paid homage. The cardinals kissed his hand, the next grade his knee, the last his toe. Then vespers commenced. At their conclusion we quitted the church and took seats in the piazza. Then, it being past sunset, the first illumination had begun. Lamps were hung around the windows, cornices, columns, on the dome, and along the colonnade, exhibiting the architecture of the whole building. Then came the grand blaze of the second illumination. As the clock struck one after sunset, a signal was given from the top of the dome, and on a sudden the lights burst forth one after another with greater speed and brilliancy than those which bore the tidings of the capture of Troy from the heights of Ida to the home of Agamemnon. In three minutes the whole building was in a blaze of light, and a grander sight can scarcely be conceived. We remained some time longer in the piazza, and then repaired to Monte Pincio. The view from that spot was more remarkable still. The dome appeared like a fabric of glass illuminated, and you could take in the whole extent of St Peter's and the Vatican.

"*June* 29.—This was the grand festival in honour of Rome's patron saint, the chief of the Apostles. At nine o'clock we went to St Peter's. The arrangements the same as on the eve. The Pope came with a gorgeous canopy of crimson velvet over his head. Part of the chanting was gone through; then they changed his dress, and a procession having been formed, his Holiness proceeded to the high altar and celebrated mass. Passages from the Gospel were read appropriate to the day. 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church,' &c., &c. Also a favourite hymn—

"'O Roma felix quæ duorum Principum
Es consecrata glorioso sanguine
Horum cruore purpurata civitas
Excellis orbis una pulchritudinem.'

There were golden statues of St Peter and St Paul, and several golden candlesticks of enormous size and value. Altogether it was a very imposing ceremony. On the Pope's leaving the church the procession halted, and the Pope read from about the middle of the nave a denunciation against the King of Naples claiming the Kingdom as part of the patrimony of St Peter. This I am told is done annually."

In February 1841 I had the good fortune to dine and sleep at Stratfieldsaye, and to see the Duke of Wellington in his own home. His Grace was in the habit of entertaining, as Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, the judges of assize who went the Western Circuit. I was there in the capacity of Marshal to Mr Justice Erskine. A letter to my mother relates these particulars:—

"On being shown into the drawing-room, the Duke advanced, called me by my name, and shook hands. At dinner he sat in the centre of the table, with Erskine J. on his right,

and Wightman J. on his left. Lord Douro sat also in the centre, opposite to his father. Lord Charles, the younger son, at the head of the table, and Mr Gerald Wellesley, his nephew, the Rector of Stratfieldsaye, at the bottom. We were a party of thirty-five, comprising the M.P.'s for Hants and Winchester, the Right Hon. Sturges Bourne, Sir John Cope, and sundry magistrates of Hants and Berks. Everything about one was full of historical associations—the place, the gift of the nation; the silver plate off which we ate at dinner, presented to Sir A. Wellesley in 1803 for his services in India, and bearing on them the name of Assaye, the beginning of his career of victory; silver epergnes in the centre of the table, the gift of George IV.; a beautiful dessert service, each plate with a separate view of some scene or view in Egypt from Denon's sketches, made for Napoleon and presented by Louis XVIII. to the hero of Waterloo. The house is not at all comparable to Blenheim; but the sight of all was to see the master of the house exhibiting the vigour and animation of his earlier days, looking a little paler than he did a fortnight ago, but still far better, I think, than he has done for nearly two years. He is feeble when he walks, but seeing him seated, you would never believe that you saw before you the hero of a hundred battles. He was dressed in tights, with the Garter round the left leg, and its broad blue ribbons across his white waistcoat, with a Waterloo medal hanging from a red collar, and a star on his breast.

"We spent some time before breakfast with the Duke in the conservatory. He talked about the battle of Vittoria, of which there was a picture in one of the rooms. One of the judges asked him what he thought of Siborn's model of the battle of Waterloo. He said: 'That is a question which I have often been asked, to which I don't give an answer, because I don't want to injure the man. But if you want to know my opinion, it's all farce, fudge! They went to one gentleman and said, "What did you do?" "I did so and so." To another, "What did you do?" "I did such and such a thing." One did it at ten and another at twelve, and they have mixed up the whole. The fact is, a battle is like a ball; they keep footing it all the day through.' At breakfast each guest had before him two brown Rockingham teapots, the upper one containing tea forming a cover to the lower one, which held water. The Duke asked each guest separately whether he would have black tea or green, and the teapot was brought accordingly. After breakfast there was a meet of Sir John Cope's hounds. They threw off, leaving the judges and marshals to go to Winchester and his Grace to return to town."

I may here quote, too, from a letter to my mother, from Vienna, dated September 24, 1843, giving an account of another group of historic characters connected with the Napoleonic wars:—

"We went to a review on Monday. It was a splendid affair. The Emperor (Ferdinand), Empress, Empress Mother, Archduke Charles, &c., were present. There were 17,000 men present. The day was glorious; we had a capital position in our carriage, commanding a view of the whole field—of course at some distance, but we could see very well. The troops were principally infantry. When all was over, we drew up and saw the old Archduke Charles capitally. The old veteran carries one back to the last century, and although, regarded historically, he appears older than *our* duke, he is, in fact, about twelve months younger. We saw him afterwards at Schönbrunn with three of his sons, nice-looking young fellows. I have seen besides another historical personage, in herself a contemptible creature, the wife of Napoleon and mother of the King of Rome, the ex-Empress Marie Louise. She is a plain old woman, and looks older than she is. Being fifty-four, she looks full sixty. I was not close enough to see the Kaiser personally—the poor man is so imbecile there is not much to see; but I have seen his mother, the widow of the late Emperor Francis—

a nice old lady whom to look on is to love—and his brother the Archduke Francis, the heir-presumptive to the throne, and his Archduchess and their two sons."

The sons present that day, boys of thirteen and eleven, subsequently became — the elder, Francis Joseph, the present Emperor of Austria; and the younger, the unfortunate Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico.

The next year (June 5, 1844) I was present at a review of the Household Regiments in Windsor Park, where I saw another Emperor, the Czar Nicholas of Russia, then on a visit to the Queen. It was a brilliant scene, with the royalties and the Czar and the Duke of Wellington in uniform; Sir R. Peel mounted, and in plain clothes. I afterwards had the opportunity of observing the Czar and Sir R. Peel in an oriel window of the Castle overlooking the terrace, in close converse, possibly discussing the fate of the Sick Man. The Czar made a tremendous impression on me. A magnificent and princelike figure, 6 feet 3 high, in the prime of life, with a frank open expression of features, and a chivalrous deportment, the very type and embodiment of majesty—ἰσόθεος φῶς. Eleven years after, when the news of his death reached the House of Commons, I exchanged a few words in the lobby with Mr Gladstone, who referred to the sight of the Emperor as he beheld him in 1844, and spoke of him in the highest terms of admiration as the most magnificent specimen of a man he had ever beheld.

Although an outsider, I took the keenest interest in everything which happened in the political world. As a humble individual I regretted in 1841 that the policy of Protection formed such a prominent *cheval de bataille* at the elections. No doubt it increased our majority in the counties. But Sir Robert Peel had led us from the depression of 1832 to the crowning victory of 1841 on the great principle of resistance to organic change, and with that he promised to find remedies for proved abuses, and to promote all well-considered reforms. This was a lofty and patriotic policy. Important as I recognised it to be to uphold the agricultural interest, I was not prepared to fight at all hazards on behalf of laws regulating the price of corn, and dating from 1816. I watched the agitation and followed the arguments from year to year, and when Sir Robert Peel ceased to insist on the argument founded on the independence of the country for a supply of food, I thought that the game was up. I was therefore already a convinced adherent and a staunch supporter of the policy of Repeal in 1846. In my judgment no charge of treachery can be maintained, and the change of opinion was honest. But we may regret that Sir Robert had not taken his supporters sooner into his confidence and "educated" his party. And I am sure we all rejoiced in the troublous times of 1848 that the question of cheap bread was no longer before the country.

Lord Aberdeen was Prime Minister when I entered Parliament as M.P. for Durham city in 1853. The Aberdeen Government was a Coalition Government in the strict and odious sense of the term,—such a Coalition as "England does not love." Notoriously, it was the result of intrigues whereby the Peelites, who certainly brought many able men, were to have the full share of the spoils of office, while Lord John Russell was to

bring the votes. The country generally was not prepared to see Lord Aberdeen at the head of the Government. But the Peelites were determined that the Prime Minister should be found in their ranks, and Mr Gladstone's time had not yet come. Moreover, Lord Aberdeen was a *persona grata* at Court, and had been a leading member of several Administrations. But he was regarded as a Minister for Foreign Affairs, and had not occupied that commanding position in the country or in Parliament which seemed to qualify him for the highest post under the Crown.

The member for the city of Durham, who had been elected at the general election in 1852, died shortly afterwards. At the by-election Lord Adolphus Vane was the successful candidate; but he was unseated on petition, and it was then, in the Conservative interest, and with the influence of the Londonderry family, that I was elected. When I came up to town to take my seat, by some accident the return had not arrived, and for one whole night I had to sit under the gallery. One of the first to congratulate me was my old Oxford friend Roundell Palmer. Mr Crowder came up, and after greeting me with lofty dignity, added, "Oh, but you know there's a petition against you, and you'll be unseated." Sir Alexander Cockburn, then Attorney-General, came up, and in his frank genial way said: "Glad to see you here, my dear fellow. Our people talk about a petition, but don't mind them, it will come to nothing." As a matter of fact, there was a talk of a petition, but nothing came of it. The next day I took my seat, introduced by Sir John Yarde Buller and Sir Robert Harry Inglis, the representatives of my own native county and my own University, and of the undiluted Toryism of my boyhood and my undergraduate days. A remarkable bit of luck attended me soon after. I was audacious enough to divide the House on the third reading of the Charitable Trusts Bill, August 8, 1853, and I was so fortunate as to beat the Aberdeen Government. It is thus recorded in Hansard:—

"Lord John Russell proposed that the clause relating to exemptions be so altered as to exclude the University of Durham from its operations. . . . Mr Mowbray said the cases of the Durham and London Universities were very dissimilar, the former being regulated in accordance with the provisions of an Act of Parliament.

"House divided. Ayes 65, Noes 70; majority 5."

This little fluke obtained for the new M.P. some credit from his constituents at large.

I was present at the naval review at Spithead, August 11 in the same year. There have been many reviews since, which I have seen; but there has never been any one equal as a spectacle to what we then witnessed. There were twenty-five ships of war: six of the line propelled by steam, three sailing-ships of the line, and the steam frigates and sloops. The "enemy" were represented by three sailing-ships, Prince Regent, London, and Queen, and other sailing-ships which were anchored at sea some distance from Spithead. The Queen and Prince Albert, on board the Duke of Wellington, went out in pursuit of the enemy. The Lords and Commons (the latter on the Bulldog) followed with the rest of the steam fleet, then put in requisition for the first time. We encountered the enemy,

and a regular engagement ensued, with great expenditure of powder. The Bulldog was in the thick of the fight. It was a most exciting scene, and a great contrast to what is now exhibited when vessels carrying the spectators move slowly along the line, while the magnificent navy of Great Britain remains stationary, as idle as "a painted ship upon a painted ocean." We returned to town by a train timed for the House to meet at 10 P.M. But a curious *contre-temps* occurred. The first part of the train, carrying the Speaker, Lord Palmerston, and a large number of members, of whom I was one, arrived punctually. The second part carried the officer of the House, who had with him the key of the cupboard in which the mace was kept. That did not arrive until 11 P.M. For an hour members were kept waiting. No House could be made without a mace. Inquiries were made in every quarter—in the House of Lords first and afterwards elsewhere—but no mace of any sort or kind could be obtained. Members waited for an hour in remarkable costumes, and at last the necessary business was soon transacted.

The year 1854 provided Parliament with work for two sessions. First it had a Reform Bill introduced by Lord John Russell with a flourish of trumpets on February 13, and bearing on its back the auspicious names of Lord John himself and of Sir James Graham, the authors of the first Reform Act of 1832. But the introduction of such a bill at such a moment did not please Lord Palmerston, or commend itself to the common-sense of the House or the country. On April 11 it was abandoned by its authors. Lord John, who had charge of it, was affected by deep emotion when he announced its abandonment. He paused in his speech, and was loudly and repeatedly cheered by both sides of the House, because all sympathised with his motives, although they had no tears to shed over the unhappy bantling.

On March 6 came the wondrous episode of the great Budget, which revealed the light-hearted way in which the Government of the good Aberdeen drifted into the Russian war. We were told the Government hoped it would not be a prolonged struggle, and we were asked to vote a sum of £1,250,000 for extraordinary military service, to provide 25,000 men, being at the rate of £50 per head. This was met by doubling the income-tax, then standing at 7d., for six months only. And we were comforted by the assurance that the amount was the smallest by which, under the most favourable circumstances, we could hope to see the gallant forces leaving our shores brought back after the completion of the object for which they were sent. So that a Cabinet of all the talents actually contemplated putting an end to the ascendancy of the Czar and the establishment of the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire, at a cost of a million and a quarter, and after a six months' campaign. Of course we had another Budget in May, and the demands grew, until in December we found that the job was not to be done without enlisting foreign mercenaries. Meanwhile tidings from the Crimea had deeply stirred the heart of the nation. The victory at the Alma, the slaughter at Balaclava, the tremendous struggle at Inkerman, enabled a generation unused to war to realise in some measure what war meant. And the House met for the winter session in a stormy mood. There were

vacant places on our own benches. Two familiar faces, one on either side, Colonel Boyle and Colonel Blair, were there no more. They were numbered among the dead. And I can never forget the pathetic reference to their fate in Mr Bright's magnificent speech of December 22. When we separated at Christmas, it was obvious to many that the Coalition Government was doomed.

One measure which passed into a law that year was the Oxford University Reform Act. Read a second time on April 2, it occupied so long a time in Committee that it did not reach the third reading until June 29. On the second reading two men with a long parliamentary career before them made speeches which attracted much attention: one was Mr Byng, afterwards Viscount Enfield and Earl of Strafford; the other Lord Robert Cecil, now Marquis of Salisbury. The first received many compliments both in the House and from friends out of doors. Mr Disraeli remarked to me a few days afterwards: "You heard two speeches the other night—one by Byng, who has received so many congratulations in the House, and letters from all the duchesses and countesses in London; the other by Robert Cecil. You will not hear much of the first; the latter has made his mark as a real debater, and will become a considerable man." The prediction was verified. Lord Enfield was an excellent Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Lord Salisbury has been three times Prime Minister of England.

We met in January in no mood to be trifled with. The privations and sufferings of our gallant troops had profoundly impressed men of all shades of opinion. Mr Roebuck gave notice of a motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the condition of our army before Sebastopol, and into the conduct of the departments of the Government whose duty it had been to minister to the wants of that army. As soon as notice was given, Lord John Russell resigned his post as Lord President of the Council, as he could not resist the motion—a resignation which he afterwards reconsidered, with the result that he remained in office until July. Mr Roebuck stated that although we had sent out 54,000 men, the effective force was only 14,000. He brought forward his motion on January 26. The House responded with alacrity, and put an end to the Coalition Government, by a majority of more than 2 to 1:—

Ayes for Roebuck . .	305
Noes for Government .	148
Majority against Government	157

Lord Palmerston became Prime Minister, all the stronger because he was supreme in his own Cabinet, not hindered by half-hearted colleagues. The Queen, the Parliament, and the country were confident that he would prosecute the war with vigour and energy, bring it to a safe conclusion, and obtain a just and honourable peace. The session passed, upon the whole, with a fair amount of tranquillity; only one little incident clouded the otherwise serene atmosphere. On July 20 the Government brought forward a resolution for a joint guarantee by England and France of the interest on a loan of £5,000,000 to the Turkish Government. The result was in the nature of a surprise. An advance of £2,000,000 to Sardinia had already passed without opposition. But the Turkish loan found no favour. Men of weight on both sides op-

posed it. It was carried by a majority of 3 only:—

Ayes . .	135
Noes . .	132

No one knew at the moment how serious the consequences of this vote might have been. I have no recollection of any special Whip. I strolled down from the Carlton after dinner, as a matter of course, listened to the debate, and voted against the Government, with no intention whatever of embarrassing Lord Palmerston or hindering the prosecution of the war; but we found next day that had the vote been otherwise, an immediate dissolution would have followed. Lord Palmerston would have carried the country with him in 1855 even more than he did in 1857, and his opponents of all shades of opinion—Conservatives, Peelites, and Radicals—would have been scattered to the winds.

The session of 1856 began in February, and ran its tranquil course until July. Peace was in the air when we met, and was already a *fait accompli*, although the Treaty of Paris was not signed until March 30, and the ratifications were exchanged a month later. The peace was regarded as coming a little too early for us, and must have been arranged rather to suit the views of our ally the Emperor of the French, so that it was not welcomed with the joy which generally accompanies such an event. The only important legislation of the year was an act authorising the resignation of the sees of London and Durham by Bishops Blomfield and Maltby, the act which established a precedent for future legislation by which all bishops of the Church of England were enabled to resign their sees.

The session of 1857 began on February 3 and ended on March 20. During the recess there had been a certain approximation between the regular Opposition and the Peelites. We heard much of the "turbulent and aggressive policy" of Lord Palmerston. In the early part of the year we had constant controversies between Mr Gladstone and Sir G. Cornewall Lewis, in which the former severely criticised the financial policy of the then Chancellor of the Exchequer. Afterwards there were animated debates in both Houses, when the Government was arraigned for the support they had given to the high-handed action of an unpopular official, Sir John Bowring, Governor of Hong-Kong. There had been a dispute between him and the Commissioner of the Chinese Government about the lorcha Arrow, a China-built vessel which carried the British flag and claimed the right to British protection, and a conflict had arisen in the Canton river. In the Lords a motion by Lord Derby censuring the Government was defeated by a majority of 36:—

For Lord Derby .	110
Against . .	146

In our House, a resolution moved by Mr Cobden and supported by Mr Disraeli and the bulk of the Opposition, by Mr Gladstone and Sir James Graham, by Lord John Russell and Mr Roebuck, was carried by a majority of 16:—

For Mr Cobden .	263
For the Government .	247

On the next day Lord Palmerston announced that there would be an appeal to the country, and a dissolution followed as soon as possible. The China dissolution, as it was called, was a memorable event. Mr Cobden and Mr Bright lost their seats for the West

Riding and Manchester. Lord John Russell himself held his ground in the City against Mr Raikes Currie, designated by him as the young man from Northampton. Our ranks were sadly decimated, and Lord Palmerston was maintained in power with a majority enormously increased, and apparently installed in Downing Street for the rest of his natural life.

For the present I leave Lord Palmerston, the favourite of the nation, victorious at the polls, with forty years of parliamentary life still before me.

It might be asked at this point, how far the House of Commons as it was from 1853 to 1857 differed from the House of the present day? I know it is the fashion to say that there is a great decadence in the tone and spirit as well as in the manners of Parliament. I think this is greatly exaggerated. Every Parliament has its own special characteristics, which depend to some extent upon the circumstances under which it came into existence, the authority of the Speaker, and the personal influence of the Leader. The Parliament of 1832-34 was doubtless much affected by the excitement which prevailed during the Reform agitation of the two preceding years. The Parliament of 1880 was turbulent owing to the unsettled state of Ireland and the excitement among the Irish members within our walls. The short-lived Parliament of 1885-86 represented the great change which the lowering of the county franchise had made in the rural constituencies. But I believe the spirit which animates the House of Commons as a body is much the same now as it has ever been—a patriotic spirit, conscious of the great traditions which it inherits, and anxious to work for the good of the Empire. There is, and always has been, a very real feeling of fraternity within the walls of the House. If a man is willing to learn and willing to work, he is recognised as a real recruit and is welcomed accordingly. He comes in contact with other men, he respects their opinions, he discards some of his old prejudices, he gradually falls into line, and is ready to associate himself with his compatriots in the great work of legislation. Mr Bradlaugh was a notable instance of a man who, representing the most advanced opinions, came in and dwelt among us, and earned the respect of all by his constant labours and the honest and independent expression of his views. There may be in each Parliament men who come only to wreck and to obstruct. But they are few in number and have no influence. They disappear and are forgotten. But the sentiment of the House as an institution remains to-day much as it was when I first entered it. Many changes, of course, there have been. Some may suggest that I am riding my own hobby if I hint that members are not quite so willing as they were to burden themselves with the heavy work that falls on members who sit on Committees — labours which are not much appreciated out of doors, and of which constituents know so little. In old days the county members, the chairmen of quarter sessions, the "great unpaid," who did so much good and true work throughout our rural districts fell into harness very easily and readily. Nowadays, with a larger proportion of members whose time is occupied with business or professional engagements, it becomes more and more difficult to find

men who will devote the hours of midday to Committee work.

Costumes vary, of course, with members of Parliament, as they do with undergraduates at the University; and the benches on both sides are thronged with men who wear hats and coats which would have shocked Speaker Denison in 1860, and brought down on their wearers his severe condemnation. White ducks, on the other hand, have almost disappeared; yet the Duke of Wellington wore them always in summer, and I have seen Mr Secretary Peel standing at the table so attired before the Georgian era had ended. There is less rhetoric. Speakers are less profound and less ornate. Yet Lord Palmerston, during all the time he was Prime Minister, scarcely ever made a great speech. What he said was addressed to the audience and adapted to the occasion. Classical quotations are out of date, and our ordinary debates are dull and commonplace.

One really important change the House has made is in the hours it keeps. When I entered it there were no rules to regulate its rising. The House was generally desirous of finishing the business on the paper. But we didn't sit very late, as a rule. About twelve or half-past Mr Brotherton, M.P. for Salford, used to get up and move the adjournment with a face beaming with good nature. He did this so regularly that towards midnight there were always calls for "Brotherton! Brotherton!" And very generally Brotherton's appeal was responded to. Lord Palmerston would express a hope that the hon. member would not press his motion: "There was just a little more business to be done, and it would soon be got through." And so it was, and in half an hour or so the House had risen.

This brings to my recollection an amusing incident, also in Lord Palmerston's leadership. Mr Ewart, M.P. for Dumfries, brought forward a motion as to the earlier rising of the House. The House, he said with some solemnity, ought to set an example to the rest of the community. Palmerston, in reply, said that the hon. gentleman told them that the House should set an example by not keeping late hours. But there might be a difference of opinion as to what late hours were. He had a friend, for example, who had an appointment with the Duke of Wellington. His friend was what might be called a late man. The Duke, as everybody knew, was quite the reverse. The appointment was for eight o'clock in the morning. He (Lord Palmerston) said to his friend, "How can you manage to keep it?" "Oh," he replied, "it's the easiest thing in the world. I shall take it the last thing before going to bed." The twelve o'clock rule, which has now become a standing order of the House, has effected a great improvement on the state of affairs which prevailed from 1880 to 1890.

My recollections of eleven Parliaments since I became a member of the House of Commons group themselves round the Speakers under whom I have sat, and I may say something about them here.

Speaker	Shaw-Lefevre .	1839-57
"	Denison . .	1857-72
"	Brand . .	1872-83
"	Peel . .	1883-95
"	Gully . .	1895

Of Speaker Lefevre I have vivid and most charming recollections. He was my country neighbour, residing at Heckfield in Hampshire, a few miles from my home, and we used to have long talks

about the inner life of the House of Commons. No subject delighted him more. He had been called to the Chair in 1839 by the action of the independent members. Goulburn was the nominee of the Opposition, and the Government of Lord Melbourne was believed to favour the candidature of Spring-Rice; but Lefevre carried the day. He was a very strong Speaker. We owe to him greatly the continuance of the authority which still surrounds his successors. When he came to the Chair the discipline of the House was relaxed, and there was a great want of decorum. Cock-crowing and other disorderly interruptions had been not uncommon. Lefevre changed all that. He was a splendid man physically, and looked every inch the part. He enforced the old rule which required members attending the Speaker's dinners to appear in full dress, and thus revived the dignity which rightly appertains to Mr Speaker, as well when he occupies the Chair as in his social relations with members elsewhere. He was a very popular Speaker. Personally, he was a delightful man, dignified and courteous; and it was always a treat to spend a few hours with Lord Eversley in his library at Heckfield, looking on those terrace gardens which were laid out with exquisite taste and kept up in perfect order.

Speaker Denison succeeded to a House that had reached smoother water; order was respected, and his authority was acknowledged and loyally accepted. Mr Evelyn Denison had a fine appearance. In natural ability, certainly, he was second to none. He belonged to a most distinguished family. He maintained, in all respects, the dignity of the Chair.

If Lefevre and Denison were distinguished for their commanding presence, Sir Henry Brand was not equally fortunate, but he ingratiated himself with the House by his suavity. He held the reins with a light hand, and sometimes, perhaps, hesitated too long before taking the initiative; yet his memory will ever be held in honour for his assertion of the prerogative of the Chair on a notable occasion. That was the *coup d'état*, so called, of January 1881, when on his own authority he put the question and stopped a debate which had been prolonged for nearly two days.

After Speaker Brand came Speaker Peel, who is to be regarded as one of the most able, one of the strongest, men who ever filled the Chair. He had great dignity and a magnificent presence. Whenever anything occurred which called forth his righteous indignation, he awed and impressed the House by his solemn and emphatic utterances. I have a profound admiration for Speaker Peel. I proposed him for re-election in January 1886. In March 1895 I proposed Sir Matthew W. Ridley as his successor, and in August 1895 proposed Mr Gully, the present Speaker, for re-election. That is surely a unique record. It is unnecessary for me to say how excellent a Speaker Mr Gully is. His unanimous re-election in 1895 was a strong tribute to his great capacity, and every year which has since passed has only added to the respect which all entertain for him. The House at large rejoices to know that in him they have found a worthy successor to the great men who have occupied the Chair in past times.

SIENA.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

THE TOWN.

"Dal colle ove torreggia'e siede."

SIENA "from the hills where she towers and sits" is one of the most characteristic of Italian cities. A perfect example of that delightful tradition of Tuscany which prompts every man to place his house on a hill, perched the first castello that formed the beginning and citadel of the city on the highest of those soft and fertile mounts which form, with the lovely hollows and sunlit valleys between them, the characteristic landscape of Tuscany. This central group of little hills, now crowned on every point with ancient towers, and in earlier days still more closely encircled with those monuments of local pride and power, is surrounded almost as far as the eye can see by other little hills in every variety of gentle slope and undulation, which makes one think of "the little hills like lambs" of the psalm. Each one of them, almost without exception, has its building, its convent, its village, its palace, its farm-house; the learned and poetic shades of Belcaro distant among the pines; the heavy round of the Monastero like a fortress, all desecrated and empty, close at hand; the picturesque tower and cloister of St Bernardino's ancient home; the Osservanza, maintaining its few poor Franciscan brothers scantily upon its little height,—these all encircle the mother city, with many humble dwellings on similar elevations, amid all the spring verdure, and the budding vines, and the rising corn, which slope downward on every side, and clothe the undulations with every tone of green. A few olive-gardens give their soft shade to the landscape, and the blue hills close all around in flying lines of distance — soft, infinite, unending. Monte Amiata in the south, Monte Maggio in the west, stand up on those long interlacing slopes which fill up the circle, the braes where the generous Chiante grapes are grown; and the soft heights towards Modena are all deep velvet blue against the cloudless azure of the sky.

It is the kindest, homeliest landscape in spring and early summer, when everything is green: warm so that the traveller feels a genial glow; friendly, not exotic, the country, rustic, natural, unsophisticated; the beautiful town towering up, with all its pinnacles so natural too; the centre of instruction and protection; the market-place of all that rural wealth. Art is a great thing, and enriches its seat and dwelling as nothing else can do; but I have a great love for the genial nature which wraps and encloses all, taking no thought for the masterpieces in chapel and palace, but much for the warmth of life, the kindly combinations of town and country, the cheerful, neighbourly supply and demand, the coming and going. There is a woman on her way to the great Easter *festa*, clasping two great flasks of wine, which no doubt she will leave at her customer's shop before she makes her way to the Duomo to hear the great Easter mass and the music, and see the Archbishop pontificando in all his

gorgeous vestures; another carries in a cloth suspended by the four corners a hat, with the broad flapping rims peculiar to Siena, in creamy fresh-pressed straw, no doubt the work of her own fingers, and meant to pay for the little indulgences of the *festa*. It is one thing to see bales of such goods arriving at the warehouses, and quite another to see one, all crisp and fresh, and carefully protected from the dust, travelling down over the braes, carried by the satisfied maker to the expectant purchaser, to bring a little gaiety and fulness to the *mezzeria*, the little farmhouse on the hill, for joy of Easter and the spring.

It has always seemed to me that the great enchantment of Italy, the cause of that half-unconscious rapture with which the traveller is filled he knows not why, amid her delightful landscapes, is this universal breath of life which is everywhere, the sense of humanity, the kind love and fellowship which seem to dwell in those smiling isolated houses, each set on its hill, where, could we wander and lose our way, refuge and succour could always be found. There is very little chance of an English tourist losing his way on the good Tuscan roads about Siena, but the danger is not at all necessary to the pleasure of the sentiment. This universal inhabitation makes the country smile, and gives a friendly look to every scene. And the surroundings of Siena are very friendly. I am not quite sure that the manners of the country-side are so superexcellent as the native guide suggests, *una cortesia tutto Sanesi*, or their language so admirable as a great many critics assert, the invariable change of the *c* into *h* being very confusing to a stranger, and not beautiful at all; but I am quite sure that no kind look will ever encounter an unkind one, or friendly greeting find other than a pleasant response. The children—that is, the little boys—are not to be relied upon; but little boys fresh from school are seldom agreeable when they are in their scores and the traveller is but one.

The cathedral of Siena occupies the highest point of the three hills. According to tradition, in the ages of myth and mystery a youth from that primeval Rome which was not yet Rome, the son of Remo and nephew of Romolo, fled into the wilderness as a consequence of some domestic differences, and built himself a house upon the banks of the Tressa. His name was Senio, hence Senia, by the most simple derivation. If that is not found satisfactory, is there not the Etruscan tribe of Galli Senoni by whom it might have been bestowed? I incline to Senio because of the wolf, of which he must, no doubt, have brought with him a primitive example, suckling the immortal twins, a symbol which now forms the arms of the city, and is to be seen everywhere. It was named the city of the wolf, when it became known as a Roman colony in the days of Augustus, and called itself Sena Julius, out of compliment to Julius Cæsar. But the interest of Siena is entirely medieval, belonging to the Christian ages, which indeed were the most warlike of all ages, rent with perpetual conflict, yet affording in every one of those fierce little cities, which built themselves round with bristling walls on every available hill-top in Italy, a foothold for that stout virtue of independence and traditions of freedom which helped the races to grow, and kept a shelter for every gentler art amid the clang of arms and war of factions. A walled town means not much more than a picturesque relic of

the past to us now, and it is a pious local pride which preserves the line unbroken, and keeps the peaceful portals in repair, and thus guards for us the imagination of a city of refuge, a place of shelter and defence. But what a very different thing it was when a dusty troop, riding hard, horse and man at their last strain, toiled up the slopes with the thunder of the pursuers behind them, with shelter and safety before and murder and plunder behind. How often was Dante in such a party? and there his Matilda must have ridden, she who was afterwards to wander among the flowers of Paradise on the banks of Lethe, but in life was a noble countess, bold and strong, Lady of Tuscany, the mate of kings. When the gates were thrown open, what long breaths would be drawn, what slackening of reins, what blessed sensations of relief! We are afraid these ancient lines would be little defence for any fugitive now, but then they meant salvation to many a weary band and many a forlorn and defeated hero.

There is no better place to study the construction of a medieval town. All the winding ways that wander up and down a hillside in the pleasant ups and downs which we all know so well are here made into paved streets, without any attempt to straighten them out, to level or fill up, so that the patient and well-trained horses of Siena clatter you along the stony pavement, round and round and up and down, exactly in the same line as you would have walked up and down had the braes been innocent of a house. Many of the streets in consequence are very steep: they are all tortuous, winding, and narrow; they are all strongly and well paved and in excellent order, no roughness of mending, no causeway, nothing but broad paving-stones, upon which the light little public carriages make a considerable noise, though the footing of the horses upon them seems perfect, and in a day or two the traveller no longer feels any alarm when he dashes down a stony precipice or turns a sharp corner. These paved streets all lead to a gate, of which, when Siena was in her glory, there was a great number (thirty-eight, we think, as against eight only which survive), and give egress to the country. From behind the high altars in the church of San Domenico there is a delightful lesson to be had in this art of city building. The little valley which lies between the spur of the hill upon which that great church is built and the crowning peak which bears the Cathedral, lies green before us with all its natural undulations, a breathing-space in the very heart of the city. It bears the exact form of the streets by which we reach it, the very indentations made by the trickle of a runlet being faithfully copied in the inclination of the pavement in the middle, which, if rains were many in Siena, would carry its trickle of moisture too. On the other side of the green bank the Duomo climbs with all its roofs, and the Campanile which forms its apex, to the very point of the heights, which is exactly completed by the highest pinnacle of that balconied and machicolated tower, standing sheer up, the crown of all, against the sky.

Between the cathedral and San Domenico the little hill slopes, all green and open, towards the level of the gate within which is the fountain of the Fontebrande—the great fountain of the *contrada*, with the washerwomen busy at their work under the shady arches which enclose it, and all the little commotion which marks the centre

of the parish, where so much of the women's work is done, and most of the parish gossip got through. This spot is close to the little street in which the life of St Catherine, the favourite saint of Siena, and one of the most distinguished women of her own or any age, was passed. There is not a little girl or boy paddling at the edge of the Fontebrande among the washerwomen who will not rush to show the traveller the house of Caterina: and here, no doubt, she too must have come in her early days, the dyer's daughter, in the service of her family, to cleanse linen and draw water, like the other maidens of the *contrada*. Up the steep slope to the church, and low down to the full-flowing fountain at the bottom of the hill, the centres of life lie close together as they did four hundred years ago — the silent great basilica, the home of prayer and contemplation, and the perennial fount of pure water, the cheerful scene of labour and cleansing, the lowly active life and the spiritual going hand in hand.

I am not quite sure of topographical accuracy, nor is it of great importance, but I think that the third hill is that of San Francesco, on the western side of the town, another great, silent, and solemn basilica, in which the impression of vast space without ornament, unbroken by aisles or even by chapels except those against the wall, gives something like the effect of a Gothic cathedral, though without its variety of clustered pillars and graceful arches. In San Francesco the image of St Bernardino is sweet as that of St Catherine in San Domenico. These two great churches stand just within the line of the walls to east and west, sentinels of the city, each with its native saint—the gentle preacher on one hand, the kind and quaint old man, who would not be bishop, but only brother, the familiar orator of the Campo; and, on the other, that more wonderful figure, the Ascetic Maiden, her eyes half blinded with tears and watching, except when they shone full like stars, pointing out to Pope and politician the right way. A city is rich which has such inhabitants dwelling in it for ever, enriching its reputation, making it honourable among the nations. Florence was greater than Siena, and crushed her in later days, depositing the hated yoke of the Medicis upon her neck. But Florence has no Catherine, scarcely a Bernardino, and the glory of the little city on the three hills is all her own.

There are no such heroic figures of the civic life to glorify the Campo, which forms the central point of the town. This curious square, which the original builders have treated as the streets are treated, in an exact adherence, it would seem, to its original form as a slightly concave platform on the hillside, is much higher at the upper than at the lower side; and the central space, paved with small stones within the broad flagged irregular circle which surrounds it, is rather in the shape of a fan or shell than a round, and slopes at a slight angle from top to bottom—a shape which distinguishes it among all the public squares of all the cities. The Campo is unique and characteristic; and though we have just said it has no heroic figures, there is one of whom the great poet of Italy gives us a noble picture, worthy of the place and surroundings. When Dante was in Purgatory, and saw so many souls in those torments which are full of hope, and meant to end in complete restoration, it happened to

him to encounter one, bound down by the great stones which were the punishment of Pride in these circles—stones so heavy that the heads which had been held most high were weighed down under them, so as almost to touch the earth on which they trod, whom the poet had known in life, Oderisi of Gubbio—a famous miniaturist or illuminator, who had been held first in his profession. There is no passage in the 'Divine Comedy' better known than that in which Oderisi proclaims the vanity of mortal fame. "Art not thou," cries Dante, "that Oderisi, the glory of Agobbio and of art?"—to which the once proud artist answers from the depths, shifting his bowed head to throw a painful glance upward to his old friend. "Brother," he says, "the page is brighter to-day which is drawn by Franco the Bolognese: the honour is all his, though still a little mine." Before this subdued painter goes another soul softly, weighed down by his punishment, who points the lesson still more strongly. Tuscany once rang with his name, but now it is scarce whispered in Siena. Who is he? Provenzano Salvani, once tyrant and master of Siena, in that proud day, when Montaperto was fought, and Siena had her foot upon the neck of Florence. "How is it," cried Dante, doubly struck by the virulence of the pride which had helped to humiliate his own city, "that such a man was admitted here?" "When he was most glorious," says Oderisi, "living royally in the Campo of Siena, he humbled himself and became a beggar for the love of a friend whose ransom from the prison of King Charles had to be paid." The story is given more fully by a chronicler. The ransom was ten thousand florins of gold, which had to be paid in a month.

"When the news came to Messer Provenzano, making him tremble for his friends, he caused a bench covered with a carpet to be placed in the piazza, and sitting there asked of the Sienese abashed (*vergognosamente*) if they would help him in his need with a little money, not forcing any man, but humbly asking their help. And when the Sienese saw their lord who was so proud a man asking so kindly, they were moved with pity, and each one, according to his means, gave his aid: King Charles had his money, and the prisoner was released."

This is a pleasant recollection for the Campo. The proud medieval lord, holding his head so high, who had caught the reins of government in the city at its proudest moment, but now sat abashed at the great doorway of the Public palace, exposed to all who passed by, to bear the humiliation of refusal perhaps, and the jeers of the proud populace, begging for his friend. This deed won for him his entrance into Purgatory, instead of by the darker gates, where hope was left behind. There is a street named the street of Provenzano Salvani, not far off—though his name is no longer whispered in Siena. But then in front of the Palazzo the dreamer may look for him seated "trembling in every vein"—ashamed yet steadfast, in a still more brightly coloured and highly animated crowd than that which still pours through the Campo. The Square is described in modern records as the place where "*se correva il palio.*" The Palio is an immemorial race run by a certain number of horses, selected with their riders from each *contrada*, the race-course being the flags of that sloping pavement round the Piazza, between the houses and the rail of the central enclosure. That central enclosure, so curiously shaped, with little ribs running from top to bottom, like the sticks

of an outspread fan, is crowded with people whose excitement, each for his own *contrada*, and the shouts of encouragement and applause with which horses and riders are excited to exertion as they gallop wildly round and round (three times) the resounding flags, make a scene of astonishing gaiety and tumult once a-year. Unfortunately, it happens in August, and few English travellers have therefore seen the running of the Palio, wildest and strangest of sports. Madame Villari has given a very spirited description of it in one of her Sketches of Tuscany.

Just above the Campo in the long line of streets beyond its upper side is a spot still more central than itself: all the great thoroughfares of Siena meet in a sort of Carrefour which bears the name of the *Croce del Travaglio*. There is no cross or sign of one in this junction of the ways, nor even a tradition, so far as appears, of any such symbol; but from ancient times till now the name has remained with a curious suggestiveness. Was it once in unknown ages the Market Cross where the labourers waited to be hired as in the parable? No one can tell: but it is still the Croce del Travaglio where all the ways meet. It is the centre of traffic and life as in the olden times, though it is the peaceful current of work and modern living which flows through now. When the bell rang *a stuormo* in the ancient days, clanging wildly for the approach of a Florentine army or some raid from the south, this was the point to which every one rushed for news or counsel and to receive their orders for defence, while all the gates were shut, and all the bands in motion, and every man looked to his arms. Never was a city more torn asunder within or tormented from without than Siena in those ancient days. Florence, her familiar foe, once for a moment crushed under her foot at Monte Aperto, never lost an opportunity to send out a force against her; and the 'Diario' of events is little but a succession of attacks, now from one quarter, now from another, which kept the city perpetually on the alert. If there occurred a lull by any chance in these assaults, the lively citizens turned to their feuds at home, and changed their government or pulled down their head with the concentration of passion and virulence which only seems possible within the walls of a town, where every family is closely pressed against its neighbour, and nobody can put forth a foot without treading upon some privilege or pretension.

Siena is orderly as the most patriotic citizen could desire now: it is prosperous, busy, full of life and movement, a clean and lively town, without smells or rubbish, well governed and well-doing. It is all the more curious to find that the Croce del Travaglio is still the centre of the place, though never a Cross has stood there, nor any symbol we know of, to mark the popular place of meeting. Charing Cross was never so bare of memorial, though, to be sure, Charing Cross is a wide space, whereas the Cross of labour is not much bigger than the space on which Nelson's monument stands, and holds as in a knot the three stormy confluents of the streets, torrents rather, mid-way in their career from the heights above to the gates below.

This is the aspect of the modern city: its streets are lined with the old palaces of the many warlike races who found their headquarters in Siena,—great noble squares of building with Gothic windows, fine courtyards, and noble suites

of rooms, now almost invariably subdivided, the *piano nobile*, or first floor, being reserved by the family, which in some cases still retains its original dwelling, though many have changed hands. There still frowns the lofty dwelling from which that Pia of the Tolomei whom Dante met in Purgatory may have looked forth in her peaceful days before her jealous husband sent her into the Maremma to die. And then the Piccolomini still retain, to their name at least if no more, the mansion to which their great ornament and pride, Eneas Sylvius, Pope Pius II., added the "Loggia del Papa," dedicated to "his own people," *gentilibus suis*. This great and picturesque personage was, as will be hereafter seen, one of the great glories of Siena, and is nobly illustrated here in various ways. He is perhaps the only citizen of Siena who can be identified, like Catherine and like Bernardino, though we can scarcely give to Eneas Sylvius the philosopher and politician the character of a saint. There are other Popes, but none of so much note (the Chigi, we think, claim two); and the house of the Magnifico Baldassare Peruzzi, one of the short-lived potentates who seized for a moment the reins of power in Siena, still bears his name, though little more is known of him. It is a curious commentary upon greatness, that among all those palaces built to the honour of a name, and forming the home of a race, there is no house in Siena so completely to be identified still, with all its humble uses, as the house of the dyer in Fontebranda in the little street near San Domenico, where yet the traces of the family life of the fourteenth century can be made out even under all the bewildering array of altars, chapels, and oratories under which they are hidden.

> "Oh vanagloria dell' umane posse
> Com' poco verde in su la cima dura,"

says the poet. But yet the human sentiment which keeps in cherished recollection the kitchen of the tanner's house, the family room above it, the recognisable scene of a thrifty burgher's life four hundred years ago, is not a thing which lasts, or counts for little, in the memory of the world. The emulations die away, and we smile to think that Cimabue no longer holds the field, but that Giotto has all the cry. They are both long swept away upon the tide of time, but the names of both still last green upon the height, and both are remembered together. Yet neither secure so warm a hold upon the popular heart as the saintly maiden who lit the fires and swept the floors in the tanner's house, and climbed the gentle slope to San Domenico, the home of her spiritual life, where many a soft-hearted heretic from the ends of the earth climbs after her, tender of the very traces of her steps as of those of a dear friend.

EARLY HISTORY.

The early history of Siena is even more tumultuous, if that is possible, than the history of the other turbulent cities of Italy, in which the incessant struggle for the upper hand, carried on in the first place by one patrician family against the others, then by the nobles against the people, and perhaps underneath all by a dim ideal of perfect government to be got at somehow, surged up in every

generation of hot brains, and kept the little commonwealth from every possibility of settling down. Siena was of the Ghibelline party through all the struggles of the world over that matter, yet nevertheless broke a victorious spear against no less great an opponent than Barbarossa, when the Emperor assailed her liberties. Nearly two hundred years later, in 1369, Charles IV. attempted to take possession of the city, sending in a band of eight hundred free lances, the soldiers of fortune who then devastated Italy, to occupy the Piazza del Campo and overawe the burghers. The great family of the Salimbeni was on the Emperor's side, and the community was thus weakened within while so formidably assailed without. But when the bells sounded *a stuormo*, from the seat of the magistracy, the Palazzo Pubblico, which contemplated from all its windows that fierce crowd of troopers yet did not falter, the citizens arming in haste came rushing down every steep street to the Croce del Travaglio, where they encountered Charles's proud procession "advancing haughtily through the city like a conqueror," and flinging themselves against the splendid *cortége*, drove the troopers back, seized the imperial eagles, and sent Charles himself flying to the Palazzo Salimbeni, where he found refuge and had time to treat with and smooth down the fury of the citizens. To show, however, how mingled was the strain of politics, and how little any steadfast action on one side or another was to be calculated upon, Siena was one of the fiercely Ghibelline cities that threw open their gates to Henry, smarting from the humiliation of Canossa. And the battle of Monte-Aperto, that never-to-be-forgotten victory, when the Arbia ran red, and there was question among the Sienese chiefs and the Florentine exiles who were at their head of following up their victory by erasing Florence from the face of the Tuscan earth altogether, was the great Ghibelline victory of the age. The readers of Dante will remember how it was discussed in the gloomy regions of the Inferno by the chief leader, Farinata degli Uberti, that scornful soul who seemed to hold hell itself in contempt, and the poet. The Sienese still remember Monte-Aperto as the Scots remember Bannockburn. So signal a victory over the most intimate everyday enemy, the nearest neighbour and deadliest foe, is not likely ever to be forgotten, and no doubt, as great part of the animosity which tore Italy asunder under those names of Guelf and Ghibelline, meant much more,—the rage always smouldering between the many pairs of cities, each of which would have given everything it possessed to subjugate its neighbour, and derived more real force from that than from the larger feud between Church and State, the Pope and the Emperor.

Provenzano Salvani, of whom we have already spoken, he who begged for his friend's ransom in the Piazza, was one of the leaders at Monte-Aperto; but he met his death in a victory of the Guelf party nine years later, which seems to have almost extinguished the Ghibellines in Siena, so unequal were the fortunes of war, beating down and raising up in almost an automatical succession the fate of these contending cities. The never-ending struggle with Florence is curiously illustrated by one of those many anonymous scraps of contemporary history which make the annals of Italy so vivid, a 'Diario' by an unknown writer, beginning in the year 1383. A great struggle was just over, in which Florentines, Pisans, and the forces of Perugia all took part, and we find a council

held in the Council-hall (Sala de Grande Consiglio), at which the representatives of these cities were present along with the Government of Siena itself in all its orders—the Twelve, the Nine, and a smaller number of the Popolari or representatives of the people. It must have been a day of humiliation for the proud Sienese, since it is evident that these hostile strangers took part in the change of government which was then "counselled and obtained." There were 800 horsemen and 2000 infantry in possession of the city, so that no doubt the arguments of the intruders were strong.

"It was counselled and obtained that an arrangement should be made for eight or ten years for an election in this method—namely, four of the Nine [or opulent middle-class], four of the Twelve [the nobles], and two of the popular party, all of whom, out of respect to the Florentines and Perugians, were to be called Priori, and all the other ranks of officials in their gradations by the same method. The term of office for the magistracy was to be three months."

"Thus," adds the chronicler, "the city was pacificated," and the strangers—that is, the soldiers—sent away. The pacification, which was to be obtained by the distracting process of a new election and change of rulers every three months, was not likely to be a very satisfactory one. But it was the way in which all those tumultuous cities imagined that what was called liberty was to be obtained and preserved—the mob being pleased by a semblance of thus doing everything, while the few wire-pullers guided it by the nose as long as they remained of accord. It must be remembered that these were the days of the soldiers of fortune, when every petty prince or little city secured the services of a Condottierre great or small, a band of troopers, generally foreign, whose occupation it was to keep up the continual little wars which devastated the country, and which seem, whatever side might rise and fall, to have afforded booty in one shape or other to them. To get rid of these locusts out of the city was always a gain, by whatsoever intricate political bands they themselves were tied.

In 1388, however, all this accord was broken up, and Siena sent a challenge (*sfida*) to Florence. "You must know," says the chronicler, "that the Florentines might have kept Tuscany in peace; but instead of that they constantly made mischief between one and another, and roused up war in order to make themselves masters of other cities, as they did of Arezzo and Pietramala. And this was the reason why Siena came under the yoke of a Master, which never had felt before the dominion of strangers." The challenge was sent on the 30th April, and early in May we find the Florentines riding on Sienese soil—taking and burning one village after another, "lifting" the cattle, and carrying off the hoards of the peasants, besides spoiling their vines and corn. To carry on any kind of cultivation on those soft Tuscan hillsides, which we now traverse (very slowly) in a few hours, between Florence and Siena, must have been no easy life in those days.

"On the 20th July the Florentines came to Fontebecci and then to Monte Martino, and raised their standard and carried off many prisoners. On the 30th they returned to Valdemerza and to Monteciano, scouring the country, and carried off three thousand great cattle and many of the smaller kinds.

"On the 11th August they besieged Basciano, but did not take it; for Paolo Savelli (the Sienese general) came out with many followers, pushing as far as Sambuca, and by night

twice encountered the enemy, who were routed. The grain, which had been placed in their boats, was brought back and was followed by the enemy, but not in large numbers, as far as Fontebecci. When it was known in Siena that the enemy was following, the shops were immediately shut, and every man ran to arms. The enemy being made aware of this turned back, and thus all their booty was conducted safely to Siena, and there was no loss to our side."

Here the chronicler pauses to give an account of the price of provisions, which is difficult to follow without a table of weights and measures, and some idea of the different values of money in that time and this. "A pair of chickens were forty soldi," he says, which seems cheap enough; "but capons brought two golden florins all but four soldi." And there was little concord inside the city to soften the dangers without. A certain Frate of the Augustines had his head cut off for bringing treasonable correspondence one of those autumn days, and the great palaces were full of turbulence and disorder,—the Salimbeni, with all their young gallants a centre of disaffection, always rebels against the civil rule. And things were very bad in the streets, commerce stopped, and every occupation arrested. "All the shops were abandoned, except those which supplied things necessary for soldiers and for the wounded." This brief touch gives a very graphic glimpse of the situation. Every booth and wide open shop closed up in darkness, and only the armourer and the apothecary reigned supreme.

"In August the Florentines reached the Castel della Selva, and there was much fighting, eight men being killed at the foot of the wall, and there were more than a hundred wounded. Inside were slain a woman and a man. When they appeared in Rengomagno Paolo Savelli and our people heard of it, and coming up with the enemy, engaged battle, and there was cruel fighting." At the end the Sienese broke the Florentine force, and took the captain and the colours, and 152 prisoners, all of whom were brought before the Signoria. Twenty-five in all were killed in battle, and great rejoicings were made. In September they rode as far as Tolfe, and set an ambush and killed and wounded many, dragging out eyes and teeth, cutting off hands and feet and other members (*dishoneste membri*) with infinite cruelty, leaving the prisoners to die of hunger. And many such things were done on other raids which we pass over, as similar things happen on both sides. But the ambush of the enemy was of little use, because everybody had returned home, though but for a brief repose.

On the 16th September the Sienese scoured the country of the Florentines as far as Rubbo, and turning back with their prey fell into an ambush and fought: there were many killed and wounded on both sides.

As winter went on the men of Siena would seem to have become aggressive in their turn; and perhaps from the fact that the army was thus withdrawn from the vicinity of the city, greater troubles arose within. There were negotiations going on with the Duke of Milan, called in the record by the inappropriate title of Conte di Virtu, which the community no doubt felt itself forced into, in order to secure a protector against its turbulent neighbours, but which many of the noble families opposed violently. Thus in October, while Paolo Savelli and his troops were carrying fire and sword into the Florentine dominions, the streets were loud with shouts and skir-

mishes, the palaces closed like so many dark fortresses frowning upon the crowd, and every court-yard bristling with arms. "A great commotion arose in Siena on account of the Conte di Virtu, and many of the Malavolti were slain." After which the heads of two great houses, Messer Urlando Malavolti and Messer Niccoló Salimbeni, retired to their castles in the country, and there joined in the struggle against their countrymen, taking the Florentine side. There was no doubt a kind of patriotism in resisting the appeal to a protector alien to the city, and one whose connection with it would probably lead to the establishment of a tyranny; but the Salimbeni at least, and probably other predominant families, had already brought in foreign aid, and their love of their country was always mingled with ambitious projects of their own. Meantime the struggle went on through all the undulations of that smiling Tuscan landscape, which by nature seems the very home of peace. The Sienese took Poggio de Cortona and held it for thirty days, after which they were driven out by the Florentines. On the other side Montereggioni was lost but retaken the same day, the Florentines losing fifty men. And thus the record goes on, scarcely a week without weapons in the streets, "palaces injured, especially that of the Tolomei," scarcely a day without a village in flames, "the vines and trees destroyed" along a wide range of country, the very phrase bringing before us the festooned elms and mulberries, the links of vine from row to row, which is still the favourite method of viniculture in Tuscany. Finally, either the belligerents grew tired of the unalterable vicissitudes, the monotony of ineffectual victories and losses, by which neither side gained anything, or the Milanese alliance turned the scale, for we hear first of a truce of twenty-five days, and then that "peace was established between Siena and Florence, and everything taken in the war (which had lasted two years) was amicably restored by either party, both prisoners and goods." The absolute inutility of such struggles could not be better shown. Much trouble and misery, though perhaps less than we, from our very different standing-point, would imagine, the people being inured to all the risks and troubles—without actual gain to either side, as many villages being wrecked and restored by one party as by the other—might, one would have imagined, have convinced the combatants of the folly of their constant struggles. No doubt the fact that the armies on either side were mercenaries, and that it was not native blood that was shed in those continual battles—also that the loss of life was comparatively small, each trooper being in his own person a moving tower of mail, and their encounters more noisy than dangerous—made the evils of war seem less to the hot-headed municipalities in their fierce emulation and rivalry, to whom it was the great excitement of life.

The peace was made in the end of 1389 (in February, the year then beginning, according to the old style, in March). But by April of 1390 it was all aflame again, and the work of besieging castles and burning villages going on as merrily as ever.

Some years after we find a solemn contract drawn between the people of Siena and Gian Geliazzo, Duke of Milan, by which that great personage was proclaimed Signor of Siena, under the strictest rules and regulations

safeguarding the laws, revenues, and government of the people. This would seem to be the first time that of her own accord, and by a popular vote, Siena had given herself a foreign master. She had, like every other Italian city, passed from hand to hand as various waves of invasion passed over Italy; but she had not acknowledged the need of outdoor protection till now. The Duke of Milan bound himself and all his successors to respect the existing constitution of the city, and not to interfere with her revenues until all her own expenses had been fully paid. This, it is to be supposed, satisfied the burghers and populace for a time, but not the nobles, who remained as thorns in the side of every government. The Salimbeni would seem to have continued the most troublesome of all. In the little Piazza formed on three sides by their great mansions now, there stands a peaceful statue of a priest, a stooping, somewhat deprecating figure, which seems to ask pardon for the presence there in that warlike vicinity of the gentle philanthropist. Very different often have been the inmates of that strong square. On one occasion the whole town turned out, headed by the lieutenant who represented the Duke of Milan, to seize two scions of the house who had conspired against the commonwealth. They were the sons of that Niccoló who, in 1389, retired to his fortress outside the walls, and fought on the Florentine side against his countrymen; yet when the pact was made with the Duke of Milan in 1399, had somehow managed to get back to the head of affairs, and signed the treaty as Sindaco. But the prudence of the father was but a poor safeguard of the loyalty of his sons. The elder of the two conspirators, Francesco, was taken in his father's palace, and a wild and tragic light is for a moment thrown over the scene,—the group of leaders, the Milanese captain, the roaring train of the populace, crowding every corner. The right thing to have done would have been to lead him before the Signoria,—his father, for aught we know, being still at its head. But this the authorities were afraid to do, fearing no doubt a rescue; and while his captors struggled round him compelling him to mount his horse, it was so contrived that some one in the crowd should strike an accidental blow which pierced the brain of the prisoner. He was struck in the eye and fell, avoiding the need of any perilous progress through the street, yet no one could be said to be to blame. The younger escaped, and the conspiracy was over for the moment.

Perhaps it was not to be wondered at that other sons of the Salimbeni should have taken to bad ways, after such a family incident. Two younger members of the family "took to the road," as we should say. Probably they removed to some eyrie in the adjacent country, some tower upon a rock, from where they could exact toll and tribute, and exercise genteelly the trade of highwaymen. Our chronicler tells one comic story of these brothers, who were called Ghinosso and Bigallo, which is not quite original perhaps, but of a kind that is always popular. One day the Abbot of Cluguy (it would be impertinent to inquire which, for the Abbots of Cluguy were too great to figure in such light records) passed by on his way to certain baths, where he hoped to recover his appetite, which he had lost. The two Salimbeni knew all about it, as it

appears, and what his intention was, though it is difficult to divine what baths the reverend prelate could be bound to which led him through Tuscany; but perhaps he had come from Rome, and not from his distant abbey. Ghinosso and Bigallo met him on the way, and courteously conveyed him to an apartment in their *castello*, where they shut him up in safety, and scrupulously supplied his table with bread and beans and excellent pure water. "It happened," says our chronicler, "after a few days, that the appetite of the prelate came back, and for the purgation which Ghinosso and Bigallo had given him he left them all the money which he had intended to spend at the baths."

Alas! this merry jest was but a small episode in the career of the noble highwaymen. Ghinosso died a miserable death — impaled, the historian tells; and the fate of Bigallo was even more shameful. While he pursued his robber life, "levying imposts and executing cruelties on all weaker than himself," Bigallo killed the husband and some of the sons of Monna Gianna della Ripa de Gote. Having thus deprived her of her natural defenders, he attempted to extort more money from the desperate woman, who in her rage and anguish killed him in self-defence, with the aid of her household. She then laid his body across an ass, and herself led the animal to the nearest gate of the city. Arrived there, she asked what duty had to be paid on a dead swine (*porco*). The wondering porter allowed her to pass, and she led the ass to the Palazzo Pubblico, and there threw down its burden. The Signoria would have given her a reward, but she would take nothing, saying she had done this not for money, but to punish the cruelty of her enemy.

The woman with her ass and its dreadful freight climbing the soft hillside, mounting slowly up the precipitous stony street, no doubt with a horrified train of gazers after her, past the dark walls of the palace where the wretched youth had been born — it would be impossible to conceive a more terrible figure: such appalling instances of revenge and retribution fill up the darker side of the picture, which contained so many sparkling and brilliant scenes.

Our anonymous chronicler perhaps felt that in these histories he had been too hard upon the Salimbeni, for suddenly in the midst of all the vicissitudes of the Florentine wars he pauses to set before us at unusual length the story of another son of the family, a perfect hero of romance in the midst of those tyrants and robbers. The story is all peace and rural tranquillity. It seems to breathe across a country where never a raid had passed nor an imposition been made. The actual Tuscany, the prosperous fields, the homely quiet of the *mezzeria*, the little farmhouse on the hill, come before our eyes as they now are, peaceful as if Florence had never been other than a sister, and nothing but chevaliers and paladins had ever been found among the noble Italian youth. He begins by telling us how, long years before his story, there had been a serious quarrel between the Salimbeni and the Montanini, which arose in a great hunting-party, but which was carried on so long and so bitterly that the Montanini were crushed, and lost their high place and almost all their possessions. When the story begins there are but a brother and a sister living, Carlo and the young Angelica, whose beauty was such that she was more like an angel than a mortal maiden. All

that Carlo possessed was a little property worth twelve hundred ducats, and upon this he lived, maintaining himself and his sister. It happened that in the neighbourhood, in a beautiful villa or castle, dwelt Anselmo of the Salimbeni, a rich scion of that race, who, as he rode about the country, and especially as he went into Siena, passed by the farmhouse, and constantly saw Angelica pursuing her avocations there. The reader will feel that here is again Romeo and Juliet, the old story which we know so well. And here it is, yet with so marked a difference that it might be original. It is like a story out of Boccaccio, but for the perfect purity and grace of the conception, which is the most entirely chivalrous of any Italian story we know. It must be premised that with the ruin of the Montanini family the feud with the Salimbeni had almost ceased to be remembered, and that it was rather the difference of position than the old hostility which kept these youthful persons unacquainted with each other. The story altogether forms the prettiest picture—if too ethereal, too virtuous, and elevated in sentiment for anything out of Arcadia—of the old Tuscan life: with the jealous mother-city always on the watch for conspiracies, and mischief always apt to be done on that ground, notwithstanding the ideal life, the genial poverty, and gracious wealth of the dwellers in farms and fields.

There came to Carlo Montanini a wily citizen, who offered him twelve hundred ducats for his little property, and represented to him how much better it would be for him to leave the country and seek his fortune, like other young men of noble blood and birth. But Carlo remembered his sister, who had no other defender, and refused. The citizen then, like a true villain of the fourteenth century, denounced Carlo to the Signoria as conspiring against Siena, and our noble young farmer, though quite innocent, was haled to prison, and there lay until the award was given against him and he was sentenced to pay within a few days twelve hundred ducats or to die. Then the wily citizen renewed his offers for the land, but at a reduced price. Deeply Carlo pondered in his prison as to what he should do. If he sold his property even for the full price, the fine would absorb every penny, and Angelica would be left destitute. As for himself, he might easily of course go to the wars, but what would Angelica do? She could not marry, for she would have no dower, and how to preserve her in honour and safety with nothing to live on and her only protector gone! Carlo made up his mind that it would be much better for him to die and leave the farm safe for his sister, who could then marry and all would be well. With this determination he refused to hear anything more from his tempter, but prepared with resignation and piety to sacrifice his life, since no better end might be.

That evening, while Carlo lay in his prison collecting all his thoughts for his last confession, an innocent man, Anselmo Salimbeni, rode past the farm as usual and saw Angelica, not smiling and busy as was her wont, but surrounded by a group of weeping women, and overwhelmed with sorrow and despair. The young man paused in great distress to see the object of his love in such a plight, and questioned some of her attendants. When he heard that if the ransom was not paid before next morning Carlo must die, and that his sister had neither friends nor money to save him, Anselmo rode away, pondering in his heart. What was he to do? Perhaps if he paid the money

Carlo might still remember the feud between the families and refuse consent to his marrying Angelica; while, on the other hand, if Carlo perished, an end which as his feudal enemy Anselmo regarded without horror, Angelica could not well resist any suit he made to her. These thoughts, however, were quite alien to the young man's nature, the impulse of which was to step in at once to dry the sister's tears and save the brother's life. This accordingly was what he did. The money was paid, and Carlo, much surprised, was liberated. Thinking that his sister had found some miraculous means of doing this, he hurried home, only to find Angelica in a state of distraction, believing him dead, and that it was his ghost who thus broke in upon her despair. Carlo then hastened back to the city to discover who it was who had delivered him, and having found out that it was Anselmo, returned home very thoughtfully pondering what was to be done. He was at no loss to divine the motive. Only love, he said to himself, could explain such an unheard-of liberality. And how was it to be repaid? Only by one thing—to bestow Angelica, freely and without conditions, upon their benefactor. There was no other way. He had nothing to give but his sister: and she had nothing to give but herself.

It was nightfall when he reached home, and he had no sooner entered and closed the door upon the too sympathetic neighbours than he opened his views to Angelica. Even a woman's honour, which was her most sacred dowry and the best treasure of her family, was not to be considered in comparison with this. Angelica listened to her brother's long speech with sobs and tears, and made a melancholy appeal to him to save her; but finding him fixed in his purpose, at length yielded, and putting on her worst gown, followed him weeping to the palace of Anselmo. Here all was closed for the night; but the doors were finally opened by the wondering servants, and Anselmo, still more astonished, came hurrying down, thunderstricken to see the fair Angelica with her brother. That Carlo should have come to thank him was natural; but why Angelica at midnight, or near it? Carlo begged that they might speak to him in private,—that Anselmo would take them to his own room and speak to them there. Still more astonished, Anselmo led the way; and when they were within the luxurious and beautiful room, Carlo solemnly addressed his deliverer. He was sure, he said, that only the love of Angelica could have suggested such a deed. And nothing could the ruined family give but Angelica to repay it. When he had said this he hastily left the room and closed the door, leaving his sister behind. For a moment the admirable Anselmo stood dazed and dumb, not knowing what to think; but when he had recovered himself a little, he too made a speech to the trembling girl, and with a low bow withdrew, leaving her alone in possession of his apartment. The reader will perceive how entirely novel is the situation of this old-world tale, not Boccaccio, nor yet Shakespeare, having conceived anything so lofty in sentiment as this struggle of generosity and love.

Anselmo's next step was to send for all the ladies in the neighbourhood—the *gentiledonne;* and it is a curious indication of the well-inhabited Tuscan countryside, that a number of ladies seem to have responded, as if the little settlements of gentlefolks, branches of noble families spread about the rustic neighbourhood in villa or farm, were not few.

These ladies were taken to the chamber in which the terrified maiden sat alone, to bear her company. He then sent for the men, among them his own relations and friends, who also arrived in haste in the middle of the night, all astonished beyond measure by the sudden call. The servants by this time were all prepared with torches to light the long procession of honourable folk, Angelica and her ladies, young Salimbeni and his men, to the *mezzeria*, where Carlo lay sadly alone, in the midst of the silent fields. Whether he saw the line of torches glimmering through the night, or suspected what was coming, we are not told; but he opened his doors to the procession, which ascended gravely into the large *sala* which is the natural centre of every Italian house. It was now Anselmo's turn to speak, which he did in the noblest terms, describing what had already passed during this exciting night. "I accept the gift that has been given to me," he said; "and before you all, and in all reverence and worship, take Angelica to be my spouse, my adored and revered bride." Not only the ladies—"who have intelligence in love," as Dante says—but the men, the relations, every one present, consented and applauded. And shortly after the marriage was celebrated with great pomp; and if they then did not live happily ever after, it was not for want of noble sentiment. Indeed, the wily citizen who had first tried to obtain Carlo's land at a bargain, and then denounced him that he might be forced to sell it, was so far moved by this exhibition of magnanimity that he sent back the thousand ducats which he had not paid for the farm, a free-will offering to the man whom he had wronged; and the magnificent Signoria in the city, finding that it had been deceived, sent back the fine which Anselmo had paid, and restored Carlo to all the rights of his noble family; and all went merry as a marriage-bell.

I hope the visitor to Siena will not think this story out of place as he roams about the neighbourhood, finding at every point of view a different and more picturesque combination of the towers and roofs of the city seated on her three hills. To myself the procession, with its torches, a wavering line of lights, moving up and down the undulating road, to convey Angelica in love and tender reverence to her brother's house, while the noble young bridegroom marched behind with all his cousins and his retainers to do the penniless maiden the greater honour,—adds a delightful association to the Tuscan landscape with all its little hills. Sterner, more dreadful, and perhaps more real still is the other group—Monna Gianna, bereaved and desperate, leading up to the city gate the young cut-throat and robber, the dead *porco*, who had murdered her children. With what vividness may one realise the story of the great turbulent medieval family, full of honour and nobility, full of cruelty and crime, when one remembers that our noble young Anselmo and that robber of the fields were of the same house—cousins, if not perhaps brothers. The relationship among Italian folk is counted almost the same.

After the delightful narrative above quoted the chronicler returns to his story of endless raids and forays, — for all the world like those of the Highlanders, or the Borderers while England and Scotland were two countries,—"lifting" cattle, burning farms, destroying harvests, with constant reprisals from the other side. Siena went through

innumerable vicissitudes during these centuries. Sometimes a tyrant from amidst her own bosom arose and grasped the reins of power, chief among them being Pandolfo Petrucci, who, aided by the continued dissensions of the municipal government, seized the city in the end of the fifteenth century, and became, it is said, so great a ruler as to gain the applause of Macchiavelli. He has left behind him a palace known as the house of the Magnifico, and his tomb may be seen in the sacristy of the Osservanza, the picturesque convent, foundation and home of San Bernardino, who is a still greater glory to Siena. But Petrucci, like Cromwell, left neither son nor grandson sufficiently able to succeed him, and ended where he began. New discords, new wars, new struggles followed his brief tyranny, and after a terrible experience of Spanish rule under the Emperor Charles V., — against which the desperate citizens made at last an energetic rebellion, and drove the invaders out of the city,—but after many reverses, risings and fallings, and continual fighting, the worn-out community fell into the hands of the Medici, and became henceforward the thrall of the race which had already subjugated Florence. The black and white banner blew forth never again over the black and white towers in emblem of freedom until Siena gave, first of the Tuscan cities, the memorable Si which made her a part of emancipated Italy, no longer a vexed republic, but a dutiful and lawful Italian town.

A busy place, full of that cheerful activity with which the kindly and social instincts of the race make their streets gay,—and not without manifold occupations and industries, all enclosed in the picturesque walls which still encircle the city, walls which would not stand an hour's siege nowadays, but are pleasant to see in peaceful preservation, marking the circuit of the ancient city. The high tower of the Cathedral, in black and white, like all that is distinctly Sienese, stands up on the highest pinnacle, the standard and the pride of the community; and the civic tower of the Mangia raises itself proudly into the blue air, the Rocca, the central strength, representative of civic power and independence. Church and State could not have more dignified images side by side upon the height of the warmly clothed and defended hills. The bells ring in the Cathedral campanile for all the events of human life, — for marriage and for funeral, for christening and for festival; but from the Torre della Mangia only the watcher's note of alarm, the great bell *a stuormo* which awakens all the city. All the days of the year, except that one solemn day when the Lord of our salvation lay in the grave so soon to be opened, the church bells call to prayer and mass and pious observance. And in those days of peace the great tower is silent, with no watcher on its fine balcony to note the approach of any foe, since foe there is none to come; but its very outline against the sky breathes force and vigilance and protection, light as a flower but strong as a rock, and dear as their fathers' roof-tree to every heart.

CHECKMATED: A LINNÆUS OF THE HINDU KUSH.

THE relentless August sun beat down on the old native fortress, which had lately been converted into the British frontier post of Fort Chardagh; down on the dusty little barrack-square, where a smooth-faced English boy, aided by a native Jemadar, was drilling a levy of huge black-haired Pathans; down on the stuffy little office where a Babu telegraph-clerk, terrified by the uncongenial surroundings to which he had been translated, squatted half-asleep, wondering if he would ever see Chandni Chowk again, but keeping a drowsy eye on the needle of the instrument, which seemed to him his only link with civilisation; down on the meagrely furnished little room in the officers' quarters, where, cursing his lot even more vehemently than the telegraph-clerk, sat Captain John Armstrong, D.S.O., the Political officer of the district. It was only quite recently that Fort Chardagh had risen to the dignity of possessing a Political officer and a telegraph-clerk. The district it controlled was, for that part of the world, a singularly peaceful one, and it commanded none of the great passes leading into India. True, it was pushed so far forward into the Hindu Kush as to be the nearest British outpost to the Russian sphere of influence in Central Asia; but it was less on this account than because of its proximity to the powerful khanate of Dilt that the Government had suddenly thought fit to station a Political officer there. England was on the verge of undertaking one of her "little" frontier wars, which might easily develop into a big one, if the Diltis elected to throw in their lot with the recalcitrant tribes it was thought necessary to punish; and although no European had ever been permitted to enter Diltistan, it was considered advisable to keep a watchful eye on it from our nearest point of vantage. Armstrong, than whom none of the younger officers of the day possessed a better knowledge of either the frontier tribes or their dialects, had been selected for the post; and thus it was that on that breathless August afternoon he was sitting cursing the fate which had consigned him to such a God-forsaken spot, for he felt that the three months he had already passed there might just as profitably have been passed in the Highlands of Scotland as in those of Pathanistan. Never, no never, had he been in such a beastly hole! True, Pargir, where he had last been stationed on similar work, was bad enough; but there, at all events, the natives played polo, whereas here they seemed to care for nothing except tilling their wretched fields, and had not furnished him with matter for even one little report to the Foreign Office at Simla. As he lay listlessly smoking, and listening to the sounds vaguely floating in through the open window from the parade-ground below, Captain Armstrong felt in a thoroughly bad temper.

But relief was even now at hand. A discreet cough and tap on the door presently announced Mohan Lal, the telegraph-clerk, bearing a freshly arrived despatch, which, as he opened it, Armstrong saw was in official cipher code, and therefore of importance; and so, dismissing the salaaming Babu, he hastily got out his code-book

and proceeded to decipher it. It was from the Political officer at Peshawur, and when translated read thus :—

"From Simla. Reported Russian Political Agent leaves Reshat (the nearest Russian post to our frontier) on 21st. Secret mission Dilt. Watch frontier. If found on British territory, turn back. Use every possible effort prevent success. Important. Acknowledge. BRAIDWOOD. Peshawur."

So! here was work at last, and pretty ticklish work too, as Armstrong well knew. Many a man in his place would have telegraphed back for more explicit instructions; but he was not one of that sort, and merely sending a curt acknowledgment of the receipt of the message, he set to work to think things out. This was the 17th, and on the 21st the Russian agent was expected to leave Reshat; and here Armstrong spread out his map of the district, and endeavoured to calculate distances on it—no very easy task, as neither in Russian nor in Dilti territory were British topographers exactly welcome guests. It was evident that any person going from Reshat to Dilt must at a certain point pass very close to the imaginary British frontier line; but then the Diltis might have arranged a meeting somewhere outside their own country, and even if he found the Russian trespassing on territory claimed to be under British influence, he could but warn him off, as to detain him forcibly would be rather too arbitrary a proceeding. If he could only have got some reliable information from Reshat! But it was fully a week's journey distant, and there was no direct road thither, merely a sheep-track, occasionally used by Uzbegs bringing down salt in the summer-time. For a time he actually thought of making a dash for Dilt himself, on the off-chance of forestalling and outbidding the Russian agent; but had to dismiss this idea, as he knew the Government would never sanction such a course, which, moreover, would probably only result in the murder of himself and his escort. For fully twenty minutes Armstrong walked up and down the bare little room, revolving plans in his mind and puffing out huge volumes of smoke, until an idea struck him, and summoning a servant, he bade him find the Havildar Daoud Shah, and tell him the Captain Sahib would speak with him at once. Presently a shadow fell across the map over which he was still poring; but he did not look up until he had leisurely finished his inspection of it. Armstrong had not lived among natives all these years without learning that one should never seem in a hurry. Then he raised his eyes, and saw the man he had sent for standing motionless at attention in the doorway.

Now Armstrong had been agreeably surprised on his arrival at Fort Chardagh to find in the Havildar of the newly raised native levy an old acquaintance in the shape of Daoud Shah, who some years previously had acted for three seasons in succession as his shikari when ibex-stalking in Baltistan, when a strong feeling of mutual regard had sprung up between the two men. A Pathan of the Pathans, recking nothing of human life, and an outcast from his own district on account of a blood-feud, Daoud Shah had, like many of his compatriots, drifted into the British service, prepared to be true to his salt; but probably equally ready to fight against it

when his term of service was over, if inclination prompted him to do so. None the less, he had a great respect for the English sirkar and its officers, and above all for Armstrong Sahib, who at the risk of his own life had once rescued him from what seemed certain death on a treacherous snow-slope. Daoud Shah had sprained his ankle, and Armstrong had bound up the injured limb with strips torn from his own *putties*, and stayed by his shikari all night on a ledge of rock 13,000 feet above sea-level, until morning dawned, and he was able to get down to the valley below, and return with help for the disabled man.

"Come in, havildar, and shut the door," said Armstrong; and then, as the Pathan obeyed, he continued unconcernedly, "Have you ever been in Reshat?"

The havildar replied that he had, and that, moreover, he had kinsmen living there at the present time. This was news indeed, and Armstrong's eyes could hardly prevent a flash; but he went on quite coolly, "And in how short a time could a strong man, knowing the mountains, go from here to Reshat and return?"

The havildar paused ere replying, and striding to the open window, gazed eagerly forth at the great range of the Hindu Kush, which blocked the northern extremity of the valley. Then, as though satisfied with his inspection, he replied: "By the favour of God, in such a season as this, while the snow lies high on the summits, and in good weather, a man"—he paused and looked his officer in the eyes—"such as you or I, sahib, who is not afraid of the mountains, could go to Reshat and return in five days; but such as those"—and he jerked his head disdainfully at the Chardaghi levy in the barrack-square below—"would be fifteen days on the journey."

Five days, and to-day was the 17th! there might yet be time; but Armstrong betrayed no emotion as he went quietly on, "And from Reshat to Dilt, how long for a party, probably of mounted men?"

It was now the Havildar's turn to feel surprise; but he too betrayed none, as he slowly answered, "That, Captain Sahib, I cannot truthfully say, for I do not know the path, nor can I say whether it be practicable for mounted men, but not less than four days."

Armstrong asked no further questions, but paced once or twice thoughtfully up and down the room. Should he take the Pathan into his confidence or not? John Armstrong had not been born on the northern slopes of the Cheviots for nothing, and few men had the bump of cautiousness more fully developed than he; but experience had taught him that there are exceptions to every rule, even to that of never trusting a Pathan. Moreover, he had a real liking for Daoud Shah, the liking which one strong man has for another who has cheerfully risked life and limb, by ledge and ice-slope and snow-slide, with him for weeks at a time, and then too he instinctively felt that the Pathan had the same feeling for him. His mind was quickly made up, and suddenly halting and looking Daoud Shah straight in the eyes, he said: "Havildar, I am minded to intrust you with a more than common service. It has come to my ears that an agent of the Russian sirkar goes from Reshat to Dilt within the week to stir up the Diltis against us. Now, this I must prevent at all hazards; and if such a man as you, whom I have trusted with this secret, were to go

to Reshat and return within five days, bringing me accurate knowledge of his route, I might be able to do so."

The Pathan's eyes flashed for a moment, and then drawing himself together, he answered proudly: "Captain Sahib, you did me a great service once, and that have I not forgotten, and much honour do you do me now in speaking to me thus, and this also I will remember. This much only can I say, that if by the favour of God I am able to get to Reshat other than by the usual path, within five days you shall know your heart's desire, and that without the knowledge of any other man." Then with a sudden change of manner he asked deferentially "if the Captain Sahib would get him the furlough leave from the Lieutenant Sahib whilst he went to change his uniform?" and within half an hour he had left the fort so disguised that it would have puzzled even one of his comrades to have recognised in the dirty unkempt tribesman the smart well-set-up Havildar of the Chardagh Rifles.

The fifth morning after his departure came without any news of him, and Armstrong, despite his belief in the man, was beginning to feel a little anxious; but towards evening Daoud Shah returned, a little thin and fine-drawn about the face, as a man might well be who for the best part of a week had been almost incessantly travelling over the worst parts of the Hindu Kush, but otherwise showing no signs of fatigue.

"Well, havildar, what news?" asked Armstrong in his usual unconcerned manner, though his heart was throbbing violently, as the man sprang to attention at his approach.

"My news is this, sahib," he answered. "I have been to Reshat, and by the favour of God have found out this. For the past year there has been a Russian officer going and coming between Reshat and the north. But three days since he came again, and though he would fain keep it secret, yet it was known in the bazaar that he rides to Dilt with but four of an escort; Turcomans be they, not Russians, as dark as an Afridi but not so strong. Five days must he be on the road, on which horses travel slower than men, and on the fifth day it is believed, but this I cannot say for certain, he meets certain of the tribesmen at the bridge over the Pashkend river, who lead him to a durbar at Dilt. Moreover, the man who guides him is of my blood, and he will lead him so that on to-morrow evening he will pass along the hollow path which is but three miles from the ruined tower where the sahib slept last month when he went to look for ibex."

Armstrong nodded to show he remembered the place, and then asked if Daoud Shah had seen the Russian officer.

"I did, sahib," was his reply; "he is of your height and shape, but older, and of weak vision, wearing blue *chashmaks*" (spectacles).

"Good; you have done well, *very* well, Havildar," said Armstrong, approvingly, "and this service neither the sirkar nor I will easily forget. Say nothing to any man of where you have been, and go and get food and rest; but first tell the Lieutenant Sahib I would speak with him."

Ten minutes later the Lieutenant Sahib—a sandy-haired, smooth-faced English lad—was listening, wholly delighted and half incredulous, to certain instructions from the Political officer. Indeed he

could not repress a chuckle of ecstatic admiration when Armstrong dismissed him with the final injunction, "Then you quite understand that if I have not returned by Thursday morning, or if you have not received a message in writing from me by the same date, you will send this cipher telegram to Colonel Braidwood at Peshawur;" and before sunrise of the next morning Armstrong, accompanied by Daoud Shah and a little band of twelve picked men, all specially selected by the Havildar, and clad alike in mufti—Afghan mufti, be it understood—had left the fort, and were already many miles away among the northern mountains.

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Late in the afternoon of the same day a little company of five men on horseback was slowly making its way, under the guidance of a sullen-faced Pathan, through one of the most desolate and uninhabited districts of the Hindu Kush. The mounted men, consisting of four swarthy-visaged Asiatics, and a European officer wearing blue spectacles, all dressed alike in dark-green uniforms with cartridge-bandoliers crossing their breasts, and baggy trousers stuffed into high boots, rode leisurely along. The men, wearied by their long day's march, great part of which had perforce been done on foot, leading their horses, lolled in their saddles, thinking hopefully of the time, now close at hand—so their guide assured them—when they would reach their halting-place for the night. Even their officer seemed to have relaxed his usual vigilance, riding bent forward in the saddle, and absorbed in his own reflections.

For ten long years Major Alexis Stephanoff, despite occasional more or less exciting interludes like the present, had been exiled from all that, in his opinion, made life worth living, and at last the chance of regaining this seemed fairly within his grasp. A smart young officer in the Préobajensky Guards, he had fallen into disgrace at St Petersburg, inasmuch as, not content with high play, general fast living, and consequent neglect of his military duties, he had actually dared to indulge in the heinous offence of dabbling — very mildly, be it said—in politics, and but that he had friends in high places, would probably have been transferred to Siberia, instead of, as was the case, to Central Asia.

Here, however, he had done his best to purge himself of his youthful *bêtises*, and gradually acquired the reputation of a zealous and useful officer. He soon developed a marked aptitude for dealing with Asiatics, having naturally a pretty talent for diplomacy of the Russian order, which simply consists in secretly doing what you have openly promised not to do, and possessing in addition a marvellous gift of acquiring tongues. By dint of these accomplishments he had successfully engineered one or two rather delicate operations, so that in course of time he had risen to be Secret Intelligence officer on the Himalayan border—a post he had filled so well, that it had been almost officially notified to him that if he proved successful in his present mission of adding to the British complications on their frontier, he would be recalled to Europe, and reinstated in his old regiment.

Stephanoff had not the slightest doubts as to his success: he knew well enough that for the bribe he was empowered to offer — 1000 breechloading rifles with ammunition for the same, and 1000 rupees a-month as long as they continued offensive operations against the English — the Diltis

would have proclaimed war against Mahomet himself; and although they had forbidden his entrance into their country with a larger escort than four men, he felt no misgivings on the score of his personal safety. He was accustomed to dealing with lawless Asiatics, and was, besides, a brave man, rather enjoying a spice of danger in his work. Even now, although their road lay along a track so narrow as only to admit of their riding in single file—a track, moreover, with high banks densely fringed with pine scrub on either side — Stephanoff rode unsuspiciously along, following the plodding shoulders of the Pathan guide, while his mind, wearied like his body by four long days in the saddle, had ceased to take note of the present, and was occupied with vague considerations of the future.

"This time six months hence," he thought, "I shall be back in St Petersburg with the rank of colonel, and, who knows, perhaps aide-de-camp to the Czar. Ah, how good it will be to find oneself once more among civilised people, and away from the savages with whom I have mixed for the last nine years! Then I will marry my cousin Olga, who must be of age now, and whose estates must have increased enormously in value since her father's death; and I will obtain long leave, and go to Paris, and Monte Carlo, and Biarritz, until the time when our Government thinks fit for us to take India. By then I may perhaps be a general of division, and——" Crash! to this day Stephanoff can hardly explain what happened. He had a momentary awful glimpse of a great black-bearded man leaping on to him from the top of the bank, with such impetus as to nearly bear him and his horse to the ground, and the next moment he was seized from behind in a vice-like grip, a sack was drawn over his head, and his hands were bound behind him. Blinded and powerless to move, and absolutely bewildered by the suddenness of the attack, he could only sit still and listen as in a dream to the sound of struggling men and trampling horses behind him; but this soon ceased. Once a rifle cracked, and he heard two or three cries from his men, and then in the comparative stillness that followed he vaguely recognised that they had been overcome, and were being bound like himself; and presently his horse, evidently led between two men, began to move slowly forward.

Stephanoff was a brave man, and had faced death many times, yet as he was led helpless along, blinded and half-stifled by the sack in which his head was enveloped, his hands tied behind his back, and his feet bound under his horse's belly, he can hardly be blamed for secretly giving way to despair. He recognised that he had been tricked by the Diltis; he reflected, not without misgivings, on their character, notorious even amongst Afridis for treachery and cruelty, and of their boast that no white man had ever entered their country since Alexander the Great, and he cursed the ill fate that was to rob him, possibly of life, and certainly of success, at the very moment when the latter had seemed fairly within his grasp. Perhaps his bitterest reflection was that he had a number of important papers about his person—secret instructions and despatches, his own notes and diary, and so forth; and although he always took the simple precaution of copying these into French — a language by no means current in Central Asia—

yet he was sufficiently conversant with the Afridi character to know that they never destroy documents, and the thought that his papers might one day drift into the hands of some stray British official was almost more than the wretched man could bear, and he promised himself that he would make a supreme effort at all costs to destroy them when opportunity might offer.

But it seemed as though there was to be no end to his ill-luck; for when, after about an hour's painful ride, they came to a halt, and he was lifted off his horse and carried into a building, his captors' first act was to carefully divest him of his uniform, even down to his boots, and the unhappy Stephanoff felt instinctively that his papers were lost to him for ever.

Then, and not till then, was the covering removed from his head, when he found himself seated on a pile of rugs and sheepskins in a large empty room, apparently forming part of one of the ruined towers not uncommon in parts of Afghanistan and the neighbouring countries. Around him was a group of beetle-browed Pathans, who regarded him with the most stolid indifference, and turned an absolutely deaf ear to the remarks which he addressed to them in every Eastern tongue, from Pushtoo to Persian, of which he was master. Very soon, however, another native entered, bearing a bundle of fairly clean native clothes, including a huge wadded caftan, in which the unfortunate Russian, who began to find his underclothing rather an airy dress for the Hindu Kush, was fain, not without an inward shudder, to dress himself. The last comer, who appeared to be a person of some authority, having previously ordered the others to leave the room, then addressed Stephanoff, and finding himself understood, assured him that no harm would be done to him or his men, who were all unhurt, provided they did not attempt to escape. He paid not the slightest attention to the Russian's remonstrances, and in answer to his indignant question of why he had been brought there and how long he would be detained, merely replied piously, "God knows"; until at last Stephanoff, who was a sufficiently old campaigner to accept the inevitable, relapsed into silence, first, however, asking for some food. This was promptly supplied, of better quality and better cooked than he could have expected; and his captors having generously added a box of his own cigarettes, which apparently had no charms for them, he presently rolled himself up in his rugs, and, wearied alike in mind and body, applied himself not unsuccessfully to wooing sleep.

Twenty-four hours later a band of Pathans, who had been lying idly all day, on the ridge of the Kangi Pass, by which alone Dilt can be approached from the east, suddenly woke to activity. Far away in the gut of the pass their keen eyes had noticed a little cloud of dust and the glint of a rifle-barrel, and each looked to the priming of his jezail, and smuggled closer down among the rocks in which they lay hidden. Presently a little company of five mounted men hove in sight, slowly making its way up the pass, and one of the watchers on the hillside grunted out, "This must be they. Five men on horseback, in green, and one a Feringhi wearing blue *chashmaks*."

"Peace, oh impatient one," rejoined another older man; "let them give the signal, and then we will see whether they be the true men or not. Besides, they lack one in number, having no guide."

But it soon appeared that this was the party they were expecting, for as it reached a ruinous bridge spanning a mountain torrent, it halted, and the white man, riding forward by himself to the middle of the bridge, fired six shots from a revolver, three to his right and three to his left, and simultaneously the tribesmen rose from their hiding-place and descended to where the strangers were awaiting them. A short parley ensued, while the leader of the latter explained that his guide for private reasons had refused to accompany him to Dilt, and had gone back to await his return, halfway to Reshat; and then, among them the first white man who had entered the country for over two thousand years, the whole party moved slowly on into the heart of Diltistan.

The morrow's sun broke bright over the valley of Dilt, one of a type common enough in Afghanistan and on the north-western frontier of India. Of large extent, and surrounded by precipitous mountain-ranges, it is thickly studded with fortified villages, further protected by squat-looking castles or fortresses, round which lie stretches of rudely cultivated land and occasional groves of trees; and chief among them is the village which not only gives its name to the district, but is the residence of the khan who wields more or less nominal sway over the same. It was from the flat roof of this potentate's castle that a gentleman in a green uniform, and wearing blue spectacles, surveyed, not without inward misgivings, the numerous *jirgahs*, which, under the leadership of the various *maliks* of the valley, were making their way to an adjoining grove of walnut-trees, where the day's durbar was apparently to be held. He and his escort had arrived so late on the previous night that he had not been able, as he had hoped, to gain a private interview with the khan, and a further effort to do so that morning had been met by the hint that all negotiations must be conducted in open durbar, a course which the blue-spectacled officer had been particularly anxious to avoid. However, he was not one of those who turn back after putting their hand to the plough: he fully recognised that he must go through with his appointed task, and having had a final interview with one of his own men—a great strapping fellow, more like an Afghan than a Turcoman—it was with an unmoved face, whatever his inward thoughts, that he presently took his seat in the durbar, the cynosure of a thousand scowling eyes, and in course of time rose to address it, in fluent Pushtoo. For the sake of brevity his speech shall be summarised in parliamentary form. It was to this effect:—

The sirkar of his master, the great White Czar, had sent him to counsel the Khan of Dilt and his tribesmen not to make war on the English sirkar. (Incredulous astonishment). Moreover, the Czar could not send them either the rifles or the money they had been led to expect, as when the English sirkar came to hear of it, it would make war on him, and—here the speaker spat on the ground with apparent disgust—who could withstand the English? (Sensation!). True, they were dogs and sons of dogs, but they were more countless in number than the sand of the desert, and possessed in addition all the riches of the earth. Then, too, they were devils incarnate, knowing not fear: why, in the last war they had made against Russia, but six hundred of their accursed cavalry had ridden down a whole army

of his master's, the Czar. (The speaker's emotion probably prevented him from adding that nearly half a century had passed since then.) (Derisive murmurs.) In fine, the Diltis were to understand that neither now nor in the future were they to expect any assistance from the Russian sirkar, which, moreover, could not entirely overlook the fact that, odious as they were, the English were Christians, and believers in the same God as the Russians. After a few more remarks, showing that, however much the Czar's Government disliked the English sirkar, it was equally afraid of it, and was, moreover, much rent with internal strife at home, the speaker advised his hearers to return to the reaping and storing of their crops, and not to run the risk of provoking the might of the English.

For some time after the speaker had resumed his seat his life hung by the proverbial hair, a fact of which he was perfectly aware. The Diltis felt they had been grossly tricked and deceived: they had only reluctantly allowed this infidel to come amongst them as a guarantee that his sirkar would fulfil its promise of sending them rifles and ammunition, with which they were less well supplied than other and more civilised—if such an expression can be used—Afridi tribes; and, behold, in the place of bread he had offered them a stone, and advised them to be good boys and attend to their sowing and reaping. They had no especial animosity against the English more than any other infidels; but they had rather looked forward to fighting them, particularly when (and the exquisite humour of this had specially appealed to them) other unbelievers were willing to supply them with rifles and money for doing so; but, on the other hand, they were not prepared to embark on such an undertaking armed only with their own clumsy jezails and a few Cabul-made Martini rifles. Their rage and disappointment knew no bounds, and many of them seemed inclined to take the loudly expressed advice of one of their mullahs to at once slay the infidel, who sat still, outwardly calm and unmoved, but nervously fingering the revolver in the pocket of his long green coat, calculating how many of his assailants he would be able to account for before they cut him down. At last, however, the khan and some of the *maliks* managed to restore some semblance of quiet, while the former addressed the stranger.

"Now, by Allah al Munit!—by God the Dispenser of justice!" he said, "were it not that thou hast eaten of my salt and dipped in the same dish with me, and hast, moreover, shown thyself a man in that thou hast not feared to come among us with such a pitiful tale, I would send thee back to the hound thy master with thine ears and thy nose in thy hands, to show him how much we Diltis regard the aid of such white-livered infidels as he. Infidels, too, are those sons of dogs the English, whom thy sirkar so greatly dreads; but they at least be men, fearing no others, and keeping their promises. Now begone, and tell thy master what things thou hast seen in Dilt, for of a truth none of thy accursed breed shall ever set foot in it again."

Now there was nothing that the man in the green uniform desired more ardently, now that his business was at an end, than to get himself and his men out of Dilt with whole skins, though he privately entertained but small hope of being able to do so, seeing that the khan held but nominal sway over most of the assembled tribes-

men. But after one of the most *mauvais quarts d'heure* he had ever experienced, milder counsels prevailed, and by one of those strange inconsistencies so common in the Afridi character, the very men who but a short time before had been clamouring for his death allowed him and his escort to leave, with no worse accompaniment than the jeers and mud flung after them by the children: none the less, it was not until after many hours' hard riding, "with their beards upon their shoulder," that they were able to feel themselves in comparative safety.

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The fourth morning of Major Stephanoff's captivity had come, and he was lying on his carpet bed listlessly smoking one of his few remaining cigarettes. Stephanoff was not so downcast as many another man would have been in his position. He had quickly recognised that no personal injury was intended, either to him or his men: indeed his guardians had treated him with a rude consideration that had astonished him; and his early sense of bitter rage and disappointment had gradually merged into a sort of philosophical curiosity as to how it was all going to end, due partly to his training and partly to the vein of oriental fatalism inherent in all Russians. Escape he plainly saw was impossible, and neither threats nor bribes had produced any effect on his jailer, a thick-lipped Jewish-looking Afghan; nor could he extract any information from him as to where he was, or by whose orders he was detained there. He had finally made up his mind that the whole thing was in some way intended as a piece of barbaric diplomacy on the part of the Khan of Dilt, and as he lay there apparently idly watching the sunlight streaming in through a loophole high up in the wall of his prison, his busy brain was really at work trying to discover the khan's reason for such an act, and how he could best checkmate it, when the sound of a not very far distant rifle-shot, followed by a spluttering fire from the roof of his prison, suddenly set every nerve in his body tingling and racing with excitement. A moment's breathless suspense, followed by the crash of a much nearer and well-delivered volley, evidently the work of trained troops, caused the delighted Russian to conclude that his mishap had been heard of at Reshat, and that a party had been sent thence to his rescue. For several maddening minutes the unseen engagement raged fiercely; but the fire from the tower gradually slackened before the steady section volleys of the attacking force, and at last ceased altogether. Hoarsely shouted directions rang through the building, there was a rush of sandalled feet and a swish of long-skirted robes: presently one or two dropping shots rang out at some distance from the tower, and then in the silence that ensued Stephanoff realised the fact that his mysterious captors had evacuated the place and taken to flight. A few anxious moments passed, and then came the steady tramp of drilled and booted feet outside. Some orders were given in Pushtoo by an unmistakably European voice, his prison door was wrenched open, and—in place of the fellow-countrymen the major had fondly hoped to behold, he was confronted by a sandy-haired, freckle-faced youth clad in a *kharki* uniform, which the disgusted Stephanoff recognised as British, and who addressed him in a tongue which even such a master of languages as he almost

failed to recognise as French—as "she is spoke" at Sandhurst.

"Esker vous êtes ler *travelleur* Frongsay, ker—ker——" Here he stopped for further inspiration, and Stephanoff broke in with a pleasant smile, "Excuse me, I speak English; but I am a Russian, not a Frenchman."

"Oh, well," rejoined the newcomer, obviously relieved at relapsing into his native tongue, "I am awf'ly glad to see you, whoever you are. My name is Brown, and I am in command of the native levy at Fort Chardagh; that's our nearest post to here, you know." The Russian nodded, as though to affirm that he thought he had heard vague rumours of the existence of such a place, though as a matter of fact but two months before he had forwarded a most accurate sketch of it to the Intelligence Department at St Petersburg. "We heard," went on the unblushing lieutenant, "that some of these thundering thieves of Pathans had collared a foreigner, and got him shut up in this old tower, so our Political officer at the fort sent me off at once to try and rescue him. When did they nail you? Four days ago? By Jove! what a filthy time you must have had! Lucky for you they didn't cut your throat at once. Looted all your kit, too, I see. Well, it's a good job it's no worse; and perhaps my fellows will catch some of them before they get into the hills. Halloa! what's this? Why, they've got some of them already apparently," he went on, viewing with an air of intense surprise the four Turcomans of the Russian's escort who were being dragged out of the tower by his own men.

The major's cheek reddened ever so slightly at the sight, but he suavely broke in: "Allow me to introduce myself. I am Major Alexis Stephanoff, and for some time I have been employed by my Government in botanical researches in Central Asia. These men formed the military escort without which I was not allowed to travel, and which"—he gave a deprecatory smile—"has not proved of much use. Like myself, they appear to have been stripped of their uniforms, which accounts for their ragged appearance."

"Oh, well, it's all right," said the Englishman to his native corporal; "these are the sahib's attendants: let them go, and treat them well. Eh! what! Found the sahib's horses, and his clothes? Well, that is rum! I s'pose they didn't fit any of the Pathan gentlemen. Well, p'raps you'd like to go and put 'em on again. My men shall bring you some water to wash in. Oh no, no thanks at all;" and then, as the smirking Russian disappeared into the tower, Lieutenant Brown, who was probably a greater adept at polo than at diplomacy, wiped his freckled countenance, lit a cheroot, and murmured to himself with much emphasis, "Botanical researches! Well, I AM d—d!"

But when Major Stephanoff presently reappeared, clothed, shaved, and hardly recognisable, the lieutenant's diplomatic talents were once more called into play. The Russian, who fancied he had sufficiently gauged his new acquaintance's simplicity in their short interview, proposed, after a neat speech in which he referred in moving terms to the mutual affection of Russia and Great Britain, to return incontinently with his men to Reshat,—a proposal, however, which Mr Brown promptly negatived, pointing out to the disgusted major that ere he had got a dozen miles he would be infallibly recaptured by the Pathans, who were probably watching them from some coign of vantage at

that very moment, and who would certainly not treat him a second time with the same consideration; and that above all he (Lieutenant Brown) was powerless in the matter, as he had received strict orders from his superior officer to bring the stranger, if he found him alive, down to Fort Chardagh, in order that the outrage might be thoroughly investigated. All Stephanoff's protests were useless,—in vain did he use every form of argument; the lieutenant was as firm as he was good-tempered. "Oh, you must tell all this to my chief," was his only reply; "you come down with me and recruit yourself a bit. We can't give you anything fit to eat; but there's some fizz we brought up as medical comforts, and we'll crush a bottle or two of that"; and finally the shoulder-shrugging Russian could not but comply.

Arrived at the fort, he was received with the utmost *empressement* by the courteous Political officer, who was filled with sympathy for the Russian subject on whom such an outrage had been committed. He would at once communicate, he assured him, with the Indian Government, to ascertain what course to pursue; but it appeared from the evidence of the troops despatched by Lieutenant Brown in pursuit of the Pathans that the actual attack on Major Stephanoff's party had been committed some way outside the imaginary line of British influence, which of course would considerably complicate matters. He was, however, delighted to hear that most of the major's property had been recovered, though the destruction of his botanical specimens would no doubt be of irreparable loss to science. He trusted the major had lost nothing else? "Only some letters and papers," replied Stephanoff, looking his interlocutor straight between the eyes. "Ah, indeed! that was a pity." Captain Armstrong trusted they were not important, though in any case they could be of no use to a Pathan, and with this the matter dropped.

Major Stephanoff stayed three days at the fort, during which time he smoked 105 cigarettes, consumed nine bottles of medical comforts, and won 48 rupees from Lieutenant Brown at *écarté*. Then came a courteous message asking that he might be sent under escort to Peshawur for further inquiry into the outrage committed on him; and behold, when he got to Peshawur came another courteous message inviting him to Simla, where he stayed for a week as the guest of the Viceroy, and was finally shipped home by way of Bombay and Odessa, which is hardly the most direct route from Diltistan to Reshat.

His Government was most effusive in its expression of gratitude for the assistance rendered to him in his unfortunate predicament, and has since found employment for his talents in the north-eastern portion of their Asiatic dominions.

It is understood that the Khan of Dilt, in order to more strongly mark his disapproval of Russian diplomacy, has expressed his willingness to receive a mission from the English sirkar, and it is further believed that, should this be the case, Captain Armstrong will accompany it as chief Political officer, in which case he will infallibly be attended by Jemadar—I repeat "*Jemadar*"—Daoud Shah of the Chardagh Rifles.

THE SPECIAL ATTRACTION OF GOLF.

THE position of golf among games is almost exactly that of the novelist's young lady, who, while possessing no regular or recognised traits of beauty, yet exercises an undoubted attraction upon those who come within her influence; and the best expression of this quality is the novelist's favourite formula, "indescribable charm." Analogies, however, should never be carried further than their first and most obvious application. Extensive as have been the conquests of the game of golf, they can never pretend to the universality of woman's sway. On the other hand, no woman, in a novel or out of it, has ever had to undergo so much contempt, ridicule, contumely, and disparagement as has been directed at golf. Not only has it survived all that, however, but it has continued increasingly to flourish, whether because or in spite of the attacks it boots not to inquire. Let the simple and unassailable fact witness to it, that there are more clubs of golfers in existence to-day than there were individual players twenty years ago. To account for this, and not to criticise it, is an interesting inquiry, and the short and direct way seems to be to try to discover the "indescribable charm," and describe it if we may.

Whatever man may do in regard to the serious matters of life (golf for the purposes of this contrast at least not being serious), in their recreations they undoubtedly select and adopt those which, without deliberate analysis, they find that they like, and which offer them the kind of amusement that appeals to them. Deduct the swarms of fashion-flies who buzz about lawn-tennis to-day, golf to-morrow, and cycling the day after, and there remains a substantial and ever-increasing number of men with the instinct of sport and play in them, who by unhesitating choice and preference follow the game of golf. In view of this, it would seem to be an easy thing to determine in what characteristic of the game the great attraction lies. All that appears necessary is to collect and collate the opinions of a number of players lying between the opposing poles of a stroke-a-hole-man and a gold medallist. Unfortunately, experience shows that the reasons a man may give for liking a recreation are not necessarily the true ones. In nothing so much as in this do delusions and self-deceptions prevail. The whist-player's explanation of his devotion to the game is often a mere ingenious apology for the time he spends upon it. To believe him he would rather be occupied in serious pursuits, but for his doctor's advice. Obviously for our purpose, who wish to know why he plays whist and not poker, such a reply is useless. If pressed he might say he does not care to gamble, which again is no reason to the point.

Not so long ago an inveterate cricketer—that is, a man who still plays Saturday cricket at the age of thirty, when the swift stoop at short-slip begins to be a trouble, and the long waits in the out-field irksome—such a man, we say, declared that the chief attraction in cricket was the element of gambling in it,—in fact, that cricket was a gamble. He set forth very

plausibly that if on a fine June morning he were told that his side would have to field first (by the fall of a tossed coin) and continue fielding for four hours, and that he himself would be bowled first ball, he would certainly choose another and more agreeable method of spending his day. But he is lured forth by the enchanting hope that his side may win the toss and he go in early, that the bowlers may send down to him at least twelve half-volleys, equalling forty-eight runs, and that when he does field, as field he must, he may make three or four brilliant catches. The uncertainty of everything in cricket, and the consequent possibility of much, he thought was its special attraction; and although this uncertainty is often coupled with the adjective "glorious," he thought it was more nearly allied to that of the faro-table. Now, whether this be right or whether it be wrong, it is not the ground upon which the pursuit of the game of cricket is urged and upheld. In any event, it does not aid us in our special inquiry, for there is no such predominant element of chance or uncertainty about golf. Out of a day's cricket a man may neither have an opportunity of bowling nor of batting, whereas at golf he has the assurance of actively participating in every department of the game. His particular unhappiness, or otherwise, will flow from the way in which he acquits himself, but he will certainly have his game of eighteen holes, so many strokes to each, all to be made by him.

Have we here the secret of the matter, and are we to conclude that the appeal which golf makes so successfully lies in the assurance given to every player that he will at least have his "whack"? Doubtless this certainty of continuous active exercise is an attraction, but that it is not the chief, and far less the distinctive one, is evident at once from the consideration that the more "whacks" a man makes the less is he pleased. A player who will be satisfied to have completed a round at golf in eighty-five strokes will be miserable for the rest of the day, an object of aversion to his friends and family, if he has had to make ninety-five. Clearly if his purpose were mere exercise the conditions would be reversed: he would keep his despondency for the round of eighty-five strokes, and consider himself deprived by play of unfortunate brilliancy of ten good health-giving knocks. Similarly, no man labouring in a sand-bunker has ever been known to find compensation for his misfortune in the exercise which his efforts to extricate his ball entailed upon him. The golfer has yet to be discovered, probably to be born, who shall emerge smiling from a hazard with the observation that he cares not for the loss of the hole, for those four extra strokes have set him up wonderfully in health. Stone-breaking has been recommended before now by physicians to plethoric subjects, but no one ever took to it, neither will any one willingly expend an extra stroke at golf. No; it is not the exercise. If it were, would not that couple of elderly men, who took to the game but recently, and whose farthest drive is barely fifty yards, invite you to pass, as they were only having some mild exercise? Whereas, do they not rather insist with sternness on keeping their place, and on what they call "the courtesy of the green"? It is the more necessary thus to insist that exercise is not the great, far less the distinctive,

attraction in golf, because so many players insist that it is so. If further proof be wanted of how little the consideration of physical benefit weighs with mankind, it may be found in the physician's constant recommendation of walking. In a daily walk of an hour lies the preventive of many of the ills that afflict us, and yet how few will do that moderate amount of pedestrianism even at the urging of such self-interest. Clearly we must look more closely into the witchery of golf.

It is evident that the precise distinctive something of appeal in the game must be a characteristic which it does not share with any other. On the apparently sound principle already mentioned, however, that mankind does not closely analyse or reason about its amusements, the distinctive something is not necessarily obvious, otherwise the majority of observers would at once assert that whereas in golf you strike a ball from a state of rest, in most other outdoor games played with a ball and propelling instrument, the ball has to be taken while in motion. (Croquet may be disregarded in the comparison; its special attraction has long been clearly revealed as something quite extraneous to the game.) It would also seem to be a safe assertion that to play a ball in motion demands more skill than to play one at rest. Before concluding on so apparently convincing a proposition, however, it is necessary to examine it more closely, and its simplicity vanishes when the purposes and conditions of the stroke are taken into account. If at golf it were merely required to strike the ball, there would be few failures, and no game. But although the ball be at rest, the object of the play demands that it must be propelled (with a fair margin for error) in a given line and to a certain distance (in a considerable proportion of cases as far as is possible) with reference to a number of hazards which (like the fieldsmen at cricket) stand in wait to punish failure to fulfil these conditions. And here it may be observed that a fieldsman may miss a catch, or fail to stop a hit, for he is human and has nerves; a sand-bunker has neither nerves nor sentiency, and never fails to retain the golf-ball played into its grasp. Further, although in cricket the ball comes to the player in motion, he is not required to strike it with any special force nor in any particular direction; his primary object is to prevent it striking his wicket. In a large proportion of cases he is highly gratified at being able to do so. In a smaller proportion of cases, notably when the stumps are not in danger, he may play the ball so that it is possible to make runs. As all the world knows, a man may bat in pure defence of his wicket with tedious skill for hours, making but few runs, and yet be playing cricket; the attempt to make runs is entirely within his own choice. This large element of choice at cricket goes far to minimise the difficulty of playing a ball in motion. Indeed, on perfect wickets, such as can be prepared in Australia, the number of balls which present serious difficulty to a first-class batsman is not great, and occasionally such a rate of scoring as 120 runs an hour can be attained. It is apparent, therefore, that the difficulty of playing a ball in motion is liable to be overstated.

Now at golf there is nothing to correspond to this defensive attitude at cricket. It is a game of

force all through,—of utmost force and some judgment for one half of the play, of lesser force and more intent judgment for the other half. Though the ball is played from rest, it must be played to a certain distance, in a given line, towards a fixed goal: and it may well be a question whether the skill necessary to do all this is not as great as, or even greater than, what is required at cricket to keep a moving ball from striking three stumps. All the while he is playing, the golfer must never cease exerting his power and skill; while the batsman has it in his choice to play for half an hour and yet contribute nothing more to victory than the man who went out first ball. Therefore the special seduction of golf does not lie in the apparent simplicity of playing a ball from a state of rest. True that to the outsider this characteristic does cause the game to appear easy—so easy, indeed, as to make it seem not worth playing, and therefore his opinion is valueless. It is only when the outsider has been tempted into the magic circle, and become a novice, that we see the subtle mystery at work tempting him on ever deeper into the tantalising despairs of "Badminton" and a too full bag of clubs. Somewhere between this novice with his powers, fancied or real, and the conditions of the game, stern and unyielding, lies the solution of the attraction of golf. But, again, the novice's account of the matter is rarely to the purpose; he is too deeply under the golf-spell to explain, even if he cares to reflect, how he got into that state and why he continues in it.

Another game which makes an appeal somewhat similar in kind, but more universal than even golf, is billiards. Here you play a ball at rest; but there is this essential difference, that your ball at billiards is constantly an object of attack by your opponent: it is an integral element of his play as well as your own, and it is his play as much as your own which determines the starting-point and conditions of your strokes. The effect of this upon their ease or difficulty operates so largely as to introduce that consideration of luck so dear to the heart of defeated humanity. "The balls ran badly for me all the evening," or "he won by his flukes," are staple phrases of excuse familiar to everyone who plays billiards: he has heard them and he has used them.

We are now coming near, as we believe, to the mysterious attraction of golf. Not only is the element of luck smaller in golf than in any other of the ball games, but, save in the relatively rare case of a stimie, the opponent by his play cannot directly prejudice yours. You are absolute master of your ball all the time; what is done, well or ill, is done by you. Here, we believe, lies the secret we are in search of; and this is the true psychological explanation of the fascination the game exerts. Nothing happens in the play of the ball that the player is not the author of, as absolutely as that can ever be said of anything done by poor humanity acting with imperfect powers in a world not too kindly adapted to these powers. The appeal which such conditions makes to humanity is undoubtedly very powerful, as a little examination will show.

And, first, it is necessary to remember that no man willingly admits his inferiority to another. Of two schoolfellows, one becomes, say, a wholesale chandler and the other a Lord Chancellor. If you will listen to the chandler you will

find that the operations of fortune as they manifest themselves in position, friends, influence, and propitious opportunities, have conspired to make a Chancellor of one who in truth was best adapted for a chandler; while the actual chandler has every qualification necessary for a really brilliant and successful Chancellor. Now, in golf you have a game (pity that in this respect it is only a game) which infallibly sorts men out into better and worse golfers, without leaving them a single ground of deprecatory appeal to fortune. The golfer stands up at a small plat of ground and chooses any spot which seems to him the best on which to place his ball. To obviate cause of complaint for conceivable inequalities in the growth of grass, he may even make a little mound of sand on which to prop it, which may vary in size with his fancy from a worm-cast to a mole-hill. He then selects the club most suitable (or which he thinks most suitable—for there is a subtle humour in that too) for his style, age, weight, and height, and with everything thus disposed in his favour, all he is asked to do is to strike that ball as far as possible in a certain direction. He may, in doing this, stand as he pleases, swing his club as he pleases, make what antics he pleases, play in a shirt or a shooting-coat; he is absolute monarch of the conditions under which he shall strike (or attempt to strike) that ball. Was there ever before such ridiculous organised liberty of procedure in anything to be called a game? Is it wonderful that its appeal is irresistible to human beings who never get anything in life without distasteful conditions? Is any imaginable man proof against such provocation? Can any one refuse such a challenge? But as he hastens to take it up he does not see, vain man, the dire nature of the humiliation that follows if he fail in the trial. In the elation natural at having everything thus arranged in his favour, it does not occur to him that failure must inevitably be the failure of him—him alone. And when failure does happen (which it does more often than is explicable except upon a low estimate of average human capacity), how the natural man leaps forth to palliate it! A fly, a tree, moving clouds, the glitter of a button on an opponent's coat, will be called upon to serve as reasons, although every one knows no truth lies that way, and that the player himself knows it. No: it was he who missed—he alone. And equally, if the opponent succeeds, it is *he* who succeeds: this is wherein lies the application of the parable of the chandler and the Chancellor. We see thus two direct assaults upon the pride and convictions of the natural man: the success of the opponent whose possibilities are no better than his—if so good; and the constant mocking challenge of the conditions of the stroke. To the first no man will willingly submit, while few can resist the latter; and therefore the adage, Once a golfer, always a golfer. The actual experience, which in due time shows that this game so apparently easy is really difficult, does not seriously affect this attitude of the player. He is never disillusioned; the one thing he will not credit is the necessity for failure to happen. The guileless simplicity of the game, when once he is persuaded to attempt it, works upon the weakest side of his nature, for no mental effort is required to grasp its conditions; and he can see nothing in these that should prevent him

rivalling the best feats accomplished at it. So nicely calculated are these things to delude the average human mind that they survive the bitterest teachings of experience, and draw it on ever deeper into the plausibilities of a recreative confidence-trick.

It is not for nothing that the game of golf comes from Scotland. One would like to think that the fine conception it embodies sprang from the brain of one man, and that his name may yet be recovered in order that due honour may be paid him. We can imagine him some humorous moralist who thus enshrined one of the subtlest and most searching criticisms of humanity, not in a poem, play, or book of dogma, but in a game: one who, perceiving how attractive is the element of chance in games, how large a share has been allotted to it even in those in which skill is called for, how salutary are its operations to the loser and how enjoyable to the winner, —yet conceived the possibility and framed the conditions of the game of golf, wherein the element of chance should be almost completely eliminated, and a man, seduced by that pleasing consideration, be made his own censor in a ruder and blunter fashion than by almost any other pursuit, serious or recreative. The golfer stands up at the first tee in the exhilarating conviction that he is author and master of all that will happen to his ball; what is to be done will be done by him. He holes-out on the eighteenth green in most cases with a sense of defeat, yet conscious that he has had no real opponent but himself. One would dearly like to believe that one man, one nameable man if possible, imagined and created this game; but the probabilities are against it. Far more likely it is that not one mind but many minds have made it what it is, have elaborated it in course of time from grass-tees to sand-tees, from rude natural putting-greens to smooth shaven swards, — each improvement of ground, club, and ball only increasing the grim jest of the game.

If it be objected that there is, after all, a good deal of luck in the fall and lie of the ball through the "fair-green," we can only reply that without that admixture of chance, that small concession to human frailty in the matter of reasons for its failures, the game would have been so diabolically distracting that no one would have played it. After the fair-green comes the putting-green, where our imaginary ancient humorist resumes his sway. There he permits you to remove loose obstacles in your path to the hole, so determined is he that if you fail it shall go home with terrible conviction to you that it was you who failed. You may, as far as he is concerned, take almost any implement, call it a putter, and aim to put that ball into yonder hole—that little ball into yonder big hole—from a distance of say six feet. Whether, when you miss, he from his place in the supernal laughs or weeps, who shall say?

A GREAT NATURALIST.

Biographies of all sorts are the craze of the day, but not many of them have the intense human and sensational fascination of these journals and "Episodes" by Audubon, piously edited by his granddaughter.[1] They come as a tardy sequel to the great ornithological works—like these, they are eminently autobiographical and self-revealing—which won him a world-wide fame some seventy years ago. For his graphic style is always inspired by a delightful and innocently unconscious egoism. The numerous portraits in the volumes give us the measure of the man: his character is stamped upon his face in the most legible of large print. As we see him in his prime, he is something between "Christopher North" and a peregrine falcon. There is the lofty forehead and the aquiline nose, though the flashing search-light in the hawk-like eye is tempered by a mild benignity. By the way, Audubon is an old acquaintance of 'Maga,'—an intimate in the inner circle of the directorate. During a prolonged residence in Edinburgh, which he loved beyond all European cities, he was drawn to Wilson, not only by congenial tastes and habits, but by previous acquaintance with the Professor's brother, who had devoted himself, like Audubon, to American bird-lore. He was mentioned at a "Noctes" in terms of the highest admiration, and two eloquent eulogies of his works appeared immediately afterwards in the Magazine.[2] Like Christopher, he had a constitution of iron, which he never spared; but in one point there was little resemblance between them. Christopher took his liquor like a man, though the potations pottle-deep at Ambrose's were the flights of a poetical imagination. Audubon prides himself on never having tasted wine or spirits before his marriage, although he learned later to carry a flask as a companion in his multifarious and malarious wanderings. For, like Christopher and the peregrine, he was a born rover, with eyes that were ever on the alert for each movement of animated nature. The son of a Frenchman, and Spanish on the mother's side, he was early naturalised as an American citizen. Oddly enough, though his descendants have religiously preserved all memorials of him, the date and circumstances of his birth are mysterious as those of Melchizedek. His granddaughter cannot pretend to fix it within several years; but she strikes the most probable average about 1780. It is certain that he was a schoolboy in France during the Reign of Terror; and while heads were falling under the guillotine in Paris, and Carrier was perpetrating his grotesque atrocities on the Loire, little John James Laforest was playing truant on the lower banks of the river, bird-nesting and collecting eggs and specimens. Already "I had upwards of 200 drawings, all bad enough, yet they were representations of birds, and I felt pleased with them."

He came to America, where his

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[1] Audubon and his Journals. By Maria R. Audubon. John C. Nimmo. 1898.

[2] July and August 1831.

father had good properties, and, about the time of attaining his majority, launched out as a gay young Pennsylvanian squire. He tells us he was extremely extravagant, with neither vices nor high aims. It was but natural that he should be fond of shooting, and lavish money on a costly stud. And as irrepressible genius will break out, it was as natural he should indulge his taste for drawing, in the intervals of the graver occupations of picnicking, music, and dancing. But the man whose daily wear was to be homespun or deerskins was then so finished and fantastic a dandy that he went shooting in satin small-clothes, silk stockings, and ruffled shirts.

A happy marriage with a charming English girl made, reformed, and beggared him. His father-in-law insisted that he should go into trade, and like many another unlucky man of business, he never discovered his true vocation till he was ruined. His partners may have been honest; but they may be excused if they were disgusted and inclined to take advantage of him. They might tempt him to venture his all in risky speculation, but they could never keep him to the inside of the counting-house. He was keen to break away to the woods and fields, as any falcon fettered to the perch. Fancy the feelings of a respectable New Englander, intent on "making his pile," when coming on such a passage as this in his associate's note-books: "Were I to tell you that once when travelling and driving several horses before me, laden with goods and dollars, I lost sight of the pack-saddles and the cash they bore, to watch the motions of a warbler, I should only repeat occurrences which happened a hundred times and more in those days." And the locations in which the speculators settled offered him rare opportunities and temptations irresistible. He was first at the rising township of Louisville on the Ohio; afterwards at Henderson, a hundred miles lower down the river. The woods, the wolves, and the Indians came up to the skirts of the settlement: the country was sparsely dotted over with squatters, who lived chiefly by their guns. What was bred in the bone would come out, and Audubon was always playing truant as when at school, and picking up respectable, but unprofitable, acquaintances. The inevitable results followed. The Pennsylvanian plantation was sold, his debts were paid, and he was left without a dollar. "Was I inclined to cut my throat in foolish despair? No! I *had* talents, and to them I instantly resorted." He stood then at the parting of the ways, and immediately he struck into the path which was to lead him to fame and reasonable affluence. In the meantime, however, he had to resign himself to dire extremities. Here is an incident which shows the careless *viveur* of civilised Pennsylvania, the man who was to be welcomed as an honoured guest in the most intellectual society of Western Europe, reduced to the condition of the meanest tramp, and with no previous hardening to stoical endurance. It is in an autobiographical sketch bequeathed to his children:—

"After our dismal removal, one morning when all of us were sadly desponding, I took you both from Shippingport to Louisville. I had purchased a loaf of bread and some apples: before you reached Louisville you were all hungry, and by

the riverside we sat down and ate our scanty meal. On that day the world was with me as a blank and my heart was sorely heavy, for scarcely had I enough to keep my dear ones alive, and yet through those dark ways I was being led to a development of the talents I loved, and which have brought so much enjoyment to us *all*."

He goes on characteristically:—

"One of the most extraordinary things among all these adverse circumstances was, that I never for a day gave up listening to the songs of our birds or watching their peculiar habits or delineating them in the best way I could: nay, during my deepest troubles, I frequently would wrench myself from the persons around me and retire to some secluded part of our noble forests; and many a time, at the sound of the wood-thrush's melodies, have I fallen on my knees and there prayed earnestly to our God."

These touching extracts may serve to indicate the nervous simplicity of his graphic style. He was no drawer of landscapes, except in pen and ink; but he was equally effective in portraiture with pen, pencil, and brush. As an animal-artist, for truth and spirit he stands unrivalled, except perhaps by Joseph Wolf of the Rhineland, and by Bewick in wood-engraving; though in gratitude for our mercies we should not forget our own Thorburn and Millais. Candid almost to a fault in his criticisms as he was frank in his speech, he ridicules the best work of Sneiders, Hondikoeter, and Edwin Landseer, for their fanciful travesties of the truthful reality. At the same time, he expresses his unbounded admiration of their colouring and of the technique to which he dare never hope to attain. Considering that, save for a few lessons, he was virtually self-taught, his presentations of all the animal creation are marvellous. In the meantime, being thrown back, as he says, on his talents, he has to draw the wild creatures for his pleasure and his fellow-creatures for a living. *Où la vanité va-t-elle se nicher?* Happily for him, the rough backwoodsmen and the scarcely less rude *bourgeois* of the rising frontier townships had a *penchant*, and even a passion, for having the family portraits. And they paid liberally, according to their limited ideas, often not only replenishing an empty purse, but giving a surplus to draw upon for weeks of wanderings. So, thanks to these pot-boilers, he kept adding to the collection, which sent him reluctantly to Europe in 1826 to hunt up wealthy subscribers to the *magnum opus*.

The early journals seem to have perished in a great fire at New York, when the premises in which they were stored were blown up to isolate the conflagration. But we do not know that anything was really lost by that, for there is a good deal of technical prolixity in the naturalist's notes. On the other hand, when he "let himself go," no one could write with more spirit or with more vivid originality, and the "Episodes" which nearly fill the second of these volumes reflect all that was most picturesque in the adventurous life, when "he was making himself," as Shortreed said of Walter Scott. Incidentally we are for ever being reminded of the changes which have been transforming the Union since the beginning of the century. Western Pennsylvania was then as wild as anything to be found now in Oregon or on the frontiers of New Mexico. Now the rich coal-fields of the Lehigh district are blackened with the fumes of the pits and iron-works: they are

covered with populous towns and grimy villages, and traversed by railways ingeniously constructed on the stiffest practicable gradients. Then, though the mineral wealth had been suspected, the freshness of the virgin forests was unsoiled; and Audubon lived for weeks in an outlying mining-camp, the approaches through almost inaccessible defiles being slowly pioneered by the axes of the lumberers. The weekly consignments of bread and pork were lowered into the depths of the gorge by a rope 300 feet long. Then the Ohio formed the boundary of civilisation beyond Kentucky, and, as we have said, when he had his homes in Louisville or Henderson, he could make a mixed bag of everything from a bear to a tomtit in woods and prairieland coming up to his door. The wandering traders who supplied the stores generally bought a horse for the journey, and took pack-mules to carry the goods. There were neither inns nor regular resting-places, and the travellers either hobbled their beasts and bivouacked, or sought the casual hospitality of some squatter's cabin. Even so late as in 1843, describing his voyage on a Mississippi steamer, he treats his compatriots far more cavalierly than Dickens in 'Martin Chuzzlewit' or the 'American Notes.' It may be worth while quoting a passage or two, to show that the much-abused Englishman's satire was well within bounds:—

"Such a steamer as we have come in!—the very filthiest of all old rat-traps I have ever travelled in, and the fare worse, certainly much worse, and so scanty withal, that our worthy commander could not have given us another meal, had we been detained a night longer. . . . Our *compagnons de voyage*, about 150, were composed of Buckeyes, Wolverines, Suckers, Hoosiers, and gamblers, with drunkards of every denomination, their ladies and babies of the same nature, and specifically the dirtiest of the dirty. We had to dip the water for washing from the river in tin basins, soap ourselves from the same cake, and wipe the whole 150 with the same solitary towel rolling over a pin, until it would have been difficult to say whether it was manufactured of hemp, flax, or cotton."

Audubon objected more to dirt than to discomfort, and to danger in its many forms he had habituated himself. In the woods beyond the Ohio, no man ever parted with his firearms: they were indispensable for personal security as for supplying the daily meals. Ruffians of all kinds had sought a refuge in the wilderness and were next-door neighbours—at a distance of many miles—of honest, respectable, and hard-working settlers. When a wanderer knocked at a door in the dusk, he had to take his chance of his reception. One thrilling escape of the naturalist brought him into touch with the Regulators, self-constituted satellites of the law, who anticipated the constitutional sheriffs. The naturalist was belated and lost in the woods, when, guided by the flicker of a light, he came to a log cabin. He had a gruff greeting from a formidable-looking virago. Appearances at the best were not reassuring, and within was seated a wounded Indian, who made significant signs of warning to the new arrival, whenever the lady's back was turned. Audubon foolishly showed the woman a gold watch, and her covetous glances made him regret his folly. However, he supped heartily on buffalo-meat and venison; lying down under his blanket, he tucked himself in with his dog, and felt that his gun was ready to his hand. But fresh

looks of warning from the Indian had kept his senses on the alert. Presently the door opened, and two stalwart youths entered. There was no mistaking the evil meaning of their whispered conversation with their mother; but in the meantime they were gorging themselves with venison and whisky. The old woman drank freely also, but she was a seasoned vessel:—

"Judge of my astonishment when I saw this incarnate fiend take a large carving-knife and go to the grindstone to whet its edge. . . . Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons and said, 'There, that'll soon settle him! Boys, kill you ——— ———, and then for the watch.' . . . All was ready. The infernal hag was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of despatching me, while her sons should be engaged with the Indian."

He was lying with finger on the trigger, ready to fire, when the door opened and two travellers walked in. His tale was told: the Indian "fairly danced with joy": the half-drunken family was secured, when, "having used them as Regulators were wont to use such delinquents, we set fire to the cabin." We should have fancied that to be a delicate paraphrase for stringing them up to any convenient bough. But it appears from the sequel that the mild-mannered Regulators in these parts practised less summary methods. When a habit-and-repute criminal made himself exceptionally objectionable by repeated atrocities, they led him into the solitude of the forest, searched the woods, and surrounded them with a mounted cordon, and then flogged the victim within an inch of his life—or beyond—in the certainty that no one would hear his yells. If he survived, it was a broad hint to be off—the rather that they had proceeded to burn his cabin. If he took the hint, good and well; if not, and he were charged with offences again, the bare suspicion sufficed to hang him.

These Regulators were law-enforcing folk, but naturally the naturalist often found himself in more doubtful company. Before he associated with *voyageurs* and mountain-men on the Upper Missouri, he had made acquaintance among others with Florida wreckers, Tortugas turtlers, and Labrador eggers. The business of the wreckers lay among those keys and creeks in the Mexican Gulf of which we shall hear more in the next few months, now that war has broken out between the Union and Spain. Shoals, reefs, and shallows make the coasts perilously dangerous, and those wreckers drove a thriving trade, though it could scarcely be called an honourable industry. But they did not, like the Cornishmen or Bretons, lure ships ashore by false lights: they only plundered the vessels that had already come to grief. Audubon found them a very decent set of fellows,—eager to welcome him on board as a passenger, and keen to assist his zoological collections. To his surprise, their vessels were swift, clean, and commodious: they seem to have resembled our fruiterers of thirty years ago, which used to run between the Channel and the Azores. He speaks very differently of the eggers of Labrador; but two of a trade can never agree. The eggers followed a legal business, but they were unmitigated ruffians and inveterate drunkards. Their ill-found sloops were as seaworn and filthy as any whaler that has been cruising for years in Antarctic waters, without putting into port. They made descents on the breeding-places to

freight their barks with fresh eggs, —which might have been legitimate enough. But what roused Audubon's indignation was the ruthless brutality with which they smashed every egg they came across, and trampled the helpless fledglings underfoot. The stench of those breeding-places at the best is bad; but after a visit from those marauders it was simply pestilential. It was some comfort that in their jealousy and by retributive justice, when two gangs met, they invariably fought, making use of their guns as well as cudgels. Yet the warfare generally wound up with a debauch which made the drunkards the best of friends for the time being. The chapter on the turtlers takes us to the Tortugas, renowned in the annals of pirates and buccaneers, and gives us the most vivid account we have read of the haunts and habits of the turtle. Monsters that ran to several hundredweights were turned by several men with the help of handspikes, for the sake of the valuable shells. They would have been ignominiously rejected at "The Ship and Turtle" in Leadenhall Street, and even in Tortugas the flesh sold for less than that of the delicate 30-pounders. One curious fact is recorded. The turtles when surprised invariably made a scramble for the sea, and fought and snapped viciously when intercepted. But when the lady-fish, as Tom Cringle calls her, is depositing her eggs by the score, she lets nothing interfere with that important business. Apparently she must finish her *accouchement coûte qu'il coûte*, and so she falls an easy victim.

The naturalist's outfit for those wanderings in the woods was of the slightest, and characteristic. No wonder that the backwoodsfolk who saw him unpack his bundle of a night were puzzled as to his objects. It contained a shirt, a few powder-canisters, some pounds of shot, a package of drawing-paper, and a box of colours. In all circumstances, unless it were raining hard, he would sit down to sketch, and then sit up of a night over the smouldering log-fire to write up his journal or preserve a skin. Besides the risks he ran from outlaws and Indians, his hairbreadth escapes were innumerable from the accidents and convulsions of the wilderness. Repeatedly he went astray in the woods, when the game had seemed perversely to elude him, and he was brought to the verge of starvation. He fled before forest-fires, entangled among pitfalls and fallen trees, till the distant crackling and subdued but ominous murmur had swelled into an appalling roar, and the fiery blasts from the furnace had become almost intolerable. On one occasion he just intrenched himself in time behind a lagoon, to escape scathless except for scorched skin and burned hair. There are companion pictures of hurricanes in the woods and on the water, which are filled in with extraordinary force, for the scenes seem most realistically to present themselves. In the former case, the hurricane had swept by him, almost within gunshot, following a narrow belt as clearly defined as the track of the cholera-demon through an Indian cantonment. The tornado that cracked the strongest timber like pipe-stems carried with it "a mingled mass of twigs and foliage that obscured the view." When all was over, "the mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust was whirled onwards like a cloud of feathers, and on passing disclosed a wide space filled with fallen trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless

ruins, which marked the path of the tempest."

Even more impressive, perhaps, is the description of the Florida storm which fortunately surprised him when within half a cable's length of the beach. "The waters drifted like snow: the tough mangroves hid their tops among their roots, and the loud roaring of the waves driven among them blended with the howl of the tempest." Then, by way of contrast and before taking leave of these varied episodes, we may turn to the softer poetry of a forest sunset, for the naturalist has the true inspiration of the poet:—

"The sun was setting with a fiery aspect, and by degrees it sunk in its full circular form, as if giving warning of a sultry morrow. Myriads of insects, delighted at its departure, now filled the air on buzzing wings. Each piping frog arose from the muddy pool in which it had concealed itself: the squirrel retired to its hole, the crow to its roost, and far above, the harsh, croaking voice of the heron announced that, full of anxiety, it was wending its way towards the miry interior of some distant swamp. Now the woods began to resound to the shrill cries of the owl; and the breeze, as it swept among the columnar stems of the forest trees, came laden with heavy and chilling dews."

In short, he makes us understand and sympathise with no little of the fascination of swamp and forest for the born woodsman. There could hardly be a more startling change of habits when most reluctantly he came over to Europe to tout for subscriptions for his great ornithological work. But Americans, at once cultured and rich, were few, and there was no help for it. Doubtless he was partly actuated by honourable ambition, but it was chiefly by a grave sense of duty. In some respects he was an indifferent husband. His wife could never tie the rover to her apron-strings, and as for sticking to the desk and counting-house, that was altogether out of the question. Nevertheless, he was the most affectionate of husbands and the most doating of fathers. Now he saw his way, though a very disagreeable one, to making satisfactory provision for them. We are safe to say it needed more constancy, if not more courage, than all the perils and hardships he had faced in the woods. He came to England, whither his fame had preceded him, with good introductions, which were hospitably honoured. He found a host of congenial spirits in amateurs, artists, and men of science. Wherever he went, almost without exception, he was offered a home, and he need seldom have put up at a hotel or dined alone in his lodgings. Moreover, he found generous friends and patrons, nor had he any of the unpleasant experiences of Johnson in the anteroom of Lord Chesterfield. But never was man more heartily home-sick: he even looked back with fond longing to the pestilential Floridan lagoons, where alligators were the stepping-stones and water-snakes the foot-snares. The deerskin shirt was easier wear than the swallow-tail coat; if there was one thing he did detest, it was a ceremonial dinner; and he looked forward with the apprehension of a shy schoolboy to meeting a statesman or even a great nobleman. Yet there was not a touch of vulgarity in that: it was merely a want of familiarity and the imaginative dread of the unknown. Audubon was intensely imaginative and emotional: the nerves that never failed him before savage or bear were tremulous in the horrors of ceremonious society.

But he kept these inner secrets for his private note-books, and was stoical in society to appearance, as an Indian at the stake. Frequently there was the surprise of delightful reaction. Like Roland Græme when ushered into the presence of Murray, he had much dreaded a visit to the descendant of the Regent's trusted ally at Dalmahoy, for Lord Morton had held high office at Court. He was greatly relieved to find that the veteran courtier, confined to his bath-chair by rheumatism and gout, was an object of compassion rather than terror. Yet it would be a mistake to fancy that he ever showed awkwardness. He had all the easy grace of his French parentage, and the stately dignity of his Spanish blood. And he had the dignity, besides, of a self-respecting man, with a discriminating sense of his own gifts and superiority. He knew well where he excelled, as he was equally alive to his artistic shortcomings.

We have spoken of his "touting" for subscriptions, and the trivial expression is at once applicable and misleading. Needless to say that he never stooped to humiliation, still less to servility. But, on the other hand, he experienced the mortifications, the disappointments, and the delays which always await those who must stoop to make attacks on other men's purses. Rich squires and stately nobles who were free with their dinners and their wines were slow to come forward as subscribers. Curators of museums and college librarians, eloquent of praise of his drawings, regretted the narrow means which compelled their institutions to severe economy. Subscribers who had signed engagements in moments of expansion, shamelessly repudiated them. On the whole, he did fairly well in that travelling business; but sometimes a sojourn in such a town as York was a dead loss, and he was detained in Paris for many weeks waiting the good pleasure or the caprice of royal patrons.

The impressions which the England of seventy years ago made on a quick-sighted American are curiously interesting. On the long voyage, delayed by baffling winds and protracted calms, he had beguiled the time by studying the habits of sharks, porpoises, and dolphins, of sea-birds and migrants. But he was heartily tired of it all when he sighted Cape Clear, and his soul was gladdened by the hedgerows of Wales, as the vessel tacked up the Irish Channel. Landing at Liverpool, he found himself at once one of the family in the hospitable households of the Rathbones and Roscoes. In their houses he made useful and agreeable acquaintances; but the first of his meetings with really illustrious Englishmen was that with Lord Stanley. His feelings before it came off are eminently illustrative of his temperament. His lordship was the statesman and future Premier; but he seems to have been nearly as enthusiastic a naturalist as his father the thirteenth Earl, who made the famous collections at Knowsley. "My head was full of Lord Stanley. I am a very poor fool, to be sure, to be troubled at the idea of meeting an English *gentleman*, when those I have met have been in kindness, manners, talent, all I could desire." When his lordship entered the room, "my hair, and I have enough, stood on end, I am sure." Lord Stanley cordially shook hands, saying easily—as might have been expected—"I am glad to see you;" and "the words and manner put me at once at my

ease." A few minutes more and the dreaded visitor was kneeling on the carpet, turning over the drawings. "He is a great naturalist; and in an instant he was exclaiming, 'Fine!' 'Beautiful!' . . . I forgot he was Lord Stanley. I knew only he too loved nature." Indeed Audubon was a very singular compound of nervous modesty and innocent vanity. He reminds us of Fanny Burney over the *début* of 'Evelina,' in the sensitiveness to criticism, unaffected in his case, and in the voluptuous modesty with which he eagerly reports all the civil and flattering things that were said to him.

Liverpool and Manchester were made tolerable by cordial welcomes and by sojourns in rural mansions in the neighbourhoods. But during his long stay in the British Isles, Edinburgh was his residence of predilection: Scott himself scarcely expresses greater affection or admiration for "mine own romantic town." Indeed Audubon came to it steeped in adoration of Scott, for he had been under the spell of the Magician since his boyhood. He stood up on the roof of the Hawick mail, vainly stretching his neck for one glimpse of the chimneys of Abbotsford. He wishes patriotically that he could have transplanted the Wizard to Kentucky, to have immortalised in romance its semi-tropical woodlands, with the magnolias and the deer, the eagles and the songsters, before they are swept away in the rising flood of industry, commerce, and agriculture. Nor can we have a more striking proof of the intellectual lustre of the Edinburgh of that radiant day than in the constellation of remarkable personages that sparkle in those journals. There is nothing to compare to it in the writer's reminiscences of London or Paris, though undoubtedly that may be due in some measure to the more concrete society of the smaller northern capital. There the illustrious stranger was launched at once in an intellectual world, where he saw all that was worth the seeing. We make a few selections and extracts which should have special interest for Scots, though we should be glad to quote the journal almost *in toto*. Comfortably established in lodgings in George Street, his lifelong enthusiasm for Scott sent him straight to the theatre to see 'Rob Roy.' We presume that Murray was personating the Bailie, and that Mackay was playing in the part of the Dougal Creature. At any rate, Audubon was delighted: the Highland drama was put on the stage just as he had imagined it; he protests that 'Rob Roy' should always be seen in Auld Reekie as 'Tartuffe' at the Français. Next day he goes to leave a letter for Jeffrey: being Sunday, Jeffrey was probably at Craigcrook. But he was shown into his sanctum, where he was staggered by the masses of books and letters, the beautiful paintings, and, above all, by the piles of unopened parcels addressed to the editor of the 'Edinburgh.' "'What have I done,' I thought, 'compared to what this man has done and has to do? I much long to see the famous critic.'" When he did see him, he was disappointed. "His looks were shrewd, but I thought his eyes almost cunning. . . . He never came near me, and I never went near him, for if he was Jeffrey, I was Audubon." And he was annoyed besides, because as Basil Hall, who was contemplating his American tour, persistently turned the conversation in that direction, so Jeffrey always adroitly diverted it to indifferent subjects. But Audubon had been

one of the victims of the Edinburgh Reviewers; the men had no love for each other. While he worshipped the romantic genius of Scott, he had little sympathy with the cold intellect of the critic.

In an important interview he made the acquaintance of Lizars, who first undertook the engraving for him, though subsequently their relations were strained or interrupted. "I slowly unbuckled my portfolio, and with my heart like a stone, held up a drawing. Mr Lizars rose from his seat, exclaiming, 'My God, I never saw anything like this before!'" Next came James Wilson, that other American ornithologist, and Sir William Jardine and Mr Selby—with the two last he had much friendly and ornithological intercourse—and afterwards "the famous Professor Wilson of 'Blackwood' fame, I might almost say the author of 'Blackwood's Magazine,'" and the elder brother of the ornithologist. Thereupon he ejaculates, in genuine Boswellian vein, "How proud I feel that in Edinburgh, the seat of learning, science, and solidity of judgment, I am liked and am received so kindly!" He returned the Professor's call next day:—

"I did not even ask if Professor Wilson was in. No; I simply told the man to say that Mr Audubon from America wished to speak with him. In a moment I was conducted to a room where I wished that all that had been written in it was my own to remember, to enjoy, to profit by; but I had not been here many minutes before a sweet child, a happy daughter of this great man, asked me to go up-stairs, saying, 'Papa will be there in a minute;' and truly, almost at once, the Professor came in, with freedom and kindness of manner, life in his eye and benevolence in his heart."

There is a humorously amusing account of a banquet on St Andrew's Day, when the American was introduced to the Scottish *cuisine* of the olden time, followed by a second substantial dinner *à l'Anglaise*. There he was made temporarily miserable by the prospect of having to return thanks for his health, which he did in the fewest possible words; and then no less a person than Sir William Allan entertained the company by imitating the humming of a bumblebee, and chasing it about the room, in the manner of John Ballantyne with the souter and his blackbird. *Autres temps, autres mœurs!* Apropos to buzzing bees, Audubon writes a fortnight afterwards that, much as he found to enjoy, the dissipation, the painting, and his incessant correspondence makes his head feel like an immense hornet's-nest. It was little wonder. He still allowed himself only four hours' sleep, and worked indefatigably at his easel, even in the dark northern December. His rapidity and facility were marvellous. He tells us he finished an otter, which had a great success, in thirteen hours. The laborious work sounds like drudgery, yet he always gave soul and character to the birds and beasts. There is an infinity of suggestive romance in the pathos and comedy of his sylvan studies. Like Joseph Wolf, he knew the art of enveloping the night-prowlers in shadow, dim moonlight, and mystery. As a tangible and material proof of his mastership, for drawings that had cost him but a day or two of toil £100 or even £200 were offered. He did well as it was; but it would seem he might have made his fortune had he renounced scientific ambition for lucrative engagements.

He was sufficiently nervous when he made the acquaintance of Dr Brewster. Reading to him,

on the first introduction, a paper on the habits of the carrion crow, "About midway, my nervousness affected my respiration. I paused a moment, and he was good enough to say it was highly interesting. . . . I felt the penetrating looks and keen observation of the learned man before me, so that the cold sweat started from me." But that was nothing to his excitement and emotion when at length he saw the author of 'Waverley' in the flesh. The meeting had been looked forward to, and longed for, and deferred, like that of Boswell with Johnson. Here is the entry in the journal on that memorable Monday:—

"I was painting diligently when Captain Hall came in and said, 'Put on your coat and come with me to Sir Walter Scott: he wishes to see you now.' In a moment I was ready, for I really believe my coat and hat came to me instead of my going to them. My heart trembled. I longed for the meeting, yet wished it over. Had not his wondrous pen penetrated my soul with the consciousness that here was a genius from God's hand? . . . Sir Walter came forward, pressed my hand, and said 'he was glad to have the honour of meeting me.' His long, loose, silvery locks struck me: he looked like Franklin at his best. He also reminded me of Benjamin West: he had the great benevolence of William Roscoe about him, and a kindness most prepossessing. I watched his movements as I would those of a celestial being: his long, heavy, white eyebrows struck me forcibly. . . . There was much conversation. I talked little, but, believe me, I listened and observed."

On the following day, when Sir Walter shook hands with him at a meeting of the Royal Society, "the mark of attention was observed by other members, who looked at me as if I had been a distinguished stranger." One other extract, and, reluctantly as Audubon, we must tear ourselves away from Edinburgh. Indeed, there is nothing of equal interest recorded elsewhere, except when he met Bewick at Newcastle, and perhaps when he was presented to Cuvier in Paris. Although he seems to have preferred worshipping in the woods to services in temples made with hands, he went to church in George Street on one noteworthy occasion:—

"But Sydney Smith preached. Oh, what a soul there must be in the body of that great man! What sweet yet energetic thoughts, what goodness he must possess! It was a sermon to *me*. He made me smile, and he made me think deeply. He pleased me at times by painting my foibles with due care, and again I felt the colour come to my cheeks as he portrayed my sins. I left the church, full of veneration not only towards God, but towards the wonderful man who so beautifully illustrates his noblest handiwork."

Much as we admire Sydney Smith's versatile talents, we must say, as Dugald Dalgetty said to Argyle in the marquis's dungeon, that we never heard so much good of him as a preacher before.

The most eloquent and sympathetic tribute of a compatriot to the wonderful creative genius of the peasant-born Bewick is to be found in Howitt's 'Visits to Remarkable Places'; but Audubon, with his deeper and more technical acquaintance with nature, does not yield to Howitt in unstinted admiration for "the wonderful man. I call him wonderful because I am sincerely of opinion that his work on wood is superior to anything ever attempted in ornithology." For the sake of Bewick the banks of Tyne had been as much enchanted ground to him as those of Tweed for the love of Scott. He saw the venerable en-

graver for the first time, and several times afterwards, in "a half-clean cotton nightcap, tinged with the smoke of the place," and he was not disenchanted. From the first they met and talked on the footing of old and familiar friends, for each had studied and appreciated the work of the other. His reception by Cuvier and Geoffrey St Hilaire in Paris, though courteous and even cordial, was less gratifying. It was mortifying to the American "woodsman" to find that these illustrious French *savants* had never heard of him or of his ornithological labours; but French appreciation is not cosmopolitan, and is limited by its ignorance of foreign languages.

We shall not touch on the elaborate journals kept faithfully as ever on the Upper Missouri and in Labrador. Though full of incident and abounding in reminiscences of perils, from storm and flood, from fevers and dysenteries, from wild Indians and wild animals, they merely amplify in somewhat monotonous detail the picturesque retrospects of the "Episodes." Temperate habits, iron health, and long days in the open air stood the great naturalist in good stead to the last. Whatever the date of his birth may have been, he was certainly well over the threescore years and ten when he died in New York in 1851, of no active disease, but of a sudden and easy collapse. He lies in a beautiful suburban cemetery, among the flowers and beneath the trees he loved so well, and under a stately monument erected to his memory by the New York Academy of Sciences.

JOHN SPLENDID:[1]

THE TALE OF A POOR GENTLEMAN, AND THE LITTLE WARS OF LORN.

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE RETURN.

We got a cold welcome from the women of our own clan and country. They had been very warm and flattering as we passed north—the best they had was not good enough for us; now they eyed us askance as we went among them in the morning. Glenurchy at its foot was wailing with one loud unceasing coronach made up of many lamentations, for no poor croft, no keep, no steading in all the countryside almost, but had lost its man at Inverlochy. It was terrible to hear those sounds and see those sights of frantic women setting every thought of life aside to give themselves wholly to their epitaphs for the men who would come no more.

For ordinary our women keen but when they are up in years and without the flowers of the cheek that the salt tear renders ugly; women who have had good practice with grief, who are so far off from the fore-world of childhood where heaven is about the dubs of the door that they find something of a dismal pleasure in making wails for a penny or two or a cogie of soldier's brose. They would as soon be weeping as singing; have you not seen them hurrying to the hut to coronach upon a corpse, with the eager step of girls going to the last dance of the harvest? Beldames, witches, I hate your dirges, that are but an old custom of lamentation! But Glenurchy and Lochow to-day depended for their sorrow upon no hired mourners, upon no aged play-actors at the passion of grief; cherry-cheeked maidens wept as copiously as their grand-dames, and so this universal coronach that rose and fell on the wind round by Stronmealachan and Inishtrynich, and even out upon the little isles that snuggle in the shadow of Cruachan Ben, had many an unaccustomed note; many a cry of anguish from the deepest well of sorrow came to the ear. To walk by a lake and hear grief's chant upon neighbouring isles is the chief of the Hundred Dolours. Of itself it was enough to make us melancholy and bitter, but it was worse to see in the faces of old women and men who passed us surly on the road, the grudge that we had been spared, we gentlemen in the relics of fine garments, while their own lads had been taken. It was half envy that we, and not their own, still lived, and half anger that we had been useless in preventing the slaughter of their kinsmen. As we walked in their averted or surly looks, we had no heart to resent them, for was it not human nature? Even when a very old crooked man with a beard like the foam of the linn, and eyes worn deep in their black sockets by constant staring upon care, and through the black mystery of life, stood at his door among his wailing daughters, and added to his rhyming a scurrilous verse whereof we were the subjects, we did no more than hurry our pace.

By the irony of nature it was a

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day bright and sunny; the *londubh* parted his beak of gold and warbled flutey from the grove, indifferent to all this sorrow of the human world. Only in far-up gashes of the hills was there any remnant of the snow we had seen cover the country like a cloak but a few days before. The crows moved briskly about in the trees of Cladich, and in roupy voices said it might be February of the full dykes but surely winter was over and gone. Lucky birds! they were sure enough of their meals among the soft soil that now followed the frost in the fields and gardens; but the cotters, when their new grief was weary, would find it hard to secure a dinner in all the country once so well provided with herds and hunters, now reft of both.

I was sick of this most doleful expedition; M'Iver was no less, but he mingled his pity for the wretches about us with a shrewd care for the first chance of helping some of them. It came to him unexpectedly in a dark corner of the way through Cladich wood, where a yeld hind lay with a broken leg at the foot of a creag or rock upon which it must have stumbled. Up he hurried, and despatched and gralloched it with his *sgian dubh* in a twinkling, and then he ran back to a cot where women and children half craved us as we passed, and took some of them up to this lucky find and divided the spoil. It was a thin beast, a prey no doubt to the inclement weather, with ivy and acorn, its last meal, still in its paunch.

It was not, however, till we had got down Glenaora as far as Carnus that we found either kindness or conversation. In that pleasant huddle of small cothouses, the Macarthurs, aye a dour and buoyant race, were making up their homes again as fast as they could, inspired by the old philosophy that if an inscrutable God should level a poor man's dwelling with the dust of the valley, he should even take the stroke with calmness and start to the building again. So the Macarthurs, some of them back from their flight before Antrim and Athole, were throng bearing stone from the river and turf from the brae, and setting up those homes of the poor, that have this advantage over the homes of the wealthy, that they are so easily replaced. In this same Carnus, in later years, I have made a meal that showed curiously the resource of its people. Hunting one day, I went to a little cothouse there and asked for something to eat. A field of unreaped barley stood ripe and dry before the door. Out the housewife went and cut some straws of it, while her daughter shook cream in a bottle, chanting a churn-charm the while. The straw was burned to dry the grain, the breeze win'd it, the quern ground it, the fire cooked the bannocks of it. Then a cow was milked, a couple of eggs were found in the loft, and I sat down in a marvellously short space of time to bread and butter, milk, eggs, and a little drop of spirits that was the only ready-made provand in the house. And though now they were divided between the making of coronachs and the building of their homes, they had still the art to pick a dinner, as it were, off the lichened stone.

There was one they called Niall Mor a Chamais (Big Neil of Kames), who in his day won the applause of courts by slaying the Italian bully who bragged Scotland for power of thew, and I liked Niall Mor's word to us as we proceeded on our way to Inneraora.

"Don't think," said he, "that MacCailein's beat yet, or that the boar's tusks are reaped from his jaw. I am of an older clan than

Campbell, and closer on Diarmaid than Argile himself; but we are all under the one banner now, and I'll tell you two gentlemen something. They may tear Castle Inneraora out at the roots, stable their horses in the yard of Kilmalieu, and tread real Argile in the clay, but we'll be even with them yet. I have an arm here" (and he held up a bloody-looking limb, hashed at Inverlochy); "I'll build my home when this is mended, and I'll challenge MacDonald till my mouth is gagged with the clod."

"And they tell me your son is dead yonder," I said, pitying the old man who had now no wife nor child.

"So they tell me," said he; "that's the will of God, and better a fast death on the field than a decline on the feather-bed. I'll be weeping for my boy when I have bigged my house again and paid a call to some of his enemies."

Niall Mor's philosophy was very much that of all the people of the glen, such of them as were left. They busily built their homes and pondered, as they wrought, on the score to pay.

"That's just like me," M'Iver would say after speeches like that of Niall Mor. He was ever one who found of a sudden all another person's traits in his own bosom when their existence was first manifested to him. "That's just like me myself; we are a beaten clan (in a fashion), but we have our chief and many a thousand swords to the fore yet. I declare to you I am quite cheery thinking we will be coming back again to those glens and mounts we have found so cruel because of our loneliness, and giving the MacDonalds and the rest of the duddy crew the sword in a double dose."

"Ay, John," said I, "it's easy for you to be light-hearted in the matter. You may readily build your bachelor's house at Barbreck, and I may set up again the barn at Elrigmore; but where husband or son is gone it's a different story. For love is a passion stronger than hate. Are you not wondering that those good folk on either hand of us should not be so stricken that they would be sitting in ashes, weeping like Rachel?"

"We are a different stuff from the lady you mention," he said; "I am aye thinking the Almighty put us into this land of rocks and holds, and scalloped coast, cold, hunger, and the chase, just to keep ourselves warm by quarrelling with each other. If we had not the recreation now and then of a bit splore with the sword, we should be lazily rotting to decay. The world's well divided after all, and the happiness as well as the dule of it. It is because I have never had the pleasure of wife nor child I am a little better off to-day than the weeping folks about me, and they manage to make up their share of content with reflections upon the sweetness of revenge. There was never a man so poor and miserable in this world yet but he had his share of it, even if he had to seek it in the bottle. Amn't I rather clever to think of it now? Have you heard of the idea in your classes?"

"It is a notion very antique," I confessed, to his annoyance; "but it is always to your credit to have thought it out for yourself. It is a notion discredited here and there by people of judgment, but a very comfortable delusion (if it is one) for such as are well off, and would salve their consciences against the miseries of the poor and distressed. And perhaps, after all, you and the wise man of old are right; the lowest state—even the swineherd's—may have as many compensations as that of his master the Earl. It is only sin, as my father would

say, that keeps the soul in a welter——"

"Does it indeed?" said John, lightly; "the merriest men ever I met were rogues. I've had some vices myself in foreign countries, though I aye had the grace never to mention them, and I ken I ought to be stewing with remorse for them, but am I?"

"Are you?" I asked.

"If you put it so straight, I'll say No—save at my best, and my best is my rarest. But come, come, we are not going into Inneraora on a debate-parade; let us change the subject. Do you know I'm like a boy with a sweet-cake in this entrance to our native place. I would like not to gulp down the experience all at once like a glutton, but to nibble round the edges of it. We'll take the highway by the shoulder of Creag Dubh, and let the loch slip into our view."

I readily enough fell in with a plan that took us a bit off our way, for I was in a glow of eagerness and apprehension. My passion to come home was as great as on the night I rode up from Skipness after my seven years of war, even greater perhaps, for I was returning to a home now full of more problems than then. The restitution of my father's house was to be set about, six months of hard stint were perhaps to be faced by my people, and, above all, I had to find out how it stood between a certain lady and me.

Coming this way from Lochow, the traveller will get his first sight of the waters of Loch Finne by standing on a stone that lies upon a little knowe above his lordship's stables. It is a spot, they say, Argile himself had a keen relish for, and after a day of chasing the deer among the hills and woods, sometimes would he come and stand there and look with satisfaction on his country. For he could see the fat, rich fields of his policies there, and the tumultuous sea that swarms with fish, and to his left he could witness Glenaora and all the piled up numerous mountains that are full of story if not of crop. To this little knowe M'Iver and I made our way. I would have rushed on it with a boy's impetuousness, but he stopped me with a hand on the sleeve.

"Canny, canny," said he, "let us get the very best of it. There's a cloud on the sun that'll make Finne as cold, flat, and dead as lead; wait till it passes."

We waited but a second or two, and then the sun shot out above us, and we stepped on the hillock and we looked, with our bonnets in our hands.

Loch Finne stretched out before us, a spread of twinkling silver waves that searched into the curves of a myriad bays; it was dotted with skiffs. And the yellow light of the early year gilded the remotest hills of Ardno and Ben Ime, and the Old Man Mountain lifted his ancient rimy chin, still merrily defiant, to the sky. The parks had a greener hue than any we had seen to the north; the town revealed but its higher chimneys and the gable of the kirk, still its smoke told of occupation; the castle frowned as of old, and over all rose Dunchuach.

"O Dunchuach! Dunchuach!" cried M'Iver, in an ecstasy, spreading out his arms, and I thought of the old war-worn Greeks who came with weary marches to their native seas.

"Dunchuach! Dunchuach!" he said; "far have I wandered, and many a town I've seen, and many a prospect that was fine, and I have made songs to maids and mountains, and foreign castles too, but never a verse to Dunchuach. I do not

know the words, but at my heart is lilting the very tune, and the spirit of it is here at my breast."

Then the apple rose in his throat, and he turned him round about that I might not guess the tear was at his eye.

"Tuts," said I, broken, "'tis at my own; I feel like a girl."

"Just a tickling at the pap o' the hass," he said in English; and then we both laughed.

It was the afternoon when we got into the town. The street was in the great confusion of a fair-day, crowded with burgesses and landward tenants, men and women from all parts of the countryside still on their way back from flight, or gathered for news of Inverlochy from the survivors, of whom we were the last to arrive. Tradesmen from the Lowlands were busy fitting shops and houses with doors and windows, or filling up the gaps made by fire in the long lands, for MacCailein's first thought on his return from Edinburgh had been the comfort of the common people. Seamen clamoured at the quay, loud-spoken mariners from the ports of Greenock and Dunbarton and their busses tugged at anchor in the upper bay or sat shoulder to shoulder in a friendly congregation under the breast-wall, laden to the beams with merchandise and provender for this hungry country. If Inneraora had been keening for the lost of Inverlochy, it had got over it; at least we found no public lamentation such as made our traverse on Lochow-side so dreary. Rather was there something eager and rapt about the comportment of the people. They talked little of what was over and bye with, except to curse our Lowland troops, whose unacquaintance with native war had lost us Inverlochy. The women went about their business, red-eyed, wan, silent, for the most part; the men mortgaged the future, and drowned care in debauchery in the alehouses. A town all out of its ordinary, tapsilteerie. Walking in it, I was beat to imagine clearly what it had been like in its placid day of peace. I could never think of it as ever again to be free from this most tawdry aspect of war, a community in good order, with the day moving from dawn to dusk with douce steps, and no sharp agony at the public breast.

But we had no excuse for lingering long over our first entrance upon its blue flagstone pavements; our first duty was to report ourselves in person to our commander, whose return to Inneraora Castle we had been apprised of at Cladich.

CHAPTER XXX.—ARGILE'S BEDROOM.

This need for waiting upon his lordship so soon after the great reverse was a sour bite to swallow, for M'Iver as well as myself. M'Iver, had he his own way of it, would have met his chief and cousin alone; and he gave a hint delicately of that kind, affecting to be interested only in sparing me the trouble and helping me home to Elrigmore, where my father and his men had returned three days before. But I knew an officer's duty too well for that, and insisted on accompanying him, certain (with some mischievous humour in spoiling his fair speeches) that he dared scarcely be so fair-faced and flattering to MacCailein before me as he would be alone with him.

The castle had the stillness of the grave. Every guest had fled as quickly as he could from this retreat of a naked and ashamed

soul. Where pipers played as a custom, and laughter rang, there was the melancholy hush of a monastery. The servants went about a-tiptoe, speaking in whispers lest their master should be irritated in his fever; the very banner on the tower hung limp about its pole, hiding the black galley of its blazon, now a lymphad of disgrace. As we went over the bridge a little dog, his lordship's favourite, lying at the door, weary, no doubt, of sullen looks and silence, came leaping and barking about us at John's cheery invitation, in a joy, as it would appear, to meet any one with a spark of life and friendliness.

Argile was in his bed-chamber and between blankets, in the hands of his physician, who had been bleeding him. He had a minister for mind and body, for Gordon was with him too, and stayed with him during our visit, though the chirurgeon left the room with a word of caution to his patient not to excite himself.

"Wise advice, is it not, gentlemen?" said the Marquis. "As if one stirred up his own passions like a dame waiting on a drunken husband. I am glad to see you back, more especially as Master Gordon was just telling me of the surprise at Dalness, and the chance that you had been cut down there by the MacDonalds, who, luckily for him and Sonachan and the others, all followed you in your flight, and gave them a chance of an easy escape."

He shook hands with us warmly enough, with fingers moist and nervous. A raised look was in his visage, his hair hung upon a brow of exceeding pallor. I realised at a half-glance the commotion that was within.

"A drop of wine?"

"Thank you," said I, "but I'm after a glass in the town." I was yet to learn sorrow for this unhappy nobleman whose conduct had bittered me all the way from Lorn.

MacCailein scrutinised me sharply, and opened his lips as it were to say something, but changed his mind, and made a gesture towards the bottle, which John Splendid speedily availed himself of with a "Here's one who has no swither about it. Lord knows I've had few enough of life's comforts this past week!"

Gordon sat with a Bible in his hand, abstracted, his eyes staring on a window that looked on the branches of the highest tree about the castle. He had been reading or praying with his master before the physician had come in; he had been doing his duty (I could swear by his stern jaw), and making MacCailein Mor writhe to the flame of a conscience revived. There was a constraint on the company for some minutes, on no one more than Argile, who sat propped up on his bolsters, and, fiddling with long thin fingers with the fringes of his coverlet, looked every way but in the eyes of M'Iver or myself. I can swear John was glad enough to escape their glance. He was as little at ease as his master, made all the fuss he could with his bottle, and drank his wine with far too great a deliberation for a person generally pretty brisk with the beaker.

"It's a fine day," said he at last, breaking the silence. "The back of the winter's broken fairly." Then he started and looked at me, conscious that I might have some contempt for so frail an opening.

"Did you come here to speak about the weather?" asked MacCailein, with a sour wearied smile.

"No," said M'Iver, ruffling up at once; "I came to ask when you

are going to take us back the road we came?"

"To—to—overbye?" asked MacCailein, baulking at the name.

"Just so; to Inverlochy," answered M'Iver. "I suppose we are to give them a call when we can muster enough men?"

"Hadn't we better consider where we are first?" said MacCailein. Then he put his fair hand through his ruddy locks and sighed. "Have you nothing to say (and be done with it) about my—my—my part in the affair? His reverence here has had his will of me on that score."

M'Iver darted a look of annoyance at the minister, who seemed to pay no heed, but still to have his thoughts far off.

"I have really nothing to say, your lordship, except that I'm glad to see you spared to us here instead of being left a corpse with our honest old kinsman Auchinbreck (*beannachd leas!*) and more gentry of your clan and house than the Blue Quarry will make tombs for in Kilmalieu. If the minister has been preaching, it's his trade; it's what you pay him for. I'm no homilist, thank God, and no man's conscience."

"No, no; God knows you are not," said Argile, in a tone of pity and vexation. "I think I said before that you were the poorest of consciences to a man in a hesitancy between duty and inclination. . . . And all my guests have left me, John; I'm a lonely man in my castle of Inneraora this day, except for the prayers of a wife—God bless and keep her!—who knows and comprehends my spirit. And I have one more friend here in this room——"

"You can count on John M'Iver to the yetts of Hell," said my friend, "and I am the proud man that you should think it."

"I am obliged to you for that, kinsman," said his lordship in Gaelic, with a by-your-leave to the cleric. "But do not give your witless vanity a foolish airing before my chaplain." Then he added in the English, "When the fairy was at my cradle-side and gave my mother choice of my gifts, I wish she had chosen rowth of real friends. I could be doing with more about me of the quality I mention; better than horse and foot would they be, more trusty than the claymores of my clan. It might be the slogan 'Cruachan' whenever it wist, and Archibald of Argile would be more puissant than he of Homer's story. People have envied me when they have heard me called the King of the Highlands — fools that did not know I was the poorest, weakest man of his time, surrounded by flatterers instead of friends. Gordon, Gordon, I am the victim of the Highland liar, that smooth-tongued——"

"Call it the Campbell liar," I cried bitterly, thinking of my father. "Your clan has not the reputation of guile for nothing, and if you refused straightforward honest outside counsel sometimes, it was not for the want of its offering."

"I cry your pardon," said M'Cailein, meekly; "I should have learned to discriminate by now. Blood's thicker than water, they say, but it's not so pure and transparent; I have found my blood drumly enough."

"And ready enough to run freely for you," said M'Iver, but half comprehending this perplexed mind. "Your lordship should be the last to echo any sentiment directed against the name and fame of Clan Campbell."

"Indeed they gave me their blood freely enough—a thousand

of them lying yonder in the north —I wish they had been so lavish, those closest about me, with truth and honour. For that I must depend on an honest servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, the one man in my pay with the courage to confront me with no cloaked speech, but his naked thought, though it should lash me like whips. Oh, many a time my wife, who is none of our race, warned me against the softening influence, the blight and rot of this eternal air of flattery that's round about Castle Inneraora like a swamp vapour. She's in Stirling to-day—I ken it in my heart that to-night she'll weep upon her pillow because she'll know fate has found the weak link in her goodman's armour again."

John Splendid's brow came down upon a most perplexed face; this seemed all beyond him, but he knew his master was somehow blaming the world at large for his own error.

"Come now, John," said his lordship, turning and leaning on his arm and looking curiously at his kinsman. "Come now, what do you think of me here without a wound but at the heart, with Auchinbreck and all my gallant fellows yonder?"

"Auchinbreck was a soldier by trade and a good one too," answered M'Iver, at his usual trick of prevarication.

"And a flatterer like yourself, you mean," said his lordship. "He and you learned the lesson in the same school, I'm thinking. And as ill luck had it, his ill counsel found me on the swither, as yours did when Colkitto came down the glens there to rape and burn. That's the Devil for you; he's aye planning to have the minute and the man together. Come, sir, come, sir, what do you think, what do you think?"

He rose as he spoke and put his knees below him, and leaned across the bed with hands upon the blankets, staring his kinsman in the face as if he would pluck the truth from him out at the very eyes. His voice rose to an animal cry with an agony in it; the sinister look that did him such injustice breathed across his visage. His knuckle and collar-bones shone blae through the tight skin.

"What do I think?" echoed M'Iver. "Well, now——"

"On your honour now," cried Argile, clawing him by the shoulder.

At that M'Iver's countenance changed: he threw off his soft complacence, and cruelty and temper stiffened his jaw.

"I'll soon give you that, my Lord of Argile," said he. "I can lie like a Dutch major for convenience sake, but put me on honour and you'll get the truth if it cost me my life. Purgatory's your portion, Argile, for a Sunday's work that makes our name a mock to-day across the envious world. Take to your books and your preachers, sir—you're for the cloister and not for the field; and if I live a hundred years, I'll deny I went with you to Inverlochy. I left my sword in Badenoch, but here's my dagger" (and he threw it with a clatter on the floor); "it's the last tool I'll handle in the service of a scholar. To-morrow the old big wars for me; Hebron's troopers will welcome an umquhil comrade, and I'll find no swithering captains among the cavaliers in France."

Back sat my lord in bed, and laughed with a surrender shrill and distraught, until Master Gordon and I calmed him, and there was his cousin still before him in a passion, standing in the middle of the floor.

"Stop, stop, John," he cried; "now that for once I've got the

truth from you, let us be better friends than ever before."

"Never the same again," said M'Iver, firmly, "never the same again, for you ken my estimate of you now; and what avails my courtesy?"

"Your flatteries, you mean," said Argile, good-natured. "And, besides, you speak only of my two blunders; you know my other parts, —you know that by nature I am no poltroon."

"That's no credit to you, sir—it's the strong blood of Diarmaid; there was no poltroon in the race but what came in on the wrong side of the blanket. I've said it first, and I'll say it to the last, your spirit is smoored among the books. Paper and ink will be the Gael's undoing; my mother taught me, and my mother knew: so long as we lived by our hands we were the world's invincibles. Rome met us and Rome tried us, and her corps might come in winter torrents, but they never tore us from our hills and keeps. What Rome may never do, that may paper and sheepskin; you, yourself, MacCailein, have the name of plying pen and ink very well to your own purpose in the fingers of old lairds who have small skill of that contrivance."

He would have passed on in this outrageous strain without remission, had not Gordon checked him with a determined and unabashed voice. He told him to sit down in silence or leave the room, and asked him to look upon his master and see if that high fever was a condition to inflame in a fit of temper. John Splendid cooled a little, and went to the window, looking down with eyes of far surmise upon the pleasance and the town below, chewing his temper between his teeth.

"You see, Elrigmore, what a happy King of the Highlands I am," said the Marquis, despondently. "Fortunate Auchinbreck, to be all by with it after a moment's agony!"

"He died like a good soldier, sir," I said; "he was by all accounts a man of some vices, but he wiped them out in his own blood."

"Are you sure of that? Is it not the old folly of the code of honour, the mad exaltation of mere valour in arms, that makes you think so? What if he was spilling his drops on the wrong side? He was against his king at least, and—oh, my wits, my wits, what am I saying? . . . I saw you did not drink my wine, Elrigmore; am I so low as that?"

"There is no man so low, my lord," said I, "but he may be yet exalted. We are, the best of us, the instruments of a whimsical providence" ("What a rank doctrine," muttered the minister), "and Cæsar himself was sometimes craven before his portents. You, my lord, have the one consolation left, that all's not bye yet with the cause you champion, and you may yet lead it to the highest victory."

Argile took a grateful glance at me. "You know what I am," he said, "not a man of the happy, single mood like our friend Barbreck here, but tossed between philosophies. I am paying bitterly for my pliability, for who so much the sport of life as the man who knows right well the gait he should gang, and prays fervently to be permitted to follow it, but sometimes stumbles in the ditch? Monday, oh Monday; I must be at Edinburgh and face them all! 'Tis that dauntons me." His eyes seemed to swim in blood, as he looked at me, or through me, aghast at the horror of his situation, and sweat stood in blobs upon his brow. "That," he went on, "weighs me down like

lead. Here about me my people know me, and may palliate the mistake of a day by the recollection of a lifetime's honour. I blame Auchinbreck; I blame the chieftains,—they said I must take to the galley; I blame——"

"Blame no one, Argile," said Master Gordon, standing up before him, not a second too soon, for he had his hand on the dirk M'Iver had thrown down. Then he turned to us with ejecting arms. "Out you go," he cried sternly, "out you go; what delight have you in seeing a nobleman on the rack?"

As the door closed behind us we could hear Argile sob.

Seventeen years later, if I may quit the thread of my history and take in a piece that more properly belongs to the later adventures of John Splendid, I saw my lord die by the maiden. Being then in his tail, I dined with him and his friends the day before he died, and he spoke with exceeding cheerfulness of that hour M'Iver and I found him in bed in Inneraora. "You saw me at my worst," said he, "on two occasions; bide till to-morrow and you'll see me at my best. I never unmasked to mortal man till that day Gordon put you out of my room." I stayed and saw him die; I saw his head up and his chin in the air as behoved his quality, that day he went through that noisy, crowded, causied Edinburgh—Edinburgh of the doleful memories, Edinburgh whose ports I never enter till this day but I feel a tickling at the nape of my neck, as where a wooden collar should lie before the shear fall.

"A cool enough reception this," said M'Iver, as we left the gate. "It was different last year, when we went up together on your return from Low Germanie. Then MacCailein was in the need of soldiers, now he's in the need of priests, who gloze over his weakness with their prayers."

"You are hardly fair either to the one or the other," I said. "Argile, whom I went in to meet to-day with a poor regard for him, turns out a better man than I gave him credit for being; he has at least the grace to grieve about a great error of judgment, or weakness of the spirit, whichever it may be. And as for Master Gordon, I'll take off my hat to him. Yon's no type of the sour, dour, antiprelatics; he comes closer on the perfect man and soldier than any man I ever met."

M'Iver looked at me with a sign of injured vanity.

"You're not very fastidious in your choice of comparisons," said he. "As for myself, I cannot see much more in Gordon than what he is paid for—a habit of even temper, more truthfulness than I have myself, and that's a dubious virtue, for see the impoliteness that's always in its train! Add to that a lack of any clannish regard for MacCailein Mor, whom he treats just like a common merchant, and that's all. Just a plain, stout, fozy, sappy burrow-man, keeping a gospel shop, with scarcely so much of a man's parts as will let him fend a blow in the face. I could march four miles for his one, and learn him the A B *ab* of every manly art."

"I like you fine, man," I cried; "I would sooner go tramping the glens with you any day than Master Gordon; but that's a weakness of the imperfect and carnal man, that cares not to have a conscience at his coat-tail every hour of the day: you have your own parts and he his, and his parts are those that are not very common on our side of the country—more's the pity."

M'Iver was too busy for a time upon the sudden rupture with Ar-

gile to pay very much heed to my defence of Master Gordon. The quarrel —to call that a quarrel in which one man had all the bad temper and the other nothing but self-reproach —had soured him of a sudden as thunder turns the morning's cream to curd before noon. And his whole demeanour revealed a totally new man. In his ordinary John was very pernicketty about his clothing, always with the most shining of buckles and buttons, always trim in plaiding, snod and spruce about his hair and his hosen, a real dandy who never overdid the part, but just contrived to be pleasant to the eye of women, who, in my observation, have, the most sensible of them, as great a contempt for the mere fop as they have for the sloven. It took, indeed, trimness of apparel to make up for the plainness of his face. Not that he was ugly or harsh-favoured, — he was too genial for either; he was simply well-favoured enough to pass in a fair, as the saying goes, which is a midway between Apollo and plain Donald. But what with a jacket and vest all creased for the most apparent reasons, a plaid frayed to ribbons in dashing through the wood of Dalness, brogues burst at the toes, and a bonnet soaked all out of semblance to itself by rains, he appeared more common. The black temper of him transformed his face too: it lost the geniality that was its main charm, and out of his eyes flamed a most wicked, cunning, cruel fellow.

He went down the way from the castle brig to the arches cursing with great eloquence. A soldier picks up many tricks of blasphemy in a career about the world with foreign legions, and John had the reddings of three or four languages at his command, so that he had no need to repeat himself much in his choice of terms about his chief. To do him justice, he had plenty of condemnation for himself too.

"Well," said I, "you were inclined to be calm enough with MacCailein when first we entered his room. I suppose all this uproar is over his charge of flattery, not against yourself alone but against all the people about."

"That's just the thing," he cried, turning round and throwing his arms furiously about. "Could he not have charged the clan generally, and let who would put the cap on? If yon's the policy of Courts, heaven help princes!"

"And yet you were very smug when you entered," I protested.

"Was I that?" he retorted. "That's easy to account for. Did you ever feel like arguing with a gentleman when you had on your second-best clothes and no ruffle? The man was in his bed, and his position as he cocked up there on his knees was not the most dignified I have seen; but even then he had the best of it, for I felt like a beggar before him in my shabby duds. Oh, he had the best of us all there. You saw Gordon had the sense to put on a new surtout and clean linen and a freshly dressed peruke before he saw him; I think he would scarcely have been so bold before Argile if he had his breek-bands a finger-length below his belt, and his wig on the nape of his neck as we saw him in Glencoe."

"Anyhow," said I, "you have cut the connection; are you really going abroad?"

He paused a second in thought, smiled a little, and then laughed as if he had seen something humorous.

"Man," said he, "didn't I do the dirk trick with a fine touch of nobility? Maybe you thought it was done on the impulse and without any calculation. The truth was, I played the whole thing over

in my mind while he was in the preliminaries of his discourse. I saw he was working up to an attack, and I knew I could surprise him. But I must confess I said more than I intended. When I spoke of the big wars and Hebron's troopers — well, Argile's a very nice shire to be living in."

"What, was it all play-acting then?"

He looked at me and shrugged his shoulders.

"You must be a singularly simple man, Elrigmore," he said, "to ask that of any one. Are we not play-acting half our lives once we get a little beyond the stage of the ploughman and the herd? Half our tears and half our laughter and the great bulk of our virtues are like your way of cocking your bonnet over your right ear; it does not come by nature, and it is done to pleasure the world in general. Play-acting! I'll tell you this, Colin, I could scarcely say myself when a passion of mine is real or fancied now. But I can tell you this too; if I began in play to revile the Marquis, I ended in earnest. I'm afraid it's all bye with me yonder. No more mine-managing for me; I struck too close on the marrow for him to forget it."

"He has forgotten and forgiven it already," I cried. "At least, let us hope he has not forgotten it (for you said no more than was perhaps deserved), but at least it's forgiven. If you said to-morrow that you were sorry for your temper——"

"Said ten thousand fiends in Hell!" cried M'Iver. "I may be vexed I angered the man; but I'll never let him know it by my words, if he cannot make it out from my acts."

CHAPTER XXXI.—MISTRESS BETTY.

I dressed myself up in the morning with scrupulous care, put my hair in a queue, shaved cheek and chin, and put at my shoulder the old heirloom brooch of the house, which, with some other property, the invaders had not found below the *bruach* where we had hid it on the day we had left Elrigmore to their mercy. I was all in a tremor of expectation, hot and cold by turns in hope and apprehension, but always with a singular uplifting at the heart, because for good or ill I was sure to meet in the next hour or two the one person whose presence in Inneraora made it the finest town in the world. Some men tell me they have felt the experience more than once; light o' loves they, errant gallants, I'll swear (my dear) the tingle of it came to but once at the thought of meeting one woman. Had she been absent from Inneraora that morning I would have avoided it like a leper-house because of its gloomy memorials; but the very reek of its repairing tenements as I saw them from the upper windows of my home floating in a haze against the blue over the shoulder of Dun Torvil seemed to call me on. I went about the empty chambers carolling like the bird. Aumrie and clothes-press were burst and vacant, the rooms in all details were bereft and cheerless because of the plenishing stolen, and my father sat among his losses and mourned, but I made light of our spoiling.

As if to heighten the rapture of my mood, the day was full of sunshine, and though the woods crowding the upper glen were leafless and slumbering, they were touched to something like autumn's gold.

Some people love the country but in the time of leafage; I find it laden with delights in every season of the year, and the end of winter as cheery a period as any, for I know that the buds are pressing at the bark, and that the boughs in rumours of wind stretch out like the arms of the sleeper who will soon be full awake.

Down I went stepping to a merry lilt, banishing every fear from my thoughts, and the first call I made was on the Provost. He was over in Askaig's with his wife and family pending the repair of his own house, and Askaig was off to his estate. Master Brown sat on the balusters of the outer stair, dangling his squat legs and studying through horn specs the tale of thig and theft which the town officer had made up a report on. As I put my foot on the bottom step he looked up, and his welcome was most friendly.

"Colin! Colin!" he cried, hastening down to shake me by the hand, "come your ways in. I heard you got home yesterday, and I was sure you would give us a call in the by-going to-day. And you're little the waur of your jaunt — hale and hearty. We ken all about your prisoning; M'Iver was in last night and kept the crack going till morning—a most humorous devil."

He pinched rapee as he spoke in rapid doses from a snuff-box, and spread the brown powder in extravagant carelessness over his vest. He might affect what light-heartedness he could; I saw that the past fortnight had made a difference for the worse on him. The pouches below the eyes had got heavier and darker, the lines had deepened on his brow, the ruddy polish had gone off his cheek, and it was dull and spotted; by ten o'clock at night—when he used to be very jovial over a glass—I could tell he would be haggard and yawning. At his years men begin to age in a few hours; a sudden wrench to the affections, or shock to a long-disciplined order of things in their lives, will send them staggering down off the braehead whereon they have been perched with a good balance so long that they themselves have forgot the natural course of human man is to be progressing somewhere.

"Ah, lad, lad! haven't we the times?" he said, as he led me within to the parlour. "Inneraora in the stour in her reputation as well as in her tenements. I wish the one could be amended as readily as the other; but we mustn't be saying a word against princes, ye ken," he went on in the discreet whisper of the conspirator. "You were up and saw him last night, I'm hearing. To-day they tell me he's himself again, and coming down to a session meeting at noon. I must put myself in his way to say a friendly word or two. Ah! you're laughing at us. I understand, man, I understand. You travellers need not practise the art of civility; but we're too close on the castle here to be out of favour with MacCailein Mor. Draw in your chair, and — Mary, Mary, goodwife! bring in the bottle with you and see young Elrigmore."

In came the goodwife with even greater signs of trouble than her husband, but all in a flurry of good-humoured welcome. They sat, the pair of them, before me in a little room poorly lit by a narrow window but half-glazed, because a lower portion of it had been destroyed in the occupation of the Irish, and had to be timbered up to keep the wind outside. A douce pathetic pair; I let my thoughts stray a little even from their daughter as I looked on them, and pondered on the tragedy of age

that is almost as cruel as war, but for the love that set Provost Brown with his chair haffit close against his wife's, so that less noticeably he might take her hand in his below the table and renew the glow that first they learned, no doubt, when lad and lass awandering in summer days, oh long ago, in Eas-a-chosain glen.

They plied me with a hundred questions, of my adventures, and of my father, and of affairs up in Shira Glen. I sat answering very often at hazard, with my mind fixed on the one question I had to ask, which was a simple one as to the whereabouts and condition of their daughter. But I leave to any lad of a shrinking and sensitive nature if this was not a task of exceeding difficulty. For you must remember that here were two very sharp-eyed parents, one of them with a gift of irony discomposing to a lover, and the other or both perhaps, with no reason, so far as I knew, to think I had any special feeling for the girl. But I knew as well as if I had gone over the thing a score of times before, how my manner of putting that simple question would reveal me at a flash to the irony of the father and the wonder of the mother. And in any case they gave me not the smallest chance of putting it. As they plied me with affairs a thousand miles beyond the limits of my immediate interest, and I answered them with a brevity almost discourteous, I was practising two or three phrases in my mind.

"And how is your daughter, sir?" might seem simple enough, but it would be too cold for an inquirer to whom hitherto she had always been Betty; while to ask for Betty outright would—a startling new spring of delicacy in my nature told me—be to use a friendly warmth only the most cordial relations with the girl would warrant. No matter how I mooted the lady, I knew something in my voice and the very flush in my face would reveal my secret. My position grew more pitiful every moment, for to the charge of cowardice I levelled first at myself for my backwardness, there was the charge of discourtesy. What could they think of my breeding that I had not mentioned their daughter? What could I think from their silence regarding her but that they were vexed at my indifference to her, and with the usual Highland pride were determined not even to mention her name till she was asked for. Upon my word, I was in a trouble more distressing than when I sat in the mist in the Moor of Rannoch and confessed myself lost! I thought for a little, in a momentary wave of courage, of leading the conversation in her direction by harking back to the day when the town was abandoned, and she took flight with the child into the woods. Still the Provost, now doing all the talking, while his wife knit hose, would ever turn a hundred by-ways from the main road I sought to lead him on.

By-and-by, when the crack had drifted hopelessly away from all connection with Mistress Betty, there was a woman's step on the stair. My face became as hot as fire at the sound, and I leaned eagerly forward in my chair before I thought of the transparency of the movement.

The Provost's eyes closed to little slits in his face; the corner of his mouth curled in amusement.

"Here's Peggy back from Bailie Campbell's," he said to his wife, and I was convinced he did so to let me know the new-comer, who was now moving about in the kitchen across the lobby, was not the one I had expected. My disappointment

must have shown in my face; I felt I was wasting moments the most precious, though it was something to be under the same roof as my lady's relatives, under the same roof as she had slept below last night, and to see some of her actual self almost, in the smiles and eyes and turns of the voice of her mother. I stood up to go, slyly casting an eye about the chamber for the poor comfort of seeing so little as a ribbon or a shoe that was hers, but even that was denied me. The Provost, who, I'll swear now, knew my trouble from the outset, though his wife was blind to it, felt at last constrained to relieve it.

"And you must be going," he said; "I wish you could have waited to see Betty, who's on a visit to Carlunnan and should be home by now."

As he said it, he was tapping his snuff-mull and looking at me pawkily out of the corners of his eyes, that hovered between me and his wife, who stood with the wool in her hand, beaming mildly up in my face. I half turned on my heel and set a restless gaze on the corner of the room. For many considerations were in his simple words. That he should say them at all relieved the tension of my wonder; that he should say them in the way he did, was, in a manner, a manifestation that he guessed the real state of my feelings to the lady whose very name I had not dared to mention to him, and that he was ready to favour any suit I pressed. I was even inclined to push my reading of his remark further, and say to myself that if he had not known the lady herself favoured me, he would never have fanned my hope by even so little as an indifferent sentence.

"And how is she — how is Betty?" I asked, lamely.

He laughed with a pleasing slyness, and gave me a dunt with his elbow on the side, a bit of the faun, a bit of the father, a bit of my father's friend.

"You're too blate, Colin," he said, and then he put his arm through his wife's and gave her a squeeze to take her into his joke. I would have laughed at the humour of it but for the surprise in the good woman's face. It fair startled me, and yet it was no more than the look of a woman who learns that her man and she have been close company with a secret for months, and she had never made its acquaintance. There was perhaps a little more, a hesitancy in the utterance, a flush, a tone that seemed to show the subject was one to be passed bye as fast as possible.

She smiled feebly a little, picked up a row of dropped stitches, and "Oh, Betty," said she, "Betty—is—is—she'll be back in a little. Will you not wait?"

"No, I must be going," I said; "I may have the happiness of meeting her before I go up the glen in the afternoon."

They pressed me both to stay, but I seemed, in my mind, to have a new demand upon me for an immediate and private meeting with the girl; she must be seen alone, and not in presence of the old couple, who would give my natural shyness in her company far more gawkiness than it might have if I met her alone.

I went out and went down the stair, and along the front of the land, my being in a tumult, yet with my observation keen to everything, no matter how trivial, that happened around me. The sea-gulls, that make the town the playground of their stormy holidays, swept and curved among the pigeons in the gutter and quarrelled over the spoils; tossed in the air wind-blown, then

dropped with feet outstretched upon the black joists and window-sills. Fowls of the midden, new brought from other parts to make up the place of those that had gone to the kail-pots of Antrim and Athole, stalked about with heads high, foreign to this causied and gravelled country, clucking eagerly for meat. I made my way amid the bird of the sea and the bird of the wood and common bird of the yard with a divided mind, seeing them with the eye for future recollection, but seeing them not. Peats were at every close-mouth, at every door almost that was half-habitable, and fuel cut from the wood, and all about the thoroughfare was embarrassed.

I had a different decision at every step, now to seek the girl, now to go home, now finding the most heartening hints in the agitation of the parents, anon troubled exceedingly with the reflection that there was something of an unfavourable nature in the demeanour of her mother, however much the father's badinage might sooth my vanity.

I had made up my mind for the twentieth time to go the length of Carlunnan and face her plump and plain, when behold she came suddenly round the corner at the Maltland where the surviving Lowland troops were gathered! M'Iver was with her, and my resolution shrivelled and shook within me like an old nut kernel. I would have turned but for the stupidity and ill-breeding such a movement would evidence, yet as I held on my way at a slower pace and the pair approached, I felt every limb an encumbrance, I felt the country lout throbbing in every vein.

Betty almost ran to meet me as we came closer together, with an agreeableness that might have pleased me more had I not the certainty that she would have been as warm to either of the two men who had rescued her from her hiding in the wood of Strongara, and had just come back from her country's battles with however small credit to themselves in the result. She was in a very happy mood, for, like all women, she could readily forget the large and general vexation of a reverse to her people in war if the immediate prospect was not unpleasant and things around were showing improvement. Her eyes shone and sparkled, the ordinary sedate flow of her words was varied by little outbursts of gaiety. She had been visiting the child at Carlunnan, where it had been adopted by her kinswoman, who made a better guardian than it's grandmother, who died on her way to Dunbarton.

"What sets you on this road," she asked blandly.

"Oh, you have often seen me on this road before," I said, boldly and with meaning. Ere I went wandering we had heard the rivers sing many a time, and sat upon its banks and little thought life and time were passing as quickly as the leaf or bubble on the surface. She flushed ever so little at the remembrance, and threw a stray curl back from her temples with an impatient toss of her fingers.

"And so much of the dandy too!" put in M'Iver, himself perjink enough about his apparel. "Ill wager there's a girl in the business." He laughed low, looked from one to the other of us, yet his meaning escaped, or seemed to escape, the lady.

"Elrigmore is none of the kind," she said, as if to protect a child. "He has too many serious affairs of life in hand to be in the humour for gallivanting."

This extraordinary reading of my character by the one woman who ought to have known it better, if

only by an instinct, threw me into a blend of confusion and chagrin. I had no answer for her. I regretted now that my evil star had sent me up Glenaora, or that having met her with M'Iver, whose presence increased my diffidence, I had not pretended some errand or business up among the farm-lands in the Salachry hills, where distant relatives of our house were often found. But now I was on one side of the lady and M'Iver on the other, on our way towards the burgh, and the convoy must be concluded, even if I were dumb all the way. Dumb, indeed, I was inclined to be. M'Iver laughed uproariously at madame's notion that I was too seriously engaged with life for the recreation of love-making; it was bound to please him, coming, as it did, so close on his own estimate of me as the Sobersides he christened me at almost our first acquaintance. But he had a generous enough notion to give me the chance of being alone with the girl he knew very well my feelings for.

"I've been up just now at the camp," he said, "anent the purchase of a troop-horse, and I had not concluded my bargain when Mistress Brown passed. I'm your true *caballero* in one respect, that I must be offering every handsome passenger an escort; but this time it's an office for Elrigmore, who can undertake your company down the way bravely enough, I'll swear, for all his blateness."

Betty halted, as did the other two of us, and bantered my comrade.

"I ask your pardon a thousand times, Barbreck," she said; "I thought you were hurrying on your way down behind me, and came upon me before you saw who I was."

"That was the story," said he, coolly; "I'm too old a hand at the business to be set back on the road I came by a lady who has no relish for my company."

"I would not take you away from your marketing for the world," she proceeded. "Perhaps Elrigmore may be inclined to go up to the camp too; he may help you to the pick of your horse—and we'll believe you the soldier of fortune again when we see you one."

She, at least, had no belief that the mine-manager was to be a mercenary again. She tapped with a tiny toe on the pebbles, affecting a choler the twinkle in her eyes did not homologate. It was enough for M'Iver, who gave a "Pshaw," and concluded he might as well, as he said, "be in good company so long as he had the chance," and down the way again we went. Somehow the check had put him on his mettle. He seemed to lose at once all regard for my interests in this. I became, in truth, more frequently than was palatable, the butt of his little pleasantries; my mysterious saunter up that glen, my sobriety of demeanour, my now silence—all those things, whose meaning he knew very well, were made the text for his amusement for the lady. As for me, I met it all weakly, striving to meet his wit with careless smiles.

For the first time, I was seized with a jealousy of him. Here was I, your arrant rustic; he was as composed as could be, overflowing with happy thoughts, laughable incident, and ever ready with the compliment or the retort women love to hear from a smart fellow of even indifferent character. He had the policy to conceal the vanity that was for ordinary his most transparent feature, and his trick was to admire the valour and the humour of others. Our wanderings in Lorn and Lochaber, our adventures with the MacDonalds, all the story of the expedition, he danced through, as

it were, on the tip-toe of light phrase, as if it had been a strong man's scheme of recreation, scarcely once appealing to me. With a flushed cheek and parted lips the lady hung upon his words, arched her dark eyebrows in fear, or bubbled into the merriest laughter as the occasion demanded. Worst of all, she seemed to share his amusement at my silence, and then I could have wished rather than a bag of gold I had the Mull witch's invisible coat, or that the earth would swallow me up. The very country-people passing on the way were art and part in the conspiracy of circumstances to make me unhappy. Their salutes were rarely for Elrigmore, but for the lady and John Splendid, whose bold quarrel with MacCailein Mor was now the rumour of two parishes, and gave him a wide name for unflinching bravery of a kind he had been generally acknowledged as sadly wanting in before. And Mistress Betty could not but see that high or low, I was second to this fellow going off—or at least with the rumour of it—to Hebron's cavaliers in France before the week-end.

M'Iver was just, perhaps, carrying his humour at my cost a little too far for my temper, which was never readily stirred, but flamed fast enough when set properly alowe, and Betty—here too your true woman wit—saw it sooner than he did himself, quick enough in the uptake though he was. He had returned again to his banter about the supposititious girl I was trysted with up the glen, and my face showed my annoyance.

"You think all men like yourself," said the girl to him, "and all women the same—like the common soldier you are."

"I think them all darlings," he confessed, laughing; "God bless them, kind and foolish——"

"As you've known them oftenest," she supplied coldly.

"Or sedate and sensible," he went on. "None of them but found John M'Iver of Barbeck their very true cavalier."

"Indeed," said Mistress Betty, colder than ever, some new thought working within her, judging from the tone. "And yet you leave tomorrow, and have never been to Carlunnan." She said the last words with a hesitancy, blushing most warmly. To me they were a dark mystery, unless I was to assume, what I did wildly for a moment, only to relinquish the notion immediately, that she had been in the humour to go visiting her friends with him. M'Iver's face showed some curious emotion that it baffled me to read, and all that was plain to me was that here were two people with a very strong thought of a distressing kind between them.

"It would be idle for me," he said in a little, "to deny that I know what you mean. But do you not believe you might be doing me poor justice in your suspicions?"

"It is a topic I cannot come closer upon," she answered; "I am a woman. That forbids me and that same compels me. If nature does not demand your attendance up there, then you are a man wronged by rumour or a man dead to every sense of the human spirit. I have listened to your humour and laughed at your banter, for you have an art to make people forget; but all the way I have been finding my lightness broken in on by the feeble cry of a child without a mother—it seems, too, without a father."

"If that is the trouble," he said, turning away with a smile he did not succeed in concealing either from the lady or me, "you may set your mind at rest. The child you mention has, from this day,

what we may be calling a godfather."

"Then the tale's true?" she said, stopping on the road, turning and gazing with neither mirth nor warmth in her countenance.

M'Iver hesitated, and looked upon the woman to me as if I could help him in the difficulty; but I must have seemed a clown in the very abjection of my ignorance of what all this mystery was about. He searched my face and I searched my memory, and then I recollected that he had told me before of Mistress Brown's suspicions of the paternity of the child.

"I could well wish your answer came more readily," said she again, somewhat bitterly, "for then I know it would be denial."

"And perhaps untruth, too," said John, oddly. "This time it's a question of honour, a far more complicated turn of circumstances than you can fancy, and my answer takes time."

"Guilty!" she cried, "and you go like this. You know what the story is, and your whole conduct in front of my charges shows you take the very lightest view of the whole horrible crime."

"Say away, madame," said M'Iver, assuming an indifference his every feature gave the lie to. "I'm no better nor no worse than the rest of the world. That's all I'll say."

"You have said enough for me, then," said the girl. "I think, Elrigmore, if you please, I'll not trouble you and your friend to come further with me now. I am obliged for your society so far."

She was gone before either of us could answer, leaving us like a pair of culprits standing in the middle of the road. A little breeze fanned her clothing, and they shook behind her as to be free from some contamination. She had overtaken and joined a woman in front of her before I had recovered from my astonishment. M'Iver turned from surveying her departure with lowered eyebrows, and gave me a look with half-a-dozen contending thoughts in it.

"That's the end of it," said he, as much to himself as for my ear, "and the odd thing of it again is that she never seemed so precious fine a woman as when it was 'a' bye wi' auld days and you,' as the Scots song says."

"It beats me to fathom," I confessed. "Do I understand that you admitted to the lady that you were the father of the child?"

"I admitted nothing," he said, cunningly, "if you'll take the trouble to think again. I but let the lady have her own way, which most of her sex generally manage from me in the long-run."

"But, man! you could leave her only one impression, that you are as black as she thinks you, and am I not sure you fall far short of that?"

"Thank you," he said; "it is good of you to say it. I am for off whenever my affairs here are settled, and when I'm the breadth of seas afar from Inneraora, you'll think as well as you can of John M'Iver, who'll maybe not grudge having lost the lady's affection if he kept his friend's and comrade's heart."

He was vastly moved as he spoke. He took my hand and wrung it fiercely; he turned without another word, good or ill, and strode back on his way to the camp, leaving me to seek my way to the town alone.

(To be continued.)

KARIM: A MODEL SHIKARI.

KARIM'S origin, like that of other great men, was obscure. He was not born in the purple; for his father was a "sweeper," and he himself began life on the lowest rung of the sporting ladder in the capacity of dog-boy. His rise was rapid, and when I first knew him, he had gained early in life fame and popularity almost equal to that of a favourite foot-ball-player in Lancashire or of a fashionable light-weight jockey. He was the best known and most successful shikari in a tract of country as large as France.

An innate love of sport, in the best sense of the word, was the real secret of his success. Many big-game shikaris—men, too, who bring a good deal to bag—scoff at any quarry less than a tiger or a panther; but Karim, if nothing more serious was afoot, would direct a duck-drive or mark snipe with the keenness of a schoolboy. The same spirit made walking along a road irksome to him. On the march he took his own line across the fields or through the jungle, and would come into camp with a story of how he had been on the tracks of a wolf, or had seen a jackal and cubs slinking into a sugar-cane brake, and so on. This sporting instinct was a family trait. His brother, Abdulla, loved his neighbour's wife not wisely but too well; and as what gods call gallantry, and men call by an uglier name, is a penal offence in India, Abdulla the gay was laid by the heels, and retired from the world for a term of six months. At first he was an exemplary prisoner, but with the approach of the hot weather a spirit of unrest entered into his soul. He began to dream of cool spots in the bed of a nullah, with a fringe of *jhamun*-bushes and a floor of damp sand; of a tiger in the twilight coming to drink at a stagnant pool hard by; of a buffalo-calf tied on the brink of the pool; of the dark night with a sound of munching of bones; of the beat with all its excitement; of the crack of the rifle followed by an increased hub-bub among the beaters, and then a shout of victory from the sahib's gun-bearer. His visions troubled him as much as visions of a different kind once troubled a famous prisoner in Bedford jail, and he made up his mind to break his bonds. In this he succeeded, and he spent his hot weather in the employment of a shooting-party in a distant part of the country, and so fulfilled his dreams. When the party broke up he returned to his prison, and surrendered with the apology that confinement in the big-game season was more than he could bear. So it was with Karim. Although a man of pleasure and fond of money to gratify his tastes, wages were a secondary object with him. He left my service because I could not give up the time for shooting, and exchanged it for a place with about half the pay but in a fine sporting country.

Fond as he was of all sport, Karim's chief joy lay in the danger and excitement of hunting the big cats. He had a great admiration for them; and though he would conceal it by abusing them in the most opprobrious language, on the same principle that led Bailey Junior to taunt the brother to Cauliflower, he always hoped that his end would be at the hands, or perhaps I should say

the claws, of a tiger. In their pursuit he left as little as possible to chance; for, like Fox, he possessed an infinite capacity for taking pains. In many parts of India the common mode of shooting tigers is to tie up a bait, and, in the event of a kill, to beat the jungle up to the guns. Some shikaris will tie up buffalo-calves every night in all directions, and without a thought of what is to take place next. They will get a kill—perhaps more than one—but they do not know where to look for the tiger; and you pass day after day in the burning heat, beating here and beating there, and never get a shot. With Karim it was quite different. He would be content with four or five baits at a time. In tying them up he would choose a place with shade and water near, so that the tiger, after killing, would lie up close by; and he would take care that the spot was commanded by a tree or rock or other point of vantage from which he could see in the morning, without disturbing the jungle, whether the tiger had killed or not. At the same time he would sketch out in his head the general plan of the beat, and make up his mind where to post his guns. In bringing the game to the guns his skill was supreme. He did not want a mob of men in the beat, but he liked a large number of "stops." In a small jungle thirty men in all would suffice; half of these he would employ in the actual work of beating, and he would perch the others on trees on either side to prevent the tiger breaking away. Their function was to keep on tapping, like a boy put to stop pheasants from running out at the end of a covert, and in extreme cases to give a low cough. That will turn any tiger, and a friend of mine used to say that he would back a certain Bheel shikari to bring a tiger to a given point single-handed simply by heading him off with a cough! Karim himself always kept in the beat, and directed operations with the fertility of resource which distinguishes a true general. The result of his skill and care was that you almost always got a shot, and generally an easy one. A tiger rarely broke back with him, but occasionally it would get away at the side through perhaps an over-excited stop shouting at the beast, or from some other accident. In such cases the gallop of the full-bellied tiger will soon slow down into a walk, and then Karim's great delight was to call you from your post, take you at a run after the retreating beast, and get you a shot in that fashion. On tracks and "sign" he was as clever as Leatherstocking, and he had very little to learn even from a Bheel. He used to say: "Sahib, I cannot read your books, I do not know the letters; but I can read what goes on in the jungle, and you do not know the alphabet of it." Which, I may remark in parenthesis, was too true; for so elementary a difference as that between the tracks of a wolf and a hyena was as much of a puzzle to me as the difference between Z and ampersand (&) was to Bartle Massey's pupil.

A sporting subaltern once said to me that he wished for no higher compliment than to be reckoned a good man to be with in following up a wounded tiger on foot. There was something in it; for most men covet nerve, coolness, and pluck. Of all men I have known I would sooner have had Karim with me in such case, for he possessed those qualities in the highest degree. Nor was his courage begotten of ignorance and mere high spirits.

He was not foolhardy, like three young sportsmen who once tracked a wounded tiger into a sugar-cane field. Two of them cut a path through the canes, while the third stood over them with his rifle at full cock. Luckily they found the beast dead; I say "luckily," because you can see as far ahead of you in a cane-brake as you could in a field of seed-clover ten feet high. Karim knew exactly the risk in front of him. He had good reason to do so, for he had been twice badly mauled. In the first case a panther was the offender, and Karim was laid up for some time. Before the doctor gave him his discharge he left the hospital, made straight for the jungle where he had been mauled, tracked his friend, and shot him. On the second occasion Karim was following up a wounded tiger; the brute charged, knocked him over, and clawed him in the face. This would have sent most men home; but Karim went on, and killed the tiger before returning to camp to have his wounds dressed. Even this did not destroy his nerve, for an adventure, not long after, showed that his old coolness and courage had not deserted him.[1] He was leading his army of beaters after a tiger, which had gained an evil reputation for a sulky and vicious temper. All of a sudden the tiger got up from where it had been lying, and, undismayed by the shouts of the beaters or the din of the drums, rattles, horns, and other unmusical instruments which are played with vigour on such occasions, charged down on the line, and knocked over a man who was next to Karim. The latter had nothing but a cudgel in his hand; but he laid it on to the tiger's back with such effect that the brute left his victim and turned away, without, strange to say, attacking Karim. The beater escaped unhurt, owing to the tiger's claw striking a brass plate containing the man's food, and tied across his back in a cloth. The sequel is best told in the words of Colonel Mackenzie:—

"To return to the tiger after he had parted from the beater—Karim (who stood his ground close by) saw the tiger, after a moment's disappointed and astonished pause, turn and slowly go growling to the shelter of a large bush. It would have been madness, of course, to try and dislodge him with the beaters; so, after a short consultation, Karim, with one other man, fired the jungle to windward, designing to drive the tiger out before the fire, Mr F. barring the way ahead. A broad line of grass was fired, and as the fire crackled and tore down before the wind in a sheet of flame, Karim alone followed close in its wake with a double-barrelled ·450 Express rifle in his hand. As the fire was about to sweep over and round the bush into which he had seen the tiger retreat, he called to Mr F. to look out. His shout was instantly answered; for over and through the flame came the tiger in one great bound, roaring at him. It was a blood-curdling moment, and for Karim seemed certain death; but Karim himself never flinched. He was seen to drop on one knee, to raise the rifle, and in quick succession came the report of both barrels; then suddenly he swayed his body on one side to escape being knocked over. His nerve and excellent aim had saved him; for as the tiger landed on the ground, literally brushing Karim as he passed, he fell stone-dead. Both bullets had entered between the eyes, and smashed up the brain-pan."

Another valuable trait in Karim's

[1] This account of an incident which occurred after I left India is taken from a letter written to the 'Field' of September 21, 1889, by Colonel Mackenzie of the Indian Staff Corps.

character was his unfailing good-temper. He never bullied his beaters, and they in return always did their best for him. If things went "a-gley," he was never discouraged, but would just set to work to put them right. If an easy shot was missed, his simple philosophy furnished him with the explanation that it was not the tiger's "day" to die—a position from which no metaphysics could dislodge him. He always saw the advantage of being on good terms with the villagers wherever he went, and his cheery nature invariably made him a favourite with them. He was once sent to spy out a country to which he was a stranger. The jungle-folk were a rough lot, and he was told that they would probably rob and possibly maltreat him. He was away about a fortnight, and then came back with a famous report of the jungles. He had won the hearts of the "savages" by shooting a deer or two for their meat, and some vultures to supply feathers for their arrows. He promised them that if the "sahibs" came they would bring a supply of salt, tobacco, and chillies—three luxuries which the simple hillmen seldom saw. A few days later we set out for the promised land, and at Karim's advice took with us three camels laden with the articles just named. On the first day there was difficulty about beaters; their misgivings had after all been too strong for the jungle-folk, and only the headman and some half-dozen turned out. So servants and camelmen were impressed into the service, and even the Goanese *chef* was enrolled as a drummer. I remember well the piteous expression on the face of my old *dhobi* (a man of peace from Lower Bengal), who was a heaven-born stop in virtue of a low nervous cough with which Providence had endowed him, when he found himself enlisted in the ranks—an expression which changed to a melancholy smile when he was told that he was only required to sit high up in a big tree and exercise his natural gift. To make a long story short, a tiger was killed, and the half-dozen hillmen were called up to receive their reward. They took their four annas apiece without emotion; but when they were told to help themselves out of the bags of tobacco, chillies, and salt, their stolid indifference disappeared, and they grabbed as much as six naked pocketless men could carry away. On the next day we might have had 150 beaters. The result of Karim's tact in dealing with these simple people was that two guns bagged six tigers and other game in ten days, within twenty-five miles of a fairly large cantonment. The merit of this performance is much increased when I add that the scene of it lay some hundreds of miles from Karim's own country, and the people and the jungles were alike strange to him.

As I have said before, Karim was catholic in his sporting tastes, and he thoroughly enjoyed bear-shooting. Now, the little black bear of the plains of India is, in my humble opinion, a pluckier beast than his big cousin, the overrated grizzly. I have seen a female of the latter persuasion desert her cubs in a way that the humblest black bear would despise. Still, bears are slow movers, and if they are hit, they must stop in order to examine the wound. This want of dash makes it possible to take greater liberties with them than with more dangerous game, and herein lies much of the charm of the sport. One year I was with

Karim in a remote part of the country which fairly swarmed with bears. There were a lot of little, low, isolated hills, dotted over a wide plain, and covered with grass and patches of scrub-jungle. The bears used to come down at night to feed, and returning to the hills about sunrise, sleep under a bush during the day. Karim adopted a rather original plan of operations. He was out before daybreak, and if he succeeded in marking a bear down, he took me out in the heat of the day, when, instead of beating the hills in the ordinary way, we would steal in quietly on Bruin's "secure hour," and, sitting down within a few paces, would listen to his extraordinary snorts and grunts. This simply delighted Karim, and after enjoying the music for some minutes he would wake the slumberer with a well-directed stone or clod of earth. As the brute got up half angry and half dazed, he almost always gave an easy shot.

No one told a story better than Karim, and one which he used to repeat with great gusto always amused me. An inexperienced sportsman, whom we will call X, was staying in camp with Karim's master. Karim had marked down a bear with cubs in a hole on the side of a hill. He said to X: "If you want to see some fun, now is your time. I will throw some stones into the hole; the bear will charge out, and as I run away, with the bear after me, you will shoot her." The first part of the programme was quite a success. Karim and the bear played their parts to the letter; but X was too nervous or excited to play his. On went Karim and on went the bear; but never a shot did X fire. Karim found the beast gaining on him, but he waited till the last moment to give X his chance. When at last Karim turned round, the bear was so close that he had not time to put his gun to his shoulder. He held out the barrels, and as the bear seized them in her mouth, pulled both triggers. The poor old lady's teeth received such a jar that she did not wait for any more, but made off, and left Karim in possession of the field.

In jotting down these short notes on one of the best and truest servants that ever served man, I have used the past tense. I have heard nothing of Karim for years; and he may be still pursuing sudden death, or he may be enjoying well-earned rest in his village home. If he is on this side of the Styx, may some out-of-the-way chance bring to his knowledge that these pages have been written to show that he has not been forgotten by one of his former masters.

THE MEDICAL WOMAN IN FICTION.

It is proverbially difficult to induce the public to take any innovation seriously. There is a legend that when we were threatened with a revival of crinoline some five years back, a courageous lady journalist volunteered to test the general opinion by taking her walks abroad in the new garment, but returned very quickly in tears, unable to face the scoffs of the passer-by. The fashion-column of her paper did not again advocate the introduction of crinoline. The problem-play and the Yellow-Book style of illustration were both greeted on their first appearance with jeers—nay, it is whispered that some light-minded persons have even ventured to make fun of that monumental work, the Woman Novel. In none of these cases did the ridicule effect the destruction of its object, for although the total disappearance of the three forms of art mentioned might have been brought about without appreciably diminishing the sum of human happiness (since even the artist might have turned his attention to more agreeable themes), the task was left to their own inherent unpleasantness. It is even possible that the irony directed against them has contributed to lengthen their brief span of mortality, just as certain weighty books of the earlier part of the century are only remembered through Macaulay's having performed a vicious war-dance over them in the pages of the 'Edinburgh Review,' for ridicule, like obloquy, makes an excellent advertisement. The rising statesman persistently ignored by the comic papers would feel tempted to institute an action for libel, and there are various associations, political and otherwise, which thrive upon mockery as upon their natural food. The incurious average man is stirred up by it to discover what all the fuss is about and to see fair play, the enthusiast to adopt with effusion the side of the party attacked. This is in addition to the more obvious advantages of the defection of weak-kneed sympathisers from the cause, and the bracing and hardening of the more stalwart, who may look back, when the hurly-burly is over, on its storm and stress with the stern joy of the warrior. What do the medical women of to-day know of the burning excitement which filled the lives of their predecessors when every step onward was a prize to be wrestled for, and it was necessary to "fight all day to get an hour's quiet reading at night"? They have their compensations, no doubt, although the honour of being pioneers in the hard-fought struggle is not theirs. It is only at the very summit of the hill Difficulty that the temple of Recognition stands, to which, after the manner of the allegorical title-pages of the old magazines, Effort, crowned by Success, is welcomed by Royalty. It was necessary for the medical woman to prove her fitness to survive before receiving, like the feminine use of the bicycle and other social developments, the stamp of the approval of those in high places. That may not be an ideal state of affairs in which the "rapture of pursuing" is the sole reward of the labourers, while the encouragement and the sympathy are given to those who have entered into their labours; but at

least it is an improvement upon the earlier condition of things. The opening this month of the new science laboratories of the London School of Medicine for Women by the gracious Princess whose interest in other forms of female education has so often been displayed, marks an epoch. Henceforth, even to the most reactionary mind, the medical woman is neither a fad nor a fancy, but an established fact.

We speak on this subject with a pardonable feeling of triumph, remembering that it was in these pages[1] that one of the knights-errant of the age (that smug Mid-Victorian age, which was so prim, so inartistic, so suburban — in a word, so second-rate — yet which saw the birth of all our magnificent, advanced, *fin de siècle* movements) championed for the first time in fiction the cause of the medical woman. In saying this, we do not forget that in those dark days of chivalry, in which women were notoriously unwomanly, and deservedly held in the lowest esteem, the "lovely Isolde's lilye hand had probed the rankling wound" of Sir Tristrem, or that Rebecca acted the part of a surgeon towards Ivanhoe; but since these ladies had not been vilified either for acquiring or exercising their surgical skill, it was unnecessary to defend them. When Charles Reade wrote 'A Woman-Hater,' however, the struggle was at its height, or perhaps we should say that the weaker party had gone to the wall. There was no pretence of a fair field—the less said about that the better—but of the other essential to success there was an abundant supply. The pioneer medical woman received emphatically no favour at the time when her hard case stirred the heart of the man who tried in each of his books to aim a deadly blow at some abuse or other.

We would not be understood to claim 'A Woman-Hater' as one of Reade's finest works. The lady doctor, despite the author's gallant efforts to assure us of the contrary, is too obviously brought in to recount the iniquities of her opponents, and thus to provide the necessary philanthropic purpose of the novel, and none of the other personages are particularly sympathetic. Moreover, the history of Rhoda Gale's struggles, which is sufficiently full to bear breaking up into a number of convenient portions, like Shahrazad's tales or the instructive contents of 'Evenings at Home,' is delivered in a neat little controversial tract of thirty-five pages or thereabouts, so well supplied with dates and statistics that it is necessary to confer on the narrator a phenomenal memory acutely cultivated by art to render its delivery credible. It is possible, of course, that a young lady just rescued from starvation would tell her whole story in a breath, so to speak, to the man who had befriended her in a London square; but we cannot avoid a fear that the excrescence which it presents on the novel is the outcome of a desire to keep the facts together for purposes of reference.

If this was indeed the author's object, it would be impossible to accomplish it with greater success, and we would recommend the study of this portion, at least, of the book to the medical woman of to-day who is inclined to accept her privileges with an easy complacency, forgetting the "great fight of afflictions" through which

[1] 'Maga,' June 1876 to June 1877.

they were gained for her. She will learn here how Miss Garrett, better known to her as Dr Garrett-Anderson, had the presumption to pass, in spite of all the difficulties thrown in her way, the only English medical examinations then open to women, those of Apothecaries' Hall, and how the door through which she had passed was promptly shut in the faces of any who might wish to follow her example, by those who were aghast at her success. She will learn that Miss Jex-Blake sought in vain to obtain admission to the London University examinations, and on turning her attention to those of Edinburgh, was informed by one of the professors to whom she appealed that "no decent woman would apply to him to study medicine." Undeterred even by this *obiter dictum*, a little band of ladies gained leave to enter for the preliminary examination, after passing which they were to be allowed to matriculate; but failing to take warning by the fate of Miss Garrett, they passed so well that a deliberate attempt was made to revoke the promise given. The effort failed, and for six months the lady medical students worked under the happiest auspices, until the result of the class examinations awoke the slumbering animosities once more. The women distinguished themselves too signally, and it was thought fit to punish them by refusing Miss Pechey the scholarship in chemistry which she had earned, and denying her also admission to the University laboratory. The loss to Edinburgh and to science was great, and although it is possible that humanity has benefited more by Dr Pechey-Phipson's work at the Cama Hospital in Bombay than it would have done by the original research from which she was debarred, this undesigned gain can scarcely be placed to the credit of the University. One result of the preferential dealing exhibited was such an outburst of public scorn that certain of the classes from which the ladies had been excluded were opened to them; but the success was counterbalanced by the necessity of studying anatomy and clinical surgery at Surgeons' Hall, since the professors of the University flatly refused to instruct women. It is curious, in the light of this month's celebration, to observe that the name of the highest lady in the land was invoked to justify the conduct of the University authorities. But the hottest fight raged over the question of the right of the lady students to practise in the town Infirmary; and while its echoes were resounding from end to end of the kingdom, there occurred the shameful riot, the disgrace of which can never quite be wiped out, even by the deepest penitence and the most sincere recantation of its errors on the part of the University. Hard words the ladies had received in abundance, but this was the first time they had been exposed to the danger of broken bones, owing it to the chivalry of some of the male students that they returned safely to their lodgings. Shortly after this the battle of the Infirmary was practically won, and additional women students, encouraged by the success of the pioneers, presented themselves for matriculation, much to the alarm of the authorities. After springing upon the ladies an unsuccessful practical joke or two by forbidding them, on the day before their examinations, to enter for them, these gentlemen were suddenly afflicted with a doubt as to their legal right to

admit women to examinations at all. This happy qualm rendered it incumbent upon them not only to refuse to accept the new candidates, but also to deny the first dauntless band the means of continuing their studies, regardless of the time they had already spent and the money they had paid. More money was wasted and time lost in testing the matter in the law-courts, and at last the female students, baffled and unable to obtain redress, shook off the dust of Edinburgh from their feet, and turned to the Continental universities, which had all opened their doors to women. The Rhoda Gale of the story completed her course at Montpellier, and returned to England to find it impossible to make use of her hard-won knowledge, owing to the law which refused registration to any physician not holding a British diploma.

Such is the tale she tells to Harrington Vizard in Leicester Square, and hearing it, one cannot wonder either at her indignation or that of the author—an indignation to which both give free vent. Dr Rhoda shares one characteristic with the majority of medical women in fiction,—she is not at all meek; indeed she is of an essentially combative temperament. We must own that we have not observed this peculiarity to be general among lady doctors in real life; but then we have never attempted to convince them that it was either impossible or improper for them to have studied medicine, as is the invariable wont of the gentlemen with whom they are forced to associate in the pages of romance. Had we been so rash as to enter upon this controversy, we confess to a lingering fear that the combativeness to which we allude might have exhibited itself, for it is difficult to convince a successful young lady, with a calm, stand-no-nonsense air about her, that her career has been at variance with facts, or, worse still, with propriety. Happily for Rhoda Gale, however, she finds in the Woman-Hater the friend she needs, who is perfectly willing to allow her to exploit his estate, and, as he would probably have phrased it, to victimise himself. Her experiences in an English country neighbourhood, curiously contrasted with the scenes of her cosmopolitan education, are highly entertaining, at times even startling, and the touch of shrewishness which she possesses in common with almost all Reade's good women stands her in good stead when she finds herself opposed by rustic stolidity. We leave her established as the unofficial health-officer of the district, secure, in spite of her unregistered condition, under the autocratic sway of Vizard, who succeeds even in obtaining for her permission to visit the local infirmary. In view of such protection as this, it is worth her while to disregard the peculiarities of a gentleman who gives vent in conversation to occasional bursts of outrageous misogyny, and assumes an unusual licence with respect to personal remarks on the appearance of the ladies he is addressing. To a less strong-minded lady than "Doctress Gale," as her creator calls her, this habit of his would have been disconcerting, for the first of the lady doctors of fiction does not resemble the greater number of her successors in being beautiful. A tongue and a memory such as hers secure her against the need of extraneous aid; but in view of the professional antagonism aroused by later heroines in the breasts of their male acquaintance, it is as well that the strength

of their arguments should be reinforced by that of their personal charms.

Beautiful, for instance, is the heroine of 'Sweethearts and Friends'[1]—one of those beauties almost peculiar to fiction, who are first seen as shy awkward girls, with red hands and untidy hair, and wearing tumbled gowns that look as if they had been flung on with a pitchfork, but who develop in the course of a few years into beings of surpassing loveliness, exquisite taste in dress, and absolute neatness. We have placed this book second on our list, although it was only published last year, on account of its subject (it purports to describe the life of a woman student in the seventies), and also for another reason. On its appearance the critical dove-cots were fluttered by the advent of a novel so extraordinarily unequal, to use a mild term, to Maxwell Gray's former books. We ourselves cherished the hope that it might prove to be a reprint of an early work under a new title (we think this an immoral proceeding as a matter of business, but it would have satisfied us in an artistic sense), until we failed in discovering any support for the theory; but we still incline to the belief that it was written at the period of which it treats, and for some reason or other withheld from publication until the present time. Colour is given to this hypothesis by the asides in which the author indulges on such subjects as golf and bicycling, Zola and Ibsen (the Scandinavian playwright is introduced as a novelist, by the way), and the closure, which have all the appearance of being interpolated to bring the book up to date; while the triumphant "Fulfilled in 1897," as a footnote to a prophetic passage referring to a parliamentary debate, would, we hope, be impossible in the case of a prediction uttered after the fact.

Dr Amy, the story of whose career Maxwell Gray relates, is a remarkable young lady. On leaving school she begins to work at anatomy and physiology, among other subjects, "with a view to make her geological studies more complete." The choice seems peculiar; but perhaps the geologists of the seventies believed in Mark Twain's fossil man, in which case they would naturally wish to know all about him. To aid her studies, Amy kept a human skull under her pillow, which appears to the ordinary mind about the most unsafe place she could have chosen in the daytime, and the most uncomfortable at night. We are not surprised to hear that the dog obtained possession of the ghastly relic, and disturbed the nerves of the family by producing it at afternoon tea; and we have a suspicion that when Amy's relatives cast her off on account of her medical studies, it was as much in the hope of protecting themselves against further incidents of the kind as from a strict adherence to principle. This view is strengthened by the fact that when she and her surgeon brother had both completed their training, they "met with the stipulation that Amy should never refer to professional topics, and were as friendly as ever." As regards the course of her training, the lines are fallen to Amy in pleasanter places than to Rhoda Gale, for she is able to take advantage of the newly founded School of Medicine for Women (the modest com-

[1] Sweethearts and Friends. By Maxwell Gray.

mencement of the great enterprise of to-day) in prosecuting her studies; but the difficulties were still sufficient to daunt most people. "How they had been pushed about from examining body to examining body, found perfect, and then denied diplomas! What antagonism they had encountered in private and public! They had figured in public prints as 'unwomanly women.' Personal rudeness and unmanly sneers they had received. . . ."

Add to this that the pinch of poverty had compelled Amy to spend her vacations in "teaching children, supplementing nursing staffs, and writing for magazines"—occupations wholly incompatible with the ideal holiday pursuit of the modern lady medical, which is to read steadily for her next exam.—and we wonder not only that she persisted in her studies, but that she survived them. After so hard an apprenticeship, it is but natural that she should refuse to resign her profession on the invitation of a gentleman who enunciates his views on woman thus: "The ideal—h'm!—woman is—ah!—a being whose weakness is her strength, in whom—ah!—feeling replaces intellect, meekness and refinement strength—who should be a rest to her husband by her freedom from toil, a strength to him by the appeal of her weakness, a joy to him by her freedom from sorrow;" but we cannot help feeling that the poor man is hardly used throughout the book. To begin with, he is unkindly represented as the embodiment of absolute perfection, and most unduly handicapped by always being called "the Immaculate," besides being afflicted with a "beautiful velvet voice" and "beautiful pansy eyes." Such drawbacks as these should assuredly be passed over lightly, instead of being insisted upon *ad nauseam*, in the description of a hero who, after all, is as endurable as his creator will allow him to be. His intentions are of the very best; we are told that "the Immaculate was deeply grieved; he felt that all these girls ought to have been married long ago, and thus saved. But he could not, under existing social arrangements, marry them all, else would he cheerfully have done his duty as a gallant knight;" and it is really not his fault that he does everything with grace and propriety or with elegance and dexterity. Some young ladies, it is true, might not care to be addressed habitually as "Dear prophetess" or "Dear pythoness," but it does not appear that Amy regarded the epithet as anything but a merited compliment. Yet she treats him with an austerity that provokes even the author to take his part—for is he not "too beautiful for words" at the moment?—so that we are astonished to find Amy described as a "fiendish young female." This, as boys would say, is "coming it rather strong."

But the poor Immaculate's troubles do not end here. He has succeeded in freeing himself from the toils of the pretty little Siren who attracted him when Amy proved to be out of reach; but his prophetess still refuses to relent, although she unbends so far as to dress "at" him in a way curiously like that of the ordinary woman, and he finds it necessary to soften her severity by risking his life in a burning house. This leads to the most astounding scene in the book, and one which is apparently intended to be taken seriously. The Immaculate is alone on the balcony, which firemen and spectators are alike afraid to approach from below. They have thrown him a rope, but he

is too much injured to use it. Then, "with a wild cry of '*With him or for him*,' a tall young woman dashed through hose-streams, policemen, and firemen, caught the rope, swarmed up it like a cat, and reached the tottering balcony in a few seconds." We have never seen a cat swarm up a rope; but far be it from us to limit the powers of that ingenious animal, or of Amy, who "could tie herself into knots, and do wonderful things on the horizontal bar." Once on the balcony, she fastens the rope round the Immaculate, lifts him up and over the rail, and lets him down, then leaps to the ground, knocking down a fireman in her fall. The result to the fireman is not stated, but we fear that it must have been serious; the result to Amy is that she marries the Immaculate. We regret to say that he urges her to this step with the plea, "I am your Frankenstein. You have given me life"; but perhaps as a married woman she rescued sufficient time from her professional avocations to correct her husband's quotations before they appeared in his parliamentary speeches. "Amy's husband," we are told, "never forgot the cry that rang through the roaring flames surrounding him of 'With him or for him!'" Probably not; nor probably did his acquaintances ever allow him to forget it. As for the firemen, policemen, and other casual auditors, they must have felt that for once a bit of Adelphi melodrama had wandered into real life.

The astonishing youthfulness of this scene is a strong support to our theory (save that we can scarcely imagine a mature writer allowing it to pass as anything but a skit), but there are a good many touches in the book which remind us that the Maxwell Gray we know best possesses what the eighteenth century would have called "an agreeable rallying turn." Still, as we have seen, the funniest things in the book are those which to all appearance are not intended to be so.

Far more seriously than Maxwell Gray does the author of 'Doctor Victoria'[1] take his heroine. Like Esther Summerson in 'Bleak House,' she suffers from the consciousness of a stain on her birth; but with much less common-sense than that young lady, she determines that the knowledge renders it incumbent upon her never to marry. Fortunately her lover is easily consoled for her loss. He has loved two young ladies before her, and after a decent interval he reverts to one of them, who is, though unknown to him, Victoria's half-sister, while Victoria turns her thoughts to a philanthropic career. Brought up by a friendly doctor, who has a theory that boys and girls should be educated alike, since the same teaching will produce different types of mind, as the same food builds up different bodily forms, she begins her course as a nurse. Having come, seen, and conquered at St Tobias's Hospital, she decides to study medicine, much to the disgust of the highest authority at the hospital, whose two pet aversions are tall men (he is short himself) and women who do not keep in their place. He demonstrates forcibly to her guardian that while men perform their complicated mental processes by reasoning, women arrive at cer-

[1] Doctor Victoria. By the late Major-General Alexander, C.B.

tain simple conclusions by dint of intuition, and that consequently no dependence is to be placed on them as thinkers; but his unbelief does not deter her from going to study at Zurich. Her medical course is a highly successful one, but her experience goes to prove the truth of the dictum she advances on one occasion, "Even freedom has its price." It is because she is without family ties that she is able to devote herself to her profession, and she has paid for her success by her isolation. Victoria is the one specialist we have met with among the medical women of fiction. The sad plight of a blind child in whom she is interested leads her to direct her attention chiefly to diseases of the eye, and the thesis which she reads before taking her doctor's degree is on this subject. It commands universal attention, and her diploma is accompanied with the highest encomiums the examiners can bestow. Her first operation is performed on the child for whom she has worked, and is successful, and she returns to England as an oculist, obtaining an extensive practice in her own speciality. Her male *confrères* have no objection to meet her in consultation, and the hostility of outsiders is disarmed by her attachment to music and needlework, and the care she bestows on her looks and her dress.

Very different is the fate which befalls the unhappy heroine who gives her name to the novel called 'Dr Edith Romney.'[1] The book was originally named 'A Woman's Chance,' and in the opinion of the author that chance is evidently a poor one. "A sorrow's crown of sorrow," "Pelion piled on Ossa," "linked *misery* long drawn out," —all these metaphors fail to do justice to the misfortunes which overwhelm poor Edith, who is more distinctly a woman, and less the embodiment of a cause, than the three heroines we have been considering. Her mental development is traced for us from the days when she hated history and arithmetic and devoured story-books, and when her imagination ran riot in huge schemes of philanthropy, in all of which she took a prominent part in benefiting the human race. Her vague dreams are merged in a definite ambition by the sights which meet her eyes as she accompanies her father, a country doctor, on his rounds; and she throws herself into the studies she had disliked, in the hope of fitting herself for a medical career. Her father, who does not expect the notion to last, helps her to attain the special training needed, and at length, when he discovers she is in earnest, allows her, in spite of the vehement opposition of the rest of her family, to study in Paris. At the opening of the book we find her settled in a country town, where she has built up for herself an excellent practice, composed almost entirely, it must be confessed, of ladies who have been alienated from the male doctor of the place by his coarseness and lack of sympathy. Edith is the fashion, but it is a fashion that seems to rest on a secure foundation, and her satisfaction is without any alloy of fear for the future—a condition of mind which, in the opinion of the modern novelist no less than of King Amasis, is neither more nor less than a courting of misfortune.

The misfortune arrives quickly enough when the malevolent old doctor, whose patients have de-

[1] Dr Edith Romney. By Anne Elliot.

serted him for Edith, imports a young, handsome, and travelled man as a successor to himself. The old doctor despises women as a class, and hates clever women; the younger detests medical women in particular, but wholly on hearsay. Every man has a right to his opinions; but the man who translates them into action as Dr Fane does his, is badly in need of a sound kicking. We should be inclined to resent his portrait as a libel on the medical profession were it not for the reflection that some, at least, of the students who mobbed the ladies at Edinburgh in 1870 probably completed their course and embarked on an independent career without mending their ways. Not content with setting himself deliberately to win Edith's patients away from her, Fane speaks of her and her qualifications in the most slighting manner to every one he meets, in one case going so far as to throw away, with a contemptuous gesture, the medicine she has prescribed for a poor woman. The husband of the patient, whom Edith has rebuked for beating his wife, is delighted to be able to spread the rumour that the lady doctor has been slowly poisoning her. Fane's tactics are only too successful, and we are shown how Edith's practice gradually melts away. The hypochondriacal lady whom she has treated with robust common-sense finds Fane willing to humour her; the strong-minded schoolmistress, who has hitherto called in the lady doctor on principle, forsakes her in consequence of the fears of parents; and the Lady Bountiful who patronised her as the representative of one more deserving cause finds a double reason for transferring her patronage when she discovers that her son is attracted to Edith, and that there is a hope her daughter may attract Fane. Day after day the intimate enemies of the unfortunate Edith drop in to see her, and remark airily, "By the bye, of course you know that Mrs So-and-so has sent for Dr Fane?" with a cruelty exceeding, we hope, anything possible even in the most rural of country towns in real life. The fashion has changed, and there are only two decent or charitable people in the place, and one of these dies, thereby filling Edith's cup of woe to the utmost. In compliance with her friend's dying request, she continues to visit her children; but their father has become infected with the prevailing distrust, and calls in Fane, ostensibly for consultation, but when Fane refuses to meet the lady doctor, as a substitute for her. On leaving the house when this brutal dismissal has been announced to her, Edith meets her triumphant rival for the first time face to face, and the fact that her beauty arouses a certain amount of compunction in his breast is so far satisfactory.

We are bound to confess that Edith does not face her misfortunes with the spirit we had anticipated. She yields weakly to the ridiculous demand of the vulgar *nouveau riche*, who expects her to be content with lower fees because she is a woman, and she makes no attempt to take arms against her sea of troubles. Even if we grant that the peculiarly malignant instability of her patients is possible, we should have expected to see her comforting herself with the reflection that the next swing of the pendulum would bring them all back to her, and otherwise putting in practice the philosophy which is popularly supposed to be inculcated by the difficulties of a long and hard course of study.

But she gives way very quickly, and allows herself to be affected even by the discouraging hints of her old servant that her failure is a "judgment" for taking up unwomanly work, and the plaint of her clerical brother to the effect that while it is disgraceful to have a sister a doctor, an unsuccessful lady doctor is a lower depth still. Edith was born a little too late. A share in the struggles of the dauntless seven at Edinburgh, preparatory to her Parisian course, would have done her all the good in the world in the way of moral bracing.

While Edith is sinking into a state of deep depression, Fane finds that his evil doing is returning upon his own head. Although he is engaged to the Lady Bountiful's daughter, his mind is full of Edith, and he makes valiant but unfortunate attempts to repair the wrong he has done. Taking advantage of a mill accident by which he is overwhelmed with work, he requests her co-operation, only to realise afterwards that he has exposed her to fresh insult by his hasty appeal. Still, the intercourse involved by her reluctant assent he considers as so much clear gain, although it shows him more and more distinctly the results of his own despicable behaviour. At length Edith is hissed in public by a *claque* led by the wife-beater she had reproved, while Fane is honoured with particular applause, in return for which he ungratefully goes out and thrashes the ringleader. But even the sudden and, as it must have appeared, unaccountable conversion of her opponent to her cause fails to cheer Edith, and brain-fever sets in. The old doctor, stirred by a late remorse, installs himself as her medical attendant, and Fane, who would have preferred to take the post himself, is compelled to listen to a stinging review of his conduct from the lips of Edith's one remaining friend. No repentance on his part can prevent our feeling that this moral castigation is exceedingly well deserved. When Edith has recovered, after much harrowing remorse on Fane's part, and he has discovered that he is in love with her, he recollects the trifling fact that he is engaged to another lady. Edith has sufficient strength of mind, we are glad to say, to send him back to his duty; but their farewell is witnessed by the wife-beater, who has now good reason for hating both of them, and he reveals the truth to the unfortunate *fiancée*, intending to injure Fane by breaking off his rich marriage. The poor girl, who is as much too good for her faithless lover as is Edith, takes it upon herself, in the most delicate and self-sacrificing manner, to terminate the engagement without assigning a reason, and he finds himself free. On Edith's prospect of happiness we will not venture to pronounce an opinion, as we have no means of judging whether Fane's conversion was so thorough as to allow of her continuing to practise. Since even the old doctor's hostility was disarmed sufficiently to induce him to use his influence in obtaining her a hospital appointment, we may hope that her husband was equally liberal.

If such was not the case, it may have been because the will on the lady's part was wanting, for trials far less serious than those which beset poor Edith are enough to lead the heroine of 'Dr Hermione'[1] to renounce her pro-

[1] Dr Hermione. By the Author of 'Lady Bluebeard.'

fession. In this book, which has a pleasant idyllic background of English woods and mountains, and Nile palm-groves and temples, "every prospect pleases, and only man is" unsatisfactory. The story is concerned with the squabbles of two somewhat ill-tempered young ladies over the possession of a very unattractive, not to say worthless, youth, while a far superior gentleman stands meekly aside, and accepts with gratitude the hand of the unsuccessful competitor in the struggle. In real life, as we all know, it is customary for the friends of an engaged couple to fill the air with agonised inquiries of "*What* did she see in him?" and *vice versa;* but in fiction it is usual to make some attempt to supply the answer. So far as we can perceive, Tom has no good points beyond physical courage and the negative merit of being in a good temper when everything goes according to his liking; yet Hermione loses all interest in life for his sake, and finally follows him out to Egypt, where she shows her fitness for her duties by going into hysterics when she sees him wounded. We are given to understand that in studying medicine Hermione was actuated by the same high principle and the same passion for philanthropy that filled Edith Romney, yet she has allowed herself, before the story begins, to be persuaded to quit the work she was doing in London, in order to play at doctoring the people on her own estate; and we venture to suggest that her doleful case is attributable rather to propinquity and to the sudden emptiness of her life than to any more occult reason. She is absolutely ignorant of the world, we are told more than once, and especially of men. Yet even the average girl picks up a certain knowledge of both, if only from newspapers and novels; and that a woman of unusual capacity should pass through the whole of a medical course, and that in Paris, and work largely among the poor, both in London and in the country, and still remain in a state of blissful ignorance, seems to argue that she went about with her eyes shut. This may have enabled her to do her work "like a nun," as her guardian says; but it appears also to have acted prejudicially in preventing the development of common-sense. It is possible that an Arts course, pursued entirely in female company, might produce this claustral effect; but in a medical school the unavoidable intercourse with the male students, who are not as a rule, we think, so entirely cut after the same pattern as our author considers, should have kept man from being an absolutely unknown animal. However, since Hermione was what she was, Dr Jones had only himself and his own contradictory counsels to thank for her defection from the paths of science, which he had urged on her to quit before Tom appeared on the scene. How little she valued her own profession is shown by her allowing Tom to give up his for her sake, although it would seem to most people that to remain in the army was his only chance of becoming an endurable character. On the whole, we think, the medical profession did not sustain an irremediable loss by Hermione's desertion, but we are sorry for Hermione herself. "A proud fool," she may have been, as she herself says, and ready to imagine that she could live without love, but she scarcely deserved to be condemned to marry Tom.

Very different indeed from Hermione is the medical woman in-

troduced to us by an anonymous American author as 'Helen Brent, M.D.'[1] Helen is so far from being a bigoted advocate of Women's Rights as to incur the displeasure of her more advanced friends by her lukewarmness; but her views on the subject of her career would surprise a good many English husbands. "I think you have just as much right," she says to her lover, not at all in the sense in which Hermione would have used the words, "to ask me to give up my profession as I have to ask you to give up yours." The lover, after the manner of men, fails to see the logic of this. He is a successful lawyer, and knows that he would be obliged to leave his wife all day, and also to take flying journeys to distant towns at frequent intervals, but he expects her to find full occupation and interest in managing her house and in watching for him. That she should suggest that, in view of the sacrifice he demands from her, he should be prepared to give up his legal practice, and go into some humdrum business that would permit him to devote himself to his wife, is preposterous. Helen, on her part, is ready to promise to restrict herself to consultation work and the performance of operations (a generous offer that fills him with fresh horror), and to keep a careful eye on the household management, although she will not herself undertake the cooking; but Harold declines to try the experiment, and prophesies as he leaves her that she will never find it possible to reconcile the duties of marriage with her ambitions. After this it is only poetically just that his theory of marriage as a state in which all the duties are on the wife's side should be shown to be a failure in practice. The beautiful woman whom he marries and leaves to her own devices, while he follows his legal, municipal, and political pursuits, seeks consolation elsewhere, and Harold is brought to perceive that if the husband's time and thoughts are to be exclusively given to his own business, it may be as well for the wife to have some occupation of her own with which to fill up her solitary hours. The concession is not based on very lofty grounds, it must be confessed; but perhaps the "keep her out of mischief" theory is as much as Harold could be expected to indorse, since he fails altogether to appreciate Helen's motives either in adopting her career or in sticking to it.

Another American lady doctor, but of a very distinct type, appears in Mr George Knight's 'Winds of March.' Bab is an artist of extraordinary power, at least in catching likenesses, a marvellous musician, a captivating singer, and — quite casually and by the way — an M.D. of New York. She performs a grave operation at a moment's notice, so to speak, and neglects her instruments after it in a style that we are professionally informed is little better than criminal. It is of a piece with this versatility of talent that she alternately fascinates and shocks, allures and repels, a young man whom we must regretfully call one of the foulest-tongued lovers in literature. A clergyman, a university man, and presumably a gentleman, he uses language to Bab, on very slight provocation, which is equally inexcusable and unaccountable. The subject of the book is that old theme worked out by Kingsley in 'Hypatia'—the struggles of a

[1] Helen Brent, M.D.: A Social Study.

would-be ascetic torn two ways by the world and the spirit. Some of us may remember the days in which 'Hypatia' was gravely pronounced to be an immoral book: such a recollection makes us wonder what would have been the judgment of the critics of that epoch upon 'The Winds of March' and others of its class. It is an old axiom that in depicting character the novelist should allow his personages to reveal themselves, and not arrogate to himself the office of describing them; and it would be well if Mr Knight and his school would expand the advice to cover the treatment of subject—especially an unpleasant subject. If you feel called upon to write a novel with a purpose, this purpose involving matters not usually discussed in polite society, work it out by means of your characters if you will, but talk about it as little as possible. Otherwise, your intentions may be excellent, but your atmosphere will be nasty. And this, we are bound to say, is the case with this book, which, apart from the nauseousness of its tone, has many excellent scenes, among which we may name that of the collapse of the strike, and the stratagem by which the doctor obtains Magnus's release from the Franciscan monastery. Bab, we think, is hardly treated throughout. When she begins to practise medicine regularly for the benefit of the poor among whom she settles, she becomes blind, altogether by chance and unexpectedly, as it were, and we are left in doubt whether this is a piece of cruel sarcasm directed at her healing powers, or merely an indiscretion on the part of the author. But to allow a woman of some sense and experience to marry a man of Magnus's character, who had, moreover, been insane for some months, as it appears, is a libel on the female sex and the medical profession.

It is a curious fact, in an age which may yet see the name of a distinguished lady doctor inscribed on the bede-roll of our Indian empire beside those of Dr Boughton and Dr William Hamilton, that there is only one book, at least so far as our reading extends, which attempts to deal with the career of a medical woman in the East. In saying this, we do not forget that magnificent story, the 'Naulahka,' but here the reader is expressly informed that Mr Kipling's (or should it be Mr Balestier's?) heroine was prevented from studying medicine by the opposition of her parents, and obliged to content herself with a nurse's training—a fact which has not hindered some critics from asserting that the author of 'Peace with Honour'[1] has trespassed upon ground already occupied. There is something slightly reminiscent of the Macedon and Monmouth style of comparison here, and if, because Mr Kipling has stationed a trained nurse in India, it is to be unlawful to send a lady doctor into any part of the wide region vaguely termed "the East," we shall soon have a demand in literature as well as in politics for "effective occupation" before "spheres of influence" are recognised. Perhaps the objection is based upon the fact that Kate seems to have performed the duties of medical officer rather than of matron in the hospital at Rhatore, until she met with the singular and discouraging experience which terminated her connection with the place. The theory which Mr

[1] Peace with Honour. By Sydney C. Grier.

Kipling exemplifies in this incident, and which he has also developed in one of his short stories, is, put briefly, that natives will not repose full confidence in an unmarried woman. We have been unable to obtain any confirmation of the idea from the lady missionaries we have consulted, and although it is worked into a fine and most pathetic climax to the story, we fear that the balance of testimony is on the other side, and that the general feeling is rather that exemplified by the Ethiopian ladies of 'Peace with Honour,' namely, envy and astonishment at the superior happiness of the unmarried European woman.

The two last books on our list are curiously different in tone, but they are united by the conditions of their authorship, since in each of them, under the form of fiction, a medical woman gives her views on her own profession. The plot of 'Dr Janet, of Harley Street'[1] need not detain us, since, while sensational enough in itself, like that of 'Helen Brent,' its chief value is to provide occasions for the enunciation of the views of the heroine, with whose personality we are more particularly concerned. Dr Janet is a delightful person, although we must confess to a lingering regret that she wears the divided skirt. We have an old-fashioned preference, perhaps merely a prejudice, in favour of heroines in womanly apparel. Surely, too, this eccentricity of attire would have proved a barrier to Dr Janet's attaining the lofty position she occupies—as near the top of the tree, we suppose, as the lady doctor can hope to climb in the present generation. She is the senior physician of the Minerva Hospital for women, dean of the Medical School attached to it, and lecturer at various colleges, and besides all this, she has a large practice, which ranges from royalty to the poorest of the poor. Her chief characteristic physically is, we regret to say, a certain "stalwart shapelessness," and morally, a habit of telling unpleasant truths in a deep voice. Edith Romney and Hermione would have met with little favour from her, for she gives it as her opinion that good looks in a lady medical student are a mistake: they attract men, distract her own attention from her work, and alienate other women. Nevertheless, she is equally opposed to the mannish woman, and denounces in scathing terms the passion for short hair and stiff shirt-fronts which is apt to seize upon the girl who has just discovered that "life is earnest." Whether the subject be mercenary marriages or the ill effects of slum-life on the physique of the race, her utterances are always to the point and absolutely unrestrained by fear or favour. Phyllis, the little *protégée* whom she pitchforks into the medical profession almost against her will, is a study of quite a fresh type. The irregular character of her early education, which would have seemed to most people an insuperable bar to her undertaking the necessary studies, enables her to enter on her training with a free and original mind, and her almost excessive sensibility teaches her to look at everything from a personal rather than a scientific point of view, — two points in which the earliest lady doctors enjoyed an undoubted advantage over their more "machine-trained" successors of the present day. She is designed to illustrate Dr Janet's theory as to the benefits conferred

[1] Dr Janet, of Harley Street. By Arabella Kenealy.

by the employment of the distinctively feminine characteristics in medicine, and also in life; but it is acknowledged that these faculties are at a discount in examinations. The method by which poor pretty Phyllis, about whom centres a tragedy, is freed from her fiendish persecutor through Dr Janet's means, is highly ingenious. In Miss Kenealy's opinion, it is also highly moral in character, but this is a matter on which a very different view may be held.

The other book to which we have alluded describes the work of a medical student with a minuteness which has hitherto only been approached by Dr Conan Doyle. 'Mona Maclean'[1] enjoys the distinction of being the pet aversion in literature of the male medical student. In a debate which took place some time ago on the question of medical women, we understand that a reference to the book was met by a denunciation of it as "the hysterical work of a sentimental female," or words to that effect. The reason of this is obvious. The sight of women's names in honour-lists has become too familiar to call up the wrath it once evoked, and other lady doctors in fiction have enjoyed good looks and universal talents; but from the earliest days of the strife at Edinburgh, fine feelings, it will be remembered, have been the peculiar prerogative of the male student, and this inalienable possession has now been calmly appropriated by the encroaching sex. Mona is to the young medical woman of to-day what Tom Thurnall was to the young medical man forty years ago, not the portrait of an individual but of a type, embodying all the features in which each individual would wish to excel. She is not the typical medical student, by any means, but rather the *fine fleur* of modern girlhood, with its wide range of interests, its humanitarianism, its dabbling in many philosophies, its heroisms, and its touches of youthful cynicism. "The flow of one Spirit" is evident in all her life, whether she is acting as demonstrator in the dissecting-room, or raising the taste of the Borrowness servant-girls in matters of millinery. Ralph Dudley is scarcely worthy of her; but then he is a mere man, and not even a type. In common with the heroes of most of the books we have been considering, he is somewhat eclipsed by the radiance of the heroine, while in order to exhibit her virtues to the utmost, he is forced to display himself in a decidedly ungracious light. This is his misfortune, but it is punished as a fault, and we are satisfied that he deserves the punishment. He is, in fact, in the case of the male characters of an excellent little work which was at one time highly esteemed for reading aloud at mothers' meetings, and bore the title, 'Men as they are, and Women as they ought to be,' the invidiousness of which was loudly condemned by any fathers who were treated to a *résumé* of the contents at home.

The character of Mona marks, as clearly as does the Royal recognition of which we have already spoken, the close of the transition period. The medical woman has vindicated in the eyes of others her right to live; she has now to justify her existence in her own. There is time for these thoughts when the noise of the struggle has died down, and

[1] Mona Maclean, Medical Student. By Graham Travers. 13th edition, 1898.

the dust of conflict has cleared away, and Mona's path is very smooth compared with that trodden by the pioneers. She has to go to rural Borrowness to find the notion surviving that medical studies were a disgrace to a woman, for even her autocratic and delightful Anglo-Indian uncle accepts the lady doctor as a necessary evil, and does not scout her profession with the abhorrence still shown by some men, however tolerant in theory, when it invades the charmed circle of their own relations. We have seen it objected that Rachel Simpson's anxiety to conceal the fact of Mona's being a medical student is unnatural, and that she would in reality have been proud of it; but those who argue thus can scarcely be acquainted with the intense—one might almost say the religious—conservatism of the less advanced portion of the lower middle class in a country district. That the feeling has changed in most places we are well aware,—wide as is the difference between approving the despatch of lady doctors to India (the heathen being charitably supposed to be so badly off that nothing could make them much worse) and consulting a lady doctor for your own ailments, or welcoming her as one of your family—and the grand event of the present month will doubtless contribute to change it further.

In view of this change of sentiment, then, the perils before the medical woman are those attendant upon success. It is difficult, in piping times of peace, to live up to the level of the simple and warlike virtues of your ancestors; and there is a danger that, as the fashion of employing lady doctors spreads, the ranks may be recruited by the immature, the narrow-minded, or the merely business-like. It is against this danger that the whole of 'Mona Maclean' is a protest. Nothing is too good for the medical profession, and, provided that the right stamp of women can be found to enter upon it, there is no better career for them. Mona herself is somewhat unduly perfect, of course; but few people fail through aiming at too high an ideal. And an ideal the book does present—nay, more, an inspiration. It should be placed officially in the hands of every new student at that School of Medicine which Mona would scarcely recognise if she returned to it to-day, to teach her what her life may be made. Failing that, we would present a copy to any girl we knew who was entering on the study of medicine—not with an injunction to read it, for such a recommendation on the part of an old fogey is apt to have adverse consequences, but in the confidence that, once begun, the book itself would carry on its reader to the end, there to show her what is surely the ideal medical career—the joint exercise of their profession by a husband and wife.

"THE RING" AT COVENT GARDEN.

I.—THE MUSIC OF "THE RING."

I WAS permitted to print in 'Maga's' pages some reminiscences of Bayreuth in September last. Now that Bayreuth has come for a brief sojourn to London, and that its worshippers resident in this country are keeping high festival in honour of "the Ring," I am constrained to whisper more, yet other, impressions into the same sympathetic ear. That such later impressions should be different can surprise nobody, for the surroundings and the atmosphere are so infinitely contrasted.

There is no focussing of the morning upon the feast of the afternoon in London; there is no common life that welds a score of nationalities and a hundred temperaments into one. In penetrating London eastward to Covent Garden till the increasing darkness and the biting east wind of a June day chill every artistic sense and expectation, there is none of the charm that enhances the delightful pilgrimage from Bayreuth to the region of pine-trees where Wagner's temple stands alone. Then how can we, in the midst of a world throbbing with a variety of cares, duties, and occupations, detach ourselves sufficiently, on an afternoon in mid-season, to give up our whole souls and bodies to the complete enjoyment of Wagner's masterpiece? This was a difficulty which we foresaw, and which intimidated not a few. Yet those of us who faced it were, upon the whole, well rewarded for our pains, although, as I shall hope to prove in the concluding portion of this paper, the sins of omission on the part of the English syndicate were many and great. Still, it must be frankly admitted that against the deplorable stage-management (no insignificant feature in a Wagner opera, be it noted) two solid privileges may be set. In the first place, I never remember hearing the vocal score of "the Ring" so vocally performed as it was during the *first* cycle, which is the cycle of which I am writing.

Go where you will upon the Continent and you will see far better stage-accessories, you will be more comfortable, you will perhaps hear as good an orchestra; but you will never—at any rate you never have—come across so excellent a group of vocalists and musicians as those who have performed in the first "cycle" at Covent Garden. It is true, indeed, that Frau Sucher's *Brünnhilde* displayed a passion undreamed of in Madame Nordica's conception of the part; true, too, that Fräulein Güllbransen in the closing scene of the Walküre pierced every heart in the audience at Bayreuth with her own sorrow in a way that Marie Brema did not: but after all said and done, if to hear music as Wagner wrote it for the voice was the dream of any in the audience, they have heard that music now in its perfection.

In the second place, we have been privileged to see Mottl conduct and to hear his results. I plead guilty to no exaggeration when I say that he has galvanised the Covent Garden orchestra into a condition of existence little short of inspired. He has roused them as a valiant general can rouse his followers in battle, to go anywhere and to do anything. Let me hum-

bly hope that the spirit which he has breathed will not immediately vanish with him, but will hover over and inspire the Mancinellis and the Randeggers who may succeed him.

Of the de Reszké brothers I cannot say very much. Up to the present M. Jean has only appeared in Siegfried, displaying in that part a lack of "go" and a tendency to *banalité* of exposition which is new to him, and which suits him ill. Criticism there has been in plenty upon the surprising quantity of "cuts" that were in store for us in the first performance of 'Siegfried'; but these charges of "breach of faith" as between management and public need not concern us here. Still, we have a right, if permitting the text to be curtailed, to demand at least that the music shall not be mutilated, and that the story shall not be rendered unintelligible. Yet such as the de Reszkés gave us was of the best, vocally. I am not, and never shall be, carried away by M. Jean's conception of Siegfried as I was by Burgstaller's. The former sacrifices so much action to vocalisation that in the great forging-song one could almost, with closed eyes, fancy that one was listening to a singing lesson; whereas the latter, though vocally imperfect, burst in upon the scene so boyishly with his captive bear, bullies poor Mime with such evident delight, and finally forges his sword so carelessly and joyously, that the curtain falls before an audience rejuvenated by the contagion of the young hero's strength. There was something too polished, as I thought, in M. Edouard de Reszké's Wanderer. The voice here again was grand enough, but the manner was rather French. Those who know their Sagas will see where the character of "Der Wanderer" loses strength by such a conception; and Madame Saville (being of the same school of polite acting) missed something also in representing Gutrune.

I think I have now particularised enough to show to those who could not witness the performances what rare pleasures will attend them in the shape of new beauties in the music as expounded by the first-class vocalists included in the caste. Enough too has been said to make it worth while to note the entire change of front that has taken place since the day when it was a musical truism to say that to sing Wagner spelt ruin to the voice. It was sufficient for M. Jean de Reszké to take up the *rôle* of Walther in the Meistersinger, and then of Siegmund in the Walküre, for this truism to be questioned, until now we find all the greatest singers of Europe collected to sing Wagner in concert at Covent Garden.

Having spoken thus briefly of the musical side of our festival, I am bound in common honesty to express my views upon those remaining artistic features which go to make up a complete success. And if in so doing I should offend anybody, I am sorry in anticipation; but I write in the hope that some attention may be paid to shortcomings of the gravest kind—too little notice of which has been taken in the criticisms of the London press.

II.—THE "SETTING" OF "THE RING."

"*I give thee sixpence!—I will see thee damned first.*" In this spirit, it appears to some, the authorities have approached the task of "set-

ting" the Nibelungen Ring as it should be set, as Wagner required, and as Art demands. It is a matter of complete indifference to me who the authorities are; for to say that you cannot expect yearly tenants to "stage" so important a group of operas decently, is to trifle with the point and with the public. Yet such is the answer invariably given when the complaint is heard: *c'est la raison, mais ce n'est pas l'excuse.* I am perfectly aware that, in calling serious attention to the grave imperfections that abound on the Covent Garden stage in this connection, I am open to two horrible charges: first, of being in the minority—since a fine spirit of uncompromising adulation has overpowered the daily press, with the honourable exception of the 'Daily Chronicle.' Secondly, I shall be told that with so gorgeous a performance at my door, I am ungenerous in carping at a few trifling stage defects. To the latter charge my answer is a plain one — namely, that Wagner set almost as much store by the stage setting of his operas as he did by the words and the music. You have only got to go to Bayreuth to prove this: you have but to hear from the lips of his old colleagues the story of his minute examination of every detail of stage property, every item of scenic effect. I cannot help wondering what Wagner would have thought, had he been sitting in the front for these performances, at seeing the curtain, ugly enough in all conscience, rise upon a still uglier proscenium — representing scarlet-and-gold draperies in folds, whose incongruity with all the scenery that is rammed relentlessly up against it is a disgrace to the Royal Opera House every night of the season. This is the first of the eyesores to which I would respectfully direct the attention of the "yearly tenants," or the impoverished landlord. Let me further urge, in passing, that, although light and air are both indispensable to human existence, they are only requisite at the right time. To make my meaning clear to the syndicate: air is necessary in the auditorium at Covent Garden not so much during the intervals when the house is empty as during the performances when the house is full; but with light let me explain that the reverse is the case. We require light during the *entr'actes* as much as to see others as to be seen ourselves; but we have no possible use for those naked lamps which blaze upon us during the performance through the door leading into the stalls from the corridors right and left. I recommend, therefore, to those whom it may concern, a short study of efficient ventilation and convenient lighting. It is absurd to suggest that such elementary alterations as I have indicated could not be carried out even by yearly tenants; indeed I am more than inclined to suppose that the landlord himself would effect them, if properly approached.

Now for the scenery—the instrument which is to enchant our eyes even as the music and the story absorb our minds, until, leaving all our cares behind, we think ourselves transported into the fairy company of Rhineland. The opening scene of "Das Rheingold," disfigured of course by the scarlet-and-gold monster of a curtain, is a well-conceived piece of work. It is far less rocky than the Bayreuth setting, over which Alberich really did scramble and slip,—and that after all is the idea which Wagner's music and libretto were intended to convey; but it is severely tried

when we observe the avaricious dwarf, in his frantic greed to grasp the gold from the summit, noisily tramping up and down a board behind a rock—and finally hoisted to the heights in an *ascenseur!* Yet there must be something very attractive in this particular scenery, for I observed that the front wave remained upon the stage, stretching from one side to the other, during the whole performance. It was particularly appreciated by the Nibelungs in the bowels of the earth, who had never seen water before! But it had its drawback too, for it cut off from the sight of the audience every figure below the knee, so that not one foot was seen on the ground from start to finish of the Opera. I qualify the above statement in favour of an Oxford shoe and a dress trouser which was thrust out from the prompters' side at one moment, for no apparent reason.

Passing the second scene, which is excellent, we are supposed then to journey underground with Wotan to a subterranean cavern. At Bayreuth a mysterious effect of gloom and ever-increasing darkness is produced as the god descends, by dexterous treatment of gauzes and backgrounds, until the incessant sound of hammering brings us to Alberich's cave. At Covent Garden the important music of this descent is assisted by a strangely painted canvas, representing nothing very much, and far from steady as it hangs. At the right moment up goes the canvas, and the funniest scene is presented—we know it is underground by the darkness, but that same feature precludes us from ascertaining what are the two patches of light at the back of the stage. They are shaped and painted like sides of streaky bacon, and behind them a light fitfully flickers: some thought it was the sign of a celebrated eating-house. I cannot believe, though I can excuse them. In the last scene, where Freia is released from the giants on condition that they shall receive "as much gold as shall hide the heavenly maiden from our sight," a ludicrous effect was produced by the evident lack of plate in the establishment. There were, it is true, a few ewers and chalices strung on to the poles behind which this celestial damsel stood; but they hid her from nobody in the audience, whilst Fasolt appeared so disgusted at the scanty booty that he retired prematurely from the competition. And this was very disconcerting for Fafner, who should have felled Fasolt to the earth, but had to be contented with three chancy and rhythmical prods at a rock, both his eyes being riveted on the conductor! The close of this Opera was heralded by the independent falling of badly hung and very dirty-looking gauzes to represent mists, I believe; and after their dispersal we were privileged to gaze upon a substantial-looking bridge, gaudily painted in the French national colours (which would have delighted Wagner!), and which would have carried away a procession of elephants, but not an artistic audience who expected a rainbow.

"Die Walküre" was in every way a better and more worthy performance; yet here again there is a great deal for Covent Garden to learn from the little provincial theatre at Bayreuth. The first scene was exquisitely painted, and the fresh spring landscape in the background showed what care and attention can do when a management chooses. I only stop to inquire here why no gleam of

light was flashed upon the sword as Siegmund wrenched it from the tree? for what occurred in consequence was this: standing before a brown tree-trunk a brown figure stretched out a brown arm holding a brown something; and those who did not know the story could not tell what that thing was, and thus missed a great dramatic climax. In the second Act there seems to have been no reason for bringing Fricka slinking on from the wings instead of following Wagner's instructions and sending her down the ravine "in a car drawn by two rams." Perhaps rams are very expensive just now, but I would suggest that money could be found by using a few less clouds, that the audience might witness the fight between Hunding and Siegmund, which was totally eclipsed; and, by the bye, the profusion of clouds seems to have quite overcome the scene-shifters, who dropped the wrong set on one occasion and had to be reminded of their error through the soft medium of three loud whistles!

"Siegfried" has been the least worthy performance given, and this was due more, perhaps, to the irregularities of the de Reszké brothers than to the scenic treatment to which this part of my paper is more especially addressed. It is hard to understand why M. Jean de Reszké now wears a moustache and beard in his impersonation of Siegfried; it does not assist the imagination to conceive the splendid boy-hero of Wagner's drama, though the artist's conception of the part in other respects was magnificent, until the "operatic" incident in the love duet. But I would humbly submit, in passing, that Covent Garden should not add to the dangers that threaten Siegfried alike from man and beast. Let us, for instance, provide bulrushes with soft heads—bulrushes that do not drop on the ground with a noise like boots; for such a clatter accompanied the falling of the bulrush head as Siegfried cut it, that every one was thankful it did not fall on his foot. Passing to the third Act, it is only right to congratulate the authorities that the everlasting hills did not quite collapse when some person in the wings shut the rock behind Erda; they seemed tottering to their fall. Also let us thank them for showing us in Wotan's broken staff an electric spark, which, after a moment's coaxing, can burn and hiss for several seconds, filling the house with a delicious sulphuric perfume. Of the rocks bathed in fire, of the "*Flammen Meere*," and of the subsequent curtain of fire, so to speak, which divides the two scenes of Act III., I cannot write, because they were non-existent. True, the sky did faintly blush for a moment (no wonder), and from the stage a certain amount of steam proceeded, as from two asthma kettles, and a weird gauze was dropped with curious *flame-coloured growths painted on it*, but that was all we were afforded. This spectacle preceded a very pretty landscape in which Siegfried discovered Brünnhilde asleep, and then proceeded with her to sing the passionate love duet at the footlights, "recalling the delicious (operatic) blends of fifty years ago."

Finally, the 'Götterdämmerung': and if this opera was to proclaim the twilight of the gods, it certainly did proclaim the *débacle* of the Covent Garden stage arrangements. For, although the set scenes were all of them quite beautiful, careless arrangement and incessant bungling reduced the whole perfor-

mance to a farce. It is hardly worth while to go through the various defects seriatim—it would take too long. I will only note the rigid white canvas which fell at intervals (to represent mist), whose colour reminded one of a thick London fog; the back cloth in the first Act, on which were plainly sketched the inhabitants of Valhalla, who were to be a "transparency" in the last Act; the magnificent bronze shield hanging in the halls of the Gibichungen, which flapped in the breeze like a kite; the ridiculous muddle over the flight of the ravens; the horse who had been trained *not* to face the fire. Among many faults these glared the most; but in the last Act, as a crowning disaster, the roof of the great hall slowly descended several times on the crowd, and was at intervals raised again during the progress of the Act until the great catastrophe was intended: then, of course, the building was firm as a rock, and only after considerable persuasion could it be induced to sink noiselessly to earth.

I can only say that the performance ended in utter confusion, and that the disappointment of artists and audience was universal. For better or for worse, before this paper sees the light of publicity two more "cycles" are to be performed. Let me recommend in anticipation a little less parsimony and a good deal more rehearsal, to make the stage more worthy of the great works which grace it, and the artists less suspicious of co-operating with a London syndicate.

Ian Malcolm.

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE IN THE EAST.

SOME twenty years ago, in the military cemetery at Sialkot, there was laid to rest at the great age of ninety-two the body of one Alexander Gardner, formerly colonel of artillery in the army of the famous Maharaja Ranjit Singh. The veteran's death occasioned no tributes from a grateful country, for country, properly speaking, he had none; and his name has hitherto passed unrecorded save for brief mention by a few geographical and military experts. This fate, the justice of which we do not seek to impugn, is but the natural penalty attaching to the career of a soldier of fortune, who must needs "change his service as he would his shirt."

A strange and fitting parallel to the vicissitudes that marked the life of Colonel Gardner is found in the circumstances that have postponed till now the publication of this unique autobiography.[1] A synopsis of a portion of it published in his own lifetime fared so badly at the hands of its editor and native printers, that its only result was to throw discredit on the veracity of its author; another large and valuable portion of his notes perished with Sir Alexander Burnes at Kabul; while the editing of the memoirs, which Major Pearse has at last happily rescued from oblivion, was undertaken in succession by no fewer than three eminent authorities who died without completing their task. Few books would seem worthy of so romantic a history, but the life of Gardner is no ordinary book. "The story of Dugald Dalgetty," said Sir Henry Durand, "is nothing to this as it will be seen in the light of times to come," and the verdict is as true as the comparison suggested is inadequate. There is a wide gulf between the mercenary and the true soldier of fortune; and of the latter it would be difficult to find a truer type than the hero of this memoir, whose whole life was one of storm and stress, and who steered his way through an incredible maze of danger and intrigue with a stout heart and an unshaken nerve. Gardner pursued adventure as hotly as most men pursue wealth or fame, and before the record of his adventures the substance of most historical romances grows pale.

Born in 1785 by the shores of Lake Superior, Alex. Haughton Gardner was the son of a Scottish surgeon, whose father emigrated to Canada in the middle of last century. After the War of Independence, in which he took an active part, being on intimate terms with Washington and Lafayette, Dr Gardner settled in Mexico, and married the daughter of an Englishman named Haughton, whose wife was of Spanish descent, and whose father, an English officer, lost his life in African exploration. A more fitting pedigree than this one could hardly imagine; and it is small stretch of fancy to trace the results of his Scoto-Spanish descent in Gardner's career, with its strange blending of caution and adventure, of indomitable perseverance and courage, and wellnigh quixotic romance. Till he was twelve years

[1] Colonel Alexander Gardner: Soldier and Traveller. Edited by Major Hugh Pearse. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1898.

of age the boy was educated at home, his father teaching him classics, while from his mother he learned Spanish, French, and Italian. In the matter of religion the household was divided, the three sons being brought up as Unitarians, while the three daughters embraced the Roman Catholicism of their mother, a fact destined to have no little influence on the life of our hero, for at the Catholic seminary of St Xavier, the petty tyranny he was subjected to by teachers and schoolfellows fostered in him that spirit of sturdy self-reliance which in after-years supported him through a life of solitary and friendless adventure. One day, while waiting in the Principal's library to be flogged, the boy chanced on a book of adventure among the American Indians, and "snatched a fearful joy" that awakened in him the slumbering passion for romance. Gardner stole the book which the Jesuit father refused, and, in his own words, "from this early period of life the notion of being a traveller and adventurer, and of somehow and somewhere carving out a career for myself, was the maggot of my brain."

In 1807, for reasons not fully known, Gardner, now in his twenty-second year, proceeded to Ireland, where, in addition to the brogue, his proficiency in which subsequently gained him unjustly the reputation of being a deserter from the British army, he acquired during the next five years a considerable knowledge of naval and military matters. Next we hear of him in Spain, where he had gone to realise his mother's property. He now decided to join one of his brothers, an engineer at Astrakhan in the employ of the Russian Government, and early in 1813 set out for Cairo in company with an accomplished Jesuit, from whom he acquired a knowledge of Persian and Turkish that was to stand him in good stead during the years to come. At Astrakhan he spent some years studying mineralogy, with a view to entering the Russian service; but his brother's death in 1817, and the cupidity of the Russians, who seized his brother's effects, finally determined his career. A daring Frenchman whom he met at Cairo had declared his intention of making his way to the Punjab to enter the service of Ranjit Singh, and Gardner now resolved to join him by forcing his way through Persia and Afghanistan. His plans, however, were upset by an illness that overtook him at Herat, and twelve years of ceaseless adventure in Central Asia were destined to intervene before he entered into the service of the great Sikh ruler at Lahore.

Leaving Herat with a caravan of some hundred persons, Gardner crossed the Western Hindu Kush and entered the unfrequented land of the Hazaras. The sturdy hillsmen proved friendly; but their code of hospitality had its curious side, a company of travellers being held lawful spoil until it reached the sacred precincts of a mosque. They prayed devoutly before setting out to rob and kill, this "grace before meat" being accounted complete absolution for what bloodshed might follow. Escorted in safety by one mullah or fakir after another, Gardner, disguised as an Arabian, and passing under the name of Arb Shah, pushed northwards to Merv, after which he joined a larger caravan bound for Khiva. When within a few days of his destination, he again fell dangerously ill, and, to make matters worse, the party was at-

tacked and robbed by a band of 400 Turkoman marauders. The rumour went forth that Gardner was a Russian spy, and the Khan of Khiva sent a deputation to investigate the charge, whereupon a curious interview took place, Urd Khan, the kindly leader of the caravan, hovering round the invalid's couch all the time of the inquiry, priming him with incessant gruels :—

"I told them the truth—that I was an American. They were suspicious. One of them, a very enlightened man, thought to pose me by a conclusive and abstruse geographical question, 'Could I go by land from America to England?' I promptly answered, 'No!' at which, as much delighted at his own superior learning as at my reply, he declared that he was convineed. Americans they considered 'Yagistanis' or Independents."

Gardner had relied on receiving substantial help at Khiva from a former companion named Sturzky, who had left him to go to Khokand, where he believed that ample riches awaited him. The unfortunate German, however, was in even worse plight than Gardner himself :—

"I wrote to Khokand to M. Sturzky, who wrote me in reply a doleful account of himself. The Khiva people had stripped him of everything, and but for the intercession of a holy travelling *khoja* of great sanctity, he would have been murdered. He subsequently managed to join me on my way to Astrakhan, after many adventures. He was half-naked, thin, hungry, and ill, but still in good spirits. The hapless man had bought his escape from Khiva at the price of circumcision in a public ceremonial by the fanatical *khoja*, who deemed the wrath of Heaven inevitable had he omitted to avail himself of this happy opportunity of securing the conversion of an infidel."

Accordingly this journey resulted in nothing for our traveller, and he retraced his steps to Astrakhan, where he lived for a year or two on the property refunded him by the Russian Government. But in 1823 the travel-hunger seized him anew, and he embarked once more on the Caspian, thence crossing the steppes to the Aral Sea.

Barely escaping shipwreck, Gardner made for Ura-tube, where he was joined by a mysterious traveller calling himself Aga Beg, and professing to be a Pole, but whom Gardner believed to be an escaped Siberian convict. The two Europeans whom chance thus strangely brought together had not long to wait for an adventure. Falling in with a camp of nomadic marauders, they were robbed of all their horses and camels, and nothing remained for them but to swear on their drawn swords to recover their property or die. Escaping from the camp at midnight, they lurked for two days in perilous concealment, and at last succeeded in surprising their enemies and carrying off twelve horses and ample booty. As the modest Gardner admits, "it was a daring deed," for the country swarmed with robbers. For several months they fought their way, now with diplomacy and now with their swords ; but realising at last the impossibility of reaching Samarkand, they resolved to strike southwards through a dangerous mountain country for Kabul, there to place their swords at the disposal of Dost Muhammad Khan, who was at that time warring with his kindred for the throne of Afghanistan, his most dangerous rival being his nephew, Habib-ulla Khan, who held a strong position in the north of Afghanistan. It was to the camp of this latter prince that fate directed the steps

of Gardner, and the story of their meeting is an admirable example of his wonderful resourcefulness and tact.

"At last (says the traveller) we came upon an outpost of the Kohistan region of the Kabul country, and were stopped by a mounted guard. We demanded the name of the ruler. The guard declared it to be the great Amir Habib-ulla Khan, of Kabul, Kashmir, and Peshawar. We desired to be brought before him. The guard refused, and demanded the usual custom dues. We persisted, and seeing a threatening of an attack, disarmed two of them, but the third escaped and flew for aid. The crisis was now approaching.

"In about an hour we heard the trampling and rushing sound of still distant cavalry, and presently the famous but unfortunate outlawed chieftain, splendidly mounted and at the head of fifty picked horsemen, dashed at us. We could see them coming on like a desert-storm for a mile, and I had barely time to order my followers to mount and to place myself at their head, when the cavalcade was upon us. I received them with a respectful military salute. Habib-ulla Khan was enraged at the insult we had offered to his outpost, but amused, I could see, at the attitude of our small band. The moment was come for parley; I ordered my men to sheath their swords, returned my own to its scabbard, and demanded an audience. By this time we were completely surrounded by the chief's party, and I knew that we were in their power, and that nothing but audacity and tact could save us. I enjoined silence, under pain of death, on my men, and then explained myself frankly to the chief.

"I told him I was of the New World (he had never before heard of it) and a Christian, and he declared the secret should be inviolable. His first irritation over, it pleased rather than displeased his fine nature that we had refused to comply with the demands of the outpost, and had preferred to fling ourselves on his protection. The affair ended by the generous chief sending then and there a distance of three miles for a sumptuous repast and Kabul vintages wherewith to recruit our famished frames."

The connection thus formed was fated to end in awful tragedy, but the two and a half years for which it lasted were the happiest in Gardner's life. The days were spent in constant raids and forays within the enemy's borders, and to the congenial excitement of such a life was added the satisfaction of serving under a chief for whom he seems to have had no ordinary affection and respect. Gardner invariably refers to this noble Afghan prince in terms of the highest eulogy, and his picture of the man stands out in brilliant relief among the many dark and sinister Eastern faces that throng his pages:—

"He headed us in every struggle, and was the champion of every fight. He seemed ubiquitous in action, and his shout in the charge struck terror into the hearts of our enemies, and seemed to lend double courage and vigour to his followers. There was hardly one of us who was not at one time or other indebted to him for life, and not one who was not ready to repay the debt."

Shortly after his entering the service of this Rupert of the East, news arrived that one of the ladies of Dost Muhammad's harem, to whom the gods had been unkind, had set out with a retinue on a pilgrimage to certain noted shrines, and by a ruse Gardner succeeded in carrying off the lady and her attendants. The princess was honourably treated, and in due time ransomed—the chivalry of Habib-ulla contrasting nobly with the dastardly treatment his mother and sisters had suffered at the hands of Dost Muhammad, the young prince in his pride and grief having slain

them with his own hand to avenge their honour. Gardner, refusing the gold that was offered him for this capture, asked as his reward the hand of one of the princess's maidens in marriage, and then followed a period all too brief of domestic happiness. In 1826, Dost Muhammad, aided by the fanatical mullahs whom he had liberally bribed, made a supreme attempt to crush his rival, and the victory which he obtained by virtue of overwhelming numbers was followed by the usual banquet of horrors attending Afghan warfare. When Gardner, wounded and with only a remnant of his men, fought his way back to the hill fort, he found the mangled bodies of his wife and child, the former still clenching in her hand the dagger with which she had stabbed herself to the heart. For Habib-ulla Khan an awful duty remained. With his own hands he slew all his wives and female slaves. Thus for a second time this brave and chivalrous prince had to turn his sword against his own, and not long after died on his way to Mecca, with a mind unhinged by the horrors of which he had been made so plentifully to sup. Of Gardner it is related that long afterwards, when more peaceful days had dawned, the old soldier was unable without tears to revert to the story of his Afghan wife and child.

Gardner and seven tribesmen were unable to follow their chief on account of their wounds, a circumstance to which they owed their lives, and henceforth the little band of eight had no alternative but to thread their way through a hostile country, living by what plunder they could seize. Now they passed as slave-dealers, again as Turkoman robbers, glad sometimes to feast on carrion, and counting as the most precious of all their booty a lump of salt, already rounded by the lickings of its former owners. Intending to make for the shrine of Hazrat Imam on the south bank of the Oxus, Gardner found temporary shelter with a priest of the Nimchu Kafirs, descendants of Kafirs and Mohammedans. Here the travellers met with the greatest hospitality, the old priest presenting Gardner with a copy of the Koran, which proved invaluable later on as a safe depository for his notes. Disregarding such handsome inducements as the offer of a command of 20,000 Kafirs and the security of his eternal felicity by having his remains placed, when the time should come, on the highest peak of the Hindu Kush, Gardner proceeded on his way; but had only travelled for a few days when he was attacked by a company of fifty well-armed Kunduz robbers, and his party, now numbering thirteen, was reduced to seven.

"I myself," says Gardner, "received two wounds, one a bad one in the groin from an Afghan knife, and the other a stab from a dirk in the chest. . . . We made our way through the pass as quickly as we could in the midst of heavy rain, hail, and lightning, while the roll of the thunder seemed to make the very rocks around us and the ground beneath us to vibrate most sensibly. What with my two former wounds still raw, and my two fresh ones (one of which was bleeding freely), I was soon so weak as nearly to faint in my saddle; while my Therbah was in nearly as bad a condition. We, however, kept up our spirits, and congratulated ourselves that not one of our party had been taken alive or doomed by capture to hopeless slavery.

"Thus we proceeded through the whole dark night, the vivid and repeated flashes of lightning alone showing us the way over most difficult ground. About daybreak we arrived at the

eastern mouth of the pass, and having cleared it, we left the road and made for the shelter of a secluded glen, where we halted. The rain had now nearly ceased, and we proceeded to collect forage for our jaded horses. We were so utterly wearied that we did not care for food for ourselves, though we had two days' rations of mulberry-bread with us, which had been given us by the holy *pir*. We accordingly lay down in our dripping clothes, indifferent whether we might be traced and again attacked by our last night's enemies. I did not even take the precaution to apply any dressing to my wounds, merely satisfying myself that the bleeding had ceased.

"Notwithstanding a drizzling rain which shortly came on, and the keen cutting blast from the hills, we slept nearly the whole day. Whilst I slept my Therbah sat watchful by my side, and no expostulation of mine could induce him to lie down and take rest. Though he spoke in high terms of praise of the bravery of our comrades, and particularly of our volunteer, who had been killed beside him, he never made any reference to his own exploits, and considered it as an insult for any one to allude in his presence to his acts, or draw attention to his wounds.

"I may here be permitted to say that, from long association with these rude people, I have in a measure contracted some of their habits and peculiarities—this among others; and though bearing on my body the tokens of my younger and wilder days in the shape of thirteen or fourteen wounds, nothing annoys me more than to be asked how I got this and where I received that. If such a question had been asked me in Turkestan, I should certainly have knocked the man down who questioned me. And I may here say, once for all, that in all the occurrences of my past, misspent life, I was invariably actuated in my inward soul by feelings at once honest and upright, at least so far as my poor senses allow me to judge between right and wrong."

Realising the impossibility of reaching Hazrat Imam, the remnant set out eastwards through Badakshan, then a happy hunting-ground of slave-traders. Sanctity and slave-dealing were here synonymous, the shrines being the usual marts where a female slave could be exchanged for three ponies and seven red-eyed cats. Gardner's life at this time was wretched in the extreme—leading his horses through wellnigh impenetrable passes, and camping by night in any cave that could shelter him from the biting winds. At last he crossed the Oxus by a raft made of blocks of ice bound together by straw ropes and covered with grass, and so reached Shighnan, where "the good old *bai* [chief], though of the blood royal, did not disdain to sit up half the night with us, squatted on the ground in true patriarchal style, armed to the teeth with sword, dagger, and buckler." Of this old chief Gardner gives a very entertaining account, especially with reference to his domestic affairs,—and, be it said, our soldier of fortune had ever a true Spanish appreciation for the beauties of Kafiristan. The first four of the *bai's* wives bore the significant titles of the Original, the Beauty, the Handmaid, and the Pet; and one morning our privileged traveller surprised the venerable chieftain being vigorously belaboured with a slipper by the Original and the Pet for an imaginary breach of fidelity. That there may have been some grounds for the charge is evident from the fact that Gardner was soon afterwards invited to attend a wedding of the *bai's* which had a sanguinary ending. The intended bride eloped, and, together with her mother and eleven attendants, was pursued and slain by her father; while the defrauded bridegroom of sixty-five was consoled before morning with another bride of

fifteen. Passing northwards, Gardner wintered with a hospitable robber chief, and while here he was witness of another strange matrimonial tragedy :—

"A fair young damsel, daughter of the Kirghiz *bai*, had been betrothed and sold for various considerable sums to a number of different suitors. It was settled now by the elders and priests that all the young suitors had an equal right to her, that the lady should ride with a slung bow, and that whoever caught her should be the lucky swain. Accordingly she appeared : a lovely girl, with a heron's plume stuck in her high fur cap gracefully waving over her fair forehead ; a red leather girdle round her waist ; and a small light bow slung over her arm. She also held a few arrows. She then chose a fleet horse and started off at full speed, hotly pursued by her suitors. The excitement of the chase was vivid. She was long seen waving the bow over her head in the distance, until a turn of the plain round a mountain spur hid the headlong party from our sight. Had she escaped and returned to camp in possession of the bow, she would have been considered as freed from all engagements ; but it was not to be so. After a long chase the young lady returned, flushed and tired, without her bow, and somewhat abashed. Shortly afterwards we saw the triumphant suitor describing a figure of eight on horseback on the very spot whence the lady came again into our range of vision, and brandishing the fateful bow aloft. Then the elders and priests arose, and with pipe and tambour played the conquering hero into camp. Before an hour had elapsed the nuptial knot had been tied. The bride now for the first time loosed her virgin tresses, which were formerly plaited over her neck ; and then the wedding banquet commenced."

On the following day the robber chief who was Gardner's host returned from a raid against some of his rebellious subjects, and among his prisoners, to Gardner's grief, was the heroine of the preceding story, who was brought into camp strapped to the robber's back. In vain Gardner begged for her release, the chief protesting that as he had that day slain her husband and all her family, he was now bound to become her protector. "Nothing reconciled the girl to her fate. She stabbed herself to death before the Shah two days later, with a dagger which she had evidently concealed for the purpose."

Travelling north in the spring of 1827 with a view to striking the main caravan route between Samarkand and Yarkand, Gardner then turned eastwards by the Alai valley, the reputed original Garden of Eden, encountering some wild and unknown tribes, one of which lived like wild beasts in holes and caves, and subsisted on raw flesh. Finally joining a small caravan, Gardner crossed through the desert of Kashgar and turned south to Yarkand, thence journeying in the disguise of a pilgrim to Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, which had newly been devastated by earthquake and pestilence. Here he heard that his old chief, Prince Habib-ulla Khan, was now in the ascendant in Afghanistan, and boldly resolved to rejoin him. This is perhaps the most daring feat of Gardner's wonderful career, and it is of singular importance as illustrating the strategical importance of Chitral. From Srinagar he "traversed the Gilgit valley from the Indus to the Snowy Mountains, and finally crossed over into Chitral." Gardner's views of Chitral were prophetic, if futile :—

"It is said that when Amir Dost Muhammad Khan was invading Kunduz and Badakshan in 1850, the large body of troops which had been sent from Kabul *viâ* the Khawak Pass [the route followed by Gardner

himself] had met with but slight success. There appeared no prospect of thus reducing these distant regions to subjection until a body of from 2000 to 3000 irregular cavalry, with four or six guns, I know not which, were sent up from Jalalabad by the Chitral caravan-route, and, crossing the Baroghil Pass into Wakhan, swept to the westward *vid* Kala-i-Panj and Ishkashem, meeting no resistance until they arrived at Jerm.

"The chief of Badakshan, seeing himself thus unexpectedly attacked both in front and rear, went with the leading inhabitants of his province and tendered his full submission to the Afghan ruler.

"This body of troops then continued its march, and in a similar manner compelled the surrender of the chief of Kunduz, who had previously made a noble and successful defence against the Kabul army.

"May it not be suggested that what happened on the above occasion may be repeated in the reverse way, and that Afghanistan may fall to Russia if attacked in like manner; that is, that while one army was knocking at the time-honoured gate of Bamian, another might steal its way down the Chitral valley, and suddenly dash on the astounded and probably weak garrison of Jalalabad."

From Chitral, Gardner, accompanied by a priest, entered Kafiristan for the second time, and proceeded to Kabul, on nearing which he found that his extraordinary journey was in vain, and that his enemy, Dost Muhammad, reigned supreme. Nothing daunted, the intrepid traveller made for Kandahar, near which he was made a prisoner, and kept for nine months under ground. It is a singular proof of the commanding personality of Gardner that during all this time a band of Khaibari robbers that had joined him on the journey remained faithful to him in his imprisonment, and eventually procured his release. Once free, he lost no time in robbing a caravan, and then rode fearlessly to Kabul to confess his crime and offer his services to his enemy, Dost Muhammad Khan. The Amir did not fail to appreciate the boldness of the action, and, though refusing Gardner's services, he inflicted no penalty, and gave him a safe conduct to Bajour. Accordingly, in 1831 Gardner left Kabul and made his way in safety through a dangerous country to Bajour, where he was well received, and took part in some inter-tribal fighting. Here also he enjoyed a brief leisure, which he occupied in writing up the records of his travels from the notes concealed in the tattered Koran which hung from his neck. In the same year Gardner became chief of artillery under Muhammad Khan at Peshawar, brother and enemy of Dost Muhammad; and in 1832 his travels came to an end when he was summoned to Lahore to enter the service of Maharaja Ranjit Singh.

By the year 1818 Ranjit Singh, who in 1791 had succeeded, at the age of eleven, to the chieftainship of one of the least important of the twelve Sikh confederacies, dominated the whole of the Panjab, and then set about equipping an army fit to cope with both the British and the Afghan forces. A man of no education, unprepossessing in appearance, and of low moral character, he was, in spite of his superstition and debauchery, an able administrator, and had a magnetic personality that stamped him as a born ruler and a king of men. In 1809, Lord Metcalfe, then a young political officer at Amritsar, was treacherously attacked by a body of fanatical tribesmen; and the successful resistance offered by his small but well-trained native escort convinced the clear-sighted Maharaja of the value of Euro-

pean methods of discipline and drill. From that time the Panjab army became the centre of attraction for all the knights-errant of Europe, and in the remarkable list of officers which Major Pearse enumerates we find the names of four Italians, thirteen French, eleven British, and two Americans, — Russia, strangely enough, apparently having no representative in this cosmopolitan assembly. Of these, many had careers hardly less strange than Gardner's own; and it is especially curious to note how the battle of Waterloo, by a strange historical freak, was the means of supplying the great Panjab ruler with some of his most distinguished auxiliaries. General Avitabile, a Neapolitan peasant, was a lieutenant under Murat, and for six years was a colonel in the Persian army before entering the service of Ranjit Singh. His ruthless government of Peshawar gained for him from Sir Henry Lawrence the description of being "a savage among savage men"; but Havelock, who visited him in 1839, found him a most affable ruler, living in princely state, with no fewer than eight cooks to minister to his palate. In 1845 the East India Company presented Avitabile with a sword of honour for his indirect help to the British during the Sikh war, and soon afterwards he retired with a fortune of £50,000, to die of gout in his beloved Naples. General Ventura, also an Italian by birth, and a colonel in the French army, after making an ample fortune in the Panjab, ultimately succumbed to the gaieties of Paris. Jean François Allard, one of the most amiable of Ranjit's officers, followed his friend Ventura to India, and succeeded in making an income of £3000 per annum. Like Ventura and Avitabile, he was honoured by Louis Philippe by being made a general in the French army, and gaining the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Even more notable than any of these, however, was Dr Josiah Harlan, a native of Philadelphia, who started life as a supercargo. When the celebrated Dr Wolff visited the town of Gujrat, he was surprised to hear some one in the Governor's palace singing "Yankee Doodle" with a fine American snuffle:—

"'It was his Excellency the Governor himself. He was a fine tall gentleman, dressed in European clothing, and with an Indian hookah in his mouth.' Wolff asked how he came to know 'Yankee Doodle.' He answered, in nasal tones, 'I am a free citizen of the United States, from the State of Pennsylvania, city of Philadelphia. I am the son of a Quaker. My name is Josiah Harlan.'"

In the course of an extraordinary career he became an assistant-surgeon with the British army in Burmah, and subsequently made a bold attempt to seize the throne of Afghanistan. He actually succeeded in capturing an Afghan fort, but fell an easy victim to Ranjit Singh, who told him, "If you behave well, I will increase your salary; if not, I will cut off your nose." To the credit of the American be it said, he eventually returned to Philadelphia with his honour untarnished and his nose unimpaired. It is not, however, so much his wonderful adventures as a secret agent and ruler in Afghanistan that we admire, as the fine patriotic fervour that stamps him the pioneer of Yellow Journalism.

"I surmounted the Indian Caucasus," he wrote, "and there upon the mountain heights unfurled my country's banner to the breeze under a

salute of twenty-six guns. On the highest pass of the frosty Caucasus, that of Kharzar, 12,500 feet above the sea, the star-spangled banner gracefully waved amid the icy peaks and soilless, rugged rocks of a sterile region, seemingly sacred to the solitude of an undisturbed eternity."

And again, when a native prince had abdicated in his favour, he declared that he "looked upon kingdoms and principalities as of frivolous import when weighed in the balance of the more honourable and estimable title of American citizen." "The general," says Major Pearse, "was in fact a poet as well as a doctor and a soldier"; and we cannot but think that even had he been none of these things, he would have won a conspicuous place in the lurid annals of his country's press.

Gardner's first appearance in this scene of bloodshed and faction was highly characteristic of the man, resembling with a curious exactness the manner of his introduction to Habib-ulla Khan and his bearding of Dost Muhammad in Kabul. While awaiting an audience with Ranjit Singh—

"a certain Nand Singh, an officer of the Maharaja's cavalry, rode his horse intentionally against me and endeavoured to jostle me into the ditch, which was deep, and filled with running water. I touched the rein of my good steed, gave him half a turn, pressed him with my sword-hand the veriest trifle on the loins, and in an instant Nand Singh and his horse were rolling on the ground. I calmly expressed the hope that the fallen man was not hurt, and was treated with much civility during the remaining time that I was kept waiting."

The favourable impression made by his cool and dauntless bearing was confirmed by a stroke of luck. The Maharaja had an unbounded belief in the omniscience of his European officers, and required of Gardner, who now after many years resumed his proper name and character, a practical demonstration of his skill with two cannon that had been presented to him by Lord William Bentinck, Governor-General of India. Thanks to some printed instructions which he found among a bundle of fuses, Gardner succeeded to a marvel, and was at once appointed chief Colonel of Artillery in the Sikh army. There is another very amusing instance recorded by Gardner of the limitations of the astute Maharaja. Having heard of steam-boats, he ordered General Ventura to make him one without delay; and as refusal was out of the question, the Italian, with Gardner's co-operation, manufactured a wonderful two-decked barge, with paddle-wheels worked by hand. The absence of sails and oars made it clear to Ranjit Singh that he at length had a veritable steamer, and when the exhausted wheel-turners succeeded in propelling the strange craft some ten yards up the Ravi, his delight knew no bounds. Filling the cabins with nautch-girls, he held a river-carnival to celebrate the foundation of his fleet, and rewarded the ingenious boat-builders with more than sixty thousand rupees.

The last six years of Ranjit Singh's reign were occupied in constant warring with the Afghans, and in all the actions Gardner had a share. Finally, after an uneventful though far from bloodless campaign, Dost Muhammad was forced to beat a night retreat through the Khaibar Pass, leaving Peshawar in the hands of the Sikhs. On the Maharaja's death in 1839, there was no one capable of maintaining the kingdom which his commanding abil-

ities had built up, and henceforth the Panjab entered on a period of anarchy and disintegration. The events that led to the first Sikh war are matter of history, and we are here concerned only with Gardner's share in the complicated drama. From the first he took his stand with the Dogra brothers, one of whom, Dhyan Singh, had been the late Maharaja's chief Minister, and was now plotting on behalf of his own son against Ranjit Singh's weak-minded son and successor. Tragedy and murder began to follow with startling rapidity. Before many months the new ruler was poisoned, and his unnatural son, who connived at the deed, perished on the ensuing day beneath a falling archway. In January 1842 occurred the British massacre at Kabul, by a son of Dost Muhammad, when of fifteen thousand men, but one exhausted and wounded officer reached Jelalabad in safety. It was at this time that Gardner first met Henry Lawrence, when the latter, disguised as a Pathan, entered the camp of Gulab Singh, another of the Dogra brothers.

"It was amusing," writes Gardner, "to listen to the verbal fence of the two when I was admitted into the audience-tent. Lawrence had got some valuable news from down country, and he was well aware that Gulab Singh's direct news from Kabul would be of the greatest interest to the British. He jocularly offered to swap news. Gulab Singh laughed and agreed. 'Give and take,' said he; 'let it be fair barter: you tell the truth, and so will I.'"

And it was then that Lawrence heard the first news of the awful calamity that had befallen his countrymen.

The ambition of Gulab and Dhyan Singh, the Dogra brothers, with whom Gardner was henceforth identified, was the pivot round which revolved most of the tragedies that ensued. In many of them Gardner perforce took an active part, of some of them he was but an impassive witness; but he is the graphic historian of them all. "See what will become of you in twenty-four hours," said one of his rivals to Dhyan Singh, and the imperturbable Minister smilingly answered: "Your humble servant, sir; we *shall* see." That same evening Dhyan Singh, accompanied by Gardner, proceeded to the palace of the imbecile Maharaja, and despatched his rival, Chet Singh, as Rizzio was slain of old:—

"It was near midnight when we entered the palace, and no sooner had we left the gate through which we had been admitted than a voice accosted us, 'Who is it?' Dhyan Singh replied, 'The Maharaja goes to-morrow to bathe at Amritsar, and we are to make the necessary preparations.' This was the concerted answer. We reached another and inner gate, which noiselessly opened on a whispered order from Dhyan Singh. Without uttering a whisper, we stealthily crept our way in the dark up a flight of stairs, over a place called the Badshah-i-Takht, and thence to the immediate vicinity of the royal apartment. Here Gulab Singh and Dhyan Singh held a whispered consultation, the purport of which I could not catch. At this moment a man started up, and seeing us, called out and tried to run off. Suchet Singh shot him dead, and was himself instantly almost knocked down by a tremendous cuff on the ear dealt him by his brother, Gulab Singh, who cursed him under his breath for his imprudence. On looking over a parapet we saw two companies of the Maharaja's guard. Dhyan Singh quickly went down the staircase to the place where they were stationed, and was accosted by the subadar in command, who said, 'Why did you fire?' I had followed Dhyan Singh, and stood immediately

behind him. He simply showed his right hand (on which he had two thumbs) and put his finger to his lips. On seeing the well-known peculiarity the subadar whispered, 'Lie down,' and the whole of the two companies noiselessly lay down at full length and pretended sleep. The subadar then pointed with a mute gesture to the room of the doomed man, the door of which had been left ajar. There was a light in the room. Dhyan Singh approached and entered it, followed by the whole party. Lo! there sat Maharaja Kharrak Singh on his bed washing his teeth. The adjoining bed, which belonged to Chet Singh, was empty. When asked where his Minister was, Kharrak Singh simply replied that he had gone out on hearing a shot fired.

"Perceiving a fierce sort of half smile light up the faces of the Dogra brothers, he begged that Chet Singh's life might be spared, and would have proved very restive had not his own son and some four or five Sikhs held him down while we proceeded in search of the fugitive. Two torches had to be lit, and on entering the room where we expected to find the Minister it appeared to be empty: it was very long and narrow. Lal Singh, however, called out that he saw the glitter of a sword in one corner, and there cowered the wretched man, his hand upon his sword. We were armed only with daggers. The eyes of Dhyan Singh seemed to shoot fire as his gaze alighted and fixed itself on his deadly foe. Gulab Singh was for interposing to do the deed of blood himself, fearing for his brother (who was a short man) in the desperate defence he counted on, but Dhyan Singh roughly shook him off, and, dagger in hand, slowly advancing toward his enemy, said, 'The twenty-four hours you were courteous enough to mention to me have not yet elapsed.' Then with the spring of a tiger the successful counter-plotter dashed at his enemy and plunged his dagger into his heart, crying out, 'Take this in memory of Ranjit Singh.' Dhyan Singh then turned round to his party, his face radiant with gratified purpose, and courteously thanked us for our aid."

Besides his share in scenes like these, which from their very frequency he seems to have regarded, if not with approval, at least with a sublime indifference, it fell to Gardner to take a leading part in one striking and more soldierly achievement. As part of a deeply laid plot to play off one rival against another, the Dogra brothers organised an attack on Lahore, Gulab Singh and Gardner taking charge of the defence, while the other conspirator led on the Khalsa army to the attack. Gardner's narrative, however, makes it abundantly plain that the danger of the undertaking was as great as the duplicity of its cause.

"As the morning dawned the whole army arose and surrounded the city. Every gate was immediately opened to them by the soldiers, who, having pocketed three lakhs from the queen, had made an equally profitable bargain with Sher Singh. Destruction stared us in the face: we had red-hot cannon-balls ready to blow ourselves and the whole city into the air, if the worst came to the worst. Two heavy siege-trains of forty guns each were laid against the fort, while no less than eighty horse-artillery pieces were drawn up on the broad road immediately in front of us on the city side, which position they were peaceably allowed to take up by the treacherous troops. . . . Gulab Singh was now summoned to surrender. Every moment we expected to see the spark of a port-fire and to hear the crash of the cannonade. Gulab Singh's keen eyes peered anxiously through the openings: still there was no noise, and not a musket fired. I then sidled down the archway to look through the chink of the Hazuri Bagh gate, which I had blocked up with carts, and saw fourteen guns deliberately loaded, planted within 20 yards, and aimed straight at the gate.

"The Dogras on the walls began to look over, and were jeered at by Sher Singh's troops. The little fort was surrounded by a sea of human heads. Gulab Singh made contemptuous

replies, and roared out to Sher Singh, demanding that he should surrender. There was a brief but breathless pause, and I had not time to warn my artillerymen to clear out of the way when down came the gates over our party, torn to shreds by the simultaneous discharge of all the fourteen guns. Seventeen of my party were blown to pieces, parts of the bodies flying over me. When I had wiped the blood and brains from my face, and could recover a moment, I saw only one little trembling *Klasi*. I hurriedly asked him for a port-fire, having lost mine in the fall of the ruins. He had just time to hand it me, and I had crept under my two guns, when with a wild yell some 300 Akalis swept up the Hazuri Bagh and crowded into the gate. They were packed as close as fish, and could hardly move over the heaps of wood and stone, the rubbish and the carts, with which the gateway was blocked. Just at that moment, when the crowd were rushing on us, their swords high in the air, I managed to fire the two guns, and literally blew them into the air. In the pause which followed I loaded the guns with the aid of the three of my artillerymen who survived, and our next discharge swept away the hostile artillerymen who were at the fourteen guns outside, who had remained standing perfectly paralysed by the destruction of the Akalis. Then Sher Singh fled, and grievous carnage commenced. The Dogras, always excellent marksmen, seemed that day not to miss a man from the walls. The whole of the artillerymen round the field-pieces in front of us strewed the ground. In the Hazuri Bagh we counted the bodies of no less than 2800 soldiers, 200 artillerymen, and 180 horses. And now the whole park of artillery opened upon us that day, and for the three days following, tearing the walls of the fort to rags. They mounted their heavy guns on high houses, the walls of which they pierced to command the fort. Many a time did Sher Singh attempt a parley; but Gulab Singh knew his countrymen too well to believe any protestations. He said, 'Wait until Dhyan Singh comes.' At last that noble Minister did arrive, furious, as it seemed, with Sher Singh for his rashness; and after protracted delay, the firing on both sides was finally subdued. Our bombardment was over, and the brothers arranged terms of peace."

The following year Dhyan Singh was brutally murdered, and Gardner was foremost among his avengers. The youthful widow refused to mount the pyre until she saw the heads of the two murderers, and it was Gardner's hands that laid them at her dead husband's feet; whereupon she smilingly lit the funeral pyre and perished before the eyes of the soldiery, with her favourite handmaiden in her arms. The Rani Jindan, the youngest and favourite wife of Ranjit Singh, now became regent, and Gardner, as one of the party of the murdered chief's brother, Gulab Singh, supported her and her son, Dhulip Singh. In 1845 her worthless brother and adviser, who had earned the detestation of the Sikhs, was summoned before the assembled army, when still another tragedy was enacted:—

"He came out on an elephant, holding in his arms his nephew, the young Maharaja Dhulip Singh, the last survivor of the line of Ranjit Singh. The Maharani Jindan accompanied him on another elephant. Jawahir Singh had an escort of 400 horsemen, and two elephant-loads of rupees with which to tempt the army. As soon as the cavalcade left the fort an ominous salute ran along the immense line of the army—180 guns were fired. A roll-call was beat, and not a man of that great host was absent. So terribly stern was their discipline that, after the salute had died away, not a sound was to be heard but the trampling of the feet of the royal cavalcade.

"Dhulip Singh was received with royal honours; his mother, the Maharani Jindan, in miserable terror for her brother, was seated on her golden

hauda, dressed in white Sikh clothes and closely veiled. As soon as the procession reached the middle of the line one man came forward and cried out 'Stop,' and at his single voice the whole procession paused. A tremor ran through the host: many expected a rescue on the part of the French brigade; but not a man stirred. The great *Panch* (Military Council) was still sitting on the right of the line. Four battalions were now ordered to the front, and removed Jawahir Singh's escort to a distance. Then another battalion marched up and surrounded the elephants of the royal personages. Ten of the Council then came forward; the Rani's elephant was ordered to kneel down, and she herself was escorted to a small but beautiful tent prepared for her close by.

"Then a terrible scene took place. The Rani was dragged away, shrieking to the army to spare her brother. Jawahir Singh was next ordered to descend from his elephant. He lost his head, attempted to parley, and a tall Sikh slapped his face and took the boy Dhulip Singh from his arms, asking him how he dared to disobey the Khalsa. Dhulip Singh was placed in his mother's arms, and she, hiding herself behind the walls of her tent, held the child up above them in view of the army, crying for mercy for her brother in the name of her son. Suddenly, hearing a yell of agony from a well-known voice, she flung the child away in an agony of grief and rage. Fortunately he was caught by a soldier, or the consequences might have been fatal.

"Meanwhile the bloody work had been done on the hated Minister. A soldier, who had presumably received his orders, had gone up the ladder placed by Jawahir Singh's elephant, stabbed him with his bayonet, and flung him upon the ground, where he was despatched in a moment with fifty wounds."

The Rani now determined to be revenged, and resolved on the heroic expedient of destroying the army by hurling it against the British. Accordingly the Sikh army crossed the Sutlej in December 1845. The Rani, who was in correspondence with the British, feigned a deep concern for her unfortunate troops, who were starving for want of the rations that were purposely withheld. On one notable occasion, when they had subsisted for three days on grain and raw carrots, the army sent a deputation of five hundred Sikhs to Lahore to demand redress of their grievances.

"'I was standing,' says Gardner, 'close to the Rani, and could see the gesticulations and movements of the deputation. In answer to the urgent and loud complaints of the sacrifice to which the army was exposed, she said that Gulab Singh had forwarded vast supplies. 'No, he has not,' roared the deputation; 'we know the old fox: he has not sent breakfast for a bird (*chiria-ki-haziri*).' Further parley ensued, the tempers of both parties waxing wroth. At last the deputation said, 'Give us powder and shot.' At this I saw some movement behind the *purdah* (the little Dhulip was seated in front of it). I could detect that the Rani was shifting her petticoat; I could see that she stepped out of it, and then rolling it up rapidly into a ball, flung it over the screen at the heads of the angry envoys, crying out, 'Wear that, you cowards! I'll go in trousers and fight myself!'"

The situation was saved, and the mutineers retired to the army, vowing to die for the Rani and her son. The end of the tragi-comedy was not long in coming. Early in 1846 the British entered Lahore, and on March 8 a treaty of peace was ratified, whereby Dhulip Singh renounced his claim to territory south of the Sutlej, and recognised the independence of Gulab Singh, whom the British appointed Maharaja of Kashmir and Jammu. The poor Rani, who in after-years was banished, had a vanity not a whit inferior to her courage. She carefully inspected the portraits of the British officers, and it is

said that she finally selected one, whose name is unrecorded, whom she proposed to honour by making him the stepfather of her son, the Maharaja Dhulip Singh.

Gardner had escaped taking any active part in the Sikh war, and on the conclusion of peace his enemies in the council of regency caused his expulsion from Lahore. Subsequently he was allowed again to enter the service of Gulab Singh in Kashmir, where he was placed in command of the artillery and a regiment of foot at a salary of five hundred rupees a-month. Of Gulab Singh Gardner gives a curiously minute description; and the strangest part of it is, that it was published in his ruler's lifetime without giving offence. Gardner certainly took no pains to conceal his hero's warts, calling him roundly, "the Jack-of-all-trades, the usurer, the turn-penny, the briber and the bribed," besides charging him with innumerable barbarities. The fact is, however, that Gulab rather prided himself on his vices, and felt grateful to Gardner for the delicate compliment of painting him so black, though it must also be said that Gardner did not fail to emphasise the undoubted bravery and political sagacity of his chief. For thirty years, until his death at Jammu in 1877, Gardner lived in Kashmir "in good style, after the native fashion, being, from long habit, a complete Oriental." He had already passed through scenes more stirring than usually fall to the lot of the hero of fiction, and the evening of his life was spent in fighting his battles over again before wondering groups of Sikh and British visitors, who marvelled to hear the old soldier recounting his share in events that had already entered the category of history. One curious fact seems to have impressed itself on his visitors, including the present Maharaja of Kashmir, namely, his strange habit of clutching his neck with an iron pincer while drinking,—the result of a severe wound in the neck. An English officer, who visited Gardner in his later days, has given us a word-picture of the veteran that throws some light on the portrait which forms the striking frontispiece of this remarkable volume:—

"I can perfectly recollect my first interview with him. He walked into Cooper's reception-room one morning, a most peculiar and striking appearance, clothed from head to foot in the 79th tartan, but fashioned by a native tailor. Even his *pagri* was of tartan, and it was adorned with the egret's plume, only allowed to persons of high rank."

Than this the most exorbitant of critics could wish no more picturesque closing glimpse of one in whose career picturesqueness and romance were blended in a manner that has probably been seldom equalled.

To us it seems an idle and fruitless question to consider the moral value of the life which we have endeavoured here to outline. The sword which did good and loyal service in support of many different causes might in happier circumstances have gained for its owner a niche in the annals of a country's history; but, as we have said, this is the unavoidable penalty attaching to a career of ubiquitous adventure. Judged, however, by its own narrow ethical code, Gardner's career is worthy of all praise, for he was ever loyal to his cause, and his sword was never drawn at the cost of honour for the sake of personal aggrandisement. The attachment and respect which he gained from his employers and associates seem to us sufficient proof of his remarkable personal qualities; and for the rest, it is

significant that, though placed in a highly difficult position, he not only never forfeited the respect, but actually gained the esteem, of the Europeans with whom he was brought into contact. Not the least remarkable feature of the book before us is the excellence of its literary style. Major Pearse has realised the function of an editor with unusual moderation and sagacity, and while he has added everything that could be desired in the matter of explanation and elucidation, he has wisely allowed Gardner to tell his wonderful story for the most part in his own words. Curiously enough, the old soldier, who for so many years spoke every language but his own, and whose own name even at last sounded strangely in his ears, wielded no ordinary powers of style, and his almost incredible story has now been given us with a vigour and forceful simplicity that are beyond the reach of art. The story of Gardner was worth telling, and it is matter for congratulation that the soldier of fortune is his own historian.

AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

(To C. J. W. D.)

THE curtain's falling, and the lights burn low,
So, with God's help, I'm ready now to go.
I've seen life's melodrama, paid the price,
Have known its loves and losses, hopes and fears,
The laughter and the tears,
And now, God knows, I would not see it twice.

I've crossed life's ocean, faced its blinding foam,
But now heaven whispers, I am nearing home,
And though a storm-tossed hull I reach the shore,
A thing of tattered sheets and broken spars,
Naked against the stars,
I soon shall be at peace for ever more.

For if again I pass these waters through,
I know the kingdom I am sailing to.
What boots it where I lie?—beneath the sod,
Or down the dark impenetrable deep,
Where wayworn seamen sleep?
All gates are good through which we pass to God.

J. B. S.

PIONEERS OF COMMERCE.

That our interest in China is commercial is in a fair way to pass into a truism; but the complementary proposition that it is "not territorial" is being every day discredited by events, of which the latest is the welcome but essential addition to the defensible area of our island colony of Hong-Kong. Our interest is not territorial, of course, in the sense of owning and governing, yet it is territorial in the sense of improving, exploiting, saving perhaps from anarchy or hostile appropriation. The epigrammatic summing up of British policy in China which was put in circulation, by authority, in the beginning of this year was characteristic of that insular point of view which has exercised such a remarkable influence not only on our foreign trade but on our whole imperial development. The acquisition of territory has always, in spite of some appearances to the contrary, been against the grain. We are a seafaring race, and a maritime Power. If they were not in our blood, tradition has fixed these truths deeply in the national mind, almost to the exclusion of the necessary complement and counterbalance. It needed only the inspiring works of Captain Mahan to put our Sea Power in danger of degenerating into a fetish. With many of our publicists, even those who take themselves most seriously, "Build more ships" is the one panacea against national perils. Nor is there any cry, we are rejoiced to say, which more easily reaches the public ear. It is quite remarkable to what an extent this maritime idea has biassed our habits of thought and influenced our national enterprise. English people hardly conceive of commerce except in association with bills of lading and marine insurance. The sea has no terror for the adventurer, while the land is full of peril. "Trade routes" are instinctively relegated to the high and dry discussions of Societies, while "ocean highways" seem to touch a chord in the popular sentiment. This characteristic of ours was quaintly noted in the early days of our intercourse by the Chinese, who represented us as marine monsters invulnerable to attack, because we dived under water when threatened.

It is, however, in its effects on our commerce that we wish particularly to consider the insular bias. Overland trade is alien to our habits and tastes: the caravan has no attraction for us unless embalmed in fiction—it seems to belong to another world. Occasionally, indeed, some rare Englishman, like Shaw, who penetrated as a trader to Kashgar, carries his enterprise into continental interiors; but it takes no root there, and dies with the projector. Other exceptions might be mentioned, as in Africa and Australia, which only prove the rule. The broad fact remains that we willingly resign the commerce of the land to those whose tastes lie that way; and this broad fact has perhaps more to do than is usually supposed with the hold which Germans have obtained of the inland trade in Mexico, South America, and even in British India. They penetrate into the interior, while the British merchant prefers to liquidate his ventures on the sea-coast. Similarly, we intersect all

ocean beds with telegraph cables, while railway construction in foreign parts is left in the hands of our Continental rivals, and we are most reluctant even to connect our own territories by rail.

Nowhere is the influence of the maritime idea on trade more potent than in China, as is shown by the whole course of its development. And it is precisely there that events are proving the inadequacy of the idea. The discovery has been forced upon us that there is land as well as water in the Far East; that the value even of an "open door" depends a good deal on where it leads to; and that if our "control stops with the shore" as hitherto, our trade will be in a parlous state. For it is the land and not the sea which produces the material for commerce. The land is self-supporting, which can hardly be said of the ocean from the economic point of view.

We have only to follow the several stages of the development of our Chinese commerce to see clearly how its expansion has been restricted by the maritime idea. The first advance on the conclusion of the war of 1839-42 was the opening of five seaports. The second, in 1858, was the opening of more seaports, with the addition of three riverine ports. The third marked the opening of the great trading mart of Western China, Chung King; but with the characteristic proviso that steamers should be able to ascend the Yangtze to that point. Other ports were subsequently opened on the coast and the Great River, until the process was quite overdone; and during the present year the opening of ports has been still further overdone, so far at least as the interests of pure commerce are concerned. The effect is like that of digging too many wells, — the water in each is lowered in proportion to the number sunk.

By bearing in mind these general considerations we shall the better appreciate the labours of some recent pioneers of commerce in the Far East, who have been exploring the hinterland of our Chinese trade. (Observe in passing that the borrowing of this word from our Continental neighbours is an acknowledgment not so much of the poverty of our language as of the unfamiliarity of terrestrial commerce.) One of the most valuable papers ever issued by the Foreign Office is the record of a voyage of commercial discovery into the interior of China.[1] The author had already made his mark both as a geographical and commercial explorer, and his previous work was singled out for special commendation by Baron F. von Richthofen, the highest living authority, in a conversation with the present writer a short time ago. A great merit of Mr Bourne is his original and philosophical way of connecting patient observation of facts with bold generalisation, thereby imparting a refreshing air of actuality to his conclusions, and even to his hypotheses. The practical value of his recent explorations in Southern, Western, and Central China, extending over a period of eight months, is greatly enhanced by his having been associated with two textile experts from Lancashire. Mr Bourne's report is therefore of the highest authority.

The expedition originated in a long-felt want. For many years the constricted monotony of our

[1] Report on the Trade of Central and Southern China. By Consul F. S. A. Bourne.

China trade had been remarked upon. Though the total volume tended automatically to increase, yet, considering the vast population and the variety of soil and climate, both imports into and exports from China remained limited to surprisingly few staples. The causes of this stereotyped rigidity had been surmised, and from time to time appeal was made to the commercial classes in Great Britain and other manufacturing countries to try whether a closer acquaintance with Chinese wants and products might not lead to an extension of the trade by multiplication of the number of commodities which composed it. Such appeals fell, as might have been expected, on deaf ears. It needs a convulsion to jolt a community out of a rut; and the convulsion at length came. The Japanese war and its sequel have drawn general attention to the condition of China, and one of the results has been the despatch of commercial missions of discovery from France, Germany, and Great Britain. The British mission was cold-shouldered by all the manufacturing and commercial bodies in the country, so that the whole burden of it fell upon one single community, that of Blackburn. This not only restricted the scope of the inquiries to one particular manufacturing interest—that of cotton goods—but to a special section even of that, for representative Manchester succeeded in proving to its own satisfaction that it already knew all that was worth knowing about the internal commerce of China. The two experts, Mr Neville and Mr Bell, selected by the Blackburn Chamber of Commerce, under the enlightened leadership of Mr Henry Harrison, were placed under the guidance of the man of all others best qualified for the office, Mr Consul Bourne, whose services were lent for the occasion by the Foreign Office. The commercial delegates are understood to be preparing their report, which will deal with the technical matters which came under their observation; while Mr Bourne has anticipated them by the publication of his separate report, dealing with the more general questions which their most interesting journey suggested.

The Foreign Office is also to be congratulated on the issue of a supplementary report by a junior consular officer,[1] doing for the northern portion of the great province of Ssu-ch'uan something of what Mr Bourne has done for the more southerly regions. Mr Litton makes many shrewd and sensible observations both on trade and economics, and on more general matters affecting the intercourse of foreigners with Chinese in the interior of the country. His name is not familiar to us, and we are the more pleased to recognise an addition to the ranks of capable young men in the consular staff, from whom valuable services may be expected in the development of British interests in China.

Simultaneously with the explorations of the Blackburn mission and of Mr Litton, there have been some practical pioneers in the field, men who not only point the way but follow it. Of these two in particular merit honourable mention. Mr W. F. Wenyon, who has travelled extensively in the interior of China, and opened up direct business relations with traders in many

[1] Report of a Journey to North Ssu-ch'uan. By Mr G. J. L. Litton, of Her Majesty's consular service in China.

remote cities, and who communicated some of the results of his experiences to the Royal Colonial Institute on May 24, has proved the possibility of liberating our commerce from the fetters which have hitherto restricted it at the seaports.

Then that grand desideratum on which so many possibilities have hinged, steam on the Upper Yangtze, has at length been supplied, at least experimentally, by the dogged perseverance of a single man, Mr Archibald Little. Through years of discouragement, mainly from the British Government and its representatives, that typical pioneer has devoted himself to the problem of taking a steam-vessel through the formidable rapids above Ichang, and has recently succeeded in reaching the great emporium of Western China, Chung King. Thus the chief physical obstacle to the development of commerce with the rich and populous west of China bids fair to be removed. Important results may be expected to follow these successful experiments of Mr Wenyon's and Mr Little's.

With these first-fruits as a pledge of the harvest that is waiting, the report of the Blackburn mission assumes an importance greater than that of an academical study. It is eminently and immediately practical. Mr Bourne's reasoned conclusions from data observed reflect as much light on the operation of the experimental pioneers as these do on the broad generalisations of the Blackburn mission. They all show that we have reached a new and highly interesting stage in our commercial expansion in China, concerning which our traders have yet much to learn,—and in Mr Bourne's opinion something also to unlearn. We might even go further and say that in order that this country may reap the advantage of the openings that exist for enterprise in China, a new class of traders and a new order of industrial adventurers must be brought on the scene, who are untrammelled by the limiting traditions which cling to the lineal successors of the East India Company, and of the merchant princes who held sway on the China coast in the generation which succeeded the first war.

The opening of China which now presents itself is by two avenues, one old and one new. To the new order belong industrial concessions, including mining, railways, and manufactories. The old way is that of ordinary traffic in commodities, in which a considerable development seems likely to ensue, as much because it is expected as for any better reason. Attention and intention are concentrated upon it sufficiently to cause a movement, as when a number of hands are placed round a table, where the will tends to its own fulfilment. Except in so far as steam may be employed in transport, the opening is not so much that of a new path as of a disused one over which the grass has been allowed to grow. For the privilege of trading throughout the whole of China has been ours by right for forty years, but has been neglected by our traders. So far as treaties are concerned, Mr Wenyon and others might have done in the sixties what they have done in the nineties. But our merchants made a deliberate retreat from their outposts, concentrating their forces more and more on the two great emporia, Hong-Kong and Shanghai. In this policy they but followed their own interests by the line of least resistance. It is, however, a per-

tinent question to ask, If such contraction of the sphere of action was the outcome of the automatic working of natural laws, what ground is there for supposing that the operation of the same laws will in the future lead to its expansion? The light thrown on this crucial question constitutes one of the chief points of interest in the Blackburn report.

The present position of British commerce in China is that our merchants are established at certain "treaty ports," where they land and ship merchandise, paying duties under a fixed tariff. Each of these ports is an emporium for distribution and collection,—merchandise being received from the interior for exportation, and sent into the interior for sale, covered in transit by a special extra payment of one-half of the tariff duty, import or export as the case may be. As it was most natural to suppose that the multiplication of these depots would give better access to the interior, where the area to be covered was so vast, every new diplomatic negotiation with the Chinese Government has aimed at the opening of more treaty ports on the coast, and more especially on the great central artery of China, the Yangtze-Kiang. This process having been in actual operation for thirty-seven years, we are now in a position to review the results, to consider how far the system has fulfilled its purposes in the past, and whether it is adapted to serve the interests of our commerce under the changed conditions to which it will in future be subjected.

In the beginning of the new era, in 1861, there was a rush by the commercial houses to open branches at the new ports, in some of which they invested a considerable amount of capital in land, business premises, roads, and shipping accommodation. Coasting and river steamers were put on to connect the new ports with the central depots of Hong-Kong and Shanghai, and one or two others which were accessible to ocean steamers, and undoubtedly a considerable development of trade was the result. Before very long, however, a consequence not very clearly foreseen began to reveal itself. Availing themselves of the cheap freight, insurance, and passage-money, and the great facilities offered by the foreign steamers, the Chinese gradually set up a trade of their own between the outports and the ocean emporia, in the imported merchandise and the produce for foreign exportation in which the foreign merchants dealt, but in direct competition with the latter. In a short time the natives prevailed, and the foreign merchants —almost all English—were ousted from the local and distributing trades. Resigning themselves to circumstances, those firms which had established themselves at the outports one by one withdrew, leaving little else but agencies of the steamer lines to represent foreign interests in the new settlements. By this strategic movement to the rear the merchants were able to consolidate their forces at the seaports, where they were at home, with great economy in their working expenses. They found it both easier and cheaper to transact their business in wholesale at the great marts than to operate a number of smaller estalishments. And they found also that though the nearer access to the interior had swollen the volume of trade in the aggregate, it had not perceptibly benefited individual traders, because it

had encouraged competition. As the self-same merchandise would to all appearance be equally well exchanged, the outports were abandoned, with little regret, to the Chinese traders.

When, therefore, still more new ports are opened in China, it must be understood to be primarily for the benefit of native traders making use of foreign means of conveyance and other facilities, and secondarily to augment in some degree the whole volume of the trade in foreign goods, but not for the benefit of merchants already in the field.

At this point certain important inquiries suggest themselves :—

Why were the European merchants so easily beaten by the Chinese in the port-to-port trade in foreign goods?

A question which merges itself into the more general one, What are the hindrances to the development of foreign trade with China to an extent commensurate with the numbers and character of the population and the terrestrial resources of the country?

Which leads to the final question, What means are now available for the extension of British traders' interests in China?

The answers to these queries must largely govern the future position of this country in the Far East, and it therefore behoves the manufacturing and mercantile community and the public at large to give earnest heed to the very thoughtful answers which Mr Bourne has given to these most interesting questions.

The statesmen and the merchants of the last generation who established the Chinese trade on its present basis could only be guided by general considerations of probable cause and effect, having little or no specific knowledge. Now, however, we have not only greatly extended our knowledge, but have thirty years of actual experience to guide us; and opinions derived from personal contact with real facts possess a value far beyond the most ingenious elaboration of statistical tables. The reasons for the defeat of the foreign merchant at the Chinese outports may be briefly summarised from Mr Bourne thus: They did not enter seriously into the contest, did not employ suitable means, and, in short, met their defeat half-way. The typical illustration of the process is what happened at Hankow, the great mart of Central China, situated at the confluence of the most important waterways, 600 miles from the sea. Ocean steamers were able to reach the port, and many heavy cargoes of tea were loaded there direct for London. If anywhere, therefore, it was at such a commanding point that the foreign merchant might be expected to establish himself and to hold his own. Yet, except to the Russians, who are firmly located there in ever-increasing force, Hankow has suffered the fate of the smaller outports, and become for Englishmen little more than a steamboat terminus. "For some years after 1861, when the port was opened, British firms imported all the piece-goods sold there; now the whole import trade is in Chinese hands," says Mr Bourne. And the reason was that the British firm being but a branch of a Shanghai firm, could only show the special goods imported by that firm. This offered no attraction to the Chinese dealers, who naturally wished to make their selection in the larger market, and therefore the Hankow native houses opened their branches or sent their agents to Shanghai to

make their purchases there. The British merchant at the out-port was thus left high and dry. Neither was he able to compete with the Chinese in the next stage of the business, the distribution of goods from that inland centre to the remote interior, for he took no pains "to open up direct relations with the up-country native," obstinately refusing, then as now, to learn even his customer's language. This deficiency forced him, if he attempted to deal with the interior at all, to work through the very men who were his too successful competitors. If this picture of Mr Bourne's be even an approximation to the reality, it would be needless to seek for further reasons why the British were outdone by the Chinese merchants; and if to these circumstances be added the fact that the branch establishments were a considerable financial burden to British firms, we need not wonder that their abandonment should have been the only course open.

One result of this concentrating movement was, of course, to diminish the numbers of individual Englishmen employed in the trade, which have been probably, however, made up through other causes. In any case it was a matter of no great national importance whether a score or two more or less of British subjects should reside in China. The great point was that British merchandise was disposed of and Chinese produce exported. British commerce relapsed into the passive condition of a purely maritime trade, which proceeded smoothly and with ease of body and mind to the trader—advantages which are not perhaps to be found in the like degree in any other part of the world. There was nothing on the surface of this gentle current to indicate that the volume of trade was smaller than it might otherwise have been. But on that subject Mr Bourne makes some good practical suggestions.

He points out, for one thing, that under the system in vogue the British merchant never comes into personal contact with the native with whom he deals, but is wholly dependent either on his own Chinese employés, or on go-betweens, or on the employés of the native merchant—that is to say, on some one who speaks the *lingua franca* of the China coast, "pigeon-English," the foreigner, as a rule, keeping himself as carefully from contamination with the Chinese language as if it were the bubonic plague. But none of these parties, nor yet the Chinese merchant himself were he to come personally into the fray, possess either the capacity or the interest to extend or improve the trade. This is a point which deserves the most serious attention, for the advancement of our trade turns upon it. "The ambition of the Celestial merchant," says Mr Bourne, "is to make money easily, and in a groove, in the way he has made it before." And he leaves us to infer, if we choose, that this description applies also to the foreign merchant of the present school; for he adds that "the younger men among foreigners, if engaged in the distributing trade, would try to introduce variety and novelty." The sameness and inelasticity of our China trade spells stagnation. "Although we have almost a monopoly of the trade" — speaking of Western China — "in imported cotton fabrics, the variety of our goods is very small." The old-fashioned China merchant will say, "Well, that's all the people want: if they wanted anything else, they would

find it in Shanghai." This is, in fact, precisely what Manchester did say when the Blackburn mission was being equipped. Mr Bourne, however, pronounces this to be a profound mistake. It is leaving all initiative to the Chinese, who, not on Mr Bourne's testimony alone, but on that of every observer who has written on the subject, "are entirely wanting in initiative." It is also leaving the labour and sacrifice required for originating novelties to brokers and others who live from hand to mouth and from hour to hour, and have no interest whatever beyond their daily transactions. How can an "English importer in Shanghai be in touch with a market 1500 miles off"? With his habits and the means till now at his disposal, a much less distance would suffice to shut him off from all knowledge of the wants and capacities of the people. The foreigners at present engaged in the China trade have no interest either in varying the monotony or extending the volume of trade, nor yet in freeing it from burdens, for the good reason that any of these improvements would induce competition, which those who stand on the ancient ways are never enamoured of. That, nevertheless, the resident merchants do trouble themselves to agitate against illegal exactions, and do even advocate improvements, merely shows that inherited public spirit may occasionally assert itself even against immediate personal interest.

An important question, which is thoroughly discussed in Mr Bourne's report, is the illegal taxation of foreign merchandise passing into the interior of China. As we have said, the treaties with that country provide that British goods, after paying import duty, shall be exempt from further taxation all over the Chinese empire on a supplementary payment of one-half of the import duty. But this treaty provision, as it affects British goods and British merchants, has been disregarded, with the connivance of her Majesty's Government, in consequence of which the exactions of local officials along the trade-route, and at the termini, constitute a serious hindrance to our trade. It is not our immediate purpose to discuss the policy of our Government in encouraging these rank abuses which choke our country's commerce; but it is a little startling to be told by an English official, and in a paper issued by the Foreign Office, that in those parts of China adjacent to the French territory these abuses have been suppressed, and that "*the French have freed our goods* from Chinese exactions." "The energy of the French" is highly commended. "Thanks to the efforts of the French, the illegal charges as far as Yunnan-fu do not concern us," and so on through a whole section of the report. It must not be supposed our neighbours take so much trouble to protect British goods from Chinese taxation out of quixotic benevolence. They save our lambs from the claws of the Chinese dragon that they may be eaten by the French tiger, whose bite is cleaner—that is to say, they entice the goods to the Tonking route, where they can tax them, by defending them against taxation after they have left French territory and pass into the Chinese province. It may strike some readers that there is another member of the menagerie whose absence from this little comedy is conspicuous, and they may wonder where Leo Britannicus comes in. Still, it is a welcome fact, as far as it goes,

that, by whatever means, British goods are in the province of Yunnan safe from Chinese exaction; but that this immunity in that distant region is conferred on them by French power and prestige is a landmark in Chinese fiscal diplomacy which our countrymen would do well to keep steadily in view. This far-reaching potency of the French is the more instructive, when contrasted with the admitted impotence of the British authorities to protect British merchandise even at their own doorsteps in the treaty ports.

The way our treaty rights are sacrificed at these treaty ports, notably at Canton, is described by Mr Bourne with suppressed humour; but no living writer could do full justice to the theme except Mr W. S. Gilbert. It is certainly beyond our compass. Suffice it to say that there is a general complot to plunder the merchandise, in which every one who has anything to do with the handling of it is implicated. The British firms are in the hands of their native "compradores," who are in league with the mandarins, and are usually themselves farmers of the illegal imposts. And having once sold his goods to Chinese, the British merchant feels no particular interest in their fate. The consequence is that the treaty is daily violated with the coolest impudence under the shadow of the British consular flag. "Between the steamer wharf at Canton and the foreign customs examination shed there is a *li kin* boat moored, and every piece of Lancashire cotton, for example, is required, *before it can be landed*, to pay an elastic *li kin* in addition to the tariff import duty." And Canton is a treaty port! Mr Bourne excuses the supineness of the consul by saying that "no British subject is sufficiently interested to ask for consular intervention; that the ablest advocate must have a client; that the consul has no one to fight for; that the British merchant ceased to have any interest in the maintenance of treaty rights."

But Mr Bourne promptly furnishes an answer to the plea for consular indifference by pointing out that after all there is a "client," only he is not *en évidence* to clamour for his rights. The merchants resident in China are quite inadequate representatives of the great manufacturing interest of England, and that is the interest which British consuls are paid to defend, the interest for which in like circumstances French consuls would fight, for which indeed French consuls do actually fight, with ease apparently, but certainly with success. Yet the Frenchman does no more than vindicate his treaty rights, which we are always told it is a cardinal point of our policy to stand upon. No amount of fine pleading about want of evidence and want of clients can hide the fact that there is here a ground for searching inquiry and for drastic remedy. This is a matter which concerns not the manufacturers alone, but the operatives and their families, and the whole industrial community of England. Mr Bourne justly concludes that "they would do well to watch the course of events in China very carefully for themselves, and should claim a decided voice in determining our commercial policy," a counsel which we heartily indorse. For if Governments do not consider that the elementary duty of safeguarding the interests of the population of these islands belongs to them, and if the representatives of the people are callous to everything that is not forced

on their attention, and if they and the great manufacturers allow themselves to be twitted for their indifference even by Under-Secretaries of State, the people must in the last resort take their business into their own hands. But it is a far cry from the workman's cottage in Lancashire to the British consulate at Canton; it is hard for mill-hands, even if they only worked eight hours a-day, to organise vigilance committees to compel Government and their distant agents to do their duty; and therefore it is much to be feared that the interests of the million are too much diffused to make it a matter of calculated conscientiousness for any official or any parliamentary representative to watch over them.

Having shown the weak side of British commerce in China, its restriction to seaports, the subjection of the merchants to their native employés, their aloofness from their customers, their indifference to the maintenance of treaty rights, and the consequent limitation and comparative stagnation of the trade, Mr Bourne proceeds to propound a remedy, which is nothing short of a revolution. None the worse for that, perhaps, for things do want turning round from time to time. In effect, his remedy is that our trade from being passive shall become aggressive, or, as we might venture to paraphrase it, from being exclusively thalassic should become, partially at least, terrestrial. What is proposed, in short, is that in order to exploit the commercial capabilities of the interior of China British capital and enterprise must no longer be confined to Hong-Kong and Shanghai, but must be boldly planted in convenient centres in the interior of the country, whence extensive districts could be cultivated, both in the way of finding fresh outlets for our manufactures and of improving the native products for exportation. Such a new departure would of course necessitate an entirely new organisation of forces. For one thing, the compradoric millstone would have to be severely detached, and the "compradore," if retained at all, should be a servant, and neither a master nor an incubus. All this would naturally involve, on the part of the English staff, a knowledge of the Chinese language, which for commercial purposes is by no means difficult of acquisition. And we are pleased to have it from so competent an authority that the dialect bugbear has been much exaggerated. "Excepting in the neighbourhood of the coast, between Shanghai and Canton, one language is spoken over the length and breadth of China." It would appear, therefore, that it is with the language as it is with the people, the difficulty is all at the beginning, and the further you go the easier is your going. "In regard to security, foreign life and property are almost as safe in the rich provinces of China as in England." We would merely add one suggestion to Mr Bourne's interesting prospectus, that as it would be something like taking a fish out of its native element to put existing mercantile forces into this novel situation, the new departure might have to be undertaken by entirely new men, who have not been suckled on the tradition that ignorance is meritorious,[1] and have not been too much softened by the luxury of sea-trade.

[1] Some of the leading Englishmen in China are in the habit of declaring that they will not tolerate in their service any man who knows Chinese.

Before quitting this part of our subject, which is commerce in its simplest form, we must quote an important generalisation of Mr Bourne's as to the limitation of the Chinese commercial capacity. The people are far from parsimonious, he says, and will buy not necessaries only but luxuries up to the limit of their means. But the country produces no precious metal to speak of, and can only pay for imports by exports. Hence it is as much in the interest of a manufacturing population as of the Chinese themselves to discover, stimulate, and develop new products. The paucity of the exports has indeed been as remarkable as that of their imports, when the great variety of soil and climate and the industrious habits of the people are considered; and Mr Bourne gives some good reasons for believing that British enterprise on the spot would bring to light many sources of wealth in the form of natural products now virtually going to waste. The same organisation, indeed, that would push and diversify our imports into the country, would be equally available in extending the list and expanding the volume of Chinese productions for exportation. Thus commerce, like charity, would be twice blest.

Beyond the confines of commerce pure and simple, however, large prospects are opening up of employing British capital and skill in what may be more appropriately described as exploitation. China is immensely rich in mineral property, which only waits for science, skill, probity, and confidence to be converted to the current uses of the people and Government. Intimately associated therewith are manufactories of every description to which coal, iron, and other minerals are essential. Such enterprises, and the construction of railways, steamboats, and the like, require considerable concentration of capital and very effective organisation of labour. It is interesting to note the place which Mr Bourne assigns to the Chinese people in connection with such developments. There is no question of displacing, but of supplementing. In fact, a perfect co-operation between foreigner and native forms the basis of what is foreshadowed by this intelligent writer.

"While native competition," he says, "must bear heavily on Englishmen without capital, . . . there are no rivals among the Chinese to be dreaded by rich firms and corporations, because the Chinese cannot carry on large undertakings, and because Chinese riches are very fleeting." "While the upper class seem to lack the moral tone to carry on big enterprises, . . . millions of patient reasonable workers are only wanting leaders to make them producers on a large scale." "Whatever the future in politics of China may be, there these workers must remain; and they are . . . destined to modify profoundly the condition of the world's industries."

"Under the leadership of skilled European managers and foremen of character and temper—firm, just, and reasonable—the Chinese coolie and his wife will make excellent textile factory hands." For though "deficient in the higher moral qualities, individual trustworthiness, public spirit, sense of duty, and active courage—a group of qualities perhaps best represented in our language by the word manliness—yet in the humbler moral qualities of patience, mental and physical, and perseverance in labour he is unrivalled." "And it is precisely because of these moral shortcomings that European superintendence is essential" to any important enterprise.

Chinese cotton factories, perhaps, touch our immediate inter-

ests more closely than other forms of enterprise, because they are already in active operation, and promise to spread rapidly—especially in the Yangtze valley. There is in this an appearance of direct competition with our Lancashire industry, which has caused the Chinese mills to be looked at askance, as the Indian ones have been. It is therefore consoling to learn from those who have tested the results that this also is a bugbear. We shall no doubt hear more on this subject when the technical report of the Blackburn delegates is made public; but in the meantime certain general deductions of Mr Bourne, from data obtained on the spot,—although somewhat ingenious, and at first sight paradoxical,—seem nevertheless to follow logically from the premisses. The visible effect of this native competition on our own export trade is a tendency to lose ground in the commoner cloths; but it is claimed that

"we can gain greatly, if our manufacturers and merchants choose, in fine and figured cloths. No doubt the commoner shirtings are being superseded by native cloth woven by hand from imported yarn [from India] for which there seems no help." "But I can see no danger to Lancashire in the cotton-spinning mills now being erected in China. Lancashire cannot compete in coarse yarn with Japan and India, and the value *created in China*, and not imported, will enable the Chinese to buy more of our finer goods—our monopoly in the manufacture of which is not, and cannot, under present conditions of cotton supply, be threatened in China."

And as it seems obvious that it is in the finer classes of goods that the workmanship bears the largest proportion to the cost of the material, and that the greatest percentage of profit must accrue to the English factories, it may be no disadvantage to them if low class goods give place to a better class in their supplies to the China market. If the manufacture either of native cotton or imported yarn into coarse cloth furnishes the Chinese people with the means of purchasing goods of greater value from England, the contention seems sound that the spread of cotton-mills in China need not disturb the equanimity of Lancashire mill-owners or operatives. But in order that we may enjoy the benefits of these new developments, it is essential "that we have in China an organisation by which our manufacturers are informed of what the Chinese want to buy and by which our goods are pressed on their notice."

On this point the opinions of the English manager of the spinning and weaving mill at Hankow is of special value from the vantage-ground he occupies for making observations. "What was wanted in Hankow," he said, "to improve the Lancashire import trade was that the representative of some good house should reside here and forward to his firm samples or descriptions of goods suited to the place and people, and that they at home should try to make exactly what was wanted, although something different from our usual style, make up, and count or assortment of colours, &c." This piece of advice is worth quoting merely to remark that it is identical with what has for years past been pouring in upon us from every corner of the globe; and that such elementary counsel should be thought necessary to be addressed to the greatest manufacturing nation in the world is one of the most ominous signs of the times, as we have

more fully explained on a former occasion.[1]

Much of the reasoning which Mr Bourne applies to the line of commerce to which his attention had been specially directed, would doubtless apply also to other species of industry; as for instance to the smelting of iron, where the utilisation of native resources in the coarser kind may create the means of purchasing the more finished article, as tools and machinery. Within the horizon now visible, in short, there seems no reason to expect injurious competition from developments in China, provided always that we assume our proper share in these new enterprises. But success in any or all of these promising ventures, in what we may hope to call the New China, is strictly conditional. The condition is confidence in her Majesty's Government, and a clear understanding between them and the merchants or adventurers who may embark their capital and their energy in China—an understanding that the Government will in future insist on the observance of treaties, and also press for modifications when these become obsolete, like the present monstrous regulations for the Yangtze trade made in 1861, without knowledge or experience, and entirely unsuited to the circumstances of the trade. To put it briefly, what is needed is an understanding that British subjects shall enjoy the same security and protection as those of other nationalities, whether Russian, French, or German. It is only by such means that our position in China can be maintained, not to say improved; and with that we take leave of what may be considered a useful "tract for the times."

P.S. — Our remarks have received full corroboration from several public utterances which have appeared since they were written. The deputation from the Associated Chambers of Commerce to Lord Salisbury on the 14th June, and the address by Mr Wenyon to the London Chamber of Commerce on the same day, put the commercial case of the country very fairly; and from the attention which both have received from the Press, it is evident that the public begins to feel an intelligent interest in the trade of the Far East. We are pleased to gather from Mr Wenyon that an effort is at last being made to grapple with the abuses of transit exactions on British merchandise; and Lord Salisbury told his deputation that "one of the most persistent occupations of our most excellent and efficient representative, Sir Claude MacDonald, is insisting on the abandonment of these exactions," which the French, by the way, abolish by a *coup de main*, thus releasing their Minister for more serious duties. We do not quite understand, however, why his lordship need have qualified his satisfactory, if somewhat belated, statement by suggesting a doubt as to the legality of our Minister's action. "I am not quite satisfied," he observed, "with the view of international law which I have seen sometimes expressed, that the undertaking that the *li kin* shall only be applied once to British goods necessarily implies that these goods shall be free from taxation all over China." There is, in fact, no such undertaking, nor any mention whatever of *li kin*, in the treaty under which our commerce is carried on. Lord Elgin, who negotiated, or rather dictated, the treaty, since it was

[1] "German Peril" in 'Maga' for January 1898.

signed under compulsion, was probably the best judge of his own intentions, and this is his version :—

"'Henceforward, on payment of a sum in name of transit duty, which for simplicity's sake has been fixed at one-half of the tariff rate of duty, goods, whether of export or import, will be free to pass between the port of shipment or entry, to or from any part of China, without further charge of toll, octroi, or tax of any description whatsoever.' See China, No. 4 of 1870, p. 6."

And many years later the highest Chinese authority on such questions, the late Tsêng Kwo-fan, Viceroy of Nanking and Superintendent of Trade for the Southern Ports, placed on record his view of the effect of the treaty provision in language more terse and no less exhaustive than Lord Elgin's :—

"'By carefully examining and comparing the 28th article of the English Treaty with the 7th article of the Tariff Rules, you will find that after foreign goods enter at the seaport, and pay the regular duty and half-duty, the merchant has only to exhibit his certificate of having so paid duty to be allowed to proceed to any distance without further demand.' See *Lik in* on Foreign Imports, a Memorandum by Mr R. S. Gundry, printed by the China Association, p. 3."

Both these references are given in Mr Bourne's report, and it seems a rather gratuitous surrender of a right, which the Chinese themselves have not disputed, and which has been affirmed in the clearest language by so eminent an authority as Tsêng Kwo-fan. We only trust, in the interest of our commerce, that as the citation of the treaty provision was a lapse of memory, so the inference drawn from it may yield to the maturer judgment of Lord Salisbury when the actual text is put before him.

Of the welcome promises of assistance which the Premier gave to the commercial deputation we are pleased to take note, and shall be still more so to report hereafter that the promise has not been an empty one.

MR GLADSTONE.

THE long, turbulent, and strenuous life which terminated on the 19th May, after spanning nearly the whole length of the century, is one of the greatest marvels of English political history. Our duty in this obituary notice will be mainly to draw attention to its faults, which in our judgment were numerous and flagrant, and ought, after all that has been said and written, to be brought into prominence. We are at the same time ready to admit that its splendour was in no respect and at no period stained by anything mean, petty, or ignoble, or which fell below the dignity of a high-minded English gentleman. The world has recently bent in reverent homage beside a grave in which has been laid a man whose intellectual power and resources transcended all his fellows, and even his most distinguished and powerful opponents; whose energies had been throughout his life overwhelming and ceaseless; and whose legislative achievements were probably more numerous and of more extensive application and results than those of any dozen of his contemporaries. But Mr Gladstone's most admiring devotees would scarcely suggest that his country has the same cause for gratitude in his case as it had in the case of Pitt and Nelson at the beginning of the century, and of Wellington and Palmerston in the middle of it. Those men, by steadfastness and courage, had saved their country. Mr Gladstone has not. His title to influence and fame mainly rests on this, that he maintained throughout his career a high personal character, both as regards the loftiness of his aims and motives, and the sincerity of his religious fervour. It served to win for him the confidence of an eminently serious and religious people. It is easily intelligible that he should have aroused so much genuine enthusiasm in the country, and even that he should have maintained its flame over so long a series of years and until the very end. The intensity of passion which he threw into every question excited a corresponding passion of reverence and regard for him amongst masses of men who had neither leisure nor capacity to unravel the intricacies of a complicated character and a checkered career. They were wholly uninfluenced by the circumstance that that intensity of passion raged first on one side of a question and afterwards on the opposite side, occasionally with very short intervals for reflection. Accordingly a chorus of extravagant and indiscriminate eulogy has resounded on all sides, from which the voice of soberness and truth has been strangely absent. So far as that eulogy has been bestowed on splendid talents, courage, and a unique personality, we do not desire, even after an interval of reflection, to detract from it. So far as recent enthusiasm tends to create a cult and to conciliate support to the most recent and most disastrous developments of his policy, it may not be inappropriate if, in obedience to the principles of the Magazine and in deference to sobriety of judgment, we now venture to appeal from the crude exaggerations of the moment to the voice of historic conscience.

It is impossible for those who,

like ourselves, have never been amongst his unreflecting admirers, to handle this subject in a spirit which shall be appreciative only of his merits. We cannot join in indiscriminate eulogy. And the present is not a fit opportunity for a harsh review. Moreover, there rises to one's memory the generous memorial which he constructed in his rival's honour when he proposed that a monument should be erected to Lord Beaconsfield's memory in Westminster Abbey. After expatiating upon qualities and achievements with which the world is familiar, he referred to some of them—

"with regard to which I should say, were I a younger man, I should like to stamp the recollection of them upon my mind for my own future guidance, and with regard to which I will say to those younger than myself that I would strongly recommend them for notice and imitation. These characteristics were not only written in a marked manner on his career, but were possessed by him in a degree undoubtedly extraordinary. I speak, for example, of his strength of will; his long-sighted persistency of purpose, reaching from his first entrance on the avenue of life to its very close; his remarkable power of self-government; and last, not least, his great parliamentary courage, which I, who have been associated in the course of my life with some scores of Ministers, have never seen surpassed."

In point of parliamentary courage and in brilliancy of parliamentary achievement Mr Gladstone may successfully challenge comparison with his great rival. But of all the virtues enumerated by him, that of long-sighted persistency of purpose evidently holds a foremost place, and it is by that standard, one which he himself acknowledged as eminently worthy of application to a great career, that we think his own must eventually be judged. From that point of view it is desirable to contrast the beginning and the end of his sixty years of public life. He entered Parliament as the nominee of the Duke of Newcastle, the determining cause of the nomination having been a most brilliant speech in the Oxford Debating Society against the Whig Reform Bill of 1831, which he denounced as breaking up the foundation of social order. He said himself that his prejudices and predilections were enlisted on the side of Toryism, meaning thereby a system of repression and exclusion which had grown up out of the French Revolution, and had been fostered by the fears which that portentous event had inspired. It was an excrescence rather than a system, one which the real leaders of Toryism, the men of clear convictions rather than of prejudices and vague aspirations, were anxious to get rid of. The conspicuous feature of Mr Gladstone's early public life, one which can never be laid out of reckoning in appreciating his career as a whole, is that he constituted himself the "rising hope" of those who held that Government was the birthright of the few, that the people had nothing to do with the laws but to obey them, that liberty was to be dreaded as the inevitable parent of licence, that slavery itself was sanctioned by Holy Scripture. There was no attempt to stand outside the traditions and passions of either party, and attain to clear independent convictions of his own from the standpoint of original genius, insight, and foresight. Men like Disraeli, Cobden, Bright, and even Parnell could not merely make the attempt but succeed. Gladstone, on the other hand, threw himself with fervour and

exulting earnestness into the prejudices and aspirations which were ready to his hand. Having done so, he enforced them with exuberant fluency and with sonorous appeals to the highest sanctions. He did so with a demeanour which, according to Lord Malmesbury's diary, gave the impression of a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, a man even in early life of grim earnestness, apt to consider any departure from overpowering seriousness either in expression or in sentiment as something "devilish," never relaxing the highly strung tone of solemn responsibility by any indulgence in fancy, fun, or wit. He was thoroughly conscientious: but his conscience was of that order that, according to Archdeacon Denison, his best friends regarded it with foreboding; according to another ecclesiastic, it was so tender it would never go straight; according to a third, it could be persuaded of anything; according to Carlyle, it only served to prevent conscious charlatanry. Beginning a public career with this remarkable equipment, he was, in truth, both above and below the work which he had undertaken. His aims were lofty and pure; the political principles which he had adopted would not stand the test of time. The leader of his party, Sir R. Peel, was so little capable of giving a creed to his party, that the two decisive events of his career were on each occasion an unconditional surrender to a policy which he had devoted his life to resist. Looking back upon this beginning, it is easy to understand how it happened that Gladstone's career was remarkable for agility rather than steadfastness, that his unrivalled powers were directed first by one man and then another, that the close of his career bore no resemblance politically to its opening.

Let us contrast the two. No doubt there is this similarity. At the end there is the same passionate appeal to the law of nature and of God, the same unfaltering conviction that he is animated by the noblest of motives, inspired by the loftiest aims, bent on the fulfilment of purposes in the highest degree beneficial to his Sovereign, his country, and his race. But look below the surface, and see what is the real scheme he has on hand. It belies every conviction, or prejudice, or prepossession in favour of social order with which he started in life, confounds everything which he then held sacred, and means surrender to the most lawless and criminal faction which ever made its appearance in the annals of our history. The instrument with which he endeavoured to effect its execution was neither the Tory nor Conservative party, neither Whig, Liberal, nor Radical. Having constituted himself for years the very impersonation of the Radical party—the party of Liberals in earnest—he was eventually left and abandoned by all the statesmen it contained of any light and leading. He joined the rump of a faction to the Irish party, whose principles and whose flagrant political conduct no one had denounced in more unsparing terms than himself; and with that united support he endeavoured to dismember the empire, and place Ireland under the feet of men who, in his own words, had marched through rapine and plunder and cruelty of every description, but who under the new scheme were to domineer in one country, and to possess a controlling voice in the other. Astounding as the scheme was, there was not a doubt as to

Mr Gladstone's intense determination to force it on the acceptance of the country. He devoted the whole energies of the last eight years of his public life to it. He framed two Governments on that basis. He went to the country upon it in 1886, and wanted, it is said, to appeal to it a second time in 1893 on the same issue. Foiled in this, his last speech in Parliament was a desperate appeal to his party and the country to join in destroying that power of the House of Lords which alone had stood between him and the success of his intolerable designs. The result is, that instead of ruining his country he has simply ruined one of the two great parties in the State. He has deprived it of all its trusted leaders, and saddled it with a policy which it is equally impossible to get rid of or to carry into execution.

It is no part of our present purpose to denounce this scheme and the attempt to force it upon the country. But surely, when we contrast the beginning with the end of this career, all claim to the virtue of "long-sighted persistency of purpose" for ever disappears. Persistency in particular purposes from time to time there was undoubtedly; but, accepting the latest as a sample of the rest, its long-sighted and well-considered character may be judged of by the circumstance that, before he finally adopted it, he appealed to the country to give him a sufficient majority to save him from temptation—declaring that it would not be safe to enter into the consideration of any measure in respect of which the Irish party would have it in their power to turn out the Government. The net result was that the two ends of his career are as widely separated in point of principle, of political aim, and of party association as it is possible to conceive. But both at the beginning and at the end, and all the way through, his conscious loftiness of aim and integrity of purpose were equally manifest. As he said of the German Emperor during the Franco-German war, his piety never failed him in any of these transactions, and in neither case did friend or foe ever question its sincerity.

The explanation of this extraordinary career is very hard to find. It has perplexed his contemporaries, and will be a problem for the historian. That which finds most favour with his enthusiastic admirers, who are generally those in sympathy with his latest development, is that he consistently brought religion and conscience into his statemanship, and that his progressive ideas were the result of earnest and unswerving devotion to the highest ideals of duty which mortal man can form. This, however simple, is not one which commends itself to the common-sense and experience of unbiassed critics. We fear that one explanation lies in the entire absence from his mind, at starting on his career, of any well-thought-out and mature conviction. All through his political convictions were in a more or less fluid condition: however passionately adopted, they were never a rock on which his followers could rely. The most prominent feature of his character is his intense theological prepossession, his intense preoccupation with all that concerns the other world rather than this. The next is his extraordinary — we should say fatal—facility of speech, and rapidity of thought. A man whose ideas grow up in fertile luxuriance, and express themselves at once in a torrent of language which never stops either in public

or private, does not find himself compelled to undergo the slower processes of weighing opposite considerations and estimating consequences. When the power of speech outstrips the power of thought, when sentiments and opinions find a complete satisfaction in the ease and beauty with which they are expressed, self-deception is the almost inevitable result. When language can too readily convey appeals to the highest and most elevated conceptions of duty, the lower motives of self-interest may easily escape the patient's observation. Then there was his well-known incapacity to judge of individual men, as compared with his irresistible influence over masses of men in the aggregate. The result seems to have been that he was largely dependent on others for his final decisions and convictions, though when he had once arrived at them, he made them his own by the dogged determination with which he pursued them and ignored all facts and considerations which told the other way. It is not surprising that with these qualities, and under suitable inspiration, he could convince himself and most others of anything which he chose. And it is also easily intelligible that with such qualities he should have inspired such profound distrust in the minds of nearly all with whom he was brought into close contact. The posthumous memoirs of most public men, from the Prince Consort downwards, bear witness to this distrust. The memoirs which are freest from it are those of ecclesiastics, Roman and Anglican; and in those the dominating idea is that they can so easily bend him to their purposes. We are afraid that it is impossible to overlook another element in his character. It is one which was fatal to that remarkable power of self-government on which he complimented Disraeli's memory. It is one which is responsible for much—viz., an overweening personal vanity. It was almost inevitable that this should have resulted from his conscious possession of powers so far in excess of all whom he encountered. It grew with his growth, till at last he could scarcely brook contradiction, colleagues apparently were not consulted prior to important decisions, and it is said shrank from pointing out the dangers and objections which haunted their minds. There is no more disturbing or disintegrating factor than this in the life of public men except corruption; and in his case it was fostered and exhibited, till the public were invited to explore all those details of private life from which, in the case of most of his contemporaries, they were jealously excluded.

Let us take first his career from his entrance into Parliament in 1832 to his entrance into the Cabinet in 1843. The first thing to notice is that his own wish was to be a clergyman; his father's wish, to which he deferred, was that he should embark in politics. If he and Manning could have changed places, each would have had his wish. He was more suited to an ecclesiastical life; Manning would probably have made a better politician. Nevertheless, he had quitted Oxford, so says a very appreciative biographer, "with a religious belief still untinctured with Catholic theology." His theological development, as distinct from his religious disposition, came some years later, and was due to outside influence—viz., that of Mr Hope Scott and Archdeacon Manning. From it he derived the only convictions which, so far as we can see, clung to him through the whole

of his life. He took part in the Catholic revival which began in or about 1833, and has continued to the present day, aiming at and almost achieving the expulsion of the Protestant element from the Church of England. Mr Gladstone's contribution to this subject was his book on Church and State; in which he demonstrated that the State had a conscience, that an established Church should be maintained by it as the depositary of truth, and that, accordingly, to deprive Ireland of the English Church there established was to deprive it of a priceless treasure, and to offend against our own sacred obligations. This book was his inauguration of a policy. The book was dull, the policy fell flat, the purpose which lay behind it was neither persistent nor long-sighted. Office brought with it the necessity of revising tariffs, regulating railways, and mastering all the details connected with the commercial needs of the country. Practically his first official experience had been as Under-Secretary for the Colonies under Lord Aberdeen. But his labours under the Peel Cabinet of 1841 led in two years' time to his introduction into the Cabinet as President of the Board of Trade, a Tory and High Churchman, possibly with a tendency towards free trade.

The next phase is from his attainment of Cabinet rank in 1843 to his final adoption of the Liberal party by accepting, for the second time, the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. That was in 1859, in the Ministry of Lord Palmerston; and the intervening period is one which forms the most critical portion of his life. He was embarked upon a most uncertain sea, without a rudder to steer by, in the shape either of a steady party allegiance or of matured political convictions, or, after the death of Peel, of experienced guidance. The period began with one of the most remarkable incidents in his personal political history, although its recollection was soon obscured by important political events. He actually resigned his Cabinet office in 1845, after about one and a half year's tenure of it, because Peel's proposed grant to Maynooth violated the principles laid down in his book, and having resigned, immediately spoke and voted in its favour. He wanted to be in a position to form an unsuspected judgment. He wanted to break away from the policy laid down in his book, as later on he declared himself unmuzzled when his political connection with Oxford ceased. The personal motive obscured all considerations which regarded his colleagues and the public. Such a step filled the mass of his party with angry amazement, and was possibly his first occasion of inspiring the public with distrust of his judgment, while it convinced his friends of his supernatural virtue. He, however, returned to the Cabinet in less than a year as Colonial Secretary, the net result of the transaction being that he was excluded from the representation of Newark and from Parliament during the fierce session of 1846, and did not return to the House of Commons until after the dissolution of 1847, when he was elected for the University of Oxford.

He then belonged to the small band of politicians who followed Sir Robert Peel. He was in many respects, with his splendid abilities and fascinating personality, the spoilt child of Oxford, of politics, and of society. He had achieved brilliant success, but he had never had to struggle. His seat was found for him, his personal superi-

ority came naturally to him; but he was wanting in those qualities which are the parents of sound judgment, or which inspire confidence in a man's prudence and stability of thought. Though in later years he was inclined to date his accession to the Liberal party from 1846—*i.e.*, the break up of the Peel Ministry—we know from the disclosures of Manning's Life that he was at this time in the closest intimacy with the Anglicans who seceded to Rome at the time of the Gorham judgment. His churchmanship and his representation of the University for a series of years united with other considerations to forbid his enrolment amongst the Liberals. At Peel's death he was regarded as distinctly a Conservative. The next year, when the Lord Stanley of those days was commissioned to form a Government, he offered the lead of the House of Commons to Mr Gladstone, who declined it simply on the question of Protection, which shortly afterwards disappeared from view. In every other respect he belonged to the Conservatives, repelled, however, by their distrust, and by the position to which Disraeli had attained in their ranks. It was not until 1852 that he first placed himself in violent antagonism to it. Personal antipathy to Disraeli, in his new position of Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House, was the cause and the striking characteristic of his new departure. In the most celebrated parliamentary duel of the century the two statesmen singled one another out as lifelong rivals, and established relations of vehement political antagonism which effectually excluded them from the ranks of the same party. Gladstone's friends, it seems clear, would gladly have induced Lord Derby to part with Disraeli and take up with Gladstone; but the objections to that course were insuperable, and it was clear that there was no room for both.

The Coalition Ministry was premature, the real object being to prevent the Conservatives establishing themselves in office. Mr Cobden in later days traced the Crimean War to their accession, and public opinion has long adopted that view. It was the most disastrous Ministry since the Peace of 1815. Mr Gladstone's position in it was unique. His financial triumphs, whether showy or substantial, were the source of its popularity. He was in the closest political alliance with Lord Aberdeen. But he distrusted Lord John Russell and disliked his reform policy. He had always been on terms of the strongest political antagonism to Lord Palmerston. The Ministry was so essentially a coalition which did not coalesce that Mr Gladstone was never held to have joined the Liberal party by becoming its Chancellor of the Exchequer. When its fall was precipitated by the blow of Lord John Russell's resignation, which was pointedly aimed at the Peelites, it would have been absurd to say that any new political or personal tie had resulted to Mr Gladstone. He quitted office as he left it, a member of the Peelite party, and the next four years were consumed in endeavours to re-establish relations with the Conservatives, which abruptly ended in his joining Lord Palmerston's Government in 1859 with the reversion of the Radical leadership in his pocket, in defiance of most of the convictions and aspirations which he had down to that time expressed, driven thereto by stress of circumstances which were mostly of a personal character.

This Coalition had a marked effect on Mr Gladstone's position and the estimate which was formed of him by colleagues and public men generally. It would be unfair to hold him responsible for the drifting character of its foreign policy. There were men of far greater weight than himself in regard to foreign affairs sitting in that Cabinet. Their policies were discordant. Neither policy prevailed. Neither Russia nor Turkey was restrained. War resulted, and it was decided that France and England should bear the brunt of it, regardless of Turkish cooperation. No one concurred in this last decision more heartily than Mr Gladstone. No one approved or expressed his approval more heartily than he did of the particular course which warlike operations took—viz., the expedition to the Crimea. On the other hand, he has never been blamed for deserting Lord Palmerston's Government directly he joined it. It was felt that he had technical justification in the grant of Mr Roebuck's Committee of Inquiry. But a more "robust" politician would have felt that in the critical circumstances in which the nation had been placed, and for which he was responsible, technical considerations should have given way to the determination not to desert his post. He had embarked in the war and in the particular expedition and siege from which, as Lord Palmerston insisted, the country could not withdraw without receding in the scale of nations, a recession which spelt ruin to our cause in India and elsewhere. He not merely left the Ministry at the time of our greatest disasters, when the war was becoming unpopular and its financial strain severe; but he threw every difficulty in the way of his late colleagues, by denouncing his own war as immoral, inhuman, and unchristian. He exaggerated the resources of the enemy and our own difficulties. He made the life of the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, a burden to him in his endeavours to meet the war expenditure. He acted in such a way that if others followed his example there would be an end to all confidence as between colleagues and as between the public and their leaders. It is impossible to exaggerate the responsibility for this course which Mr Gladstone adopted in those years which were at the very prime of his life. To launch his country into war with a great Power, to call upon it to make sacrifices and brace its resolution to the encounter, to assent to measures which committed it to a struggle of life and death, and then to change his opinions and call upon his country to yield to its foe, is the *ne plus ultra* of unstatesmanlike conduct. The war was undertaken to vindicate public right and to set bounds to the ambition of Russia. To turn round in the middle of it and say that Turkey was unchristian, and that to side with Mohammedans against Christians was unjustifiable and immoral, was beyond the moral competence of a statesman responsible for the war. He should have thought of that beforehand. This transaction, however, does not stand alone. It is merely the most conspicuous instance in his life of that utterly unreliable and unaccountable conduct which never seemed to repel the confidence of his admirers or even of the general public, however much it might confound the calculations of friends and foes behind the scenes. He approved the war, it is probable, from defective

consideration, his religious aspirations and predilections connected with the subject inspiring him at the moment with no stronger sentiment than that of reluctance. Out of office, that reluctance grew apace, and eventually transformed his view of policy. He characteristically ignored all responsibility arising out of his previous action, and refused to estimate the practical consequences resulting from his new departure. The ecclesiastically minded conscience differs from the disciplined rectitude of responsible public men. And whatever may be said in mitigation, it cannot be affirmed that he showed on that occasion any persistency of purpose, whether long-sighted or short-sighted.

His hostility to Lord Palmerston at this time was vehement and unceasing. It extended to the whole course of foreign affairs, and burst into almost fanatical violence over the Divorce Act of 1857. It was then that he came into collision night after night with the late Lord Westbury, who as Attorney-General stood sponsor for all the reforms which Lord Palmerston could be induced to sanction. Lord Palmerston had a host of enemies to encounter during his first Administration, none more active and determined than Mr Gladstone. It was obvious that his first mistake would, in spite of his great majority, be the ruin of his Government. It came with the crisis produced by the Orsini affair in Paris. For the first and only time in his life Lord Palmerston showed the white feather, or was believed to have done so. He was swept from office, and Lord Derby and Disraeli reigned in his stead. It was said that the Colonial Secretaryship was offered to Mr Gladstone at the beginning of that Government, the Indian Secretaryship on the resignation of Lord Ellenborough. In spite of his errors of judgment, which were portentous, both sides courted his alliance, partly as a powerful colleague from within, still more to disarm a formidable opponent from without. It is hard to say to which leader, Lord Palmerston or Disraeli, he was in reality the more averse; perhaps it was personally to Disraeli, politically to Lord Palmerston. But the latter was twenty years older than the former. Disraeli blocked the way to the leadership of the Conservatives, and these had a rooted distrust of him. Palmerston and Russell in the course of nature must speedily leave open the way to the Liberal leadership. Accordingly he never joined the Derby Government in any office at home which would have implied political absorption. He supported the Government on the whole, and even voted against Lord Hartington's motion of want of confidence, which upset them after the dissolution of 1859. In spite of everything, Lord Palmerston offered him office. He accepted it at the age of fifty, and was then for the first time enrolled in the Liberal party, of which he very soon became the prospective leader. Nothing has yet been published which serves to show how the steadier and more prudent members of that party liked the prospect. The result, at least, has shown how a powerful and to all appearance permanently victorious party may be wrecked by mismanagement.

His position in Lord Palmerston's Cabinet as the heir to the Premiership must have been a trying one to all concerned. No sort of good-fellowship arose between the two statesmen. The antipathy was marked. The letters of Lord Palmerston to the Queen

about him are of quite exceptional tone. It seemed that conscious mutual hostility dispensed with maintaining even the forms of mutual loyalty. Mr Gladstone was markedly hostile to the fortification policy, and constantly by his speeches, notably by that which called for the recognition of the Southern States of America, drew down upon himself the disapproval of his chief. Lord Palmerston, on the other hand, coldly supported the French commercial treaty, effected the rejection of his bill to repeal the paper duties, and restrained his attempt to quarrel with the House of Lords. He even predicted the strange doings of this "dangerous man" whenever "he gets my place." Mr Gladstone drew close his relations with Lord Russell. Breaking with his past, and in a marked manner with his reluctance to acquiesce in parliamentary reform in 1854, he now threw himself with fervour into his new party and their principles, broached his famous theory of "our own flesh and blood" as constituting a claim to the suffrage, and finally declared that the Irish Church was the question of the future. This last speech cost him his seat for the University. In vain he explained that the future was dim and distant, and that the question was not yet within the range of practical politics. He had plainly assumed the post of Radical leader of the Liberal party, and his seat was plainly forfeited.

On the death of Lord Palmerston, Mr Gladstone became leader of the House of Commons. He immediately formed closer relations with Mr Bright. The House, however, had been returned to support a statesman of a very different character. The majority broke away from him. Mr Disraeli took Reform out of his hands, and for ever associated his name with the settlement of that question, the further scheme of 1884 being merely an extension of his principle. Mr Gladstone was now at the crisis of his life. It was within a reasonable calculation of chances that his rival might establish himself in power. Disraeli reached the Premiership first. He was a man of enormous capacity, and had just scored a brilliant success where Gladstone had as signally failed. But Mr Gladstone at this crisis rose to the occasion. Relying on his recently proclaimed sympathy with advanced opinions, on his unrivalled mastery over detail, and matchless eloquence, he gave the signal for the overthrow of the Irish Church. In the result he snatched the victory out of the hands of his rival, and was returned to power with a majority of 120.

This first Ministry (1869-1874) was the culminating point of Mr Gladstone's fortunes. In Ireland he disestablished a Church and reformed land laws; he carried education measures for England, he abolished purchase in the army, he established the ballot. A variety of other measures completed a total of legislative achievement never before or since equalled in the same space of time. It was a crowded hour of glorious life, alike to the heroes and supporters of his policy. And so long as the man is great, his measures extensive, and the subjects of them vast and wide-reaching, who is to gainsay the value of the reputation acquired? No one can say whether the course of events would have been happier and more beneficial if the changes had never been effected, or would be listened to if he could. If subsequent disasters were traced to them, the ready

answer would be, that not the man who proposed them but the Parliament which adopted them is responsible. It remains that this vast legislative programme was successfully achieved, that it involved a tremendous and unparalleled display of intellectual resources, and that by common consent the only man capable of it that the House of Commons in the whole course of its history has ever produced is the great statesman whose life has so recently closed. The period, too, was not disfigured by any appeals to class hostility, or by any of the bitterness of later years. Measures of such wide-reaching consequences necessarily alienated so many interests, than even a majority of 120 was spent in the effort. But the flow of unpopularity was not checked by any administrative or foreign successes. He could not govern Ireland in spite of all his reforms and concessions, and coercion followed in their wake. His surrender to Russia in the matter of the Black Sea, to America in the matter of the Alabama indirect claims, the want of foresight in regard to the Franco-German war, and the needless way in which he irritated both belligerents, all showed that his fame must rest on the brilliancy of his legislative successes, and on little else.

The overthrow of that Government and the establishment of Mr Disraeli in power with a majority in both Houses was probably the greatest political disappointment that Mr Gladstone ever experienced. He had tried to escape it by offering to devote what he described as the short remainder of his public life to the repeal of the income-tax. Failing, he sought to retire, and in 1875 announced his withdrawal from active politics. Some there were who took it seriously. Disraeli was credited with the prophecy that there would be a return from Elba. There was; and it was followed, instead of preceded, by a Moscow expedition and capitulation to Parnell. Had Mr Gladstone carried out his withdrawal then, or later on given effect to it after he had formed his Ministry of 1880, and before he got into his Kilmainham treaty and Egyptian imbroglio, his best friends must feel at this moment that his historical reputation would have stood far higher than is possible now.

The return to politics within a year of his withdrawal marks the beginning of the fourth and last phase of his career, and is one of steady and continuous downfall from the lofty height to which he had attained. The Eastern Question had revived, and with it Turkish atrocities. Russian aggression again, as in 1853, was the dominant feature of the situation. To repel it, Mr Gladstone had in earlier years committed his country to a sanguinary war, which was closed by all the Great Powers recognising the independence and integrity of the Turkish empire as essential to the peace of Europe and the maintenance of public law. Mr Gladstone's Government renewed that treaty in 1871. The English Government put its foot down on those treaties and insisted on their observance, pointing out beforehand the particular acts on the part of Russia which would be met by open hostilities. It was a complete avoidance of all the vacillation and uncertainty of aim which in 1854 had launched us into war. Mr Gladstone's return to public life synchronises with the horror universally entertained at the atrocities committed by the Turk-

ish Government when face to face with internal disaffection concurrently with external aggression. The whole resources of his matchless oratorical power were brought into play, and at the very time when resolute resistance alone could prevent war, he did his utmost to exasperate the public mind against Lord Beaconsfield, to encourage Russia, ready for the spring, and to stimulate disregard of treaties which alone stood between Europe and a general war. The burst of indignation and wrath at cruelties which then, before, and since have shocked the world, was sublime. So also was the disregard of his own treaties in the past, and of the appalling consequences threatened by their violation in the future. He shook the Ministry in their seats, and the Russo-Turkish war broke out, as all foresaw that it would, the final encouragement to it proving irresistible. As consequences unfolded themselves a complete reaction followed. Lord Beaconsfield's majority was doubled, in spite of the vehemence, the sustained ferocity, with which he was assailed. Undaunted by the extremity of the peril from without, or by the vehement opposition from within, the British Ministry stood firm in its resolve that Russia must submit the results of her unauthorised proceedings to the arbitrament of a European Congress, and public law was vindicated by the Berlin Treaty. On Mr Gladstone's part it was a repetition of his proceedings in 1853-1856. In the former period he was responsible for the war which he denounced, but which Lord Palmerston strained every nerve to carry to success. In the latter he was responsible for the treaties which Lord Beaconsfield strained every nerve to enforce, succeeding in his object notwithstanding his rival's efforts night and day to frustrate it.

The Afghan and South African wars which followed, failing seasons, and Mr Gladstone's Mid-Lothian campaign, led to the fall of Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry. It seems to be a law of the new democracy that no Government should hold office for more than six years. Mr Gladstone returned to power with a majority of more than 100.

This second Administration will not compare with the first. It was a disastrous Ministry. It began in a blaze of apology. The Prime Minister had gone so far in his denunciations of Austria in reference to the Eastern Question, that he had to begin his official career by a public apology to its Emperor. He had ignored and ridiculed Lord Beaconsfield's warnings with regard to Ireland, and for three years he had Ireland on his hand in a state of veiled—we had almost said open and general—rebellion. He gave up Candahar and pulled up the rails of the Quetta railway, simply because Lord Beaconsfield had laid them down, and towards the end of his Ministry he had to admit his mistake and lay them down again. He had wildly denounced the six million vote of credit and the introduction of Indian troops on the European scene by his predecessor. At the close of his new Government he had to ask for eleven millions to enable him to resist Russia, and he was glad of the assistance of Indian troops in his Egyptian campaigns. Again and again his inconsiderate speeches during his celebrated Mid-Lothian campaign were a source of mischief. He had denounced the measure by which the Transvaal became British territory. He incited the Boers to rise against us.

Naturally they took him at his word. In vain he declared that he would make no terms with them till the Queen's authority in South Africa was re-established. They beat him thrice, the last time at Majuba Hill. He then gave way and made peace, although that course involved what Mr Forster called the shameful desertion of our allies. The same policy was adopted in Egypt and the Soudan. When Arabi revolted, the general opinion was that his rebellion would have been at once suppressed if the Sultan had interposed his authority. But Mr Gladstone was debarred from invoking any assistance from that quarter by the unmeasured invectives of a slightly earlier date. He was shut out from all influence in Constantinople, and difficulties were thickening in Egypt. He bombarded the forts of Alexandria, which led to the burning and sack of the city. Not long afterwards Hicks Pasha and his army were destroyed by the Mahdi. General Gordon was sent into the Soudan to withdraw the Egyptian garrisons and the inhabitants who might wish to leave. Gordon arrived at Khartoum, garrison after garrison in the Soudan was massacred, and Gordon was deserted and slain. The only excuse ever given was that Gordon might have fled, deserting those who had trusted him, acting on the faith of his protection. Both in Egypt and South Africa the same conduct was pursued. Enmity was wantonly provoked, hostilities were carelessly pursued, too late marked every effort, and surrender was made without a pang.

The Irish were dealt with in precisely similar manner. Their enmity was aroused by the Coercion Act, and influenced by violent speeches, such, for instance, as the famous one at Leeds, where they were denounced for marching through rapine and plunder to the dismemberment of the empire. More than a thousand were flung into jail without a trial. Then came the inevitable surrender. The Lord Lieutenant (Lord Cowper) and the Chief Secretary (Mr Forster) were thrown overboard, and a treaty made at Kilmainham with Mr Parnell and his allies, by which their freedom was secured at the price of putting down by their personal influence outrages which the Government with all the resources of civilisation at its back was powerless to quell. It will be the marvel of posterity how a Government could face a disclosure of that kind and not be overwhelmed. But Mr Gladstone's personal superiority to all his rivals after the disappearance of Lord Beaconsfield, the unaccountable personal loyalty of colleagues who afterwards as Liberal Unionists proved their invincible fidelity to the public interests, and his large majority, practically rendered him irresponsible, or at all events absolute. There have been two instances in our day of party chieftains declining in efficiency when they lose the steadying influence of an antagonist whom they respect. Lord John Russell went steadily down the hill after Sir Robert Peel's death; and Mr Gladstone declined even more conspicuously, both in his statesmanship and his authority, after the death of Lord Beaconsfield.

The legislation of this Ministry was again chiefly Irish. Besides coercion bills, there was another Land Act in 1881. The remarkable feature of that measure, as it respects Mr Gladstone, was that it carried into effect certain suggestions which in 1870 he had denounced with his inflated and

unmeaning rhetoric as "carrying widespread demoralisation throughout the whole mass of the Irish people." These were fixity of tenure on the part of the occupier, and State power to reduce excessive rents. The former was confiscation of the landlord's title, the latter would release people from contracts which they had deliberately made. Yet in 1881 he established a Land Court for that very purpose by an Act which established fixity of tenure, fair rents, and free sale—all of which he had demonstrated in 1870 to be economically unsound and politically dangerous. The general effect of his land legislation in Ireland may have been beneficial to those who could organise criminal agitation and baffle the authority of Government. No one can contend that it was in accordance with the plainest rules of honesty and commercial morality. Purchasers of one-eighth of the whole soil of Ireland, who had paid subsequently to 1849 no less than 52 millions of money for land at the invitation of Government, and had obtained a parliamentary title, found a great part of their purchases confiscated, and their holdings altered to those of rent-chargers instead of proprietors. History, in the person of Mr Lecky, has already described the course adopted as "distinctly dishonest," as a direct violation of contract, as beyond the competence of Congress under the constitution of the United States, without a parallel in the legislation of European countries. Continental writers described it as an attack on the principles of property more radical than any measure of the French Revolution, or even of the Reign of Terror. It was confiscation of the property of loyal men at the bidding of the organisers of an agrarian agitation. All claim to compensation was scouted. Some argued that in the long-run the landlords would be benefited, or at least that they would incur no loss. Others declared that such considerations must be excluded in the presence of extreme public necessity arising from extreme public peril. Either evasion suited Mr Gladstone; but neither of them impeded the upward flight of his oratory, which, regardless of the subject in hand, appealed in the noblest language to the loftiest motives. We give this as a sample of the sort of oratory which carried all before him with auditors who were untouched in purse or prospects, and because it has passed into the region of history under selection by Mr Lecky:—

> "Justice, sir," he exclaimed, "is to be our guide; and as it has been said that love is stronger than death, even so justice is stronger than popular excitement, stronger than the passions of the moment, stronger even than the grudges, the resentments, and the sad traditions of the past. Walking in that light, we cannot err. Guided by that light, the divine light, we are safe."

No doubt Mr Gladstone had with emotional fervour worked himself up to the pitch of sincerely believing in every word of this emotional utterance, so bitterly repulsive to the unfortunate victims of his legislation. Others whose withers were unwrung might luxuriate in the same sentiments of serene self-complacency. Probably, as Mr Lecky remarks, no one who was present when, "with uplifted eyes and saintly aspect and exquisitely modulated intonation, the great speaker poured out these sonorous sentences," dreamed that in a few short years he would identify himself with the men of rapine and public plunder, and march hand

in hand with them to the dismemberment of the empire.

At the close of this Ministry Mr Gladstone occupied a distinctly lower level of authority and reputation than would have been accorded to him if his career had practically closed with the first. He was overwhelmed with failure in all directions, both at home and abroad. His defiance of the Sultan had brought disaster in Egypt, his encouragement of Russia led him to the brink of war with that country, which possibly was averted only by his resignation and the accession of Lord Salisbury. The Irish party sprang to their seats when the numbers of the destroying division were announced, and shouted their execration of the fallen Ministry. His followers at the general election, which soon followed, impugned his authority in the way most exasperating to a party chief, by substituting an unauthorised programme in lieu of his own. It reduced him to the position of appealing to Lord Hartington's sanction of his own; it enabled his recalcitrant followers to declare that his programme had lost the boroughs, while their programme had won the counties. His authority was tottering to its fall, ruined by a long course of failure, recklessness in speech and action, the decay of his mighty genius.

The result of the general election was to render Mr Parnell master of the situation. He could make and unmake Ministries, and he had powerfully contributed to the destruction of the Liberal majority by directing the Irish vote both in England and Ireland against the followers of Mr Gladstone. Accordingly the inevitable surrender was close at hand. In December 1885 the momentous decision was taken which involved the ruin of his reputation on the one hand, the subjection of Ireland to the Parnellite faction on the other, together with the permanent disunion of Great Britain and Ireland.

There can be no doubt that this decision was taken in the exulting plenitude of that one-man power which was founded on his extraordinary gifts, and became dearer to Mr Gladstone's heart as years increased, and which he extravagantly overestimated, having regard to his recent failures. The Whig party had fallen from him one by one, the Radicals were disloyal and ambitious to supersede him. A personal alliance with Parnell, concluded without consultation with any of his colleagues, was effected. It at least enabled him to dictate a new policy to his party, and dare them to reject it. He had possession of the caucuses. He calculated that the whole party would recognise his new position as one of impregnable strength, and come to heel accordingly. Many of them, including Lord Granville and Sir W. Harcourt, did so—notwithstanding the latter's Coercion Act and oratorical allusions to Parnellite juice, cancerous sore, war with the boycotting pike. He himself had not denounced Home Rule for fifteen years; while the rhetoric of subordinates is as easily swallowed as uttered. It was calculated, in a statement communicated with more or less authority to the newspapers, that the new policy would have a large majority in the House of Commons; that the House of Lords would not reject it; that if they did, the country would give Mr Gladstone an unmistakable mandate to carry it into law.

A more critical position this country has not been placed in since the winter of our Crimean disasters. It was impossible to

exaggerate the tremendous accession of strength which Mr Gladstone in his single person brought to the policy of Home Rule. Those who knew his character knew that the whole force of his intellect, the whole strength of his religious convictions, the utmost ardour of his oratorical fervour, would be thrown into the new scheme; and that every consideration founded on the character and action of his new allies, or of political morality generally, would under the plea of earnestness be flung to the winds if it impeded his scheme. Before he adopted it he probably persuaded himself that Parnell and his followers after the Kilmainham treaty were in reality something totally different from his former experience of them,—that the treaty of Kilmainham had changed their natures and purified their characters. He was mistaken. As time went on he was drawn into direct or indirect approval of the very deeds which had originally provoked his condemnation and coercion; the whole Decalogue could be violated with impunity, until at last an isolated offence against social purity, of no political significance whatever, roused the Nonconformist conscience, and in its result shattered the confederacy on whose support he rested all his hopes for the future. Meanwhile a second and profound mistake was disclosed. Nearly all the statesmen of ability, character, and experience, who formed the strength of his surroundings, declined to follow him in his change of front. That at least ensured the rejection of his scheme by the House of Lords. A third mistake most probably was his acceptance of Parnell's account of his celebrated interview with Lord Carnarvon. Mr Gladstone lived to regard Parnell as, in his own words, a "consummate liar." There was a fourth mistake. The new democracy had a will of its own. All the great Liberal leaders who had urged its establishment had always intended that it should be informed and guided by platform deliberations, and that its decisions should be given in the light of day. Here was an ostentatious attempt by an old parliamentary hand to force its decision on an unknown subject with the aid of parliamentary alliances and manœuvres.

To the eternal credit of the new democracy, it determined to look before it leaped. The more timid members of the Liberal party in the House of Commons—not one in ten, or, as Parnell said later, not one in three, of them really approving — prepared themselves to run, and did run, like Gadarene swine, down the steep hill which, but for a catastrophe at the polls, would have led to destruction. The spirit of fatalism, that spirit which believes that a great revolutionary change once proposed by authority must come, took possession of a large portion of the rank and file of Liberalism, not merely in the House but in the constituencies. It was the spirit so tersely expressed by Lord Melbourne to his followers on the subject of free trade in corn. "It was a d—d thing," he said to them, "that Peel has made this proposal; but he has made it, and whether you like it or not, you will all of you have to vote for it." One advantage which we have all derived from eight critical and anxious years is that the spirit of fatalism is exorcised from our politics. It does not follow under the new democracy—experience has proved it—that immediately a wild proposal is made, that instant the flowing tide rolls in its favour.

The *onus probandi* is changed. Those who make wide-reaching proposals of change must vindicate them. The labouring oar henceforth is not exclusively with the party of resistance. The two men to whom we chiefly owe the salutary defeat of Home Rule were the late Mr Bright and the statesman whom we are all glad to see enrolled in a Conservative Ministry as the reward of his patriotic exertions, Mr Chamberlain. We do not undervalue the services of the Whig party headed by Lord Hartington. But these would probably not have sufficed without the powerful aid of Mr Bright and Mr Chamberlain. There is no necessity to go into the details of the Home Rule bills or their parliamentary vicissitudes. The broad features of Mr Gladstone's management were the attempted purchase of the Irish landlords' neutrality by the terms offered in the Land Purchase Bill, described as usual as a solemn national "obligation of honour and of policy," and then abandoned in deference to his followers' objections under the plea of the landlord's rejection of them, when they were never given the opportunity of accepting them. Then there was the coercion implied by raising the question of the masses against the classes, under the impression that the former were on his side. Then there was the abandonment of the Irish Constabulary, — a force which had loyally stood by the unrivalled coercionist in his policy of repression, but which was now to be handed over to the tender mercies of Mr Parnell and his followers. All executive and judicial authority, Ulster and the Protestants generally, were to be placed under the control of the party of disorder, which was at the time loudly declaring that those arrangements were not final, but were merely an instalment of concessions which pointed to a complete separation. When the dissolution came, the new democracy sent up a majority of 110 against the reckless and dangerous scheme submitted to it; and a Conservative Government was installed in power for six years. A great national disruption had been averted, but Mr Gladstone's career and fame were overwhelmed by an irretrievable disaster. Withdrawal from politics and from the fortunes of a party which he had conducted to ruin was impossible. The matchless hero, who had so often led his followers to victory, must devote the declining years of a laborious life in pursuit of an unattainable policy, in conjunction with impossible allies, in leading a discredited and defeated party, in a position which excluded him from all control over practical politics.

One consideration which we have never seen seriously discussed is whether Mr Gladstone when he joined Parnell had any alternative course open to him except withdrawal from public life. His failures both at home and abroad had seriously impaired his authority. By his own act later on he betrayed his consciousness of foreign failure by substituting Lord Rosebery for Lord Granville at the Foreign Office. One by one his Whig colleagues had fallen away, and there can be little doubt that those who remained had had enough of Kilmainham treaties, surrender to enemies, alternative spoliation and coercion in Ireland. His Radical followers, seeing the disorganisation of the party, were pressing their own schemes in unauthorised programmes, one item of which was the disestablishment of the English Church, which he

knew to be impracticable. A discredited leader, distrustful followers, divided aims, the hostility of the faction which held the majority in its hand, were a combination which rendered office impossible. An alliance with the Irish faction re-established his authority, relegated the past to oblivion, concentred all minds upon the future, would carry all before him, except in the improbable contingency of a third political party arising and wresting the control of the situation from the hands of the Parnellites. In the prime of his life he had belonged to a third party himself, which, in spite of character and talent, had failed to maintain a separate existence, and had gradually disappeared. He disregarded that contingency, and he knew that his own position without the new alliance was untenable, and recoiled from the prospect of his career being closed in disaster and humiliation. His resolutions on the Irish Church in 1868 had borne him on the wave of success; his Home Rule policy should bring the same result in 1886, quelling a mutiny amongst his followers, consigning the immediate past to oblivion, pronouncing a sentence of divorce between Great Britain and Ireland in a way which should undo the work of Pitt, and usher in a true union of hearts.

His sense of the failure of this scheme had come before the dissolution. When he went to the country, he gave up his Irish bills and fell back on Irish management by herself of the affairs specifically and exclusively her own,—that principle which is so harmless in words, but in practice may mean anything up to complete and even hostile separation. He gave up his bills, declaring them dead beyond recall, and for the next six years wild horses could not draw from him the secret of his policy. In fact there was no secret to divulge. The next scheme of Home Rule would, in the first place, entirely depend on the composition of the majority returned to carry it into effect; and in the second, would be merely another attempt to solve an insoluble problem. Any details which might be formulated on such a subject would necessarily involve large principles and bitter controversy. A premature disclosure would infallibly ruin all chance of a majority. Meanwhile Ireland must be shown to be ungovernable, and also to block the way. Irish disorder and House of Commons obstruction would be powerful arguments in favour of the desired conclusion. He refused to discountenance Mr Dillon's aggressive operations in Ireland, to pronounce as to the morality of the Plan of Campaign. He fiercely opposed Mr Balfour's Crimes Bill. He steadily identified himself with the Parnellites, became more and more acrimonious against the Liberal Unionists, who had not joined Lord Salisbury's Government but who steadily supported it. It is his conduct in this six years' opposition which must determine the verdict of history as to the spirit in which he began and pursued his Home Rule policy. There were the speeches at the National Liberal Conference at Nottingham in 1887, in which he enforced all Parnellite charges against the administration of law and order in Ireland, and made liberal offers to those who wanted further parliamentary reform and disestablishment, provided they would give him a Home Rule majority. Men were reminded of the bribe by abolishing the income-tax in 1874, when sect after sect was told that the only way of effecting its wishes

was to support the prophet of Home Rule. Mr Gladstone was bent on success, his whole political reputation was staked on it, and he utterly ignored responsibility for anything which he said or did, even if acts and words encouraged anarchy and forcible resistance to law. The most irresponsible demagogue could not have acted in a more unrestrained manner or disregarded consequences more flagrantly than the statesman who had already been three times Prime Minister, and whose personality, owing largely to language held in Nonconformist pulpits, was superstitiously worshipped by large masses of the people. In 1889 he appeared on a platform with Parnell. He boldly declared that the charges against the Parnellites, which were under the investigation of the Special Commission, were fictions. When the Pigott letters were withdrawn he stood up with his party to give Parnell an ovation in the House. He refused to pay any attention to the adverse findings in the report. He entertained Mr Parnell at Hawarden, discussed with him the details of a Home Rule scheme which he refused to disclose to others. At an age when he ought to have been the Nestor of politics, to have succeeded to the place above all party which was held by the Duke of Wellington and the Marquis of Lansdowne in former generations, he had sunk to the lowest level of politics, scarcely distinguishable from the ordinary demagogue in the facility with which he could adopt programmes like those of Nottingham and Newcastle, in the incentives which he could offer to disorder and violence.

There is no saying whether or not these tactics would have eventually given him a decisive majority. It was quite possible they would, for his personal authority and fascination were something quite unprecedented in our political history. In an evil moment Parnell appeared in the Divorce Court under circumstances of peculiar meanness and treachery. His followers unanimously whitewashed him in Dublin; Mr Gladstone was silent in London. Common-sense suggested that if murder, boycotting, torture, and organised oppression were venial offences, a mere personal violation of social purity need not be advanced to the dignity of a national event. Suddenly the whole scene changed. The distant rumble of the Nonconformist conscience began to strike on the ear; it swelled into a mighty roar, and the Parnellite-Gladstonite alliance — that ill-omened union of a man of virtue and a man of crime — was dissolved in inextinguishable laughter. Mr Gladstone said its continuance would reduce his political influence "almost to a nullity." Parnell rounded on his ally as the unrivalled coercionist of Ireland, who was constitutionally incapable of giving a straight answer to a straight question, and declared that his Home Rule policy as disclosed at Hawarden was no fulfilment of the Irish claims. The result was that the Irish party split into irreconcilable factions, and Mr Gladstone found that he had flung away the pride and strength of his following in reliance on a broken reed.

The historian will probably regard the break up of that ill-omened alliance as the destruction of whatever hopes might at one time have been entertained of the policy. The Parnellites became bitterly hostile to their former ally, and the hostility did not cease with Parnell's death in 1891. The Anti-Parnellites were satisfied with vague assurances, and

accepted a position which their Irish enemies could represent as subordinated to the interests of an English party. Their American supporters fell away from a divided party. Amongst English Home Rulers not one in three, as Parnell complained, believed in it, least of all the nominal leaders of the movement. Mr Gladstone, in the increasing desperation of his position, swallowed the whole of Mr Schnadhorst's multifarious programme at Newcastle, and omitted no expedient which could serve the vote-catching purposes in hand. However much his rhetorical power was on the wane, he could still appeal in impassioned terms to the British Nonconformists to disregard the outcries of the Irish Protestants. He could still denounce the Ulster Convention as a constructive conspiracy to defy the law; and if the imminence of civil war in Ireland was pointed out as the result of his policy, a man to whom retreat was impossible could easily deride a contingency which he had no option but to face.

All, however, was over before the dissolution of 1892. No sane politician, looking back on that time, can bring himself to believe that success was ever possible. The almost unanimous judgment of the intellect and the conscience of the nation was opposed to it. The results of the general election showed conclusively that there was no mandate in its favour. Mr Gladstone himself was returned by a signally reduced majority. England was decisively opposed to him. Scotland and Ireland, together with gallant little Wales, could only give him a majority of 42. He was absolutely dependent on the Irish vote, part of which was irreconcilably hostile, the remainder of which was not to be relied upon. The secret was religiously kept of the details of his scheme until in 1893—that extraordinary session, which was Mr Gladstone's last, and which continued from January 31 of that year till March 5 of the next—the second Home Rule Bill was introduced to a crowded house by a statesman in his eighty-fourth year. Disastrous as the scheme was, no one could fail to appreciate the pathos of a political and personal position which had been so prominent and so splendid, but the exigencies of which imposed a task so manifestly in excess of failing powers. His colleagues were unequal to the occasion. The financial part of the scheme broke down; the retention of the Irish members, so necessary from an imperial point of view, so objectionable as giving to them a right of interference where on the principle of the bill they were foreigners, was an insoluble problem. The bill bristled with difficulties. The majorities in favour of the Government dwindled down to 14. Every one could see the game was up. In spite of radical changes in the bill having been effected, Mr Gladstone closured debate in compartments, and soon afterwards the House of Lords threw it out by the magnificent majority of 419 against 41. It seemed to Mr Gladstone's colleagues—possibly even to himself—a wholly impracticable task to go to the country on such a scheme; and so the last link was snapped which bound him to public life. He resigned that high dignity which he had held four times, and closed for ever what he called in an address to his constituents "the merits or demerits of a career certainly chargeable with many errors of judgment, but I hope on the whole governed at least by uprightness of intention and by a desire to learn."

Adversely as we criticise Mr Gladstone's political career, we join in no grudging spirit in the honours paid to him at its close universally, and by all sorts and conditions of men. For in spite of his errors and gigantic mistakes there was a grandeur about the man both of character and intellect, there was something in his general tone and aims, which commands respect as well as admiration even when we trace the ruin of his fortunes to his own headstrong and insensate error. He was never lost in the Irish party. However inexplicably he might mix himself up with the heroes of the Parnell Commission, speak their language, and approve their acts, history will draw a just distinction, and refuse to identify him with his latest associates. It is only the indiscriminate adulation of the moment which includes every portion of his long and inconsistent life in one sweep of general eulogy. Enthusiastic as we islanders are, we have yet a streak of common-sense, which will forbid the rise of a school of Gladstonians, and prevent the Irish policy interred in his grave from once more emerging into prominence. Reflection will convince the most enthusiastic admirer that if Mr Gladstone's career was Napoleonic in its dazzling achievements, it was also Napoleonic in its portentous failures. In fact the latter predominate. His party will not, even in its present forlorn situation, endeavour to conjure with his name; and if his authority is appealed to on any question, the rival claims of conflicting utterances must be adjusted before it possesses any weight. He has not left behind him a school, a policy, or a creed; his name is not associated with any political success abroad, or with the triumph of any institution or cause at home which he can claim to have originated. Isolated measures he has passed in abundance, and he availed himself of numerous opportunities as they arose to devote his splendid talents to accomplish the purpose of the moment. But his enduring fame in the future, as his power in the past, will be founded on himself personally, on what he was in himself rather than on what he actually did, notwithstanding his incessant activity. In saying so, we need not join in those pharisaic tributes to pharisaic virtue which abounded a short time ago. The same phenomenon occurred on the death of Lord Selborne. We remember that on that occasion Lord Rosebery, "justified," as it seemed to us, "rather than the others," begged leave, "in deep humility, and at a respectful distance," to concur in remarks the fulsomeness of which might have been avoided with advantage. The parable of the publican will not, we hope, be entirely erased from the memories of our ecclesiastical devotees. Mr Gladstone's was a many-sided character, without the insight into men and things and the foresight which make a trustworthy leader and statesman; with a reputation for stainless integrity and deep religious faith, upright and generous in his aims and sympathies. The best-intentioned men are not always the greatest benefactors of their kind or the wisest of rulers, and the friend may have been right who declared that he would have been a better statesman if he had not been so good a man.

Printed by William Blackwood and Sons.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCCXCIV. AUGUST 1898. Vol. CLXIV.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY.

"I HOPE," writes Thackeray of Robert Southey—"I hope his life will not be forgotten, for it is sublime in its simplicity, its energy, its honour, its affections. Southey's private letters are worth piles of epics."

There is in the possession of the writer of these pages a small collection of hitherto unpublished letters of great interest. They are written by Southey to his friend John May, who may be introduced to the reader as the one to whom Southey dedicated his short and incomplete autobiography. They became acquainted at Lisbon, when the poet was a very young man, and their friendship proved to be of lifelong duration. We find Southey in 1818 expressing his satisfaction at becoming possessed for the first time in his life of the sum of £300, which he proposes to invest in the Three Per Cents. "I have already a hundred pounds there," he writes triumphantly. "I shall be worth £12 a-year!" By 1821, as the result of unwearied exertions, he has increased the amount to £625. Then comes bad news of May, business troubles, and the total loss of all his fortune. Without hesitation the whole of Southey's fund — the savings of half a lifetime — is transferred from his name to that of May, whom he cordially invites to break away from business worries and come to Keswick, where he was living with his wife and family.

The first letter, however, dates long before this time. It is written in 1799, when the poet's friendship with May was only four years old :—

"It is long since I have heard from you. I saw the marriage of, I suppose, one of your sisters announced in the papers; at the time I wished

it had been your own, but if the single man be never quite happy, neither can he be ever quite otherwise. In sickness, in poverty, in death, the evil extends not beyond himself; he is prepared for all the contingencies of life, and its close is not embittered by the grief of the survivors, whose happiness or welfare depends upon him. It has always been my wish to die far away from my friends—to crawl like a dog into some corner, and expire unseen. I would neither give nor receive unavailing pain.

"Of the few books with me I am most engaged with the Koran. It is dull, and full of repetitions, but there is an interesting simplicity in the tenets it inculcates.

"What was Mohammed? Self-deceived, or knowingly a deceiver? If an enthusiast, the question again occurs, wherein does real inspiration differ from mistaken? This is a question that puzzles me, because to the individual they are the same, and both effects equally proceed from the first impeller of all motives, who must have ordained whatever he permits. In this train of reasoning I suspect a fallacy but cannot discover it. But of Mohammed—there is one fact which in my judgment stamps the impostor—he made too free with the wife of Zeid, and very speedily had a verse of the K. revealed to allow him to marry her. The vice may be attributed to his country and constitution, but the dispensation was the work of a scoundrel imposing upon fools.

"The huge monstrous fable of Mohammedanism, his extravagant miracles, and the rabbinical tenets of his followers appear nowhere in the written book. Admit the inspiration of the writer, and there is nothing to shock belief. There is but one God—this is the foundation: Mohammed is his prophet—this is the superstructure. His followers must have been miserably credulous. They gained a victory over the Koreish with very inferior numbers, and fought lustily for it. Yet Mohammed says, and appeals to them for the truth of what he says, that not they beat the Koreish, but 3000 angels won the victory for them. The system has been miserably perverted and fatally successful. Bagdad and Cordova had their period of munificence and literature, all else in the history of this religion is brutal ignorance and ferocity. It is but a system of degradation and depopulation, whose overthrow is to be desired as one great step to general amelioration. If you could get me Anquitel du Perron's 'Zendavesta' I should be very glad; it is not easily met with, but perhaps your bookseller might meet with a copy."

The romantic and unusual circumstances of his marriage may not be fresh in the mind of the reader, and may be briefly touched upon

His attachment at the very early age of twenty to Edith Fricker, a sister of Coleridge's wife, a young and penniless girl, was naturally viewed with some misgiving by the family circle, though there is reason to believe that his mother sympathised with and believed in its strength and stability. His uncle, Mr Hill, of whom Southey always speaks in terms of affection and respect, was especially concerned at what he considered to be Robert's "entanglement," and after many attempts to separate him from his *fiancée*, made a proposal that Robert should accompany him to Lisbon, where he intended making a lengthy stay. The real motive of this arrangement was not avowed, but to the young lover it was obvious that it was another endeavour, kindly meant but utterly mistaken, to wean him from the object of his attachment. He could not refuse to go, but feeling himself bound to his young betrothed by the ties of honour as well as of affection, he arranged a hasty and secret marriage on the very day of his departure from England, taking leave of his bride

at the church door with a heavy heart, and hastening to Falmouth to join his uncle, preparatory to leaving England.

"Never," he writes to his friend Grosvenor Bedford — "never did a man stand at the altar with such strange feelings as I did: she returned the pressure of my hand, and we parted in silence." The little bride, her wedding ring hung in a ribbon round her neck, returned to her home.

Such a marriage was undoubtedly an experiment full of risk, but its results go far to justify the wisdom of his choice, and his insight and judgment, even at the early age of twenty-one. It does not appear that any permanent effort at concealment was planned by the youthful couple, for a very few weeks afterwards we find Robert openly alluding to his marriage in his letters to several friends,—always disclaiming any other motive for the abruptness of the affair than the one given above.

The next letter, written a month after the preceding one, shows us the poet in a more normal and cheerful state of mind.

"There are three classes of people in whose society I find pleasure—those in whom I meet with similarity of opinion; those who, from a similarity of feeling, tolerate differences of opinion; and those to whom long acquaintance has attached me, who neither think nor feel with me, but who have the same recollections, and can talk of other times and other scenes. Accustomed to seclusion, or to the company of those who know me, and to whom I can let out every thought as it rises, without the danger of being judged by a solitary expression, I am uncomfortable amongst strangers. A man loses many privileges when he is known to the world. Go where I will, my name has gone before me, and strangers either receive me with expectations that I cannot gratify, or with evil prepossessions that I cannot remove. It is only in a stage-coach that I am on an equal footing with my companions, and it is there that I talk the most, and leave them in the best humour with me.

"George Coleridge has been very friendly towards me, and I feel that his opinion of me has been influenced by you. He has his brother's forehead, but no other resemblance. It is wonderful how the strong feelings induced by composition change the countenance. Strong thought is labour, an exercise essential to the mind's health; and the face of a thinking man, like the legs of a porter, or the arms of a blacksmith, indicate how he has been employed.

"Something I shall one day build on the base of Zoroaster, but what I know not. I feel myself pledged to Mango Capac, and if I can see the propriety of blending aught supernatural with philosophical narration, he shall be brought from Persia. My head is full of plans; it seems as though all that I have yet done is the mere apprenticeship of poetry—the rude work which has taught me only how to manage my tools.

"Since the beginning of this letter, I bore part in an interesting conversation with George Coleridge—it was upon the tendency of Christianity. His brother Edward, who seldom talks much to the purpose, talked only to confuse and misunderstand, but afterwards, when we walked out, he understood us better. We were talking upon the equalitarian doctrine of the Gospel, — a doctrine which you know I see there, and which is intimately blended with all my opinions and systems, their foundation indeed, their life and soul.

"I could soon grow unreserved with him, and talk from immediate impulse. We are all a good deal amused by the old lady. She could not hear what was going on, but seeing Samuel arguing with his brothers, took it for granted that he must have been wrong, and cried out, 'Ah! if your poor father had been alive he would soon have convinced you!'"

In the letter which follows, the clear business-like arrangement of his affairs in the event of unforeseen contingencies cannot but strike us, accustomed as we are to the easy go-as-you-please system, the indulgence in which we must recognise as the characteristic of the poetic temperament. But it must be remembered that Robert Southey was not exclusively a poet. He himself tells us of a "calmer and steadier pleasure than poetical composition," alluding to his passion for historical research—for fact, as opposed to fable. It was his delight in actualities, as well as in the world of fancy, that bestowed on us his voluminous and valuable contributions to the history and biography of the world—contributions which are apt to be overlooked in the popular estimate of Southey, who is regarded for the most part in the light of a poet-laureate alone, while the more solid part of his life's work is ignored.

Failure of health, and a determination to try the effect of change of climate for himself and wife, take him once more to Lisbon. He writes:—

"First as to pecuniary matters. Reviewing of course must be suspended, and I have for some months ceased writing for the newspapers owing to inability from ill-health. The loss is not less than £100 a-year; but an old schoolfellow, a clergyman, by name Elmsley, understanding from Wynn that I was going abroad, immediately offered me through him a hundred pounds, a sum which will repay the expenses of the journey, the voyage, and the personal expenses necessary to clothe us for a twelvemonth's absence. This done, my annual income remains £160, which you will receive quarterly, and to which amount I will draw upon you. There will be also from ten to twenty pounds due from the 'Critical Review,' which I shall direct to be paid to you.

"I shall send over my 'Thalaba' for publication. This will assuredly —though I reserve the copyright of the after-editions — produce £100. Some one of my friends who is connected with the booksellers will transact the business for me, and the money shall be deposited in your hands: this is my fund for our return.

"If peace permits I will return over the Pyrenees, and in that case the journey will pay its own expenses. My destined employment in Portugal you are acquainted with. In order to keep up my connection with the 'Critical Review,' I have engaged to review Portuguese books, and Spanish, if I can get them. There will be so little to do that it cannot be estimated at more than ten pounds' worth, but it continues my connection.

"The 'Annual Anthology' remains charged for some articles which I wish to have sent to my uncle in the autumn, and for ten pounds towards the maintenance of my cousin Margaret.

"My brother Harry . . . this is the most awkward circumstance. I had been looking on to a house in London where he could have had a home when he left Mr Maurice. Harry was 16 in January last. I know not how he can be better, or indeed otherwise placed than where he is.

"My mother will remain with her sister. I wished her to have passed the summer at Burton, where she might easily have found some acquaintance to have accompanied her, and shared her housekeeping expenses. She is never happy with her sister, a miserable woman with whom no one could be happy. Nothing unpleasant but this recollection will accompany me.

"My worldly affairs in case of death are easily arranged. A copy of 'Madoc' is in the possession of my friend Charles Danvers. Incorrect as it now is, should I be summoned to another state of existence, its value will be considerably more than you imagine. Coleridge would edit this, or whatever else I may leave worth editing: the produce you would dispose of as might best serve Edith—and my mother;

but if my mother will not live with Edith, the little annuity that may be raised must not be lessened by the smallest part going into the College Green.

"My two younger brothers have uncommon talents. I trust I shall live to bring them forward so as to see them hold honourable and useful stations in society; if it be ordered otherwise, the name they bear will continue or procure them friends, and their abilities remain a better inheritance than wealth.

"*April* 2, 1800."

The letter next given, written from Lisbon, has its full share of interest:—

"The summer has arrived, and we have had some days more oppressively hot than I had ever before experienced, accompanied with the hot wind, a sort of bastard siroc which you must remember, and which it is much more agreeable to remember than to feel. The disappointment of having a burning face fanned by a wind that heats it has been useful to me. I had described desert sufferings, and can now retouch and heighten the picture. To-day we have had the fine fresh breeze which in the West Indies they call 'the Doctor,' a good seamanly phrase well expressing its healing comfort. The nights are miserably hot. I thirst after Cintra, and on Monday hope to hear once more the sound of running water.

"We were at the museum on Monday last: there are the head and hands of one of our cousin ourang-outangs which I remember to have heard of some years ago. The poor fellow who owned them was walking quietly with a stick in his hand—a European saw him, and shot him. He was more like the human animal than any ape that had been seen before! Unless you remember the face you will hardly believe how human it is, with black eyebrows and a woolly head like a negro's. I could and would have given a conscientious verdict of wilful murder against the man who shot him: the cruelty pains me, and I smile at the impudence of a Portuguese in presuming to kill an ourang-outang as his inferior.

"Some alterations I find here: the sight of a generation of young men and women whom I remember in the class of children, makes me feel the increase of my own age. Miss Sealy is now Mrs Dyson, the Miss Kosters are diffident and accomplished young women, and Miss Berthon, who wore her hair tied in a Portuguese knot, and was a pretty girl four years ago, is now the beauty of Lisbon. The burying-ground was an unpleasant sight. Buller and the old Travers and Mrs Bulkeley—their names stared me in the face, and the Penwarne whom I knew was under my feet; and poor little Scott, whose foolish rhymes I now remember with a sort of melancholy.

"Of the books which I have met with none has amused me so much as a metrical life of Vieyra the Painter, written by himself. It contains a good deal of Portuguese costume; the poet is enormously vain and abundantly superstitious, but his vanity is so open and honest that you rather like him the better for praising himself so sincerely. I have analysed it at some length for my sketch of the poetical history, which will swell to some size and shape before my return. One of the Portuguese poets, the brother of the famous Diego Bernardes, passed his novitiate in the Cork Convent, professed at Arravida, and died a hermit upon that magnificent mountain, a miserable useless life, but he chose his situations like a poet, and I can half forgive the folly of his retirement for his taste in fixing. The life of Father Anchieta very much tickled my fancy: as a Latin poet I biographise him, but Anchieta was a candidate for canonisation and worked more miracles than all the Apostles. Strip him of his miracles, and the truth is that he was an honest Jesuit, who wrote vile verses in alphabetical praise of the Virgin Mary. He was then among the savages in Brazil, and his practice was to write his verses upon the sea-sands, and then commit them to memory; and so, says his life-writer, he brought home in his head about 5000 lines. You may believe the Jesuit, if you please, but he is so

abominable a liar that I do not. Anchieta was *in the habit* of turning water into wine: 'he did not do so once only, like Christ at Cana,' says the Jesuit; 'and when the sun was too hot he called the birds to fly over his head and screen him,' which was a much more elegant [gracioso] miracle than the cloud that shadowed the children of Israel.

"I cannot understand the pleasure excited by a bull-fight, and it is honourable to the English character that none of our nation frequent these spectacles. I am not quite sure that my curiosity in once going there was justifiable, but the pain inflicted by the sight was expiation enough."

Pained and disgusted he might well be, with his strong affection for animals, and tender consideration for all things living — a characteristic which increased, indeed, as he advanced in age. Cats, we are told, were his especial hobby; and many a pleasant hour's work was accomplished at a desk on a corner of which a favoured specimen of the race purred serenely.

"My acquaintance have been dropping off—not like autumn leaves, but like the blasted spring fruit, and I shall again have the joy of meeting my friends in England poisoned by mourning recollection.

"The birth of your little girl forces on me the knowledge how far I am advanced on my own life journey. I see the generation rising who will remember me when my part is over, and Homer's exquisite lines come upon my mind of the leaves that bud and flourish and fall to make room for the race of the succeeding spring.

"We left Cintra on Tuesday. In the bustle of removal there was little leisure to be sorry, but when I had seen the white palace chimneys for the last time, there was time enough in a four hours' ride to remember and regret what I had left. The mosquitoes treated me like a stranger on my return: they found out a hole in the net. I rose in the night and killed nine who had entered the breach, which I also closed; but my hands, arms, face, and neck bore the marks of the assault.

"It was not till we arrived in Lisbon that I was sensible of the astonishing difference between the city and Cintra in climate. These people do nothing to correct their country — everywhere some tree or other will grow; the olive, the chestnut, the pine require not a moist soil; the acacia even grows in the desert. The great and bloody João de Castro is the only Portuguese who has left a monument of taste behind him. I esteem him more for planting his Cintra estate than for his exploits at Din. Every Portuguese then could fight and cut throats, but no other ever thought of planting trees for posterity.

"I have drawn upon you for thirty pounds. I must beg you to send the same sum to my mother. I shall write by this packet to have forty pounds paid into your hands, which will leave me something in your debt. By letters from William Taylor I find it is expedient to remove my brother Henry, because he has outgrown his situation, and takes up the room of a more profitable pupil: this, too, I collect from his own letters. No alternative offers, and what William Taylor suggests is perhaps the best plan practicable, to place him with a provincial surgeon of eminence, who will for 100 guineas board and instruct him for four or five years—that is, till he is old enough, after a year's London study, to practise for himself. For the first time in my life I have the power, or at least it appears so, of raising this sum. My metrical romance goes by the King George to market, and I ask this sum as the price of a first edition. I have little doubt of obtaining it. I had designed to furnish a house with this money and anchor myself, but this is a more important call. When the bargain is concluded I shall desire Rickman to lodge the price with you. Harry will then be settled till he is launched into the world, and will then have a profession to support him—a useful and honourable profession which will

always secure him bread and independence. Norwich evidently offers itself as the most desirable place in which to settle him, where he has all his acquaintance and friends. There W. Taylor will look out for a situation, if indeed he has not one already in view. Otherwise Bristol would be thought of, and there I shall cause inquiries to be made. It will greatly rejoice me to have the affair accomplished to my wish. In the last few month's Henry's mind appears to have grown rapidly, and he is perhaps more awake to the future at seventeen than I am at twenty-seven.

"You remember the old doggerel that 'learning is better than house or land.' 'Tis a lying proverb! A good lifehold estate is worth all the fame of the world in perpetuity, and a comfortable house rather more desirable than a monument in Westminster Abbey.

"As a hot climate appears rather to agree with my constitution than to be any way injurious, I have been advised to think whether it be not desirable to try my fate at the East Indian Bar, where the success of a barrister of any ability is not doubtful. Many and powerful objections immediately arise. I doubt whether the possibility of acquiring any fortune could pay for the loss of the friends in whose society so much of my happiness consists. The fate of Camoens stares me in the face, and if I did go, prudence would be the *ostensible* motive, but the real one would be curiosity. I do long to become acquainted with old Brama, and see the great Indian fig-tree; so at the end of twenty years home I should come with a copper-coloured face, an empty purse, and a portfolio full. However, I must give it a fair consideration. Tell me your opinion: in these affairs anybody's is worth more than my own.

"I have seen the poor young man whom you have sentenced to pass a winter on the top of a church, with the Abbé and Miss Montague. He is melancholy already. This morning I shall attempt to find him out, and half expect to see him hanging at the end of one of the long passages. George Sealey asked him if it were not rather lonesome, and he replied 'rather so' and smiled; but such a smile

> 'as bids
> To Comfort a defiance, to Despair
> A welcome, at whatever hour he will.'

"*Octr.* 29, 1800."

Here is ample evidence that generosity and family affection were no mere names to Robert Southey. In what an ungrudging and liberal spirit he discusses his young brother's prospects, and his intention to further them to the utmost of his power! How unhesitatingly Harry's need of a helping hand is placed before his own earnest desire to furnish a little home for himself and his wife, where they could quietly settle down when their wanderings came to an end!

It seems strangely contradictory and difficult of explanation when we find him remarking elsewhere about this period, that he feels it unlikely he shall ever gain the confidence of his brothers to the extent he desires. "Whatever affection they may feel for me," he says, "a sort of fear is mixed with it. I am more the object of their esteem than love." And again, some years afterwards, he expresses a hope that he will be more successful in his intercourse with his own children in winning their love than he proved himself in the case of his young brothers. It may be that he was unduly impressed with a sense of his responsibilities as elder brother and representative of their dead father, and expressed at times a more liberal than welcome disapprobation of their shortcomings. It must be remembered, however, that he was only twenty-seven at this time. Perhaps he was dimly conscious of some error of judgment in this respect years afterwards, when he penned the follow-

ing lines in his beautiful little poem, "The Holly Tree":—

"And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I, day by day,
Would wear away:
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree."

A glance at the stirring and romantic history of Camoens, Portugal's greatest poet, may well repay the reader to whom it is unfamiliar. Like Cervantes he fought for his country, receiving neither reward nor preferment. It is supposed that the friends of a lady to whom he was passionately attached, and who opposed the union, used their influence to get the youthful poet banished from his native country. At this period — alone, loveless, and in exile — he is supposed to have conceived his noble poem "The Lusiad," and doubtless found in the glow of inspiration, and the exercise of imagination, some relief from his grief. After an age of weary wanderings in many lands he embarked for India, where he remained until his recall to Portugal. But ill-luck pursued him. On the voyage home the vessel in which he sailed was wrecked, and the poet reached the shore with the greatest difficulty, carrying in one hand a bundle of his MSS., while he swam with the other. Everything else he possessed in the world was lost. It is, of course, to this incident that Southey alludes when he speaks of returning with a "copper-coloured face, an empty purse, and a portfolio full." The grim irony of Camoens's dying words fitly illustrates his life. "Who ever heard," he says, "that Fortune should wish to represent such vast misfortunes on such a little theatre!"

In the next letter, dated some months after the previous one, Harry's affairs are still under consideration:—

"A letter of mine, chiefly relating to Harry, must assuredly have been lost. It matters little. At this distance all I could do was to express a full satisfaction in what you and William Taylor had agreed. To Henry I wrote some five or six weeks ago, recommending an unbiassed choice, rather wishing him to follow his uncle's plan than advising it. Of his private allowance I could only promise him £5 quarterly—a sum which, if good fortune enabled me, I should willingly double, but which you must be aware, knowing the extent of my resources, to be the utmost I can spare from my own wants, and the demands upon me from other quarters. Some little, a possible £10, may be yearly hoped from Tom, who is ready to do all he can. My uncle will, I know, supply any deficiency. Yet I think in calculating from £30 to £40 yearly as necessary, circumstances have not been sufficiently considered. My own personal expenses have never reached even to the smaller sum. I do not expend £15 yearly on the whole of my dress. With all linen Henry would be supplied from home. It is, however, always better to allow a young man too much than too little. I have felt the latter evil myself. The great expense of returning will sink me for some time below the world. Hitherto my resources have always been kept equal with my expenditure by obscure and unintermitted labour; from these means a residence here has inevitably cut me off. My expenses also have been increased by travelling. I could indeed make my journeys more than pay their own cost did I deem it advisable to publish the materials which I have collected for a miscellaneous volume relative to this country. From £60 to £80 would doubtless be paid me for a

first edition; but, from the time it would deduct from the greater work, I think it would be a bad speculation from a pecuniary point of view, and in that point I must consider it. I have therefore no literary pay to expect (except from the success of 'Thalaba') till a first volume of my history be published or ready for publication—a labour for which one complete year will be little.

"Meantime I can review. I can write rhymes to the amount of a hundred pounds, but this is improvident work. It is spending the day in getting only enough for the dinner. Like you good people in England, I have plenty of corn in the ground, but there is a famine till the harvest be ripe.

"I am no ways weary of Portugal—it would be the country of my choice residence certainly. Its climate entirely suits me, and its materials now afford me such ample employment that I could beguile a more total solitude than that in which we live. It is almost a solitude, and I look with a hunger and thirst for the free and intimate society of my English friends—of those who can look back with the same recollections, observe the present with the same feelings, and look on to futurity with the same hopes.

"My history advances well. I have stewed down many a folio into essential sauce. Half the labour of a first volume is done—that is, the timbers are ready and the stones hewn, though little of the edifice appears above ground. To the end of Fernando's reign the first sketch is done, the second draught to that of Diniez, the third and decent copy is now finishing the second Sancho.

"My guides have been 'Faria,' 'Duart,' 'Galvao,' and 'Ruy de Pina,' 'Duarte Nunes,' 'Mariana the Rainhas of Barbosa-Zurita.' Step by step the 'Provas of the Genealogical History' has been indispensably useful. The 'Monarquia Lusitana' I have not yet been able to procure; and indeed the books already named, with the number of others collaterally consulted, were enough to carry on at first.

"When three months are elapsed from the time when you send Harry the ten pounds, have the goodness to send him five. I will do all I can to prevent him feeling any inconvenience for money—even any unpleasant feeling; but these are my worst times. I live at more cost here than at home, and have running expenses in England also. Harry will, I hope, do well. He promises well.

"23*rd May* 1801."

The day arrives for his return to his native land. With renewed health, and a mind well stored with Spanish and Portuguese literature (a rich fund of material to be woven into many a delightful page hereafter), he sets sail for England, where he once more tastes English "bread-and-butter," for which he has longed, and revels in the association with English intellect.

The difficult problem of ways and means appears to press somewhat heavily upon him at this period, but he speaks bravely and hopefully of his confidence in solving it eventually, and even lends himself to sanguine anticipations for the future. When next we hear of him he is at Bristol, and writes as follows:—

"Your letter found me on the point of setting out for Worcester to meet Wynn, with whom I was to take counsel as to my future destination. He will procure for me a place of secretary to some legation in the south of Europe, probably at Naples. This will be a permanent establishment, with a prospect of something better. It will settle me also in a good climate, which I feel an object of more importance than I could wish. I know not what the salary may be,—small certainly, but certainly more than adequate to the official duty, which will allow me ample leisure for my historical pursuits.

"In the spring my appointment will probably take place—the person who at present holds the office at the Neapolitan Court (or rather the Sicilian, for Palermo is the residence) being then expected to remove. I shall

then, I trust, soon be able to lighten myself of all debts, though the sense of obligation, as it ought, will ever remain. An unhappy circumstance precludes me from immediately lessening the balance—the illness of my dear Cousin Margaret, a year's heavy illness, the costs of which must be defrayed by me. She may yet linger some months, though recovery is impossible, and from me her support also must continue to be derived. I have written to my London publisher proffering him another poem, to be ready for the press by the end of the winter, but requesting a part of the payment now—an offer to which he will doubtless accede. On this I should have lived, and sequestered my quarterly remittances to you, but for these demands. I am in deep water; but I can swim, and happily there is land in sight.

"You will ask why I treat for a poem rather than the materials which with so much cost and labour I have procured in Portugal. To Portugal I must one day return to correct those materials when they are digested, and to gather what remains. It is even possible that I may one day hold an official situation in that country. To publish anything now would be barring the doors of the archives against me: my first volume must touch Popery to the quick—thus have I a year's labour lying dead.

"These are my plans. I am about soon to visit Coleridge at Keswick—his house will hold us, and there I shall devote myself to labour as unremitting as will be consistent with health and prudence."

The dreams of opulence hinted at in the foregoing letter were, as we know, never realised. Of prosperity in a worldly sense, Southey had little enough experience throughout his life. But he bore the burden of poverty bravely and cheerfully, and was indeed at all times entirely without the stimulus of worldly ambition. It will be remembered that he afterwards refused a baronetcy offered him, through the instrumentality of Peel, on the plea that it would be inconsistent for him to accept it in view of the exceeding smallness of his means—a pension of £200 a-year being at that time all he had to depend on. Afterwards, when appointed to the laureateship, he resolutely devoted the entire salary connected with it to the future support of his family, for whose benefit, notwithstanding his unwearied and unremitting labours, he had been unable to make provision. He did not obtain the appointment to which he refers, but accepted another, a secretaryship to the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer,—a post for which he was eminently unsuited, and which he resigned the year following.

But before this brief experience of what he calls a "foolish office, and a good salary," he had decided on a lengthy visit to the Lake District at the eager invitation of Coleridge, whose glowing description of the scenery, promises of congenial society, with easy access to books, sounded tempting enough.

"'The house is full twice as large as we want,' urges Coleridge, 'it has more rooms in it than Allfoxen. You might have a bedroom, parlour, study in it, and there would be room to spare for your and my visitors. In short, for situation and convenience, and when I mention the name of Wordsworth, for society of men of intellect, I know no place in which you and Edith would find yourselves so well suited.'"

To Keswick accordingly he goes, intending that his wife shall make her sister's house her headquarters while he carries out the plan of which he speaks,—a tour in Wales with his friend Wynn, in the interests of 'Madoc,' the work then under consideration.

A spell of bad weather to start with was disappointing, and the scenery appeared tame to eyes that had grown accustomed to beautiful Cintra and its surroundings. "These lakes are like rivers," he exclaims, "but oh, for the Mendego and the Tagus! And these mountains — beautifully indeed are they shaped and grouped, but oh, for the great Monchique, and for Cintra, my paradise!"

The acceptance of the Irish secretaryship changes his plans; and after a brief sojourn at Dublin and London, a second experience of Cumberland more than reconciles him to the spot which ultimately becomes his permanent abiding-place. Meanwhile, a little house in a picturesque part of Wales is the desire of his heart, and great are the plans and numerous the hopes with regard to it which we find communicated to several friends at this period. Every one has a dog, and most people a cat, but he will have, to furnish the Welsh cottage, an otter, a hawk, a snake (if Edith permits), and a toad to catch flies. Margery will be in her little high chair at the breakfast-table, puss looking for bread and milk, and the snake twisting up the leg of the table for his share. This to his friend Grosvenor Bedford. The inference is that Edith has shown herself possessed of a long-suffering and obliging disposition, if the snake idea is seriously contemplated.

To May he writes:—

"From the day of my last letter I have been in a comfortless state of compulsory idleness, occasioned by a complaint in my eyes. A whole confederacy of evils attacked me immediately — swelled face, to that I applied leeches; toothache, that was cured radically; symptoms of fever, which were driven out at every sally-port. I have got rid of all except the eye weakness, and that is very materially mended. Lancing the lower lids was the effectual remedy; still they are weak. I am beginning to read and write, but inconveniently, and with caution.

"A residence in Wales will not place me so much out of your reach as you imagine, if I succeed in obtaining Maes Glyn, for so the house is called.

"I want to take it furnished, to avoid the first cost of furniture, and the encumbrance, if by good fortune I should be enabled to remove to a more congenial climate. Twenty pounds is the unfurnished rent; for the use of the goods from ten to fifteen more may be demanded, if the landlord will let them. It is a lovely spot, in a vale among mountains, eight miles from Neath, with canal carriage within a hundred yards from the door. From Bristol to Neath is a distance of 80 miles — a friend who should leave Bristol at midday by the mail might reach me at breakfast hour the next morning. I will tell you more about it and all its desirableness if the business end as I wish.

"I have just received a most valuable book from Lisbon,—the unpublished Chronicle of Fernando by Fernan Lopes, a MS. by its appearance almost as old as the original work, from 250 to 300 years old. I am obliged to keep Lent with the feast before me, for my eyes are by no means equal to the task of unravelling its characters. Only one chronicle is now wanting to complete my Portuguese series.

"You ask about Chatterton. The delay has been more owing to the quantity of new matter discovered than to any other cause. I daily expect to see it advertised; it makes three large volumes instead of two, at a guinea and a half. Thus, you see, Mrs Newton, for 350 copies, will receive what for her is a very large sum. I have taken no notice of Croft. You will be very much pleased with a view of the front of Redclift church as frontispiece, show-

ing that magnificent ascent of steps, which is the finest thing of the kind in England.

"Mrs Newton relates an odd dream, if indeed it be not a waking dream, akin in imagination and authenticity to Rowley's poems. She dreamt that her brother had a monument in Redcliff church, the stones whereof were cemented with a hot substance that perpetually grew hotter and hotter, till at last it flamed out; that being about to dress her dinner, she had no fire, and remembered these flames and went to them and warmed her food upon her brother's monument. 'Now,' says she, 'my dream is out!' Surely this is too well put together to be a dream.

"As for Bonaparte, the rascal having a hard heart, I should like to try to make him tender as they do legs of mutton—by hanging him: *quantum suff.*

"*23rd Nov.* 1802."

The reference to Chatterton contained in the above letter is explained by the fact that Southey was at this time engaged in editing all that was left of the luckless young poet's productions, with the intention of publishing a book on behalf of Mrs Newton, Chatterton's only sister, who, while the world fought desperately over her brother's name, fame, and genius, was struggling to keep body and soul together in poverty and obscurity.

The name of Chatterton will always be an attraction, whether he is to be considered as the author or discoverer of the Rowley Poems: and it is impossible not to pause for a moment at any mention of him, well known as his tragic story is to most people. The fraud, if fraud it was, which he dared in his sixteenth year, would have taken best part of a lifetime to accomplish by any being less gifted than its unfortunate perpetrator. Of his truth and honesty there may be many a doubt; of his knowledge, imagination, and genius, none.

A hint as to Southey's own opinion as to the authenticity of the Rowley Papers may be gathered from his comment on Mrs Newton's dream, which he records above; but his generous indignation at the meanness of Sir Herbert Croft (who, obtaining the loan of Chatterton's MSS. from his sister, took advantage of her helplessness and poverty, and printed and sold much for his own benefit) induced him to undertake the scheme which ultimately placed Mrs Newton's old age above the reach of want. Showers of abuse naturally descended upon his head from Sir Herbert Croft, but his wise remark as to "taking no notice of Croft" shows his usual sound sense and judgment. Imagination might well picture a very different result to Chatterton's story had the poor proud lad thrown himself on the protection of such a man as Southey, instead of stretching a misguided hand in the direction of Horace Walpole, —himself an adept at literary imposition, as readers of 'The Castle of Otranto' may remember, and whose hard and bitter rebuff to a fellow-sinner played so prominent a part in the tragedy which followed, — the black despair — the ignoble suicide—the pauper's grave —a pitiable end to a dream of greatness.

A great home trouble is in store for him in the autumn of 1803—the death of little Margaret. He shortly and hurriedly intimates to his friend the coming sorrow:—

"We are in heavy affliction. My poor child is dying of hydrocephalos, and we have only to pray to God speedily to remove her. She is quite

insensible, that is our main consolation. Edith is suffering bitterly. I myself am recovering—perfectly resigned to the visitation, perfectly satisfied that the loss will be but for a time.

"Never man enjoyed purer happiness than I for the last twelve months. My plans are now all wrecked. Your letter was of some little relief to me.

"Longman's fears wish to delay the Bibl., and I am rejoiced to have no fetter upon me at present. As soon as it shall please God to remove the little object, I shall with all possible speed set off for Cumberland. Edith will be nowhere so well as with her sister Coleridge. She has a little girl some six months old, and I shall try and graft her into the wound while it is yet fresh.

"*August* 19."

The blow falls, and the fond parents are childless. We are not told whether the companionship of Mrs Coleridge's daughter is beneficial to the bereaved mother, but Southey confesses that the reverse effect is produced on himself by the sight of little Sara; and in writing to his brother he complains that he is continually dreaming of his lost baby, adding bravely, however, "These things do one good. Men are the better for having suffered; of that every year's experience more and more convinces me."

In a short time he writes again to John May, but in no very cheerful frame of mind:—

"Here we are after a long and wearying journey little short of the whole length of England. On the way we stayed five days with our friend Miss Barker, whom you saw with us in London. The halt was every way desirable, for Edith was in wretched health when we left Bristol, hardly recovered from a very sharp attack of fever. But she was impatient to be gone. I could tell you what feelings came upon me at leaving the house where I had been so happy and so afflicted, but it would be folly not to suppress thoughts that end only in pain.

"Nothing in England could be more beautiful than the site of this house. Had the country but the sky of Portugal it would leave nothing to wish for. I shall make the experiment this winter, and if my health bear up well till next summer, shall look for no other home; but in truth my expectations have been so often blighted, that when I think of any plans for the future it is with the same sort of incredulity that I recollect a dream. To be away from my books is a sore evil. I have sent enough by the waggon to employ me till the experiment of climate be fairly tried, and if it should succeed, can without imprudence collect my scattered sheep. My head, too, is happily well stored with raw material, which will not be soon exhausted by the manufactory; and Coleridge's is company enough. For one whose habits are so sedentary as mine, and whose inclination clings so obstinately to the hearthstone, it is of some consequence to be in a country that tempts him to exercise.

"I wish it were in my power to give you a good account of Edith. She is very unwell at present, incapable of any enjoyment. It has been a heavy blow upon us. My own mind is active even to restlessness, and it has now been exerted in all its force. Still the effect is deeper, and will be more lasting than I had expected. I cannot shut out the shooting recollections that flash upon me. If I yielded to my inclination, I should saunter in solitude, dreaming of the other world and of the state of the dead. The Annual Review will force me to work. I expect a cargo from that quarter shortly. Have you seen the first volume? 'Almost the whole of the statistic department is Wm. Taylor's work, most of the travel mine, but not all; and I hope the difference is manifest. Among sundry miscellaneous articles of my doing, there is an amusing one on El Tesoro Espaniol, and one of deeper

interest upon the Baptist Mission in Hindostan, which I wrote with serious feeling. This subject I shall renew in the next volume upon the Mission to Otaheite; and it is my intention to belabour the Methodists with a hearty goodwill.

"I hope to hear a good account of Mrs May and your little boy. You are a soldier by this time. I too shall fire away at Buonaparte, and perhaps hit him, for he reads the 'Morning Post.'

"God bless you. R. S.

"Direct with S. T. Coleridge, Greeta Hall, Keswick, Cumberland."

The date of the next letter is 18th June 1806. It finds the Southeys with another little daughter — "the Edithling," of whom we have many pleasant glimpses from time to time in the poet's subsequent history. She was baptised "Edith May," in compliment to the recipient of this little group of letters, who was her godfather. Other children afterwards appeared to brighten the home-life, and more tears were yet to be shed by the poet and his wife for the failure of early promise, and the premature removal of a beloved object. But the little Edith throve and flourished in spite of many fears entertained by the anxious parents.

"Harry graduates the 24th of this month, and leaves Edinburgh as soon afterwards as possible. His remaining expenses of graduation and his printer's bill amount to sixteen pounds; this I have learnt so late that he must needs wait some days longer in Scotland than would else be needful before you can reach him with a remittance. The reason is that Edith and I and your god-daughter have been for the last ten days visiting Lloyd and his wife near Ambleside; and tho' from hence to Keswick is only seventeen miles, a letter is rather longer in travelling that distance than it is in getting to London. He knew my intended movements, and, as he did not recollect them when he directed his letter, must abide the inconvenience as a necessary and not unfit consequence of forgetfulness.

"Last Thursday I dined at the Bishop of Llandaff's, and was well pleased with him. I liked him the better for having heard that he always protested his exceeding repugnance at the prosecution of Gilbert Wakefield. His conversation was in a tone of exceeding liberality—even more than appears to me quite congruous with his silk apron; for certainly the articles of his faith are not all to be found among the nine-and-thirty, nor all the nine-and-thirty to be found among his. He paid me some handsome compliments upon 'Madoc,' and among others that of showing me that he had read it very carefully, by mentioning a few verbal defects as they had appeared to him.

"My daughter was so delighted with the new gown which Mrs May sent her that I thought it expedient to inform her that new gowns were among the pomps and vanities of this wicked world—a warning which, as you may perhaps suppose, has not made her a whit the less proud of it.

"No news of Coleridge!"

The anxiety expressed on Coleridge's account in the above letter was at this time universal among the little coterie at the Lakes. More than two years before the date at which Southey writes Coleridge had quitted England against the wishes and advice of Southey and others, who rightly opined that change of climate and a life of *dilletante* travel would be powerless to bring about what strength of will and the stimulus and advice of friends at home had been unable to effect—the breaking off of the unfortunate craving for narcotics, which was undermining brain and constitution, and, to quote from De Quincey, "rapidly killing Coleridge as a poet."

Abroad he was determined to go, however—the result being, as was anticipated, failure upon fail-

ure, so that his condition on returning to England in August 1806 was pitiable in the extreme. Southey, "hoping all things," still believes in his friend's reformation, still speaks of the work he is yet to achieve before he dies—adding pathetically that if he should fail to discharge his debt to mankind it would break his (Southey's) heart.

On the fallacy of these and kindred expectations there is no need to dwell here. We pass on to January 27, 1807 :—

"I omitted to notice the heavy loss you sustained in Mr Wakefield—from haste. Letters and a proof-sheet (which requires immediate attention) coming in while I was writing to you, put it out of my head.

"What your loss must have been struck me when I read his death in the newspaper, and I sincerely condole with you upon the occasion.

"The character which you sent me I like well, and what you have in your last added to it—better, because it is more discriminating. You ask me for an inscription. The successful one, I conjecture, will come from Dr Aitken, a likely man from family and friendly feelings to attempt one, and a likely one to succeed in it.

"The *lapidary* style is of all others the most difficult. I have a volume written upon it by a German, but it is not here, and I have never yet read it. In my own judgment, the shorter such things are the better; *all* cannot be said upon stone—comprehension, therefore, should be aimed at, not discrimination.

"I would enter his character at length in the register, by special desire of his parishioners — and inscribe the stone with something to this purport: This Monument is erected by the inhabitants of Richmond in grateful and honourable remembrance of Thomas Wakefield, their excellent pastor.

"The full character would be equally copied from the register as from a monument into magazines and County Histories; from its unusuality it would have a better chance of being read, and the circumstances of its being so placed would ensure belief for it, which marble, having been so long taught to tell lies, could hardly expect. Your loss in such a man must indeed be serious, and there is little hope that it can be replaced.

"I am not certain whether I told you in my last that I had adopted a system of earlier rising than usual, and thus won a good hour before breakfast, which being thus created for the purpose may allowably be given to poetry.

"In those hours, and those only, I have gone on with my Hindoo poem, which was begun at Lisbon, and has been dormant for many years. Great part of it will be in irregular rhymes, at a higher pitch than Walter Scott's, for mine is a lofty subject. This is not all: it is my nature to do two things at a time better than one. Or rather it is my belief that time is saved by doing it; because a train of thoughts may be ready for one when it would be necessary to wait for them before the other could proceed. I am therefore planning another heroic poem, to be begun forthwith, and prosecuted on these mornings when I am not ready with the immediate matter for 'Kehama.' Pelayo is my hero, the restorer of Spain—a subject which has long been in my mind. Considering that the first edition of 'Thalaba' is lying in the warehouse, and that my whole profits on 'Madoc' have amounted to five-and-twenty pounds, this is having good heart. But I cast my bread upon the waters, and if I myself should not live to find it after many days, my children will."

A long pause now ensues in the sequence of the letters,—the next in order, written in the autumn of 1816, being full of keen vigour and interest in his work, with cheerful anticipation of good times to come :—

"Herewith I send you a draft upon Longman for £100, at three days' sight. The last twelve months have proved highly advantageous to my monied concerns, and for the first time have made the balance of his

account in my favour. There is good reason for hoping that it will continue so, and that it will not be long before I shall be able to clear off my debt with you. 'Roderick' has produced for me above five hundred pounds, by three editions—and the fourth will by this time have paid its expenses. Of the 'Pilgrimage' 2000 were printed: they were all sold in the course of two months, leaving me a profit of £215. My account only comes up to midsummer, and therefor does not include the 'Carmen Nuptiale,' but of the fate of which I know nothing, — nor indeed what number was printed.

"The prospect before me is very good. The produce of my current publications may be reckoned at £200 a-year certainly,—not improbably at twice the sum; and Murray pays me so well for the 'Quarterly' that I hope there will be no occasion to draw much upon the other fund for my household expenses. For some subjects he offers me £100 per article, — such was that upon the Poor in the last number, and one upon Foreign Travellers in England, which is designed for this, and which I am busy in completing. I have no debt but the one to you, and this I have great hopes of liquidating in the course of another year—for the next year is likely to be a productive one. The preface to 'Mort Arthur' (for which I am reading much black letter, at some cost of eyesight, and no little expense of time) will give me £200, and the second vol. of 'Brazil' about half as much, — a preposterous instance of the caprice upon which a man of letters depends for his remuneration! Perhaps the average may be fair at last,—but it is injurious as well as ridiculous that I shall derive my main support from what other persons might do as well, and what might never be done at all, — while for works of permanent value and great labour, for which peculiar knowledge, peculiar talents, and peculiar industry are required, the profit I obtain would scarcely exceed, and perhaps not amount to, the expenses of the documents. The volume will certainly be published at Christmas, and tho' it will be less interesting than the concluding volume, I think you will not be disappointed in its contents. There will be no delay with the conclusion, —I shall never lay it aside till it is completed,—and the printing will be pursued without interruption. I have written no verses till this week, when I resumed the 'Tale of Paraguay,' which I may perhaps finish for publication in the spring. There is another subject nearer my heart, but I must refrain from it a while longer. It has pleased God to support me mercifully under the severest of all privations, and it would be sinful, as well as in the last degree unwise, were I by any means to foster feelings which it is my duty as far as possible to overcome.

"Here is a letter full of my own concerns, but I will not apologise to you. I can enter into the feelings which your present useful occupation must excite. Wholesome they are, however painful. We must not envy those who are on the threshold of our Father's house, but we may be thankful that every day brings us nearer to it ourselves. Meantime I labour diligently to acquire knowledge which I may leave behind, and to treasure up affection I may bear with me.

"18 *Oct.* 1816, KESWICK."

Again a long period, nearly ten years, elapses between the last letter and its successor, to which it is in every way a contrast. This one, dated 17th July 1826, tells of another sad break in the poet's family circle:—

"Yesterday evening it pleased God, by an easy and merciful death, to release my dear daughter Isabel from her long sufferings. That the change is best for her I know and feel. For us it is a heavy affliction. I thought myself strong in heart for the first few hours after the event; but this morning I am as weak as a child, and my whole bodily frame is shaken. The necessity of comforting her mother and sisters will compel me to a degree of self-control which otherwise I should not be able to exert. Last night I felt like a man who has just

undergone the amputation of a painful limb. I have arisen this morning with a full sense of the wound and of the loss. But God's will be done. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!'

"Remember us in your prayers: and may God, who visits you with other trials, spare you from such as this."

A few days afterwards he writes again, and the letter is ominously portentous in the hint it affords of trouble to come, which, by the light of after-events, can be surely read between the lines:—

"KESWICK, 30*th July* 1826.

"I have this day a letter from Miss Bowles, to whom I wrote upon the subject of the L'pool Branch Bank. She encloses to me Mr Manning's reply to her application, wherein he promises to mention your name to the directors who are employed on this subject. She has applied also to Sir John Reid, who promises all his interest. And to Mr Boaden, but the result of that application she does not yet know. You do not know Miss Bowles; but if you have read any of her poems you will wish to know her, and if you have not, here are the titles of all she has published, in three little volumes, separately, and without her name—'Ellen Fitzarthur,' 'The Widow's Tale,' 'Solitary Hours.' There are few persons who rank so high in my esteem, and the regard which I have for her is perhaps heightened by the miserable state of her health, which is such that she seems almost to live by miracle. But it is not the weak and the aged who are summoned first, nor those willing and desirous to go.

"My home is still, as you may suppose, a melancholy one, tho' I endeavour to lead my daughters to cheerful employments, and set them as far as I can an example of cheerfulness. They are, however, I trust, recovering their health. I wish I could see the same improvement in their mother, but it will be long before this can be looked for. I have much to occupy my attention, whereas she can do nothing that does not necessarily remind her of her loss. Much of my time is passed in entire application to the work before me; but her whole life is with and for her children, and whatever used to be pleasurable is therefore now mingled with bitterness. But there is no want of religious resignation, and it is only He who has wounded that can heal.

"For myself, I am better in mind than in body; my appetite is good; my sleep so far improved that I should think it enough, if there were not a sense of lassitude and weakness upon me, as if my strength were departed."

Heavy shadows, indeed, were creeping over Southey's horizon. Time brought no healing on its wings to the bereaved mother: her periods of melancholy and morbid sorrow increased in frequency and intensity, until she became herself the centre of a deeper and more terrible anxiety than the poet had yet known. Fears for her reason—sometimes transient, but always recurrent—forced themselves upon the reluctant minds of the husband and children. The unhappy sequel to these gloomy forebodings is well known—Mrs Southey became hopelessly and incurably insane. For a time, in the expectation that she might derive benefit from experienced medical treatment, she was removed to an asylum; but when that hope was finally extinguished, she was again received under her husband's roof, and faithfully and tenderly cared for until the end.

We gather some interesting glimpses of Mrs Southey's personality from the beautiful letters of Sara Coleridge, the pretty baby whose innocent smiles were fraught with such anguish to her uncle Southey, on his first appearance at Greta Hall, while mourning the loss of his eldest-born. Though not so handsome, in her opinion, as Mrs Coleridge (Sara's mother), her aunt, she tells us, was remark-

able for her "fine figure and quietly commanding air."

The sympathy of their friends was very precious to the afflicted relatives of her who had been a devoted and tender wife and mother for nearly forty years. The Wordsworths especially were moved to compassion, doubtless augmented by the presence of a similar trouble in their own immediate circle. Wordsworth, for his friend's consolation, wrote the following lines:—

"Oh, what a wreck! how changed in mien and speech!
Yet though dread Powers that work in mystery, spin
Entanglings for her brain; though shadows stretch
O'er the chilled heart—reflect! far, far within
Hers is a holy Being, freed from sin:
She is not what she seems, a forlorn wretch;
But delegated spirits comfort fetch
To her from heights that reason may not win."

I have more than once seen it asserted that the above fine lines were called forth by the sad mental condition of his sister Dorothy, to whom he was so passionately attached; but in an unpublished letter to his daughter Dora, which now lies before me, Wordsworth distinctly states that it was Mrs Southey's melancholy state that inspired them. From this letter they are transcribed, as they differ in some slight respects from the printed version. He adds: "The thought in the sonnet, as it now stands, has ever been a consolation to me, almost as far back as I can remember; and hope that—thus expressed—it may prove so to others, makes one wish to print it."

The melancholy retrospection in which Southey indulges in the next letter transcribed is not surprising in view of the sad influences by which he is surrounded. He is, besides, condoling with May on the loss of a brother.

"Keswick, 5 *of April* 1837.

"My dear old Friend,—I am more grieved than surprised at the event of which your letter has this day informed me. Where an incurable disease existed no termination could have been more to be desired, in all its circumstances, of which the time of its occurrence is not the least striking. In such cases we soon learn to look upon it as a relief when that event has taken place which was continually to be apprehended.

"The task upon which I have been for the most part employed has brought before me a train of recollections extending almost through half a century. In preparing my poems for the press, arranging them in the order in which they are permanently to appear, and giving them the last revision that it is probable, or indeed possible, that I should ever bestow, the days that are gone have passed before me as vividly as in dreams, and I have forcibly felt the changes in myself, and in everything about me. In the smaller pieces I have made no alteration than such as were required to get rid of faults of language; as for amending juvenile compositions in any other way, the attempt would be absurd. But with regard to 'Joan of Arc' the case was different. That poem was written in 1793, and nearly rewritten as it passed through the press in 1795. By that time I had so far advanced in the art of poetry that the greater part of what was added then required very little correction; the rest was full of barbarisms of language. I set patiently to work, and in point of style have made the whole of a piece. If you saw the interlined copy you would wonder at my patience.

"My poor Edith continues in the same hopeless state, sometimes restless for several days, then again quiet and silent,—quite manageable in everything, except that the presence of any strangers in the house disturbs her, so that it would be impossible for me to admit any company.

"Robert Southey."

There now only remains one more letter, in which we find Southey impressed with a sense of the change which has come over his once cheerful and happy home. Death has by this time released the long-suffering wife from her piteous burden of trouble. Edith has left her father's roof for a home of her own. Greta Hall has become a comparative solitude :—

"Poor Gilbert, when he drew out the scheme of my nativity, pronounced of me that I possessed 'a gloomy capability of walking thro' desolation.' That capability is now put to the proof, — for this house is desolate indeed compared to what it was when you were here some sixteen years ago.

'You will read with some interest the preface to 'Thalaba,' which will be ready for you at the end of this month, and that to 'Madoc' which comes next. Something more interesting to you than any of the notices in these prefaces relates to the 'Ballad of the Well of St Keyne.' The extract from 'Fuller's Worthies,' which gave me the foundation for that poem, was made in your little room in Bedford Square. Recollections of this kind meet me in every page of these volumes,—the when, and the where, and the wherefore,—the days that are gone, and the old familiar faces.

"But the most painful part of my task is over,—none but those who know under what circumstances it was performed can imagine how singularly painful it must have been. Yet it is a satisfaction to have performed it. On the whole, I look on the minor poems with sufficient complacency; such as are mere exercises or sportive effusions have no harm in them, and the better pieces represent what I was and am,—you can bear witness how faithfully. It remains to be seen how the publication will answer. I am now so much alone that were it not for the habit of reading proof-sheets aloud, I should almost forget the sound of my own voice."

The fading out of a strong individuality is always inexpressibly painful. The Robert Southey instinct with animation and earnestness, strength and mobility, keenly interested in public affairs, and insatiable in the accumulation and diffusion of knowledge, passes rapidly from before our eyes. In his place we see a Southey, restless, unsettled, and inactive, with a mind become practically dead to everything but his still beloved books,—an object of commiseration to all around him. Then follows the inevitable moment when—his sun continuing to set gradually but surely—the silent voices of the "mighty dead"—the sight of the very books themselves, —are powerless to bring the light of intelligence to his dimmed eyes.

Southey died in the year 1843, at the age of sixty-eight, bequeathing to the world—not alone the valuable results of his indefatigable labours, but an imperishable record of a pure and blameless life.

E. Baumer Williams.

JOHN SPLENDID:[1]

THE TALE OF A POOR GENTLEMAN, AND THE LITTLE WARS OF LORN.

CHAPTER XXXII.—A SCANDAL AND A QUARREL.

For some days I kept to Glen Shira as the tod keeps to the cairn when heather burns, afraid almost to let even my thoughts wander there lest they should fly back distressed, to say the hope I cherished was in vain. I worked in the wood among the pines that now make rooftrees for my home, and at nights I went on *ceilidh* among some of the poorer houses of the Glen, and found a drug for a mind uneasy in the tales our peasants told around the fire. A drug, and yet a drug sometimes with the very disease in itself I sought for it to kill. For the love of a man for a maid is the one story of all lands, of all ages, trick it as we may, and my good people, telling their old ancient histories round the fire, found, although they never knew it, a young man's quivering heart a score of times a night.

Still at times, by day and night —ay! in the very midmost watches of the stars — I walked, in my musing, as I thought, upon the causeyed street, where perhaps I had been sooner in the actual fact if M'Iver's departure had not been delayed. He was swaggering, they told me, about the town in his old regimentals, every pomp of the foreign soldier assumed again as if they had never been relaxed in all those five or six years of peace and commerce. He drank stoutly in the taverns, and 'twas constantly, "Landlady, I'm the lawing," for the fishermen, that they might love him. A tale went round, too, that one morning he went to a burial in Kilmalieu, and Argile was there seeing the last of an old retainer to his long home, and old Macnachtan came riding down past corpse and mourner with his only reverence a finger to his cap. "Come down off your horse when Death or Argile goes bye," cried M'Iver, hauling the laird off his saddle. But between Argile and him were no transactions; the pride of both would not allow it, though it was well known that their affections were stronger than ever they had been before, and that Gordon made more than one attempt at a plan to bring them together.

It is likely, too, I had been down—leaving M'Iver out of consideration altogether — had there not been the tales about MacLachlan, tales that came to my ears in the most miraculous way, with no ill intention on the part of the gossips—about his constant haunting of Inneraora and the company of his cousin. He had been seen there with her on the road to Carlunan. That venue of all others! God! did the river sing for him too among its reeds and shallows; did the sun tip Dunchuach like a thimble and the wild beast dally on the way? That was the greatest blow of all! It left plain (I thought in my foolishness) the lady's coolness when last I met her; for me henceforth (so said bitterness) the serious affairs of life, that in her notion set me more

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than courtship. I grew solemn, so gloomy in spirit that even my father observed the ceasing of my whistle and song, and the less readiness of my smile. And he, poor man, thought it the melancholy of Inverlochy and the influence of this ruined countryside.

When I went down to the town again the very house-fronts seemed inhospitable, so that I must pass the time upon the quay. There are days at that season when Loch Finne, so calm, so crystal, so duplicate of the sky, seems like water sunk and lost for ever to wind and wave, when the sea-birds doze upon its kindly bosom like bees upon the flower, and a silence hangs that only breaks in distant innuendo of the rivers or the low of cattle on the Cowal shore. The great bays lapse into hills that float upon a purple haze, forest nor lea has any sign of spring's extravagance or the flame of the autumn that fires Dunchuach till it blazes like a torch. All is in the light sleep of the year's morning, and what, I have thought, if God in His pious whim should never awake it any more?

It was such a day when I went up and down the rough cobble of the quay, and to behold men working there at their noisy and secular occupations seemed, at first, a Sabbath desecration. But even they seemed affected by this marvellous peace of sea and sky, as they lifted from the net or rested on the tackle to look across greasy gunnels with some vague unquiet of the spirit at the marvellous restfulness of the world. Their very voices learned a softer note from that lulled hour of the enchanted season, and the faint blue smoke of their den-fires rose and mingled in the clustered masts or nestled wooing in the drying sails. Then a man in drink came roaring down the quay, an outrage on the scene, and the magic of the day was gone! The boats bobbed and nudged each other or strained at the twanging cord as seamen and fishers spanged from deck to deck; rose cries in loud and southward Gaelic or the lowlands of Air. The world was no longer dreaming but stark awake, all but the sea and the lapsing bays and the brown floating hills. Town Inneraora bustled to its marge. Here was merchandise, here the pack and the bale; snuffy men in perukes, knee-breeched and portly, came and piped in high English, managing the transport of their munitions ashore.

I was standing in the midst of the throng of the quay-head, with my troubled mind finding ease in the industry and interest of those people without loves or jealousies, and only their poor merchandise to exercise them, when I started at the sound of a foot coming up the stone slip from the water-edge. I turned, and who was there but MacLachlan? He was all alone but for a haunch-man, a gillie-wet-foot as we call him, and he had been set on the slip by a wherry that had approached from Cowal side unnoticed by me as I stood in meditation. As he came up the sloping way, picking his footsteps upon the slimy stones, he gave no heed to the identity of the person before him; and with my mood in no way favourable to polite discourse with the fellow, I gave a pace or two round the elbow of the quay, letting him pass on his way up among the clanking rings and chains of the moored gaberts, the bales of the luggers, and the brawny and crying mariners. He was not a favourite among the quay-folk, this pompous little gentleman, with his nose in the air and his clothing so very gaudy

The Lowlands men might salute his gentility if they cared; no residenters of the place did so, but turned their shoulders on him and were very busy with their affairs as he passed. He went bye with a waff of wind in his plaiding, and his haunch-man as he passed at a discreet distance got the double share of jibe and glunch from the mariners.

At first I thought of going home; a dread came on me that if I waited longer in the town I might come upon this intruder and his cousin, when it would sore discomfort me to do so. Thus I went slowly up the quay, and what I heard in the bye-going put a new thought in my head.

Two or three seamen were talking together as I passed, with nudges and winks and sly laughs, not natives of the place but from farther up the loch, yet old frequenters with every chance to know the full ins and outs of what they discoursed upon. I heard but three sentences as I passed; they revealed that MacLachlan at Kilmichael market had once bragged of an amour in Inneraora. That was all! But it was enough to set every drop of blood in my body boiling. I had given the dog credit for a decent affection, and here he was narrating a filthy and impossible story. Liar! liar! liar! At first the word rose to my mouth, and I had to choke it at my teeth for fear it should reveal my passion to the people as I passed through among them with a face inflamed; then doubt arose, a contention of recollections, numb fears —but the girl's eyes triumphed: I swore to myself she at least should never know the villany of this vulgar and lying rumour set about the country by a rogue.

Now all fear of facing the street deserted me. I felt a man upright, imbued with a strong sense of justice; I felt I must seek out John Splendid and get his mind, of all others, upon a villany he could teach me to avenge. I found him at Askaig's corner, a flushed man with perhaps (as I thought at first) too much spirits in him to be the most sensible of advisers in a matter of such delicacy.

"Elrigmore!" he cried; "sir, I give you welcome to Inneraora! You will not know the place, it has grown so much since you last visited its humble street."

"I'm glad to see you now, John," I said hurriedly. "I would sooner see you than any other living person here."

He held up a finger and eyed me pawkily. "Come, man, come!" he said, laughing. "On your oath now, is there not a lady? And that minds me; you have no more knowledge of the creatures, no more pluck in their presence, than a child. Heavens, what a soldier of fortune is this! Seven years among the army; town to town, camp to camp, here to-day and away to-morrow, with a soldier's pass to love upon your back and haunch, and yet you have not learned to lift the sneck of a door, but must be tap-tapping with your finger-nails."

"I do not know what you mean," said I.

"Lord! Lord!" he cried, pretending amazement, "and here's schooling! Just think it over for yourself. You are not an ill-looking fellow (though I think I swing a kilt better myself), you are the proper age (though it's wonderful what a youngish-looking man of not much over forty may do), you have a name for sobriety, and Elrigmore carries a good many head of cattle and commands a hundred swords,—would a girl with any wisdom and no other sweetheart in her mind turn her back on such a list of virtues and graces? If I had your

reputation and your estate, I could have the pick of the finest women in Argile—ay, and far beyond it."

"Never mind about that just now," I demanded, gripping my preacher by the hand and forcing him with me out of the way of the passers-by, whose glance upon us would have seemed an indelicacy when we were discussing so precious a thing as my lady's honour.

"But I shall mind it," insisted M'Iver, pursing his lips as much to check a hiccough as to express his determination. "It seems I am the only man dare take the liberty. Fie on ye! man, fie! you have not once gone to see the Provost or his daughter since I saw you last. I dare not go myself for the sake of a very stupid blunder; but I met the old man coming up the way an hour ago, and he was asking what ailed you at them. Will I tell you something, Colin? The Provost's a gleg man, but he's not so gleg as his wife. The dame for me! say I, in every household, if it's her daughter's love-affairs she's to keep an eye on."

"You know so much of the lady and her people," said I, almost losing patience, "that it's a wonder you never sought her for yourself."

He laughed. "Do you think so?" he said. "I have no doubt of the result; at least I would have had no doubt of it a week or two ago, if I had taken advantage of my chances." Then he laughed anew. "I said Mrs Brown was gleg; I'm just as gleg myself."

This tipsy nonsense began to annoy me; but it was useless to try to check it, for every sentence uttered seemed a spark to his vanity.

"It's about Betty I want to speak," I said.

"And it's very likely too; I would not need to be very gleg to see that. She does not want to speak to me, however, or of me, as you'll find out when once you see her. I am in her black books sure enough, for I saw her turn on the street not an hour ago to avoid me."

"She'll not do that to MacLachlan," I put in, glad of the opening, "unless she hears—and God forbid it—that the scamp lightlies her name at common fairs."

M'Iver drew himself up, stopped, and seemed to sober.

"What's this you're telling me?" he asked, and I went over the incident on the quay. It was enough. It left him as hot as myself. He fingered at his coat-buttons and his cuffs, fastening and unfastening them; he played nervously with the hilt of his dirk; up would go his brows and down again like a bird upon his prey; his lips would tighten on his teeth, and all the time he was muttering in his pick of languages sentiments natural to the occasion. Gaelic is the poorest of tongues to swear in: it has only a hash of borrowed terms from Lowland Scots; but my cavalier was well able to make up the deficiency.

"Quite so; very true and very comforting," I said at last; "but what's to be done?"

"What's to be done?" said he, with a start. "Surely to God there's no doubt about that!"

"No, sir; I hope you know me better. But how's it to be done? I thought of going up in front of the whole quay and making him chew his lie at the point of my dagger. Then I thought more formality was needed—a friend or two, a select venue, and careful leisure time for so important a meeting."

"But what's the issue upon which the rencontre shall take place?" asked M'Iver, it seemed to me with ridiculous scrupulosity.

"Why need you ask?" said I. "You do not expect me to invite him to repeat the insult or exaggerate the same."

M'Iver turned on me almost roughly and shook me by the shoulder. "Man!" said he, "wake up, and do not let your wits hide in the heels of your boots. Are you clown enough to think of sending a lady's name around the country tacked on to a sculduddry tale like this? You must make the issue somewhat more politic than that."

"I agree with you," I confessed; "it was stupid of me not to think of it, but what can I do? I have no other quarrel with the man."

"Make one, then," said M'Iver. "I cannot comprehend where you learned your trade as cavalier, or what sort of company you kept in Mackay's, if you did not pick up and practise the art of forcing a quarrel with a man on any issue you cared to choose. In ten minutes I could make this young fellow put down his gage in a dispute about the lacing of boots."

"But in that way at least I'm the poorest of soldiers. I never picked a quarrel, and yet here's one that sets my gorge to my palate, yet cannot be fought upon."

"Tuts, tuts! man," he cried, "it seems that, after all, you must leave the opening of this little play to John M'Iver. Come with me a bit yont the Cross here and take a lesson."

He led me up the wide pend close and round the back of old Stonefield's dwelling, and into a corner of a lane that gave upon the fields, yet at the same time kept a plain view of the door of Askaig's house, where we guessed MacLachlan was now on his visit to the Provost's family.

"Let us stand here," said he, "and I'll swear I'm not very well acquainted with our friend's habits if he's not passing this way to Carlunan sometime in the next ten minutes, for I saw Mistress Betty going up there, as I said, not so very long ago."

This hint at MacLachlan's persistency exasperated me the more. I felt that to have him by the throat would be a joy second only to one other in the world.

M'Iver saw my passion—it was ill to miss seeing it—and seemed struck for the first time by the import of what we were engaged upon.

"We were not given to consider the end of a duello from the opening when abroad," he said; "but that was because we were abroad, and had no remonstrance and reminder in the face of familiar fields and houses and trees, and the passing footsteps of our own people. Here, however, the end's to be considered from the beginning—have you weighed the risks in your mind?"

"I've weighed nothing," said I, shortly, "except that I feel in me here I shall have his blood before nightfall."

"He's a fairly good hand with his weapon, they tell me."

"If he was a wizard, with the sword of Great Donald, I would touch him to the vitals. Have I not learned a little, if you'll give me the credit, from Para Mor?"

"I forgot that," said M'Iver; "you'll come through it all right. And here's our man coming up the lane. No anger now; nothing to be said on your side till I give you a sign, and then I can leave the rest to your wisdom."

MacLachlan came staving up the cobbles in a great hurry, flailing the air as he went with a short rattan, for he affected some of the foppish customs the old officers

brought back from the Continent. He was for passing us with no more than a jerk of the head, but M'Iver and I between us took up the mouth of the lane, and as John seemed to smile on him like one with gossip to exchange, he was bound to stop.

"Always on the going foot, MacLachlan," said John, airily. "I never see a young gentleman of your age and mettle but I wish he could see the wisdom of putting both to the best purpose on the field."

"With your cursed foreigners, I suppose you mean," said the young fellow. "I could scarcely go as a private pikeman like yourself."

"I daresay not, I daresay not," answered M'Iver, pricked at his heart (I could tell by his eye) by this reflection upon his humble office, but keeping a marvellously cool front to his cockerel. "And now when I think of it, I am afraid you have neither the height nor width for even so ornamental a post as an ensign's."

MacLachlan restrained himself too, unwilling, no doubt, as I thought, to postpone his chase of the lady by so much time as a wrangle with John M'Iver would take up. He affected to laugh at Splendid's rejoinder, turned the conversation upon the disjasket condition of the town, and edged round to get as polite a passage as possible between us, without betraying any haste to sever himself from our company. But both John Splendid and I had our knees pretty close together, and the very topic he started seemed to be the short cut to the quarrel we sought.

"A poor town indeed," admitted M'Iver, readily, "but it might be worse. It can be built anew. There's nothing in nature, from a pigsty to a name for valour and honour, that a wise man may not patch up somehow."

MacLachlan's retort to this opening was on the tip of his tongue; but his haste made him surrender a taunt as likely to cause trouble. "You're very much in the proverb way to-day," was all he said. "I'm sure I wish I saw Inneraora as hale and complete as ever it was: it never had a more honest friend than myself."

"That one has missed," thought I, standing by in a silent part of this three-cornered convention. M'Iver smiled mildly, half, I should think, at the manner in which his thrust had been foiled, half to keep MacLachlan still with us. His next attack was more adroit though roundabout, and it effected its purpose.

"I see you are on your way up to the camp," said he, with an appearance of indifference. "We were just thinking of a daunder there ourselves."

"No," said MacLachlan, shortly; "I'm for farther up the Glen."

"Then at least we'll have your company part of the way," said John, and the three of us walked slowly off, the young gentleman with no great warmth at the idea, which was likely to spoil his excursion to some degree. M'Iver took the place between us, and in the rear, twenty paces, came the *gille cas-fleuch*.

"I have been bargaining for a horse up here," said John in a while, "and I'm anxious that Elrigmore should see it. You'll have heard I'm off again on the old road."

"There's a rumour of it," said MacLachlan, cogitating on his own affairs, or perhaps wondering what our new interest in his company was due to.

"Ah! it's in my blood," said John,—"in my blood and bones!

Argile was a fairly good master—so to call him — but — well, you understand yourself: a man of my kind at a time like this feels more comfortable anywhere else than in the neighbourhood of his chief."

"I daresay," replied MacLachlan, refusing the hook, and yet with a sneer in his accent.

"Have you heard that his lordship and I are at variance since our return from the North?"

"Oh! there's plenty of gossip in the town," said MacLachlan. "It's common talk that you threw your dagger in his face. My father, who's a small chief enough so far as wealth of men and acres goes, would have used the weapon to let out the hot blood of his insulter there and then."

"I daresay," said M'Iver. "You're a hot-headed clan. And MacCailein has his own ways."

"He's welcome to keep them too," answered the young fellow, his sneer in no ways abated. I became afraid that his carefully curbed tongue would not give us our opening before we parted, and was inclined to force his hand; but M'Iver came in quickly and more astutely.

"How?" said he; "what's your meaning? Are you in the notions that he has anything to learn of courtesy and gallantry on the other side of the loch at Strathlachlan?"

MacLachlan's eyes faltered a little under his pent brows. Perhaps he had a suspicion of the slightest that he was being goaded on for some purpose, but if he had, his temper was too raw to let him qualify his retort with calmness.

"Do you know, Barbreck," said he, "I would not care to say much about what your nobleman has to learn or unlearn? As for the gallantry — good Lord, now! — did you ever hear of one of my house leaving his men to shift for themselves when blows were going?"

M'Iver, with an utterance the least thought choked by an anger due to the insult he had wrought for, shrugged his shoulders, and at the same time gave me his elbow in the side for his sign.

"I'm sorry to hear you say that about Gillesbeg Gruamach," said he. "Some days ago, half as much from you would have called for my correction; but I'm out of his lordship's service, as the rumour rightly goes, and seeing the manner of my leaving it was as it was, I have no right to be his advocate now."

"But I have!" said I, hotly, stopping and facing MacLachlan, with my excuse for the quarrel now ready. "Do you dare come here and call down the credit of MacCailein Mor?" I demanded in the English, with an idea of putting him at once in a fury at having to reply in a language he spoke but indifferently.

His face blanched; he knew I was doubling my insult for him. The skin of his jaw twitched and his nostrils expanded; a hand went to his dirk-hilt on the moment.

"And is it that you are the advocate?" he cried to me in a laughable kind of Scots. I was bitter enough to mock his words and accent with the airs of one who has travelled far and knows other languages than his own.

"Keep to your Gaelic," he cried in that language; "the other may be good enough to be insolent in; let us have our own for courtesies."

"Any language," said I, "is good enough to throw the lie in your face when you call MacCailein a coward."

"Grace of God!" said he; "I called him nothing of the kind; but it's what he is all the same."

Up came his valet and stood at his arm, his blade out, and his

whole body ready to spring at a signal from his master.

I kept my anger out of my head, and sunk to the pit of my stomach while I spoke to him. "You have said too much about Archibald, Marquis of Argile," I said. "A week or two ago, the quarrel was more properly M'Iver's; now that he's severed by his own act from the clan, I'm ready to take his place and chastise you for your insolence. Are you willing, John?" I asked, turning to my friend.

"If I cannot draw a sword for my cousin I can at least second his defender," he answered quickly.

MacLachlan's colour came back; he looked from one to the other of us, and made an effort to laugh with cunning.

"There's more here than I can fathom, gentlemen," said he. "I'll swear this is a forced quarrel; but in any case I fear none of you. Alasdair," he said, turning to his man, who it seemed was his *dalta* or foster-brother, "we'll accommodate those two friends of ours when and where they like."

"Master," cried the gillie, "I would like well to have this on my own hands," and he looked at me with great venom as he spoke.

MacLachlan laughed. "They may do their dangerous work by proxy in this part of the shire," said he; "but I think our own Cowal ways are better; every man his own quarrel."

"And now is the time to settle it," said I; "the very place for our purpose is less than a twenty minutes' walk off."

Not a word more was said; the four of us stepped out again.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE BROKEN SWORD.

We went along the road two and two, M'Iver keeping company behind with the valet, who would have stabbed me in the back in all likelihood ere we had made half our journey, had there been no such caution. We walked at a good pace, and fast as we walked it was not fast enough for my eagerness, so that my long steps set the shorter ones of MacLachlan pattering beside me in a most humorous way that annoyed him much, to judge from the efforts he made to keep time and preserve his dignity. Not a word, good or bad, was exchanged between us; he left the guidance to me, and followed without a pause when, over the tip of the brae at Tarra Dubh, I turned sharply to the left and plunged into the wood.

In this part of the wood there is a *larach* or site of an ancient church. No stone stands there to-day, no one lives who has known another who has heard another say he has seen a single stone of this umquhile house of God; but the sward lies flat and square as in a garden, levelled, and in summer fringed with clusters of the nettle that grows over the ruins of man with a haste that seems to mock the brevity of his interests, and the husbandman and the forester for generations have put no spade to its soil. A *cill* or cell we call it in the language; and the saying goes among the people of the neighbourhood that on the eve of Saint Patrick bells ring in this glade in the forest, sweet, soft, dreamy bells, muffled in a mist of years—bells whose sounds have come, as one might fancy, at their stated interval, after pealing in a wave about God's universe from star to star, back to the place of their first chiming. Ah! the monk is no longer there to hear them, only the mavis calls and the

bee in its period hums where matins rose. A queer thought this, a thought out of all keeping with my bloody mission in the wood, which was to punish this healthy youth beside me; yet to-day, looking back on the occasion, I do not wonder that, going a-murdering, my mind in that glade should soften by some magic of its atmosphere. For, ever was I a dreamer, as this my portion of history may long since have disclosed. Ever must I be fronting the great dumb sorrow of the universe, thinking of loves undone, of the weakness of man, poor man, a stumbler under the stars, the sickening lapse of time, the vast and awesome voids left by people dead, laughter quelled, eyes shut for evermore, and scenes evanished. And it was ever at the crisis of things my mind took on this mood of thought and pity.

It was not of my own case I reflected there, but of the great swooning silences that might be tenanted ere the sun dropped behind the firs by the ghost of him I walked with. Not of my own father, but of an even older man in a strath beyond the water hearing a rap at his chamber door to-night and a voice of horror tell him he had no more a son. A fool, a braggart, a liar the less, but still he must leave a vacancy at the hearth! My glance could not keep off the shoulder of him as he walked cockily beside me, a healthy brown upon his neck, and I shivered to think of this hour as the end of him, and of his clay in a little stretched upon the grass that grew where psalm had chanted and the feet of holy men had passed. Kill him! The one thrust of fence I dare not neglect was as sure as the arrow of fate; I knew myself in my innermost his executioner.

It was a day, I have said, of exceeding calm, with no trace left almost of the winter gone, and the afternoon came on with a crimson upon the west, and numerous birds in flying companies settled upon the bushes. The firs gave a perfume from their tassels and plumes, and a little burn among the bushes gurgled so softly, so like a sound of liquor in a goblet, that it mustered the memories of good companionship. No more my mind was on the knave and liar, but on the numerous kindnesses of man.

We stepped in upon the bare *larach* with the very breath checked upon our lips. The trees stood round it and back, knowing it sanctuary; tall trees, red, and rough at the hide, cracked and splintered in roaring storms; savage trees, coarse and vehement, but respecting that patch of blessed memory vacant quite but of ourselves and a little bird who turned his crimson breast upon us for a moment then vanished with a thrill of song. Crimson sky, crimson-vested bird, the colour of that essence I must be releasing with the push of a weapon at that youth beside me!

John Splendid was the first to break upon the silence.

"I was never so much struck with the Sunday feeling of a place," he said; "I daresay we could find a less melancholy spot for our meeting if we searched for it, but the day goes, and I must not be putting off an interesting event both of you, I'm sure, are eager to begin."

"Indeed we might have got a more suitable place in many ways," I confessed, my hands behind me, with every scrap of passion gone from my heart.

MacLachlan showed no such dubiety. "What ails you at the place?" he asked, throwing his plaid to his servant, and running his jacket off its wooden buttons at one tug. "It seems to me a most particularly fine place for our busi-

ness. But of course," he added with a sneer, "I have not the experience of two soldiers by trade, who are so keen to force the combat."

He threw off his belt, released the sword from its scabbard—a clumsy weapon of its kind, abrupt, heavy, and ill-balanced, I could tell by its slow response to his wrist as he made a pass or two in the air to get the feel of it. He was in a cold bravado, the lad, with his spirit up, and utterly reckless of aught that might happen him, now saying a jocular word to his man, and now gartering his hose a little more tightly.

I let myself be made ready by John Splendid without so much as putting a hand to a buckle, for I was sick sorry that we had set out upon this adventure. Shall any one say fear? It was as far from fear as it was from merriment. I have known fear in my time—the fear of the night, of tumultuous sea, of shot-ploughed space to be traversed inactively and slowly, so my assurance is no braggadocio, but the simple truth. The very sword itself, when I had it in my hand, felt like something alive and vengeful.

Quick as we were in preparing, the sun was quicker in descending, and as we faced each other, without any of the parades of foreign fence, the sky hung like a bloody curtain between the trees behind MacLachlan.

M'Iver and the servant now stood aside and the play began. MacLachlan engaged with the left foot forward, the trick of a man who is used to the targaid, and I saw my poor fool's doom in the antiquity of his first guard. In two minutes I had his whole budget of the art laid bare to me; he had but four parries—quarte and tierce for the high lines, with septime and second for the low ones—and had never seen a counter-parry or lunge in the whole course of his misspent life.

"Little hero!" thought I, "thou art a spitted cockerel already, and yet hope, the blind, the ignorant, has no suspicion of it!"

A faint chill breeze rose and sighed among the wood, breathed from the west that faced me, a breeze bearing the odour of the tree more strong than before, and of corrupt leafage in the heughs. Our weapons tinkled and rasped, the true-points hissed and the pommels rang, and into the midst of this song of murderous game there trespassed the innocent love-lilt of a bird. I risked him the flash of an eye as he stood, a becking black body on a bough, his yellow beak shaking out a flutey note of passionate serenade. Thus the irony of nature; no heed for us, the head and crown of things created: the bird would build its home and hatch its young upon the sapling whose roots were soaked by young MacLachlan's blood.

His blood! That was now the last thing I desired. He fought with suppleness and strength, if not with art; he fought, too, with venom in his strokes, his hair tossed high upon his temples, his eyes the whitest of his person, as he stood, to his own advantage, that I never grudged him, with his back against the sunset. I contented with defence till he cursed with a baffled accent. His man called piteously and eagerly; but M'Iver checked him, and the fight went on. Not the lunge, at least, I determined, though the punishment of a trivial wound was scarce commensurate with his sin. So I let him slash and sweat till I wearied of the game, caught his weapon in the curved guard of my hilt, and broke it in two.

He dropped the fragment in his hand with a cry of mingled anger and despair, snatched a knife from his stocking, and rushed on me to stab. Even then I had him at my mercy. As he inclosed, I made a complete volte with the left foot, passed back my right in rear of his, changed my sword into my left hand, holding it by the middle of the blade and presenting the point at his throat, while my right hand, across his body, seized his wrist.

For a moment I felt the anger at his treachery almost overmaster me. He thought himself gone. He let his head fall helplessly on my breast, and stood still as one waiting the stroke, with his eyes, as M'Iver told me again, closed and his mouth parted. But a spasm of disgust at the uncleanness of the task to be done made me retch and pause.

"Home, dog!" I gasped, and I threw him from me sprawling on the sod. He fell, in his weariness, in an awkward and helpless mass; the knife, still in his hand, pierced him on the shoulder, and thus the injury I could not give him by my will was given him by Providence. Over on his back he turned with a plash of blood oozing at his shirt, and he grasped with clawing fingers to staunch it, yet never relinquishing his look of bitter anger at me. With cries, with tears, with names of affection, the gillie ran to his master, who I saw was not very seriously injured.

M'Iver helped me on with my coat.

"You're far too soft, man!" he said. "You would have let him go scathless, and even now he has less than his deserts. You have a pretty style of fence, do you know, and I should like to see it paraded against a man more your equal."

"You'll never see it paraded by me," I answered, sorrowfully. "Here's my last duello, if I live a thousand years." And I went up and looked at my fallen adversary. He was shivering with cold, though the sweat hung upon the young down of his white cheeks, for the night air was more bitter every passing moment. The sun was all down behind the hills, the valley was going to rest, the wood was already in obscurity. If our butcher-work had seemed horrible in that sanctuary in the open light of day, now in the eve it seemed more than before a crime against Heaven. The lad weltering, with no word or moan from his lips; the servant stanching his wound, shaken the while by brotherly tears; M'Iver, the old man-at-arms, indifferent, practised to such sights, and with the heart no longer moved by man-inflicted injury; and over all a brooding silence; over all that place, consecrated once to God and prayer by men of peace, but now degraded to a den of beasts—over it shone of a sudden the new wan crescent moon! I turned me round, I turned and fell to weeping in my hands!

This abject surrender of mine patently more astounded the company than had the accident to MacLachlan. M'Iver stood dumfoundered, to behold a cavalier of fortune's tears, and MacLachlan's face, for all its pain, gave up its hate and anger for surprise as he looked at me over the shoulder of his kneeling clansman plying rude leech-craft on his wound.

"Are you vexed?" said he, with short breaths.

"And that bitterly!" I answered.

"Oh, there is nothing to grieve on," said he, mistaking me most lamentably. "I'll give you your chance again. I owe you no less; but my knife, if you'll believe me, sprang out of itself, and I struck

at you in a ruddy mist of the senses."

"I seek no other chance," I said; "our feuds are over: you were egged on by a subterfuge, deceit has met deceit, and the balance is equal."

His mood softened, and we helped him to his feet, M'Iver a silent man because he failed to comprehend this turn of affairs. We took him to a cothouse down at the foot of the wood, where he lay while a boy was sent for a skilly woman.

In life, as often as in the stories of man's invention, it is the one wanted who comes when the occasion needs, for God so arranges, and if it may seem odd that the skilly woman the messenger brought back with him for the dressing of MacLachlan's wound was no other than our Dark Dame of Lorn, the dubiety must be at the Almighty's capacity, and not at my chronicle of the circumstance. As it happened, she had come back from Dalness some days later than ourselves, none the worse for her experience among the folks of that unchristian neighbourhood, who had failed to comprehend that the crazy tumult of her mind might, like the sea, have calm in its depths, and that she was more than by accident the one who had alarmed us of their approach. She had come back with her frenzy reduced, and was now with a sister at Bal-an-tyre the Lower, whose fields slope on Aora's finest bend.

For skill she had a name in three parishes; she had charms sure and certain for fevers and hoasts; the lives of children were in her hands while yet their mothers bore them; she knew manifold brews, decoctions, and clysters; at morning on the saints' days she would be in the woods, or among the rocks by the rising of the sun, gathering mosses and herbs and roots that contain the very juices of health and the secret of age. I little thought that day when we waited for her, and my enemy lay bleeding on the fern, that she would bring me the cure for a sore heart, the worst of all diseases.

While M'Iver and I and the gillie waited the woman's coming, MacLachlan tossed in a fever, his mind absent and his tongue running on without stoppage, upon affairs of a hundred different hues, but all leading sooner or later to some babble about a child. It was ever "the dear child," the "*m'eudail gheal*," "the white treasure," "the orphan"; it was always an accent of the most fond and lingering character. I paid no great heed to this constant wail; but M'Iver pondered and studied, repeating at last the words to himself as MacLachlan uttered them.

"If that's not the young one in Carlunan he harps on," he concluded at last, "I'm mistaken. He seems even more wrapt in the child than does the one we know who mothers it now, and you'll notice, by the way, he has nothing to say of her."

"Neither he has," I confessed, well enough pleased with a fact he had no need to call my attention to.

"Do you know, I'm on the verge of a most particular deep secret?" said John, leaving me to guess what he was at, but I paid no heed to him.

The skilly dame came in with her clouts and washes. She dressed the lad's wound and drugged him to a more cooling slumber, and he was to be left in bed till the next day.

"What's all his cry about the child?" asked M'Iver, indifferently, as we stood at the door before leaving. "Is it only a fancy on

his brain, or do you know the one he speaks of?"

She put on a little air of vanity, the vanity of a woman who knows a secret the rest of the world, and man particularly, is itching to hear. "Oh, I daresay he has some one in his mind," she admitted; "and I daresay I know who it might be too, for I was the first to sweel the baby and the last to dress its mother —blessing with her!"

M'Iver turned round and looked her, with cunning humour, in the face. "I might well guess that," he said; "you have the best name in the countryside for these offices, that many a fumbling dame botches. I suppose," he added, when the pleasure in her face showed his words had found her vanity—"I suppose you mean the bairn up in Carlunan?"

"That's the very one," she said with a start; "but who told you?"

"Tuts!" said he, slyly, "the thing's well enough known about the Castle, and MacLachlan himself never denied he was the father. Do you think a secret like that could be kept in a clattering parish like Inneraora?"

"You're the first I ever heard get to the marrow of it," confessed the Dame Dubh. "MacLachlan himself never thought I was in the woman's confidence, and I've seen him in Carlunan there since I came home, pretending more than a cousin's regard for the Provost's daughter so that he might share in the bairn's fondling. He did it so well, too, that the lady herself would talk of its fatherless state with tears in her eyes."

I stood by, stunned at the revelation that brought joy from the very last quarter where I would have sought it. But I must not let my rapture at the idea of MacLachlan's being no suitor of the girl go too far till I confirmed this new intelligence.

"Perhaps," I said in a little to the woman, "the two of them fondling the bairn were chief enough, though they did not share the secret of its fatherhood."

"Chief!" she cried; "the girl has no more notion of MacLachlan than I have, if an old woman's eyes that once were clear enough for such things still show me anything. I would have been the first to tell her how things stood if I had seen it otherwise. No, no; Mistress Brown has an eye in other quarters. What do you say to that, Barbeck?" she added, laughing slyly to my friend.

A great ease came upon my mind; it was lightened of a load that had lain on it since ever my Tynree spae-wife found, or pretended to find, in my silvered loof such an unhappy portent of my future. And then this rapture was followed by a gladness no less profound that MacLachlan, bad as he had been, was not the villain quite I had fancied; if he had bragged of conquests, it had been with truth though not with decency.

Inneraora, as we returned to it that night, was a town enchanted; again its lights shone warm and happily. I lingered late in its street, white in the light of the stars, and looked upon the nine windows of Askaig's house. There was no light in all the place; the lower windows of the tenements were shuttered, and slumber was within. It gave me an agreeable exercise to guess which of the unshuttered nine would let in the first of the morning light on a pillow with dark hair tossed upon it and a rounded cheek upon a hand like milk.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—LOVE IN THE WOODS.

Young Lachie did not bide long on our side of the water: a day or two and he was away back to his people, but not before he and I, in a way, patched up once more a friendship that had never been otherwise than distant, and was destined so to remain till the end, when he married my aunt Nannie Ruadh of the Boshang Gate, whose money we had been led to look for as a help to our fallen fortunes. She might, for age, have been his mother, and she was more than a mother to the child he brought to her from Carlunan without so much as by your leave, the day after they took up house together. "That's my son," said he, "young Lachie." She looked at the sturdy little fellow beating with a knife upon the bark of an ashen sapling he was fashioning into a whistle, and there was no denying the resemblance. The accident was common enough in those days. "Who is the mother?" was all she said, with her plump hand on the little fellow's head. "She was So-and-so," answered her husband, looking into the fire; "we were very young, and I've paid the penalty by my rueing it ever since."

Nannie Ruadh took the child to her heart that never knew the glamour of her own, and he grew up, as I could tell in a more interesting tale than this, to be a great and good soldier, who won battles for his country. So it will be seen that the Dame Dubh's story to us in the cot by Aora had not travelled very far when it had not in six years reached the good woman of Boshang Gate, who knew everybody's affairs between the two stones of the parish. M'Iver and I shared the secret with MacLachlan and the nurse of his dead lover; it went no farther, and it was all the more wonderful that John should have to keep his thumb on it, considering its relevancy to a blunder that made him seem a scoundrel in the eyes of Mistress Betty. Once I proposed to him that through her father she might have the true state of affairs revealed to her.

"Let her be," he answered, "let her be. She'll learn the truth some day, no doubt." And then, as by a second thought, "The farther off the better, perhaps," a saying full of mystery.

The Dark Dame, as I say, gave me the cure for a sore heart. Her news, so cunningly squeezed from her by John Splendid, relieved me at once of the dread that MacLachlan, by his opportunities of wooing, had made himself secure in her affections, and that those rambles by the river to Carlunan had been by the tryst of lovers. A wholesome new confidence came to my aid when the Provost, aging and declining day by day to the last stroke that came so soon after, hinted once that he knew no one he would sooner leave the fortunes of his daughter with than with myself. I mooted the subject to his wife too, in one wild valour of a sudden meeting, and even she, once so shy of the topic, seemed to look upon my suit with favour.

"I could not have a goodson more worthy than yourself," she was kind enough to say. "Once I thought Betty's favour was elsewhere, in an airt that scarcely pleased me, and——"

"But that's all over," I said, warmly, sure she thought of MacLachlan.

"I hope it is; I think it is," she said. "Once I had sharp eyes on

my daughter, and her heart's inmost throb was plain to me, for you see, Colin, I have been young myself, long since, and I remember. A brave heart will win the bravest girl, and you have every wish of mine for your good fortune."

Then I played every art of the lover, emboldened the more since I knew she had no tie of engagement. Remembering her father's words in the harvest-field of Elrigmore, I wooed her, not in humility, but in the confidence that, in other quarters, ere she ever came on the scene, had given me liberty on the lips of any girl I met in a lane without more than a laughing protest. Love, as I learned now, was not an outcome of the reason but will's mastership. Day by day I contrived to see my lady. I was cautious to be neither too hot nor too cold, and never but at my best in appearance and in conversation. All my shyness I thrust under my feet: there is one way to a woman's affections, and that is frankness to the uttermost. I thought no longer, ere I spoke, if this sentiment should make me ridiculous, or that sentiment too readily display my fondness, but spoke out as one in a mere gallantry.

At first she was half alarmed at the new mood I was in, shrinking from this, my open revelation, and yet, I could see, not unpleased altogether that she should be the cause of a change so much to my advantage. I began to find a welcome in her smile and voice when I called on the household of an afternoon or evening, on one pretext or another, myself ashamed sometimes at the very flimsiness of them. She would be knitting by the fire perhaps, and it pleased me greatly by some design of my conversation to make her turn at once her face from the flames whose rosiness concealed her flushing, and reveal her confusion to the yellow candle-light. Oh! happy days. Oh! times so gracious, the spirit and the joy they held are sometimes with me still. We revived, I think, the glow of that meeting on the stair when I came home from Germanie, and the hours passed in swallow flights as we talked of summer days gone bye.

At last we had even got the length of walking together in an afternoon or evening in the wood behind the town that has been the haunt in courting days of generations of our young people; except for a little melancholy in my lady, these were perhaps life's happiest periods. The wind might be sounding and the old leaves flying in the wood, the air might chill and nip, but there was no bitterness for us in the season's chiding. To-day, an old man, with the follies of youth made plain and contemptible, I cannot but think those eves in the forest had something precious and magic for memory. There is no sorrow in them but that they are no more, and that the world to come may have no repetition. How the trees, the tall companions, communed together in their heights among the stars! how the burns tinkled in the grasses and the howlets mourned! And we, together, walked sedate and slowly in those evening alleys, surrounded by the scents the dews bring forth, shone upon by silver moon and stars.

To-day, in my eld, it amuses me still that for long I never kissed her. I had been too slow of making a trial, to venture it now without some effort of spirit; and time after time I had started on our stately round of the hunting-road with a resolution wrought up all the way from my looking-glass at Elrigmore, that this should be the night, if any, when I should take the liberty that surely our rambles,

though actual word of love had not been spoken, gave me a title to. A title! I had kissed many a bigger girl before in a caprice at a hedge-gate. But this little one, so demurely walking by my side, with never so much as an arm on mine, her pale face like marble in the moonlight, her eyes, when turned on mine, like dancing points of fire. Oh! the task defied me! The task I say — it was a duty, I'll swear now, in the experience of later years.

I kissed her first on the night before M'Iver set out on his travels anew, no more in the camp of Argile his severed chief, but as a Cavalier of the purchased sword.

It was a night of exceeding calm, with the moon, that I had seen as a corn-hook over my warfare with MacLachlan in Tara-dubh, swollen to the full and gleaming upon the country till it shone as in the dawn of day. We walked back and forth on the hunting-road for long, in a silence broken by few words. My mind was in a storm. I felt that I was losing my friend, and that by itself was trouble; but I felt, likewise, a shame that the passion of love at my bosom robbed the deprivation of much of its sorrow.

"I shall kiss her to-night if she spurns me for ever," I said to myself over and over again, and anon I would marvel at my own daring; but the act was still to do. It was more than to do—it was to be led up to, and yet my lady kept every entrance to the project barred, with a cunning that yet astounds me.

We had talked of many things in our evening rambles in that wood, but never of M'Iver, whose name the girl shunned mention of for a cause I knew but could never set her right on. This night, his last in our midst, I ventured on his name. She said nothing for a little, and for a moment I thought, "Here's a dour, little, unforgiving heart!" Then, softly, said she, "I wish him well and a safe return from his travelling. I wish him better than his deserts. That he goes at all surprises me. I thought it but John Splendid's promise—to be acted on or not as the mood happened."

"Yes," I said; "he goes without a doubt. I saw him to-day kiss his farewells with half-a-dozen girls on the road between the Maltland and the town."

"I daresay," she answered; "he never lacked boldness."

My chance had come.

"No, indeed, he did not," said I; "and I wish I had some of it myself."

"What! for so common a display of it?" she asked rallying, yet with some sobriety in her tone.

"Not a bit," I answered; "that—that—that I might act the part of a lover with some credit to myself, and kiss the one girl I know in that capacity."

"Would she let you?" she asked, removing herself by a finger-length from my side, yet not apparently enough to show she thought herself the one in question.

"That, madame, is what troubles me," I confessed in anguish, for her words had burst the bubble of my courage.

"Of course you cannot tell till you try," she said demurely, looking straight before her, no smile on the corners of her lips, that somehow maddened by their look of pliancy.

"You know whom I mean," I said, pursuing my plea, whose rustic simplicity let no man mock at, remembering the gawky errors of his own experience.

"There's Bell, the minister's niece, and there's Kilblaan's daughter, and——"

"Oh, my dear! my dear!" I

cried, stopping and putting my hand daringly on her shoulder. "You know it is not any of these; you must know I mean yourself. Here am I, a man travelled, no longer a youth, though still with the flush of it, no longer with a humility to let me doubt myself worthy of your best thoughts; I have let slip a score of chances on this same path, and even now I cannot muster up the spirit to brave your possible anger."

She laughed a very pleasant soothing laugh and released her shoulder. "At least you give me plenty of warning," she said.

"I am going to kiss you now," I said, with great firmness.

She walked a little faster, panting as I could hear, and I blamed myself that I had alarmed her.

"At least," I added, "I'll do it when we get to Bealloch-an-uarain well."

She hummed a snatch of Gaelic song we have upon that notable well, a song that is all an invitation to drink the waters while you are young and drink you may, and I suddenly ventured to embrace her with an arm. She drew up with stern lips and back from my embrace, and Elrigmore was again in torment.

"You are to blame yourself," I said huskily; "you let me think I might. And now I see you are angry."

"Am I?" she said, smiling again. "I think you said the well, did you not?"

"And may I?" eagerly I asked, devouring her with my eyes.

"You may—at the well," she answered, and then she laughed softly.

Again my spirits bounded.

"But I was not thinking of going there to-night," she added, and the howlet in the bush beside me hooted at my ignominy.

I walked in a perspiration of vexation and alarm. It was plain that here was no desire for my caress, that the girl was but probing the depth of my presumption, and I gave up all thought of pushing my intention to performance. Our conversation turned to more common channels, and I had hoped my companion had lost the crude impression of my wooing as we passed the path that led from the hunting-road to the Bealloch-an-uarain.

"Oh!" she cried here, "I wished for some ivy; I thought to pluck it farther back, and your nonsense made me quite forget."

"Cannot we return for it?" I said, well enough pleased at the chance of prolonging our walk.

"No; it is too late," she answered abruptly. "Is there nowhere else here where we could get it?"

"I do not think so," I said, stupidly. Then I remembered that it grew in the richest profusion on the face of the grotto we call Bealloch-an-uarain. "Except at the well," I added.

"Of course it is so—now I remember," said she; "there is plenty of it there. Let us haste and get it." And she led the way up the path, I following with a heart that surged and beat.

When our countryside is changed, when the forest of Creag Dubh, where roam the deer, is levelled with the turf, and the foot of the passenger wears round the castle of Argile, I hope, I pray, that grotto on the brae will still lift up its face among the fern and ivy. Nowadays when the mood comes on me, and I must be the old man chafing against the decay of youth's spirit, and the recollection overpowers of other times and other faces than those so kent and tolerant about me, I put my plaid on my shoulders and walk to Bealloch-an-uarain well. My chil-

dren's children must be with me elsewhere on my saunters; here I must walk alone. I am young again when looking on that magic fountain, still the same as when its murmur sounded in my lover's ears. Here are yet the stalwart trees, the tall companions, that nodded on our shy confessions; the ivy hangs in sheeny spray upon the wall. Time, that ranges, has here no freedom, but stands, shackled by links of love and memory to the rocks we sat on. I sit now there and muse, and beside me is a shadow that never ages, with a pale face averted, looking through leafless boughs at the glimpse of star and moon. I see the bosom heave; I see the eyes flash full, then soften half-shut on some inward vision. For I am never there at Bealloch-an-uarain, summer or spring, but the season, in my thought, is that of my wife's first kiss, and it is always a pleasant evening and the birds are calling in the dusk.

I plucked my lady's ivy with a cruel wrench, as one would pluck a sweet delusion from his heart, and her fingers were so warm and soft as I gave her the leaves! Then I turned to go.

"It is time we were home," I said, anxious now to be alone with my vexation.

"In a moment," she said, plucking more ivy for herself; and then she said, "Let us sit a little; I am wearied."

My courage came anew. "Fool!" I called myself. "You may never have the chance again." I sat down by her side, and talked no love but told a story.

It is a story we have in the sheilings among the hills, the tale of "The Sea Fairy of French Foreland"; but I changed it as I went on, and made the lover a soldier. I made him wander, and wandering think of home and a girl beside the sea. I made him confront wild enemies and battle with storms, I set him tossing upon oceans and standing in the streets of leaguered towns, or at grey heartless mornings upon lonely plains with solitude around, and yet, in all, his heart was with the girl beside the sea.

She listened and flushed. My hero's dangers lit her eyes like lanthorns, my passions seemed to find an echo in her sighs.

Then I pitied my hero, the wandering soldier, so much alone, so eager, and unforgetting, till I felt the tears in my eyes as I imaged his hopeless longing.

She checked her sighs, she said my name in the softest whisper, laid her head upon my shoulder and wept. And then at last I met her quivering lips.

CHAPTER XXXV.—FAREWELL.

On the morrow, John Splendid came riding up the street on his way to the foreign wars. He had attired himself most sprucely; he rode a good horse, and he gave it every chance to show its quality. Old women cried to him from their windows and close-mouths. "Oh! *laochain*," they said, "yours be the luck of the seventh son!" He answered gaily, with the harmless flatteries that came so readily to his lips always, they seemed the very bosom's revelation. "Oh! women!" said he, "I'll be thinking of your handsome sons, and the happy days we spent together, and wishing myself soberly home with them when I am far away."

But not the old women alone

waited on his going; shy girls courtesied or applauded at the corners. For them his horse caracoled on Stonefield's causeway, his shoulders straightened, and his bonnet rose. "There you are!" said he, "still the temptation and the despair of a decent bachelor's life. I'll marry every one of you that have not a man when I come home."

"And when may that be?" cried a little, bold, fair one, with a laughing look at him from under the blowing locks that escaped the snood on her hair.

"When may it be?" he repeated. "Say 'Come home, Barbreck,' in every one of your evening prayers, and heaven, for the sake of so sweet a face, may send me home the sooner with my fortune."

Master Gordon, passing, heard the speech. "Do your own praying, Barbreck——"

"John," said my hero. "John, this time, to you."

"John be it," said the cleric, smiling warmly. "I like you, truly, and I wish you well."

M'Iver stooped and took the proffered hand. "Master Gordon," he said, "I would sooner be liked and loved than only admired; that's, perhaps, the secret of my life."

It was not the fishing season, but the street thronged with fishers from Kenmore and Cairndhu and Kilcatrine and the bays of lower Cowal. Their tall figures jostled in the causeway, their white teeth gleamed in their friendliness, and they met this companion of numerous days and nights, this gentleman of good-humour and even temper, with cries as in a schoolboy's playground. They clustered round the horse and seized upon the trappings. Then John Splendid's play-acting came to its conclusion, as it was ever bound to do when his innermost man was touched. He forgot the carriage of his shoulders; indifferent to the disposition of his reins, he reached and wrung a hundred hands, crying back memory for memory, jest for jest, and always the hope for future meetings.

"O scamps! scamps!" said he, "fishing the silly prey of ditches when you might be with me upon the ocean and capturing the towns. I'll never drink a glass of Rhenish, but I'll mind of you and sorrow for your sour ales and bitter *aqua!*"

"Will it be long?" said they—true Gaels, ever anxious to know the lease of pleasure or of grief.

"Long or short," said he, with absent hands in his horse's mane, "will lie with Fate, and she, my lads, is a dour jade with a secret. It'll be long if ye mind of me, and unco short if ye forget me till I return."

I went up and said farewell. I but shook his hand, and my words were few and simple. That took him, for he was always quick to sound the depth of silent feeling.

"*Mo thruadh! mo thruadh!* Colin," said he. "My grief! my grief! here are two brothers closer than by kin, and they have reached a gusset of life, and there must be separation. I have had many a jolt from my fairy relatives, but they have never been more wicked than now. I wish you were with me, and yet, ah! yet. Would her ladyship, think ye, forget for a minute, and shake an old friend's hand, and say good-bye?"

I turned to Betty, who stood a little back with her father, and conveyed his wish. She came forward, dyed crimson to the neck, and stood by his horse's side. He slid off the saddle and shook her hand.

"It is very good of you," said he. "You have my heart's good wishes to the innermost chamber."

Then he turned to me, and while the fishermen stood back, he said,

"I envied you twice, Colin—once when you had the foresight of your fortune on the side of Loch Lhinne, and now that it seems begun."

He took the saddle, waved his bonnet in farewell to all the company, then rode quickly up the street and round the castle walls.

It was a day for the open road, and, as we say, for putting the seven glens and the seven bens and the seven mountain moors below a young man's feet,—a day with invitation in the air and the promise of gifts around. The mallards at morning had quacked in the Dhuloch pools, the otter scoured the burn of Maam, the air-goat bleated as he flew among the reeds, and the stag paused above his shed antlers on Torvil-side to hide them in the dead bracken.

M'Iver rode beside flowering saugh and alder tree through those old arches, now no more, those arches that were the outermost posterns where good-luck allowed farewells. He dare not once look round, and his closest friends dare not follow him, as he rode alone the old road so many of our people have gone to their country's wars or to sporran battles.

A silence fell upon the community, and in upon it broke from the river-side the wail of a bagpipe played by the piper of Argile. It played a tune familiar in those parts upon occasions of parting and encouragement, a tune they call "Come back to the Glen."

"Come back to the glen, to the glen, to the glen,
And there shall the welcome be waiting for you.
The deer and the heath-cock, the curd from the pen,
The blaeberry fresh from the dew!"

We saw the piper strut upon the gravelled walk beside the bridge-gate, we saw Argile himself come out to meet the traveller.

"MacCailein! MacCailein! Ah the dear heart!" cried all our people, touched by this rare and genteel courtesy.

The Marquis and his clansman touched hands, lingered together a little, and the rider passed on his way with the piper's invitation the last sound in his ears. He rode past Kilmalieu of the tombs, with his bonnet off for all the dead that are so numerous there, so patient, waiting for the final trump. He rode past Boshang Gate, portal to my native glen of chanting birds and melodious waters and merry people. He rode past Gearron hamlet, where the folk waved farewells; then over the river before him was the bend that is ever the beginning of home-sickness for all that go abroad for fortune.

I turned to the girl beside me, and "Sweetheart," said I softly, "there's an elder brother lost. It is man's greed, I know; but rich though I am in this new heart of yours, I must be grudging the comrade gone."

"Gone!" said she, with scarcely a glance after the departing figure. "Better gone than here a perpetual sinner, deaf to the cry of justice and of nature."

"Good God!" I cried, "are you still in that delusion?" and I hinted at the truth.

She saw the story at a flash; she paled to the very lips, and turned and strained her vision after that figure slowly passing round the woody point; she relinquished no moment of her gaze till the path bent and hid John Splendid from her eager view.

Neil Munro.

AN INDIAN SENSATION.

About half-way between Nagpur and Jubbulpore—off the main lines of railway, and so rather out of the world—away to the west of the old great Deccan road, formerly one of the chief arteries of communication between Northern and Southern India, is the estate of Adigaon, nestling among the spurs of the Sathpura mountains, almost surrounded with forests with an evil reputation both for men and beasts, through which there are no made roads, only footpaths far from easy to find, and cut up with ravines and mountain-streams, stony and dry in the hot season, boiling torrents in the rains.

This estate about the end of last century was conferred by the Bhonsla rajas of Nagpur on the *mahant* or high-priest of a sect of Bharti Gosains, partly as an endowment of certain temples, and partly as payment for services rendered. When the gift was made these Bhonsla rajas were only nominally the rulers of the wild Sathpura districts; practically their administration was in the hands of Gond chiefs, or other strong armed adventurers, who were glad to obtain the protection of the Nagpur rajas when attacked by others stronger than themselves, but at other times seldom acknowledged allegiance to any one. The Bharti Gosains were no exception to this rule: they were a sect of religious mendicants sworn to celibacy and complete isolation from the female sex; but for years their vows have been more honoured in the breach than the observance, and when I first visited the village there were as many women as men. The institution of marriage not being recognised, the children had no legal standing, so they ran wild or were brought up as hangers-on of the temple and servants of the priests. The succession to the estate and its mahantship was provided for by the right of adoption. Each *mahant*, with the consent of the elders of the sect, could appoint one or more disciples, selected from some Brahman family, their number being limited by convenience or economy. The senior stood in the position of an eldest son in respect of the whole estate, and could only be deprived of his rights by force or his own bad conduct: such others as were living when the succession fell in were only entitled to maintenance. Once adopted, they could never return to their own families, but had to cling till death to the sect, of which, however, they might become very degraded members if caught straying from the path of virtue. Formerly the elders are said to have watched the lives and morals of these *chélas* carefully, and, as a rule, did substantial justice among them, so managing that the right man generally succeeded. Only occasionally there would be a notable exception, when might proved stronger than right.

For many years the *mahant* was *de facto* king; he collected and spent the revenues, he maintained his own police, and he levied transit duties from all *bonâ fide* traders carrying goods through his estate, and blackmail from all illegitimate wanderers who made it an asylum. He absorbed the usufruct of the forests and rivers, and he paid Government nothing. He usurped the powers of life and death, and the

right to exercise judicial functions. He decided every dispute concerning money or land, making each party pay heavily for his decision.

The country was an Alsatia from situation, with every natural facility for concealment aided by a corrupt administration and a venal police. In the heart of the forests, the village of Adigaon was perched on rising ground just above a small stream from which the people obtained their water. The only buildings of any pretensions were the temple with the usual domed roof so familiar in an Indian landscape, and the priest's house, conspicuous among its thatched-hut surroundings by its two storeys of burnt bricks and its tiled roof; its outer and inner courts full of curious little dark rooms and narrow rambling passages, low cramped doors, and windows made for every purpose except ventilation. Up-stairs was a small, dark strong-room with a massive but ill-fitting door, closed with a rusty chain and padlock. In this money, jewels, and the records of the estate were kept. On the ground-floor was the dungeon, dark and noisome, with no outlet but the door made of strong beams clamped with iron, and studded both inside and out with iron spikes. If the walls of this room could speak, and only one-tenth of the stories told about it were true, they would unfold a startling record of crime, and give a curious picture of life in one of our wild Indian districts. Near the dungeon was the charnel-house, where numerous remains showed that many victims had been disposed of.

The jemadar—the head of the Adigaon police — was dreaded throughout the estate, and both he and his subordinate the havildar were only named with bated breath. The former was of Mahratta descent, though he called himself a Rajput. Tall, over six feet high, and very powerful, he had a cold keen eye, a hard cruel mouth, with a wiry moustache partly hiding his thin lips, and an expression of face that made you feel as if you would rather trust a tiger in his own jungle than the jemadar. The havildar was also of large and powerful physique, but heavy and stupid-looking, the sort of man who would carry out any cruel deed of violence without asking the reason why. The unfortunate refugee who fell into the hands of these men was not to be envied—unless he had property, stolen or otherwise. With money, or friends willing to bribe the police, he was safe from the British officials, and might rest in the estate as long as he pleased.

When pursuit was very active, offenders would stay for days in the jungles, living on berries, roots, and what they could pick up. I have more than once, when out tiger-shooting, watched one of these men slipping away, more like a wild animal than a human being, at the first sound of the beaters. It was easy to trace a criminal through English territory to the borders of Adigaon, but there the track was hopelessly lost, unless the man was poor. Then his course was soon run,—he was hunted down, and made over with considerable flourish to his pursuers. It occasionally happened that a runaway was ill-advised enough to dispute the demand of the Adigaon police for money: he was at once arrested and carried before the *mahant*, who would order that he and his effects should be made over to the British authorities. Unless he bought off his guards *en route*, or had not enough property to excite their

cupidity, his shrift was short: he was murdered in the first convenient spot, the police taking everything he died possessed of. They then reported to the English police that when escorting a prisoner for extradition a tiger sprang on him while he was drinking water and carried him off; at the risk of their lives they saved a few of the things he carried, which they would hand over, with his turban and cloth all torn and bloody, but they could not save the man's body, as the tiger turned on them. Who could contradict their story? The police were as one man; the jemadar and havildar always selected their own tools, and a rare collection of scoundrels they were. No relation of the dead man was sufficiently interested to insist on an inquiry. If there had been, he would have worked at the risk of his life, for, given the opportunity, he would soon have followed his friend. Besides, in all probability the deceased would not have been missed by his friends for a year or so, because it is a common thing for a criminal "wanted" by the police to wander away sometimes more than one hundred miles in search of a new field. To attempt to trace him after that time is hopeless.

For many years this Bharti sect had been much exercised by internal dissensions. There had been a long struggle for possession between two *chélas*, Dhokal and Nerbada Bharti, which ended in the latter being given the mahantship and its contingent possessions. Dhokal Bharti was the elder, a man of some family and strong will; but he had been made an outcast for various acts of violence and licentiousness. He, however, never ceased to intrigue, though without success, while Nerbada Bharti lived. Their quarrels were taken up by their relatives. Although a Brahman absolves his son of all duties of kinship when he gives him to be adopted into a religious sect, still naturally some feeling of affection remains. The tenants of the estate were divided into factions. Disturbances were frequent; faction fights, robberies, and murders were numerous; so that finally Adigaon stank in the nostrils of the authorities. Not only was its administration rotten to the core, but a spirit of lawlessness and a feeling of insecurity were making themselves felt in the English villages across the border. Any one who committed a dacoity or murder within a radius of eighty or one hundred miles at once made for Adigaon, and thence preyed with impunity on his weaker neighbours.

During this struggle for the succession, various questions arose which necessitated careful inquiry into the validity of the tenure of the *mahant*. Their title-deeds proved that the Bhonsla rajas had given the estate revenue free for two generations only. Three had passed away, and the Bhartis still claimed to hold on the same terms. They also clung to their right to maintain their own police, although, as a matter of fact, they never had any such right, and when the time came for the grant to be resumed, instructions were sent to the *mahant* to disband his police. These orders were not obeyed, for just then the Mutiny came upon the country like a whirlwind; office records were lost or plundered, and the country remained disturbed and unsettled until 1860. In that year Tantia Topi, who had roamed over nearly the whole of Central India from Gwalior to Haiderabad in the Deccan with a large force, was

killed and his men finally dispersed. Lawlessness in the wilder tracts still continued for a year or two. Adigaon had a new lease of life. The Bhartis flatly denied that Government had ever issued any orders limiting their powers of administration, or swore that, if issued, such orders had never been received by them; and they pointed out that in 1857 the English authorities had called upon the *mahant* to preserve order in Adigaon with its own police. This was the only order forthcoming; and after the terrible disorders of 1857 it was impossible to say positively whether the order to disband the police had ever reached its destination.

With the death of Nerbada Bharti came Dhokal Bharti's opportunity. He was away in Jubbulpore: had he been on the spot, it is hardly likely that my story would have been written, for he was not the man to hesitate to remove any opponent within his reach. As it was, he at once claimed the succession, seized whatever property he could lay hands on, and demanded recognition by the British authorities.

At Adigaon, Ram Bharti, the duly elected *chéla* of Nerbada Bharti, had watched the dying hours of his master, closed his eyes, and performed those funeral rites and ceremonies on which Hindu ritual lays so much stress in all cases of disputed succession. These completed, he sealed up all available papers and the treasury of the temple; then hearing that Dhokal Bharti was near at hand, he fled for his life to the nearest British police post and claimed protection for himself and the money and jewels of the estate, which he estimated at between 60,000 and 70,000 rupees in value. No time was lost by the police in sending a responsible official to take charge of this property; but he did not arrive until after Dhokal Bharti, and by that time the treasure had vanished, no one could say how. Dhokal Bharti laughed at the idea of its ever having had any existence save in the heated brain of the young and timid Ram Bharti. Only one thing was certain,—Dhokal Bharti, from being an impoverished pauper, suddenly became well-to-do. Many were the stories told. Of course the police were accused of going shares. In those days no case would have been complete without a charge of this sort. The officials of the district court also came in for a share of obloquy; but nothing was proved, and the money was never traced or recovered.

Dhokal Bharti followed his rival into Seoni, hoping to crush all opposition by his own personal influence, which had gained him some powerful friends. Through their assistance he was placed in possession of the estate, and this gave him the opportunity of completing the clearing out of the treasure-chests. He also collected from the tenants a year's rent in advance, a step that made him very unpopular.

Ram Bharti then brought matters to a crisis by instituting a civil suit for possession of Adigaon and its treasures, valued at two lakhs of rupees, or £20,000. The trial was a long one. The scene when the two parties first appeared face to face was very interesting. The contrast in the physique of plaintiff and defendant was most striking: the latter was a fine stalwart old man of between seventy and seventy-five years of age, nearly six feet high, a perfectly white moustache, aquiline features, with a piercing eye, and much more the bearing of an old Rajput soldier

than a Brahman priest. He treated his rival with supreme contempt, and Ram Bharti looked altogether unfit to cope with his formidable antagonist. He was an ordinary-looking Hindu of some twenty-eight years of age, about five feet high, and with a weak vacillating expression. Days and weeks were occupied in wading through masses of papers, miscalled evidence, filed by both sides with no regard to their relevancy. High dignitaries of the sect, most learned professors of the Gosain schools from Benares, Nagpur, and even Haiderabad in the Deccan, were either summoned by the parties or volunteered their opinions in this sensation case. Many of these had never appeared in an English court, and before trusting their sacred persons within its precincts they stipulated that they should be received with all due honour, should be allowed seats, and should carry the insignia of their exalted positions. Most of these men were of a class the English official is seldom brought into contact with, and it was impossible not to be favourably impressed with the intelligence and impartiality they brought to bear on points referred to them. They were all closely shaven, and each had a broad streak of ashes across the forehead. They wore loose saffron-coloured robes, thrown about them in *dégagé* style. High-caste Brahmans attended, carrying peacock-feather maces, or large silver sticks, best known as *chōbs*, or the large yak's tail, *chowris*, usually the accompaniment of Indian royalty, but conferred on these high dignitaries of the priesthood by some of the princes of India.

There were several surprises as the case went on. Documents were produced from the boxes which had been sealed up by the police after the death of Nerbada Bharti, the very existence of which had been strenuously denied for years. There were the orders of Government of 1856 directing the disbandment of the police, and restricting the authority of the *mahant;* and there were the original deeds of the Bhonsla rajas granting the estate for only two generations, already referred to, with various others. Eventually plaintiff obtained a decree for such property as was proved to have been seized by Dhokal Bharti, and for the proprietary right of the Adigaon estate, subject to the payment of revenue to Government. The revenue free grant lapsed to the State. This decision satisfied neither side; both appealed to the highest courts in the province without success. Much opprobrium fell to the lot of Ram Bharti for being the cause of this injury to the Gosain sect. Had he not forced the suit into the civil court, the facts that had come to light during the trial might have remained in obscurity for another term of years. In vain he blamed his rival, whose violence and injustice had driven him into court. Feeling ran very high, and wherever the ramifications of the sect extended, all the brotherhood looked askance on Ram Bharti; and his timidity ill fitted him to cope with the storm that had been raised.

Meantime the court enforced execution of its decree, and recovered enough, and more than enough, money to meet the modest requirements of Ram Bharti, but not sufficient to enable him to buy the goodwill of the old servants of the estate. They to a man were on the side of his opponent. Ram Bharti was given possession of the houses; but no

sooner had he taken up his abode at Adigaon than he was warned by one of his few faithful followers that his life was not worth a day's purchase if he lived out of reach of the British police. He then fled to Seoni, to the house of one Nerbada Gir, a Gosain like himself, whom he believed to be his staunch friend. This was in July. One morning in September he disappeared. Nerbada Gir reported the absence of his guest to the police, telling them that Ram Bharti had lately decided to go back to Adigaon and see what his own personal influence could do. He had ordered his elephant to a village about a mile from Seoni, and arranged to start from there early in the morning. Why he should have insisted on secrecy Nerbada Gir could not explain. Inquiry soon showed that the elephant had come to the village named, and had brought the notorious jemadar and havildar. They said that they had come to act as escort to their chief on his proposed journey back to the estate. When they arrived they paid their respects to him, and claimed Nerbada Gir's hospitality for the one night they were to remain in Seoni. Both these two men, the mahout of the elephant, a barber, the personal attendant of the missing man, and Nerbada Gir all admitted that they were in the house the night Ram Bharti disappeared. Messengers sent to Adigaon soon reported that neither Ram Bharti nor the elephant had arrived; but the latter was found in a village half-way between there and Seoni, about thirty miles from each place. The mahout said that on the day of Ram Bharti's disappearance one of the policemen came and told him to take the elephant to where it was found, and wait there till joined by Ram Bharti. This order he obeyed, and was wondering why the journey had been delayed.

All this took time to discover, for the rainy season was at its height, and travelling was slow. Meanwhile excitement in Seoni ran high and rumour was rife; it soon took the shape of a report that Ram Bharti had committed suicide. On this rumour being traced to Nerbada Gir, he said that he suggested suicide, because for some time past the missing man had been low-spirited and despondent—he had shown a low morbid tone, and a dread of the consequences of his action in the civil suit: there were no other grounds for the assumption of suicide.

Seoni was fortunate in its police-officer at that time. He was a Sikh, thoroughly conversant with the people and their powers of intrigue; he was indefatigable. At work morning, noon, and night, he listened to every one, accepted each suggestion for what it was worth, and kept his own counsel. His inquiries were searching: his quick eye noted everything, especially the discrepancies in the statements of the companions of the missing man; but he had an object in misleading them, so he said nothing, and took his own way. He became to all appearances an early convert to the theory of suicide, but he kept Nerbada Gir and his four companions constantly with him to refer to if necessary. Before long the accumulated evidence seemed to point to a probability that Ram Bharti, tired of his lawsuit and broken down with the constant strain on his mind, had made away with himself. Seeing this, Nerbada Gir volunteered a second statement, and each of his four companions had some story cor-

roborating him, all in the direction of suicide. They explained that they had not suggested it at first because they only realised the probability of it when the mahout reported that Ram Bharti had not gone to Adigaon. Their first story was that the missing man had gone out of Nerbada Gir's about 3 A.M. with two or three of his companions (each differed as to who the three were, for each man named the others and omitted himself). They only went a short distance, and left Ram Bharti alone in a garden outside the town. There was no trace in this garden; but on the other side of a hedge, on the way there, the police-officer's quick eye saw that the ground had been a good deal trampled. He said nothing at the time; but while his followers were cooking their food, he went back and found clear tracks of four men carrying a heavy load. A little way on this load had been put down while an opening was made in a hedge, and there on the wet ground was the distinct outline of a human body. A little beyond this the ground was stony, so that the tracks could not be carried farther; but as far as could be seen, they led in the direction of a well some 20 feet deep, known as the Diwan's, which was about 200 yards from a police-post. The footprints were measured, but this told nothing except that the carriers all wore shoes. In that country shoemakers are scarce, and shoes are never made to measure, so that any number to fit these marks could have been found—in fact, a policeman's tried fitted exactly.

As it was late it was decided to search the Diwan's well the next day; but early the following morning all doubt as to the missing man's fate was set at rest. A Brahman woman walked down the steps of this well leading to the water, and stooped to dip her brass vessel in, when she was terrified with the sight of the swollen and livid features of a corpse floating almost within arm's-length. She dropped her water-pot and fled, shrieking, past the police-post close by. The police ran to the spot, where half the town soon crowded round. The body was taken out of the water, and at once recognised as that of Ram Bharti. There were marks on the throat as if the dead man had been strangled; the clothes had been so fastened as to leave no room for movement of hands or arms; there was only one shoe, and the *cheddar* or cloth was missing. On dragging the well the missing shoe could not be found; the cloth was, and in it was tied up a stone larger and heavier than could well have been lifted by one man. The knots in the cloth showed that it had been used to tie this stone tightly to the body, and they had evidently only slipped when the stomach swelled—then the corpse rose to the surface.

At the inquest the civil surgeon pronounced decisively that death was caused by strangling before the body was put into the water. The silent testimony of the wounds in the neck and the knotted cloth went far to support this view. Still the police-officer made no sign, but gave his followers to understand that he was sure the medical officer was mistaken, and that Ram Bharti had committed suicide. Up to this he had been very careful never to let these four men think that he was fully convinced that they alone had murdered Ram Bharti, and they had played into his hands; for they were most anxious not to lose sight of each other, as each felt

sure his neighbour would betray him if he had the opportunity. The police-officer was waiting for the return of the detectives sent to Adigaon to inquire the movements of the jemadar and havildar before they came into Seoni with the elephant.

Meantime public feeling ran very high in Seoni, and soon a well-defined accusation of murder was brought against Rao Surat Sing, a petty chief of a neighbouring district. He had incurred the odium of several influential residents of the town by assisting the authorities in another *cause célèbre*, and these people thought the opportunity too good to be lost. Rao Surat Sing had come as a partisan of Dhokal Bharti, and had been assisting him with means to carry on his unsuccessful suit. Not liking his friend's prospects, native-like he made overtures to the other side, and offered certain information of importance for a consideration. Ram Bharti did not like to pay the price asked, so temporised, and tried to secure it for a smaller sum. For this purpose he visited Rao Surat Sing at his house at 11 P.M. the night before he disappeared. What more natural than that the two parties could not agree? from words they came to blows, and in the struggle Ram Bharti was killed and his body put out of the way down the well. Where money was plentiful it was no difficult task for a few influential men, all sworn to vengeance, to construct a very plausible story on the tangible basis of the interview between the chief and Ram Bharti, and to support every point with the requisite witnesses.

It was soon brought to the ears of the police that a wrestler of some note in the suite of Surat Sing had been seen to strangle Ram Bharti in his master's presence. The case was worked up with skill, every detail was looked to, and before long the police-officer had to lay it before the magistrate, although satisfied in his own mind that there was absolutely no truth in the charge, and that it was bolstered up with a mass of perjuries. Delay suited his purpose, as he had no wish to bring matters to a crisis before his own chain of evidence was complete against the real offenders. Accordingly he adapted himself to circumstances, and to all outward appearance encouraged the persecutors of the chief and gave them valuable support, while in all his inquiries he consulted Nerbada Gir and his companions, and gave them no cause to think themselves suspected. The wrestler was arrested, the magistrate recorded the deposition of each witness, the counsel for the accused cross-examined. Two respectable (?) men swore to hearing high words, followed by the sound of blows and muffled cries in the courtyard of the chief's house; two others told how they had seen, through a crevice in the wall, the wrestler seize the deceased by the throat and hold him until he ceased to breathe. Others swore to seeing the body of a man carried out of the chief's house up certain streets in the direction of the Diwan's well: they followed a short distance and then stopped, being afraid of being seen, so they could not tell where the corpse was eventually taken. For the same reason they had kept silent until they were certain of support. The chief said that Ram Bharti had certainly called upon him on the night in question about the hour stated by the witnesses. After a little conversation he left with Nerbada Gir, the jemadar, and the havildar. Each witness

told his story remarkably clearly; there were no discrepancies of importance; points on which natives generally disagree all tallied exactly, and were unaffected by cross-examination. No one saw clearer than Rao Surat Sing that the case looked most unpleasant for himself. He was struck dumb with horror and astonishment when he saw the net gradually closing on him, as his careful cross-examination entirely failed to break down the evidence. He began to look the picture of despair, the moisture stood out in great drops upon his brow, for he saw that unless something quite unforeseen happened the magistrate would have no option but to commit him to the Session Court for trial for murder.

The magistrate had been struck by some small discrepancies as to the exact locality of some of the transactions spoken to, and, in order to clear up these, the trial was adjourned to the chief's house. There each witness was asked to point out the exact spot where every event he had deponed to had happened, where he and his companion witnesses had been standing when they saw the facts they had sworn to, where they had gone afterwards, and where they had parted from each other. This was too much for them; their instructions had not contemplated this test, and the whole fabric constructed with such care and skill crumbled away. In not one single point could any two witnesses agree; each pointed out a different spot for every transaction. The crevice in the wall through which the wrestler had been seen to strangle Ram Bharti could not be found; there was a crack in one of the outer walls, but at the back, not the front, where the murder was said to have been committed. And no two men could agree as to the road up which the corpse had been carried. Great was the relief of the chief and the wrestler, for they had begun to feel ropes tightening about their necks. For the rest of his life Rao Surat Sing looked upon that trial as one of the most unpleasant of his experiences.

With this collapse of the attempt to prove the innocent guilty, there was a manifest drooping of spirits among the "suspects": the *dénoûment* came very shortly after. The detective came back from Adigaon with clear evidence of the murder of a traveller about a month previously by the jemadar and havildar. He also brought in a letter from Nerbada Gir to the jemadar, calling him and the havildar into Seoni, as "there was work for them there which would be of advantage to some they knew." Nerbada Gir explained that he had written this letter under the instructions of Ram Bharti, who wanted the two policemen as his escort to Adigaon. He had forgotten to mention before having written this letter. The two policemen were arrested on the charge of the murder of the traveller, and Nerbada Gir on suspicion of being concerned in the death of Ram Bharti. All three were locked up separately. And a further, but unsuccessful, search was made for the missing shoe. Had it been found in Nerbada Gir's house, obviously the inference would have been fair, that the murder had been committed in the house and the body subsequently carried to the well; for no native would have left his house of his own free will with only one shoe on—he would either have gone barefoot or worn both.

These three arrests came as a painful surprise to all the "suspects,"

for they had been living in fancied security, thinking that the police-officer had swallowed their stories and had no inkling of the truth. It now became simply a question of time which of them would first make a clean breast of it, in the hope of throwing some of his own guilt on to his companions. First one man gave a little information, another dropped a hint here, and finally the jemadar volunteered to make a full and true confession before the magistrate. I give his story as nearly as possible in his own words. I am writing from memory; but the man's narrative and his manner in telling it made so deep an impression on me that I do not think I shall ever forget it:—

"Early in September Nerbada Gir sent me a note asking me to come into Seoni with the havildar, the elephant, and its attendants, as there was some important work to be done. This is the note. It gives no particulars, and the messenger gave no explanations. I guessed that it had to do with Ram Bharti's succession. I had long known Nerbada Gir as a friend and retainer of the late Nerbada Bharti. He had been mixed up with the many intrigues that had been going on since that *mahant's* death; but latterly he had taken up altogether with Ram Bharti, lent him money — how much I cannot say — and apparently had quarrelled openly with his opponents. Without delay our party started. The messenger returned alone; he was the barber and confidential servant to Ram Bharti, and was one of the five men in the house the night of his master's death. He met us again a little distance from Seoni the day we arrived, telling us not to bring the elephant into the town, but to leave it at a village about one and a half mile distant. We accordingly left it there in charge of the forage-cutters and the havildar. The mahout and I accompanied the barber on foot to Nerbada Gir's house. We had taken nearly three days *en route*, and it was almost dark and too late the night we arrived for us to have any conversation with Nerbada Gir; but he told me to come out with him early in the morning, in order that we might have a quiet talk. Ram Bharti seemed a little surprised to see us when we made our bow to him, and asked why we had come. We told him, to see him and inquire when he intended to set up his rule in Adigaon, as his presence was much wanted, things being greatly mismanaged in his absence. He replied that he hoped to come soon, when his law business was a little more settled. Nothing further was said that night. We supped and slept quietly, as we were tired.

"Early the next morning Nerbada Gir roused me and the havildar, and we went together into a garden beyond the town: there he told us plainly that matters had come to such a crisis that it was useless having a ruler like Ram Bharti. He was daily getting more and more beyond control, and would probably throw over all his friends shortly and take up with some one else. He had already become less and less amenable to his (Nerbada Gir's) guidance, and threatened to stop all further legal proceedings, dispute the first court's award no longer, but accept what he could get, and go to live quietly as a farmer on his estates, carrying out the orders of the British Government in everything. Personally we had none of us any particular enmity

to Ram Bharti; but Nerbada Gir pointed out that unless the battle was fought out to the end, and the estate restored revenue free to its former holders, we should lose any advantage we might have expected from Ram Bharti's succession, for the English police would take our place, and our occupation would be lost beyond all hope, while he, Nerbada Gir, would lose all the money he had advanced from time to time both for maintenance and the lawsuit. The havildar and I both hoped that if the old state of affairs was restored we should regain our positions as heads of the local police, and so be able to live in comfort; thus we agreed to help Nerbada Gir to the best of our power. He had already talked over the other two men, so it was only necessary to decide the time and place for action: we accordingly took counsel together as to how best we could dispose of Ram Bharti without exciting suspicion. Nerbada Gir suggested that he should be advised to start for Adigaon on the elephant in company with the havildar and myself, and that we, taking advantage of some lonely place on the road, should murder him and conceal his body as best we could. We could then give out that he had been carried off by a tiger. Meantime Nerbada Gir was to remain in Seoni and divert suspicion from us.

"We objected at once to this plan, for we said the police-officer was not one to be lightly deceived: he would never rest satisfied with any story about tigers until he had examined the locality and ascertained that beyond a doubt tigers were in the habit of killing men in the vicinity. In the course of a search of this description he would be certain to happen on traces of a struggle and of human feet; he would then require Ram Bharti at the hands of the men who accompanied him from Seoni. It would be useless to try and lead him to some other place, for the elephant tracks would be an unerring guide for him. Besides, I argued that whatever was done should be done by all five together; one could not then incriminate the other without endangering himself. I had no faith at all in Nerbada Gir, and was convinced that he would employ us to murder Ram Bharti and then turn round and inform against us. After some consultation, we decided that Ram Bharti should be advised that his enemies in the town were plotting to get him into their power, so to avoid them he should start for Adigaon the next morning. We were all five to go with him and take the first opportunity of making away with him. We made no special plan how to kill him or how to dispose of the body afterwards, intending to be guided by circumstances. If near a river, we could put the body in and leave it to be carried away by the floods; we could then report that the waters had risen suddenly and swept away Ram Bharti while crossing, and that we ourselves had escaped with difficulty. We decided to use no weapons, but Ram Bharti was to be strangled either with the hands so [placing the hands together and giving the thumbs a peculiar turn inwards], or with a handkerchief. Either way there would be no wounds. The deceased had such perfect confidence in Nerbada Gir that he suspected nothing, and fell in with our proposals at once, so we prepared for an early start. Perfect silence as to our plans was kept by all. Ram Bharti was told that it was essentially necessary his

enemies should know nothing of his intentions until he was out of reach, or they would stop him. To stave off suspicion, late the evening before his death he visited Rao Surat Sing, and conversed with him as to the course he should pursue, returning to Nerbada Gir's about 11 P.M. There he ate his food and lay down, telling the barber to shampoo him. While at this work the barber had a splendid opportunity of doing for him: he had only, when standing over him, to pass his hands up quietly from the chest to the throat and hold on with a strong grip, placing his knee on the chest at the same time; but though I signalled to him to do it, he was afraid. Perhaps it was as well, for it is not easy to strangle a man without noise — it requires strong wrists and experience.

"We got up between 2 and 3 A.M. and left the house, taking byroads so as to avoid police-posts. We went out to the rear of the Diwan's garden, intending to cross the fields on to the main-road close to the village where the elephant was. The night was cloudy but not very dark; the ground was wet and muddy from the recent rain. The path led through long grass and thorny jungle; through this we walked in Indian file. I led, Nerbada Gir followed; next to him came Ram Bharti, behind him was the havildar, the mahout, and the barber. We went along in perfect silence until we came to the bank of a small tank about half a mile from the town: here there was a hollow surrounded with close dense jungle, and the suitability for our purpose seemed to strike us all simultaneously. I stopped; Nerbada Gir turned on Ram Bharti, who from the suddenness of the assault slipped backwards: as he fell the havildar's hands closed round his throat, Nerbada Gir knelt on his chest, I held his legs, and the other two his arms. In less than two minutes he ceased to struggle, a little more and he ceased to breathe. He did not utter a cry or a sound, and not a word was spoken by any of us. When quite dead we left the body and went to the tank, where we washed our hands and consulted how to dispose of the corpse. It would not do to leave it where it was, though the spot was quite unfrequented; the vultures or jackals would draw attention to it sooner or later. We had no tools with which to dig a grave. We might have thrown the body into one of the old wells about, but Nerbada Gir made a suggestion which pleased us all: this was, that when the disappearance of Ram Bharti became known, the report should be quietly and carefully spread that, tired of all his law troubles, he had committed suicide. To give a colour of probability to this story, the body should be put into a well close to the town, as there were no wounds on it. When it rose to the surface the theory of suicide would sound exceedingly plausible, and the police would certainly argue that a largely frequented well close to the town would be the last place murderers were likely to select to dispose of their victim's corpse. We carried the body between us to the Diwan's well: it was a long weary way, and we had to put our heavy burden down more than once to rest and to make our way through hedges. We tied a large stone in the cloth, afterwards found in the well, and fastening it round the corpse, carried it down the steps and put it carefully into the water. We dared not throw it in, for the splash would have been heard at the

police-post not 200 yards off. We then returned quietly to Nerbada Gir's house, unseen, as far as we knew, by any one, and when day broke each man went about his usual business as if nothing had happened. The mahout took the elephant away to a village halfway to Adigaon, and waited there till he was brought in by the police.

"About noon the neighbours began to ask why they had not seen Ram Bharti out as usual, so Nerbada Gir and I went and told the police that Ram Bharti had gone out early in the morning but had not returned. We asked for their assistance, as we could not understand his disappearance: he had certainly spoken of going out to Adigaon, but we had no idea that he intended to go in this secret manner.

"The disappearance of one of Ram Bharti's shoes, either in the struggle or when we were carrying the body, has troubled us much ever since. When we reached the well the shoe was missing, and search as we would in the dark, we could not find it. We none of us dared to go to the scene of the murder by daylight, for we were afraid of drawing attention to the spot. At one time we feared that the police-officer had discovered where the murder was committed, for he was seen to go into the garden where we had to break through the fence when carrying the body to the well: fortunately the rain had obliterated much of the track, leaving only the marks in the ground where the corpse had been put down, and where, in the effort to lift it up again, our feet had sunk in,—their traces were plainly visible. We all knew we were watched; but we thought it was done *pro formâ*, and that we could run away when we liked. I held on, just to see the turn that things were likely to take, and also to see that none of the others turned informers, for I trusted no one but the havildar—he and I have worked together too long to betray each other. I always expected Nerbada Gir to turn traitor, and endeavour to throw the whole onus of the crime on to us two if he got the chance, so I have elected to be beforehand with him, and am now ready to prove what I have said. I can show the magistrate the spot where Ram Bharti was killed, and although a month ago, the marks of the struggle are probably still visible, and the tracks, both there and on the path along which the corpse was carried, will show the truth of my story."

I went off at once with the jemadar, and he pointed out step by step the route the party had taken. Where the struggle had been, the marks were perfectly clear; the long grass had not risen again, but was lying crushed into the mud, and there, buried in the sodden grass, almost under the spot where the unfortunate man was murdered, was found the missing shoe, beaten out of shape, but easily recognisable as the fellow of that found in the well from which the corpse had been taken. Farther on, wherever the carrying party had stopped to rest, the mark of the corpse was still clear and distinct in the soft black soil. It would have been almost impossible to obtain more perfect corroboration of the jemadar's story. The havildar, too, said it was right in every point, except in ascribing to him the part of strangling Ram Bharti: the jemadar had done that himself, while the havildar held his legs. There is little room for doubt that the

jemadar had not told the truth on that point, for when describing the struggle his hands (apparently quite unintentionally) worked so nervously that it was easy to see from them how Ram Bharti had been done to death—in fact, this working of the jemadar's hands was far more expressive than the most vivid verbal description.

Of the other accomplices, Nerbada Gir denied all knowledge, the mahout preserved a sullen silence, while the barber said he looked on afraid to speak or move, lest his turn should come next if he dared to remonstrate. Bit by bit the story was corroborated by one fact and another, until there was no flaw in the evidence. The men were all committed for trial, and eventually the three principals were hanged, while the subordinates received the benefit of the doubt as to whether they had been acting under orders or not.

Throughout both trials not one word was said by any one of the party that could implicate Dhokal Bharti. It was believed that the jemadar and havildar had been in communication with him before they came to Seoni, and the common talk of the bazaars ascribed the murder to him. A letter of his addressed to Nerbada Gir was found, but there was nothing tangible in it. To all appearances he was the only person interested in the removal of Ram Bharti, and certainly the men who murdered him could be the gainers in no way. The jemadar's story, that he and the havildar hoped that the battle might be continued, and that they would eventually regain their positions as heads of the Adigaon police, sounded plausible; but as a matter of fact it was not, for both men knew well that their offices had been done away with a year before, and that the orders were distinct that only British police should be employed in the estate in future. Documents were found which seemed to show that Nerbada Gir was in a pecuniary point of view a loser; for there were written promises of Ram Bharti's to repay with heavy interest money borrowed from time to time, and also to make over certain villages in proprietary tenure as soon as the estate was recovered. Possibly higher offers were made by others.

The mahout had nothing to lose or gain: he and his elephant went together. To the barber his master's death was apparently ruin; still no one breathed a word or made a sign as to the real motive for the crime. It was a remarkable instance of a murder with no motive apparent, where the murderers elected to go to certain death themselves in preference to saying one word to implicate their employer.

H. C. E. Ward.

MURRAY OF BROUGHTON.

"No lip of mine comes after that of Murray of Broughton," said Sir Walter's father, as he threw the historic teacup out of the window. Murray was poisonous! The familiar incident lights up some thirty years of a life spent in the blackness of universal loathing and contempt. North of the Highland line were traitors more inveterate and much more sordid than Broughton. But the scandal of the Lowland Judas was public. The Celtic betrayers, Barisdale, Glengarry, Æneas Macdonald, Allan of Knock, Downan, and others, had their infamy buried in piles of official MSS., while the one Lowland gentleman who sold honour for life has been a world's gazingstock, "a monster unto many."

Mr Fitzroy Bell has now published, for the Scottish History Society, those papers in which the outcast Murray strives to batter himself into his own good opinion. The editor has added illustrative documents, from our own and the French State Manuscripts, and letters from the Stuart Papers in her Majesty's possession. He has also contributed a careful Introduction, and it is probable that little more remains to be known about the unhappy Secretary, whose beautiful wife distributed white cockades when King James was proclaimed in Edinburgh.[1]

The papers of Murray were written about 1757, and were probably intended for posthumous publication. They are now the property of Mr George Siddons Murray, great grandson of the Secretary by an alliance contracted after his beautiful wife had left him and was lost to the research of curious historians. That Mrs Murray was ever the Prince's mistress is to the last degree improbable. Charles had no time for love affairs, in which he was ever the pursued, not the pursuer. "William is brave, Charles is—chaste," said a Whig newspaper of the day. It is quite certain that Mrs Murray did not leave her lord to join the Prince, nor leave him, as Mr Bell says, when he was in the Tower. She was with Murray as late as 1749, and, from 1749 onwards, we know that Madame de Talmond and Miss Walkinshaw were the ladies who consoled the exile, while Madame de Vassé, and the philosophic Mdlle. Ferrand, protected him in their convent, and conducted his affairs. In his Memorials Murray always defends the behaviour of his wife, and never hints at any disagreement.

His Memorials are complicated, prolix, and verbose. Their interest is of three kinds. They first elucidate the dark background of intrigue, the cloud from which flashed the claymore of Lochiel. Never was a party so hopelessly torn by internal jealousies, so ruined by treachery and cowardice, so poverty-stricken and disorganised, as the Jacobite party in 1740-45. We shall first endeavour to illustrate the condition of the party; then examine that psychological curiosity, the writhing, remorseful, self-justifying soul of Broughton; and, lastly, collect some points of interest about the

[1] Memorials of Murray of Broughton. Edinburgh: Printed at the University Press by T. & A. Constable for the Scottish History Society, 1898.

characters of those, from the Prince to Pickle, with whom he was concerned.

Murray was born in 1715. After being educated at the University of Edinburgh, he carried his hereditary Jacobite convictions to Leyden, where, we conceive, he would meet Ezekiel Hamilton, and other partisans, who then kept up a grumbling correspondence with the Duke of Ormond and George Kelly at Avignon, and with the Earl Marischal, wherver that "knight without a lady," and Jacobite from republican principles, might be wandering. The letters, of course, reached Walpole in copies. From Leyden, Murray went to Rome, in 1737-38, and there fell in love with the "fine eyes" of Prince Charles, then a lad of sixteen. Mr Fitzroy Bell publishes the miniature of the Prince, in uniform, with Garter and Thistle, which Charles gave to his future Secretary in a diamond-mounted snuff-box. In the original enamel, Charles is "a lad with the bloom of a lass"; but neither in this, nor in any other authentic portrait, is the Prince really "bonnie." He had beautiful hair, large, rather prominent, brown eyes, and a complexion of red and white roses, but "bonnier" boys are to be seen in any crowd of young cricketers.

Murray, at all events, came under the fatal spell, and never emancipated himself from the Stuart charm. He remained, despite his "rascality" (as Charles called it), not only a fervent Jacobite, but a sentimental devotee. This it is which deepens his misery, for the Lowland Judas betrayed the master whom he never could cease to love.

Returning from Rome to Scotland, Murray became the accredited but unsalaried Scottish correspondent of good James Edgar, the faithful servant of the exiled king. Here we must describe the Jacobite party as it was when war between France and England gave hopes of good fishing in troubled waters. The Prince was young, and capable of any adventure. He certainly maintained a secret correspondence with England which, later, fell by accident into his father's hands. He was reckoned a little prone to drink and revelry, a little inclined to listen to Protestant or free-thinking advisers, and he made the mistake of taking his brother Henry, Duke of York, into his confidence on topics not to be discussed with their father. In the Duke's own early life there is a mystery, which James darkly alludes to in a letter to Charles. He was very devout, he was caballed against, he recognised that he must never marry, and, from being a lad of great spirit and charm, he sank to accept a Cardinal's hat, and thereby to break up the party and cause a deadly feud with his brother.

Meanwhile James, after a long career of public disappointment and domestic distress, had become a mild Stoic philosopher. "No character in history," says Mr Fitzroy Bell with truth, "has been so little understood as this Prince."[1] He was now a devotee and a philosopher. He made the most astonishingly large allowances, both for the mean self-seeking of France and for the craven conduct of his

[1] The curious reader may compare "Queen Clementina," in 'The Dublin Review' for April, an essay by Miss Alice Shield. At last the king has found a sympathetic and learned historian.

English partisans. In 1744 he seems to have intended to show himself if an attempt were made. "It is absolutely impossible for me to Joyn the expedition *at first.*" But when the Prince set sail for Scotland, James told Louis XV. that he would lack good faith "if he pretended to assume the weight of Government." His health rendered him "incapable of the duties of a Prince on the throne." He appears to have intended to abdicate in favour of Charles, who warmly remonstrated against this resolution. Charles did not mean "to grasp the Crown and throw his father over." Consequently he could not take the essential step (for which, save in his father's interest, he was personally ready) of announcing James's abdication and his own conversion to Protestantism. Now, by an extraordinary turn of luck, while James was for resigning, and Charles was refusing to permit it, the Jacobites split (as George Kelly predicted) into a King's party and a Prince's party, in the very crisis of their adventure. This was not the fault of Charles, himself *plus royaliste que le Roi.*

The fatal fissure occurred thus: while Murray was the young and keen organiser in Scotland, in 1741-45, James was served, at the French Court, by Lord Sempil (not, of course, the Hanoverian lord who fought at Culloden), and by William Macgregor, called Drummond, of Balhaldy, supposed chief of the Gregarach, and a connection of Lochiel. This Balhaldy is Murray's *bête noire.* He is accused of plundering the Earl Marischal's portmanteau at Sheriffmuir, of being "low-lived," bankrupt, and ignorant, a boasting Celtic liar. Now if he wrote the 'Life of Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel' (as we presume), Balhaldy was a man of reading and reflection. He also was fond of mechanic arts, a maker of snuff-boxes with secret portraits of the king, and the deviser of the Prince's famous "chese" (as he spells "chaise"), with all its "extraordinary conveniences." Further, he certainly procured the accession of Louis XV. to the cause of James, in December 1743: he then went to Rome, and he actually conducted Charles from Rome to France, in January 1744. Balhaldy's son, much later, married the daughter of Oliphant of Gask, a distinguished alliance. Balhaldy was trusted by the English Jacobites, whom he visited secretly, as late as 1749. All this contradicts Murray's personal aspersions on Balhaldy, whom he detests above even Traquair, while Balhaldy's services, in December 1743–January 1744, were certainly most distinguished. He and Sempil possessed the confidence of James, and, at first, of Charles. But both were bitterly distrusted by the Earl Marischal, who was, since 1715, the most beloved and esteemed man in the Jacobite party. In 1749 the Earl was at Boulogne, "lurking for a spring," and, at the same time, was warning the French Court against the golden reports of Balhaldy and Sempil.

Here were the elements of a quarrel, which broke out when Murray, as Scottish organiser, became disgusted with the futility and the Celtic romances of Balhaldy. The general result was that Murray convinced Charles, in 1744, that Sempil and Balhaldy were false and jealous. James, at a distance, was not so easily undeceived. Consequently there was, on one side, the Marischal, Murray, Sheridan, and Kelly party, and, on the other, the Sempil and Balhaldy party,—the former trusted

by the Prince, the latter by the distant king. Between the two sides the Earl of Traquair flitted like a bat, heartless, brainless, a skulker. When union was imperatively necessary, Murray was maligning Sempil and Balhaldy; Sempil was traducing Murray, and old Mr Cochrane was leaving the Jacobite cipher trailing about on a window-seat or under a dictionary, while Balhaldy was sending Young Glengarry from France to warn Lochiel against Murray. Old Lovat was scheming for a dukedom, ready to continue his life-long course of treason. The Duke of Hamilton was privately providing money; Kenmure and Gordon of Earlstoun were hoping to win over the Cameronian remnant. The Buck Club was formed, to drink loyal healths; Lochiel, as ever, was "ready, aye ready," but his sword and Murray's brain were the only practical things to the credit side of Jacobitism in Scotland.

While, in 1740-45, Scottish Jacobitism was thus divided, in England the chiefs—Barriemore, Orrery, Beaufort, Cobham, Cotton, Sir Watkin Williams Wynne—were merely "hedging." They would not stir without a large French auxiliary force. France would not give this aid without their signatures. These they never penned, but sent over the one-eyed slovenly Clancarty to represent them. D'Argenson laughed at the envoy. Meanwhile Carte, the historian, Colonel Cecil, and "Queen Oglethorpe" of the old far-off days, the ex-mistress of Harley, conspired more boldly on their own account. Balhaldy went back and forward, sowing false hopes. Murray went back and forward, countermining Balhaldy. In a meeting with Charles, behind the stables of the Tuileries, and in a copious Memorial, Murray convicted Balhaldy of possessing, in excess, the Celtic plausibility, and other less engaging qualities, of John Splendid in Mr Neil Munro's romance. At Rome, James regretted, but could neither understand nor end, these *tracasseries*.

Thus affairs moved, or stood still, between the storm-stayed futile French expedition early in 1744 and Murray's visit to Charles at the Tuileries stables later in the same year. On this occasion the Prince assured Murray that he would come, in the summer of 1745, if he came with a single servant. Murray had seen the astute side of Charles when he unmasked Balhaldy: "Most would have flown out into a passionate and high resentment, without regard to anything but their grandeur and the indignity thrown on it, whereas here is one of 23 or 24 years of age, never accustomed to controul, acting with as much coolness, caution, and circumspection as the most experienced statesman." On discovering Charles's adventurous side—his resolution to come alone—Murray answered, "that he could not come sooner to Scotland than would be agreeable to his friends there, but I hoped it would not be without a body of troops." This warning did not prevent Charles from carrying out his resolve in the summer of 1745, nor prevent Murray from being accused of bringing him.

The Prince, for eighteen months, had "languished," as he says, in France, in an obscure *incognito*. Summoned thither by Louis, he had been "scandalously" neglected, as even his patient father declares. He therefore, after Fontenoy and the English defeat, put all to the hazard. With a distracted party,

surrounded by men like Balhaldy, whom he could not trust, and Irish like Sullivan, old Sir Thomas Sheridan, and Kelly (long accustomed to desperate courses), Charles determined to force France into aiding him, to force the Jacobites into showing their hand. This resolution he announced in August 1744, and Murray went back to Scotland.

He found Traquair, Appin, Young Glengarry (just arrived from France), Lochiel, and Macleod in a tavern, where Macleod "called for a large glass and drank a bumper to Prince Charles." Next day Lochiel, by Murray's desire, extracted a *written* promise from Macleod. We know how he kept it. His men, under the Black Cockade, were routed at Inverary, and again by the Blacksmith of Moy, in an attempt to surprise and capture the Prince. "No man will be at a loss to determine," writes Murray, "who ought most justly to be branded with the names of Coward and Traitor." "Surely never man had more reason to believe than the Prince; nor did ever man so basely betray as did Macleod, whom I shall leave for the present to the racks and tortures of a guilty conscience, and the just and severe Judgement of every good man."

Thus the moral Murray.

Of that little party in the Edinburgh tavern, Traquair paltered and skulked, Macleod basely turned his coat, Appin stayed at home, Glengarry became a paid Informer, and Murray was Murray of Broughton! Lochiel alone was *sans peur et sans reproche.*

Murray now took legal opinion as to the possibility of securing his estate to his children. The lawyer, Mr Macleod of Nuik, decided that "no deed of conveyance could be framed to evade a forfeiture." The Glengarrys tried the plan in 1745; but Young Glengarry secured himself and his lands by a simpler device.

Traquair was now, early in 1745, sent to carry to Charles an explicit account of the situation, to warn him against coming unaided, and to wring something coherent out of the English. Meanwhile Murray tried to raise money. The Duke of Hamilton (who married the beautiful Elizabeth Gunning) was a reluctant, the chivalrous Duke of Perth was a cheerful, giver. Hamilton promised to join with such forces as he could raise; but since Hamiltons were Hamiltons, they never were whole-hearted in the Cause. Time passed, and, strangely, no news came from Traquair. Perth, Murray, Lochiel, and Nisbet of Dirleton wrote to Charles advising him in no case to land without 6000 French. Then came back all the correspondence intrusted, months ago, to Traquair for the Prince. Traquair had neither carried nor sent it to its destination. Charles, in France, was in the dark; in Scotland the party knew nothing of Charles. The pressing point was that he should *not* land alone, and a letter to that effect, with other papers, was given to Young Glengarry, for Charles. Glengarry did not succeed in delivering these despatches, and meanwhile (June 1745) a note from the Prince arrived, announcing his resolve to land alone in the West Highlands. This was the result of Traquair's non-delivery of the warning with which he was charged. Murray, much concerned, communicated with Lochiel and Lord Ogilvy, while Sir Hector Maclean, who had ventured over from France, was

laid in prison. This deprived the Cause of many Macleans, and of Macleod's following, for Sir Hector meant to pistol Macleod if he did not turn out,—"an alternative which I fancy the other would not have chosen."

After giving the Duke of Hamilton his commission, which the Duke accepted, Murray hurried to the Highlands, to Lochiel, who "acknowledged he did not see how any man of honour could get off, especially as the Prince was to throw himself naked into their arms. So, for his own part, he would not delay one moment to give him all the assistance in his power." But Lovat, in a rage, said that the Prince "should not be allowed to land," and Macleod proposed to write a letter dissuading him.

Here Murray's MS. breaks off, where Lochiel expresses his generous but misplaced confidence in Lovat and Macleod, and Murray is meeting Cluny at an inn in Badenoch.

A party, it is plain, could not have been less prepared for a gallant adventure. For months at a time the Prince and his friends heard nothing of each other. There was not £10,000 in the Treasury. Murray had provided some weapons; but Balhaldy never bought the 20,000 stand of arms which he said that he had purchased in Holland. Nobody in Scotland knew anything about the English party. In France, Sempil and Balhaldy hated the forward movement which they had not initiated. The Earl Marischal "pleaged" the Prince "with his letters, which were reather Books, and I had the petience to answer them, article by article, striving to make him act reasonably, but all to no purpose." Charles was pawning his jewels, the Sobieski rubies, "for on this side the water the Prince would wear them with a very sore heart, thinking that there might be made a better use of them."

We should not judge the Prince's adventure as if it were a mere selfish leap "to pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon." He was bred to belief in the Cause; he had worked for it, doing a clerk's duty to save the labour of his aged tutor, Sheridan. He had waited for it, enduring patiently the "scandalous" treatment of the French Court. He spent what he had, and hazarded his life for the Cause, and to force the hand of France. Neither Louis nor James knew of his secret setting forth. The Earl Marischal knew, and accepted Charles's commands to represent his case to Louis. The Prince threw himself on the honour of his adherents: if they had energetically and decisively forbidden the step, there would have been no Culloden. If they had all been Lochiels, if Beaufort had risen in the west, Sir Watkin in Wales, Norfolk in the Midlands (he had arms concealed at Worksop), if Hamilton, Traquair, Nithsdale, and Kenmure had been true to their words, if Macleod had brought down the islesmen, if Lovat had let slip the Frazers, the name of Charles III. might stand, for good or evil, where stands that of the third George. But all men were not Lochiels. *Dis aliter visum.*

The second part of Murray's Memorials deals with events between Moidart and Derby. While the clans were preparing, after the Prince landed, Murray did an astute thing. He sent James Mohr Macgregor (who had secretly been a Hanoverian agent) to ask for parties from the English garri-

sons of the Highland forts, that with them he might seize Lochiel and Glengarry. The Highlanders would then easily capture the deserted forts. Murray also concocted a scheme for kidnapping the Duke of Argyll. James Mohr doubtless performed his errand in his own way. He was to say that Charles was incognito at St Omer. Perhaps he did give that misleading intelligence, which then caused a lack of energy on Cope's side.

As to the military events which followed, Murray justly commends Charles's generalship in declining to divide his force, and send troops after Cope by hill passes, when Cope avoided battle and marched on Inverness from Corryarrick. The chiefs and clans were anxious for this, but Charles won them to his better opinion. Murray's strategic remarks appear judicious: he himself desired the post of aide-de-camp, not of secretary. Unluckily for him, he was disappointed; but he was almost the only man fit for his office.

Living on beef broiled on the heather, without meal or salt, the clans swept southwards, to be joined by Lord George Murray, the Gasks, and the high-souled Duke of Perth, to whose character we shall return. To hasten on, at Prestonpans the old dispute about precedency, the right hand of the line of battle, was decided by casting lots. The Macdonalds drew the left, the Camerons and Stewarts drew the right. But, at Duddingstone, the Macdonalds, who were led by a boy, Glengarry's second son, refused to accept the arbitrament of chance. Lochiel generously yielded the point, if the battle was to be fought, as fought it was, on the morrow. After the fight Charles took all possible care of the wounded English, even to the neglect of his own men. Their wounds were from gunshots; those of the English from cold steel.

The Prince has been blamed for not marching on Berwick. Had he done so, he could not have kept open his communications with Edinburgh, which was exposed to English reinforcements from the sea. He had but 2700 men, and could not have invaded England; but was obliged to wait for Macleods and Frazers who came not, and for detachments of other clans, and Lowlanders, who did come. Nithsdale and Kenmure actually arrived at Holyrood, but lost heart and went home, where Nithsdale went crazed with fright. Disappointed in Lovat and Macleod, Charles, after a weary wait at Edinburgh, wished to attack Wade at Newcastle. Lord George Murray preferred the route by Carlisle, as Cumberland and Lancashire were expected to rise. Charles yielded, and invented the very dexterous feint of a march on Carlisle by two different routes, by Kelso and by Peebles. It seems clear that the Prince, despite the Chevalier Johnstone, had good ideas of strategy. "Perhaps never was general, especially a Prince, so minutely assiduous to see even the most minute motion with his own eye, never neglecting, throughout the whole march, so soon as he had put all in motion, to return and view the whole column, after which he repaired again to the front, and from time to time, as he judged necessary, viewed the whole, and prevented them from straggling."

At Carlisle, as is well known, trouble arose out of Lord George Murray's jealousy both of Murray and the Duke of Perth. Both submitted to Lord George's pretensions.

The jealousies between Lord George and Broughton were injurious to the adventure. Maxwell of Kirkconnell, who made the campaign, wrote his 'Expedition of Charles, Prince of Wales, to Scotland,' after Murray's treachery was well known. He represents the Secretary as having at first "advised the Prince, in his own name, to come to Scotland at any rate. He was too easily persuaded by Murray." Now Murray certainly did not suggest the scheme. When Charles proposed it, Murray demurred, saying that only some adherents would certainly rise, with perhaps 4000 men. He later made several attempts, all frustrated, to prevent the Prince's arrival; but, when the Prince did arrive, he agreed with Lochiel—men of honour must rally to the standard. Maxwell, naturally prejudiced against Murray, expresses the common jealousy of his favour with the Prince. Perth, he admits, "entertained the highest opinion of Murray's integrity." But Murray, when Lord George came in at Perth, "began by representing him as a traitor to the Prince: he assured him that he joined on purpose to have an opportunity of delivering him up to Government." Now, first, if Lord George was loyal to Charles (as he was), his conduct as regarded the Government was very far from being strictly honourable. When Cope was marching North, in August 1745, Lord George waited on him at Crieff, as a loyal subject of the Hanoverian Government.[1] Lord George was playing false to *somebody*, and Murray could not be sure as to who was being betrayed. Charles remained in doubt till after Prestonpans, when what Maxwell calls Lord George's "haughty and overbearing manner prevented a thorough reconciliation." Next came a strange piece of gossip, only recently made known. In Cumberland a Highlander, quarrelling with a passer-by, seized the man's stick. It broke, and displayed a hidden letter, in which Murray's brother, the Whig Duke of Athol, advised him to desert, with his clansmen, to the English! So ran the talk of the camp. Lord George was perfectly loyal in heart to Charles, but overrode the Prince's plans: he counselled the retreat from Derby, the retreat from Stirling; he abandoned the surprise at Nairn. After Culloden the suspicions of Charles revived, encouraged, probably, by Sullivan and Sheridan. He fled from suspected treachery to the Isles, and Barisdale, in fact, would confessedly have sold him, granted the opportunity.

Murray does not attack Lord George in his Memorials: he had doubtless learned that his early suspicions, if he entertained them (as Maxwell avers), were baseless. Murray, in fact, was, and at heart remained, loyal; but the fear of death overcame his virtue. None the less, between him and Lord George there existed a fatal and irreconcilable jealousy. Murray's manuscript breaks off with the advance from Leek to Derby. He does not describe the council which decided on retreat, nor any events till after Culloden. He fell ill, as did the Prince, at Elgin, where Charles was nursed by a lady connected with a relation of the present writer. Murray was carried to the house of Mrs Grant of Glenmoriston; and Maxwell admits that, after his departure, everything was mismanaged fatally. At Glenmoriston, Murray

[1] Cope to Forbes of Culloden, August 24, 1745.

heard of Culloden from Dr Cameron. He does not describe the battle. His next manuscript narrates his adventures after Culloden. They include the landing and burial of 27,000 louis d'or, the treasure which turned rival clans into rival traitors. Murray also describes the last effort at a rally, and, chiefly on Barisdale's evidence, he suspects the brave and loyal Lochgarry of treachery on that occasion. He was probably innocent,—not so his cousin Barisdale.

In great weakness and distress, Murray, having arranged that a ship on the East coast should carry off himself and Lochiel, wandered to his own country, was arrested, was interviewed by the Lord Justice-Clerk, and at once, without hesitation, promised to reveal "all he knew."

Murray's Memorials are a series of apologies for his behaviour. He was, in fact, really trying his best to save his own head, by giving information which seemed sincere, and was, as far as he could make it, worthless. Thus he certainly did give "an uncertain triffling relation" about Lovat's early movements. Here he furnishes the actual facts. Again, the Ministry, having intercepted a letter of Balhaldy's, knew about Beaufort (whom Murray sheltered), Barrymore, Sir Watkin, and Dr Barry. Murray says:—

"Upon perusing Lord Lovat's Tryal, it will incontestably appear, upon comparing what I said there with what here follows, that the utmost care was taken to conceal everything that was not known by Lord Lovat's own letters, of which he was so sensible, that he sent me thanks by Mr Fowler, the gentleman gaoler of the Tower, for my forbearance; and said he was not the least hurt or offended by anything I had said. Mrs Fowler and her daughter are still ready to attest this, and have told it to many."

Thus Murray consoles himself with the attempt to believe that he only deceived the Government with "triffles" and superfluous evidence. But he did his best to hang Dr Barry, Traquair, and Sir John Douglas, who only escaped for lack of corroboration, or because Traquair and Barry were so impotent as conspirators. Murray also described the whereabouts of the Loch Arkaig treasure, and he sent in exactly such an account of the Clans as is found in the Whig manuscript published as 'The Highlands in 1750.'

What Murray does not tell us is that (in Jacobite belief) he was, after his release, the correspondent of Samuel Cameron of the Glen Nevis family, the spy, as young Edgar informs his uncle, James's secretary. "What surprises people still more is that Mr Macdonald of Glengarrie [Pickle the Spy], who says that he is charged with the affairs of his Majesty, is known to be in great intimacy with Murray"—in 1751.[1]

Murray himself speaks of Glengarry's visits to his house in London, after his release. The Cumberland MSS. leave no doubt that, in 1751, Glengarry was already an informer. Was Murray his accomplice, or only his unconscious tool? It is quite possible that, deserted and detested, yet a Jacobite at heart, Murray innocently welcomed, in 1751, the visits of Glengarry, as of a true-hearted Highlander, who knew him to be only unfortunate —a victim of appearances.

This view of his own conduct

[1] Anonymous letter, November 30, 1751. 'Pickle the Spy,' p. 161.

Murray keeps before the reader in "Two Letters regarding the Earl of Traquair." These profess to come from another hand, but are by Broughton. Murray's argument is that, in his evidence, he only tried to expose Traquair in the eyes of the world, while, as regards the law, he "industriously studied to leave him a back-door whereby to escape." After both men were released, Murray challenged Traquair, and prowled about behind Montague House with cloak and sword. Traquair did not gratify Broughton with the chance of recovering his self-respect.

The Memorials leave no doubt as to Murray's character. Undeniably he was a clear-headed, energetic, and loyal friend of the Cause—the brain of the party in Scotland. In despair, and weakened by long privation and sickness, he sold his honour—Murray had a very keen sense of honour! While doing his best to damage half-hearted adherents, he really did try to "hedge" in the case of Lovat, so that his evidence should not be fatal. He cut matters much too fine, and irretrievably ruined his own reputation. Such was John Murray of Broughton; and so sincere was his affection for his master, that the strange family tradition may be true. Charles is said to have visited London, and to have been introduced by Murray as "your King" to the grandfather of Mr George Siddons Murray, then a little boy. This must have been, not in 1763, but after 1766, when Charles became, by his father's death, the titular king.

In 1764 Murray sold Broughton, and Mr Scott threw out of window the cup from which, by Mrs Scott's hospitality, the traitor had drunk tea. He is said to have died at Cheshunt, on December 6, 1777, and legend runs that he died insane.

Murray had intended to write "Characters" of his associates. These he usually omits, with a note announcing that they are to follow. That of the Prince, as discreet, clement to a fault, and strategically skilled, comes out in many pages. "I must confine myself to say, Happy that nation, peculiarly happy the country, which could enjoy such a Prince, such a Father!" Old Glengarry is "an indolent creature, and entirely given up to drink. Could his son [Pickle], now prisoner in the Tower, be prevailed on to quit the service he is in" (that of France), "it would prove an effectual mode to civilise that Clan. He has been most barbarously used by his father and mother-in-law, and probably engaged more from necessity than inclination."

In fact, early in 1745, old Glengarry had surreptitiously disponed his lands to young Glengarry, without the stepmother's knowledge. She was lady factor of the estates, and the secret device later caused great trouble to Alastair Ruadh.

Lochiel invariably appears as a man of strict honour. Perth was "full of disinterestedness, of undaunted courage, the most exemplary, humanely, and universally beloved. In short, never was man possessed of more shining qualities, nor attended with worse fortune." Macdonald of Sleat is defended, as never having, like Macleod and Hamilton, come under definite promises. The virtues of the Earl Marischal are attested, though Balhaldy styled him "an honourable fool, a wrong-headed man, not to be contented." In truth the good Earl, a *philosophe*, a humorist, and a

Jacobite from republican principles, was not very easy to please. Elcho is well spoken of,—better, perhaps, than he deserved. Lochgarry and Barisdale pair off as a couple of thieves and traitors, which is hard on Lochgarry, whom Murray, by the way, prevented from waylaying and shooting the Duke of Cumberland.

On one point we regard the charges against Murray as baseless. "It is more than probable that the Prince's principal steward was a thief," says Maxwell of Kirkconnell. For this accusation there is not the slightest ground in fact. When once Murray turned King's evidence, no suspicion seemed too black. Men could not understand that he had been of unstained loyalty till he saw the gibbet before his eyes. Had Murray been silent, his name would have shone with those of Gask, Pitsligo, and Lochiel. He bought, instead, thirty years of what may literally be called hell upon earth—thirty years of loathed seclusion, of impotent efforts to palliate his infamy, and an immortality of shame. He sinned from fear of death, not from love of lucre. There were many worse men in the Jacobite party; but there was none so wretched as John Murray of Broughton.

A. Lang.

TO CLARISSA.

A butterfly of rose-lit June
  That flits from flower to flower,
And takes the honey of the noon,
  And lords it for an hour,—

It flashes in the summer sun,
  It floats upon the wind,
And when its minute sands have run,
  Leaves not a trace behind,—

So broke Clarissa on my way,
  So did Clarissa fly;
But ever since our holiday
  Another man am I.

SMOLLETT AND THE OLD SEA-DOGS.

We are not to be called upon to swear by the truth of a song, or of a novel either, if by truth is meant accuracy in the mere matters of fact, which belongs to him who is liable to have nothing else to call his own, the diligent student of history. The poet, or novelist who has the truth of the spirit, need not envy his brother writer, nor be deeply disturbed by his criticism. If, to come to the man with whom we are concerned, Smollett had foreseen that one would be found to declare him incapable of knowing what happened at Carthagena, because he was only a Loblolly Boy, his answer, one presumes, would have been to laugh, somewhat savagely in his fierce youth, and with contemptuous good nature in the mild old age in which he wrote 'Humphrey Clinker.' His business was not to know what Vernon said to Wentworth in the cabin, but "to take Portraiture of English Seamanhood with due grimness, due fidelity, and convey the same to remote generations, before it vanish." The question is, Did he make the portrait, or only a caricature?

Not the worst way, surely, of finding an answer is to seek whatever there may be to confirm or to contradict Smollett. At the first blush the quest may appear sufficiently hopeless, since he stands alone among the generally known writers of the eighteenth century as a describer of the sea life. Once, in 'Jonathan Wild,' Fielding does take us on board a man-of-war; but the episode is short, and is also colourless. It is obvious that he was speaking at second-hand of a life he did not know. The captain, who persecutes Mrs Heartfree, is only a brute, not a brutal seaman. He might well have been a loutish country justice, and the scene a country inn. At the very close of his life Fielding did go to sea as passenger in the Lisbon packet, which in those days, when the voyage began in the Thames and the weather happened not to be favourable, might mean an experience of some length. Therefore in the 'Voyage to Lisbon' Fielding did give a sketch of the sailor as he saw him for a short space, and from the outside. Brief and necessarily superficial as the study is, it shows with what truth, what humour, and what justice the old Navy might have been pictured for us if Fielding had sailed to the West Indies as secretary to Sir Chaloner Ogle, which he well might had fate been more kind to us and to the fleet. That, however, was not to be, and we must be content with the little we can get, to show how far Smollett told the truth, and how far he exaggerated for literary effect. In literature it is indeed all but nothing. The few contemporary lives of our seamen of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries are among the most exasperating pieces of book-making in the English language, without knowledge, insight, or style, with rare exceptions. Indeed it may safely be said that there are but two which deserve to be more favourably described, and they are both written by one man. The 'Life of Sir John Leake,' published in 1750, and the 'Life of Captain Stephen Martin,' printed in 1895 by the Navy Records Society, are certainly not

well written, but they are honest compilations from good sources. Stephen Martin Leake, the author of both, was the son of the second of these officers, who were old friends and had married sisters, had the necessary official papers for the life of the admiral, and if he could not make a biography out of them, at least he decanted them honestly into his pages; while his life of his father shows an unexpected sense of humour. The rest are of the stamp of the catch-penny life of Vernon in which the strongly marked character of "Old Grog"—none of your perfect men, who are a limited, uninteresting sort—is reduced to the colourless figure of a conventional and abstract "great officer," and that drawn by a most unhappy dauber. The most fortunate of Vernon's brother-officers were perhaps those who escaped having their lives written at all. Those who came in contact with the letter and memoir writers of the great society of London appear to have shrunk within themselves in this strange world. How grey and featureless, for instance, is the figure of Anson in the memoirs of Bubb Dodington.

Yet there is commonly more to be gleaned in the most barren field than one hastily supposes on a first survey. Smollett was not without predecessors, even in what, with more or less success, attempted to be literature. There was, it is very true, little enough, and of that little the greater part is trash. Such a piece of work, for instance, as Ned Ward's 'Wooden World Dissected' may be of some interest to the students of what is favourably described as "racy" or "idiomatic" English. But though it tells us something of a kind of so-called satirical writing which came down from the scolding Elizabethan pamphlet, and was blended with the kindred Spanish manner of Quevedo by the industry of Sir Roger L'Estrange, it is the poorest of evidence as to the sea, or any other conceivable form of human life. Ned Ward wrote for such as enjoyed horseplay with words, and he supplied them to their liking. The words are inevitably of that class which some people suppose to possess inherent humour, a thing by them understood to be bound up with dirt. He commonly starts with some such howl of indiscriminate abuse as this piece of would-be jocularity — the first sentence of "The Character of a Sea Captain": "He's a *Leviathan*, or rather a kind of Sea God, whom the poor Tars worship as the *Indians* do the Devil, more through fear than affection—nay, some will have it he's more a Devil than the Devil himself." The rest is in the same tone. Ward had unquestionably heard something of the ways of life on board the ships of the Navy, enough to enable him to give an occasional detail to vary his commonplaces of satire. He had, and would have had if he were living now and pursuing his destiny by writing for the gutter press, authority for his picture of the effect produced by the appearance of the Captain on the quarter-deck. "Upon his first popping up, the Lieutenants sheer off to the other side, as if he was a Ghost indeed; for 'tis Impudence for any to approach him within the length of a Boat-hook." If Ward's knowledge had been greater, or his carelessness less, he would have said to the port, not the other side. The starboard side of the quarter-deck belongs to the captain, and he walks there alone, unless one of his

officers is with him on duty or by invitation. This is part of that necessary etiquette of the sea without which life would be a perpetual hustle where so many are crowded into so small a space. So the senior officer present gets into a boat last, and out of it first, the others going in their order, for if it were not so there would be a scramble. There was once an Irish navy doctor—a good fellow and a gentleman — who had not been long enough at sea to "learn good manners." It happened that he was going ashore with other officers, and that the first lieutenant was of the party. All were in the boat except these two, and the first lieutenant said, "Jump in, ——." "After you, my dear man," said the doctor, with prompt politeness. It was much as if a royal personage had been dismissed from an interview; but the senior laughed, and it was not from him that the doctor learned what a dreadful solecism he had committed. To the visitor from the shore who sees its working for the first time, the rule of the starboard side—to give it a name — has an odd appearance. One does not know why everybody swarms over to port when a certain cap with gold on the peak emerges through a hatchway. It may even be unpleasantly enforced. Thus it chanced once to me to be a guest in the gunroom mess of a ship which was out for target practice. I was walking with the paymaster, both of us void of any intention of offence, on the sacred starboard side, when a midshipman came up with a message from the captain, who was on deck, though not on the quarter-deck, that we must confine ourselves to the port. There was a plentiful lack of humour on the part of that officer, and no sufficiency of politeness; but rules there must be, or else a man-of-war would speedily become a regular built privateer.

Ward insists, in his own blaring style, on the awful distance which the captain of his day kept between himself and his subordinates. Even now the commander has to be very solitary, for he cannot be familiar with all, and he must not appear to make favourites. This dignified seclusion was carried very far by some commanders in the eighteenth century. There is a story of one captain, a man of a cheerful social disposition, who nearly went mad in the solitary existence to which he condemned himself, from a mere sense of what he considered due to his rank. Some did actually fall into folly, and what can only be called madness, for this very reason. It is not good for man to be alone even on the starboard side of the quarter-deck. But for the lonely days of brooding over his own thoughts, unchecked by converse with equals, Vernon might probably not have drifted into the act of insubordination for which George II. struck him off the list of the Navy, nor tyrant captains of the stamp of Pigot of the Hermione and Corbet of the Africaine have become unmitigated brutes. Bacon has quoted with agreement Comines' saying that the extreme secrecy of Charles the Rash did a little "perish his understanding." Much both of the comedy and the tragedy of the sea-life came from the starboard side of the quarter-deck; but Ward was not the extractor of quintessences who could bring out either. Smollett, though he draws in swift lines and without development, shows the results of this solitary exercise of power on a coarse hard man in his portrait of Captain Oakum. With the instinct of a

true, if not very profound, artist, he adds the inevitable accompanying figure of the fawning subordinate who earwigs the gloomy tyrant.

'The Wooden World'—dirty little handful of scolding and slang that it is—belongs to 1707. Three years later a much better piece of work, which has for its subtitle "The Humours of the Navy," appeared at Dublin. This is Charles Shadwell's play, "The Fair Quaker of Deal." Very little is known of the author, who was a nephew of Thomas Shadwell, and appears to have held a place in the Custom House. He wrote other plays, including one on the "Humours of the Army," which is not wholly unamusing. They were collected in two volumes, printed at Dublin for "George Risk and Joseph Leatheby in Dames Street, and Patrick Dugan on Cork Hill, Booksellers," in 1720. None of his plays appear to have achieved any great popularity except "The Fair Quaker." This one, however, has a history. In 1773 Garrick suggested to one of the literary men about him that the play would be worth reviving, if it were written up to the naval manners of the day. The great manager was doubtless influenced less by the merit of the piece than by the fact that George III. was about to hold a naval review at Spithead, and that something about the fleet would probably "draw." The artist selected to make the *rifacimento* was one of whom it is not possible to speak with much respect or even patience. Captain Edward Thompson of the Navy, commonly called Poet Thompson, may have been a competent officer. A pamphlet of his, setting forth the hard case of the widows of naval officers, shows that he could write with good sense and good feeling when he liked. Had he chosen he might well have left us a valuable picture of the Navy of his day. Unfortunately he was a friend and admirer of Churchill—a considerable figure in the literature of the middle eighteenth century, but a deplorable model for a man who had no call to write except his knowledge of one kind of life, and some natural good sense. Captain Thompson, mistaking his taste for his capacity, would be a wit and a satiric poet, in spite of Minerva. Therefore, what we have from him, apart from certain details of interest in his *rifacimento* of "The Fair Quaker," is divided between two small volumes of Letters in the laboured sprightly style, the most intolerable of all, and a handful of bad verse—very dull to read, and occasionally hardly decent to name. He might have been a useful authority, but misguided ambition made him an imitative scribbler.

Yet we owe him something, since the changes he made in Shadwell's "Fair Quaker" give us touches which, in the dearth of our knowledge of the old Navy, are not to be despised. In the address to the reader prefixed to the new version of the play, Thompson answers for his predecessor's knowledge of the seafaring world, and affirms that the types drawn by Shadwell still existed in his own day. He adds a proviso in which we may detect an echo of the conversation in Garrick's greenroom. "Dramatic characters in general are drawn extravagantly strong *outrè et pardessus*, a mediocrity is an insipid and insupportable part for the best actor; therefore we say, that pictures of the stage are rather caricatures of the life than faithful copies of people in general." Captain Thompson is not at the trouble to reconcile this general disclaimer

of fidelity with his guarantee of the truth of Shadwell's figures, but there is no real contradiction. If the author had taken more trouble he might have explained that Shadwell's naval *dramatis personæ* were made up by selecting what was most telling in the "humours" of the tarpaulin, and adapting it to "the perspective of the stage." The process is no doubt incompatible with telling the whole truth, yet it can be used without sinning against the obligation to tell nothing but the truth. We can be satisfied to know that the Navy contained men who said and did the things which we hear and see, somewhat enlarged and made unduly prominent, but not merely falsified, in "The Fair Quaker." Captain Thompson also says that the play had been revived on several occasions, which strengthens the strong internal evidence that it was known to Smollett, whose 'Roderick Random' appeared in 1749. He had tried writing for the stage himself, and had been much about the theatres at a time when there were few. A popular play can hardly have escaped his notice.

If it did not contain its studies of the Tar, "The Fair Quaker" would only be one of many plays dealing with a kind of action and stage situation then popular. Captain Worthy of the Navy loves, and is beloved by, Dorcas Zeal, "bred a Quaker," who has a sister Arabella, "bred a Churchwoman." Arabella loves Worthy, and makes him a burning declaration, prefaced by a touching appeal that he will "spare a virgin's blushes." Captain Mizen lays a plot to carry off Dorcas. He is very easy as to the result of the adventure, because if he becomes tired of the young woman he can always throw her overboard and say she was destroyed "in a calenture." Worthy discovers his brother officer's scheme, and countermines. Mizen is entrapped into what appears to be such a marriage as takes place in Congreve's "Old Bachelor," and other plays innumerable. It is, perhaps, a proof of the growing humanity of the age that Mizen is only made the victim of a practical joke as a warning to him, not really married. All, of course, ends happily. There is the usual man about town, with the not unusual name of Rovewell, a woman of fortune, Belinda, and Scruple, "a Corporation Justice, a canting Hypocrite," nor is the always popular "breeches part" for one of the female characters forgotten. In all this there is much of the stock matter of the Restoration comedy, and its immediate successor. The interest of "The Fair Quaker" lies in the naval characters.

First among them in rank, and probably in truth to life, is "Flip, the commodore, a most illiterate Wappineer Tar, hates the Gentlemen of the Navy, gets drunk with his Boat's Crew, and values himself upon the Brutish Management of the Navy." Over against him stands Mizen, the contriver of the plot against Dorcas, "a finical Sea-Fop, a mighty Reformer of the Navy, keeps a Visiting Day, and is Flip's opposite." Worthy, though "a Captain of the Navy, a Gentleman of Honour, Sence, and Reputation," is a lay-figure; but there is a certain vivacity in his lieutenant, Sir Charles Pleasant, "a man of Quality"; in Flip's lieutenant, Cribbage; in Easy, the lieutenant of marines; and Indent, Flip's purser. The humour of it lies in the collisions between Flip and his opposite, in whom we see the first

sketch of the Captain Whiffle of 'Roderick Random.' "I have served," says Flip, "in every office belonging to a Ship, from Cook's Boy to a Commodore; and have all the Sea Jests by Heart from the forecastle to the Great Cabin; and I love a Sailor." Flip, in short, is the typical Tarpaulin Captain, who is seaman, and nothing else. It is allowed that he is brave; but he is also an unlicked bear, and proud of it. When addressed as "noble commodore" by Rovewell, he will have none of the title, — "the best commodores that ever went between two ends of a Ship had not a drop of Nobility in 'em, thank Heaven." This is a sentiment which, though expressed in milder terms, has been heard in the Navy since Queen Anne's day. Mr Sawbridge, the first lieutenant, who found Mr Midshipman Easy amusing himself at the Fountain Inn, had been by no means pleased at learning that he would have a country gentleman's son among his midshipmen. After George III. raised the whole social position of the Navy by giving the future William IV. "a cockpit education," young men of family began to join the service in larger numbers. The invasion increased in the glorious days at the end of the last and the beginning of this century, and was looked at with an unfriendly eye by men who, like Mr Sawbridge, had been compelled to work their way slowly up, and had nothing but their pay. Marryat allows that the ill-will of the first lieutenant had "some grounds, as he perceived his own chance of promotion decrease in the same ratio as the numbers increased" — of those who had what he wanted, which was interest. Flip and Mr Sawbridge, who stand about a century apart from one another, exemplify the change which had come over the Navy. The first lieutenant is every whit as much the professional seaman as the commodore, and shares his dislike of nobility on shipboard; but he is a gentleman. He may "love a sailor," but would not lay himself open to the charge Worthy brings against Flip of showing his affection by getting "drunk with every mess in the ship once a-week." Flip, be it observed, does not deny the truth of the accusation. "Why, that makes the Rogues love me: my Joculousness with 'em makes 'em fight for me,—they keep me out of a French gaol." In a later scene he is found boozing with his boat's crew—some of whom have been messmates of his when he was before the mast. There is no pride in Flip. He goes to the Three Mariners Inn because it is kept by his old friend Cagg, who was boatswain's mate with him when he was serving in that rank. In Thompson's *rifacimento* the boozing scene of Flip and his boat's crew disappears. It had, one supposes, become too incredible even for caricature in 1773, and is replaced by another in which figures a new character named Binnacle. Binnacle, however, is of the very slightest possible interest, and was, on Poet Thompson's own showing, added to suit the "natural humour" of Mr Weston the actor. Flip, we are told, is not only dirty, but proud of his "brutishness." He has nothing better to answer than a tirade against "a Beau," an animal more ridiculous than a monkey, when Mizen says to him, "Why, dear Commodore, do you think

because we gentlemen put on clean shirts every Day that we can't understand the affairs of the Navy as well as those who wear their Shirts till they are" —well, very exceedingly foul.

Thompson assures his readers that the characters of "The Fair Quaker" were "not more heightened than the natural picture allowed of." Was Flip, then, nothing more than an adaptation to the perspective of the stage of a "natural picture"? On the whole, one has to come to the conclusion that he was. It must be remembered that our practice of cutting the Navy down to the quick in peace-time often put the nation in no small difficulty to find officers when war broke out. The Admiralty was compelled to promote men from before the mast because it must have officers, and no others could be found who had the necessary seamanship, and had qualified by doing the needful years of service in a king's ship. When Cochrane first went to sea he found one Jack Larmour acting as first lieutenant. Larmour was a good fellow, but he was absolutely nothing but a practical seaman. Cochrane says that he was continually employed to dry-nurse young gentlemen of good family who had been promoted by interest before they knew their business. Marryat has drawn the portrait of a man of this class — that which had come in through the hawse-hole—in 'The Naval Officer.' This man was not a good fellow, but a shocking brute, and no doubt he had an original. Some who rose in this way came to distinction. Captain Cook is the most conspicuous example. But there were, no doubt, many who might well have sat for Flip. In the later times they would have refused to drink with their boat's crews, but they were neither the better gentlemen nor the better fellows on that account. At the close of the great war in 1815, there was a process called "passing for a gentleman" imposed on the Navy. All who could not produce the needful credentials were put severely on half-pay. Flip's dirty habits are by no means incredible. There was a very famous admiral who held a high command in the Crimean war, who might well have been open to Mizen's question—but then, to be sure, he belonged to a great fighting family which was traditionally afraid of nothing but cold water. So late as the time of the Syrian war, 1842, there were members of the midshipman's mess of line-of-battle ships, who, if called away from their liquor on duty, would spit into their rum-and-water to prevent others from drinking it in their absence. Perhaps this would have been an insufficient precaution in the reign of Queen Anne, and indicates an increase of delicacy in naval habits.

There was, indeed, an officer among the contemporaries of the imaginary Flip who might well have been one of his originals. This was Sir John Balchen, Admiral of the White, who was lost at sea by foundering, or by running on the Caskets, in 1742, while on his way home from the coast of Spain. Balchen had done some very stout fighting against long odds, commanded by such formidable opponents as Dugnay-Tronin and Forbin-Jonson, in the Queen Anne wars. As he was of birth so obscure that his origin is quite unknown, he may even have begun as "cook's boy." In 1716, when at the Nore on his return from the West Indies, whither he had gone on a voyage for the suppression of piracy, he was called in question for some very high-handed proceedings with one

Bowen, a surveyor of customs at Leigh. He has himself described the scene in a vindication of his conduct written to the Admiralty, and it really requires very little heightening to be quite in the tone of Shadwell or of Smollett.

Balchen had been ashore, and when he returned to his ship found the surveyor from Leigh, with two of his friends, sitting on the quarter-deck in company with the surgeon and sailing-master. They were discussing a small bowl of punch, and they invited the captain to join. It is difficult to conceive of the emotions of an officer in command of one of her Majesty's ships and vessels of war at a sight of such a festive party in 1898, or to figure what he would look and say when invited "to bouse his own personal jib." Balchen saw nothing irregular, and fell into talk with the party. He soon learned that Bowen had captured some Jesuit's-bark hidden about the ship. To this Balchen replied that it was very foolish in members of his crew to wish to smuggle, and that he had himself a certain amount of bark which he was carrying openly. Here we see that captains in the Navy in 1716 were not above trying to eke out pay and allowances by little trading ventures. Bowen replied that he must search, and was told that he might. After sitting quietly for a few minutes, Bowen jumped up, and said he would begin his search. Balchen's story is cleverly told. He brings no charge, and hardly even insinuates one, yet he leaves a distinct impression that the surveyor was fishing for a bribe — which was probably the case. Bowen went down below accompanied by the sailing-master, who returned in a few minutes saying that he appeared sulky at being watched. When the surveyor came up again he reported having found so much bark. It was less than Bowen possessed, and so he said. At this point some of the conversation between the parties seems to have dropped out; but we gather that, if not by express words, then by nod, wink, or tone of voice, the surveyor gave the captain to understand that he suspected him of smuggling. Certain it is that Balchen on his own showing became very angry, and cast about for some means of repaying the annoyance the surveyor was causing him. Suddenly the bright idea struck him to ask for the man's "deputation" or authority to act. Bowen could not produce it. There was clearly not the faintest doubt as to the man's character; but Balchen saw his technical advantage, and was resolved to have his revenge. He insisted on treating the man as an impostor, and ordered one of his legs to be fastened in the "bilboes," or iron stocks used for punishing sailors. Then he walked up and down in front of him in a towering rage. But the surveyor's equanimity was perfectly restored. The assault could be made as lucrative as a bribe, so he slapped his imprisoned leg, and said jeeringly, "There is a hundred pounds on that leg, Captain." Perhaps because, like Dalgetty, he thought it doubly dishonourable to be called to account for a petty delinquency, Balchen answered, "Is there? then you shall have two. Put his other leg into the bilboes," and in it went. After a few minutes the sailing-master and surgeon convinced the angry captain that Bowen was what he represented himself to be—or mayhap, Balchen's wrath was cooled by the thought of consequences. In any case, the man was let loose, and

went off to make his complaint. The end probably was a slight pecuniary transaction between the parties, in which much less than two hundred pounds passed hands.

The finical sea-fop Mizen strikes one as being probably less of a heightened natural picture than Flip, yet we know not to what extremes men might go in a reaction against the "Wappineer Tar." Much of what is alleged against Mizen for his foppery is the stock matter of the derision directed at that time against all beaux. What strikes one not a little is that much of Mizen's "foppery" has become the decency of the Navy of to-day. No captain would be laughed at now for insisting that the men who manned his side should be "in smart apparel," still less for stipulating for clean shirts on his crew—though he would not be expected to provide them himself, as this unjustly derided officer did. Mizen had a taste for perfumes which was excessive—but he also washed, and was quite as odious to Flip on that account as for his more effeminate likings. No modern naval audience—nor any audience which knows what the inside of a man-of-war is like—would be convulsed by the description of Mizen's cabin. "I dare affirm it," he says, "no Town Lady's withdrawing-room nor Country Gentlewoman's closet is nicer furnish'd than my Cabin; 'tis wainscoted with most charming *India*, *Japan*, and Looking-glasses; I have a very noble Scrutore, and the most celebrated Skreen in Europe; I have an Invention, which makes the great Guns in my Cabin appear to be Elbow-Chairs cover'd with Cloth of Tissue: I have six-and-thirty silver Sconces, and every Vacancy is cramm'd with Glass." Modern great guns are not found in cabins, and it would be difficult to make them look like arm-chairs. They bear a much stronger resemblance to magnified bronchitis-kettles, as they project their thirty-six and forty feet of length out of barbettes. But the rest of the captain's furniture is not much out of the way. It is more proof of a certain Philistinism which invaded us in the middle eighteenth century, that when Poet Thompson adapted the play in 1773 he added a pianoforte and a guitar to the gimcracks of Mizen's cabin. The mere notion that a naval officer should do anything so unmanly as play a musical instrument excited the utmost, and most contemptuous, hilarity; yet the Admiral Fairfax of Queen Anne's time played the violin, and was a stout fighting man none the less. It ought, by the way, to be a warning to those who think that humble beginnings always prove the plebeian birth of naval officers at that time, that Fairfax, who belonged to the great Yorkshire family of the name, learned his trade of sailor as apprentice in a merchant-ship trading to the Levant. If Poet Thompson came back now he would find pianofortes in many ships, and if he did not find guitars, he would have no difficulty in discovering banjoes. Even in Queen Anne's day all was not so very rough. When Sir Cloudesley Shovel invited Prince Eugene to dinner during the siege of Toulon, he gave him a very stately entertainment, so that he cannot have been wanting in the means to appear in the figure which Nelson thought a British admiral should know how to maintain.

Yet though its "brutishness" might not be unrelieved, there was unquestionably much that was rough, and there were possibilities of great brutality in the old Navy,

as these two stories, both taken from the years in which Shadwell was studying its "humours," will show. The first can best be told in the words of the journal of Sir George Rooke, where it stands under date of Saturday, August 12, 1702:—

"At six this evening Captain Norris coming on board this ship [the flagship], my Lord Hamilton, Captain Ley, Captain Wishart, and Captain Trevor were standing on the quarter-deck, and as Captain Norris came up, Lord Hamilton asked him if he had taken any more wine or brandy. The other answered No; upon which Captain Trevor asked the price of his claret, whether he might have any at 4 *li.* a hogshead. Norris said he would have 6 *li.* or salt water, and then Captain Ley said he would rather the prizes were ashore than he would give 6 *li.* the hogshead; upon which Captain Norris said he was a rascal that wished his prizes ashore; the other replied he was a rascal if he called him so, and then Captain Norris struck Captain Ley and threw him over the gun, which Mr Hopsonn hearing, as he and I were in my cabin, ran out, and upon inquiry found he (Norris) had hurt Captain Ley, and by the Admiral's directions ordered him to be confined, upon which Captain Norris drew his sword, and offered to stab Captain Ley, but Admiral Hopsonn holding his hand, ordered him to be disarmed, and confined in Mr Rayney's cabin."

Be it observed that the officers who took part in this scene of scuffling, and of huckstering, on the quarter-deck of Rooke's flagship, were by no means of such humble birth as the imaginary Flip and the historic Balchen. Norris, who is found driving a hard bargain for his "claret," and knocking Captain Ley about, used the arms of the Norrises of Speke in Lancashire, and in all probability belonged to the family. The names of the others are all those of gentlemen. Yet they are found behaving after the fashion of a parcel of collier skippers of the ruder kind. The times were rough, and scenes approaching this did no doubt occur among country gentlemen at market and at quarter session. They would, however, hardly have taken place in the withdrawing-room of the lord lieutenant's lady, which would be more or less the equivalent of the admiral's quarter-deck, the holy of holies in a fleet, the place where all authority resides, and which every one who steps on it salutes "hat off." We may safely conclude that the Navy was roughest in a coarse time. It is a detail not unworthy of notice that Captain Norris had no right whatever to be selling that "claret." He had taken a Spanish prize laden with wine, and had broken into the cargo before the vessel could possibly have been condemned in an Admiralty court, a perfectly illegal action. The end of the story is curious, for the sufficient reason that there was no end at all. Captain Norris was threatened with a court-martial, and Captain Ley died very shortly after he had been thrown across the gun—whether from the injuries he had received, or not, does not appear. Then the whole matter was dropped, and the incident did no harm whatever to Norris, who lived to become the most distinguished officer of his time. What could not Smollett have made of such a scene, with no more heightening than "the natural picture" allowed? It certainly enables us to believe that Walpole's correspondent at Florence, Sir Horace Mann, though a prig and an Italianate prig, was not exaggerating very much when he complained of the naval officers of Mathew's fleet with whom he

had to deal. He found but one gentleman among them, Captain West, "a nephew, I believe, of Lord Cobham," who "rails with me at the lowness and horrid meanness of his companions." West, one sees, complained, as Worthy does in the play, of being "confined to the barbarous conversation of Flip my commodore, a most obstinate, positive, ignorant Wappineer Tar." Mathews, "Il Furibondo," as Mann calls him, really does appear to have deserved the description. When he plastered the consecrated wafer, which some English sailors had plundered out of the church at Marciana, on the forehead of his monkey, and hung the crucifix round the beast's neck, he did very much what Flip would have done. Here, too, is a most Flip- or Trunnion-like note of thanks, written, moans Mann, "by the claw of a great lobster," by way of thanks for a present of Cedrati and Marzoline cheeses: "I am much oblig'd to you for you^r^ kinde present; the sweetmeats is good; so sayes sume of my Gentlem^n^ is y^e^ cheeses; but it's to good for me; I love nothing after y^e^ French fashion."

In the Journal of Rooke, already quoted, under the dates of "Thursday, July 10, and Friday, July 18, of 1701," occur the following surprising entries:—

"This morning received information that Captain Moses of the Milford had been attempted to be assassinated, and was shot in the leg. Upon which ordered Sir Jno. Munden to go aboard that ship with the Judge-Advocate, Captain Gifford, and Captain Leake to enquire thereinto, which they having done by the best examination they could make, found upon the oaths of the officers, and the circumstances, that he was shot by himself, and, as supposed, was done on purpose to strengthen his case against Mr Stucley his lieutenant, and Mr Brookes, his midshipman extra, whom he had confined for above six months. . . . Held a court-martial on Mr Stucley and Mr Brookes, midshipman extra of the Milford for mutiny; they were both acquitted, the captain's accusation appearing frivolous and vexatious."

These look like the *disjecta membra* of a very Smollettian story, and a reference to the minutes of the court-martial shows that they are what they seem.

The Milford captain, William Moses, had just returned from a cruise on the coast of Guinea when her commander "was attempted to be assassinated" in the suspicious way recorded. The events which led to the court-martial happened in African waters. The case of Mr Stucley had little in it. He did, it seems, once refuse to come on deck when summoned by the captain, on the ground that he had just turned in after being on watch all night, and was too tired. For this, however, he afterwards apologised, and the captain accepted his excuse. As nothing else, and of a later date, could be alleged against him, the Court thought that it was "frivolous and vexatious" in the captain to accuse him of mutiny, after condoning his want of respect. The Court would appear to have decided with equal humanity and common-sense. The case of Mr Cæsar Brookes, midshipman extra, is far more lively.

The witnesses, who disagree about many details, are at one in saying that in the middle watch of a certain night when the ship was on the coast of Africa, the captain, one Mr Mite a passenger, and various officers of the ship, were sitting together on the quar-

ter-deck drinking wine. Mr Cæsar Brookes joined the party, and then, according to the captain, he voluntarily, without provocation, and out of pure native arrogance, advanced the proposition that he could fight any two men—nay, he swore he could. For this he was rebuked by the captain, who told him that he might perchance meet one who was a better man than himself. To this Mr Brookes, flaming into outrageous disrespect, answered, "Well, damme, you're not," and was thereupon justly confined in his cabin for his mutinous behaviour. Brookes gives a very different account of the affair. According to him he was only arguing that in defending narrow passages one man, if conveniently placed, could fight two—a scientific question of shock tactics in fact very proper for an officer to discuss. For this he was first rated, and then confined, though his carriage throughout was of the most respectful kind. The witnesses do not, with two suspicious exceptions, support the captain's version of what took place. The exceptions are two sailors, who tell the same tale like parrots. One of them had been let out of irons by the captain, although he had beaten the gunner, after the quarter-deck scene be it observed. If the court-martial thought that Captain Moses had been attempting subornation of perjury, it was not without excuse. Now follows a scene in the captain's cabin in which, *teste* Captain Moses, he was bearded by his extra midshipman; but Mr Brookes says it was otherwise, and that he was assaulted. Certain it is that the midshipman remained in confinement for six mortal months, in the sweltering heat of the Guinea coast. At Cape Coast Castle Captain Moses had reason to believe that his life was threatened by the implacable and unbridled Brookes. It seems that Mr Donnidge, the surgeon, went to have a conversation with the imprisoned midshipman, and, by way of telling him something really worth hearing, let him know that the captain had taken medicine, and that it had done him no good. The Bob Sawyer-like devotion of the surgeon to professional subjects is a very pleasant touch. Mr Brookes, on hearing that physicians had so far been in vain, remarked that if he could meet the captain on shore, he would give him two pills that should move him. Hereupon Mr Donnidge rushed out, and finding the captain's boat manned alongside, warned the crew to keep a good watch, for he believed that their commander's life was threatened. Something of Mackshane, the toady surgeon of Smollett's Thunder, seems to hang about Mr Donnidge. Then there is another story of an anonymous letter found in the captain's cabin, warning him that Stucley and Brookes meant to raise a mutiny and run away with the ship. In the days of Captain Kidd the charge was not absurd on the face of it. At a later date something of the kind was actually attempted. But in this case the letter was either an impudent practical joke, or another device of this remarkable naval captain's, much on a level with the wound on his leg. The notes are but brief, and many clues were not followed up; but one ends with the conviction that the court-martial came to a sound and humane decision. It told Mr Brookes that he had plainly been too free with his tongue, but that six months' arrest on the coast of Africa was quite punishment enough; and it dismissed the cap-

tain's rigmarole story of conspiracy to murder and mutiny as frivolous and vexatious.

So *exeunt omnes*, Moses, Stucley, and Brookes, to obscurity, leaving behind them this record of their mutual collisions, which makes a rent in the curtain of time through which we get a glimpse of the old sea-life. It is not a tragic story. Not even the prolonged confinement of Mr Brookes, though no doubt most trying, can make it other than rather comic. The coarseness, malignity, and low cunning which distinguished Captain William Moses stopped short of any great excess. But he might have been a grimmer man, and then we might well have had the tragedy. As it is, the boozing scene on the quarter-deck, the conversation in the captain's cabin, the makebate servility of the surgeon, the compliant zeal of the two sailors who so conveniently heard what was inaudible to other witnesses, the anonymous letter, and the sham attempt at assassination,—need very little artistic heightening to bring them to the level of Roderick Random's adventures on the Thunder. Of course it would be grossly unjust to say that this was all the Navy. There was much else—notably the court-martial on the Triumph, which judged with equity and humanity. But Smollett himself notes that Oakum, resolute brute as he was, did not care to risk bringing his persecuted subordinates before a court-martial under the eye of the admiral. Even the priggish Minister at Florence found one "man of admired good sense, quiet and easy," among the "sea monsters" and "genteel porpoises" of Mathew's fleet. The court-martial and Captain West represented those elements in the Navy which were finally to win. Meanwhile Balchen and the surveyor, the scuffle between Norris and Ley, and the vulgar eccentricities of Mathews and his ruder captains at Florence, are warrant enough for Lieutenant Bowling, Trunnion, Hatchway, and Pipes; while Captain Moses is more than sufficient basis for Oakum and Crampley. Moreover these coarsenesses, and this brutal use of authority, which happily for us were compatible with much personal valour and good practical seamanship, were the dominant features of the Navy of the early eighteenth century. Therefore they were legitimately taken by the artist, who applied himself to make what should be an effective picture.

THE FAROES.

I.

ALTHOUGH the Faroes have neither the glaciers nor the forests of Norway, nor the geysers and volcanoes of Iceland, they are full of a weird beauty of their own, with their towering sea-cliffs and their scattered cloud-like mists. Far from being mere arctic rocks in the ocean, as Englishmen are apt to believe, their climate, thanks to the Gulf-Stream, is warmer than that of Scotland, though they do lie nearly two hundred miles north-west of Shetland. And their vegetation, if rarely more than a few inches high, is as luxurious as the winter storms and the shallowness of the soil will allow. The buttercups seem larger than those on the mainland, and the bushes appear of a brighter green. Seventeen of the islands are inhabited, having a population of about 15,000, and one of them, Stromoe, is twenty-seven miles long. Thorshavn, the capital town, is on the east coast of Stromoe, opposite the little island of Naalsoe, but the richest and most modern village is Thrangisvaag in Suderoe (South Isle).

The islands have been incorporated with the kingdom of Denmark for many years, and send two members to the Danish Parliament, but they retain a certain degree of independence. Their local affairs are managed by an assembly which sits at Thorshavn, and still is called the *Lagthing*, though it is under the presidency of an *Amtman* appointed by the king; and they enjoy special exemption from conscription and from export and import duties.

The members of the Lagthing are balloted for every three years in such a way that each has a substitute ready to succeed him, should anything happen, without the trouble of a by-election. For the two months in summer during which the House is sitting they are paid by a poll-tax levied on all voters—that is to say, on all men over twenty-five years of age who have never been in prison.

This tax is only payable in cash; but some of the others, none of which are excessive, may be paid in kind. So many pounds of butter from each cow that is kept, so much wool from each sheep that is slaughtered, and one-thirtieth part of all the pilot whales that are killed. The taxes are collected by *sysslmen*, or sheriffs, who are always natives, and who visit each village in their several districts at least four times in a year, besides presiding over the distribution of whales, whenever a successful hunt has taken place.

Legal matters are very simply managed. There are no lawyers. Important cases, civil and criminal, are decided without a jury in Thorshavn by a judge, who is nominated by the king for a term of years: he has always been a Dane. Petty thefts and such matters are brought before the *sysslmen* on their quarterly visits, and obedience to sanitary bylaws is supposed to be enforced by the headmen or mayors of the villages. The final appeal is in all cases to the Danish Parliament. There are twenty-four policemen; but their ordinary duties do not extend beyond Thorshavn, and even there only two of them are in uniform at once. Outside the town their chief work is acting as crew

of the *Amtman's* official boat, for which they receive extra pay; but if a crime is reported from the country one of them is sent to bring the criminal to Thorshavn. This, however, is a very rare occurrence, not only because crimes are seldom committed, but also because the Faroeman is by nature peaceable, and prefers that scandals should not go beyond his own village. The old fort at Thorshavn is the only prison in all Faroe, with the exception of one probably built by this time at Thrangisvaag.

In Thorshavn and in a few of the country villages schools have been built, where elementary education is carried on in Danish, but most of the people, who have, as it were, local option in educational matters, prefer to teach their children at home; for if they elect to have a school in their village, not only must they send their children to it, but they must also grant the teacher, whose salary is paid by Government, pasturage for a cow, and various other rights which they seem to consider extravagant.

Danish is the language of the Lagthing and the Church services as well as of the schools; but the ordinary speech of the people is a dialect of Icelandic, from which it differs chiefly in pronunciation. A fortnightly newspaper is published in Farish at Thorshavn, and a complete collection of Farish ballads of all ages, from the thirteenth century to the present time, has been printed at Copenhagen; but very few of the islanders can read their own dialect as easily as they can read Danish, both because the latter is taught in the schools, and because Farish was never written until fifty years ago, and doctors still disagree as to its spelling.

. . . . . .

The appearance of the people is fine, and this, although the women are delicate, age young, and dress badly. Both sexes have an air of refinement and dignity often seen among true peasants; but the men are unusually handsome. They are not tall, but strong and well-built, with broad shoulders —and magnificent calves. Their costume shows them off to the best advantage, for it consists (with the exception of a loose coat, which is not always worn) of tight-fitting garments—a knitted guernsey or a cloth jacket adorned with silver buttons, black knee-breeches, felt-like grey stockings, and hide shoes; while their high caps, coloured in narrow stripes of red and blue or black, add to their apparent height. Their features are generally good, and their beards long and silky. If one of them is asked to what nationality he belongs he will answer "To Faroe," and if reminded that Faroe is now a province of Denmark, "Yes," he will say, "but our ancestors came from Norway, and the only Dane who came near these parts at the Settling was killed in Iceland." The anti-Danish feeling, which is apparent in all Danish dependencies, is not, however, so active here as elsewhere. In Iceland all good Icelanders, it has been said, are Republicans; but no Faroeman would seriously think of going so far. Indeed his dislike of the people who stepped into Faroe and other Norwegian possessions by the conquest of Norway, and remain in them still, because they were too poor for Norway to trouble about, is a matter of sentiment, and is chiefly kept alive by the contemptuous behaviour of the Danes of Thorshavn, who not only look down on the islanders as "mere peasants," but refuse to believe that anything belonging to the "peasants" can be of interest,

and are indignant at the "peasants" asserting themselves in any way. *Amtman*, judge, apothecary, and other officials have generally been Danes, people of education and often of refinement; but when in 1897, for the first time in history, a native was appointed *Amtman*, some subordinates refused to call upon him, alleging as an excuse for their rudeness that his people were peasants. He himself had taken a brilliant degree at Copenhagen University, and, after travelling for a time, had held a post in the Danish Civil Service, but all of this made no difference. Of course there are (and have been) exceptional Danes who are above such petty prejudices, but they are exceptional.

The ancestors of the Faroemen were, as they say, Norwegians, but that the Norse blood has not remained pure is proved by their appearance and illustrated by their traditions. While the predominant type is that of the Viking, golden-haired, blue-eyed, and fair-skinned, wilder and darker Celtic faces are by no means uncommon. A few Irishmen probably lived in the islands before the Norsemen came, and some of them may perhaps have stayed on long enough to give a name to Westmanhavn, a large village, or collection of villages, on the west coast of Stromoe.

Of the legends dealing with the introduction of foreign blood, the following has an interest quite apart from the historic doubts to which it may give rise, for although history gives it no justification as a fact, its plot is as romantic as ever conceived by a novelist.

In the little valley of the Kongsdaal, in the isle of Naalsoe, the foundations of a few small houses can still be traced among the hay-fields and potato-patches of the present village of Eide. One of these, which is larger than the rest, although its size does not exceed that of a small bedroom in a modern home, is known among the people as the Princess's house. They say that in it a Scottish Princess dwelt long ago. She was a daughter of "Jacob," King of Scotland, and she married a servant of her father's Court in secret. At length discovery was imminent, so she sailed away north with her husband and many attendants, until, when her ship reached the Faroes, she thought herself beyond pursuit. In the Faroes the island of Naalsoe had lately been devastated by a plague, and not a single man or woman remained upon it; so here in Kongsdaal she caused her servants to build her a house and cottages for themselves around it, and here she soon gave birth to a son. Even to Naalsoe she was followed by her father. The first object that met his gaze as he landed on the island was his little grandson playing on the shore. The boy was beautiful and marvellously like his mother—so like that her father knew that he was his grandson at once, and, charmed by his beauty, relented towards the Princess. Now that the child had paved the way for forgiveness, King James forgave his daughter and begged her to return to Scotland with him. This she refused to do. She had found a refuge in Naalsoe, she said, the island was now her own, and in Naalsoe she would spend the rest of her life. Finding it impossible to convince her, he sailed away alone. The boy who had reconciled father and daughter by his birth was destined to cause trouble with another monarch by his death. Some time after the King of Scotland had left Naalsoe, his grandson tripped over a stone, and killed

himself on the blade of a knife with which he was playing. The death of her heir gave the King of Denmark power to confiscate half of the island from its royal colonist, *because she was a Roman Catholic.* This he did, keeping half of what he took for himself—one quarter of the island still belongs to the Crown of Denmark—and giving the rest to a clever young noble of his Court. The Princess had many other children, and they remained in Naalsoe; but after her death her retainers left them, and built a village for themselves in Suderoe. The people of Naalsoe are still exclusive; do not some of them claim descent from the kings of Scotland? Although there are not more than 200 of them, they are indignant at any son or daughter who chooses a mate from another island. As a result their general health is far from robust.

Had the heroine of this story been in reality the daughter of a king, history would hardly have neglected so charming an episode; but we need not therefore look on her wholly as a myth, for the daughter of a Scottish nobleman might easily become a princess in a legend like this. Some of the people, however, would make things more definite by claiming James II. of Scotland as her father, in which case the King of Denmark's claim against her for her "Popery" must of course be utterly apocryphal.

The people of Suderoe, whither the Princess's servants migrated, are, according to those of Stromoe, of different race from the rest of the Faroemen. Even to a foreigner their dialect and appearance are not quite the same. Probably others besides the Scottish retainers had a share in bringing this to pass. There are tales among the Danes of the visits of French sailors to Suderoe; but one current among the Faroemen, besides being more edifying, has a quaintness of its own as told by a certain old man of Thorshavn.

A long time ago a small foreign vessel anchored off Suderoe. On board there was a woman, the wife of the captain. ("The Faroemen were very rude in those days," the narrator will say here as an excuse for what followed.) The chief man in the island, who was in want of a wife at the time, went out to the ship with many boats full of his followers, seized the woman, and took her ashore. The crew of the foreigner was small, the islanders were many, and the captain was forced to leave his wife to her fate, and to set sail with all speed. As he departed, his cry was heard on shore, "*Ma femme, ma femme!*" To this day there is a village in Suderoe called after her—Famoÿen—for she was forthwith married to her captor, and the people thought that her name must be Fam. "And this proves," the old man says by way of moral, "that the people of Suderoe are Irish, for I have heard that *femme* is the Irish for wife." The pedantry which forms the point of this story makes it seem almost like the laboured explanation of some scholar in embryo, or perhaps the mistaken version of some full-blown scholar's erudition. Although neither of these traditions may be true in point of fact, they probably represent the causes why foreigners came to settle in the Faroes pretty accurately; and it is only reasonable to believe that these foreigners were from Scotland and from Ireland, the nearest non-Norse countries, and perhaps from France, which sends so many of her sons to the fishing-grounds of the North Atlantic.

In spite of (or perhaps because of) this slight infusion of blood from without, the Faroeman has retained many of the virtues of his Norse ancestors more completely than have any of their more distinguished descendants. Norway is rapidly being corrupted by the tourist; the Danes are more than half Germanised; the Icelanders are wholly demoralised by *aquavit* and by slavish self-complaisance,—but the Faroeman has escaped or recovered from all of these diseases, and by his combined hospitality, courtesy to strangers, honesty, gaiety, and cleanliness of person and home, resembles much that was good in the heroes of the ancient Sagas; while through centuries of peaceful living he has lost their vices of cruelty and bloodthirstiness and (to some extent) their excessive love of the wassail-bowl. His chief faults, put briefly, are a lack of originality, a want of superfluous energy, and a tendency to libel his neighbours; unless we choose to include amongst them a harmless superstition, which at the end of the nineteenth century still ventures to believe in trolls and mermaids. Norse hospitality, courtesy, and honesty need no commentary—they are almost proverbial amongst us already; but there are in the Faroes two customs connected with the first of the three which may be worthy of note. Even where payment is accepted for board and lodging from a stranger, gifts, such as a pair of native shoes, a cap, or a home-made cheese, are often given to him on his departure. The second custom, which reminds us of the "butter in a lordly dish" which Jael presented to Sisera, is rarely met with nowadays, although occasionally revived for the benefit of a stranger interested in such matters. Whenever a man came into a village in which he knew no one, it was considered correct for the most important resident to come out, invite him in, and set before him a great basin of curdled milk, from which they partook together. Had the Norsemen ever been known as poisoners this ceremony might have had a deeper significance than ordinary hospitality.

There is a notion abroad in this country that no Norseman can enjoy a hearty laugh; but that this is not so can be seen by any one who has ever taken a journey in a boat rowed by Faroemen. Every peculiarly shaped rock is the subject of some jest, at which all are convulsed; every sheep on the slopes above the water affords by its antics, as it runs away from the noise, an excuse for further laughter. The truth is that the Faroeman is shy and proud. He naturally treats the tourist with glum silence when the latter insists on poking about his cottage without his leave, and he is intensely afraid of being laughed at. Even the fact that an Englishman has brought a tent with him to the islands is against him in the eyes of the islanders. Why cannot he be content with their fare and their lodging, both of which are clean and good, if simple?

When the time comes for describing a whale-hunt, some delicate humanitarians may object to the statement that the Faroeman has lost the vices of bloodthirstiness and cruelty. But although more blood is spilt in slaying a whale than in killing an ox, we have no proof that pain is felt in proportion to size. "When Shetlanders get drunk they fight," a Faroeman once said to an English artist; "but we love our brothers, and when we're drunk we love them all the more." Instead of fighting they dance and sing with

others in a like condition to themselves. But let it not be thought from this that they are drunkards. Their ordinary drink is coffee, and only on rare occasions, such as the feast after a successful whale-hunt, or sometimes on St Olaf's Day, do they drink too much strong drink. Their sense of propriety, moreover, is said to be so excessively proper that any unmarried girl who is seen to say "Good morning" to a man, forthwith loses her reputation; but this is probably an exaggeration produced by the Danes of Thorshavn. For their lack of originality and their want of energy two causes may be given—climate and conservatism. The climate of the Faroes is not good even in summer, for although the air is then warm, rain is commoner than sunshine, and fog commoner than either. The winter is not very cold, and the frost rarely lasts for long; but the frequent intervals of thaw are filled in with fog, which is only broken by alternate hurricanes and thunder-storms. This is not weather to encourage energy, especially when there is no ordinary work that can be done at the season, and no market for extraordinary work. There are neither tourists to buy trinkets and curios nor ships to take goods away. The conservatism of the Faroemen may seem to some worse than their climate. They build their houses of wood, they roof them with birch-bark and turf, and they paint the walls with tar, *because their ancestors in Norway did so.* Wood, birch-bark, and tar all are perishable, all come from abroad, and all are therefore expensive; but they put up with these disadvantages rather than use stone, which they could quarry for themselves, and slates, which would be in the end far less expensive than the very perishable birch-bark. However, this particular proof of their dislike of change has at least the merit of picturesqueness. There are innumerable others almost too small to be noticed, as, for instance, the continual use of the *bismar* or wooden weighing-beam, although *bismar* weight is so hopelessly inaccurate that, even in the Faroes, its use is forbidden by law in any commercial transaction. There is at least one reformer in the islands —besides those who live at Thorshavn—but even he is in many ways a true conservative. Born nearly seventy years ago, in his youth he travelled much, and was now a cabinet-maker in Copenhagen, now assistant to a blacksmith in New South Wales, now working at the gold-mines of Queensland, and now a marine—during the Schleswig-Holstein war —in the Danish navy. Then, ere he grew old, he returned to his native island with a little money, bought land, and settled down. In spite of his wanderings the old Adam often appears. He has roofed his cottage with slates, an example which his neighbours have refused to follow; he has taught all his fellow-islanders to boil their fish-oil out of doors instead of over their kitchen-fires; and he has never ceased to harangue them—in vain—as to the danger of throwing their refuse into the stream and then drinking of its water. Yet, when he heard that ladies ride bicycles in England, he could only shake his head and sadly remark that the world will not last long now. London was to him so big, and so black, and so haunted by rogues that he hardly ventured out of his lodgings when he spent a few days there on his way home from Australia; but his feelings towards Englishmen are so kindly that the priest of his village has laughingly named him the "English Consul." The

Faroemen have been out of the world so long that when they enter it now, they pass through it unaltered.

To account for their tendency to libel their neighbours is less easy, considering their honesty; but the reason is not far to seek when we recognise the smallness of their world, as exemplified by their newspaper, in which seven columns and three-quarters are devoted to the affairs of the islands, while the remaining quarter of a column contains foreign news. (On one occasion it contained the whole of the Japanese war besides other things.) All sorts of rumours are constantly flying about the islands: sometimes there is quite an excitement because the British Government is said to be on the point of seizing Stromoe in order to have a harbour for their fleet at Westmanhavn. When such stories afford a topic for conversation, a little private scandal is not to be wondered at. But even this is no excuse for the way in which a Faroeman when asked about one of his countrymen — in all probability a perfectly sober person— will reply. "Yes, I like him; but," with a shake of the head, "too much spirit, too much *aqua-vit.*"

In spite of this tendency, Farish superstitions are very harmless, for they deal mostly with trolls, mermaids, and water-spirits, and are sometimes open to conviction. Although troll is often translated witch, the word does not convey to the Norseman any idea of human depravity or of devil-worship. The trolls are rather the "little people," who live inside the fairy mount, from which they issue at night or in solitary places to dance, or to play mischievous tricks on human beings, and sometimes to steal a child. In olden times they must have been much bigger and more powerful than they are now. Witness the legend of the Needle's Eye, a natural archway which pierces the cliff at the south-east corner of Naalsoe. Once upon a time there lived in the Faroes a troll who wished to have an island of a certain size as an estate, and finding none of the exact size, determined to tie two of the smaller ones together. To accomplish this he bored a hole through the end of Naalsoe and another through the end of Sandoe opposite, and fastened the two together with his hair, which he had twisted into a rope. Then he tugged with all his might to bring them towards one another; but his neck was unable to bear the strain, and his head fell off into the sea, and became an islet, still called Trolhoved (Trollhead). Trolhoved is now valuable to its owner as a source of seabirds' eggs, but at one time it was impossible to collect them, for any one that attempted to do so was driven off by a terrible bullock, which belonged to the dead troll in some mysterious way. Although the "little people" are no longer capable of works on so large a scale, they still occasionally prove their existence by kidnapping a child. She is forced to run and run when she hears them calling, until she reaches their hill. There she disappears for a period of about ten days, after which she is returned to the upper world on the top of some nearly inaccessible cliff. One old woman who was thus treated many years ago may often be seen in Thorshavn, where she is known as "the woman who has walked three times round the world," because she has come into the town from the country so often that she has walked as far as if she had really accomplished the feat. They say that the old lady thoroughly remembers her sojourn

inside the hill; but since she was found gnawing her fingers with hunger on her reappearance, she has never been quite like other people. The last case of the sort happened only five years ago.

The mermaids do not carry their mischief so far, but content themselves with entangling the fishermen's lines and snapping off their hooks. This they often do; and if more than three hooks are lost in succession without apparent cause, it is certain to be their work. The real mermaids are probably hag-fishes and skates; for the latter are said by Danish fishermen to form themselves into huge suckers by pressing their side-fins on the ground, and to cling so firmly to the bottom when they feel the hook in their mouth that nothing can move them: while the hag-fishes entangle the lines by the slimy secretion of their skin as they crawl amongst them, feeding on the fish already caught.

The first church in the Faroes—according to some—came floating on the sea to Suderoe. A pious queen of Norway had made a vow to set up a church in some land which the new religion had not yet reached. To fulfil her vow she had caused the church to be built of wood and to be placed in the sea, and had prayed that it might float over the waves to some country still in the darkness of heathendom. When the building reached Suderoe her prayer was answered. Sailors in danger at sea are said to vow their offerings to the "church in Suderoe," and to pay them on safe return in the modern church at Thrangisvaag, as the ancient building is no more. The Faroemen now are Lutherans, and have been since the sixteenth century. They go to church regularly, the men more regularly than the women; and their obedience to the fourth commandment, if not according to Scottish lights, is constant. Charity is a part of their social as well as their moral code. Further it does not befit a stranger to pry. They are really devout, and do not fritter their honest belief away on superstitious vows and offerings: some of them are indignant at the story of the floating church—probably as tending towards Rome. A better authenticated tradition ascribes the conversion of the Faroes to Sigmund, one of the heroes whose exploits are told of in the "Faroe Saga." He is said to have built a church at Kirkeboe, near the south-east corner of Stromoe, and some fragments of an ancient wall, now called the *Leighuus* (corpse-house), are believed to be remains of his building. Kirkeboe was the seat of a bishopric until the Reformation reached Stromoe. The last bishop—still according to tradition—came to a strange and violent end there. From that day to this the chapel which he was building has remained unfinished, but carefully looked after and judiciously repaired when injured by a storm. It is a small but massive structure, with narrow pointed windows, and a high rounded arch for a doorway. On the north side a small side-chapel opens from the main building, and in its east wall is a very unsymmetrical circular window. There are several curiously carved supports for the roof-beams, which were never laid; but more curious than these is an archaic representation of the Crucifixion, which is carved on a slab let into the outer surface of the east wall. It is said to have been presented by King Canute, and was believed at one time to mark the hiding-place of some treasure. The lower part of the stone is considerably broken, by a man who tried to steal the treasure, but was overcome by

horror at the sacrilege he was committing before he quite pierced the slab. The upper part is very complete, except the surrounding inscription, which is illegible. Of course the building is much later than the time of Canute, but the slab may easily have been removed from an older structure.

Every village has now a church; there are remains of three at Kirkebö; although the farmhouse and two cottages constitute the village there. The older churches are generally built of wood and thatched with turf, and are only to be distinguished from the dwelling-houses by their greater comparative length and by a little white belfry, which is perched on the west end of the roof. There are only six priests in the whole of the islands, three of them being Danes and three Faroemen at present; but in every church an old layman reads the service when the pastor is absent in another part of his parish. At christenings, weddings, and funerals this lay-reader has the right of standing next the priest with an open prayer-book before him, on which a small fee is placed by the relatives. Lately a number of the people have split off from the Lutherans to join some Baptists, who, having come as missionaries from Shetland, have caused great dissensions, social as well as theological.

II.

So far we have dealt with the origin and the character of the Faroemen, with their beliefs and superstitions. Let us now glance at their daily life, their homes, and their occupations. Out of a population of about 15,000, between 2000 and 3000 live in Thorshavn. The homes of the rest are scattered round the coast in villages of different sizes up to fifty or sixty households. The conditions of life in the capital differ considerably from those in the villages, for Thorshavn, being a port, has become in its manners a little like the rest of the world. Being in fairly regular communication with Scotland and Denmark, and being on the direct route to Iceland, it is subject during the season to short invasions of British tourists, who do not penetrate into the country.

Its people have learned in some cases that money is valuable, and in others that courtesy to strangers is often unnecessary. They have seen the comparative luxury in which the Danes and a few rich natives can afford to live. Many of them are store-keepers or shop-assistants: they are divided by distinct differences in rank, wealth, and occupation. They have many virtues and many amiabilities, but they have lost something of the simplicity and primitive freshness of their country cousins. The town has changed less than they. Even the *Lagthinghuus* is built of wood, and bears on its roof a luxuriant crop of grass: only the *Amtman's* residence and the new schoolhouse in their solid stone ugliness mar the picturesqueness of its irregular streets, bordered by walls on which the tar has faded to many a rich tint of brown and grey, and shaded from the fitful gleams of misty sunshine by the overhanging greenery of the house-tops. In winter-time oil-lamps are set at intervals in the streets, but in autumn so Stygian a gloom is on the town at midnight that its steep flights of steps, narrow passages, and precipitous openings on the sea make it a very labyrinth full of

pitfalls for the unhappy wanderer. Worse still are the cesspools, approached by passages often wider than the streets themselves. True, this is a British and not a native view of Thorshavn, but even the natives will agree that their capital, while gaining few advantages of what is new, has lost many of what is old.

Far more interesting than Thorshavn, with its half-ordinary life, is the real Faroe, where the latest improvement in machinery is the *Scotsrock*, a primitive form of spinning-wheel, said to have come from Scotland fifty or a hundred years ago; and where the *bismar* and the whale-oil lamp are to be found in every cottage. Here the women may still be seen grinding their corn in the hand-quern, and pounding the tormentilla-roots with a water-worn stone. To see this region a traveller must visit a village in the country.

To go to any village in the Faroes means a journey. Distances even in the same island are far greater than their measurement in miles would imply to the stranger, for the only road in the group is a mile and a half long, and ends in a sea of mud half-way up a steep incline. Cairns set up at regular intervals of about sixty yards over the hills mark where the tracks should be; but as there is no means of distinguishing between one set of cairns and another (or between cairns proper and village boundary-stones), and as the routes to different places often cross, it would be hard to find one's way by their help alone, even when the whole country is not buried in a fog that makes a sheep indistinguishable from a heap of stones at a very short distance. In a fog even a native frequently loses himself, and fatal accidents from falls over precipices are not unknown. There are plenty of ponies running half wild on the hills, but they are never ridden as they would be in Iceland. They are reserved for exportation, and for carrying down the winter supply of peat from the higher ground to the villages. The sea is the Faroeman's highway, which leads equally from island to island and from village to village when all dwellings are on the coast. So well recognised is this that the law enables a traveller to continue his journey by sea at any time on a week-day and after noon on Sunday. In each village the *Amtman* appoints a *skütshaffer*. The *skütshaffer* undertakes, for a commission, to supply a boat and eight oarsmen, to be paid at a fixed rate per mile, the hire of the boat being the same as that of one man. No one can decline the office; but as it is generally considered to entail more trouble than it is worth, owing to the difficulty of getting together a crew at certain seasons of the year, leave to retire is always granted after a short tenure. Two years ago a small steamer was built by the Government, to visit the different villages and collect passengers and goods for Thorshavn, regularly but at long intervals. At first it was a great success; but now that the novelty has somewhat worn off, although the Sunday excursions from the capital are still popular, the country-people grumble at the fares. "Which is very foolish," the reformer mentioned above once remarked to me. "The fare on the 'Smyril' from Kvivig to Thorshavn is two kröne; but if a man walks he wears out a pair of oxhide shoes—which also cost two kröne—and has all the trouble of walking as well."

The difficulty of travelling will explain why the life which the villagers lead is so remote from that of the present day; and the

best idea of their life is to be gained from a description of a typical village. Kvivig, the village chosen here, is distant from Thorshavn some fourteen to eighteen miles by land. (The exact distance no one knows, for time and space are things which vary much in the Faroes. Indeed I have known the former to differ by over two hours in villages only three miles apart; sun-time and clock-time need not be the same.)

Built in a break of the high basalt cliffs, the village lies scattered on both banks of a stream, which rushes from the hill-top close behind. Close in on three sides there are hills, on the fourth a narrow sound; and then, across the sound, more hills on the island of Vaagoe. A few miles to the south Mount Skelling, one of the highest mountains in the Faroes, towers from the sea to the height of nearly 3000 feet, and yet farther on the islet of Kolter, with its single cone-shaped hill, rises green on the water.

Perhaps the time when the strange northern beauty of the scene strikes the foreigner most is when he sees it from the hills above late on an August evening, after a day's wandering in the fog. The time of sunset is drawing near, and still all things are hidden below in the dense white mist, when in an instant the whiteness parts, reveals the landscape with all its colours brightened and its outlines blurred, and then rolls off, leaving fragments of itself, here wreathing the stony crown of Skelling, there floating along the surface of the sea, over the hills of Vaagoe, and over the base of Kolter. Above the sky is grey, but away in the distance the dying sunlight sparkles on islands and on water, tinging the mist fragments with a deepening pink, as it sets, and lightening the green summit of many a rocky black headland. The hills all round re-echo with the cries of the curlews and the plovers, and the terns, fearing for their still unfledged young on the rocks below, screech as they wheel round the intruder's head. Sloping down towards the village on either side are the crofts of the villagers, surrounded with a common wall, and drained and divided by little trenches, in which gigantic king-cups grow. On all sides yellowing patches of short-strawed barley contrast finely with green potato-tops and new-mown hay; while here and there is a plot where the bloom on the still uncut grass shines purple through the moisture.

Beneath lies the village, its gloom only brightened by the green grass on its house-tops and by a single blaze of colour, the pastor's garden glorious with yellow flag-flowers, which are a rare exotic at Kvivig. Close by the beach of broken rocks are the long, low boat-sheds of stone and of turf; then comes the church, with its strange little white steeple rising conspicuous from its grassy roof; and then a mass of fifty small black-and-white two-storeyed cottages, each with its walls covered with rows of drying fish, floats for the nets, and strips of whale-meat, and each with at least one "dry-house" beside it, as it were a skeleton of itself. Farther up still, where the stream becomes a series of small cascades, stand several of the old-fashioned upright water-mills, which have lasted side by side with the hand-quern ever since the days of the Vikings.

The serious work of the day—the fishing and the haymaking—is over, but still there is much to be done. Beside the stream women are busy stacking the drying cod-fish, and covering them in for the

night. Down the slopes come the milkmaids. They are the only barefooted people in the islands, for they find the cows by testing the heat of the dung with their toes. Their full wooden pails are slung on their backs, and they knit and sing together merrily as they return from the higher pastures. The corn has all been ground; but the last load of hay for the night has still to be brought in, and men, who seem like moving hay-stacks, walk slowly through the village, carrying it to the "dry-houses" piled up in wooden creels on their backs. Here and there an old man sits at his cottage door mending his rakes or fitting the short straight blade of his scythe to its long wooden handle. The village carpenter has finished his day's work on the boat which he is building, and is carrying in what remains of the wood and of the woollen yarn with which he caulks the seams. Perhaps a man may be seen in some corner chopping up a hard black mass with an axe. The mass is dried whale's flesh, and he will boil it down for his cow to eat, for he has been too busy all day in the hay-field to take her beyond the wall to pasture. Behind little walls, built half of stones and half of whales' skulls, huge black caldrons of fish-oil, each presided over by a woman or a child, are steaming on fires of peat or of fresh whales' bones. On the shore some men and boys, who have been out to catch saith or to shoot a few puffins for their evening meal, are dragging up their long narrow boat over rollers of whales' ribs. Round the houses, or, where they dare, in the steep hay-fields, the children are romping; the younger amongst them dragging about the bones from the whales' backs like toy carts, though carts are things which they have never seen. On some patch that is already mown the older ones play at a game called "sheep-dogs," which may have originated from (or given origin to) the game of cricket, although the bat is but a plank of wood, and the ball a ring of sheep's horns fitting into one another. As they play many of them are eating pieces of dried fish or stalks of the angelica plant, which grows in an enclosure, planted no one knows when or by whom, behind one of the two village shops — shops in which many things Scottish and Danish can be bought, but nothing of native work, except a few woollen jerseys too rough for the natives to wear, which may be sold to some chance sailor from abroad.

A village so built and ordered may be insanitary (for, alas! the headman probably neglects his duty): all of its many odours are not sweet. Fish-offal floats in the stream and encumbers the narrow space between the houses, but fresh air and ignorance of microbes work wonders; as also do the poultry, which act as scavengers, and so become fat and tasty. Nor does the filth penetrate inside the houses. There everything, if plain, is clean. Men and women alike take off the wooden clogs that they wear over their shoes out of doors, and leave them on a mat outside the kitchen, which is the real entrance to the house. The housewife's chief objection to an English lodger is, that he will insist on wearing nails in his boots, which mark her carefully scrubbed deal floors.

Wealth and poverty, rank and difference of trade, have no place in the village. There is land enough and to spare for everybody, and any man, by a few years' fishing off the coast of Iceland, can make sufficient money

to marry on, and to buy the three essentials for setting up housekeeping—a cow, a boat, and the materials for a house. The seas all round swarm with a life sufficient to afford sustenance to any one who is willing to work; but the land is too poor to bring forth great fortunes, even for the most industrious or the most cunning: consequently the people have remained equals to this day. Indeed their equality is almost the first thing that strikes a stranger. In Thorshavn and in Thrangisvaag there are rich men and poor men, but elsewhere there are neither. The *kongsbondin*, it is true, whose land has been in his family for generations, is richer than the young man who has just returned from the fishing in Iceland; but the difference is not great. The *bondin's* house is larger than the fisherman's, but not better built or more luxuriously furnished: perhaps the former has several dozen people under his roof every night, while the latter has but two. Both men, moreover, are on an almost equal social standing, for neither is a boor, though the one may have been educated abroad, and the other, quite likely, has never entered a school in his life. It would be a mistake to say that many of the people are really ignorant. It is true that comparatively few of them can read their own dialect; but the majority can read and write Danish. Many also can speak foreign languages, and still more can read them. On Kollefjord in Stromoe there lives a man who has never been out of the Faroes, but can speak excellent English, and can read German, French, and Icelandic, besides Danish. He has learned all of them in the winter evenings, that he may read their literatures; but he finds it hard to understand what a level plain can be like, and his one unfulfilled desire is to see a real diamond. Such men are by no means uncommon in the Faroes. Again, it is true that every village has its carpenter and its smith; but every man can build his house and put together the wooden furniture inside, can forge his knives and whale-spears, and is a fisherman, a whaler, an agriculturist, a shepherd, a tanner, a shoemaker, and, if he lives near a "bird-mountain," a bird-catcher also. Perhaps he may be in addition to this a skilful inlayer of knife-handles and sheaths, for, although totally without good tools or technical education, many of the Faroemen show a decided talent for artistic design and execution in this direction.

Not the men only are thus versatile. As in the primitive Aryan household, the daughters are the milkmaids; but every matron can spin on the wheel if not with the spindle, can knit, and weave on the handloom, knows how to cure the stock-fish, to dye the wool, either with aniline dyes—"horrible poisons from abroad"—or with home-made decoctions of lichen, white clover, or other plants. A more arduous operation than any of these, but one which she must perform, is the grinding of the tormentilla-root, with the powder of which she tans sheepskin leather for shoes. These shoes she makes herself, and knits their woollen strings; but the thicker oxhide *skegvar* to be worn on the hills are her husband's work.

Already the word whale has cropped up again and again, but not more often than the Faroeman would think its due. The whale supplies both himself, his dog, and his cow with a large proportion of their winter food; it provides him

with fuel, with oil for his rude rush-wick lamp, with floats for his nets, with toys for his children, with string (the sinews), and with many other useful articles. More than this, it is to him as the fox is to the fox-hunter. Whaling is his national sport. The whale that he hunts is not the great whalebone whale but a smaller toothed kind, called in English the pilot whale, from its habit of swimming about in large schools, each of which follows a leader. In the Faroes it is called the *grind* or gate whale, because the old Norsemen used to trap the schools in enclosures provided with gates, which could be shut and so prevent escape. Nowadays when the *grind* are sighted great excitement prevails throughout the islands, for the news spreads with extraordinary rapidity. All the little boys go about shouting, "*Grindqval, grindqval!*" at the pitch of their voices; and boats set off from every village to join in the hunt. When the whales are reached, a consultation is held and some suitable bay is decided on for the kill; then the boats, getting between them and the open sea, commence to drive them gradually towards the goal. In every boat one man stands upright, holding a lance with which he pricks the backs of the *grind*, and all the oarsmen help to terrify them with their shouts. As the bay is neared the prey is pressed harder and harder, the shouts rise louder and louder, and the lancers prod faster and faster, until at last it is reached. All along the beach the women and children watch in silence; even a dog's bark may now cause the whales to turn and break through the line of their pursuers. Then the leader, mad with terror and pain, makes a rush for the shore, and is stranded. The rest of the school follow him to destruction. The lancers step out of the boats on to the backs of those whales nearest them, and deal them their death-blow by severing the spinal cord at the neck and destroying the brain with a knife made for the purpose. Meanwhile the *sysslman* has arrived, and sets about his duty. First he measures the dead whales, which have been dragged up out of the way of the tide by huge iron hooks thrown into their flesh, and puts aside one-tenth of the total length of the school. Of this a third is his fee, a third belongs to the State, and a third to the Church. Of the nine-tenths that remains he divides a certain proportion among the inhabitants of his district—men, women, and children — according to a census which he must take every year for the purpose. The rest he distributes equally to all the boatmen from other districts who have arrived before the last whale was dead. It is illegal to use harpoons with movable heads in hunting the *grind*, doubtless for fear of selfish appropriation.

The whalebone whales are now chased in the Faroes also, but in a more orthodox fashion — with a steamer and a harpoon-gun. A certain Norwegian connected with one of the lighthouses on Österoe has started a small whaling-station on Stromoe, and is said to have made his fortune by it; but this matters little to the mass of the Faroe people.

In the old days seals were hunted —despite their being, according to a legend, Pharaoh's host—at night in the caves, and were used for much the same purposes as the *grind*. But there are few seals left to hunt since a price was put on their heads some years ago by the *Lagthing*, in the hope that their destruction would encourage

Englishmen to visit the islands by improving the sea-trout fishing. Indeed more walruses than seals are killed now, though the former are but chance visitors carried from their proper home on icebergs.

Seafowl-catching is only second in importance to the *grindvad.* Puffins, fulmars, guillemots, cormorants, and shearwaters are all eaten at some stage of their existence, but puffins more than any of the others. During the season on Naalsoe or Myggenaes as many as four hundred of these birds are often caught by a skilled fowler in a single day. At the end of June and beginning of July, when the young birds are hatched, but still remain unfledged in the burrows, the parents spend their morning out at sea, fishing for themselves and their offspring. About noon they begin to fly home, each with a row of small sprats or anchovies in its beak. At this time of day the fowler seats himself in a suitable spot behind a roughly built wall or a jutting rock on the cliff's edge. Resting before him he holds a pole some twelve feet long, on to the end of which a small triangular net is fixed. With this he catches the puffins as they fly over his head. Their flight is so feeble that they cannot start from the ground without launching themselves from the edge of a precipice; nor can they rise from the sea unless they first gain impetus by striking the water with their wings again and again. On a foggy day, with the wind blowing inshore, they are quite at the mercy of the man with the net. The puffins' breasts are salted and consumed in great numbers during winter, and their feathers form, next to stock-fish, the most important export of the islands. The other birds are either shot or taken from the nest, as their flight is much more powerful than that of the puffin. Quantities of guillemots' and razorbills' eggs are also collected in early summer, especially on the Great Diamond (Störe Dimon), a desolate island occupied by a single family and shut off from all communication for the greater part of the year. The bird-nesters are let down over the edge of the cliffs on horsehair ropes, which are twisted on a complicated piece of wooden machinery needing three men to work it, and hardly doing the work of one. In Myggenaes during nesting-time similar ropes are stretched across chasms instead of bridges.

The conditions and methods of the fisheries do not differ materially from those prevalent elsewhere, so let us leave them alone, only noticing that cod, saith, halibut, and catfish are the commonest fish, and pass on from wild animals to tame. All the villages swarm with poultry. Enough has been said of them already. Sheep, cattle, and goats are abundant. The cattle and goats need no special description, except that all the cows are said to suffer from tuberculosis. (The Faroeman refuses to keep pigs, not that he considers them unclean, as he always apologises to the Englishman for not providing "pig" for breakfast with the eggs, and generally manages to procure some of that dainty if the guest stays for any time. But he says that he is afraid of trichinosis, though it seems strange that he should ever have heard of such a disease.) The sheep deserve more notice, if only because they gave the islands their name (*För*, sheep; *oe*, isle); but it is hardly fair to include them among tame animals. They are shaggy and piebald, and they live mostly on the tops of the mountains, only

coming down in winter to feed on seaweed, and on the grass which grows on the house-tops of the villages. The hay is reserved for the winter fodder of the cows, goats, and ponies. The sheep are gathered regularly three times in the year: in early spring, that they may be plucked alive, for shears are unknown; in July or August, that the lambs may have the mark of the village put upon them; in October, that those wanted for food may be separated and killed. The want of trained sheep-dogs makes gathering a difficult and dangerous occupation, especially in a fog, since each sheep has to be caught separately, and precipices are everywhere. All the young men in the village turn out to help on these three occasions, and also in winter during heavy snowstorms to drive the flock into turf enclosures on the hills. The wool is distinctly separable into two layers, the outer coarse and the inner fine. The former is twisted into thread with the aid of the spindle, and the latter is made into yarn on the spinning-wheel. The mutton is usually hung in the "dry-house" until it acquires a horn-like consistency. Sheep, as a rule, do not belong to individuals; but the number that a man is allowed to kill from the village flock is in proportion to the amount of land which he owns. The number of cows and ponies that he may keep is regulated in the same way. As it is considered very mean for any one to keep fewer cows than he is entitled to, the father of a small family has often more milk than he can use. The surplus is given away to poorer neighbours, as no one would think of buying milk, and as the cheese and butter which the women make are not good enough for exportation.

The tenure and purchase of land is a very complicated matter in the Faroes. The *kongsbonde* hold crown-land, for which they pay a small annual rent. The land, however, cannot be taken from them, and descends from father to son. Each village has a large extent of common pasture-ground on the neighbouring hills; but the land immediately round the houses belongs to individual villagers. Every plot inside the wall goes with a certain number of marks outside, but the man who buys the requisite amount outside cannot choose the position of his plot inside, but must be contented with any that the seller gives him. Owing to this system, some men have as many as twenty little patches of ground all near together, but all separated from one another, and each not more than a few yards square. Naturally this hinders agriculture; but as the absence of sunshine and the violence of the wind prevent anything but a few potatoes and a little barley from being cultivated, perhaps it does not very much matter. Neither trees nor bushes grow naturally in the islands, and even in a garden they do not attain any height. Currants are the only fruit that will ripen, and they often fail.

In the summer months the time is pretty well occupied with fishing, whaling, fowling, and haymaking. It is only during winter that the people have leisure for amusement. Dreary though the weather must then be, it gives the men, if not the women, a rest from labour. Then it is that their want of energy appears, for having nothing better to do, they while away the day smoking and talking in the shops, while their wives sit spinning at home. In the evenings there is often a

ball in the house of some *bondin*, at which men and women dance together, and join in providing the music with their own voices. The melodies and the ballads which are set to them are old and pretty, but at a dance they are howled rather than sung, which takes away the charm. Indeed to a stranger the Farish dance seems singularly devoid of beauty or pleasure. Some dozen men open the ball by joining hands in a circle and slowly stepping round and round, now and then at irregular intervals indulging in a few little kicks, and shouting out a rhyme about "Kaisarin Karl Magnus" or some other hero of olden times. After a while others join the circle (men and women indiscriminately), all quite solemnly, and the dance proceeds until the dancers have hardly room to move. Sometimes the ballad is changed, but the steps and the little kicks appear to go on for ever,—at least, they last until the stranger leaves the festive scene.

Another amusement, which is considered especially fitted for marriage-feasts, does not appear so meaningless. When all are seated at table, a large dish containing a lamb's tail is brought in and set down before one of the company. The individual so favoured must improvise a couplet suitable to the occasion, and then pass the dish on. As the tail goes round the board every one has a chance of exhibiting his own skill and of admiring that of his neighbours. Sometimes a travelling company of Danish actors visits Thorshavn in winter, and plays there to admiring audiences. Sometimes also amateur theatricals are got up among the Danes or the richer natives. Once at least a play was written by a Faroeman in his own dialect, and acted by his friends in the Danish club-house; but this disgusted the Danes. Theatricals in any form are an amusement not to be enjoyed except in Thorshavn.

Life cannot be ideal when every village is a quagmire with the soaking fog and the spray blown up from the sea; when the imprisoned air explodes with loud cannonading in the cliffs all round the coast, and everything is dark, and damp, and gloomy. But even then the native, accustomed to such weather, manages to enjoy himself with the help of an occasional dance. No one ever gets married in summer. This, at any rate, looks as though winter was considered a fit time for merriment if for nothing else. And then, although the nights are long, there are times when the aurora makes midnight as light as day, and the islanders come out to watch the *Nordlicht*, and to listen until they seem to hear it whizzing across the sky.

People who have spent the day in Thorshavn on their way to Iceland are fond of comparing the isles to a less magnificent Norway. There is truth in what they say, but not the whole truth. The mountains of Faroe are not so high as those of Norway; but the mists, which clothe their bareness without concealing their rugged outlines, make them appear as high. The sea-cliffs of Vaagoe and of Myggenaes are at least as grand as anything on the Norwegian fjords. One thing, moreover, can rarely be found in the Norway of to-day—an old-world air. This is a novelty at the end of the nineteenth century, because it is but little mingled—the older Faroemen say ruined—with what is new.

ODD VOLUMES.

II.

General dreariness pervades the sporting literature of bygone generations. There are, however, a few notable exceptions, especially among books dealing with angling. It is true that these long retained the dangerous feature of dialogue, introduced, or at least brought into vogue, by the admirable Izaak—dialogue between an intolerably pragmatic and pedantic expert and the typical, though unnaturally docile, duffer, who is made to undergo various excruciating experiences in loss of fish and fracture of tackle, in order to provide texts for the lectures of his exasperating Mentor. One sighs to think what a book Sir Humphry Davy might have made in 'Salmonia' had he shaken himself free from the supposed obligation to convey his experience in this disabling style. Even Christopher North would be far more widely read and enjoyed at this day but for the *pose* almost inseparable from the symposiac form of conveying ideas or information. Nevertheless it happens, curiously enough, that one of the most readable, though little read, angling authors of the seventeenth century affords one of the most conspicuous examples of this archaic style.

Richard Franck was an undergraduate of Cambridge when the civil war broke out in 1641 and drove him from his studies. Being then about seventeen, and an Independent in religion, he enlisted in Cromwell's Ironsides, in which he rose to the rank of captain. Of his martial experience he has little to tell, though it is plain that he served in the Parliamentary cavalry during the Scottish war. An ardent angler, the quality of sport to be obtained in northern waters made a deep impression on his fancy; wherefore, about the year 1657, when the state of parties in England made residence in that country inconsistent with peaceful recreation, he packed up his rods and tackle and started on a fishing tour, which led him as far north as John o' Groat's.

Would that Franck — Philanthropus, as he chose to designate himself—had extended his diary in a plain unvarnished tale! Unhappily, the recent success of Walton's 'Compleat Angler' inspired him with the ambition to eclipse it with a work in the same artificial style. As conscious of his superiority to Walton in angling as we are of his inferiority in literature to that writer, he indulged in frequent and bitter references to his rival. Thus in the introduction to his book[1] he explains in his own ridiculously flatulent manner—

"I enter the angler's list, and resolve to encounter this critical age by promulgating the series of the art of angling. . . . For that end you may dedicate your opinion to what scribling putationer you please; the Compleat Angler, if you will, who

[1] Northern Memoirs calculated for the Meridian of Scotland, to which is added the Contemplative and Practical Angler, by Richard Franck, Philanthropus. London: Printed for the Author. To be sold by Henry Mortlock, at the Phenix, in St Paul's Churchyard. 1694.

tells you of a tedious fly story, extravagantly collected from antiquated authors, such as Gesner, Dubravius, &c."

Franck—*fortunatus nimium*—was personally acquainted with Walton, and mentions how he took him to task in Stafford for asserting that pike were bred of pickerel weed. He cares not to conceal his contempt for the man who wrote of fly-fishing, but only (as Mr Andrew Lang has lately reminded us) practised bottom-fishing, or, at most, daping.

"*Arnoldus* [Franck]. . . . The frequent exercise of fly-fishing, though painful, yet it's delightful. . . . But the ground-bait was of old the general practice, and beyond doubt brought considerable profit; which hapned in those days, when the curiosity of fly-fishing was intricate and unpracticable. However, Isaac Walton (late author of the 'Compleat Angler') has imposed upon the world this monthly novelty,[1] which he understood not himself; but stuffs his book with morals from Dubravius and others, not giving us one precedent of his own practical experiments, except otherwise where he prefers the trencher before the troling-rod; who lays the stress of his arguments upon other men's observations, wherewith he stuffs his indigested octavo; so brings himself under the angler's censure, and the common calamity of a plagiary, to be pitied (poor man) for his loss of time, in scribling and transcribing other men's notions. These are the drones that rob the hive, yet flatter the bees they bring them honey.

"*Theophilus.* I remember the book, . . . it may pass muster among common muddlers.

"*Arnoldus.* No, I think not. . . . You may read there of various and diversified colours, as also the forms and proportions of flies. Where, poor man, he perplexes himself to rally and scrape together such a parcel of fragments, which he fancies arguments to instruct the adult and minority of youth, into the slender margin of his uncultivated art, never made practicable by himself I'm convinced."

This seems funny enough, when it is remembered that the "indigested octavo" has run through more than one hundred editions, and still runs; whereas honest Franck, who wrote his rival treatise in 1658, failed altogether to find a publisher, and finally, when a very old man, had his book printed at his own charges in 1694. It fell flat: the opening sentence of the preface was perhaps enough to scare readers in an age when the reaction against Puritan austerity had made considerable way:—

"Courteous Reader,

"Let me manuduct you through the slender margin of my uncultivated book, to contemplate the evangelical sweets of reason and religion, two requisite and necessary principles for a Christian."

Decidedly a deceptive introduction to a work on angling; but Franck was almost as fond of arguing about theology as of playing a salmon, and the first fifty pages are occupied by dreary debates between him and his disciple Theophilus about predestination and grace—original sin and free will. 'Northern Memoirs' could not float with such a ballasting; the book never saw a second edition, till, in 1821, the Constables published a limited one, with an introduction and notes by Walter Scott.

Skipping, then, the first fifty pages, we find Arnoldus, the author, at Carlisle, about to enter Scotland with Theophilus to "in-

[1] Walton borrowed from his predecessor Barker a monthly list of suitable flies.

spect that little artick world and every angle of it." Theophilus receives his first lesson in salmon-fishing in the Nith at Dumfries. He hooks a fine fish, but, losing patience in the long struggle which ensues, ends by breaking his line. Whereupon Arnoldus lectures him unmercifully, hooks another salmon, and explains the art of playing and landing it with a precision which Walton, who never hooked a salmon nor saw one hooked, certainly could not emulate. The wanderers worked up Nithsdale to Sanquhar, where the quality of their accommodation may be judged by Theophilus's complaint after the first night—

"O Arnoldus, I'm almost worried to death with lice; my skin is all motled and dapled like an April trout. Can you blame me to relinquish this lowsy lodging, when my batter'd sides are pincked full of iletholes? One brigade pursues another, and flight I find the best expedient. . . . Zanker, farewell!"

Through Ayrshire they fare to Glasgow, a city on which Theophilus bestows lavish panegyric ("I'le superscribe it the nonsuch of Scotland"), and would fain tarry there, partly because of the excellence of his entertainment, and partly because of the "pleasant medows and the portable streams of the Cloyd, eminent . . . because of her numberless number of trout . . . and her multiplicity of salmon." But Arnoldus knows of better fishing to be had near Dunbarton, whither he hurries his companion, and they become the guests of the governor of the Castle. Wind and water are favourable: on the morning after their arrival the two travellers set out with Aquilla, the governor, to fish the Leven. They separate: Theophilus, after his initiation in Nithsdale, being deemed fit to go alone, meets with enviable success. Franck represents him as indulging in a monologue of amazing prolixity:—

"Lest precipitancy spoil my sport, I'le preponder my rudiments: and they prognostiate here a fish, or something like it: a fair handsel for a foolish fisher. But here's the old game again that we had at Dumfreez. This capering, for aught I know, may cost him his life, for I resolve to hold his nose to the grindstone: dance on and die! . . . for upon that silty gravelly shelf of sand I resolve to land him, or lose all I have."

And so on over three or four pages, till, on rejoining his companions, he has three salmon to his own score, against four taken by Arnoldus and Aquilla. Truly it is tantalising to read of the degree in which these waters were stored with sea-fish in those days. Theophilus was thoroughly bitten with the sport. Leaving the Lennox behind them, the adventurous pair pushed on into Perthshire, catching as many salmon and trout as they could carry, which caused Theophilus to demur to his comrade's command to travel farther north, "where the eves e're long will hang with icikles." Luckily for us Arnoldus was resolute, for the best part of the memoirs is that which deals with the region north of the Moray Firth, at that time very little known. The numbers of salmon in the Beauly and Brora are described as prodigious. Franck says the reports he had heard "shaked his credulity" at first, until he repeatedly saw the fishermen land five hundred salmon at a single draft with their "sanes." He was an accurate observer; his description of salmon spawning, as seen by himself, is perfectly correct, and in striking contrast to the many fabulous versions of the

process current at that time and long after. Nevertheless he was not proof against hearsay, but cherished the time-worn superstition that bernicle geese were bred from shellfish.

"*Arnoldus.* Now that barnicles (which are a certain sort of wooden geese) breed hereabouts, it's past dispute; and that they fall off from the limbs and members of the fir-tree, is questionless; and those so fortunate to espouse the ocean (or any other river, or humitactive soil) by virtue of solar heat are destinated to live; but to all others so unfortunate to fall upon dry land, are denied their nativity.

"*Theoph.* Can you credit your own report; or do you impose these hyperboles ironically upon the world, designedly to make Scotland appear a kingdom of prodigies?

"*Arn.* No, certainly! and that there is such a fowl I suppose none doubts it."

Franck had pricked Walton's theory that pike were bred from pickerel weed by showing that the floating spawn, adhering to the legs of herons and other waterfowl, was transplanted into isolated waters; the more strange, therefore, that he clung so vehemently to the preposterous fable about bernicle geese. We had preferred to hear about his experience of Caithness salmon; he mentions no river north of the Brora, though he and Theophilus penetrated as far as Strathnaver, "where a rude sort of inhabitants dwell (almost as barbarous as Canibals), who, when they kill a beast, boil him in his hide, make a caldron of his skin, browis of his bowels, drink of his blood, and bread and meat of his carcase." This is the primitive Pictish cookery.

Franck is at his best when conveying instruction to his patient pupil about the equipment of an angler and the practice of his darling craft. At such times he casts controversial theology to the winds, though on one occasion Theophilus interrupts him with an inquiry whether sport is entirely consistent with Christian duty. Arnoldus is ready with the instance of Peter's vision, when he was bidden to arise, kill, and eat; a command which, he argued, was as applicable to salmon in a stream as to beasts in a sheet.

Even in those early days fishers were fastidious in the composition of salmon-flies:—

"Remember always to carry your dubbing-bag about you; wherein there ought to be silks of all sorts, threads, thrums, moccado-ends, and cruels of all sizes and variety of colours; diversified and stained wool, with dog's and bear's hair; besides twisted fine threads of gold and silver: with feathers from the capon, partridg, peacock, pheasant, mallard, smith, teal, snite, parrot, heronshaw, paraketta, bittern, hobby, phlimingo, or Indian-flush; but the mockaw, without exception, gives flames of life to the hackle. . . . Should any man, under the pretence of an artist, remain destitute of these prenoted qualifications, proclaim him a blockhead; let him angle for oisters."

Franck recommends a sober fly for a bright sky, and a gaudy one when the day is "promiscuous and dark, occasioned by smooty and discoloured clouds" — differing thereby from most modern empiricists, who prescribe gay colours for sunshine and dull hues for gloomy weather. In the seventeenth century, as it is in the nineteenth, and as it will be so long as rivers run to the sea, it was to please fishers and not fish that variety in salmon-flies was invented. But herein we begin to handle inflammable matter, and a burnt dog dreads the fire.

Franck's topography is accurate and pretty minute; but, as he

wrote all place-names phonetically, it is sometimes difficult to identify them. Anderwick, Althrwery, Elliot, Minevir, Trespey, and Copperspeth are not to be recognised at once as Enrick, Airthrey, Alyth, Monzievaird, Strathspey, and Cockburnspath; and some light on etymology may occasionally be thrown by the rendering of what must have been local pronunciation at the time. Interesting enough are the sketches of various towns —"Dirty Dumblain, a pittiful pedling corporation, has little or no trade amongst them, except now and then a truck with a brandy-man, a tobacco-merchant, or a brewster-wife." Kilmarnock is described as dirty and drunken, but very industrious, turning out the best of cutlery, besides knitted bonnets and woollen cloth. Stonehaven is written Steenhive, and ought to be "stinking hive," says Franck, being so unsavoury, and serving only for "pirates and pickaroons." But of Montrose, its hospitality and the beauty of its buildings and harbour, he can scarcely say enough. Of Scottish cookery, in spite of its great variety, the travellers are never done complaining: the butter is as disgusting as cart-grease, and "Moggy," the cookmaid at Dumfries, horrified them by throwing into the fire a duck she was about to cook for them, to burn off the feathers, so that she might be saved the trouble of plucking it.

On the whole, however, considering that the northern kingdom was then at the very lowest degree of poverty, the entertainment was better than we might have supposed, and the angling was undoubtedly superb.

Let us skip the eighteenth century altogether: except Peter Beckford's well-known 'Letters on Hunting,' it produced no writer on field-sports attaining mediocrity, still less excellence. But towards its close was born one destined to be a star of magnitude, the pioneer of sporting correspondents.

C. J. Apperley, better—to later generations almost exclusively—known as "Nimrod," was born in Denbighshire in 1777, and, being sent to Rugby school, imbibed enough taste for the classics to influence his style to the end of his days, while the air of Warwickshire seems at the same time to have inspired him with an unconquerable passion for the chase. This was confirmed and stimulated by his marriage, his bride being Miss Wynn of Peniarth, a cousin of Sir Watkin of fox-hunting fame. The young couple settled first at Hinckley, in Leicestershire, where Lord Sefton was hunting the Quorn country in grand style, with two packs and two huntsmen. In 1804 Apperley shifted his quarters to Bilton Hall, near Rugby, once the property of Joseph Addison, where he was within reach of four packs of hounds. He make good use of his opportunity. On one occasion he rode fifty-two miles on two hacks in the morning to meet Sir Thomas Mostyn's hounds in what is now the Bicester country.

The expenses of his darling pursuit began to tell on Apperley's resources, and, in a happy hour, the idea occurred to him of supplementing them by the pen. It was a notion of startling novelty in those days—chimerical, most people thought—unbecoming a sportsman, his friends told him, unless he attempted a volume. The attempt was made, and a bargain was on the point of being struck with Colburn the publisher, when the idea was suggested to him by a literary acquaintance of

writing papers for the 'Sporting Magazine.' Now the 'Sporting Magazine' had run through some very grimy channels during its existence of a quarter of a century. It had been a kind of monthly 'Bell's Life in London,' as some of us may recollect that defunct weekly: the project had been excellent, and it was handsomely illustrated, but there were no capable writers on sport to keep it at a decent level. Hence it had been a haphazard chronicle of everything that could be raked into the category of sport—pugilism, cock-fighting, bull- and bear-baiting: there were even a few pages each month allotted to what was entitled with dismal humour "Matrimonial Sporting," wherein all rank scandal and reports of *crim. con.* cases were set forth in gruesome detail, duly emphasised with typographic nudges and leers conveyed to the reader by capital letters, italics, dashes, and asterisks. No wonder that Apperley, born and bred a gentleman, hesitated a while on the brink of such an unsavoury stream.

Howbeit, the 'Sporting Magazine' had recently passed into new and vigorous hands. Mr Pittman, the proprietor, was determined to redeem its character, and make it worthy of the dignity to which field-sports in general, and fox-hunting in particular, had been brought under the favouring influence of George III. He offered such handsome terms, including the maintenance of a stud of hunters, as well as a liberal salary, that Apperley put his pride in his pocket, and, in January 1822, contributed the first of a series of letters on hunting, signed "Nimrod."

These letters proved a prodigious success. Written by an educated man of the world, thoroughly versed in his subject, and bold enough to criticise as well as to chronicle, they took the world of sport by storm. The circulation of the magazine doubled itself in two years: its appearance each month was awaited with mingled excitement and trepidation by members of the different hunts, and especially by masters of hounds. Surtees has given us a lifelike sketch of a visit from the great critic, in which there is probably not much caricature. The feelings which agitated the ample bosom of Mr Jorrocks on the eve of the arrival of Pomponius Ego ("Oh, Pigg!—hambition is a frightful, a dreadful thing") must have been experienced by many a master of a provincial pack in days when the tribe of sporting correspondents, now ubiquitous, possessed but a single representative. Nimrod lived in clover and sunshine till Pittman's death in 1827. Then he made an ill-starred venture in farming, which swallowed up all his savings, and, at the age of fifty, retired to that British Alsatia, Calais. But the taste he had created for sporting literature enabled him to keep the wolf from the door: he had hunted with upwards of seventy different packs, and during the rest of his life his well-stored memory kept his pen going, editors and publishers competing for his writings. In 1843 he returned to London in order to be nearer his work; but, as he himself sadly said, it was like the hare doubling back to die in its own country. He expired in the same year at the age of sixty-five. His position in literature has a singular parallel in that of "Billy" Russell of the 'Times.' His first letter to the 'Sporting Magazine' in 1822 found its counterpart in Sir William Russell's first letter from the Crimea in 1854. As Russell

was the first to write from the field of battle, so Apperley was the first to describe in the hunting-field "the image of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent of its danger." It would be hard to say which parent has had the more numerous progeny.

Nimrod's most typical work, and perhaps his best, consists of three articles contributed from Calais to the 'Quarterly Review,' and published in one volume, entitled 'The Chase, the Road, and the Turf.' Of these, the first—containing the famous "Quarterly Run"—is still a *locus classicus:* greatly as sporting correspondents do now abound, copiously and dexterously as they write, this paper has never been excelled for vivid portraiture, crowded incidents, and faithful details. Not the least remarkable feature of fox-hunting is the little change that has come over it in sixty years. Shooting has undergone wholesale revolution. Place Colonel Hawker or Mr Coke of Holkham some August morning in a box on a Yorkshire moor with three breech-loaders and a couple of loaders; how would they acquit themselves when the birds began to come? Or set Tom Stoddart, or his rival Stewart — the Practical Angler *par excellence* — beside a Hampshire chalk-stream on some blazing, breathless summer noon, what report would they make of the mental state of one who should try to catch trout under such conditions? But in fox-hunting there has been no development. Foxes run the same lines as of yore; hounds have not been bred faster or more level than Mr Osbaldeston's; the condition of hunters is no better understood at Melton (though the science is more generally diffused in provincial stables), and the principles are the same as those prescribed by Nimrod, who first expounded them in print; even the sportsman's dress, with one exception, has been redeemed of late years from the decadence of cutaway coats and crinkled "accordion" boots, which fell to John Leech's lot to portray, and the unseen but inexorable Arbiter of Costume has decreed the restoration of the straight, unwrinkled leg, the short top, and squarely set spur. In two respects only is there anything striking to distinguish the hunting exquisite of to-day from his predecessor in the reign of William IV. Alken's illustrations to 'The Chase' show that in Leicestershire scarlet swallow-tail coats were *de rigueur* in the field,—"Snob," the gallant provincial, who goes so well during the first part of the great run from Ashby Pasture, being the only one in the crowd depicted in the heavy square-tailed frock in vogue at the present day. The breeches, too, were still worn skin-tight, such as it is reported required four valets to shake George IV. into. Trivialities these, perhaps, but the only costumes on which it becomes a man to bestow conscious care are hunting dress and military uniform. Solecism or slovenliness in either is unpardonable.

The fact is, fox-hunting and mail-coaches reached their meridian just at the period when, by a happy chance, Nimrod became their *vates sacer.* Mail-coaches were under sentence of death, which renders Nimrod's description of them beyond price: one of the strangest points in our civilisation is that fox-hunting continues to be conducted on precisely the same lines, though swarming towns and noisy pits have encroached sorely on its favourite pastures, railways profaned the

choicest vales, and barbed wire interposed a novel and treacherous hazard to pursuit. Getting to cover is, in truth, the one point in modern practice which would strike Nimrod as unfamiliar could he revisit his beloved Leicestershire. He mentions, as an extraordinary performance, that Sir Francis Burdett once travelled all the way from London to Melton, in order to ride his favourite hunter Sampson *one day* with hounds, and it is clear that he could not imagine anything more expeditious or luxurious than the system of going to cover which had been perfected in his day :—

"In no one instance has the modern varied from the ancient system of hunting more than in the hour of meeting in the morning. With our forefathers, when the roost cock sounded his clarion, they sounded their horn ; throwing off the pack so soon as they could distinguish a style from a gate. . . . Compared with the luxurious ease with which the modern sportsman is conveyed to the field—either lolling in his chaise-and-four, or galloping along at the rate of twenty miles an hour on a hundred-guinea hack—the situation of his predecessor was all but distressing. In proportion to the distance he had to ride by starlight were his hours of rest broken in upon ; and, exclusive of the time which that operation might consume, another serious one had to be provided for —this was, the filling his hair with powder and pomatum until it could hold no more, and forming it into a well-turned knot, or club, as it was called, by his valet, which cost commonly a good hour's work. The protecting mud-boot, the cantering hack, the second horse in the field, were luxuries unknown to him."

Nimrod proceeds to trace the change which the increased pace of hounds had brought about in the old fashion of hunter : the pace, and the kind of horse which it rendered desirable, have altered not a whit since he penned his precepts. He says that Lord Sefton invented the system of second horseman when he hunted Leicestershire, "when Jack Raven, a light-weight, and son of his huntsman, the celebrated John Raven, huntsman to the still more celebrated Mr Meynell, used to ride one of his thousand-guinea hunters in his wake, to which he changed his seat at the first convenient opportunity." But he talks of the second horseman as having since become a universal institution, riding to points instead of following the hounds, so in that respect, also, sixty years have brought about no improvement. He mentions Mr Childe, of Kinlet Hall, Shropshire, a contemporary of Mr Meynell, as having first set the example of riding up to, as distinguished from labouring after, hounds, which was quickly taken up by the leading members of the Quorn hunt, until "the art of riding a chace may be said to have arrived at a state of perfection quite unknown at any other period of time," and, it may be added, never improved on since. Nimrod, with pardonable pride, points out that this style of riding to hounds had been impossible, but for the general adoption of improved methods of conditioning hunters, which he was the first to expound in print. "The old one," he says, "of turning a horse out to grass in summer, and destroying that condition which it had taken months to procure, is nearly, if not totally, exploded in the studs of all the hard riders of the present day."

There is one point in Nimrod's description of society in the metropolis of fox-hunting which strikes one as unexpected. He quotes from a letter in which "Snob," the hard-riding provincial, is sup-

posed to describe a dinner-party of eight men to which he had been invited by Lord Alvanley, a noted first-flight man and *bon vivant*:—

"'To my surprise, the subject of fox-hunting was named but once during the evening, and that was when an order was given that a servant might be sent to inquire after a gentleman who had had a severe fall that morning over some timber; and to ask, by the way, if Dick Christian came alive out of a ditch in which he had been left with a clever young thoroughbred on the top of him.' The writer goes on to describe an evening in which wit and music were more thought of than wine, and presenting in all respects a perfect contrast to the old notions of a fox-hunting society."

The social code has been relaxed considerably—dangerously, as some say—in the interval since these old days, and it is difficult to imagine hunting men submitting voluntarily to such rigorous exclusion of "shop."

Nimrod's confidence that fox-hunting had been brought to the last degree of perfection has been justified by the experience of two subsequent generations. Equally firmly convinced was he that road travelling was susceptible of no acceleration:—

"Even at the present wonder-working period, few greater improvements have been made in any of the useful arts than in those applied to the system of travelling by land. . . . The fairy-petted princes of the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments' were scarcely transported from place to place with more facility or despatch than Englishmen are at the present moment [1835]. . . . The report given us of Lord Londonderry's speaking in the House of Peers one night, and being at his own house in Durham the next (two hundred and fifty miles off), is astonishing, and was a performance that no other country under the sun could accomplish."

Nimrod was right: it *was* an astonishing performance, probably the utmost that had been or ever could be accomplished through means of horse-flesh, though the journey from King's Cross to Durham is now a matter of less than six hours. Sixty-three years ago the speed of land travelling was still limited by the powers of a horse: a few lines of railway, indeed, had been opened, but few people, if any, foresaw the imminence of the revolution.

"Let the steam-pot hiss till it's hot,
Give me the speed of the tantivy trot!"

sang Warburton derisively; nor could Charles Greville, writing a couple of years later than Nimrod's paper on "The Road," imagine how complete was to be the metamorphosis in our land, our ideas, and our manner of life. In July 1837, he tells us, becoming bored by hearing of nothing but the new Queen and the coming elections, he determined on an experimental trip over the Birmingham and Liverpool Railway, just opened. The fast coach took him from London to Birmingham, 118 miles, in twelve and a half hours (two hours and twenty minutes is the time now by the London and North-Western Railway), where he "got upon the railroad at half-past seven in the morning. Nothing can be more comfortable than the vehicle in which I was put, a sort of chariot with two places, and there is nothing disagreeable about it but the occasional whiffs of stinking air which it is impossible to exclude altogether. The first sensation is a slight degree of nervousness and a feeling of being run away with; but a sense of security soon supervenes, and the velocity is delightful"—said "velocity" being about twenty miles an hour!

Nimrod enlarged with complacency on the recent acceleration of mails on all the principal roads. The Quicksilver, "one of the miracles of the road," ran from London to Exeter, 172 miles, in seventeen hours, a journey which eighty years previously coach proprietors advertised to be performed "safely and expeditiously" in a fortnight. The Great Western and London and South-Western each now undertake to do it in less than four hours.

"To go from London to York—two hundred miles—used to take six days; it now occupies twenty hours!"

The utmost effort of Nimrod's imagination could not have enabled him to realise that three hours and three-quarters would ever suffice, as it does now, for the transit. But, taking the length of the journey into consideration, the most remarkable service on the road was that from London to Edinburgh, four hundred miles, run by the mail in a trifle over forty hours, "and we may set our watches by it at any point of the journey." This was perhaps a greater daily achievement by means of horse-flesh than the seven hours and three-quarters to which the "race to the north" has reduced the journey by steam. To maintain the punctuality of a fast coach such as this, it was necessary to keep a horse for every mile of the ground, reckoning the road one way. The proprietors of the Edinburgh mail, therefore, had to keep four hundred horses fit to go, one horse in four being always in rest, or, in other words, each horse being idle every fourth day. Judge, then, from this of the appalling revolution in a thriving industry implied by the substitution of steam for horse power. This took place, with surprising rapidity too, when coaching was at its utmost development, and an immense amount of capital was locked up in it. Mr Chaplin, the proprietor of five yards in London, had no less than thirteen hundred horses at work in his various coaches, and the two next largest coach proprietors in the metropolis, Messrs Horne and Sherman, had about seven hundred each. On the Brighton road alone twenty-five coaches ran during the summer months, signifying for the service of those fifty-one miles alone the maintenance of about twelve hundred and fifty horses, without reckoning the innumerable posting establishments driving a profitable trade. It is my privilege to reside in a district which was among the latest to be invaded by railways, and I happened to be present when a landed proprietor of the old school was being pressed to subscribe to a projected line in his neighbourhood. He vowed that they might make the railway if they liked, he would not oppose it, but nothing should induce him to contribute a penny towards it.

"But, Sir W——," urged the pertinacious promoter, "when you have a station so near your house, you will be able to do with a pair of carriage-horses less."

"Precisely," replied the baronet, who was passionately fond of horses, "that is what I foresee. Perhaps if you could prove that I should be compelled to keep an additional pair when your precious line is open, I might listen to you."

The coaching system died a lingering — a lamentable death. I can remember something of a few coaches in remote districts which longest escaped strangulation, and memory of those distant days had been sweeter without them. They resembled what Nimrod describes

as the obsolete, old-fashioned coach of *his* boyhood, drawn by dispirited, ill-fed jades over long stages. One of his paragraphs well describes what used to make my blood boil with impotent fury, embittering the joy of returning home for the holidays, and deepening the depression of the schoolward journey:—

"The four-horse whip and the Nottingham whipcord were of no avail over the latter part of the ground, and something like a cat-o'-nine-tails was produced out of the boot, which was jocularly called 'the apprentice'; and a shrewd apprentice it was to the art of torturing, which was inflicted on the wheelers without stint or measure, but without which the coach might have been often left on the road."

No: the last of the road coaches —*corruptio optimi*— disappeared and left none to mourn them: well was it for Nimrod that when he penned his bright exulting paper no presentiment of approaching decadence threw a cold shadow on his page, nothing to dim the zest with which he described the pitch of refinement to which Mr Stevenson, who horsed and drove the Brighton Age, had carried the system:—

"At a certain change of horses on the road, a silver sandwich-box was handed to his passengers by his *servant*, accompanied by the offer of a glass of sherry to such as were so inclined."

Forerunner, this, of the modern luncheon and dinner car, but how much more picturesque!

Nimrod has some interesting reflections on the relation of greatly increased speed to the safety of passengers, and gives good reason for his belief that fast coaches were the safest. For fast work, coaches and harness had to be of the best, horses fresh and sound, coachmen sober and scientific. He gives, as an example, the Worcester mail, once one of the slowest coaches on the road and the oftenest capsized. When Nimrod wrote, it had been made a fast coach, doing an average of ten miles an hour, and was reckoned one of the safest. Smart coachmen, however, had some dangerous affectations, one of which was that they had not time to pin their "ribbons"—*i.e.*, buckle the ends of their reins after a change. If, as happened with the best coachman, a wheel-horse were to drop, he drew the rein through the coachman's hand, and, if not dragged on the ground, started up again with his head loose, which was very likely to cause a smash.

The superior safety of fast work on the road has been reflected in railway experience. Thirty years ago, when the average speed of passenger trains was very much less than at the present day, accidents were of such frequent occurrence that people declared that, to ensure greater safety, it had become necessary to "hang a director." In 1895, out of upwards of one thousand million passengers carried on the lines of the United Kingdom, only five were killed—one in two hundred millions—whereas the number of persons run over and killed in the streets of London in a single year was twenty-five, or about one in a million of the population of the metropolis. Supposing that each individual of the five millions and a half of Londoners walked abroad each day in the year, that would give a total of 2,207,500,000 walkers against 1,000,000,000 travellers by railway, and produces the remarkable inference that, for every mortal risk incurred by a railway passenger, the walker in the streets has to encounter twelve chances of violent death.

There is a slight ambiguity in the title chosen for these highly discursive papers, and it may be well to explain that by "Odd Volumes" it is not intended to convey that the books picked up by this irresponsible hand are of necessity curious or eccentric, but merely that they are "odd" in the sense of haphazard. I have a neighbour whose province it is to write reviews of works on botany and kindred subjects, and some very pretty volumes come to him for criticism. He is an industrious fellow in many ways, and I am afraid he has found it necessary to take precautions against the interruption caused by my frequent informal invasion of his smoking-room and study in working hours, for I observe that the most attractive new books are generally laid in the path of the prowler. One such book I lately found on his table—Dr John Lowe's 'The Yew-Trees of Great Britain and Ireland'[1]—which answered his purpose admirably, because, on taking it up (and who could resist taking a book so sweetly bound in glossy yew-green?), I subsided into innocuous silence. The roar of the streets died away, at least it seemed to do so; but, in fact, it was I who was transported out of hearing — to breezy Surrey downs, to ancient English manor-houses and sleepy churchyards: presently a shower slashed my face in lonely Patterdale, but not for long—five minutes later I was floating where Inch Lonaig reflects its lovely shape in profound Loch Lomond. A short tour in Ireland followed, till I was recalled from enchanted Muckross to my actual prosaic surroundings by my friend rising from his desk and saying—

"A goodish book that, isn't it?"

"Capital," I replied; "I never enjoyed half an hour's reading better."

"Half an hour!" exclaimed my host, who must have been chuckling at the result of his ruse; "more like two hours, and nearly luncheon-time."

It was even so. Such is the charm of an author who is content with a subject he has thoroughly studied and understands, and is content to dispense with picturesque writing.

Yet Dr Lowe's is a melancholy book withal, for some people. Cherished beliefs are having a rocky time in these days. Reflections have been thrown lately on the authenticity of Robert Bruce's spider, and the Ballechin correspondence last year brought about a serious slump in spooks, arising out of the irrepressible candour of certain members of the Psychical Research Society. And here comes Dr Lowe, applying to our sacred yews, with their traditions of immemorial age, the vulgar kind of evidence for which mere police magistrates and men of science stickle, before they will admit anything to the category "proved." Where is this kind of thing to stop, we want to know?

The result of this unromantic system has been to lead Dr Lowe to some terribly iconoclastic conclusions. He exposes the fallacy of De Candolle's theory that the age of a tree of such peculiar growth as the yew can be calculated accurately from the concentric rings of growth in the trunk. Many yews have been freely subjected to pollarding, which disorganises the flow of sap and makes the formation of wood irregular. Again, many of the bulkiest yew trunks are formed by

[1] Macmillan & Co., 1897.

several stems growing together, and, even assuming that each ring indicates a year's growth, the sum of the rings in these compound stems does not represent the real age of the tree, but something far greater.

Equally prevalent, and still less trustworthy, is the idea that an aged yew-tree is to be reckoned coeval with some ancient building beside which it happens to be growing. It would be quite as rational to calculate the age of wine at a dinner-party by the years of your host. Yet we have the grave and justly esteemed Loudon writing thus about a yew-tree at Muckross Abbey: "As the abbey was in existence and celebrated as a sanctuary in 1180, the tree, which is supposed to be coeval with it, *must* be upwards of 700 years old." Again, he indorses the legend about the yew at Dryburgh, which he mentions as "supposed to have been planted at the time the abbey was founded in 1136." Dr Lowe, unfeeling critic, gives a catalogue of those trees of the age of which there is undoubted historical evidence; fails to find one which can be shown to be much more than 200 years old, and, comparing the bulk of these with that of trees said to be 1500 years old, assigns to them, as the utmost probable limit of their age, some 500 years. In vain will the good people of Chichester point to the yews in Kinglye Bottom, which it is on record were there when the Norsemen drew up their *kyuls* on the beach of Sussex in the ninth century. Dr Lowe coldly shakes his head: all that he can be got to admit is that there *were* yews growing in Kinglye Bottom a thousand years ago. As for the Clontarf yew, under which every patriotic Irishman believes that Brian Boruimh breathed his last after the battle which shattered the Norseman's power in 1014, or the Fortingall yew in Perthshire, reputed to have flourished for 2500 years, he simply mentions them to show how unsafe is the foundation on which popular belief rests.

Now if this sort of thing is allowed to go on, this country, in the opinion of some people, will cease to be worth living in. It is all out as bad as the doubts thrown by an irreverent antiquary on the genuineness of the double-handed sword preserved at Broomhall (is it not?) as that of Robert the Bruce. He showed that double-handed swords were not in use till long after the Bruce had been laid in Dunfermline. Yew-trees are so grave and respectable, they are so regular in attendance at the parish church, their mantle of immutable green is so suggestive of what is all but immortal, that it seems almost blasphemous to hint that they have lent themselves as accomplices to a successful fraud. We relinquish with reluctance our faith in them as living links with a long dead past, and feel disposed to shelter behind the assurance of Tennyson, who seldom, very seldom, went astray in natural history—

> "O not for thee the glow, the bloom,
> Who changest not in any gale,
> Nor branding summer suns avail
> To touch thy thousand years of gloom."

Yet let me not be misunderstood. In natural science it behoves every man to be a very Chadband in stickling for "Terewth." Dr Lowe has made a notable addition to our knowledge, and has earned for his book a place as the standard authority on a very interesting department of woodland lore.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

THE NEW 'DON QUIXOTE.'

'DON QUIXOTE,' the glory of Spain, long since became the whole world's heritage. Though it has not surrendered one jot of its nationality, it is universal as Shakespeare, who carried the blood of Elizabeth's England in his veins, and is yet familiar wherever the printing-press does its work. The Servian and the Pole, the Swede and the Hungarian, may read the masterpiece of Cevantes, each in his own tongue, while Δὸν Κισὸτ has found its place in the literature of modern Greece. But if devotion enforces a claim, then Great Britain is the real country of Don Quixote's adoption, and next after his fatherland his spirit should haunt our shores with the greatest constancy. "I have a kind of a guess," says Cervantes himself, "that there is no nation nor language where my history will not be translated;" and even before these words were penned in lawful pride, the best version of many—the First Part of Thomas Shelton—was already a possession for all time, and had (maybe) inspired Shakespeare to collaborate in 'The History of Cardenio.' Upon Shelton there followed a long line of translators, from Captain Stevens, the reckless and ever-bold, to Mr Ormsby, whose version is the most scholarly of them all. Nor was 'Don Quixote' merely translated; it was so freely imitated, that it seems to have become a part of our literature, and you cannot read it to-day without being haunted by innumerable reminiscences of later works, whose debt is none the less because unacknowledged. But we have done even more for Cervantes than pilfer and translate him; five times has the Spanish text been edited in London, and of these five editions three are assuredly among the noblest monuments yet raised to the memory of the Rueful Knight. The first was published with all possible stateliness by Jacob Tonson in 1738, and tradition has given it the name of Lord Carteret, who is said to have paid for the printing, and devised it as a present for Queen Caroline. But in '38 the Queen was dead, and the dedication to the Condesa de Montijo contains no mention either of the Queen or of Carteret. Indeed no more can be said than that Carteret did pay for the biography wherewith Gregorio Mayans y Siscar prefaced the edition, and it is upon the authority of his son that the legend of Queen Caroline reposes. The second edition, printed in London, if less handsome, was far more valuable than Tonson's. It was nothing less than a scholarly attempt to purify the text, and John Bowle, the country clergyman who undertook the difficult task, proved himself better equipped than the most of his rivals. The third[1] lies before us, in aspect and shape by far the handsomest, in point of scholarship as sound as only good sense and industry can make it.

Surely 'Don Quixote' need not be ashamed of his new dress; for never before was the Knight so gorgeously apparelled. Though

[1] Don Quixote de la Mancha, Primera Edición del Texto restituido con notas y una Introducción par Jaime Fitzmaurice-Kelly y Juan Ormsby. D. Nutt: Londres, 1898.

the book was printed in Edinburgh with all taste and refinement possible, it is still distinguished by the splendid severity of the country which gave it birth. The strong headlines, the perfectly designed page, the strange capitals, just barbarous enough to suggest that their grandparents were cut in wood, suit their character to Spain, and produce no impression of an alien origin. Withal, the design is so simple as to convince the casual spectator that it was arrived at by a stern process of rejection. Much has been heard lately of "artistic" printing, and many hapless experiments have been made. The faults of Caxton, faults which the master would have corrected himself, had not the means been lacking, have appeared virtues to the printing-presses of Hammersmith, and there has been a revival of the Gothic style in books, as costly and inapposite as the revival in architecture to which we owe the Houses of Parliament. The printer forgot that his books were intended to be held in the hand and deciphered by the eye; and, forgetting this, he adorned their covers with troublesome ribbons, and defaced their pages with the heavy black type which afflicts the vision. Worse still, he perplexed the text with repeated borders, and overlaid it with irrelevant designs, until the baffled reader could hardly distinguish between type and decoration. In fact, he produced not books, but bibelots, whose mannerisms were imitated from medieval experiments, and whose costliness drove them from the library into the collector's cabinet. But the newest 'Don Quixote' is free from parade and coxcombry: it is a book for the study, in spite of its elegance; and the first glance proves that it was designed not to illustrate a belated Gothicism, but to flatter the taste of all who admire fine literature appropriately set forth.

Some months before the book was published it was castigated at length by a critic, who had neither seen a single proof-sheet nor knew the intention of the editors. This practice of condemning the labour of years, without sight or examination, is happily new to literature, and is not likely to be followed. But the burden of the over-hasty objection was this: If the fatherland of Cervantes has not chosen to purify the text of its classic, why should Great Britain be troubled? Further, the critic suggests that "the Spaniards will receive the news of the honour intended with at least as much surprise as enthusiasm," and he pictures how great would be our astonishment if we heard that a new text of Shakespeare were printed at Madrid. The objection, unfounded as it is ungenerous, implies an international jealousy which we like to believe does not exist. In literature, as in science, there is no Chauvinism. Scholarship is free of the whole world, and we do not ask of a scholar what is his country; rather, we inquire if he has done his work with accuracy and knowledge. No bounds are set to research; neither mountains nor rivers hinder the march of learning; and while we would double our censure against an editor whose faulty acquaintance with a foreign tongue puts blemishes upon his work, we have no right to brand as a poacher whomsoever makes an incursion into a literature not his own. The proof of all work lies in its accomplishment, and as this sound principle has guided the scholars of the past, so it will guide the scholars of the future.

If Madrid contrived a sounder text of Shakespeare than that produced at Cambridge, the critics of England would be eager to welcome it, especially if that legendary copy, once in the possession of Count Gondamar, and equipped with the notes of a contemporary, were brought to light. Our English critics of Shakespeare, for instance, have not neglected the laborious discoveries of Herr Tycho Mommsen, and his innumerable successors, because they were born across the Channel; and the last life of the poet has been faithfully translated, and loyally approved, though Herr Brandes, its author, does not speak the tongue which Shakespeare writ. Again, what would be thought of Professor Skeat, if he passed over in silence the admirable works of Herr Ten Brink? And shall we obscure the memory of Porson, because he was anxious concerning the text of Euripides, or reproach Professor Jebb, for that he has marvellously illuminated the plays of Sophocles? True, the Greeks of to-day do not speak the language of Aristophanes; but the lapse of centuries does not change a principle, and Homer is still read in modern Athens. Assuredly the study of a foreign masterpiece is rather a mark of respect than an impertinence, and, instead of discussing the nationality of Messrs Fitzmaurice-Kelly and Ormsby, we would discover the plan upon which they have composed their work.

The object of all textual criticism is, of course, to approach as nearly as possible to the words of the author, and in this enterprise each epoch presents its own difficulties. The classics of Greece and Rome have been injured by the inevitable defects of ear and eye which beset the copyists. The literature of the seventeenth century was defaced by the carelessness of printers not yet used to the mechanics of their trade, and by the insouciance of authors, who believed that with the perfected manuscript their work was done. In those brave days there was no interchange of proofs, no castigation of phrases already set in type. On this point ancients and moderns are agreed. Shakespeare not only never blotted a line, but left the editing of his plays to be accomplished, faultily enough, after his death. "Una vez pagados los ingenios del trabajo de sus estudiós," said Lope de Vega, quoted by Mr Kelly, "no tenían acción sobre ellas," and the editors of the Cambridge Shakespeare add their testimony with the assurance that is bred of knowledge. "Indeed we consider it as certain," they write, "that after a MS. had been sent to press, it was seen only by the printers and one or more correctors of the press, regularly employed by the publishers for that purpose;" and when Heminge and Condell offer the plays "cur'd and perfect of their limbes," they mean no more than that they have revised the precious manuscript. It is, indeed, not a little curious that when the masterpieces of the modern world were printed, fresh and free, the technicalities of the press were wholly misunderstood. Spelling, a science among the ancients, was held of no account, and each man wrote his words according to the idiosyncrasy of his ear. Precision, alas! has not brought with it a corresponding entertainment. Our modern works are more diligently printed and less happily inspired; but three centuries ago the author might take a genuine, untrammelled interest in the creation of his brain. The public eye did not

peer into his study, nor did the printer exact revision. He was pursued neither by self-consciousness nor by publicity; he was not then a strange animal to be described and embellished by a curious press; his aspect and habits were not disclosed by the officious reporter to a greedy world; he was not wont to communicate his "plans for the future" to the organs of his trade,—in brief, he was not battered out of all semblance to a man. He did his work with the zest of an artist, and he left the issue to chance.

Nor did Cervantes break away from the habit of his time: he was as careless as the rest, because no opportunity of mechanical diligence was afforded him. Not that he did not cherish a proper admiration of his masterpiece. Like all great men, he knew himself great, and he professed an honourable delight in his own ingenious inventions. "I have merited to be in the press," he writes in his second part, "in all or most nations of the world: thirty thousand volumes of my History have been printed, and thirty million more are like to be, if Heaven permit." But, for all his pride, it is not easy to arrive at the text as he wrote it. When he composed the first part of 'Don Quixote' he was a poor man, living at Valladolid, and he sold his work to one Robles of Madrid, outright and for ever. Now, Robles must have set up his first edition from the manuscript supplied by the author, and it is obvious that the soundest authority whereon to rely is this *editio princeps*, which is removed from Cervantes by one link only. The method, then, of Messrs Fitzmaurice-Kelly and Ormsby is to reprint the first edition, rejecting only evident misprints. Thus they follow in the wake of Mr Aldis Wright, and surely they could not find a better model. At any rate, they are guilty of no impertinence towards their text. They do not resemble those editors of the Procrustean type, who would clip and cut their author to suit the narrow couch of their own intelligence. They are as far asunder as the poles from Hartzenbusch, for instance, who did not scruple to excise what he did not understand, and what did not chime with his own sense of humour. When they have departed from the authority of the first edition, they have exercised the right of correcting an obvious blunder. Of such departures a typical example occurs in the nineteenth chapter, where the sense has been transposed even in the first edition. It is in the celebrated scene with the hapless Bachelor, who, when he goes off, is told by Sancho Panza that the valorous Knight is the famous Don Quixote of Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. In the text as we know it, Don Quixote turns to Sancho and asks for an explanation of the name, which he presently determines to adopt as his own. Whereon there follow these words: "I was forgetting to say that you stand excommunicated for laying violent hands on a holy thing —*juxta illud — si quis suadente diabolo*," &c. "I do not understand Latin," replies Don Quixote; "but I know well that it was this pike, and not hands, that I laid." Now this scrap of dialogue is certainly held between Don Quixote and the Bachelor, who rode off before Sancho began to propound the purport of his notorious title. And it is no small wonder that the later editors, missing the transposition, made the con-

fusion complete. They put the Bachelor's complaint into the mouth of Don Quixote himself, and, botch as they would, the result was nonsense. Now a simple rearrangement of sentences simplifies the whole passage. The accusation of sacrilege, professed by the Bachelor, precedes Sancho's discourse upon the Rueful Countenance, and the perplexity of a dozen editors is thus easily resolved. How the mistake arose is (and will remain) uncertain. Perhaps Cervantes had scribbled the snatch of dialogue in the margin, and so deceived the printer; but, whatever the cause, the confusion was made, and it is the modern editor's duty to resolve these obvious blunders of a not too intelligent press.

But for the most part, Messrs Kelly and Ormsby are properly conservative. They acknowledge, as all must, that a perfect text is a sheer impossibility—since the manuscript does not exist, and since printers were not in the seventeenth century the marvels of accuracy and keen sight which they appear to-day. But their wisdom in putting faith in the first edition is amply proved by an illustrious example. In the second and all subsequent editions it is set forth —in the twenty-third chapter— that Sancho's Dapple was stolen by the ungrateful, ungracious ruffian, Ginés de Pasamonte. On this point the first edition is silent, and the interpolation involves Cervantes in a dozen contradictions. Not only does Sancho ride away ten lines later on, but the very same chapter contains three references to the Dapple, whom the second edition would have us believe is already stolen. Again, three times does Dapple bow beneath the weight of Sancho in the twenty-fifth chapter, and, above all, in two passages of the Second Part Cervantes expressly repudiates this incident of the theft. Thus, for instance, he declares that "some found fault, and craftily taxed the author's memory, in that he forgot to tell who was the thief that stole Sancho's Dapple, for there is no mention there, only it is inferred that he was stole." Now, the first edition is not only harmonious with itself—it does no violence to the plain assertion set forth in the Second Part. How, then, did the interpolation creep into all the subsequent editions? Was it the printer improving his manuscript? Or was it that Cervantes sent a hasty note to Robles that the theft of Dapple might be explained? The point remains a mystery, and the acceptance of either alternative involves a difficulty. If we suppose that the printer embellished his author (and to this probability leans) we surrender Sancho's lament over his lost beast,—no great surrender, indeed, since the sentiment rings false and is out of character, —and we save the consistency of the text. One point only is left in doubt. How did the printer foretell that it was the author's intention to make Ginés de Pasamonte the thief? For that he was the thief is not otherwise disclosed until the Second Part. On the other hand, if we accept the reading of the second edition, we must convict the author of plain and repeated inconsistency. Yet, weighing all the evidence, we are compelled to agree with Mr Kelly that the version of the first edition is correct, and that the interpolation of the second is the work of a printer's reader. Possibly Cervantes may have told Robles, by letter or otherwise, that he intended Ginés de Pasamonte to steal the ass, and professed for the moment to keep the secret.

However, this is an example of the discussion raised by a comparison of the texts, in which comparison Mr Kelly proves himself not only an admirable scholar but a critic of rare taste and judgment.

But it will be asked, How is it that the early editors of 'Don Quixote' received this interpolation without doubt or question? The answer is easy: they did not know that the *princeps* existed. The fact that the year 1605 saw two editions befogged their judgment, and it was John Bowle who first called attention to the real *princeps*, and he had never the good fortune to examine it. The same incurious negligence has pursued the editors in their consideration of the third edition, which was printed in 1608, and which for many years has been invested with the authority of Cervantes himself. And here it is that the new editors have done their author the most signal service. Like the true conservatives they have proved themselves, they have passed over this third reprint, and harked back to the edition set directly and without intervention from the author's own copy. That this simple method should now be followed loyally for the first time is almost incredible. It seems so easy to revert to the printed copy which, however imperfect, is removed from the author by the smallest interval. But, as we have said, the old commentators, confused by the fact that the year 1605 saw two editions, did not distinguish between the *princeps* and the hasty reprint, which thwarted the pirates of Barcelona and Lisbon. Moreover, the third edition worse confounded the confusion. For Pellicer invented the legend that this text had benefited by Cervantes' own correction, and possessed an authority denied even to the *princeps*. In 1608, the year of the third printing, Cervantes was in Madrid—at least, so says Pellicer; wherefore it is plain that, being jealous of his reputation, he must have corrected the proofs of this new edition. Now, the argument would be unsound, even if proof-correction was not a practice unknown in the early seventeenth century. For, suppose we admit the impossible, it must still be shown not only that Cervantes was at Madrid in 1608, but that he had reserved to himself a permanent interest in the creation of his brain. Now, while on the one hand it is certain that Cervantes sold his masterpiece to Robles, the bookseller of Madrid; on the other there is very little evidence that Cervantes was in the capital in 1608. Pellicer's argument, indeed, is a masterpiece of mixed reasoning. Cervantes must have corrected his third edition, writes the Spanish critic, because he was at Madrid when the book was passing through the press. But, again he declares, Cervantes was plainly at Madrid in 1608, because in that year he corrected his third edition! Such an argument needs no refutation, and some better reason must be produced before we believe that Cervantes set a new fashion in the revision of proofs.

The project of Messrs Fitzmaurice-Kelly and Ormsby, then, is amply justified, and students of 'Don Quixote' may at last read Cervantes' masterpiece in the shape wherein it first appeared to the world, while those who are curious concerning variants and conjectures will find all these wild-fowl snared in the footnotes. Above all, the editors have been zealous in preserving the purity of their chosen text. They

have admitted no correction, "where there was a reasonable possibility that Cervantes might have written what is given in the *Editio Princeps*," and in the rare cases which imperatively demand correction, they have admitted such conjectures as involve the fewest changes of words or letters. In one point only we are disposed to quarrel with them. The spelling has been modernised throughout, save only in the Knight's speeches, and in the burlesques of knight-errantry. Now, of course the spelling adopted in the first edition does not represent the spelling of Cervantes. For, plainly, Cervantes had no more pedantry in the matter than Shakespeare himself. At the same time, a system of orthography represents its epoch as clearly as an obsolete taste in bookbinding; and while an ancient sheepskin is the most appropriate covering for certain whimsical masterpieces, there are books which we would not see reduced to the expressionless uniformity of modern spelling. The old habit, in truth, is another coat of local colour, which does something to increase the illusion. Even Messrs Fitzmaurice-Kelly and Ormsby are not secure in their belief, and by respecting their author whenever the Knight opens his mouth, they acknowledge a vague intention. However, the editors of the Cambridge Shakespeare fight upon their side, and the question, after all, is not essential. Only we cannot rid ourselves of the superstition that uniformity of spelling has been followed by uniformity of thought, and there are authors, such as Shakespeare and Cervantes, who should be habited in motley.

Cervantes, then, is now set forth more sumptuously than ever before; and richly he deserves it. The highest tributes that can be paid an author are noble type, noble binding, and scholarly editing. Even the heroes of old time, careless as they were of their own books, are possibly gratified in the shades by the diligence of editors and the enterprise of publishers. And what honour is too great for Cervantes, who has enchanted three centuries, and who invented a new literature? Writers there are, large and puissant as the elements, who give you no more sense of material difficulty than the rolling sea. Their phrase is so closely interwoven with their thought, that you cannot separate the acts of writing and thinking. You would as soon analyse the wind as undo the structure of their sentences. Compare for an instant Marlowe and Shakespeare. The untutored grandeur, the lavish magnificence of 'Tamerlane' may affright the reader, but it does not puzzle him. The mystery is easily solved, and you can approach the method whereby the ultimate effect was attained. Shakespeare, on the other hand, seems to compose not with his pen, the painful fashioner of words, but with his brain, the ceaseless begetter of ideas. His plays are not written, they are thought upon paper. In Marlowe's works there is the greater effort, the more instant result. But Shakespeare has wrought a miracle, vague and elemental, which only the commentator would explain away. And Cervantes is of Shakespeare's race: he, too, is a worker of miracles; he, too, wrote with his brain, and left to the after-ages a new world which may not be judged or questioned, but which claims from all a baffled admiration.

In the common judgment he was not fortunate. Even fame

arrived wellnigh too late for enjoyment, and the gift which converts talent into money was never his. Yet he rewarded the neglect of his fellows with an inestimable treasure, and, having amused himself, he recked not of his prodigality. In one respect his career resembles that of Henry Fielding, great among his greatest pupils. He spent many laborious years trafficking with the theatre and with pamphleteers, and in declining life won immortality by what appears a hazard to the superficial. But in reality 'Don Quixote' was the fruit of experience and a well-remembered youth. The men he drew, priests and footpads, barbers and innkeepers, knights and lovers—he had known them all, and had chopped jests with them in prison or on the highway, on his own countryside or the street-corners of Madrid. Cervantes himself designed the book for all ages. "He is so conspicuous and void of difficulty," he wrote, "that children may handle him, youth may read him, men may understand him, and old men may celebrate him." And even if it takes a man to understand this wonderful book, an eternal youthfulness is its dominant character. The author was near seventy when the Second Part was published; yet all is of a piece, and all is young. The sun shines, the wind blows upon the page. As you read, you are in the open air, trudging on foot across the rocky Sierra or traversing the bleak plains of La Mancha. The spirit of adventure is ever quick and ever fresh. He who accompanies Don Quixote knows not whether he will spend to-morrow night in a strange inn or on the mountain-side. But he feels the keenest joy of all, the joy of uncertainty, which never deserts the lover of the highroad and the fervent of romance. 'Don Quixote' is not for the stay-at-home, the prophet of routine; he must still be at his ventures, though the helmet of Mambrino is a barber's bason, and though windmills are the proper victims of his victorious lance. But he is something more than an adventurer: his enterprises are not mere battles of the strong, he fights also in the realm of intelligence; and he is distinguished from the other picaroons of his country in this, that he not only acts, he thinks, and provokes in others a ceaseless medley of thought. For Cervantes is related not only to Hurtado de Mendoza but to Rabelais, and Pantagruel is nearer akin to his creation than Lazarillo del Tormes, while in Sancho does there not lurk a suspicion of the sound sense and sharp satire of Panurge himself? Above all, Don Quixote is placed by his strong, wholesome, unfailing humour high above all the picaroons who were ever sent a-tramp in Spain. The humour, being Spanish, is touched with gravity, and even with melancholy, when the satire is keenest; but there is no lack of the rough-and-tumble, which in all ages as in all countries has been accepted for fun; and Sancho, despite his Spanish descent, is the friend of all men. And because the purpose of the book is plain and simple, it has pleased the pedants to twist its meanings and to pervert its characters, until its author has fared more hardly at the hands of those clairvoyant critics, who see light in brick walls and perversity everywhere, than Rabelais, Swift, or Shakespeare himself. An Irish bishop once declared that 'Gulliver's Travels' was "full of improbable lies, and that he hardly believed a word of it." A similar lack of humour has plagued Cer-

vantes. The common folly has been to expound 'Don Quixote' as a romance with a key, and to leave neither personage nor episode unexplained. The Knight himself has been the rueful victim of a hundred base interpretations, and doubtless his torturers have further monstrosities in store for him. The Duke of Medina Sidonia, Charles V., the Duke of Lerma — these are some of the heroes for whom Don Quixote has been bidden to masquerade, and no less a critic than Landor saw in the book "the most dexterous attack ever penned against the worship of the Virgin." But Cervantes was at once too simple and too great for the performance of such tricks as are imputed to him. His book had a twofold purpose: to satirise the extravagance of Knight-errantry, and to portray two men — Don Quixote and his Squire — whom he had vividly realised and fashioned absolutely. When his hand is upon them, it never falters, it is incapable of failure. As the Knight is drawn in the first chapter, so he remains "until, amidst the wailful plaints and blubbering tears of the bystanders, he yielded up the ghost." He is misguided sometimes, and always a gentleman. The interludes fall into their place and help the action; but it is when the stage is cleared, and Don Quixote is left alone with his Squire, that the genius of their creator is most brilliantly displayed. Sancho's peasant humour is the most admirable foil to the confused and intricate subtlety of his master, while his faith in the legendary island is almost as loyal and touching as Don Quixote's belief in the glorious duty of knights-errant. And the strange truth is, that in this book of laughter there are tears also; there are passages for all moods and all temperaments, which should ensure eternal gratitude and respect for the country which gave Cervantes birth. For whatever be the destiny of Spain, her sons have accomplished such tasks as make her fame as secure as the fame of Greece. They have been the Knights-errant of literature and of art; they have proved that chivalry of thought and manner are fairer ornaments to a nation than pig-iron or pickled pork. Wherever paint is set upon canvas, there is acknowledged the grave and polished supremacy of Velasquez; wherever romance is cherished and the sound of laughter is heard, there the Knight of the Rueful Countenance is a noble example. From Spain 'Don Quixote' has passed into all the literatures of Europe, into our own among the rest; and this latest edition, which does honour to the intelligence and enterprise of editors and publisher alike, is a handsome confession of the debt owed by Great Britain to the memory and the masterpiece of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

THE LOOKER-ON.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR, ITS ILLUSIONS AND THEIR EXPLANATION — THE DUTY AND THE BEAUTY OF GIVING IN — UNVEILING OF THE CUBAN PATRIOT — THE LATEST THING IN RAGES — MR WINTERLEY'S COMMUNICATION: HIS VIEWS ON THE MORALS OF SOCIETY.

Reasons of State, the higher expediencies, impose their august restraint upon the on-looker when he would speak of the Spanish-American war; and other and loftier influences appear to be at work to the same effect. No one could have lived on English ground in the last three months without being aware of some all-pervading unformulated Virtue, superior to the known ones, which seems to have come from heaven on purpose to regulate our thoughts and feelings at the present juncture. It is a hushing Spirit, such as Sir Edward Burne-Jones would have drawn with a finger close pressed upon the lips, and perhaps with a wise though not unworldly eye looking askance from under a darkening hood. Whatever its place of origin, we all feel that it is not only a judicious but a good Spirit, working in us for righteousness beyond the common and on the largest scale; our confidence in it being strangely undisturbed, though it does teach us to look at things as we do not see them, to speak of them not always according to understanding, and to suppress sentiments which we should call just, honest, wholesome, but for the veto of this instructor from on high.

Veto on their expression, I mean; for just as some gases remain innocently unexplosive until they mix with air, so some feelings are considered harmless as long as they are withheld from publicity. Under stress of the commoner obligations, such as fairness, most of us find it hard to keep some things down. But we do keep them down, in obedience to the good Spirit which is so obviously right in telling us that 'twill be much the best to do so; and, in like manner, some other things have our entire acquiescence in pretending to be what they certainly are not. Were there an accessible wilderness to which we could retire *en masse*, and there, unheard by any other people, breathe out to each other a few natural thoughts that might honestly have way, what a relief it would be! But that is impossible. Thoughts that might honestly have way, and *should* honestly have way, must be suppressed, — though no harm ought to arise from their expression. The American war against Spain may have the most beneficent consequences, even though it had a bad origin. Both things may be believed by the same mind at the same time; but only one must be uttered, and that the first named. Inasmuch as Spain and her fighting men were unfortunate, half-armed, over-matched, overcrowed —— but this won't do. As nearly as possible, everything that appears in English print about the Spanish-American war must be as if written and printed in the United States.

Yet it is possible to say without danger of wrong-doing, perhaps, that no conflict (so to call it) was ever so little like war and so much like a dream. There was a large setting forth, all on the grander

scale, and not as to a mere expedition. A hundred millions have been spent upon it, which is the cost of a very considerable thing in wars. The time occupied was no less than would probably suffice to settle any great European duel in these days. It went on and on, and the usual terms are applied to its great events: crushing defeat, brilliant victory, glorious triumph, conquest. Its chronicles speak of splendid achievements by land, and of sea-fights that rank with the most memorable in the history of the world. And as the chroniclers write the whole people seem to believe—illusion being common to all and quite complete. For when we look to what these achievements are, we cannot find any fighting by sea and only one engagement by land, and that doubtfully victorious. That on these occasions officers and men showed themselves eminently capable of winning great victories in hard warfare is true; but that is not and never was the question. The remarkable thing is an illusion of great historic triumphs where there was nothing of the kind; nor any opportunity, no, nor even a possibility, of achieving glorious victories.

I look back to my saying, a few lines above, that there was no fighting by sea, feeling compunctious and meaning to soften the word. But (if the good reader will believe it) the word stares me in the face with a hard and challenging eye, compelling acknowledgment that it should stand. For what is meant by a fight? What do soldiers and seamen understand by a fight? Anything like that business in Cavite Bay? It was a business that had to be done; but it was the pounding to pieces of so many indefensible ships, manned by brave men whose desperation signified nothing to the party of attack. That is not a fight—no one can call it so; or else it is a fight when two of the keeper's dogs fall upon a starving terrier in a hedgerow. There was a larger look of conflict when Admiral Cervera was taken; but there again it was not, and could not be, a stand-up fight upon anything like terms of equality. The Spaniards may have reason to be ashamed that their ships were no better armed and in no better trim; but had they been in a condition ten times worse, their destruction could hardly be reckoned as a sea-fight, and still less accounted a glorious victory. With these two operations, however, the naval history of the war begins and ends. The one land-battle was the engagement before Santiago, fought on both sides with high courage, and by the Americans with the tenacity that will make of them a great military nation when they are in full training under modified forms of government. But it was no victory, as the American general acknowledged next day in the language of alarm; and within a few days more his whole force had before it the prospect of incapacitation by disease.

Yet the illusion of a singularly glorious campaign, of such triumphs by sea and land as will naturally go for record with the victories of Marlborough and Nelson, is cherished in all sincerity by the whole American population. So, at least, there is every reason to believe; and if rightly believed, there must be something to account for it which is well worth looking into. It can be no trifle that works so strange an effect upon a people which particularly prides itself on seeing things as they are; and a right understanding of it would

probably enlighten expectation when it turns to the future course of affairs in a transformed United States. Had I to find out the secret, I should look to the longing for distinction in arms which I am persuaded is one of the strongest forces now at work in the American mind. It is not a desire that can be readily avowed, but there it is; and being so covetous a desire, there could be no contentment with such a war as this one actually and indubitably is. From the Santiago surrender (at which point we write) it is not likely to change its character, even if it goes any farther; and at this point there is not a single great passage in it. The American rank and file are indomitable fighters, and wherever there was a chance for individual courage and devotion an aspirant was found on the spot; but there were no other chances. Among the American commanders there may be men in whom the old Dutch seamen or our own historic captains might have had their match; but where there is no call for supreme skill it remains unexercised. The declared object of the war is within grasp; the war itself is virtually over; but with little that looks like meeting and fighting, no great stroke of war, no achievement of sufficient distinction to carry a name. All that this really means is that the Spaniards were unable to make a stand. They had provided their own defeat, or perhaps it was hastened by the exhaustion of contending with a revolt that was supported from America for years. Any way, however, the result is the same: a successful war singularly devoid of what was wanted most—the glory of great deeds of arms.

Seeing these things as they are would be intolerable to American eyes, but so they are not and have never been seen. An inner spirit, a possession—not like that which transfigured the windmills, but resembling it—glorifies every incident of the war as it comes into view. The same craving which turned the Manila affair into a naval triumph of the first order makes the whole campaign a tale of brilliant conquest. Of such a state of mind, moderation in the hour of victory, yearning for peace, gladness to return to it, willingness to grant it on self-denying terms, are not the natural products. They are talked of (much more here than there, however), but they are improbable. Not yet has the American Republic come to the end of the romance it embarked upon with the attack on Spain, nor will it if this chapter closes with the acquisition of every Spanish colony.

As soon as these colonies were threatened with capture, submission to the loss of one of them, or perhaps two, was earnestly pressed upon Spain as a cheap means of peace. The promise in this counsel was partly founded on the generosity of the American Government, but mostly on a careful piece of calculation—to wit, that the surrender of much without fighting would probably obviate the loss of more after a painful effusion of blood. Nearly all this advice was English, and admirable. It did appear in French at a later date; but the earliest, most frequent, most convincingly argumentative, was that which flowed from the English press. The uselessness of contending against a Power so manifestly superior; the mere common-sense, when challenged by such a Power, of surrendering on favourable terms what the bloodiest battle is unlikely to secure;

the cruel absurdity of wasting life and treasure in defeat for honour's sake; the probably irrecoverable loss of trade by a bootless suspension of peace; the true courage and true wisdom of cutting dependencies adrift when your hold on them seems no longer sure,—how sagacious these arguments are, and how appropriate to the case of Spain! Yet, being no more reasonable than mankind in general, I diet on such wisdom with so foolish a stomach that I cannot keep it down. Appropriate as it is to the Spaniard's case, I even wish in moments of paroxysm that it had been served up to him in smaller quantity and at more distant intervals, or else in a different language. I *know* it is right that he should have this Wisdom of the Moderns before his antique mind, to take or to leave. If it did not occur to him to put the question to himself when the war began, he should in kindness have been asked once, twice, thrice, whether he really thought himself able to put in practice the lesson learnt from the Dutch at a memorable period, and perhaps also (a little) from ourselves when the Armada sailed. But so much having been done, I think he should have been left to settle a matter of this sort for himself.

Qualms arise, too, with the reflection that this sagacious teaching is not for Spaniards alone. Indeed it could not be the unimpeachable thing it is were it not catholic. Being what it is, it is as imperative for one nation as another when placed in similar conditions. Now we have lately heard a great deal of the possibility, the not-unlikelihood, of a great European coalition to redistribute the colonial possessions of Great Britain. A Cabinet Minister has said as much, and he one of the inner Cabinet too; so that we cannot consider ourselves safe from such a plot. Now in that case, of course, Great Britain would not be to Europe what Spain is relatively to the United States. But the combination would be enormously strong; it would certainly go to work upon our colonies in several directions, and at one and the same time; it might have successes, perhaps of considerable magnitude; and then ——? Why then comes the question, *At what point* would the beautifully accurate reasoning addressed to Spain be our own guide to giving in?

He must be a fine philosopher of an Englishman whose heart does not sink at the thought of such a question; but it won't do —we must be led by reason. Here (being no philosopher myself) I take up a hugeous bundle of leading articles cut from all the great newspapers in country and town, glancing through them again. There's no mistake—they are perfect; and so calmly do they reflect the light of a teaching too simple to admit of variation, that they are like a string of pearls matched to the point of indistinguishable difference. And they are also alike in proving not only the fatuity of shrinking from the resolution commended to Spain, but that prompt and early adoption of it may be expected of British common-sense if ever the time comes to show that we are no Quixotes and point-of-honour men in these islands.

Indeed, these weighty articles make it plain that, in circumstances not inconceivable, it would be the duty of English newspapers to protest against any fighting at all. By circumstances not inconceivable is meant a state of things

in which, despite the vast strength of England considered absolutely, her relative power of resistance would compare with that of Spain. *Compare* with that of Spain: I say no more than that, and speak only of what is possible. But barely conceivable things do happen. No longer ago than the earlier months of this year, the best informed and most long-headed Americans had no idea of the "wave of Imperialism" which was about to transform the policy, the history, and even the remarkable institutions, of their country. No dream of its approach entered their heads until, on the arrival of a certain mail from a British port, they were informed of it in a few cool pages of 'Maga.' And *then* they would not believe. In eight weeks from that date the whole country was flooded with the wave of Imperialism; and the latest news is that the old order is entirely submerged and imperialised away. That is how great events happen: the incredible, but still the possible, comes true.

We put the case, then, that there is a settled and strong combination of the Continental Powers against England for spoil beyond sea: a combination which the thoughtful articles under my hand here would much encourage. In it there are at least three active Powers, with as many more in the guise of benevolent neutrality. Approaching Japan—an entirely unprejudiced and cross-bench Government—the leading spirits of the league convince that adventurous naval Power that undoubtedly it ought to take a fourth hand in the game. A noisy but influential minority in the United States cannot see why American fathers should sacrifice their sons in order that England may retain, not her liberties, but her plunder. That is the situation—that or something like it—which puts England in almost as desperate a case as Spain seemed to be when war was forced upon her by the United States. The game begins: we see that there is no mistake about it. Russia marches a hundred thousand men to the Afghan frontier; France begins operations nearer home; all four set to work in the Pacific, and combine to take every means of raising the price of wheaten bread in England, as smartly as possible, to half-a-crown a loaf. That done, every argument addressed to Spain with so much propriety is law for ourselves. As reasonable beings, it now becomes us also to recognise the wisdom of peaceably resigning part rather than put ourselves to pain in endangering all. The Spanish error is demonstrable, and of such a character that there is no more sense in committing it by halves, for any reason, than in persisting in it to the fatal and absurd extreme. The case is before us, and it is our own. We know that resistance, while murderous and expensive in its consequences for ourselves, will naturally oblige our foes to extend their operations and enlarge their demands. We know that what they might take by amicable arrangement to let us alone will be doubled or trebled if we impose on them the sacrifice in men and material necessary to overcome an attempted defence. And therefore, as soon as our unfortunate position is clearly ascertained, we determine that there shall be no fighting at all if we can help it. The press speaks out; and again, but with even more cordial assent, we read in 'Times,' 'Post,' 'News,' 'Chronicle,' 'Stan-

dard,' 'Courier,' 'Examiner,' 'Mercury,' 'Gazette,' the sagacious counsels——

Do we? Not a bit of it. Nobody would look at them. Perfect as they are, they would be flung aside for others infinitely better, though not half as reasonable. And then, in retrospect, we should make allowances for the Spaniards, finding ourselves going almost as far as they in unwillingness to give in.

The American Republic might have passed by stages from the old order of seclusion into the new career of adventure, which would have been the more promising way: it has done so with a leap and a plunge. It might have been shifted from the one policy to the other by presence from without — by quarrel with European States, for example: the plunge was voluntary. Since it was voluntary, most people assume that there is an open choice of going on or turning back: there is no such choice. And the plunge is a plunge at once into deep and troublesome waters.

Popular enthusiasm for the new departure would of course forbid all thought of return to the old system, however much President, and Secretary, and Senate might regret the moving from it. But even though there were no such enthusiasm at all, the Republic would be unable to resign the honours and obligations of colonial empire. It cannot be done, because, the Spanish Government being violently ousted from Cuba and the Philippines on account of its vileness, it would be impossible either to give up those islands to worse government or to leave them in anarchy. The war started upon an idea (believed among ourselves to be the right one) of establishing a native administration in Cuba under the guidance of the heroic spirits who had fought so long for independence. Discovery is now made—but without apology to Spain for previous mistake—that doing so would be to replace a government of oppressive and corrupt idlers by a government of plunderers and cut-throats. A wave of conviction on that point has passed through the whole American army on the spot. The Cubans most concerned wish to make out that the conviction is affected for the purpose of disguising American bad faith and rapacity; but there can be no doubt whatever that it is perfectly genuine and fully warranted. It is sudden, but in every way sincere. As the Cuban insurgents were to the Spaniards, so they are to their American liberators—except, perhaps, that the Spaniards hated and the Americans loathe. Now they recall what was said of these gentry by one of the wisest and most courageous of American politicians when the United States went to their assistance. "Who are the real insurgents?" asked Mr Phelps; and he then described them as "mere guerillas and bandits, who have been carrying on what they call warfare by crimes which are not recognised as war in any civilised country — by destroying the homes and industries of the people of the island not in arms, until it has become a desolation. Their force is made up of Cubans, negroes, renegades, and adventurers of all sorts from the United States and elsewhere. Can it be claimed to be the office of humanity to drive out the established government of the island, and to turn over the population to the tender mercies of such a band as this?" Mr Phelps also said that the insurrection "run" by these

guerillas and bandits would have perished long ago had it not been supported and supplied from the United States—"the only source from which the insurrection has been kept alive." If so, the United States will have to put down at one expense what was set up at another. Mr Phelps's question has been answered. On no account can the patriotic party be allowed any share in the government of Cuba. Whatever the original design, nothing remains but firm and direct American administration, with as much help from the Spanish inhabitants as can be hoped for after the expulsion of Spanish rule. This help may be much or little—at first and at best, perhaps, barely enough to countervail the hostility of the insurgent patriots, who are said, at the time we write, to contemplate active measures against foreign domination.

In Manila we see much the same state of things in fact or in prospect. There also the insurgents are of indifferent character, Admiral Dewey being obliged to swear them off from massacre and the like as a preliminary condition of working with them. The Spaniards expelled, a similar difficulty as to rights of government may arise here, as in Cuba; so that there is a considerable likelihood that in both places the Americans will have to deal not with a population grateful to its liberators, but with a malcontent people well practised in rebellion who think themselves tricked into a change of masters. It was not to be regulated by United States marshals that the Cuban "chiefs" kept the field so long, nor for the pay and rations supplied to them during that period. Their hearts were in the extermination of the Spaniards and in succeeding to their property and places, which is what makes the Americans so angry with them now. As for Manila, the story that Aguinaldo proposed a bargain with the Spanish Governor to turn out the Americans and set up a republic under the protection of Spain is doubtless true to the state of things there, if not entirely accurate. And Aguinaldo, who has been acting most successfully on his own account—at any rate independently—has pretensions and a position that must be taken seriously.

From all this it appears that foreign interference, which in the prevalent American mood would not be without its gratifications, is by no means needed to fill the hands of the Republic with imperial business from the hour of starting in that line. Not that foreign interference, seriously hostile, is at all likely. But the very late though very complete discovery by the Americans that their allies the Cuban patriots are what they are, and *were* what they are all the years when they were supported in rebellion against the Spanish Government, must be expected to increase a sympathy with Spain which has been more common than outspoken all along. I say, may be expected, but that consequence will probably come out pretty strongly before these pages are read.

* * *

"Dear Mr Looker-on,—It was not gaiety but music that drew me to town again in the better half of the month of June, which is the latter half, and the very time when no one who loves the country for his own delight should be away from its fields and gardens. By music I mean certain high per-

formances at Covent Garden Theatre; but fear not that I propose to pour forth about them. No, no. I am myself too sick of the outpour, and besides have an oath against it. At midnight on the 1st of July, being then alone in my lodgings in Half-Moon Street, with a lighted candle at the four corners of an open score of 'Don Giovanni,' and with my right hand on the page where begins that noble part of it which lovers of the opera seldom wait to hear, I swore never to breathe a word to mortal soul about Wagner's music till the Wagner epidemic tires itself out. After that, of course, my oath will be easy keeping; for when this poor foolish chatter drops—as we foreknow it will, and drop in disgust—none but hardened and recluse virtuosi will listen to the sound of Wagner's name.

"What a Mr Buckle or a Mr Herbert Spencer might say about it of course I do not know; but to an old Charles Winterley it seems that mankind must needs have its rages, like the atmosphere it breathes in, and that if civilisation makes these rages milder it makes them oftener. The crazes of our time and country are small but incessant, lively but never lasting long; and of course they are most common in matters of taste and virtu. 'Chatter about Harriet,' chatter about Botticelli, chatter about Blake, about Ibsen, and lastly, as one of a dozen in as many years, chatter about Wagner. A little cloud in the shape of a frown fleets across my letter-paper, informing me that you don't like that insidious word 'chatter.' I admit, then, that it *is* a wicked little word, and should not stand alone. It should be linked to a gentler one. Appreciation? No, that will not do: appreciation is too deep, too sober and precise to suit the occasion. Enthusiasm? Yes, enthusiasm may be accepted *nem. con.*, because there is such a thing as hysterical enthusiasm; and analysis would probably declare that five parts of it in twelve, mixed with three of the genuine sort, account for the preciosity and the screechiness of the Wagner craze. The rest is fashion, which dooms all that it loves to death by exaggerating fondness. In good time, then, Wagner will go the way of Blake and Botticelli; but on a bad day for the great composer, for it is not to be hoped that his shade will ever be content with immortality in moderation. Such genius there rarely is, such vanity there never was.

"I have in my memory a picture of him which might stand as a representation of the Vain Man in his highest ecstasy, which is an ecstasy of triumph and contempt. The picture was taken many years ago at the Albert Hall (I think) in Kensington. As I remember him, Wagner was a very little man, with an enormous head poised in unstable equilibrium on a slender throat. There was a grand performance of his work, he himself conducting; and he probably did it very well, though perhaps not so well as Mottl. A wonderful and famous Ride (I will not name it) was included in the selection, and it was then a new thing to English ears. When this piece ended, the audience burst into a roar of acclamation which the correct ear of the composer knew how to interpret as the rarest and sweetest of all—the roar of delight springing from surprise. A large, a too large but most glorious chair had been set as a throne for the master; and while applause rang around him with a noise as if his own dear trumpets had gone elephant-mad for joy, there he sat, his hands

folded on his knees, his head thrown back, his face beaming on his audience with the triumph which a wandering lutist might feel in passing through a farmyard where every animal knew his skill, each responding after his kind. I know that I did, dropping into silent wonder. And so it was again the other day. But —— can you endure the word 'Baireuth' *once* more? Then I will say that for the full tale of rapture Covent Garden does not suffice. You must either go to Baireuth or else persuade yourself that you have been there. This can be done quite easily at a certain stage of enthusiasm.

"So far as may be judged by an incursionist, the gaiety of the World of Fashion has not been damped for a moment by the whisperings in private and the preaching in public against its morality. That famous article in the 'Times' did make a stir, no doubt, but who cared? Some professional gentlemen here and there, we may suppose, but how many of the ladies who were to have been made ashamed? Few: perhaps none. It is with them as with the ladies of whom it was told in the newspapers the other day, that when Sir John Bridge begged them in the name of decency to leave his court for a while, not one of them stirred. Then again he asked them — looking them in the face, you understand — to spare him the embarrassment of listening in their presence to the gross details of the case that was about to begin: not a woman budged. These gross details were precisely what the ladies wished to hear; and with the eyes of fifty men upon them for an added zest, they sat it out. I grant you that these women were probably more advanced than others of the Forward class; next it may be admitted that, though obviously women of leisure, they were not exactly gentlewomen, perhaps; but if, one and all, they could publicly disregard public rebuke, and sit and simmer in 'the gross details' within public view, what heed may these others be expected to take of newspaper homilies flung at random on the air by invisible hands?

"For my part, however, I have never thought the great idle World as loose as, to appearance, it would fain seem to be. It is true that for looseness in conversation it has probably no equal till we go down to the least gentlemanly of the working classes; but perhaps there is an explanation of that which gives it a start from innocence. No longer ago than when the Queen came to the throne, Society was so small, and within its narrow circle intercourse was so frequent, that it was almost like a great family with numerous branches. Besides, we have to consider the many interweaving cousinships, once, twice, or ten times removed, which went so far to give Society a conscious family feeling, as we know it does still. From that a certain familiarity of converse would naturally arise, and the more readily if there were temptations to practise it as a means of exclusion — of marking off its boundaries. An outward sign of this familiarity is the common use of Christian names in speaking of each other. It is Mary This and William That in the great world, just as in village and workshop it is Bill and Polly— Mr and Mrs being left to the middle-class series in its vast entirety. Now you see what I am aiming at. A certain freedom of speech springs up naturally

enough; it does not improve with time; it even makes way as an admitted characteristic of the *beau monde* in its hours of ease; and it ends by being very free indeed. Who doesn't know in these days that at many a table in Mayfair and round about, a passable adept in the *argot* of allusion may speak of things which no one would dare to find language for in a company of middle-class ladies and gentlemen? More than that might be said; but though it could be sweetened a little by the remembrance that there were times when Mrs Behn's vivacities were read aloud without conscious hurt to modesty, we'll be gentle and not say it, Mr Looker-on. Coming to the point at once, we will ask how much, after all, do these liberties of speech and hearing signify, as an indication of conduct. Is it that the gentlewomen of the class *grande dame* and those that circle round them are correspondingly and increasingly profligate? That is the question which has once more fluttered through 'the town'; and perhaps from unnatural softness, perhaps from inferior knowledge, I am of the milder faction. I doubt the full relation between words and deeds.

"Yet one thing we of the good-natured party must needs confess, which is, that the worst that is ever said of Society morals is said by women, and by women who have lived all their lives in the suspected country. Now, since it is not in the nature of woman to condemn women in the bunch, their evidence is worth something even when the accusers are prudish persons, censorious, ill-favoured, envious. But though such as these do more often testify, there are other and better witnesses. Some of the most knowledgable dames of Society, most forward in 'the swim,' and liberal and kindly there and everywhere, shake their matronly heads and tell of a boldness and a slyness that reminiscence cannot match. Listen to their low voices, and you must believe that there is more carelessness of right conduct among fashionable women year by year; and not only that, but much more indifference when the carelessness is known. That is the worst of it, you hear, and heartily believe, —unless you happen to think worse of the usual explanation of the change. Assuming that there really is so much of a change, we of the thoughtful sex would seek its origin in the waning of some old religious fears, in the fascination of the New-woman doctrine against a limited exercise of the affections, and suchlike matters; with a glance, perhaps, at an unfortunate decline in the use of the horsewhip. And I suppose it would be admitted by everybody that such active causes must have their effects. Yet the more common explanatory word amongst women themselves is not passion, or feeling, or anything of that sort, but the miserable word "dress." There is the mischief—dress and the dressmaker's bill. The stupid, vulgar, kitchen-sprung accusation of the small Society journals, as we thought it, has the sanction of the best authorities.

"He looks into a bad state of things who is led up to that point of view. But no matter who or what draws me to it, I take leave to come away again directly—suspecting that too broad an inference is drawn from what, no doubt, are many known cases in point. To be sure, there is, there *is* a monstrous extravagance in dress, and all that appertains thereto. Raging competition it might almost be called at this stage of its

advance; and how it can be maintained without decimating the competitors every other season is one of the mysteries of the day. Yes: and out of mystery suspicion; and out of suspicion too much belief in social corruption at about its lowest and worst. It had a bad beginning this extravagance. Starting from the time of the Second Empire, and taking its first impulse from the over-blown glories of the Empress Eugenie's court, it has been growing like a splendid weed in England ever since—except that weeds cost nothing. From my heart I wish it were no extravagance, but could be well afforded. As it is, it has charming results for bachelors of taste like myself; it has the advantage of giving to public view, every fine afternoon in the season, one of the gayest and most beautiful spectacles in animated nature that the world can show; and, presumably, many hours of luxurious satisfaction, and even of triumph, must be shared amongst the daughters of men. But when display becomes a raging competition, purses being meanwhile of unequal length, what then? To so much intoxication so much headache, and, for the better sort of women, heartache too. The triumphs must be fewer as the struggle is keener, and more of them must be bought by acquaintance with that grievous malady, the Post-bag Sickness or Quarter-day Trembles. There are secrets where there should be none—and they are not sweet secrets. Concealment lodges, like moth, in tender consciences and frets there—sometimes breeding lies, and sometimes (this is the story) expedients the most shameful. We may stop before coming to these, however, and yet find in the display which is with some a passion, with others an obligation as they think, too much that must lower the whole tone of Society.

"But if I am right, dear Mr Looker-on, we must distinguish between Society and the gorgeous fringes that encircle it. I suppose it is an unpopular thing to say, but when the vices of Society are talked of I would charge at least seventy per cent to the fringes, doubting then whether such a partition is quite fair to the original aristocratic centre. For though it is well known it is not known well enough that within that circle is another which is quite withheld from the smartness of the period, scorns to record its dinner-parties in the public prints, lives a life in which personal magnificence is carefully avoided, and, occupied with all manner of plain country business, has no more to do with the vices of Society than the president and council of a dissenting college. Deduction has to be made on account of this set, though it does sometimes throw off a very disgraceful person—the misfortune of most families. But the greater part of the mischief goes on where 'smartness' is the dream, the aim, the desire; and though there is plenty of that amongst the high well-born folk who are entitled to say that they constitute Society, it is most rampant among the swarms of new rich who live in their companionship. It is said quite truly that without money few of the swarm would find their way into what, in a gold-fish figure of speech, they call 'the swim.' Yet wealth is only half the matter. Much more true would it be to say that without money and push the new arrivals would still be circulating in the canals which engirdle their paradise. And mark those two words—money and push. Where in the dictionary will you find

another two so perfectly descriptive of the demoralising agencies we complain of?

"But besides the rankness of money, and besides the push, the new-comers bring with them a very natural but most dangerous ignorance; and it is fruitful of no good. In the midlands of Society, whence they mostly come, company speech and manner are very correct. They are specially correct in the presence of ladies; and so much the better for the midlands of Society. A similar correctitude, but with more ease, more polish, and therewith a trifle of stateliness, is no doubt expected by middle-class incursionists at the drums and dinner-parties of the fashionable great. And, to be sure, there is the ease, and the polish (not too painfully high, however), and even the trifle of stateliness. But as to the punctilio, as to the correctitude, that is quite another thing. On every side they see and hear the freedoms which, if not quite, do mostly bear the innocent explanation I have given to them; but, generally speaking, all the explanation that the new arrivals know of is the much-reported profligacy of the upper classes. They have heard of that—some, perhaps, thinking it a privilege, others thinking it true enough at one time, but little better than antiquated aspersion in our day. Now they are able to judge for themselves with their own eyes and ears; and what can these give-and-take freedoms of speech, look, and manner mean if not that looseness is the proper thing in 'Society'? So much at any rate is clear—that to shun these liberties, to take no part in them, not to 'go in' for them in fact, would be to proclaim themselves outsiders where nothing is gained unless you are quite at home. And how, indeed, could one *feel* that one belonged to these delightful top-lofty circles without full acceptance of their distinguishing usages? Therefore, blacking themselves all over, they 'go in' for these distinguishing usages with a thoroughness both comic and tragic. And that, and because the new rich corrupt where they seem to be corrupted, is my reason for putting down seventy per cent of the vices of Society to those who hardly belong to it.

"'Then should Society, like a well-constituted club, be careful of whom it admits.' That is what is said in every club whenever some new scandal provokes the 'Times' to flourish the particularly well-pickled rod. And the saying is very true. But the shorter way to reform would be, I think, to declare push in every form intolerably vulgar, and to put display out of fashion. That could certainly be done; and it is a reform that would have the grace and the advantage of beginning at home. Beginning at home, it would so purge and rarefy the air there and thereabout that money would be unable to breathe in it. The wherewithal of existence for money would be absent; and push being no longer advancement, *every* millionaire would be in the position of many of his wretched brethren at this moment: miserables who, with heaps and heaps of cash, and sick with social ambition, wander for ever in the purlieus of the paradise which they know not how to storm.

"The scandal which has brought new suspicion on Society dames and Society doctors may be exaggerated too: how should we others know who are only husbands and fathers? But if not exaggerated, help in suppressing it may possibly be found amongst promoters of the mischief. You

must have observed that the lady novelists who have done so much to impurify the thoughts and habits of the women of England took a new turn toward the last. They made out that all the yearnings of a woman's heart merged in one: Motherhood. To that all the impulses of her mysterious being tended. By that they were to be interpreted. Their satisfaction in Motherhood was essential to her soul-growth, — denial impossible without being false to the great duty confided to her children by Nature, the duty of perfecting Self by self-gratification. Therefore, by hook or by crook, Motherhood. Fatherhood was a matter of minor consequence—a cursory consideration. Whether Dick or Tom or Harry didn't matter in the least; because you said good-bye and there was an end of it: your object was achieved in Motherhood.

"Now if they would but give it a little twist in the direction of propriety, the preachers of this doctrine might do some good; for the ladies who stand most in need of moral direction in these matters do read novels if they read nothing else. Here, it seems, are considerable numbers of women so ignorant of motherhood, as the gate of glory and growth in joy, that they think it a mere nuisance. So little do they know of what motherhood can be to them, that they are willing to murder it with knives for the sake of figuring at so many dinner-parties, so many garden-parties, so many crushes, and perhaps a ball. What a price! And yet do but listen to what has been said lately in the best-informed circles (which also make the least difficulty of discussing such things), and you learn that it is considered a too tempting price by lots of pretty creatures, who cannot endure the thought of being shut off from the joys of the season. If this be true, 'Society' must bear the blame; but look for the most unhesitating desperadoes, and by far the greater number of them, among the new women there. For one thing, they fear to lose their footing. To be out of everything for months—a whole season practically, perhaps — it might be nearly fatal, and is certainly unendurable.

"See what it is to have the pen of a ready writer, a bachelor's leisure, the idler's habit of looking on, and a late ambition to shine in the pages of 'Maga.' It is these things that draw me on to write thirty pages when I meant but ten.—Faithfully yours,

"CHAS. WINTERLEY."

THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

The Ministerial reforms which will probably have become law before the close of the parliamentary session, if not numerous, are for the most part of great practical value. The measure of their importance is the opposition which they have encountered; and as late even as last June, the quidnuncs of Pall Mall and the lobbies were asking each other whether more than one measure which has since received the Royal assent had the slightest chance of being carried. We do not see, however, that, even in point of numbers, the record is unsatisfactory. But even if it was, the session, if not fruitful of legislation, has certainly been fruitful of instruction, and to this point we will turn our attention first. Without reopening questions which have already been subjected to frequent and exhaustive discussion in 'Maga,' we may be allowed to dwell for a moment on the moral to be extracted from them.

The public have learned one lesson, and our rulers have learned two, if indeed one of them really required to be learned. The course of events from last January to May has elicited from the English people a burst of patriotic feeling, proving conclusively that no change has taken place in the temper of the nation where its rights or its interests are concerned; and that, even where they are not, Englishmen are still as sensitive as ever on the point of honour. It is clear that now, as forty years ago, the most popular statesman would be he who was foremost in avenging any injury or insult offered to Great Britain by Foreign Powers. It is nearly fifty years ago since Lord Palmerston became the most powerful man in the country by his zeal for the Crimean war, and exactly forty since he lost his popularity, for the moment, by his apparent subservience to France.

During the last half-century popular feeling on such subjects has not only grown in strength, but has acquired immeasurably greater power of expressing itself, and of bringing its influence to bear directly and immediately on Government. It is impossible to run counter to it. The "Peace Party," the "Little Englanders," are simply nowhere when such a crisis arises: and though the country knows the value of peace, and is neither quixotic nor quarrelsome either in its philanthropic or patriotic moods; though it respects and appreciates the statesmanship which can guide us through difficult and intricate passages without entailing on us the horrors of war or the consciousness of having paid too dearly for the blessings of peace,—there is a point, nevertheless, beyond which its forbearance will not extend, and when this limit appears to have been passed, the nation will not be slow to make its resentment felt.

Such being the case, it is now more important than ever that the people should not be misled in such matters, and that when they believe a policy of prudence to have been carried too far, they should believe it on solid grounds; and this remark brings us to the second and perhaps more pregnant lesson taught us by the last few months. In more than one speech

which he has addressed to the public since Easter Lord Salisbury has made it abundantly plain that the system to which we are about to advert has been the source of endless embarrassment to himself, and of some detriment to the public. We have now to reckon with a new factor in the conduct of foreign affairs, and it is one that can neither be controlled nor expelled. For good or for evil we have it firmly established among us, and as we acknowledge the benefits we owe to it, we are perfectly justified in confessing the faults which counterbalance them. The freedom of the press has now become as confirmed an article of faith among ourselves as civil and religious liberty was with our forefathers, and we must endure the inconveniences for the sake of its still greater advantages. But these inconveniences are neither few nor trifling; and the rapidity of communication which has been created by steam and electricity has gradually raised the foreign correspondence department of the daily press to a position scarcely reconcilable with existing methods of diplomacy. Mr Chamberlain seems to recognise the truth, and has his own way of dealing with it. But of that presently. "Our own correspondent" is a very industrious personage. He is irresponsible and ubiquitous. If a Foreign Office clerk betrays a State secret he is punished. If a foreign correspondent reveals one he is rewarded. His activity and acuteness are extolled; and he is considered to have done only the work of a good and faithful servant. Thus it is his first business to effect, what it is the first object of statesmen to prevent, the premature publication of secret negotiations, by which the most well-conceived designs may be frustrated, and distrust and suspicion engendered where none existed before. The printing-press undoes by night what the statesman has been doing by day; and he awakens with disgust some morning to find half-concluded settlements suddenly proclaimed to all the world in their imperfect shape, from which no just estimate can be formed of them, and the ally with whom negotiations were proceeding to a satisfactory issue, alarmed and indignant, and preparing to desist from all further interchange of proposals which is liable to such unwelcome interruption. It is easy to read between the lines of what Lord Salisbury said at the United Service Club dinner on the 29th of June last:—

> "I often think that an English Minister contesting with foreign Powers is very much in the position of a player at whist who has got a very noisy and talkative friend behind him, and who insists upon discussing in the hearing of all present the value of his various cards. Meanwhile, the two antagonists, in absolute silence, happily destitute of all inquisitive friends, pursue their plans in silence."

The inconvenience, as we have said, is one that must be endured, as inseparable from that freedom of the press which nobody in Great Britain ever dreams of curtailing. But its operation must be taken into account in casting up the responsibilities of Ministers, and in estimating the degree of blame attaching to diplomatic failures. The history of our foreign policy during the first half of the present year has been one long illustration of this truth—the net result being to show that our own

correspondent has now reached the goal towards which he has long been advancing; and that the Government of the day must henceforth recognise in him an inquisitor who is not to be denied—one who will spare no effort to penetrate State mysteries, and tear away the veil in which current negotiations between great Powers have hitherto been shrouded.

Mr Chamberlain, in his famous speech at Birmingham on the 13th of May, let fall some words which seemed to show that he was alive to the situation. But we have never quite understood what he meant by the following passage:—

"Now I want, according to my manner, to submit to you a plain statement of the situation as it appears to me. Ours is a democratic Government. We gain all our strength from the confidence of the people, and we cannot gain strength or confidence unless we show confidence in return, and therefore, to my mind, there is no longer any room for the mysteries and the reticences of the diplomacy of fifty years ago. You must tell the people what you mean and where you are going if you want them to follow you. I do not mean to say that I can tell you all the details of secret negotiations. That, of course, would be absolutely absurd, and would make negotiations impossible. But the plain issue and the main principles and the particulars of the problems with which we have to deal—those might be stated in language to be 'understanded' of the people, and I would take the judgment of the people just as soon upon them as I would take that of the wisest diplomatist in the world."

Is not the publicity which he here desiderates for our foreign policy already ours? Surely the "plain issue and the main principles" of the problems with which we have to deal are stated with sufficient clearness both in Parliament and on the platform. What is meant by the "particulars" of these problems, and in what way they differ from the "details" which he says it would be impossible to publish, is what puzzles us. Mr Chamberlain, however, clearly sees that there must still be *some* secrets in diplomatic transactions: and whatever they may be, he may be quite sure that "our own correspondent" will try for them. We think the plain issue and the main principles were perfectly comprehended by the people in the case of the Crimean war. We are sure they were in the case of the Peninsular war. What more does Mr Chamberlain want to have told, if not the details and particulars?

As for "taking the judgment of the people," Parliament cannot be dissolved every time a diplomatic difficulty arises: and even if it could, we are inclined to think that the remedy would be worse than the disease. It would mean the introduction of a system more like the old Athenian constitution than anything which the modern world has ever witnessed. But the Athenian democracy who constituted the Ecclesia were at least educated citizens who understood the questions submitted to them. Can the same be said of the British working classes at the present moment?

Before taking leave of Mr Chamberlain, we must glance at what perhaps, after all, was the most important part of his speech, and is likely to be remembered as one of the political landmarks of 1898,—we mean his remarks on English alliances, and on the folly of supposing that this country can continue to hold her own without any alliances at all. His thoughts pointed to a great Anglo-American

connection, representing the two leading powers of the Anglo-Saxon race—a statement which naturally gave rise to a good deal of comment, and was regarded on the Continent with anything but a favourable ear. Yet it seems the only alternative after that repudiation of Continental alliances, and that training of the English people to hate all absolute monarchies, which has been the work of the Radical party during the last eighty years. We are not blind to the difficulties of such an alliance, because it could not be concluded, morally speaking, upon equal terms. America wants more from us than we want from America; and Canada and the West Indies would always be the skeleton in the closet. Nor is this all: it is suggested, though not openly stated, by Mr Greenwood that, with her newly awakened ambition, America, instead of our ally, may become our rival. But supposing her a firm friend, she would have to bear the burden of a much larger standing army than she has hitherto found it needful to maintain. She must find the military strength, as we should find the naval. Such an alliance, if it really took substantial form, would be regarded as a distinctly hostile demonstration by the European Powers, and while buying and selling, ploughing and sowing, and pursuing all the arts of peace, we must always be prepared for war. How far this would be agreeable to our cousins is a knotty point. Whether there is in the United States any sentimental feeling in favour of this country strong enough to counterbalance in the long-run the burden of such an alliance, time alone would show. But if it rested only on a balance of practical advantages, we very much question its duration.

The prolonged debates on foreign affairs early in the year necessarily to some extent disarranged the Government programme, and compelled the postponement of a certain number of measures to another session. These were enumerated by Mr Balfour on Tuesday the 12th of July, and we were sorry to see among them the Scottish Private Bill Procedure Bill. If hard work, skill, and judgment could have saved the Bill, Lord Balfour of Burleigh would have done it. Yet it could only have been carried by extending the session to the end of August, or even into September, and we think most of our readers—most of our Scottish readers—will allow that even so important a measure as this would have been dearly purchased by breaking through the rule which the present Ministers have laid down, and which we heartily hope, if only it remains unbroken for a few years longer, will harden into a permanent custom. The London Municipalities Bill was dropped some time ago. But not at all because the people of London declared themselves against it, as Sir W. Harcourt good-naturedly suggested. On the contrary, hundreds of Progressives, when canvassed, were found to be in favour of the Bill. The leader of the Opposition is much mistaken if he thinks he will hear no more of it. The other three abandoned measures, though decidedly important ones, are not in the first class; but at the time we write it is still a very doubtful point whether it will be possible for the Government to carry through all that are still left upon the list between the 13th of July and

the 13th of August. The Benefices Bill has passed through Committee in the House of Lords, and unless any contentious amendment should be sprung upon Ministers at the last moment, may be considered as good as carried. The same may be said of the Irish Local Government Bill, which has been read a third time in the Commons, and is now well on its way to the Statute Book. What effect the surrender of the compulsory clauses will produce on the Vaccination Bill remains to be seen. Whether, in face of the strong opposition to them manifested by his own supporters, Mr Balfour was wise or foolish in making this concession, is a question of which there is something to be said on both sides. We believe that in England the dislike of compulsory vaccination is more general than the 'Times' seems to be aware of, and that it is by no means confined to the poorer classes. But we regret the triumph of an ignorant prejudice, and should not be surprised if it led to complications with the Lords, and so far hinder, rather than facilitate, the progress of the measure. We cannot think that the aid of the magistrate is very happily invoked.

Considering the state of Supply, we anticipate that, before this article is published, the vessel will have to be still further lightened if she is to reach port within the prescribed time. The London University Bill is threatened with a strenuous opposition. The Colonial Loans Bill cannot be described as uncontentious; and the Evidence in Criminal Cases Bill and the Prisons Bill will also make some further demands on the time at the disposal of the Government. They can hardly all be carried, and if they are postponed to next session we know the consequences. They must necessarily come into collision with other measures to which that session has been allotted. Mr Balfour has promised that a London Government Reform Bill shall be introduced at once when Parliament reassembles next February. The question of Secondary Education is also waiting its turn; and the leader of the House gave us to understand that he hoped to introduce another Bill in 1899 which should deal with some of the questions not covered by the Benefices Bill. Here at once are three legislative proposals of the first class, all highly contentious, and, in addition to the usual number of minor measures, quite enough to occupy a session of ordinary length and free from all other liabilities. The session of 1899 will have quite enough to do to meet its own obligations, without being called upon to pay the debts or take up the bills of its predecessor.

But whatever embarrassments may be in store for us, they are not on this occasion the fault of the Government. They will have arisen in the main from causes to which we have already called attention in our opening remarks. But whatever be the harvest of the present session, two great works will have been completed in it, sufficient to make it memorable in our annals. The Irish Local Government Bill removes the last item of that alleged inequality between Ireland and Great Britain which Irish demagogues have always found so serviceable a topic. If Ireland is not satisfied with this concession, she can only obtain what she wants by creating another inequality in favour of herself — that is, by exacting an independent legislature which is not possessed by Scotland. How

the change will work is another question altogether. Mr Balfour seemed to think it a feather in the cap of the Government that they had established Local Government in Ireland on a "broadly democratic basis." We cannot see that it is anything to be proud of, though possibly inevitable. A broad basis cannot alter the character of democracy, which is essentially narrow; nor can it change human nature, or deter men from using for their own interests, and the annoyance of those whom they consider their enemies, whatever advantages fortune may throw in their way. The effect of the new system of county government in England has been modified by circumstances which do not exist in Ireland, and has made the co-operation of the country gentlemen with other classes of society comparatively easy. In Ireland, where there is nothing to break the collision, where "landlordism" is still a term of reproach, and its representatives are regarded in the light of aliens and usurpers out of harmony with the feelings and traditions of the great body of the people, two classes will be brought face to face with each other in local administration who are divided by a long-standing feud, by the memories of civil war, religious proscription, and what the Irish call ages of tyranny and oppression. Power is now placed in the hands of those, who have long brooded over such fancied wrongs, to take some amends of their opponents, while at the same time a veil is thrown over the cause of disloyalty and disorder by the official authority with which its representatives are invested. We cannot say that we think the transfer of local jurisdiction from the gentry to the people has been altogether a success in England. In Ireland we regard it with anything but pleasant forebodings. May they all be falsified!

The second great work to which we refer is the reform which, long desiderated and long postponed, has at length been effected in the Church of England. The Benefices Bill, after violent opposition in the House of Commons, passed through the House of Lords with comparative ease, and now awaits its final acceptance by the Commons. But the debates on it in the popular chamber were, next to foreign affairs, the most important feature of the session, and excited far more public interest in England than the Irish Local Government Bill. It so happened that, concurrently with the discussion of the measure in Parliament, there arose outside a sudden revival of the anti-ritual agitation, which of course was at once made the most of by the enemies of the Bill. These were of various kinds: those who thought it went too far, those who thought it did not go far enough; those who thought that it left too much to the discretion of the Bishops, and those who thought that this might well have been extended to matters not included in the Bill. All objections, however, may be classified under three heads: objection to the clauses prohibiting the sale of Livings; objection to the Episcopal veto on prosecutions; and objection to the grounds on which the Bishop may refuse institution, because not including matters of ritual and doctrine. Objectors also were of three kinds — the Nonconformist, who naturally objects to anything which would strengthen and improve the Church; the Evangelical Churchman, who likes not the security

offered to him in the shape of episcopal authority; and finally, that ugly mongrel the Radical Ritualist, who has his eye on disestablishment.

The simony clauses, as they are popularly but most inaccurately termed, prohibit, as our readers already know, the sale of next presentations, but allow the sale of advowsons. Lord Herschell, in the House of Lords, professed to see no difference between the two. But his lordship must have been looking at the question from a very abstract point of view when he said this. The sale of next presentations is attended by a number of scandals and abuses from which the sale of advowsons is exempt; and this alone is a sufficient reason why one who would preserve the sale of advowsons may wish to prohibit the sale of next presentations. But why wish to continue the existing law, it may be said, in the case of advowsons? The answer is, Because of the difficulty of getting rid of it. Church patronage is so inextricably interwoven with the English system of landed property, that to forbid the sale of this portion of it would land us in grotesque anomalies. Still, the Archbishop of Canterbury hoped the time might come when public opinion would be ripe for such a change, which he owned that it was not now; nor can we conceive that it ever will be, except in conjunction with other changes, which would perhaps present fresh difficulties of their own. A large number of advowsons in the Church of England are advowsons appendant—that is, attached to landed estates, — the original owners of which, in return for building and endowing the church, retained in their own hands the right of presentation to the benefice. This right has descended to their representatives, and has been transmitted with the estate from one family to another. Now if, when a landed proprietor desired to sell his estate, he was compelled to keep the advowson in his own hands, it is clear that we might at some time have a village labourer or a workhouse pauper appointing the clergyman of the parish. Nobody has yet proposed any scheme for abolishing the sale of advowsons which would make such a result impossible; and a man going about the world with an advowson hanging like a millstone round his neck, though he might not be either a peasant or a pauper, would certainly be a very undesirable patron. He would have lost all interest in, or connection with, the parish. It wouldn't matter to him how it was administered, or what kind of clergyman he appointed. Surely it is much better to let the right be transferred to the new-comers, who soon settle down into the position of the old family, imbibe the same sympathies, feel the same interests, and become united to the population by the same ties. The present bill prohibits the sale by auction of all advowsons which are not part of a landed property in the same parish. And this is as far as we can go.

The absolute veto of the Bishops has been assailed mainly on the ground that, during the last twenty years, they have exhibited strong ritualistic partialities and a determination to shield offenders by every means in their power. We do not deny that there is some apparent ground for this imputation. But there are three things to be said about it. The first is that, even if the Bishops have acted as alleged, they were only giving effect to English public opinion

which the spectacle of five clergymen imprisoned for conscience' sake had a few years ago tired of ritualistic prosecutions. This apology would not, of course, cover their sanction of such extravagant practices as have recently provoked violent interference in a London Church, or such as have just been brought before the Bishop of Chichester, whose reply to the remonstrants will not, we fear, do much to allay the suspicions that have been aroused. The Bishop of London's circular is worded in a very different spirit, and the limits within which he directs his clergy to confine themselves would effectually exclude all approaches to Romanism. But the second remark to be made upon the subject is this, that the value of all such admonitions depends entirely on the intention with which they are issued. Even a milder expostulation than Dr Creighton's, if such be possible, would answer the purpose, were we only fully assured that there was a fixed determination behind it to enforce obedience. This is the one condition on which alone this and similar allocutions can be accepted as satisfactory. Supposing it to be fulfilled, we hardly know what better guarantee for the due observance of liturgical law we can expect to have than the authority of the Bishops exerted in this conciliatory and temperate spirit. All we require is that they shall mean what they say.

A third remark is that the burden of expense thrown upon the Bishops by the existing law is an element in the case not to be lost sight of. On this point we need only quote the apposite words of Lord Herschell, July 18:—

"He did not believe that any Bishop would consciously fail to enforce the law by reason of the expectation of any burden which might fall upon him; but there were many who might quite unconsciously find themselves influenced by the knowledge that they would have to face costs to the extent of many thousands of pounds."

We are happy to see, therefore, that Lord Salisbury has placed on the paper an amendment to the Benefices Bill which will remove one of the difficulties which at present beset the Bishops in taking proceedings against offenders. He proposes that the costs of such proceedings shall be defrayed by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners; and as they have sometimes amounted to fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds, it can hardly be wondered at that Bishops who might have to pay this amount out of their own pockets should have sometimes thought twice before they sanctioned proceedings in any but very flagrant cases.

Coming to the third objection, that relating to "ritual and doctrine," we find ourselves at once in a familiar atmosphere. However great the extent to which Romanising practices have spread among the English clergy, it is the interest of a political party to make it out still greater, and to confound the whole High Church party with what, after all, is by comparison a mere excrescence. They studiously represent Anglicanism and ritualism as the same thing, whereas the slightest acquaintance with modern Church history shows them to be totally distinct. The Church of England is a strong Conservative force, and whatever foments a prejudice against her makes for Radicalism. Thus the more widely she can be shown to be tainted with Romish proclivities the better for the party which is led by that spotless Puritan, Sir William Har-

court. But there are thousands of quiet English parsonages between the Tweed and the Solent, the tenants of which, while adhering to the historical traditions of the English Church, have no more sympathy with the modern mummeries which it is now sought to graft upon them than Mr Kensit himself.

Whatever might be the intention of those other Protestant bodies who separated from the Church of Rome in the sixteenth century, there can surely be none at all about what the Church of England meant. Her formularies, interpreted in a natural and not a non-natural sense, speak for themselves, and those who want either more or less than they mean are easy of detection. She retained her ancient liturgy which attests her unbroken catholicity, and she added her thirty-nine articles to justify her rejection of Popery. It is a maxim with lawyers that in the construction of documents we are to interpret the intention by the words, and not the words by the intention, such as any one may suppose it to have been. And if we apply this maxim to the Church of England, none but a very bigoted partisan can come to more than one opinion. There are some such who contend that all which the Church of England rejected was the temporal power of the Pope: others that she rejected the whole body of Roman doctrine, whether Catholic and primitive or not. Both are mistaken. The Church of England reformed herself on the model of the Primitive Church, and did not reject what that Church had taught merely because it came down to her through a Romish channel. To deny the continuity of the English Church because of the Reformation is to deny the continuity of Parliamentary government because of the Reform Bill. The Church threw off Popish superstitions as the State threw off rotten boroughs. But both Church and State remained the same.

This, then, was the Reformation settlement, of which both extreme parties, Ritualists and anti-Ritualists alike, consciously or unconsciously are working for the overthrow. Historic Anglicanism is something different from either; and it is because it is so frequently confounded with Ritualism by those who ought to know better that the real nature of the struggle now going on in the Church of England is so little understood. We conceive that in writing in favour of Anglicanism we are writing in the highest interests of Protestantism. If the Reformation settlement is ever reopened or annulled in the interest of either extreme; if either of the two parties in the Church for which that settlement found room within her pale should find themselves excluded from it,—the disestablishment and disintegration of the Church of England would be the immediate consequence, and then would come Rome's opportunity. We should never forget the ever memorable words of Lord Beaconsfield, contained in his address to the country in 1868, when the Disestablishment of the Irish Church was the question before us: "Amidst the discordant activity of many factions, there moves the supreme purpose of one Power; . . . the ultimate triumph were our Church to fall would be to that Power which would substitute for the authority of our Sovereign the supremacy of a foreign prince, to that Power

with whose traditions, learning, discipline, and organisation our Church alone has hitherto been able to cope."

If the Church of England went to pieces such would be the inevitable result: and she most assuredly would go to pieces if the Anglican theory, which is held by two-thirds of her clergy,—and those the flower of them,—were under the influence of any foolish mistake, to be repudiated by the nation. If we wanted any additional reason for dealing promptly with the excesses of Ritualism, the odium and discredit which they bring upon the great party who constitute our strongest barrier against Popery would be sufficient by itself. If Anglicanism were crushed out of the Church of England, millions would be left no other choice than between Papist and Puritan. The *via media* in which they had so long rested, and found all the spiritual support which they needed, would be torn away from them: some would drift in one direction and some in another, but Rome would be the chief gainer.

Of the remaining measures of the Government of which the fate is still uncertain — the Colonial Loans Bill, the Prisons Bill, the Vaccination Bill, &c. — we must speak, if at all, another time. But we cannot let the occasion pass without some reference to Sir John Gorst's extraordinary speech in the House of Commons, and the debate which it provoked in the Lords. He stated from the Treasury Bench, as Vice-President of the Council, that in the larger towns the religious teaching given in board schools was superior to that given in the voluntary schools. The Archbishop of Canterbury requested to know from the Duke of Devonshire, Sir John's official chief, on what authority this statement rested. It is not true: but on what evidence did Sir John Gorst believe or suppose it to be true? Since 1870 the Government inspectors have given up any supervision of the religious instruction either in voluntary or board schools. There was therefore no official information at the command of the Vice-President; there were no materials for a comparison; and it came out that this reckless assertion was founded partly on hearsay, and partly on Sir John's personal observations in a few schools which he had visited. It was merely his private opinion, he told the Duke of Devonshire, and not intended to carry any official weight. But, then, he should have said so at the time, instead of leaving his words to be understood as expressing the views of the department of which he was a subordinate officer. The effect of them has been wide and deep, and it is questionable if the Duke of Devonshire's speech will altogether efface it. One assertion of the Vice-President, however, quoted from Mr Rankin the inspector, did arouse even the somewhat phlegmatic nature of the noble Duke. Sir John Gorst repeated after the inspector that the country gentlemen and farmers were no friends to education.

"I do not deny," said the Duke, "that I regret that an assertion so wide, so vague, and of so sweeping a character should have been made by any official in the service of the Department, and I regret also that the assertion should be repeated in an official statement by the representative of the Education Department. If a statement such as that is true in any degree—no doubt there may be certain districts in which it may be true—it is a statement which is absolutely incapable of proof. That it is not universally true we know from

our own experience, for it is within our knowledge that whatever may be the opinion of country gentlemen as to the value of education to the agricultural labourer, there is probably no class that has done more for the cause of elementary education than country gentlemen, or have done it at a greater pecuniary sacrifice."

The Vice-President is used to being "thrown over," and probably does not "bruise" quite so much as some other people might. But he must have winced, all the same, under this grave and dignified rebuke from one who was doing his best to serve him. Lord Londonderry looked rather to the effect of such a speech on the party generally. "No speech of recent date had caused such heartburning and carried such dismay to the minds of some of the most devoted supporters of the Prime Minister, as the speech of the Vice-President which had been referred to." Supporters of the Government at the last general election had pledged themselves to the cause of the voluntary schools, and the pledge had been widely instrumental in securing the great Unionist majority. The Government had succeeded, after a desperate struggle, in providing some relief for the voluntary schools, and now were they to be told by the Government department that all their labours had been in vain, and were members of the House of Commons to go back to their constituents and confess that their pledges had been worthless? Lord Kimberley said that nothing could be gained by concealing deficiencies, but much may be lost by exaggerating them; and indeed it is both wise and necessary sometimes to conceal deficiencies in order to prevent discouragement.

It is perfectly true that such a speech as Sir John Gorst's does, in the words of Lord Londonderry, throw cold water on the whole voluntary system, and on the efforts which the Government have made to maintain and to improve it. It was a pity, we think, that Lord Salisbury did not say something on the occasion to modify the ill impression which has been created. Government have not been so signally successful in satisfying their party this session that they can afford to alienate any more of them. No doubt Sir John's speech, if carefully analysed by a partial critic, may be made to bear a slightly different complexion. But we must look to the broad effects which such language produces on the public in general—on the man in the street, the man in the bus, the man on 'Change, who can only retain first and very general impressions of what they read.

The retrospect of the session is of a somewhat blended character. But in the course of seven years clouds will pass over every Ministry and dim its lustre for the moment. Nothing, unfortunately, has occurred to change our views of the Government policy in China or Nigeria; nor have their military reforms been of that well-devised and comprehensive character which might have atoned for many other deficiencies. Neither can we say in justice that the Chancellor of the Exchequer made the most of his surplus by reducing the tobacco duty. To these causes of dissatisfaction we have now to add the depreciation of voluntary schools by a member of the Ministry; and if we look further afield at the conditions of our trade and commerce, these are not reassuring. But we have not now to remind

our readers for the first time that the final cause of the present Administration is not to be found in any one of the political or legislative spheres above referred to. The final cause of the present Administration is the maintenance of the Constitution and the Empire. We are apt to lose sight of these defensive functions when they are not actively engaged. But they are the title-deeds, so to speak, of Conservative and Unionist Governments, — it is by this tenure that they hold their power; and much as we may regret such practical mistakes as the Ministry have made this session, that is no reason whatever why we should withdraw from them a confidence based on wholly different considerations, and begotten by interests of a deeper and more permanent character.

For we suppose nobody will deny that the social and political institutions of this country, the great and splendid fabric under which we have grown in glory, prosperity, and happiness for so many centuries, should be the first object of solicitude in the mind of every British citizen; or secondly, that these are seriously menaced by doctrines and designs to which those who entertain them possess a power of giving effect never enjoyed before, and which cannot be ignored with safety. In circumstances such as these we must look to first principles to guide us in the choice and the support of governments; and when we have resolved upon these grounds that it is our duty to maintain any given Administration in power, we are bound to support it with as much vigour, warmth, and perseverance as if not one single ground of complaint could be lodged against it.

Recent electoral results are sometimes quoted to show that the tide is turning against Government. It is proverbially difficult to prove a negative, nor shall we in this instance attempt it. But there are other reasons sufficient to explain such trivial losses as the party has sustained without seizing upon that one. Lord Salisbury's majority is not only exceptional, it is abnormal. It is not coextensive with any permanent division of political thought. It sprang out of one question; and as that question gradually retires into the background, what should we naturally expect? Was it not almost certain that as Home Rule ceased to be in evidence, many should believe that it had ceased to be dangerous; that the line of demarcation between Unionists and Separatists, which had once been so sharply defined, should become blurred and broken; that many should straggle from the ranks, or sit down by the wayside, weary of further effort in a cause which, as they fondly imagined, was already won? With this slackening of zeal on the one side would come the revival of hope on the other, and the combination of the two would explain both the loss of seats and the diminution of majorities, had both been greater than they have been.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to add that, as a general rule, by-elections turn a good deal more on personal considerations than a general election does. The mass of the electors only know that the fate of a Government depends upon the one and does not depend upon the other. They think that one seat will never be missed out of a majority of a hundred; and are incapable of estimating the moral effect upon the whole party

which results from unexpected defeats, though the loss of numerical strength be not worth thinking about. If, therefore, they either abstain from voting through mere indolence, or vote against their party to gratify some personal feeling, they think no harm can be done, or none at all events which cannot easily be repaired when Parliament is dissolved. So it happens that the loss of seats at by-elections is never any sure test of what will happen when a fresh Parliament has to be elected. Sometimes they do foreshadow coming events, sometimes they do not. Seat after seat was lost by Mr Gladstone between 1868 and 1874, and these were true omens. Seat after seat was lost by Lord Palmerston between 1859 and 1865, and these were false ones; for at the general election of the last-mentioned year his majority was larger than ever.

On the other hand, it must always be borne in mind that the majority of mankind, and not merely the ignorant or illiterate, judge a good deal by what is superficial and conspicuous; and that, like a flock of sheep, where one goes the rest are very prone to follow. When the failure of a Government in any of its more important functions is noised abroad, and becomes the talk of the market-place, thousands will inquire no further, but will accept the popular impression of the moment as sufficient and conclusive. Then, again, we have that other class to reckon with who pride themselves on being practical; who are all for "measures not men," and regard allegiance to principle as an exploded superstition. In their eyes the best administrators are necessarily the best rulers. And if the Government of the day fail to take due account of either of these two last-mentioned factors in the formation of public opinion, they are likely to repent of it. Lord Salisbury may console himself with the reflection that to deserve success is more than to command it. But such is not the opinion of the multitude, who have a vulgar prejudice in its favour. They are, however, lenient judges in the long-run, and will condone many miscarriages both in policy and legislation, if satisfied only that they have not been incurred by any flagrant breach of common-sense.

Printed by William Blackwood and Sons.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCCXCV. SEPTEMBER 1898. Vol. CLXIV.

YOUTH: A NARRATIVE.

This could have occurred nowhere but in England, where men and sea interpenetrate, so to speak —the sea entering into the life of most men, and the men knowing something or everything about the sea, in the way of amusement, of travel, or of bread-winning.

We were sitting round a mahogany table that reflected the bottle, the claret-glasses, and our faces as we leaned on our elbows. There was a director of companies, an accountant, a lawyer, Marlow, and myself. The director had been a Conway boy, the accountant had served four years at sea, the lawyer —a fine crusted Tory, High Churchman, the best of old fellows, the soul of honour — had been chief officer in the P. & O. service in the good old days when mail-boats were square-rigged at least on two masts, and used to come down the China Sea before a fair monsoon with stun'-sails set alow and aloft. We all began life in the merchant service. Between the five of us there was the strong bond of the sea, and also the fellowship of the craft, which no amount of enthusiasm for yachting, cruising, and so on can give, since one is only the amusement of life and the other is life itself.

Marlow (at least I think that is how he spelt his name) told the story, or rather the chronicle, of a voyage:—

"Yes, I have seen a little of the Eastern seas; but what I remember best is my first voyage there. You fellows know there are those voyages that seem ordered for the illustration of life, that might stand for a symbol of existence. You fight, work, sweat, nearly kill yourself, sometimes do kill yourself, trying to accomplish something—and you can't. Not from any fault of yours. You simply can do nothing, neither great nor little

—not a thing in the world — not even marry an old maid, or get a wretched 600-ton cargo of coal to its port of destination.

"It was altogether a memorable affair. It was my first voyage to the East, and my first voyage as second mate; it was also my skipper's first command. You'll admit it was time. He was sixty if a day; a little man, with a broad, not very straight back, with bowed shoulders and one leg more bandy than the other, he had that queer twisted-about appearance you see so often in men who work in the fields. He had a nut-cracker face — chin and nose trying to come together over a sunken mouth—and it was framed in iron-grey fluffy hair, that looked like a chin-strap of cotton-wool sprinkled with coal-dust. And he had blue eyes in that old face of his, which were amazingly like a boy's, with that candid expression some quite common men preserve to the end of their days by a rare internal gift of simplicity of heart and rectitude of soul. What induced him to accept me was a wonder. I had come out of a crack Australian clipper, where I had been third officer, and he seemed to have a prejudice against crack clippers as aristocratic and high-toned. He said to me, 'You know, in this ship you will have to work.' I said I had to work in every ship I had ever been in. 'Ah, but this is different, and you gentlemen out of them big ships; . . . but there! I daresay you will do. Join to-morrow.'

"I joined to-morrow. It was twenty-two years ago; and I was just twenty. How time passes! It was one of the happiest days of my life. Fancy! Second mate for the first time—a really responsible officer! I wouldn't have thrown up my new billet for a fortune. The mate looked me over carefully. He was also an old chap, but of another stamp. He had a Roman nose, a snow-white, long beard, and his name was Mahon, but he insisted that it should be pronounced Mann. He was well connected; but there was something wrong with his luck, and he had never got on.

"As to the captain, he had been for years in coasters, then in the Mediterranean, and last in the West Indian trade. He had never been round the Capes. He could just write a kind of sketchy hand, and didn't care for writing at all. Both were thorough good seamen of course, and between those two old chaps I felt like a small boy between two grandfathers.

"The ship also was old. Her name was the Judea. Queer name, isn't it? She belonged to a man Wilmer, Wilcox—some name like that; but he has been bankrupt and dead these twenty years or more, and his name don't matter. She had been laid up in Shadwell basin for ever so long. You may imagine her state. She was all rust, dust, grime—soot aloft, dirt on deck. To me it was like coming out of a palace into a ruined cottage. She was about 400 tons, had a primitive windlass, wooden latches to the doors, not a bit of brass about her, and a big square stern. There was on it, below her name in big letters, a lot of scrollwork, with the gilt off, and some sort of a coat of arms, with the motto 'Do or Die' underneath. I remember it took my fancy immensely. There was a touch of romance in it, something that made me love the old thing—something—something—*Youth!* . . .

"We left London in ballast—sand ballast—to load a cargo of coal in a northern port for Bankok. Bankok! I thrilled. I had been six years at sea, but had only seen

Melbourne and Sydney, very good places, charming places in their way —but Bankok!

"We worked out of the Thames under canvas, with a North Sea pilot on board. His name was Jermyn, and he dodged all day long about the galley drying his handkerchief before the stove. Apparently he never slept. He was a dismal man, with a perpetual tear at the end of his nose, who either had been in trouble, or was in trouble, or expected to be in trouble—couldn't be happy unless something went wrong. He mistrusted my youth, my commonsense, and my seamanship, and made a point of showing it in a hundred little ways. I daresay he was right. It seems to me I knew very little then, and I know not much more now; but I cherish a hate for that Jermyn to this day.

"We were a week working up as far as Yarmouth Roads, and then we got into a gale — the famous October gale of twenty-two years ago. It was wind, lightning, sleet, snow, and a terrific sea. We were flying light, and you may imagine how bad it was when I tell you we had smashed bulwarks and a flooded deck. On the second night she shifted her ballast into the lee bow, and by that time we had been blown off somewhere on the Dogger Bank. There was nothing for it but go below with shovels and try to right her, and there we were in that vast hold, gloomy like a cavern, the tallow dips stuck and flickering on the beams, the gale howling above, the ship tossing about like mad on her side; there we all were, Jermyn, the captain, every one, hardly able to keep our feet, engaged on that gravedigger's work, and trying to toss shovelfuls of wet sand up to windward. At every tumble of the ship you could see vaguely in the dim light men falling down with a great flourish of shovels. One of the ship's boys (we had two), impressed by the weirdness of the scene, wept as if his heart would break. We could hear him blubbering somewhere in the shadows.

"On the third day the gale died out, and by-and-by a north-country tug picked us up. We were twenty-three days from London to the Tyne! When we got into dock we had lost our turn for loading, and they hauled us off to a tier where we remained for a month. Mrs Beard (the captain's name was Beard) came from Colchester to see the old man. She lived on board. The crew of runners had left, and there remained only the officers, one boy, and the steward, a mulatto who answered to the name of Abraham. It rained every day, and in the cabin we lived *en famille*. Mrs Beard was an old woman, with a face all wrinkled and ruddy like a winter apple, and the figure of a young girl. She caught sight of me once, sewing on a button, and insisted on having my shirts to repair. This was something different from the captains' wives I had known on board crack clippers. When I brought her the shirts, she said: 'And the socks? They want mending, I am sure, and John's—Captain Beard's things are all in order now. I would be glad of something to do.' Bless the old woman. She overhauled my outfit for me, and meantime I read for the first time 'Sartor Resartus' and Burnaby's 'Ride to Khiva.' I didn't understand much of the first then; but I remember I preferred the soldier to the philosopher at the time, a preference which life has only confirmed. One was a man, and the other was either more — or less. However, they are both dead, and Mrs Beard is

dead, and youth, strength, genius, thoughts, achievements, simple hearts—all dies. . . . No matter.

"They loaded us at last. We shipped a crew. Eight able seamen and two boys. We hauled off one evening to the buoys at the dock-gates, ready to go out, and with a fair prospect of beginning the voyage next day. Mrs Beard was to start for home by a late train. When the ship was fast we went to tea. We sat rather silent through the meal—Mahon, the old couple, and I. I finished first, and slipped away for a smoke, my cabin being in a deck-house just against the poop. It was high water, blowing fresh; the double dock-gates were opened, and the steam-colliers were going in and out in the darkness with their lights burning bright, a great plashing of propellers, rattling of winches, and a lot of hailing on the pier-heads. I watched the procession of head-lights gliding high and of green lights gliding low in the night, when suddenly a red gleam flashed at me, vanished, came into view again, and remained. The fore-end of a steamer loomed up close. I shouted down the cabin, 'Come up, quick!' and then heard a startled voice saying afar in the dark, 'Stop her, sir.' A bell jingled. Another voice cried warningly, 'We are going right into that barque, sir.' The answer to this was a gruff 'All right,' and the next thing was a heavy crash as the steamer struck a glancing blow with the bluff of her bow about our fore-rigging. There was a moment of confusion, yelling, and running about. Steam roared. Then somebody was heard saying, 'All clear, sir.' 'Are you all right?' asked the gruff voice. I had jumped forward to see the damage, and hailed back, 'I think so.' 'Easy astern,' said the gruff voice. A bell jingled. 'What steamer is that?' screamed Mahon. By that time she was no more to us than a bulky shadow manœuvring a little way off. They shouted at us some name—a woman's name, Miranda or Melissa—or some such thing. 'This means another month in this beastly hole,' said Mahon to me, as we peered with lamps about the splintered bulwarks and broken braces. 'But where's the captain?'

"We had not heard or seen him all that time. We went aft to look. A doleful voice arose hailing somewhere in the middle of the dock, 'Judea ahoy!' How the devil did he get there? 'Hallo!' we shouted. 'I am adrift in our boat without oars,' he cried. A belated waterman offered his services, and Mahon struck a bargain with him for half-a-crown to tow our skipper alongside; but it was Mrs Beard that came up the ladder first. They had been floating about the dock in that mizzly cold rain for nearly an hour. I was never so surprised in my life.

"It appears that when he heard my shout 'Come up' he understood at once what was the matter, caught up his wife, ran on deck, and across, and down into our boat, which was fast to the ladder. Not bad for a sixty-year-old. Just imagine that old fellow saving heroically in his arms that old woman—the woman of his life. He set her down on a thwart, and was just climbing back on board when the painter came adrift somehow, and away they went together. Of course in the confusion we did not hear him shouting. He looked abashed. She said cheerfully, 'I suppose it does not matter my losing the train now?' 'No, Jenny—you go below and get warm,' he growled. Then to us: 'A sailor has no business with a wife—I say. There I was, out of the ship.

Well, no harm done this time. Let's go and look at what that fool of a steamer smashed.'

"It wasn't much, but it delayed us three weeks. At the end of that time, the captain being engaged with his agents, I carried Mrs Beard's bag to the railway-station and put her all comfy into a third-class carriage. She lowered the window to say, 'You are a good young man. If you see John—Captain Beard—without his muffler at night, just remind him from me to keep his throat well wrapped up.' 'Certainly, Mrs Beard,' I said. 'You are a good young man; I noticed how attentive you are to John—to Captain——' The train pulled out suddenly; I took my cap off to the old woman: I never saw her again. . . . Pass the bottle.

"We went to sea next day. When we made that start for Bankok we had been already three months out of London. We had expected to be a fortnight or so—at the outside.

"It was January, and the weather was beautiful—the beautiful sunny winter weather that has more charm than in the summer-time, because it is unexpected, and crisp, and you know it won't, it can't, last long. It's like a windfall, like a godsend, like an unexpected piece of luck.

"It lasted all down the North Sea, all down Channel; and it lasted till we were three hundred miles or so to the westward of the Lizards: then the wind went round to the sou'west and began to pipe up. In two days it blew a gale. The Judea hove to, wallowed on the Atlantic like an old candle-box. It blew day after day: it blew with spite, without interval, without mercy, without rest. The world was nothing but an immensity of great foaming waves rushing at us, under a sky low enough to touch with the hand and dirty like a smoked ceiling. In the stormy space surrounding us there was as much flying spray as air. Day after day and night after night there was nothing round the ship but the howl of the wind, the tumult of the sea, the noise of water pouring over her deck. There was no rest for her and no rest for us. She tossed, she pitched, she stood on her head, she sat on her tail, she rolled, she groaned, and we had to hold on while on deck and cling to our bunks when below, in a constant effort of body and worry of mind.

"One night Mahon spoke through the small window of my berth. It opened right into my very bed, and I was lying there sleepless, in my boots, feeling as though I had not slept for years, and could not if I tried. He said excitedly—

"'Ybu got the sounding-rod in here, Marlow? I can't get the pumps to suck. By God! it's no child's play.'

"I gave him the sounding-rod and lay down again, trying to think of various things—but I thought only of the pumps. When I came on deck they were pumping. My watch relieved at the pumps. By the light of the lantern brought on deck to examine the sounding-rod I caught a glimpse of their weary, serious faces. We pumped all the four hours. We pumped all night, all day, all the week—watch and watch. She was working herself loose, and leaked badly. Not enough to drown us at once, but enough to kill us with the work at the pumps. And while we pumped the ship was going from us piecemeal: the bulwarks went, the stanchions were torn out, the ventilators smashed, the cabin-door burst in. There was not a dry spot in the ship. She was being gutted bit by

bit. The long-boat changed, as if by magic, into matchwood where she stood in her gripes. I had lashed her myself, and was rather proud of my handiwork, which had withstood so long the malice of the sea. And we pumped. And there was no break in the weather. The sea was white like a sheet of foam, like a caldron of boiling milk; there was not a break in the clouds, no—not of the size of a man's head—no, not for so much as ten seconds. There was for us no sky, there were for us no stars, no sun, no universe—nothing but angry clouds and an infuriated sea. We pumped watch and watch, for dear life; and it seemed to last for months, for years, for all eternity, as though we had been dead and gone to a hell for sailors. We forgot the day of the week, the name of the month, what year it was, and whether we had ever been ashore. The sails blew away, she lay broadside on under a weather-cloth, the ocean poured over her, and we did not care. We turned those handles, and had the eyes of idiots. As soon as we had crawled on deck I used to take a round turn with a rope about the men, the pumps, and the mainmast, and we turned, we turned incessantly, with the water to our waists, to our necks, over our heads. It was all one. We had forgotten how it felt to be dry.

"And there was somewhere in me the thought: By Jove! this is the deuce of an adventure—something you read about; and it is my first voyage as second mate—and I am only twenty—and here I am lasting it out as well as any of these men, and keeping my chaps up to the mark. I was pleased. I would not have given up the experience for worlds. I had moments of exultation. Whenever the old dismantled craft pitched heavily with her counter high in the air, she seemed to me to throw up, like an appeal, like a defiance, like a cry to the clouds without mercy, the words written on her stern: 'Judea, London. Do or Die.'

"O youth! The strength of it, the faith of it, the imagination of it! To me she was not an old rattle-trap carting about the world a lot of coal for a freight—to me she was the endeavour, the test, the trial of life. I think of her with pleasure, with affection, with regret—as you would think of some one dead you have loved. I shall never forget her. . . . Pass the bottle.

"One night when tied to the mast, as I explained, we were pumping on, deafened with the wind, and without spirit enough in us to wish ourselves dead, a heavy sea crashed aboard and swept clean over us. As soon as I got my breath I shouted, as in duty bound, 'Keep on, boys!' when suddenly I felt something hard floating on deck strike the calf of my leg. I made a grab at it and missed. It was so dark we could not see each other's faces within a foot—you understand.

"After that thump the ship kept quiet for a while, and the thing, whatever it was, struck my leg again. This time I caught it—and it was a sauce-pan. At first, being stupid with fatigue and thinking of nothing but the pumps, I did not understand what I had in my hand. Suddenly it dawned upon me, and I shouted, 'Boys, the house on deck is gone. Leave this, and let's look for the cook.'

"There was a deck-house forward, which contained the galley, the cook's berth, and the quarters of the crew. As we had expected for days to see it swept away, the hands had been ordered to sleep in the

cabin—the only safe place in the ship. The steward, Abraham, however, persisted in clinging to his berth, stupidly, like a mule—from sheer fright I believe, like an animal that won't leave a stable falling in an earthquake. So we went to look for him. It was chancing death, since once out of our lashings we were as exposed as if on a raft. But we went. The house was shattered as if a shell had exploded inside. Most of it had gone overboard—stove, men's quarters, and their property, all was gone; but two posts, holding a portion of the bulkhead to which Abraham's bunk was attached, remained as if by a miracle. We groped in the ruins and came upon this, and there he was, sitting in his bunk, surrounded by foam and wreckage, jabbering cheerfully to himself. He was out of his mind, completely and for ever mad, with this sudden shock coming upon the fag-end of his endurance. We snatched him up, lugged him aft, and pitched him head-first down the cabin companion. You understand there was no time to carry him down with infinite precautions and wait to see how he got on. Those below would pick him up at the bottom of the stairs all right. We were in a hurry to go back to the pumps. That business could not wait. A bad leak is an inhuman thing.

"One would think that the sole purpose of that fiendish gale had been to make a lunatic of that poor devil of a mulatto. It eased before morning, and next day the sky cleared, and as the sea went down the leak took up. When it came to bending a fresh set of sails the crew demanded to put back—and really there was nothing else to do. Boats gone, decks swept clean, cabin gutted, men without a stitch but what they stood in, stores spoiled, ship strained. We put her head for home, and—would you believe it? The wind came east right in our teeth. It blew fresh, it blew continuously. We had to beat up every inch of the way, but she did not leak so badly, the water keeping comparatively smooth. Two hours' pumping in every four is no joke—but it kept her afloat as far as Falmouth.

"The good people there live on casualties of the sea, and no doubt were glad to see us. A hungry crowd of shipwrights sharpened their chisels at the sight of that carcass of a ship. And, by Jove! they had pretty pickings off us before they were done. I fancy the owner was already in a tight place. There were delays. Then it was decided to take part of the cargo out and caulk her topsides. This was done, the repairs finished, cargo reshipped; a new crew came on board, and we went out—for Bankok. At the end of a week we were back again. The crew said they weren't going to Bankok—a hundred and fifty days' passage—in a something hooker that wanted pumping eight hours out of the twenty-four; and the nautical papers inserted again the little paragraph: 'Judea. Barque. Tyne to Bankok; coals; put back to Falmouth leaky and with crew refusing duty.'

"There were more delays—more tinkering. The owner came down for a day, and said she was as right as a little fiddle. Poor old Captain Beard looked like the ghost of a Geordie skipper—through the worry and humiliation of it. Remember he was sixty, and it was his first command. Mahon said it was a foolish business, and would end badly. I loved the ship more than ever, and wanted awfully to get to Bankok. To Bankok! Magic name, blessed name. Mesopotamia wasn't a patch on it. Remember I was twenty, and it was my first

second mate's billet, and the East was waiting for me.

"We went out and anchored in the outer roads with a fresh crew—the third. She leaked worse than ever. It was as if those confounded shipwrights had actually made a hole in her. This time we did not even go outside. The crew simply refused to man the windlass.

"They towed us back to the inner harbour, and we became a fixture, a feature, an institution of the place. People pointed us out to visitors as 'That 'ere barque that's going to Bankok—has been here six months—put back three times.' On holidays the small boys pulling about in boats would hail, 'Judea, ahoy!' and if a head showed above the rail shouted, 'Where you bound to?—Bankok?' and jeered. We were only three on board. The poor old skipper mooned in the cabin. Mahon undertook the cooking, and unexpectedly developed all a Frenchman's genius for preparing nice little messes. I looked languidly after the rigging. We became citizens of Falmouth. Every shopkeeper knew us. At the barber's or tobacconist's they asked familiarly, 'Do you think you will ever get to Bankok?' Meantime the owner, the underwriters, and the charterers squabbled amongst themselves in London, and our pay went on. . . . Pass the bottle.

"It was horrid. Morally it was worse than pumping for life. It seemed as though we had been forgotten by the world, belonged to nobody, would get nowhere; it seemed that, as if bewitched, we would have to live for ever and ever in that inner harbour, a derision and a byword to generations of long-shore loafers and dishonest boatmen. I obtained three months' pay and a five days' leave, and went to London. It took me a day to get there and pretty well another to come back—but three months' pay went all the same. I don't know what I did with it. I went to a music-hall, I believe, lunched, dined, and supped in a swell place in Regent Street, and was back to time, with nothing but a complete set of Byron's works and a new railway rug to show for three months' work. The boatman who pulled me off to the ship said: 'Hallo! I thought you had left the old thing. *She* will never get to Bankok.' 'That's all *you* know about it,' I said, scornfully—but I didn't like that prophecy at all.

"Suddenly a man, some kind of agent to somebody, appeared with full powers. He had grog-blossoms all over his face, an indomitable energy, and was a jolly soul. We leaped into life again. A hulk came alongside, took our cargo, and then we went into dry dock to get our copper stripped. No wonder she leaked. The poor thing, strained beyond endurance by the gale, had, as if in disgust, spat out all the oakum of her lower seams. She was recaulked, new coppered, and made as tight as a bottle. We went back to the hulk and reshipped our cargo.

"Then, on a fine moonlight night, all the rats left the ship.

"We had been infested with them. They destroyed our sails, consumed more stores than the crew, affably shared our beds and our dangers, and now, when the ship was made seaworthy, concluded to clear out. I called Mahon to enjoy the spectacle. Rat after rat appeared on our rail, took a last look over his shoulder at the decks, and leaped with a thud into the empty hulk. We tried to count them, but soon lost the tale. Mahon said: 'Well, well! don't talk to me about the

intelligence of rats. They ought to have left before, when we had that narrow squeak from foundering. There you have the proof how silly is the superstition about them. They leave a good ship for an old rotten hulk, where there is nothing to eat, too, the fools! . . . I don't believe they know what is safe or what is good for them, any more than you or I.'

"And after some more talk we agreed that the wisdom of rats had been grossly overrated, being in fact no greater than that of men.

"The story of the ship was known, by this, all up the Channel from Land's End to the Forelands, and we could get no crew on the south coast. They sent us one all complete from Liverpool, and we left once more—for Bankok.

"We had fair breezes, smooth water right into the tropics, and the old Judea lumbered along in the sunshine. When she went eight knots everything cracked aloft, and we tied our caps to our heads. But mostly she strolled on at the rate of three miles an hour. What could you expect? She was tired—that old ship. Her youth was where mine is—where yours is—you fellows who listen to this yarn. And what friend would throw your years and your weariness in your face? We didn't grumble at her. To us aft, at least it seemed as though we had been born in her, reared in her, had lived in her for ages, had never known any other ship. I would just as soon have abused the old village church at home for not being a cathedral.

"And for me there was also youth to make me patient. There was all the East before me, and all life, and the thought that I had been tried in that ship and had come out pretty well. And I thought of men of old who, centuries ago, went that road in ships that sailed no better, to the land of palms, and spices, and yellow sands, and of brown nations ruled by kings more cruel than Nero the Roman and more splendid than Solomon the Jew. The old bark lumbered on, heavy with her age and the burden of her cargo, while I lived the life of youth in ignorance and hope. She lumbered on through an interminable procession of days; and the fresh gilding of the letters flashed back at the setting sun, seemed to cry out over the darkening sea the words painted on her stern, 'Judea, London. Do or Die.'

"Then we entered the Indian Ocean and steered northerly for Java Head. The winds were light. Weeks slipped by. She crawled on, do or die, and people at home began to think of posting us as overdue.

"One Saturday evening, I being off duty, the men asked me to give them an extra bucket of water or so—for washing clothes. As I did not wish to screw on the fresh-water pump so late, I went forward whistling, and with a key in my hand to unlock the forepeak scuttle, intending to give them water out of a spare tank we kept there.

"The smell down below was as unexpected as it was frightful. One would have thought hundreds of paraffin-lamps had been flaring and smoking in that hole for days. I served out the water and ran up quick. The man with me coughed and said, 'Funny smell, sir.' I answered negligently, 'It's good for the health they say,' and walked aft.

"The first thing I did was to put my head down the square of the midship ventilator. As I lifted the lid it seemed to me that a visible breath, something like a thin fog, a puff of faint haze, rose

from the opening. The ascending air was hot, and had a heavy, sooty, paraffiny smell. I gave one sniff, and put down the lid gently. It was no use choking myself. The cargo was on fire.

"Next day she began to smoke in earnest. You see it was to be expected, for though the coal was of a safe kind, that cargo had been so handled, so broken up with handling, that it looked more like smithy coal than anything else. Then it had been wetted—more than once. It rained all the time we were taking it back from the hulk, and now with this long passage it got heated, and there was another case of spontaneous combustion.

"The captain called us into the cabin. He had a chart spread on the table, and looked unhappy. He said, 'The coast of West Australia is near, but I mean to proceed to our destination. It is the hurricane month too; but we will just keep her head for Bankok, and fight the fire. No more putting back anywhere, if we all get roasted. We will try first to stifle this 'ere damned combustion by want of air.'

"We tried. We battened down everything, and still she smoked. The smoke kept coming out through imperceptible crevices; it forced itself through bulkheads and covers; it oozed here and there and everywhere in slender threads, in an invisible film, in an incomprehensible manner. It made its way into the cabin, into the forecastle; it poisoned the sheltered places on the deck, it could be sniffed as high as the mainyard. It was clear that if the smoke came out the air came in. This was disheartening. This combustion refused to be stifled.

We resolved to try water, and took the hatches off. Enormous volumes of smoke, whitish, yellowish, thick, greasy, misty, choking, ascended as high as the trucks. All hands cleared out aft. Then the poisonous cloud blew away, and we went back to work in a smoke that was no thicker now than that of an ordinary factory chimney.

"We rigged the force-pump, got the hose along, and by-and-by it burst. Well, it was as old as the ship—a prehistoric hose, and past repair. Then we pumped with the feeble head-pump, drew water with buckets, and in this way managed in time to pour lots of Indian Ocean into the main hatch. The bright stream flashed in sunshine, fell into a layer of white crawling smoke, and vanished on the black surface of coal. Steam ascended mingling with the smoke. We poured salt water as into a barrel without a bottom. It was our fate to pump in that ship, to pump out of her, to pump into her; and after keeping water out of her to save ourselves from being drowned, we frantically poured water into her to save ourselves from being burnt.

"And she crawled on, do or die, in the serene weather. The sky was a miracle of purity, a miracle of azure. The sea was polished, was blue, was pellucid, was sparkling like a precious stone, extending on all sides, all round to the horizon—as if the whole terrestrial globe had been one jewel, one colossal sapphire, a single gem fashioned into a planet. And on the lustre of the great calm waters the Judea glided imperceptibly, enveloped in languid and unclean vapours, in a lazy cloud that drifted to leeward, light and slow: a pestiferous cloud defiling the splendour of sea and sky.

"All this time of course we saw no fire. The cargo smouldered at the bottom somewhere. Once

Mahon, as we were working side by side, said to me with a queer smile: 'Now, if she only would spring a tidy leak—like that time when we first left the Channel—it would put a stopper on this fire. Wouldn't it?' I remarked irrelevantly, 'Do you remember the rats?'

"We fought the fire and sailed the ship too as carefully as though nothing had been the matter. The steward cooked and attended on us. Of the other twelve men, eight worked while four rested. Every one took his turn, captain included. There was equality, and if not exactly fraternity, then a deal of good feeling. Sometimes a man, as he dashed a bucketful of water down the hatchway, would yell out, 'Hurrah for Bankok!' and the rest laughed. But generally we were taciturn and serious — and thirsty. O! how thirsty! And we had to be careful with the water. Strict allowance. The ship smoked, the sun blazed. . . . Pass the bottle.

"We tried everything. We even made an attempt to dig down to the fire. No good, of course. No man could remain more than a minute below. Mahon, who went first, fainted there, and the man who went to fetch him out did likewise. We lugged them out on deck. Then I leaped down to show how easily it could be done. They had learned wisdom by that time, and contented themselves by fishing for me with a chain-hook tied to a broom-handle, I believe. I did not offer to go and fetch up my shovel, which was left down below.

"Things began to look bad. We put the long-boat into the water. The second boat was ready to swing out. We had also another, a 14-foot thing, on davits aft, where it was quite safe.

"Then, behold, the smoke suddenly decreased. We redoubled our efforts to flood the bottom of the ship. In two days there was no smoke at all. Everybody was on the broad grin. This was Friday. On Saturday no work, but sailing the ship of course, was done. The men washed their clothes and their faces for the first time in a fortnight, and had a special dinner given them. They spoke of spontaneous combustion with contempt, and implied *they* were the boys to put out combustions. Somehow we all felt as though we each had inherited a large fortune. But a beastly smell of burning hung about the ship. Captain Beard had hollow eyes and sunken cheeks. I had never noticed so much before how twisted and bowed he was. He and Mahon prowled soberly about hatches and ventilators, sniffing. It struck me suddenly poor Mahon was a very, very old chap. As to me, I was as pleased and proud as though I had helped to win a great naval battle. All youth!

"The night was fine. In the morning a homeward-bound ship passed us hull down,—the first we had seen for months; but we were nearing the land at last, Java Head being about 190 miles off, and nearly due north.

"Next day it was my watch on deck from eight to twelve. At breakfast the captain observed, 'It's wonderful how that smell hangs about the cabin.' About ten, the mate being on the poop, I stepped down on the main-deck for a moment. The carpenter's bench stood abaft the mainmast: I leaned against it sucking at my pipe, and the carpenter, a young chap, came to talk to me. He remarked, 'I think we have done very well, haven't we?' and then I perceived with annoyance the fool was trying to tilt the bench. I

said curtly, 'Don't, Chips,' and immediately became aware of a queer sensation, of an absurd delusion,—I seemed somehow to be in the air. I heard all round me like a pent-up breath released—as if a thousand giants simultaneously had said Phoo!—and felt a dull concussion which made my ribs ache suddenly. No doubt about it—I was in the air, and my body was describing a short parabola. But short as it was, I had the time to think several thoughts in the order here set down: 'This can't be the carpenter—What is it?—Some accident—Submarine volcano?—Coals, gas!—By Jove! we are being blown up—Everybody's dead—I am falling into the after-hatch—I see fire in it.'

"You see, she had blown up her decks, and the coal-dust suspended in the air of the hold glowed dull-red for an instant. In the twinkling of an eye, in an infinitesimal fraction of a second since the first tilt of the bench, I struck full length on the coals. I picked myself up and scrambled out. It was quick like a rebound. The deck was a wilderness of smashed timber, lying crosswise like trees in a wood after a hurricane. An immense curtain of soiled rags waved gently before me—it was the mainsail blown to strips. I thought, The masts will be toppling over directly; and to get out of the way bolted on all-fours towards the poop-ladder. The first person I saw was Mahon, with eyes like saucers, his mouth open, and the long white hair standing straight on end round his head like a silver halo. He was just about to go down when the sight of the main-deck stirring, heaving up, and changing into splinters before his eyes, petrified him on the top step. I stared at him in unbelief, and he stared at me with a queer kind of shocked curiosity. I did not know that I had no hair, no eyebrows, no eyelashes, that my young moustache was burnt off, that my face was black, one cheek laid open, my nose cut, and my chin bleeding. I had lost my cap, one of my slippers, and my shirt was torn to rags. Of all this I was not aware. I was amazed to see the ship still afloat, the poop-deck whole—and, most of all, to see anybody alive. Also the peace of the sky and the serenity of the sea were distinctly surprising. I suppose I expected to see them convulsed with horror. . . . Pass the bottle.

"There was a voice hailing the ship from somewhere—in the air, in the sky—I couldn't tell. Presently I saw the captain—and he was mad. He asked me eagerly, 'Where's the cabin-table?' and to hear such a question was a frightful shock to me. I had just been blown up, you understand, and vibrated with that experience,—I wasn't quite sure whether I was alive. Mahon began to stamp with both feet and yelled at him, 'Good God! don't you see the deck's blown out of her?' I found my voice, and stammered out as if conscious of some gross neglect of duty, 'I don't know where the cabin-table is.' It was like an absurd dream.

"Do you know what he wanted next? Well, he wanted to trim the yards. Very placidly, and as if lost in thought, he insisted to have the foreyard squared. 'I don't know if there's anybody alive,' said Mahon, almost tearfully. 'Surely,' he said, gently, 'there will be enough left to square the foreyard.'

"You see the old chap was in his own berth, winding up the chronometers, when the shock sent him spinning. Immediately it occurred to him—as he said after-

wards—that the ship had struck something, and he ran out into the cabin. There, he saw, the cabin-table had vanished somewhere. The deck being blown up, it had fallen down into the lazarette of course. Where we had our breakfast that morning he saw only a great hole in the floor. This appeared to him so awfully mysterious, and impressed him so immensely, that what he saw and heard after he got on deck were mere trifles in comparison. And, mark, he noticed directly the wheel deserted and his barque off her course—and his only thought was to get that miserable, stripped, undecked, smouldering shell of a ship back again with her head pointing at her port of destination. Bankok! That's what he was after. I tell you this quiet, bowed, bandy-legged, almost deformed little man was immense in the singleness of his idea and in his placid ignorance of our agitation. He motioned us forward with a gesture almost august, and went to the wheel himself.

"Yes; that was the first thing we did—trim the yards of that wreck. No one was killed, or even disabled, and every one was more or less hurt. But you should have seen them. Some were in rags, with black faces, like coalheavers, like sweeps, and had bullet heads that seemed closely cropped, but were in fact singed to the skin. Others, of the watch below, awakened by being shot out from their collapsing bunks, shivered incessantly, and kept on groaning even as we went about our work. But they all worked. That crew of Liverpool hard cases had in them the right stuff. It's my experience they always have. It is the sea that gives it—the vastness, the loneliness surrounding their dark stolid souls. Ah! Well! we stumbled, we crept, we fell, we barked our shins on the wreckage, we hauled. The masts stood, but we did not know how much they might be charred down below. It was nearly calm, but a long swell ran from the west and made her roll. They might go at any moment. We looked at them with apprehension. One could not foresee which way they would fall.

"Then we got aft and looked about us. The deck was a tangle of planks on edge, of planks on end, of splinters, of ruined woodwork. The masts rose from that chaos like big trees above a matted undergrowth. The interstices of that mass of wreckage were full of something whitish, sluggish, stirring—of something that was like a greasy fog. The smoke of the invisible fire was coming up again, was trailing, like a poisonous thick mist in some valley choked with dead wood. Already lazy wisps were beginning to curl upwards amongst the mass of splinters. Here and there a piece of timber, stuck upright, resembled a post. Half of a fife-rail had been shot through the foresail, and the sky made a patch of glorious blue in the ignobly soiled canvas. A portion of several boards holding together had fallen across the rail, and one end protruded overboard, like a gangway leading upon nothing, like a gangway leading over the deep sea, leading to death—as if inviting us to walk the plank at once and thus end the poignant comedy of that voyage. And still the air, the sky—a ghost, something invisible was hailing the ship.

"Some one had the sense to look over, and there was the helmsman, who had impulsively jumped overboard, anxious to come back. He yelled and swam lustily like a merman, keeping up with the ship. We threw him a rope, and presently

he stood amongst us streaming with water and very crestfallen. The captain had surrendered the wheel, and apart, elbow on rail and chin in hand, gazed at the sea wistfully. We asked ourselves, What next? I thought, Now, this is something like. This is great. I wonder what will happen. I exulted as if after a triumph. O youth! And are we not all descendants of Don Quixote, all the wise, all the simple—all of us in the quixotism of our youth?

"Suddenly Mahon sighted a steamer far astern. Captain Beard said, 'We may do something with her yet.' We hoisted two flags, which said in the international language of the sea, 'On fire. Want immediate assistance.' The steamer grew bigger rapidly, and by-and-by spoke with two flags on her foremast, 'I am coming to your assistance.'

"In half an hour she was abreast, to windward, within hail, and rolling slightly, with her engines stopped. We lost our composure, and yelled all together with excitement, 'We've been blown up.' A man in a white helmet, on the bridge, cried, 'Yes! All right! all right!' and he nodded his head, and smiled, and made soothing motions with his hand as though at a lot of frightened children. One of her boats dropped in the water, and walked towards us upon the sea with her long oars. Four Calashes pulled a swinging stroke. This was my first sight of Malay seamen. I've known them since, but what struck me then was their unconcern. They came alongside, and even the bowman standing up and holding to our main-chains with the boat-hook did not deign to lift his head for a glance. I thought people who had been blown up deserved more attention.

"A little man, dry like a chip and agile like a monkey, clambered up. It was the mate of the steamer. He gave one look, and cried, 'O boys—you had better quit.'

"We were silent. He talked apart with the captain for a time, —seemed to argue with him. Then they went away together to the steamer.

"When our skipper came back we learned that the steamer was the Sommerville, Captain Nash, from West Australia to Singapore *viâ* Batavia with mails, and that the agreement was she should tow us to Anjer or Batavia, if possible, where we could extinguish the fire by scuttling, and then proceed on our voyage—to Bankok! The old man seemed excited. 'We will do it yet,' he said to Mahon, fiercely. He shook his fist at the sky. Nobody else said a word.

"At noon the steamer began to tow. She went ahead slim and high, and what was left of the Judea followed at the end of seventy fathom of tow-rope,—followed her swiftly like a cloud of smoke with mast-heads protruding above. We went aloft to furl the sails. We coughed on the yards, and were careful about the bunts. Do you see the lot of us there, putting a neat furl on the sails of that ship doomed to arrive nowhere? There was not a man who didn't think that at any moment the masts would topple over. From aloft we could not see the ship for smoke, and they worked carefully, passing the gaskets with even turns. 'Harbour furl—aloft there!' cried Mahon from below.

"You understand this? I don't think one of those chaps expected to get down in the usual way. When we did I heard them saying to each other, 'Well, I thought we would come down overboard, in a lump —sticks and all—blame me if I didn't.' 'That's what I was

thinking to myself,' would answer wearily another battered and bandaged scarecrow. And, mind, these were men without the drilled-in habit of obedience. To an onlooker they would be a lot of profane scallywags without a redeeming point. What made them do it—what made them obey me when I, thinking consciously how fine it was, made them drop the bunt of the foresail twice to try and do it better? What? They had no professional reputation—no examples, no praise. It wasn't a sense of duty; they all knew well enough how to shirk, and laze, and dodge—when they had a mind to it—and mostly they had. Was it the two pounds ten a-month that sent them there? They didn't think their pay half good enough. No; it was something in them, something inborn and subtle and everlasting. I don't say positively that the crew of a vulgar French or German merchantman wouldn't have done it, but I doubt it. And it wouldn't have been done in the same way. There was a completeness in it, something solid like a principle, and masterful like an instinct—a disclosure of something secret—of that hidden something, that gift of good or evil that makes racial difference, that shapes the fate of nations.

"It was that night at ten that, for the first time since we had been fighting it, we saw the fire. The speed of the towing had fanned the smouldering destruction. A blue gleam appeared forward, shining below the wreck of the deck. It wavered in patches, it seemed to stir and creep like the light of a glowworm. I saw it first, and told Mahon. 'Then the game's up,' he said. 'We had better stop this towing, or she will burst out suddenly fore and aft before we can clear out.' We set up a yell; rang bells to attract their attention; they towed on. At last Mahon and I crawled forward and cut the rope with an axe. There was no time to cast off the lashings. Red tongues could be seen licking the wilderness of splinters under our feet as we made our way back to the poop.

"Of course they very soon found out in the steamer that the rope was gone. She gave a loud blast of her whistle, her lights were seen sweeping in a wide circle, she came up ranging close alongside, and stopped. We were all in a tight group on the poop looking at her. Every man had saved a little bundle or a bag. Suddenly a conical flame with a twisted top shot up forward and threw upon the black sea a circle of light, with the two vessels side by side and heaving gently in its centre. Captain Beard had been sitting on the gratings still and mute for hours, but now he rose and advanced in front of us, to the mizzen-shrouds. Captain Nash hailed: 'Come along! Look sharp. I have mail-bags on board, you know. I will take you and your boats to Singapore.'

"'Thank you! No!' said our skipper. 'We must see the last of the ship.'

"'I can't stand by any longer,' shouted the other.

"'We are all right.'

"'Well, I'll report you in Singapore. Good-bye.'

"He waved his hand. Our men dropped their bundles quietly. The steamer moved ahead, and passing out of the circle of light, vanished at once from our sight, dazzled by the fire which burned fiercely. And then I knew that I would see the East first as commander of a small boat. I thought it fine; and the fidelity to the old ship was fine. We should see the last of her. Oh the glamour of youth! Oh the fire of it, more dazzling than the flames of

the burning ship, throwing its magic light on the wide earth, leaping audaciously to the sky, presently to be quenched by time, more cruel, more pitiless, more bitter than the sea, and like the flames of the burning ship surrounded by an impenetrable night.

"But there we were left alone to see the last of her.

"The old man informed us it was part of our duty to save as much as we could out of the ship. Accordingly we went to work aft, while she blazed forward to give us plenty of light. We lugged out a lot of rubbish. What didn't we save? An old barometer fixed with an absurd quantity of screws nearly cost me my life. A sudden rush of smoke came upon me, and I just got away in time. There were various stores, bolts of canvas, coils of rope; the poop looked like a marine bazaar, and the boats were lumbered to the gunwales. One would have thought the old man wanted to leave nothing but a clear ship to the fire. He seemed anxious to take as much as he could of his first command with him. He was very, very quiet, but off his balance evidently. Would you believe it? He wanted to take a length of old stream-cable and a kedge-anchor with him in the long-boat. We said, 'Ay, ay, sir,' deferentially, and on the quiet let the things slip overboard. The heavy medicine-chest went that way, two bags of green coffee, tins of paint—fancy, paint!—a whole lot of things. Then I was ordered with two hands into the boats to make a stowage and get them ready against the time it would be proper for us to leave the ship.

"We put everything straight, stepped the long-boat's mast for our skipper, who was to take charge of her, and I was not sorry to sit down for a moment. My face felt raw, every limb ached as if broken, I was aware of all my ribs, and would have sworn to a twist in the backbone. The boats, fast astern, lay in a deep shadow, and all around I could see the circle of the sea lighted by the fire. A gigantic flame rose forward straight and clear. It flared fierce, with noises like the whirr of wings, with rumbles as of thunder. There were cracks, detonations, and from the cone of flame the sparks flew upwards, as man is born to trouble, to leaky ships, and to ships that burn.

"What bothered me was that the ship, lying broadside to the swell and to such wind as there was—a mere breath—the boats would not keep astern where they were safe, but persisted, in a pig-headed way boats have, in getting under the counter and then swinging alongside. They were knocking about dangerously and coming near the flame, while the ship rolled on them, and, of course, there was always the danger of the masts going over the side at any moment. I and my two boat-keepers kept them off as best we could, with oars and boat-hooks; but to be constantly at it became exasperating, since there was no reason why we should not leave at once. We could not see those on board, and could not imagine what caused the delay. The boat-keepers were swearing feebly, and I had not only my share of the work but also had to keep at it two men who showed a constant inclination to lay themselves down and let things slide.

"At last I hailed, 'On deck there,' and some one looked over. 'We're ready here,' I said. The head disappeared, and very soon popped up again. 'The captain says, All right, sir, and to keep the boats well clear of the ship.'

"Half an hour passed. Suddenly there was a frightful racket, rattle, clanking of chain, hiss of water, and millions of sparks flew up into the shivering column of smoke that stood leaning slightly above the ship. The cat-heads had burned away, and the two red-hot anchors had gone to the bottom, tearing out after them two hundred fathom of red-hot chain. The ship trembled, the mass of flame swayed as if ready to collapse, and the fore top-gallant-mast fell. It darted down like an arrow of fire, shot under, and instantly leaping up within an oar's-length of the boats, floated quietly, very black on the luminous sea. I hailed the deck again. After some time a man in an unexpectedly cheerful but also muffled tone, as though he had been trying to speak with his mouth shut, informed me, 'Coming directly, sir,' and vanished. For a long time I heard nothing but the whirr and roar of the fire. There were also whistling sounds. The boats jumped, tugged at the painters, ran at each other playfully, knocked their sides together, or, do what we would, swung in a bunch against the ship's side. I couldn't stand it any longer, and swarming up a rope, clambered aboard over the stern.

"It was as bright as day. Coming up like this, the sheet of fire facing me, was a terrifying sight, and the heat seemed hardly bearable at first. On a settee cushion dragged out of the cabin, Captain Beard, his legs drawn up and one arm under his head, slept with the light playing on him. Do you know what the rest were busy about? They were sitting on deck right aft, round an open case, eating bread and cheese and drinking bottled stout.

"On the background of flames twisting in fierce tongues above their heads they seemed at home like salamanders, and looked like a band of desperate pirates. The fire sparkled in the whites of their eyes, gleamed on patches of white skin seen through the torn shirts. Each had the marks as of a battle about him—bandaged heads, tied-up arms, a strip of dirty rag round a knee—and each man had a bottle between his legs and a chunk of cheese in his hand. Mahon rose. With his handsome and disreputable head, his hooked profile, his long white beard, and a pint bottle of stout in his hand, he resembled one of those reckless sea-robbers of old making merry amidst violence and disaster. 'The last meal on board,' he explained to me. 'We had nothing to eat all day, and it was no use leaving all this.' He flourished the bottle about, and indicated the sleeping skipper. 'He said he couldn't swallow anything, so I got him to lie down,' he went on; and as I stared, 'I don't know whether you are aware, young fellow, the man had no sleep to speak of for days—and there will be dam' little sleep in the boats.' 'There will be no boats by-and-by if you fool about much longer,' I said, indignantly. I walked up to the skipper and shook him by the shoulder. At last he opened his eyes, but did not move. 'Time to leave her, sir,' I said, quietly.

"He got up painfully, looked at the flames, at the sea sparkling round the ship, and black, black as ink farther away; he looked at the stars shining dim through a thin veil of smoke in a sky black, black as Erebus.

"'Youngest first,' he said.

"And the ordinary seaman, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, got up, clambered over the taffrail, and vanished. Others followed. One, on the point of going over, stopped short to drain his bottle, and with a great swing of

his arm flung it at the fire. 'Take this!' he cried.

"The skipper lingered disconsolately, and we left him to commune alone for a time with his first command. Then I went up again and brought him away at last. It was time. The ironwork on the poop was hot to the touch.

"Then the painter of the long-boat was cut, and the three boats, tied together, drifted clear of the ship. It was just sixteen hours after the explosion when we abandoned her. Mahon had charge of the second boat, and I had the smallest—the 14-foot thing. The long-boat would have taken the lot of us; but the skipper said we must save as much property as we could—for the underwriters—and so I got my first command. I had two men with me, a bag of biscuits, a few tins of meat, and a breaker of water. I was ordered to keep close to the long-boat, that in case of bad weather we might be taken into her.

"And do you know what I thought? I thought I would part company as soon as I could. I wanted to have my first command all to myself. I wasn't going to sail in a squadron if there were a chance for independent cruising. I would make land by myself. I would beat the other boats. *Youth!* The silly, charming, beautiful youth.

"But we did not make a start at once. We must see the last of the ship. And so the boats drifted about that night, heaving and setting on the swell. The men dozed, waked, sighed, groaned. I looked at the burning ship.

"Between the darkness of earth and heaven she was burning fiercely upon a disc of purple sea shot by the blood-red play of gleams; upon a disc of water glittering and sinister. A high, clear flame, an immense and lonely flame, ascended from the ocean, and from its summit the black smoke poured continuously at the sky. She burned furiously, mournful and imposing like a funeral pile kindled in the night, surrounded by the sea, watched over by the stars. A magnificent death had come like a grace, like a gift, like a reward to that old ship at the end of her laborious days. The surrender of her weary ghost to the keeping of stars and sea was stirring like the sight of a glorious triumph. The masts fell just before daybreak, and for a moment there was a burst and turmoil of sparks that seemed to fill with flying fire the night patient and watchful, the vast night lying silent upon the sea. At daylight she was only a charred shell, floating still under a cloud of smoke and bearing a glowing mass of coal within.

"Then the oars were got out, and the boats forming in a line moved round her remains as if in procession — the long-boat leading. As we pulled across her stern a slim dart of fire shot out viciously at us, and suddenly she went down, head first, in a great hiss of steam. The unconsumed stern was the last to sink; but the paint had gone, had cracked, had peeled off, and there were no letters, there was no word, no stubborn device that was like her soul, to flash at the rising sun her creed and her name.

"We made our way north. A breeze sprang up, and about noon all the boats came together for the last time. I had no mast or sail in mine, but I made a mast out of a spare oar and hoisted a boat-awning for a sail, with a boat-hook for a yard. She was certainly over-masted, but I had the satisfaction of knowing that with the wind aft I could beat the other two. I had to wait for them. Then we all had a look at the captain's chart, and,

after a sociable meal of hard bread and water, got our last instructions. These were simple: steer north, and keep together as much as possible. 'Be careful with that jury-rig, Marlow,' said the captain; and Mahon, as I sailed proudly past his boat, wrinkled his curved nose and hailed, 'You will sail that ship of yours under water, if you don't look out, young fellow.' He was a malicious old man—and may the deep sea where he sleeps now rock him gently, rock him tenderly to the end of time!

"Before sunset a thick rain-squall passed over the two boats, which were far astern, and that was the last I saw of them for a time. Next day I sat steering my cockle-shell—my first command—with nothing but water and sky around me. I did sight in the afternoon the upper sails of a ship far away, but said nothing, and my men did not notice her. You see I was afraid she might be homeward bound, and I had no mind to turn back from the portals of the East. I was steering for Java—another blessed name—like Bankok, you know. I steered many days.

"I need not tell you what it is to be knocking about for days in an open boat. I remember nights and days of calm when we pulled, we pulled, and the boat seemed to stand still, as if bewitched within the circle of the sea horizon. I remember the heat, the deluge of rain-squalls that kept us baling for dear life (but filled our water-cask), and I remember sixteen hours on end with a mouth dry as a cinder and a steering-oar over the stern to keep my first command head on to a breaking sea. I did not know how good a man I was till then. I remember the drawn faces, the dejected figures of my two men, and I remember my youth and the feeling that will never come back any more—the feeling that I could last for ever, outlast the sea, the earth, and all men; the deceitful feeling that lures us on to joys, to perils, to love, to vain effort—to death; the triumphant conviction of strength, the heat of life in the handful of dust, the glow in the heart that with every year grows dim, grows cold, grows small, and expires—and expires, too soon, too soon—before life itself.

"And this is how I see the East. I have seen its secret places and have looked into its very soul; but now I see it always from a small boat, a high outline of mountains, blue and afar in the morning; like faint mist at noon; a jagged wall of purple at sunset. I have the feel of the oar in my hand, the vision of a scorching blue sea in my eyes. And I see a bay, a wide bay, smooth as glass and polished like ice, shimmering in the dark. A red light burns far off upon the gloom of the land, and the night is soft and warm. We pull with aching arms, and suddenly a puff of wind, a puff faint and tepid and laden with strange odours of blossoms, of aromatic wood, comes out of the still night—the first sigh of the East on my face. That I can never forget. It was impalpable and enslaving, like a charm, like a whispered promise of mysterious delight.

"We had been pulling this finishing spell for eleven hours. Two pulled, and he whose turn it was to rest steered. We had made out the red light in that bay and pulled at it, guessing it must mark some small coasting port. We were right. As we pulled in we passed two vessels, outlandish and high-sterned, sleeping at anchor, and, approaching the light, now very dim, ran the boat's nose against the end of a jutting wharf. We were blind with fatigue. My

men dropped the oars and fell off the thwarts as if dead. I made fast to a pile. A current rippled softly. The scented obscurity of the shore was grouped into vast masses, a density of colossal clumps of vegetation, probably—mute and fantastic shapes. And at their foot the semicircle of a beach gleamed faintly, like an illusion. There was not a light, not a stir, not a sound. The mysterious East faced me, perfumed like a flower, silent like death, dark like a grave.

"And I sat weary beyond expression, exulting like a conqueror, sleepless and entranced as if contemplating a profound, a fateful enigma.

"A splashing of oars, a measured dip reverberating on the level of water, intensified by the silence of the shore into loud claps, made me jump up. A boat, a European boat, was coming in. I invoked the name of the dead; I hailed: Judea ahoy! A thin shout answered.

"It was the captain. I had beaten the flagship by three hours, and I was glad to hear the old man's voice again, tremulous and tired. 'Is it you, Marlow?' 'Mind the end of that jetty, sir,' I cried.

"He approached cautiously, and brought up with the deep-sea lead-line which we had saved—for the underwriters. I eased my painter and fell alongside. He sat, a broken figure at the stern, wet with dew, his hands clasped in his lap. His men were asleep already. 'I had a terrible time of it,' he murmured. 'Mahon is behind—not very far.' We conversed in whispers, in low whispers, as if afraid to wake up the land. Guns, thunder, earthquakes would not have awakened the men just then.

"Looking round as we talked, I saw away at sea a bright light travelling in the night. 'There's a steamer passing the bay,' I said. She was not passing, she was entering, and she even came close and anchored. 'I wish,' said the old man, 'you would find out whether she is English. Perhaps they could give us a passage somewhere.' He seemed nervously anxious. So by dint of punching and kicking I started one of my men into a state of somnambulism, and giving him an oar, took another and pulled towards the lights of the steamer.

"There was a murmur of voices in her, metallic hollow clangs of the engine-room, footsteps on the deck. Her ports shone, round like dilated eyes. Shapes moved about, and there was a shadowy man high up on the bridge. He heard my oars.

"And then, before I could open my lips, the East spoke to me, but it was in a Western voice. A torrent of words was poured into the enigmatical, the fateful silence; outlandish, angry words, mixed with words and even whole sentences of good English, less strange but even more surprising. The voice swore and cursed me violently; it riddled the solemn peace of the bay by a volley of abuse. It began by calling me Pig, and from that went crescendo into unmentionable adjectives—in English. The man up there raged aloud in two languages, and with a sincerity in his fury that almost convinced me I had, in some way, sinned against the harmony of the universe. I could hardly see him, but began to think he would work himself into a fit.

"Suddenly he ceased, and I could hear him snorting and blowing like a porpoise. I said—

"'What steamer is this, pray?'

"'Eh? What's this? And who are you?'

"'Castaway crew of an English

barque burnt at sea. We came here to-night. I am the second mate. The captain is in the long-boat, and wishes to know if you would give us a passage somewhere.'

"'Oh, my goodness! I say. . . . This is the *Celestial* from Singapore on her return trip. I'll arrange with your captain in the morning, . . . and, . . . I say, . . . did you hear me just now?'

"'I should think the whole bay heard you.'

"'I thought you were a shore-boat. Now, look here—this infernal lazy scoundrel of a caretaker has gone to sleep again—curse him. The light is out, and I nearly ran foul of the end of this damned jetty. This is the third time he plays me this trick. Now, I ask you, can anybody stand this kind of thing? It's enough to drive a man out of his mind. I'll report him. . . . I'll get the Assistant Resident to give him the sack, by . . . .! See—there's no light. It's out, isn't it? I take you to witness the light's out. There should be a light, you know. A red light on the——'

"'There was a light,' I said, mildly.

"'But it's out, man! What's the use of talking like this? You can see by yourself it's out—don't you? If you had to take a valuable steamer along this God-forsaken coast you would want a light too. I'll kick him from end to end of his miserable wharf. You'll see if I don't. I will——'

"'So I may tell my captain you'll take us?' I broke in.

"'Yes, I'll take you. Good night,' he said, brusquely.

"I pulled back, made fast again to the jetty, and then went to sleep at last. I had faced the silence of the East. I had heard some of its language. But when I opened my eyes again the silence was as complete as though it had never been broken. I was lying in a flood of light, and the sky had never looked so far, so high, before. I opened my eyes and lay without moving.

"And then I saw the men of the East — they were looking at me. The whole length of the jetty was full of people. I saw brown, bronze, yellow faces, the black eyes, the glitter, the colour of an Eastern crowd. And all these beings stared without a murmur, without a sigh, without a movement. They stared down at the boats, at the sleeping men who at night had come to them from the sea. Nothing moved. The fronds of palms stood still against the sky. Not a branch stirred along the shore, and the brown roofs of hidden houses peeped through the green foliage, through the big leaves that were shining and still like leaves forged of heavy metal. This was the East of the ancient navigators, so old, so mysterious, resplendent and sombre, living and unchanged, full of danger and promise. And these were the men. I sat up suddenly. A stir, a wave of movement passed through the crowd from end to end, passed along the heads, swayed the bodies, ran along the jetty like a ripple on the water, like a breath of wind on a field — and all was still again. I see it now—the wide sweep of the bay, the glittering sands, the wealth of green infinite and varied, the sea blue like the sea of a dream, the crowd of attentive faces, the blaze of vivid colour — the water reflecting it all, the curve of the shore, the jetty, the high-sterned outlandish craft floating still, and the three boats with the tired men from the West sleeping, unconscious of the land and the people and of the violence of sunshine. They slept thrown across the thwarts, curled on bottom-boards, in the careless attitudes of death. The head of

the old skipper, leaning back in the stern of the long-boat, had fallen on his breast, and he looked as though he would never wake. Farther out old Mahon's face was upturned to the sky, with the long white beard spread out on his breast, as though he had been shot where he sat at the tiller; and a man, all in a heap in the bows of the boat, slept with both arms embracing the stem-head and with his cheek laid on the gunwale. The East looked at them without a sound.

"I have known its fascination since: I have seen the mysterious shores, the still water, the lands of brown nations, where a stealthy Nemesis lies in wait, pursues, overtakes so many of the conquering race, who are proud of their wisdom, of their knowledge, of their strength. But for me all the East is contained in that vision of my youth. It is all in that moment when I opened my young eyes on it. I came upon it from a tussle with the sea—and I was young—and I saw it looking at me. And this is all that's left of it! My God! Only a moment, an instant, a beat of the eyelid, and all is gone. All! The strength, the ignorance, the romance, the hopes, the glamour—youth! . . . A flick of sunshine upon a strange shore, the time to remember, the time for a sigh, and—good-bye! Night. Good-bye . . .!"

He drank.

"Ah! The good old time—the good old time. Youth and the sea. You have known it. What was it? What was there in it? Eh? Not the life itself. Hey? What? Glamour and the sea, the good, strong sea, the salt, bitter sea, that could whisper to you and roar at you and knock your breath out of you."

He drank again.

"By all that's wonderful, it is the sea, I believe, the sea itself—or is it youth alone? Who can tell? But you here—you all had something out of life: money, love—whatever one gets on shore—and, tell me, wasn't that the best time, that time when we were young at sea; young and had nothing, on the sea that gives nothing, except hard knocks—and sometimes a chance to feel your strength—that only—what you all regret?"

And we all nodded at him: the man of finance, the man of accounts, the man of law, we all nodded at him over the polished table that like a still sheet of brown water reflected our faces, lined, wrinkled; our faces marked by toil, by deceptions, by success, by love; our weary eyes looking still, looking always, looking anxiously for something out of life, for something that never comes, that while it is expected is already gone, gone past, gone unseen, gone in a flash—gone together with the youth, with the strength, with the romance of illusions.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

THE COMPANY AND THE INDIVIDUAL.

When the vocation of that picturesque personage the highway robber fell into decay and finally disappeared from the land, the memory of him and his depredations doubtless afforded occasion for various comforting reflections. These reflections would be founded on the pleasing but erroneous supposition that the disappearance of a certain manifestation of wrong-doing means a diminution in the sum-total of evil. The sad fact, however, is that the world is ever provided with a plentiful, and it would really appear an undiminishing, proportion of men who make it their business to acquire money by force, fraud, or cajolery. Of these the highwayman in his special way was a fair representative; but lest it be imagined that this is a philosophical treatise on the recrudescence of the highwayman under the guise of a company floater, we hasten to say that such is very far from our purpose. That the fields and bypaths of limited liability concerns are infested by financial bandits whose aims are on all fours with those of our moonlight friend is a proposition that needs no detailed proof; but the highwayman had some lovable traits, some characteristics that made for romance, and we should be the last to trace the degradation of his fine spirit into company promoting, even if we saw evidence of it, which we are far from seeing. Indeed it is because we think we perceive quite the contrary that we select him for a kind of illustrative type, as shall presently be made clear. But that he serves equally well as a type on his wrong side is the melancholy fact that makes him appropriate here. In a word, the highwayman displayed in its barest simplicity that primeval desire of mankind to acquire property without earning or deserving it.

That this desire is coeval with mankind itself appears unfortunately to be incontrovertible. The earliest method of giving effect to it was doubtless force. The prototype of the highwayman and the financial bandit alike was that hairy savage who, in some age of the world too dreadfully early to contemplate, lay in wait watching a brother savage labouring, scheming, and fighting hard to kill a wild pig, and, when that was accomplished, knocked his brother savage on the head and walked off with the pig. It is easy to imagine that the acquirer of the pig by force would himself go in fear that some still stronger brother savage would in turn knock him on the head while yet the pig was fresh. This trepidation and uncertainty would naturally lead to some modification of the principle of acquisition by immediate knock. A man when overmatched might prefer to save his head by surrendering the pig, and thus would come about the principle of acquisition by threat of knock. Commerce would arise from the incapacity of any one man to eat a whole pig in one day, and the consequent desire to turn the surplus to profitable account while yet it was eatable. Avocations would grow, as for instance from the excellence of some particular savage at pig-killing, and the willingness of others to give him a recompense for the exercise of his skill on their behalf. And,

not to be tedious, it would be easy to find in this pig-killing incident the germs of all developments of society proceeding along lines of conduct called natural, and still in full force in these latter days. We see in it the necessity of labour for food; the bad desire to acquire the fruit of another man's labour, by force—by immediate knock; the growth of polity and morality in the modification of the immediate knock, the evil still persisting in the form of threat of knock; the specialisation of effort by individual skill, and so on. But can the mind call up, with any colour of probability, the picture of one of these savage ancestors standing forth — the earliest company promoter — and saying (in effect of course): "Brothers, I have discovered a great source of benefit to you all, and I hasten to make you partakers of it for your own good, not for mine. I have found where dwells a huge herd of swine, and I know a man who can kill them with quite special certainty and rapidity. Now, if you will each of you make over to me some tool, weapon, implement, or other possession which you prize—it is only a little from each of you, though it may seem a great deal when accumulated about me — I will undertake to provide you with pig's flesh at a fair rate for ever. We shall be a company, you and I and the man in the woods." Would not they laugh, these savages, and determine to keep their tools and weapons for their own use and profit, instead of confiding them to that eloquent brother, who might possibly barter them for pigs for his own consumption without personal labour? It is very probable they might treat him with the knock immediate; and thereafter perhaps eat him.

All this, though highly probable, is not strictly historical, and therefore we come back to the highwayman in order to arrive at the clear determination of a principle which characterised him even in his evil-doing. He stands, on the one side, as the exponent of that tendency in human beings to acquire property without working for or deserving it, his object being essentially the same as that of a great mass of activity in limited liability operations. But, on the other side, he shows himself as a man who in his enterprises put himself and his life at risk, devoted his energies directly to his work, and even acquired a reputation for himself on that ground. In doing so he strikingly illustrates a characteristic which used to be looked for in all achievement whatever, and is traceable down the paths of history back into the very roots of human nature. It is a characteristic which is strikingly absent from the methods of enterprise by limited liability — which in fact is directly struck at by these methods. We shall discover that the continued spread of business by company means a growing limitation of the field in which personal endeavour finds scope for its action. In a word, after the first schemers, propagators, promoters, floaters, have made their profits, the whole design and constitution of the resulting company, with its directors, manager, secretary, and shareholders — facetiously called the proprietors—is inimical to, and destructive of, that principle of active individuality which hitherto, unless the whole of history be wrongly recorded, has appeared to be the source and spring of the national prosperity and greatness.

That healthy sentiment of personal effort which stood to fail or succeed by itself alone is being undermined by a system of procedure by company which so cunningly appeals to the weaknesses of human nature on many sides as to constitute a menace to the moral stamina of the nation.

Let us come to the concrete at once and take the case of a man of ordinary energy, brains, and honesty, who set out in life to earn a livelihood at least, and a fortune if possible, in the manufacture of some wares. Into the venture he put such money as he had, and purchased for a wage such technical knowledge and common labour as were needed to make merchandise of his raw material. From that moment there also went into the venture his personal reputation.

He elected to be judged by results, and looked for reward through the integrity of his dealings and the quality of his wares. Not in one year, or in five, could he hope to acquire fortune; he knew that that could come by long persistence only, and his emulation consisted in trying to produce a better article than others following the same pursuit as himself. His plans were laid for a long course; he kept at the head of affairs, constantly guiding and planning, knowing that in it all his name was at stake. Was it only iron pots he made? No matter; his care was to make sure that when the housewife bought a pot she would say: "This is So-and-so's pot, and it is a good pot." The ambition to make good iron pots may not seem a high one; but a reputation can be built up on good pots as on great battles, and with reputation comes responsibility, and with responsibility the moral operations that distinguish men from each other; and all this springs in a chain of cause and effect most naturally from the personal relation of a man to his effort. True that in the case we are considering the reward of this effort is a money reward; but on this point let us clear our minds of cant: we are all working ultimately for money. If in regard to the production of pots and pans, and merchandise generally, the money reward is in more intimate connection with the effort, and is a more direct measure of its success, than in many other activities, it is nevertheless true that the moral quality of the effort put into the production of hardware is as apparent, necessary, and influential, as in any other sphere, whether of art or science. We sometimes hear commercial morality spoken of as if it were some specialised kind with a peculiar code and practice. There is in fact none such. The appeal to honesty is as direct and effective in business as it is in private or official matters, and integrity is essentially a virtue of the individual, and characterises a company or corporation only in so far as it is the characteristic of the individuals composing it or of one or two who by superior force of character control its operations. It has been observed that the morality of a crowd is higher than that of the individuals that form it, so that a theatre full of people will rapturously approve the triumph of good over wrong, all the while that the practice of most of the spectators leans more to that of the villain than of the hero. But it is one thing to applaud virtue, and quite another to practise it, even with a crowd to bear one company. Indeed there are many instances in history to show that it is easier

to pervert or debauch the sentiments of humanity in the gross than in the particular. And so we conclude on this as an undoubted fact, that a person who has earned a reputation, although it be only as a maker of pots and pans, is reacted upon by the responsibility of maintaining that reputation, and his endeavours thereby become directly moral, and in themselves are good and beneficial to the community.

We think it will become clear as we proceed that this responsibility does not operate with the same force in company enterprises: indeed the company principle will appear in many cases to be inimical to it. The quality that gives rise to it is not so much self-dependence stated barely, as the innate conviction that only what a man does of his own effort will avail him for a livelihood, a fortune, or a reputation. Returning for an illustration to our friend the highwayman: although he had no claims to moral endeavour, it is to be observed that he acquired a reputation quite unique in England, and although it was not of a kind to save him from the gallows, still it was the result of a professional obligation that made him endeavour to live up to his profession. He softened the harshness of his acts by the art with which he gave them the guise of inevitableness. He boldly cut in among the moralities and made a place for himself, so that mankind accepted him as they did lightning or the smallpox. In many a book his deeds are recounted in a way which, if it does not amount to singing his praises, at least barely conceals a shame-faced admiration for him. It is as if jigs were sung in the time and measure of psalm-tunes. And why is this? Because he seemed to be an exemplar of that quality of putting yourself at risk, of boldly committing your endeavours to the trial, with nothing between you and failure but yourself. It stood to him for a virtue that he challenged all the chances of successful resistance on the part of those whom he stopped, that he faced great odds, and overawed companies of persons who might, by concerted, or even individual, action, have sadly turned the tables on him. He presented himself frankly as a person who had come to take your money and valuables from you, by force if necessary. He held out nothing more nearly resembling a prospectus than the point of a pistol, and promised neither dividends nor returns. He wound up his dealings with a humour which is sadly lacking in more modern forms of liquidation; and, altogether, it is not difficult to understand the admiration in which he was held, for it was a tribute to the quality which is the source of all great achievement, and earns its meed of praise even when the ends to which it is directed are as reprehensible as were his. The day of the highwayman is gone for ever; but were his avocation possible still, such are the possibilities of limited liability that it is doubtful if anybody would take to it who had brains sufficient to become the instigator or promoter of some swindling company.

It might, perhaps, be too hazardous a contention to uphold that this quality of self against the world is distinctively English, but it is at least a safe assertion to say that it has in history characterised the English people to a greater extent than any other nation. Behind every undertaking the inhabitants of these islands

have ever loved to recognise the evidence of a personality, to mark its operations, and to follow with appreciation its workings towards a goal. Indeed this belief that only what he does himself will avail him, and therefore it must be thoroughly done, is so highly developed in the Englishman that some of its manifestations make him a marvel to other peoples. He seems less an Englishman by virtue of any sentimental bond of nationality than by virtue of the possession of qualities which have marked him out as such, and made it impossible for him to be anything else. So self-centred is he that, as Kinglake has shown in his ever delightful 'Eothen,' two Englishmen meeting in the desert will pass each other with a bare nod, if even with that. When two Germans or two Frenchmen come together in strange lands they will fraternise, talk of their common country, swear a friendship, perhaps even set up a partnership. Not necessarily so the Englishman. He is not in particular need of anybody, or if he be so, it is to further some scheme of his own, for which a Pole or Turk will serve his turn as well as a compatriot. If in quite recent years this has been modified somewhat, it is because the huge empire which he has acquired, principally by individual as opposed to national effort, has moved his not too ready imagination, and his schemes, while they suffer nothing in individual character thereby, are touched by a wider non-personal enthusiasm. But his methods remain the same, and his innate conviction is unaltered that only along the paths of personal effort and persistence, and a reputation built up on fair dealing, lies the hope of fortune; and the fortune so acquired was until of recent years the only kind which was held in esteem.

The renown of English-made goods abroad was not their renown as English goods *per se*, but was derived from the guarantee which they bore through having an English name or mark stamped upon them. For many years the poor Indian in South America would buy no axe or matchet which did not have upon it the name of one or other celebrated Birmingham maker. Although this was a tribute to English honesty, it was primarily a tribute to the Englishman who made the tool; made it, that is to say, in accordance with the principle laid down,—that his reputation was at stake, and that he acknowledged a directly personal responsibility to the nameless, unknown, half-naked Indian, who laid out half-a-year's work in its purchase. With cutlery, hardware, cottons, and the other articles which to more than half the world are necessities purchased with hard labour and the penurious sweat of the brow, it was the same: the name or mark upon them was accepted as proof of their genuineness. Whether the name or mark upon them was English the poor purchaser did not greatly regard; but he did implicitly put faith in the man, whosoever he was, whose well-known name or mark was upon the thing he purchased. Properly looked at, this is a very fine tribute for any man to receive—perhaps the highest possible. The next best is that offered by other nations, who, to share the Englishman's profits, found it an easy way to forge his name upon an inferior axe, and so deal a double blow: first at the fame of the Englishman, with whose wares went a moral obligation; and next at the

faith of the poor peoples who purchased theirs, unseating the very principles upon which a great and permanent commerce can be built up. A hundred instances of fraudulent private enterprise in England will not affect the foregoing conclusion. The appeal is to the main currents and to the gross result. We call up in evidence the great body of acknowledged facts with regard to the renown of English commerce, and its reputation for probity over the globe. This renown and this probity were the direct outcome of the effort of individuals, the success of which reacted upon them in the form of a moral responsibility to themselves.

Of course all the world knows that this ancient and apparently natural tendency of man to act primarily out of consideration for his personal benefit—to kill a pig for himself and consume it for his own gratification—is the object of many assaults in this present day. The evils of competition, the degradation of masses of men by a smaller number of men who employ them for a wage, every respect in fact in which the world falls short of conceivable perfection, is traced to the too great freedom permitted to this tendency. Many are the schemes devised to curb, direct, or eradicate it. A happy time is promised us if, instead of acting for our own apparent benefit, we would only act for the far from apparent benefit to others. So easy does it appear to control tendencies falsely called natural, that we seem to be encouraged to look for a day when the babe at breast shall pause in its clamour for sustenance lest some other infant less fortunately situated has none at all. The dawn of another kind of day is breaking through an east of hateful social struggle, wherein the State shall be to us sufficient deity and religion, and some three-fourths of the people will be employed in one or other of the manifold forms of State-supervision of the remaining fourth, to insist on their conformity to legal happiness. Then the State will fix our rents; provide us with bread, and beer, and blacking for our boots; see that we have enough to do, and no more than we can do, of the thing we are best fitted to do; sort the street-sweeper out from the poet, and not have them mixed up through improper ambitions as at present; take care that no tree grows to the detriment of another, and that all cabbages are equally succulent; appropriate our ideas and inventions for the general good; and stamp everything with the State seal of "All right" in a perfect circle. Yet again, anarchism rides triumphant up the orient, we are told, promising a day wherein, as the gentleman in Hyde Park said, seeing that if there were no law there would be no crime or wrong-doing, the short way to abolish these evils will be to do away with law. These pretty theories we refer to merely to show that we do not imagine that although the principle of individual action for individual benefit, and all the polities and moral codes which have grown up under it and because of it, are the outcome of long ages from savage pig-sticking to civilised company-promoting, it does not have its opponents. Meantime, however, we note that the altruistic person seems to be waiting for the *other man* to show signs of gratitude and recompense before beginning practice. And our Socialist friends present themselves merely as a very acrimonious and unsocial set of leaders of very varied practice, who have already thrown off a swarm called

Fabians, distinguished by a sense of humour joined to a conviction that, while they have no pretensions to lead, they have no intentions of following, and in that quandary make jokes for a livelihood. Others of them have a knack of inheriting, acquiring, or marrying this world's goods in the old-fashioned way; and all, without exception, are busy egging the community on to commence Socialists, without showing the slightest sign of beginning themselves, apart from living on split peas and producing criticism. Which is a most strange and unheard-of way of propagating a new system of morals or society. For it is a true observation of all great ideas which have influenced the world that they are connected with the name of some one man, who had the courage of his convictions and boldly gave the world example of them in his own person.

Pending the solution of the puzzle as to which of the many new dawns is tincturing the sky with rosy promise, or whether, in fact, anything is dawning at all other than what we are accustomed to, it becomes us to see, as a matter of common prudence, that the same fair field for individual enterprise is preserved now that enabled it to accomplish what history and the present state of society shows it to have accomplished. And a little examination reveals that there is an insidious enemy in the field, which promises the old benefits without at the same time creating the same moral responsibility or exacting the world-old tribute of labour for result. Whether it dawned in the orthodox way, or dropped from cosmic space, is a matter of no concern; but right among us stalks the fateful influence of Limited Liability, or Enterprise by Limited Company, and, in our eyes, deals deadly blows at the old principle of individual action. Here indeed is the enemy at the gates; far more potent and well equipped than fantastic theorists who call society to a surrender through blatant trumpets, and fire innocuous squibs from magazines of paper. Limited Liability is another kind of warrior altogether. One prospectus of his has more force in it than twenty thousand nicely written Utopias, and a shot from his dividend-gun can pierce walls whereon the artillery of reason falls in vain.

But let us drop tropes and come to facts. We have seen how the individual iron pot is made, and what money and reputation it has earned for its maker; let us now consider the limited liability pot, made for dividends. Nay, that more dreadful pot still, the pot that is made to float shares—the company pot. The limited liability theory was never so foolish as to start with any idea of reforming the world's old-established practice. On the contrary, it fully recognises the benefit of individual enterprise and takes its stand upon it—as a beginning. It is of its very essence to seize upon a business which has been founded, built up, and brought to a certain point of success by the intelligence of one man, or one man with a partner or two who stand personally and directly committed to its fortunes, and to turn him or them into company shape. It approaches in the guise of a promoter the honest and industrious maker of pots, for example, and says to him in effect: "What a fool you are to continue labouring with all this personal risk and responsibility dependent upon your health, when by turning yourself, in accordance with a plan of mine, into a company, you can

realise at once a capital sum, in the form of purchase-money to be subscribed by the public, which would take you many years to accumulate by your present way of procedure." Sundry objections and questions can be imagined as arising in the mind of the pot-maker, and probably the first would be: "But I do not like the idea of parting with my business; it is mine,—I built it up, and I am proud of it. I have really no other vocation in life, and I do not know if any capital sum would properly recompense me for the cessation of activity, and the good yearly income I draw in so direct a manner from my personal efforts." We can imagine him making this objection, we say; but it is to be feared that the company-promoter does not often encounter this form of hesitation. But when he does meet it, or when he perceives that there is a sentiment of this sort to be taken into account, he has a ready answer: "The company shall be called by your name, and you shall be managing director." "Yes, but those other directors, and that chairman, and secretary, what of them; how can it be my business any longer, when they have to be consulted and made aware of all I do, and like to consider my own doing?" "Pooh," answers the promoter, "do not let that trouble you. What the public look to in directors is fine-sounding names, with a title if possible, even if it is only J.P. The directors need not know anything about your business; and as for the chairman, if he knows about company law, and can talk a little, and answer questions, the secretary will do all the rest." "Ah, but," continues the potmaker, the shareholders, what of them? I was reading a company report the other day, and I saw them referred to as the proprietors." The promoter utters a loud guffaw: the idea of the shareholders of a company as proprietors of it is really very funny. "Why, my friend, they change from week to week, and the first lot come in only to make money by selling to another lot." All this being made clear to the honest manufacturer of pots, he probably next feels disposed to ask one more question: "For what object, or from what motive, should you, Mr Promoter, interest yourself so much in my welfare as to turn me for my advantage into a company, and be able to get together a chairman and a board of directors inspired by the same benevolence? For indeed in my business of making pots, and in all other concerns whatever, I have never yet met the man who would take the trouble to cross the street to put me in the way of obtaining five shillings without a personal interest of his own to serve. And yet here are you eagerly occupied in the attempt of providing me with a large capital by inducing the public to purchase my business. And the public, too: whence this tremendous desire to benefit them? I have not observed anywhere the expression of a wish on the part of the public to become the proprietors of Smith's Enamel Pot Company, Limited. I am quite content to continue making my pots under a liability limited only by my entire means and energies; and the public, so long as I make good pots, are willing to buy them: where, then, do you come in, and why?"

What a bag of dirty mysteries the complete answer to these questions would untie. And indeed there never was a man, pot-maker

or other, with the potentialities of a company in him, so unsophisticated as to need to ask them. Yet the avocation of company-mongering has become so common, and its results now form so considerable a part of the country's commercial life, that the real significance of the pursuit no longer excites any curiosity. Needless to say, the company promoter is working for personal gain; and that gain is obtained in very many cases by methods which will not bear scrutiny. Compared with him, the highwayman and the primeval pig-stealer are useful members of society. These misguided persons at least risked their personal safety; your company promoter does nothing of the kind. From first to last, whether you consider the motives of his action, the methods he adopts, or the results he achieves, sordid, unenlightened, immoral desire of gain is all he represents; that is why he at least does not stand for the principle of individual effort in the world. It is his business to debauch it. That he must have abilities, powers of organisation, financial genius if you like, is undoubted; but it is the ends to which these are applied, and the motives that call them into action, that determine their worth to the world. He is not in the position of the honest broker who brings a willing buyer and seller together in consideration of a stated commission, without any inducement to pervert truth on one side or the other. What does he know about pot-making, for example; and what does he care? The public are not desirous of becoming proprietors — save the mark!—of a pot-making business. Yet here, for nothing at all, for no public need, certainly not for any public benefit, is a man whose sole occupation is to transform enterprises of private endeavour, that will stand or fall by the honesty of that endeavour, into so-called companies, owned by a body of incoherent shareholders, who shall have the chief interest in its success, yet the smallest voice in its conduct. To accomplish this he gets the sale-price fixed at the smallest sum possible, and fixes the purchase-price to the public at the highest there is hopes of obtaining. Out of the mysterious difference, which never appears on the face of the contracts, he and the unholy ring of moneyed men for whom he perhaps acts, derive their gains, and these gains are the sole object of his activities, undertaken from no call of public need or benefit, but rather in a large number of cases with the knowledge that the public will be deceived. Surely a more pernicious pursuit never fixed itself on the vitals of commerce.

Just consider for a little in greater detail the operations of this Company Promoter, for the occupation has so settled itself in commercial affairs that question no longer arises even on the elementary ground whether it is an honest one. What qualifications would naturally be looked for in the man who pursues it? The greater part of humanity can really give a reason for following their particular callings, can indicate why they have chosen their special one and not another, and on the whole can fairly well justify their choice by results; so much so that a man in most cases finds a difficulty in making a change. But this business of company promoter, what is it in itself, and what special quality does it call for? The more closely you examine it the more clear does it become that the distinctive char-

acteristic is a faculty for playing upon the gullibleness and cupidity of the public. The company promoter has the most unbounded belief in the capacity of the world for being cheated by schemes that appear to offer it some advantage, and he has a conviction quite as profound that he can operate upon this to his own profit. Now, these are precisely the qualities that have distinguished the charlatan in all ages. But mark the change that has come over the world. Before the days of limited liability the charlatan had boldly to commit himself to his personal venture at his own risk, and if found out, incurred the danger of having his ears cut off, or being pilloried, or in later and mistakenly milder times solemnly prosecuted at law. There is plenty of this kind of cheat abroad still, though his methods are characteristically modern. He uses the newspapers, and advertises to sell you a gold watch for thirty shillings if you will write to him ; or in return for six stamps he will send you an article which will enable you to earn a good living, said article being a needle or a steel pen, according to the sex of the applicant. These practitioners are the lower branches of the profession, whose ambitions have not yet soared to the possibilities of company promoting, and who have still warily to dodge the law. But look now at the company-monger, who is panoplied by a splendid body of company-law, and can command the aid to any extent of legal talent to keep him on the right side of its technicalities. What is his principal weapon? A prospectus. Give him but two sheets of paper and a subject-matter with possibilities, and he will turn you out a document so cunningly contrived to move the cupidity of human nature, and yet withal so apparently formal in its statements and figures, that the average man must have lost much money in many companies to be able to withstand it, or lay his finger on its unveracities. The man at the fair who appears to drop three half-crowns into a purse and offers you the lot for a shilling, is careful always not to say explicitly that he is selling seven and sixpence; but he makes you suppose it, which serves his purpose equally well. It is not an easy thing to appear to drop three half-crowns into a purse *coram publico* while in fact you drop three pennies; and it ought not to be an easy thing to persuade the crowd that you can afford to sell seven and sixpence for a shilling, even with the aid of the legend of the benevolent old gentleman who, having no relations, commissioned you to distribute gifts in this way: but both things are in fact easy, and it is precisely the same elements that go to the making of a successful prospectus. The three half-crowns are the calculated dividends reckoned out in real printed figures; the shilling that buys them is the one-pound share; and the benevolent old gentleman is represented by the vendors, who really do not know how to get rid of their splendid business otherwise than by practically making a present of it to the public. The gentleman who appears to drop the three half-crowns into the purse is the company promoter, easily recognisable now as in essence a charlatan, for his aims are the same and his methods similar. For, let us repeat, in the vast majority of cases of company making he is not called in by the necessities or demands of commerce; there is no clamour on the part of the public to become pro-

prietors of pots, pickles, soaps, trouser-buttons, and so forth; nor any good reason why a business hitherto conducted on the world-old principle of private reward for private endeavour should be turned into an invertebrate company. The promoter is merely a speculator, or the agent of a body of speculators, whose sole aim is to make sums of money for their personal advantage out of the process of conversion. The pretension to benefit the public as shareholders is the merest humbug; for, as Smith the pot-maker aptly remarked on an earlier page, no man will take the trouble to cross the street in order to put another man in the way of obtaining five shillings. Benevolence, alas! is the most suspected of all the virtues; and prospectus-benevolence to an anonymous public ought to be beyond the scope of credibility. The company promoter knows very well, however, that it is not so, but that on the contrary it is the most powerful means known for extracting money from the public pocket. Have we not shown, as promised, that on the whole the highwayman was the better man?

Besides the allurements in the body of the prospectus, the promoter takes care to provide a bait in the names of the Chairman and Directors. Those he buys. The statement seems strong, but the times give it proof once more. Manifestly it is an enormous advantage to Smith's Enamel Pot Company Limited to have as its Chairman a gentleman, M.P. or J.P., or, failing anything better, F.R.S. (M.A.'s have no quotable value in the promoter's price-list), whose name and title appear to the public as a guarantee of respectability. It shows confidence, as the gentleman in the restaurant remarks when he invites you to intrust your pocket-book to his keeping. Needless to say, a man in the position of a successful company promoter has ever about him a crowd of hangers-on, sycophants, and needy respectable persons, persons even who are neither needy nor respectable, but all of them without exception avaricious of gain. These he can command and purchase by interest. He makes them partners in the conspiracy, and buys their complicity by the very bribes they are so unblushingly eager to accept, making them bribes no longer but the price of dishonour, almost the dirtiest money a man can touch. He knows his public, this company promoter, and he knows his men. He has climbed to that height of cynicism credited to Sir Robert Walpole, who opined of the Members of Parliament of his time that "every man has his price." Mr Promoter, you may be sure, buys his men as cheaply as possible, and has a carefully graduated list of quotations. Earls are never what might be called cheap, but at the other end J.P.'s are in plentiful supply, and ordinary Esquires a drug in the market. Leave us not, they cry, in the cold shades of mere shareholders with only the chance of a premium on re-sale; or if you must do that, if there is no room for us anywhere, at least mark our application-forms for preference. Oh, company promoter, what a tale you will have to tell in the world to come!—that is, if it be considered worth the while to question you. When squeezed out of you by a power far beyond that of an Examiner in Bankruptcy or Official Receiver, and tested not by company law but by the ancient edicts of truth and honesty, what a show the story will make, to be sure! But that con-

sideration is unnecessarily offensive in a workaday world which looks for its company as it looks for its breakfast, but takes its morality with the infrequency of a Turkish bath. So we pass on to ask the invertebrate shareholding public why, notwithstanding many warnings, it does not become suspicious of the anxiety of Lord This and Sir That, and all those other official and respectable persons, to serve it in the capacity of chairmen and directors of the concerns it is about to purchase so dearly? —to serve, too, for fees which do not represent any great inducement to persons in their position. You may see the true reasons once more in the newspapers, if you did not know them before. You may read all about those blocks of shares, mysterious cheques, and hugger-mugger transfers to nominees; you may follow it all and observe how smoothly runs the new machine under the gentle lubrication of palm-oil. It is all designed to give you confidence, to prove to you how honest an undertaking this conversion into company for your benefit is. Does not your broker recommend it, whose business is not to recommend at all, but to stand between buyer and seller and establish a fair price? Why should he so far depart from the recognised etiquette of his calling as to positively recommend the shares to you, and counsel you to use a form stamped with the name of his firm. Can he too have some inducement in the form of commission on all he "places"? Very likely; indeed, very certainly. And the jobber in the "House," too, will have been induced to "make a market" in the shares by the present of a considerable quantity at a cheap price. And the gentleman of the press also; the venal gentleman who represents an honourable press, or the venal gentleman who represents a venal press —whichever it may happen to be, as perchance it may be both—he receives his little inducement to be friendly or silent; it is so easy to be silent. Even the press is not bound to expose every wrong, far less to criticise every new company. Therefore silence is paid for. It has all to be paid for. Mr Promoter sees to that; and whether the transaction is more correctly described as bribery on the one side or blackmail on the other, where all is hinted and nothing definite save the cheque that passes, is a problem in casuistry that no legal inquiry can ever settle. Where one party is willing and the other anxious, the question as to which side the suggestion comes from is really of no consequence. They jumped to each other with the perfect sympathy of rogues, is all that need be said. The press may be trusted to see to the cleansing of its own house; but certain it is that Mr Promoter by no means looks upon it as the pure, free, impeccable exemplar of untarnishable honour that we so often hear it asserted to be. Its austere virtue by no means frightens him. He regards it as no great abstract of sentiment, but goes straight for a City editor, and sometimes bags him.

We might follow the influence of the promoter into the inner ring of company-manipulators and observe the unabashed cynicism with which gain—personal gain—is set up as their sole object; the distrust with which the members of the promoting-syndicate regard the arch-promoter and each other, interpreting each other's intentions by their own, and ever watchful lest some one of them

plan a secret stroke to their detriment and his own benefit. Seeing that the creation of wealth is not their purpose at all, but the transference to their possession of wealth previously created, all means which can aid that purpose are made use of as part of the game. This game of finance is on precisely the same footing as the betting-ring and the roulette-table. By common consent the ordinary considerations of honour are suspended, and each person is fair game for all the others. After the promoters of the company have lifted their spoils and made off to other ventures, come the directors, and they in a large proportion of cases are scarce other than share-jobbers. Acquainted at first hand, long before the shareholders whose interests they are there to protect, with the changes and developments of the concern, they reckon on the effects of these on the market price of the shares, and operate accordingly. It is but a step to framing announcements with a view to these changes, suppressing, postponing, or exaggerating, while in a common understanding, maybe not explicit but none the less effective, they job in and out with the fluctuations they foresee and even attempt to create, solicitous of their own interests first, and ever jealous lest one of them succeed in getting the better of the others.

To return once more to the effect of all this upon the commerce of the nation, so laboriously built up through long centuries by personal endeavour, stimulated and purified by parallel endeavour, let us see what the promoter and his friends have done when their company is fairly formed and launched. In the first place, they have replaced a personal capital that stood at risk, carefully guarded by the direct action of the owner, with a share-capital contributed by a chaotic body of individuals who practically have no control over it. In theory they are the proprietors, and can unseat their so-called representatives the directors; in practice they only succeed in doing so in extreme cases. The place of the old personal enterprise and initiative is taken by a board, by no means always chosen for their knowledge of the particular business in which the company is engaged. Responsibility, which touches the individual to great issues, is distributed over say six persons, and each represents far less than an effective sixth of what is necessary for initiative in difficulty or new ventures. Similarly, the supervision of the individual owner, whose all is at stake, is watered down into the time-serving dispositions of a manager, who is without the power of personal initiative, and is there to please his board of directors. For the direct personal reward which the old proprietor received from the growing success of his business, you get dividends to be paid to an impersonal and ever-changing body of shareholders. Properly speaking, the business of the company is not owned at all; it is the flabby carcass of a once firmly centred organism, a body without volition, a brain without intellect. It has no stamp or assurance about it of any worthy human effort; it lacks personality, and has absolutely nothing round which can grow the pride of distinction, and the honour of well-directed effort. In a word, the company-system now so much in vogue, and extending day by day at the instigation of ignoble schemers, is sapping the foundations of the commerce of the country. It is debauching the fundamental principle that a man's destiny is to pre-

vail by himself and through himself.

Its power of debasement is very far from being limited to the class of case which we selected above. In that instance we took a man who, up to a point, had been an honest and industrious maker of pots, and then, succumbing to the tempting allurements of the company promoter, agreed to become a party to the sale of his business to the public. Needless to say, the facility with which this conversion was accomplished, the splendid opportunities which its processes afforded for alluring deceptions, and the colossal gains which it showed might be drawn from the ever-gullible public, did not escape the attention of the man who had no business, or name, or reputation to sell, but saw the way to provide all these things at short notice for the purpose, and in a way sufficiently convincing for a prospectus. Of this class of company the daily newspaper furnishes numberless examples, which save us from the labour of proof or recapitulation. When a man personally directs the production of his wares, gives his name to them, and involves his reputation, whatever may be his desires, he finds it, over the whole, extremely difficult to avoid the test which proves them honest or dishonest wares, and therefore good or bad merchandise. The test is the ultimate and only effective one—proof and use on the part of the public. He may deceive agents and intermediaries for a time with a dishonest article, and by blatant advertisement, tempting discounts, or even direct bribe, succeed in getting his productions foisted on the public; but sooner or later the things themselves come to the trial, dishonesty or inferiority is made clear, fraud revealed, and failure follows. But this class of man has quite a new career opened out to him now: although his wares be such as under the old system he scarce dared offer to the public at all, he can proceed by process of company and get the public to buy his business and undertake the selling of them to themselves. He goes to a promoter who is, of course, of a kind that deals with this particular class of enterprise. Being approached in this instance, instead of soliciting as in the former, the promoter makes quite a different kind of bargain. He pays down no money, but makes the would-be company man "stand in" to share the spoils if the public are so foolish as to subscribe sufficient to float the company and reward the schemes of these precious scoundrels. In the most advantageous case, they proceed to allotment; a chairman, a board, a broker, a jobber, and a quotation are obtained in the familiar way, all as if the business were an honest one, and all by lawful process and in conformity with the Limited Liability Company Acts. Before the gloss has worn off the prospectus, before the lying chickens have come home to roost, they have practically done with the company, these vendors, promoters, directors, brokers, and jobbers; they have sucked out of it all that is to be had, and the shareholders are left with some nicely engraved share-certificates, without appeal to law, and scarcely to public sympathy. *Caveat emptor* indeed; but from the point of view of public morality and the welfare of the nation, can ever law make this a desirable way of organising commerce? If the individual dared indulge in any analogous method of procuring money as an individual, he could be personally impugned, and by old-fashioned tests would speedily

fall out of honest society as a swindler. But in the guise of a vendor in respect of a limited liability company, countenanced by a board of directors, a secretary, a share-register and nicely engraved certificates, he is practically beyond attack, cloaked by company-law and the usage of limited liability. He found himself provided by law, this evil-doer, with a new and promising field of depredation that previously was not open to him, and in his retirement is looked upon as a clever man.

To such an extent has this rage for the company form of business pervaded all ranks of society, that there is scarce a linendraper or oilman with a ten-year-old business but harbours the ambition of converting it into a Limited Liability concern, of selling it to the public for a large capital sum, representing far more than the individual labour and intelligence of a lifetime could enable him to accumulate. On the least occasion of plausibility the breasts of respectable private citizens are fired with the possibilities of a company. Lucky numbers, gambling systems, betting-combinations, even plain swindling, have all suffered in reputation from the formidable allurements of Limited Liability. Is it perhaps some private person who in ingenious despair tries the effect of some hitherto unsuspected substance on his rapidly falling hair, and by self-hypnotism persuades himself that the lamentable decay is arrested? Straightway you receive by post the prospectus of "Brown's Κηπιτον, Limited," capital so much in one-pound shares, Board of Directors, So-and-so, brokers, bankers, and all complete. Long before the first new hairs on the vendor's head have time to grow, the public are invited to participate in the boon offered, not in the form of a bottle of the composition to amend their beauty, but as proprietors, at the rate of one pound per share. Does the public hesitate, and determine to buy a bottle and try the effect of the stuff before subscribing to its proprietorship? Never a bit of it. The public is a strange collection of whims, but it is a great buyer of shares. Many of its members are bald, but more hasten to be shorn. Moreover there is a promoter at them, who knows more of their ways than a collie dog does about sheep. He knows, for example, that there is a large proportion of them who are not proof against the ancient phrases of quackery of which the modern company-prospectus has become the chief exemplar and conservator. Behold his old mastery therefore: "This preparation is designed to meet an almost universal want"—which being hair, carries conviction where it was intended to reach. They rush in to subscribe, with a haste begot less of zeal for their locks than desire for dividends, or sale at a premium, and subscribe a sum which handsomely rewards all concerned in the formation of the company. But, look now: what in pre-company times was the only method open to the discoverer of Κηπιτον to make money out of his preparation? This, surely; to buy a caravan and set out round the country fairs and markets as peripatetic vendor of it at so much per bottle. In that way the vendor—alas! what a change has come over the signification of the word in recent years, what with vendor's rights and vendor's shares and all the other subtleties and devices of company-floating—the vendor, we say, who stood up at his booth and faced his public, all of them with a greater or less

solicitude for their hair, might as a matter of fact be offering for sale a thing which would neither make hair grow nor keep hair from falling off, but he had to abide the direct trial to which the buyers would put it. However much he might induce a number of his hearers by persuasive eloquence to purchase each a bottle of Κηπιτον once, he had a lively consciousness that if no hair resulted from its application he need never more appear at these same fairs or markets unless he cared to run the risk of having the empty bottles thrown at his head. He became thenceforth a known impostor, shut out from even the most incorrigible cases of hairlessness. In what then does he differ from his modern representative who proceeds by way of limited liability company? In this—and it is much: that he was his own promoter, his own chairman, his own board of direction and secretary, and his own shareholder. His prospectus was uttered by word of mouth, and he stood the trial of his statements in his person.

Doubtless in a perfect state of society such a character as this would not be possible, or if possible, would not be permitted. But we do not clamour for an impossibly perfect state of society, nor do we know of any practicable or conceivably practical moral code which would get rid of such assaults on the gullibility of the public. Socialism, for example, would not discourage mountebanks; appearances would seem to show that it would do the precise contrary. It might perhaps deal a blow at Κηπιτον by establishing a State hair-wash department, with a depot in every parish. No: the world for many centuries yet must lie open to the devices which the principle of a free exercise of individual endeavour and a free reward for that endeavour must expose it to while its gullibility decreases by the spread of intelligence and reason. But meanwhile, the distinction between Κηπιτον as a company and Κηπιτον as an article directly vendible by its discoverer, represents a retrograde movement in morals and human effort. It represents a refinement and an elaboration of the basest form of personal gain—gain without adequate or worthy endeavour. It is a subtle scheme developed out of attempts, originally well meant, to make the public participators in the benefits of honest enterprises—for of course the company principle in itself is not a thing of yesterday—and has ended by laying open to unscrupulous speculators, hastening to be rich without regard to means, the whole field of human cupidity and gullibility. In a large number of cases the ostensible grounds of appeal to the public are not the true grounds for inviting their co-operation; and, most deadly evil of all, this may all be done in strict compliance with law. Against the whole vicious system and the nefarious practices which harbour within it, the only bulwark is the creation of a healthy moral sentiment in the minds of the public. At present the evils are winked at, not being properly shown in their true light as evils. The successful company-promoter is envied, and from envy to emulation is a short step. Reasoned convictions are a hard plant to raise, and imitative fashion an easy one. The public has to be warned against itself, and laws are not sufficient. The whole structure of Limited Liability is so diabolically legal that it causes at times a feeling of despair. Observe, for instance, the demean-

our of the shareholders of this same Κηπιτον in general meeting assembled to hear the chairman's survey of the first year's operations, and his regretful announcement that the distribution of a dividend is not yet possible. "The company has been most economically managed, and its affairs have received the arduous and anxious attention of your directors. There are signs of an increasing sale of our proprietary article, and from many sources we receive encouraging accounts of its efficacy." There they sit in a stuffy room in the City—the widow, the clergyman, the small tradesman, and the retired chemist who put some money in it because the thing was somewhat in his old line. They gaze in a kind of awe at the Board, listening ruefully to the chairman, who is not strong in oratory, and relies upon the secretary for his figures. That is the solicitor to the company in the corner, who has come to see that his fees are passed with the accounts, and the secretary is as busy with his pen as if he were Comptroller of Excise: only the promoter is absent, and the inventor. There they sit, the shareholders of Κηπιτον, and not one of them has the courage to rise and point out to the chairman that he is very bald, or to the secretary that he is fast losing his hair. The fact is, not one of them believes in the virtues of Κηπιτον, but a good many have hopes of Κηπιτον shares. The middle-aged maiden lady could tell a sad tale of disillusion about Κηπιτον as a hair-producer; but that she keeps to herself, lest she discourage others, on whose credulity the fate of her shares depends. The meeting crawls through its dreary business, and by-and-by a vote of thanks is bestowed upon the chairman, who duly acknowledges it, expressing the hope that the next time they meet the undoubted virtues of their proprietary Κηπιτον will enable him to announce a satisfactory dividend. The directors' fees have been duly passed, and the last thing the departing "proprietors" see is the gleam of City light on the chairman's bald head—the aureole of Limited Liability.

In all this it is a most undoubted fact that the shareholders are greatly to blame. There have been successful industrial companies, ham-companies, bread-companies, milk-companies, why not a flourishing hair-wash company? Is not the world managed by company, or nearly so? If you follow the process of dressing in the morning you will find evidences of company all about you, from the soap you use to the boots you wear. The breakfast-table is strewn with company things, and you light your company cigar with a company match. You go to town in a company 'bus, and in case of overcharge or incivility do you complain to the man who perpetrated it, in the old-fashioned way? Not at all; you write to a secretary—a printed announcement invites you to do so. If you tread on a lady's dress in the street you still apologise in person, so much do some old customs linger; but for the most part you are thoroughly be-companied in life, and when you die you can be buried by a company. It will go hard with the ingenious promoter but we shall yet be born by limited liability, as indeed we can at present be reared by a company incubator. Little wonder therefore if the public are so easily lured to become shareholders. Of old a man had to make money by his own labour and energy; now he is taught or tempted to make it by

the purchase of limited liability shares, and he is the poorer in every circumstance that goes to the making of a man.

The public are principally to blame in this respect—that they are lured on to subscribe these numerous undertakings by the passion of making money easily. A very large number of them apply for shares as a speculation, hoping to sell them at a profit. True, they pay money down for this risk; but the motive is not so very far removed from that of the promoter and his sorry crew of conspirators as they would fain think. However sanctioned by use, it is at best a derogatory method of acquiring money. Those who continue to hold and share the fortunes of the company form a body without cohesion or governance, who do not possess in practice the powers to control the operations of the business which their theoretic proprietorship ought to carry with it. As representing the capital of the concern, they are taken into account; as a body of individuals, they neither beget nor receive the respect of the true dictators of the company's policy.

If it be objected that the same condemnations apply to huge enterprises like railways, banks, discount and insurance companies, and others such, the answer is plain: that by their very nature these are specially fitted for the deliberative methods of selected bodies of men, who are in a sense morally enlarged by the public responsibilities of their positions. The protest made in the foregoing pages is against the mad craze for turning into companies enterprises which, by their nature, are the proper matter for personal labour and achievement; and this passion spreads daily, to the detriment of moral stamina in the nation, and to the direct prejudice to the great principle of individual endeavour on which it would appear the greatness of England has been reared.

THE SPANIARD AT HOME.

THE oldest, purest (in blood!), and proudest aristocracy of Europe is by a singular anomaly of Spanish character the most democratic. When the Revolution devised its illusive rule of equality, which is nowhere, hardly even in aristocratic England, more conspicuously absent than in modern France; when America, assisted by the ever-admirable Washington, proclaimed itself a free Republic, and travestied freedom as no constitutional monarchy of Europe to-day would dare to tyrannise,—neither could, in its most utopian dream, have conceived a casual outward equality more delightful than that which exists beyond the Pyrenees between seigneur and peasant, between master and servant, between prince and people, between shopkeeper and customer. Here Anglo-Saxon servility and cringing curtsey are unknown, uncomprehended. When the Infanta Isabel goes up to La Granja of Segovia to hunt, the villagers greet her gleefully: "Here's our Isabel. Good day to thee, Isabel." No "princess" or "highness" or the obeisance of the serf. Merely a doff of sombrero from village lout to his sovereign lady; a smiling display of two brilliant rows of teeth and the familiar hand salutation of Spain from his mate, who greets the Infanta as one of her own sex whom she is charmed to see again. So when the Infanta Paz (unlike masculine, original, high-toned Princess Isabel, who rides like a man, smokes huge *puras*, and is as generous and intelligent as she is loud and virile), a gentle, feminine creature, rather of German legend than of heroic *romancero*, goes to drink Spanish waters or freshen drooping spirits along a Spanish shore: "How art thou, Paz? the eye is refreshed by sight of thee." The Princess Eulalia, with her golden hair and youthful gaiety, her schoolgirl abhorrence of etiquette, her innocent *frédaines*, is a pleasing representative to them of eternal youth. I was at Teneriffe when, on her way to Chicago, she stopped at the Canaries. "Good day to thee, little one," shouted the peasant women. "A happy voyage and a happy return." The Princess bowed in the homeliest, brightest way, and I noticed that whenever the "little one" was shouted emphatically, she waved her hand as well.

A duchess enters a shop. Do you imagine she will be more courteously received than a little milliner? Not at all. For both are instantly made at home, and treated to the hidalgo's finest manner. The one as well as the other will take a seat and lean across the counter, playing with fan and eyes and lip, in the same roguish intent to get the most for their money. The difference will be to the advantage of the little milliner, for the shopkeeper will ask the duchess a higher price, and that is all. And do you imagine there will be a pin to choose between the graceful familiarity, the amiable attitudes of the duchess and the milliner? None, except such as mark the value of breeding. The one will be common, arch, and pouting as befits her class, accustomed to win its way with grosser methods; the other will be the great lady quite unconsciously, with just those pretty distinctions of race and tradition that please

and do not offend. For she is too simple, too democratic in the best sense of the word, to condescend. She does not regard the shopkeeper as her inferior because he has no social existence for her, and does not traverse her *salons* in evening suit and white tie. He finds his diversion elsewhere and has other interests than hers. Meanwhile, he is entitled to the same courtesy as her equals, and she has not the smallest objection to pay him in full the measure of consideration he tacitly claims. He may even discuss his family affairs with her, and be sure of a humane listener. If his daughter is dying of consumption, she will be immensely grieved in his presence, and forget all about it in less than five minutes. In this she is not personally to blame, for an incurable colossal selfishness is the most notable characteristic of the entire race. And while her expressive and mendacious eyes are filled with pity for him, she will remember to argue and bargain, just as she did a while ago in exchanging agreeable pleasantries, for all the world like the little milliner. But she will never be the less a duchess because she and the shopkeeper are on the best of terms. Her unconsciousness of her rank in everyday relations, which would stupify an English duchess, comes from the fact that she belongs to a prouder race. Had she a mind to sport her coronet in a shop, the owner and his attendants would speedily make short work of her decorative dignity. To them it would simply mean an underbred and foolish exhibition, for *side*, impertinence, and vulgar haughtiness are not defects the Spaniards will tolerate. This explains their inherent and incorrigible dislike of the Anglo-Saxon. You must in Spain accept the general recognition of human dignity: though you may be in never so violent a hurry, you must yield to the servitude of form, and waste precious time in convincing your fellow-man, whose hand may even be extended to you in beggary, that you regard him as no less a gentleman than yourself. Else are you not "muy cumplido, muy formal," but a mere foreign lout.

In a race in decay, the question of blood runs down among the lowest. In Ireland every grocer and bootblack imagines himself descended from a king, and in Spain the glover and the haberdasher may also be descended from a Gothic sovereign. The man the English tourist insultingly addresses as "fellow" is possibly clothed in the imaginary glory of some such remote ancestor as Wamba or Childe Pelayo. I have known a Catalan shopkeeper who pointed to the portraits of Bourbon sovereigns, saying, "Papa y Mama Borbon." He meant that he was a son of the House of Bourbon, but the relationship remains obscure and unexplained to this day. What matter? He royally struts his shop, folds himself outside in the cloak of regret and remembrance, and romantically apostrophises the shades of *Papa y Mama Borbon*, unaware that there is anything preposterous or ridiculous in his attitude. Princess and duchess, duke and lord, are his equal, though they enter his shop to purchase a pair of gloves or a yard of ribbon.

While the Spanish nobility do not, as in England, concern themselves in the least with the improvement, the moral training, and sanitary arrangements of their dependents—are, instead, culpably indifferent to all that touches upon their comfort—they are considerably nearer their servants and

their peasantry than any other aristocracy. In the most imposing palaces you will find servants swarming at night in villanous airless boxes accepted as rooms, often without a window, always without a fireplace. The servants never dream of complaining. The race is, from sovereign to beggar, a stoical and long-suffering one. Its standard of comfort is so low, that to go without fuel in winter and without air in summer is no reasonable claim to martyrdom. On the other hand, both servants and peasantry find their masters human beings like themselves, whom they may address at ease, whom at all hours they may greet in a tone of cheerful equality. I have heard a marquis, whose guest I was, exclaim at lunch: "*Tiens!* I was in the tram this morning, and when I offered to pay, the conductor corrected me, 'The señor is already paid for.' I looked around in amazement, and behold there was Manuel [his valet] on the platform smiling and nodding to me." Manuel the valet, being the first to respond to the conductor's call for coppers, paid for his master, whom he discovered to be seated within. I travelled on a Spanish transatlantic liner. There was a duke and his valet on board. The valet, like his master, travelled first-class, talked at table, offered *entrées* or cigarettes, with the easy air of a grandee. Neither the duke nor the valet expected or received a different treatment. When Spanish noblewomen travel with their maids on sea, the *rôles* are reversed. The maid, as far as I have observed, is an expense not justified by any rational return. Indeed, coming from Teneriffe to Cadiz, I have seen an unhappy colonel returning to the Peninsula with a sick wife and several small children, accompanied by servants of both sexes, obliged to rise at dawn to heat milk on a spirit-lamp for the youngest baby, and to act all day the part of maid to his sick wife and nursemaid to the children, while the servants lay in the cabin or about the deck moaning and clamouring to die. The colonel looked just as sea-sick and miserable, but he it was who had to do the work. Do you think he complained, or that the servants thanked him? Before leaving the question of servants, I should say that, though the Spanish servants are paid less than in England or France, and are abominably housed, their lot is a happier one than ours enjoy. The standard of civilisation in their regard is as low as it can possibly be, removed by scarce a step from that of the middle ages. But they have an individuality for their masters. If they are sick, duke or duchess will visit and help to nurse them. They are not called by their surnames, and their feelings are never wounded. Once at table, when a great family was spoken of, and wonder was expressed as to whether they had or not returned from the seaside, I heard the head-butler, offering at that moment a dish to the marchioness, my hostess, remark, "They have returned, for I saw the countess yesterday afternoon driving with la Marietta." Marietta was the eldest married daughter, the wife of an illustrious noble of Castile. Nobody seemed to mind. Coming down to dinner in a new silk blouse, the under-butler of the same house once greeted me quite contentedly: "Ah, what a pretty colour! That blouse admirably suits the señorita. It pleases me greatly." Some of the newly made nobles are introducing British formality, and

insist that the servants shall say Master This and Miss That; but this insistence on European etiquette at once marks them off as *parvenus*. At these houses, when you call, you are received as in Paris or London, by correct and inane automata, whose physiognomies and voices you never remember. But the servants of the great old houses smile, acquaint you with the fact that they are glad to see you, and when they hear that you are well, they cry out vivaciously, "Mi alegra mucho." If you happen to be ailing, they will offer advice and voluble sympathy. These are never to the visitor the servant of So-and-so, but Joachim, Manuel, Teresa, or Madalena.

This is the sympathetic side of Spanish aristocratic character; the absence of pose, of snobbishness, the complete and dignified simplicity, the pleasant sense of equality in mere personal relations it exhales, and above all a pretty and indestructible personal kindliness of manner and action,—only surface-deep, it is true, but most captivating as far as it goes. I have known a marchioness send to one of her tenantry, an obscure and exceedingly common little teacher of English, on her saint's day, a magnificent bouquet and a dish of ice-cream. This English old maid was quite the poorest of her tenants, and for that reason the marchioness singled her out for all sorts of pretty attentions she never dreamed of bestowing on her wealthy tenants, without knowing her or caring in the least for her. For in Spain poverty is no blighting disgrace, and wealth is no glory.

Turning to the other side, it must be admitted that a drearier, an emptier, a less intelligent form of humanity does not exist on the face of the world than the Spanish aristocracy. Which half is the worse, male or female, it would be difficult to pronounce. Dress, gossip, and while young love, are the preoccupations of both. Wives, doing nothing, asking nothing but attractive raiment out of doors and plenty of gossip within, have on the whole an easy time, for Spanish husbands are the least exacting of their kind. Whether faithful or not, they are, as a universal rule, tender, devoted, wonderfully patient and gentle in the face of hysterics, scenes, and injustice. Indeed, this mild resignation is the keynote of national character, both in public and in private life. The higher you go, the more remarkable it becomes. I have seen a Spanish son, the head of his house, the father of a family, and the bearer of a great historic name, endure such injustice at the hands of a capricious mother uncomplainingly as left me staggered. And always imperturbably respectful and tender. He might blanch with wounded pride and affection, but never a protest, never the least diminution of filial deference. He claimed no authority along with the titles that came to him on his father's death. Once speaking to me of some reform he projected, he said quite simply, "That will be later, when I am master." It did not occur to him that the bearer of the family title, over thirty, was entitled to a voice in family matters, and that filial deference should stop short of complete effacement before maternal despotism.

The Spanish mother of all classes possesses a virtue I cannot sufficiently laud as a woman. It is rare that her preference is not given to her girls. I have known numbers of Spaniards, nobles and *bourgeois*, and the mother's fav-

ourite has always been a girl. One young countess, the mother of two of the loveliest little boys I have ever seen, and the most exquisitely bred, confided to me last summer the fact that she expected a third child, and *intended* it should be a girl. "I didn't intend hard enough the other times, and so Juan and Luis came; but this time I think of nothing else: all the baby's linen is embroidered already with the name of Agnes. I have told my babies that a little sister will come soon, and every day they ask me several times have I heard word of Agnes, and when she is coming. I have decided it is all a question of will, and so I am concentrating my whole powers of mind and will upon this little girl I long for." Six months later I receive news that Agnes is born, and the house cast into the tumultuous joy that usually greets the birth of an heir. Spanish mothers have an adoration for one of their daughters that surpasses the jealousy of any British mother for her son. She must marry her—well, because it is the girl's accepted fate; but what difficulties! what dislike and distrust of the son-in-law! what manœuvres to keep the girl in maternal bondage! If tradition and nature did not intervene, along with the human instinct of maternal pride—which desires, all in loathing, the proof of discernment of the jewels' value in some base masculine brigand—many Spanish girls would find it hard to marry. As it is, I know one mother, one of the greatest ladies of Spain (I may perhaps call her the third lady of the realm), whose behaviour to all the aspiring grooms of her only daughter, a fabulous heiress for Spain, resembles that of the ogre of fairy tale, who forces the amorous prince through unimaginable paces, in the secret hopes of discouraging him. I am glad to receive news from Madrid that the latest adventurer in the field of sorrow has stood to his colours, and, as the hero of fairy tale, is like to come out triumphantly to the tune of Mendelssohn's Wedding March in the church of St Francis (for there is no cathedral in Madrid) in all the promise of lace and orange blossom. But what modern betrothed of Paris and London without the romantic strain would endure such proof of fortitude and faith as that poor young Spanish nobleman daily endures for the privilege of overcoming maternal jealousy! I would not be a Spanish girl for my mind's sake, for my life's sake, for such an existence is intolerable to the average civilised and thinking being; but if I were content with the wadded atmosphere of the pussy cat or the pet canary, not free to live or think for myself, but smothered in satin cushions and caresses, fed upon the sweets of life, then would I choose to be an over-loved Spanish girl, the captive of home and parents, the spoiled idiot of humanity.

The singular thing about these pampered girls, whose parents are their slaves to an extent no British father or mother could ever conceive, and who, as a rule, repay their devotion and abnegation with the usual ingratitude and selfishness that mark the race, is that once they marry they in turn become as absorbed as their neglected parents in maternal love, and pay back quite cheerfully to their own child the love which they themselves took for granted without a word of thanks or an act of recognition. Of the most thankless of daughters are fashioned the most passionate of

mothers. When one studies the problem elsewhere, and sees the unmerited misery of the daughters in Ireland, the coldness, inhumanity, and selfishness of the Irish mother to her girls of every class, the monstrous way in which the girls are sacrificed to their brothers, left without education that these may play the gentleman, deprived of the enjoyments and pretty fripperies of girlhood, the money that might have helped to establish them squandered by the most heartless and least sacrificing of parents on the face of the earth, and nothing left the unfortunate girls but penury and struggle and the dull old maidenhood of dull and narrow Irish towns and villages, one is forced by sympathy to greet the excessive devotion of the Spanish mothers and lamentable spoiling of the Spanish daughters with indulgence. The years of youth are brief, and, after all, the parents are not altogether unselfish; they too find their profit and pleasure in their abnegation and tenderness. What matter if the unborn reap the full benefit? The sad part of the system is that in both periods the intelligence is left uncultivated.

Borrow expresses an unmitigated contempt for the Spanish nobility. But he should have taken into consideration its redeeming features. I admit that these are inadequate, just as are the virtues of the entire race. The war shows us the imperishable quality of their valour and their incurable inefficiency. The daily life of any Spanish nobleman will furnish abundant proof of both. I have known a young titled idiot, with less brains than a linnet, who spent his days at home in a rocking-chair, abroad in club or theatre or at the Plaza de Toros, who only lived upon the mediocre resources of provincial pleasures, conduct himself like a hero in the terrors of anarchy at Barcelona. He was aware that the bombs were specially directed at him, as one of the foremost of the gilded youth; and wherever there was a post of prominent danger he claimed it, trod his way gallantly through dynamite, unblanched and haughty, and was one of the finest and coolest figures in the frightful Liceo catastrophe. Who can sneer at a race that produces idiots of this quality? Yet in his undecorative hours the fellow is completely insupportable, of a grossness and vapidity of conversation to abash and awe the uncleanest stage of Continental youth. It is true, in the matter of unclean talk, the Catalans bear a special reputation in the Peninsula,—and here the men do not wait for the departure of the women from the dinner-table, but utter remarks and pleasantries in their presence to stupefy even a reader saturated with the excesses in this form of wit of the classical literature of Europe. The famous *esprit gaulois*, whose modern voice is M. Armand Silvestre, finds its affinity in these gross Catalans, with their deep strain of Provençal blood, so different from the rest of Spain, and so fundamentally antipathetic to Castilian character.

Nothing proves this difference more (and here are we fronted with the danger of fast-and-loose pronouncement, since grosser Catalonia can furnish a higher level in public taste than high-bred Castile) than the place the bull-fights play in the aristocratic society of both races. In Catalonia only fast and common women go to the Toros. The men of all ranks, of course, go; but you will find Catalan males who describe the amusement as barbarous and degrading. I have

known Catalonians bitterly resent the late king's brutal passion for the sport, and accuse him of having retarded by half a century the progress of Spain. Whereas in Castile the passion is shared by the duchess as well as the *chula*, by duke and barber. Walk through the park any Sunday after Easter, and you will see carriage after carriage roll by from the blood-stained Plaza, full of titled ladies in brilliant attire. What is "bad form" in Barcelona, for the women of social standing, in Madrid is the height of enviable glory. Is not the Princess Isabel an enraged lover of the sport? In a conscientious desire to judge the national entertainment with full experience, I have sat out two bull-fights to the bitter and sanguinary end. I think, if possible, I was more impressed with the horror of it on the second occasion than on the first. Then I was too stunned and stupefied by the atmosphere of blood and noise and blinding light and shocking pain to realise the full infamy of it. But the second trial remains upon memory a still vivider sensation of horror. It was a lovely spring day. Without, along the bright Alcalà, adown the delicious Castellana and Prado, aflush in purple blossom, all was happiness, vivacity, gaiety, and brilliance. Through the open windows of the amphitheatre you looked across from city noise and glitter to the still sadness of the brown Guadarrama, mantled above in radiant snow. The animation within was captivating; never have I seen anything to equal it elsewhere. The emptiest visage was vivid with speech; alert, smiling, a perfect flood of light gathered in each dark glance. Ladies of court and fashion, whose devotion in sick-rooms is proverbial, were there in the white-lace mantilla of etiquette, with red flowers above the ear. Our modern life elsewhere can show no more picturesque scene. And all this for the shedding of innocent blood, for the torture of helpless animals. As I watched the play of the ruffianly toreros and the abominable blood-bespattered picadores, I recognised but one gentleman in the arena, the ill-treated bull, and the horses seemed to me as worthy of admiration and pity as the Christian martyrs. Honestly I should have rejoiced to see the bulls and the horses not only mangle and maul their provokers, but charge victoriously for the animated multitude. Yet women around me, emblems of the social refinement of their race, clapped vigorously; and when one poor horse went mad from pain and tore wildly round the arena, they clapped still more, laughing at the humorous sight till the tears came to their eyes, and shouting "Esta loco! esta loco!" When I feel disposed to weep for Cavite and Santiago, I remember that appalling scene, and tell myself that if the Spaniards can bear suffering splendidly, they can witness suffering still more callously, and I feel that the wrongs of generations and generations of dumb brutes are being justly avenged.

The most melancholy looking of races is the least capable of sadness, just as being the most distinguished in tradition, it is the least polite. Every second pair of eyes tell with impressive eloquence the tale of a broken heart, of inconsolable regrets, of fatal memories. In the field of emotions you may be certain that the owners of these sombre glances have never penetrated beyond the facile and animal loves of Spain, the chances of the lottery, the fugitive animosities of club and Plaza, and the brute ex-

citement of the Toros. With an engaging candour and simplicity, they have reduced life to its rudimentary elements: talk, food, sleep, love, dance, and laughter. The æsthetic, the moral, the meditative side is suppressed. Art, except that of the stage and the Plaza de Toros, is regarded with uncomprehending and empty disdain. The aristocracy reads even less than the *bourgeoisie*. Indeed, there is nothing a Spanish woman abhors more than a book. The futility of literature was never more apparent to the wisdom of Solomon. Her hatred takes an aggressive form, for a book in the hands of another is resented as a personal affront, and serious and ingenious are her efforts to cure misguided persons of this unhappy passion. She mysteriously connects a book with the loss of your immortal soul, and supposes heaven to be the Elysium of the illiterate. Seeing a volume of mine once, the least intelligent but kindest and most charming of women cried, with the delightful play of Castilian eyes and hands, "Oh, how big it is! what a dreadful quantity of pages! It must be terribly wicked!" I laughed, and begged her to pray for my conversion; and she was kind enough to suggest that perhaps, after all, notwithstanding the monstrous offence of mere authorship against public morals and breeding, I might not be damned. Whenever she referred to my profession, it was in a tone of sad and pitying resignation, and I interpreted her unexpressed feeling: "What a pity! and yet, in spite of so serious a disqualification, I can't help liking and forgiving you."

The resources of pleasure and distraction being so few, naturally love-making absorbs two-thirds, if not more, of youth. Fashionable young men, in the best of tailoring, with their hearts upon their sleeves, lounge in club or café window, or upon the animated pavement, in wait for beauty. Every woman that takes their fancy is addressed by them in extravagant compliments. Those armed with notes they call "flowers," hymning the praises of blonde or brunette, distribute them with impassioned speech. Nothing could be less delicate or less subtle than Spanish love-making. It follows its obvious course, like the moon or the tide. Youth and maid have their duties cut out for them by tradition and custom, and the whole town is aware of their tender relations twenty-four hours after the explosion of passion. The lover takes up his post of honour outside the beloved's window, not by moonlight, but in the full glare of day, and the silly creatures hold dumb converse for hours at a stretch. They have time, you perceive, to waste, and, my faith! they waste it with a vengeance. There are other loves less official, but not a whit more discreet; and a land that thrives upon gossip is well supplied by each young man of fashion and fortune. Austerity is not a predominant feature of modern Spanish life.

After love, the amusements of youth are gambling and the graceful and brilliant game of *pelota*. Cricket and football seem clumsy and inscrutable recreations beside such a finished and charming exercise as *pelota*. These slim, deft Spaniards, with their grace of gesture, their inherited charm of movement, an indescribable animal nobility of expression and attitude, make almost a classical picture of a modern game. Pity it is that more time is not given to *pelota* and less to the theatre (which chiefly means the ballet

and its attendant influences), the café, and club, where the national vice, gambling, is practised with lamentable assiduity. The Spaniards do not drink, and profess loathing and horror of the English because of their devotion to the glass. To listen to them one would think there was but one vice, and that is drunkenness, and that the people who do not drink enjoy immunity from censure on every other score. Such is the ferocity of their contempt for this failing, that I have heard a Spanish nobleman gravely assert that a man should be hanged for getting drunk once. I suggested humanely that imprisonment might suffice on the first occasion. Whereupon he angrily protested: "No, decapitation at once. It should be regarded as a capital crime." That indolence may be a vice far more disastrous in its consequences to a nation than even the abuse of alcohol you could never convince any Spaniard. Meditating on the exposure of national imbecility the present war reveals, I am minded of the daily existence of one of the most important of Spanish military officials I once was privileged to study in profound astonishment. This man received a large, a very large, salary from the Government, and ruled over no less than four immense provinces. He rose at nine or ten, swallowed his chocolate, smoked a cigar, and at eleven o'clock went to his office, where he signed papers, gossiped a little with his several secretaries, and came up-stairs to breakfast at noon. After breakfast he slept for a couple of hours, walked up and down the *salon*, smoking and listening to the chatter of his women-folks, went down-stairs to his office at three, and remained until four o'clock, and that was the extent of his daily labour. The State paid him enormously, for Spain, for exactly two hours' insignificant work, and the rest of the time he did nothing but sleep, smoke, rock himself in a big rocking-chair, too lazy to stir out, to walk or drive or ride, too dull and indifferent to read or talk. His mind was as empty as his days; and with such military chiefs in office, is it any wonder that not a single preparation for the war was made, not a single evidence of official competence, of forethought, of average intelligence was displayed by Spain at home or in her colonies? And this is by no means an isolated case. I studied for a month in a public library of Spain. The officials always arrived long after I was seated at my table. All the time they remained there they walked about or sat on tables, gossiping and smoking. Nobody wrote, nobody read, nobody knew anything on earth about the books in every one's charge, and at one o'clock they locked up the library and went home, worn out with the day's labour, to refresh themselves with a siesta and a lounge upon the public place. And this is the life of the average Spaniard, rich or poor, unless he plays *pelota*, bicycles, or rides. The writers, on the other hand, are far too industrious in their ardour to prove the rule by the exception, and shuffle off coils of print with a lamentable and undiscerning facility, which explains the hopeless mediocrity of modern Spanish literature.

A Spanish habit that at first surprises and then charms is the immediate intimacy of address. Sir, Miss, and Madam are dropped beyond the Pyrenees. You are instantly saluted by your Christian name by persons you see for

the first time. "What is your baptismal name?" they ask, and forthwith you are plain John or Elizabeth. If you happen to be an isolated British subject in a remote and unfrequented part, they may dignify the John with the historic Don, and at once you feel draped in the cape of legend. But in *salon* and at table they will hail you Elizabeth at a first meeting. A Spanish writer of whom I had written, but who was a perfect stranger to me, meeting me during my last visit to Spain, accosted me quite naturally as if we had been brought up together, "Com' està, Hannah?" I should have replied, "Muy bien, José"; but insular perversity made it perfectly impossible for me to address a venerable, grey-bearded stranger and Academician as an old schoolfellow or a first cousin. We reversed the reproach of the play, where the lady says, "I call thee Clifford, and thou call'st me Madam." Pereda continued to call me "Hannah," and I respectfully (and to his complete surprise, no doubt) addressed him as "Señor." Habit is a fatal thing in the intercourse of nations. When an aristocrat calls one who is not of his or her rank by his or her Christian name, it is a brevet of equality! In the fashionable clubs, where the scions of old houses are all José, Fernan, Joaquin among one another, the representatives of new nobility are scrupulously addressed as "Count" or "Marquis." To remember a man's title in social life is to dub him *parvenu*. The same simplicity in letter-writing. You address your titled friend, great of the first order, as "My dear friend," and he or she signs "Yours affectionately" (the Spanish equivalent being "I kiss your feet," if a man writing to a lady; "I kiss your hand," if a lady writing to a man or another woman), INÉS or JOAQUIN. All the formality is reserved for the envelope, upon which you are expected to be extremely punctilious in the matter of titles, of lords, of excellencies, of honours.

Nothing is at once more facile and more difficult than social relations in Spain. This is explained by the urbanity of the individual and an incredible national susceptibility. The urbanity is merely superficial, and in consequence lures the naïve foreigner. Is it possible to be taken in by such candid and courteous advances? Unfortunately Spanish courtesy must be accepted at an enormous discount. As a rule it means nothing but empty words. A Spaniard would regard his own brother as a loafer if he came to dinner often. A friend could not do this, for the door would be politely shut in his face on the second occasion. No northern race could conceive anything to match Spanish inhospitality. I will give an example. A Spanish writer, with whom I have had a correspondence for several years, of as pleasant an intimacy as if we had been friends for life, begged me when next I went to Spain to visit him. I went to Toledo last year, and not once but repeatedly he urged me before leaving the Peninsula to come up to the north to see him. At last I consented. Instead of taking from Madrid the mail-train for Paris, I took the slow train up to the coast town where he lived, which meant a journey of seventeen hours, and added two days and three nights in all to my return voyage to France. I telegraphed to the man I naturally regarded as my host to announce the hour of my arrival. Sure

enough, when I reached this remote town, the great man was on the platform, not with a member of his family (he was married, he had a wife, a daughter of twenty-two, a son over twenty), but with two strangers, men of letters, he introduced to me on the spot. I expected him to give my luggage in charge of a porter and show me to a cab, and then drive me to his house. No. He left me to settle everything, and told me to have my things sent to the Fonda Europa, that we would walk there, as it was close to the station. At the hotel he told me to settle about my room, and waited for me. Then he sat down, assured me he was enchanted to see me, and proposed to return when I had rested and lunched. He and his friends came back in the afternoon, and I was carried off in a steam-tram to make the acquaintance of a fellow-Academician along the coast. The illustrious man received us standing, showed us all his treasures, without offering us a chair, or tea, or even a glass of water, though it was hot enough, heaven knows, and bade us good-bye with the most ardent regrets. My friend, who assured me repeatedly of his affection, his admiration, and sympathy, escorted me back to my hotel, and blandly wished me a good appetite for dinner and a good night's rest, hoping to see me again. I left next day without seeing him, and, having gone to the far north at his invitation, I neither entered his house nor drank a draught of water at his expense. He was amazed at my dissatisfaction at this extraordinary reception, and in several long and eloquent letters afterwards protested that he had done all that it behoved a gentleman to do to show me honour and friendship. He had come twice to my hotel in one day, and he regarded it as the height of exigence to expect more. It never occurred to him that a five-pound note, two broken nights, and several unnecessary hours in a railway-carriage, constituted a big price to pay for two hours of his society, without even the compensation of a good dinner. An American, to whom I repeated the story, said it reminded him of the hospitality of a certain man of Kentucky, who said: "If ever you find yourself near my house, stay there." But here is revealed the superiority of American candour. At least the Kentucky man warned you of what to expect, whereas my illustrious Spaniard always called his house *my house*, and instead of advising me to "stay there" repeatedly urged me to "come here." The explanation is that he never for an instant thought I would go, and believed that he would have all the benefit of his fine protestations and mock hospitality for nothing. My telegram was probably a thunderclap, and he had not the courage to reveal his indiscretion to his wife. For poverty was no explanation, as the man belongs to what is called the *haute bourgeoisie*, owns estates, has a luxurious town residence, into which I penetrated several years previously, is rich and highly civilised; but, like nearly all Spaniards, understands hospitality as the freedom of the streets. "This your house," says the Castilian, and marches you along the public place. In his esteem the *plaza* was instituted for the hidalgo's reception of his friends. I, in my early visits to Spain, spoiled by my experience of a Spanish woman as sincerely and cordially hospitable as a princess of Eastern fable, accepted hospi-

tality on all sides with a lamentable lightness. I was charmingly received always, but, I have no doubt, left a reputation behind me of gross indelicacy in construing this Iberian compliment by the common rules of Anglo-Saxon speech.

I know not why the opinion prevails that the Spaniards are dirty. Their habit of spitting is, of course, appalling; but in every other respect, the middle classes are cleaner than the English or the French. Middle-class houses are scrupulously tidy and clean, and in Barcelona domestic luxury is so general that for £24 a-year you may have a magnificent flat, with every latest sanitary improvement, lofty chambers, marble stairs, electric bells, and electric light. In the suburbs the £12 flats are large and charming, with gallery and terrace. I noticed in Valladolid also that the middle-class houses are quite modern and luxurious. As for the standard of bedroom cleanliness and personal linen, it is unsurpassable. Well-to-do people in England are content with coarse and common sheets, while a Spanish peasant offers you embroidered and lace-trimmed linen. The upper classes have the standard of our own—the daily bath, the daily change of linen. Nobody dresses for dinner, which robs the table of its decorative aspect; but the curious habit of dining with gloves is gaining ground in Madrid. In some houses dinner-gloves are placed beside the napkins, and the lady takes off her drawing-room gloves and puts on her table gloves as a matter of course. One seeks in vain the special attraction of this fashion, for surely the ungloved hand is more lovely far than a gloved hand any day.

Religion plays an inevitable but facile part in every phase of Spanish life. Morning mass is as regular as breakfast; but I doubt if the result be in the least spiritual. The virtues of the land are racial, the religion an impossible mixture of materialism and contented ignorance, with a remote and naïve strain of paganism, which keeps the modern traveller of tolerant views on the edge of a smile, so quaint and hideous and sensual are all these forms of worship,—gorgeously dressed dolls, crucifixes decked out with the skirts of a ballet-dancer, and gold-fringed scarves, beads, medals, and processions. With their splendid capacity for devotion, their indomitable courage which in suffering turns the least intelligent and sympathethic Spaniard into a hero or Roman heroine, their innate dignity, one asks oneself if something of imperishable value might not be made of this decaying race by an austere wave of puritanism and religious intellectuality, the exercise of the untrained conscience, the blighted will. When you see a nobleman and his wife sit up to watch by the bedside of a sick house- or nurse-maid; a selfish woman of fashion prolong her stay in the country because of a sick servant, and lavish the same expensive care on that servant as she would on a member of her own family; and see them elsewhere give proof of an inhuman indifference to the interests of their fellows, one has an instinct that this inconsistency might easily be rectified by education. For Spain cannot by the kindliest observer be regarded as civilised or modern.

In her development, as well as in tradition and in national character, Spain has practically stood still since the death of the sixteenth

century. This fact has ever been the triumphant delight of the mere artist, of the modern dreamer, of the lover of picturesque and romantic legend. But nations in those progressive and complex times cannot, with propriety or justice, be regarded from this exclusive standpoint, and can hardly be admired for living so resolutely up to a national character formed by times that have barely a connection with our vivid, vital, and moving present. Spain stands forlorn on the edge of history, draped in the cloak of futile regret, with glance unintelligently retrospective, blighted and empty, mind a blank, attitude a complete conquest of natural activity, the assertion of stupefied indifference. Hence the laboured and exhaustive complaints of the modern traveller.

It is in the abstract no doubt a charming reflection that down there, beyond the imposing Pyrenean range, a great people dwell in a state of comfortless despair, lamenting still the death of Felipe Segundo. But when you cross the Pyrenees, the proofs of this condition are less inspiring, and affect the modern temper most injuriously. You are continually beset with a burning desire to take innkeepers, shopkeepers, muleteers, canons, citizens, policemen, and every other official by the throat for the gratification of exasperated nerves. The trains drive you to despair. You wish wildly that there was more water and less electric light. You moan over the question of pesetas and reals, which so wantonly taxes all your arithmetical capacities, should you have any. The servants provoke thoughts of insanity, suicide, or apoplexy. Meanwhile the Don stands before you, imperturbable, gentle, indifferent. What on earth can you be so unreasonable as to expect from a people blighted by the death of Philip II.? If you choose to project yourself out of the comfortable, active nineteenth century back into the middle ages, that's your affair, only in heaven's name meet the surprises and experiences of your backward voyage like a man. You are wandering among a race of gentlemen, devitalised by regret, demoralised by a quietude you have not been taught to understand. Respect their repose, their traditions. Admire their sixteenth-century regard when you have the fortune to meet it, the hidalgo's lean dull visage so inappropriately set off by vulgar modern raiment. Do not insist that they shall know precisely the time of day, or see the sun in the mid-day sky. When the mail-train, already two hours late, chooses to waste another hour while the officials are dining or making love, swear not, but wisely go and do likewise, and let the good folk across the Pyrenees frown and fret over retarded correspondence.

These are the disadvantages for the tourist, a creature naturally of no account whatever in the regulation of national machinery. Not for his convenience are the public clocks set, not for his pleasure do the water-works play. Let him find what gratification he can from the study of alien habits and manners, or let him sulk in his third-rate inn, and marvel that foreigners are allowed to exist, unfortunate and misguided as they are. But now and then even modern history may be relied upon to give us a taste of the sleeping qualities of the sixteenth century among the subjects of Felipe Segundo. In the trivial experiences of every day, Sancho may be prominent. He talks common-sense, quotes sound

and humorous proverbs that reek of mother-earth and mother-wit, eats and drinks heartily, does as little as he can, and keeps his purse-strings tightly closed. But once let an ideal of chivalry, a principle of honour afloat, something lofty, intangible, for which he may give his life or his last penny, and there you have Don Quixote careering wildly against windmills or the changing heavens, ready to defy giants and attack all powers single-handed. For deep down beneath this indifference and indolence, beneath this seemingly impermeable egoism, which in daily life are the salient characteristics of the race, is the unexhausted generosity, the rash unconquerable heroism of the adorable Knight of la Mancha. It has told in all great moments of Spanish history; and to-day the splendid sight of a poor and decadent nation, heroically armed to meet a wealthy and powerful people, reveals it in all its freshness and faith: Sancho when daily bread has to be earned and life lived meanly in its mean significance, Quixote when the drums beat, and the banners wave, and national honour is at stake. Then no thought of cheap interests. Quixote proudly and chivalrously cuts the strings of Sancho's purse, and the dollars, pesetas, and reals pour vigorously into the nation's lap. Quixote, brandishing his sword, while the bands play the 'Marcha Real' or the 'March of Cadiz,' never pauses to ask himself if he is strong enough to meet the enemy. He brooks no murmur of reason or prudence. The life's blood of the nation must pour, if needs be, to the last drop—just as the last penny must be spent for honour's sake, and not for interest.

And this spirit of generosity can sometimes be exercised in an alien cause. When young America rose up against Great Britain, and shouted for freedom, Spain offered to defray half the expenses of the war, and Lafayette sailed away from the picturesque little port of Pasaje, laden with Spanish dollars. "They repay us ill," said a Castilian Minister to me some years ago in Madrid, when the Cuban rebellion was younger than to-day. "We gave them money to win their freedom, and now they are encouraging the insurgents of Cuba." The Minister did not then anticipate the lengths to which that encouragement would go. Reason will retort that America is only playing the part in the Cuban rebellion that Spain played in the American rising. But Spain's assistance was spontaneous and perfectly disinterested, whereas it is nothing but sheer hypocrisy and humbug on the part of the Americans to prate of humanity, or a noble desire to punish cruelties they would be the first to imitate. The Indian brave and the nigger know something of American humanity, and the blacks of Cuba are not likely to fare better should they have the doubtful fortune to fall into their hard hands.[1]

The spectacle Spain offers us to-day in facing so unflinchingly a war brutally forced upon her, broken, ruined, and alone as she is, recalls her heroism in the beginning of the century, when she, alone in Europe, stood up boldly, and fought the tyrant of the hour. Bonaparte had ruthlessly trodden out all frontiers, and the whole

[1] Since the above lines were written, the tale of America's magnanimity and generosity, so recently recorded, compels me to admit the injustice of these lines. As an enemy America has won her spurs in the realm of chivalry.

Continent was under his sovereignty, when Spain, degraded and impoverished, made her gallant and glorious stand against him. Such heroism as that displayed in those immortal sieges of Zaragoza and Gerona is not a quality that even centuries can destroy. Many a blunder, many a folly, countless and lamentable stupidities marred the story of the Peninsular War, and the Spanish Government to-day proves itself quite as incapable as the military Juntas; but the fight to-day for national honour is not less heroic, less desperate, than the long struggle with Napoleon. Force, wealth, and brains may be on the side of the people whom Pereda, the Spanish novelist, unjustly described to me in a recent bitter letter as "a nation of miserable merchants," but the Don is assuredly a sympathetic figure. His banner in the fray is a magnificent tradition of honour, a legendary valour that will stand to him in the deepest depth of degradation. Whatever faults history may lay to his charge, he is no cheap trickster, no mean braggart, no modern upstart new to arms, unacquainted with glory and victory. Above all, he is no tradesman. In whatever rank you find him, you may count on something of the gentleman; and the snob, that intolerable curse of modern civilisation, is singularly rare in his midst. He may idle away his life in peace, but he does not brutally hustle his neighbour on the market-place in a lust of gold, with neither probity nor pride to regulate his transactions.

Most of us have been dazzled by the splendid effrontery of the Great Captain, when Charles Quint, with Teutonic meanness that affronted Castilian taste, demanded an account of his expenses from Gonzalvo of Cordova. "What!" shouted the indignant conquerer of Naples; "I win kingdoms for this fellow, and he comes with a beggarly demand for the bill! Well, he will get a bill that will be well worth the sending." In modern slang, he makes the sordid emperor "sit up," and the *cuenta del Gran Capitàn* has passed into tradition as a stroke of genius in brilliant and picturesque extortion. In this method of doing business the Don may excel, belonging, as I have said, to the sixteenth century. He is quite ready, if he gets the chance or the provocation, to charge a million dollars, as the Great Captain did, for hatchets, and sign the receipt with a gallant flourish and a gesture worth the price. But he robs as a soldier, a pirate, an adventurer, never as a tradesman. To-day he is alone in his medieval cloak, fine and distinguished, a figure of valiant futility. HANNAH LYNCH.

ON FRIENDSHIPS.

"I NEVER cast a true affection on a woman," says Sir Thomas Browne; "but I have loved my friend as I do virtue, my soul, my God."

Sir Thomas is the apostle of a creed which it is given to few to hold, and to fewer still to carry into practice. He knew his subject by heart when he wrote about friendship; and so alluring is his description that, if faith were a matter of choice, it might almost, like Paul's, persuade a heathen to adopt it. Was it because it was not of friendship in the abstract that he wrote, but of his friends, those whose sorrows he desired—with an absolutely true definition of sympathy—not to share or to participate, but to engross; whose tears helped to exhaust the current of his own sorrows; whom he loved before the nearest of his blood; whom, indeed, he loved before himself, and yet thought he did not love enough? There is a vehemence, a happy fire, in the confession of his faith, which is surely the expression of a living experience. Theories belong to the brain: it is only clothed in flesh and blood that they stir the heart. The face he loves is before him as he writes, the touch of the familiar hand is on his own. With Montesquieu he might have declared, "Je suis amoureux de l'amitié."

To every man his own religion, though each may call it by the same name,—to every man, too, his own definition of friendship. It is a word of many meanings, differing as widely as the creeds of the various Churches. Listen, for instance, to the teaching of Emerson on the subject. After his own fashion he also is well qualified to pronounce upon it: he had studied friendship in all its aspects; had made his reckoning of its chances and dangers, and had with deliberate care summed up the result. But the sentiment with which he is concerned has so little in common with that of Sir Thomas, that it is to be questioned whether it would have met with recognition from the latter at all. The fervent simplicity of the earlier age is gone; the modern expositor of what has in his hands become almost a science, made up of rules and axioms, is so conscious of a thousand side-issues, of perils and pitfalls awaiting the unwary in every direction, that one sentence contradicts another, and he has no sooner committed himself to a statement than he is heedful to supply its corrective. At one moment it would indeed appear that his friends are his most precious possessions—"When a man becomes dear to me," he says, "I have touched the goal of fortune"; at another it might almost seem that he regards them as so many snares, dangerous as the visions which tempted St Anthony. "I would have them where I can find them," he explains, likening his human associates to his books; "but I seldom use them. . . . I cannot afford to speak much with my friends, . . . to talk with them and study their visions, lest I lose my own." To quit his lofty seeking, his search for stars, to descend to warmer sympathies, would indeed give him "a certain household joy," but only at the expense of higher things. Has he forgotten that the stars are reflected in the pools of earth, and that it is here that poor human nature oftenest finds them? At the best, too, he looks beyond

the present, and envisages the uncertainty of the future, which is a feat of which no true friend, as no true lover, should be capable. "Will these too," he asks—"will these separate themselves from me again, or some of them? I know not, but I fear it not, for my relation to them is so pure that we hold by simple affinity, and the genius of my life being thus social, the same affinity will exert its energy on whosoever is as noble as these men and women, wherever I may be." In plain English, if not these, well, then, others, and others as good! A practical, comfortable doctrine, but one which we feel sure would have been to Sir Thomas Browne as anathema, the rankest of heresies; and which leads the way by a connection easy to trace to the final summing up, "We will meet as though we met not, and part as though we parted not." Surely even Emerson, apostle though he be, has made in no uncertain terms his confession of failure! To calculate too carefully the effect of an affection is to risk dissolving it altogether. To feel is, in this matter, safer than to reason; and Sir Thomas's headlong assertion that, absent from his friend, he is dead till he be with him, extravagant as it may sound, was worth more than a hundred arguments. More kingdoms than that of heaven are taken by violence.

Reading between the lines, we discover alike the explanation and the justification of Emerson's creed. To him friendship, in its highest sense, remained a possibility, "a dream and fable," like the immortality of the soul, too good to be believed. He had not achieved that difficult faith.

It is a case in which unbelief is not without excuse. Menander called those fortunate who met with so much as the shadow of a friend, and the world has not grown richer in its progress through the centuries. The talent for friendship is not so common as it is assumed to be; and being besides a gift rather than a grace, it is an almost less hopeless task for one not specially endowed for the purpose to set himself to become a saint than to attempt to succeed in this lower branch of business.

It is often taken for granted that the contrary is the case—that a man is capable of fashioning himself into a friend, just as he can become a banker, or a merchant, or a soldier,—that he has but to choose the profession and the thing is done. Whereas, unless gifted with the requisite faculty, he might as well endeavour to make himself into a painter when he has the misfortune to be colour-blind, or a musician when it has not pleased Heaven that he should possess an ear. To recognise the fact that he is not responsible for the inadequacy of his equipment, and that his failure is simply that of an unfraudulent bankrupt, would be the healing of many heartburnings and the cancelling of not a few harsh sentences; but it would seem difficult to convince the world of its injustice in this matter.

Like most fallacies, this particular one has its foundation of truth. Most people, in some degree, do possess the faculty in question,—they have, that is, the making of a bad friend; they can scramble through the business, but they cannot do it well. And even this is not to be altogether despised. A bad friend is better than none, and it will be well, in this world of makeshifts, where human intercourse is nothing but a system of compromise, to make sure that you can do without him before you throw him aside. To search men's histories for the record of their

friendships may be a quest after failures; but they are often failures which could ill have been spared.

> "I love you for your few caresses,
> I love you for my many tears,"

is the epitome of more than one relationship by which life has nevertheless been left the richer.

That the talent, natural though it be, is susceptible of cultivation or repression, is obvious; and there are atmospheres, desirable enough in themselves, which are apt to prove fatal to its free development. In "the colony of God, the Soul," many influences contend for domination. Marcus Aurelius and Saint Louis were both models in the art of government; yet the chances are they would have found it impossible to reign together in amity, and that an attempt at a joint sovereignty would have ended in disaster. It is well—who would deny it?—that family ties should be strong and tender, yet they are serious hindrances to the formation or preservation of a close friendship, and it is next door to a miracle if an exemplary husband and father make an equally good friend. "He was attached to his family as if he had no friends," said Whateley of Dr Arnold; "to his friends as if he had no family." It is a tribute which, even from an archbishop, comes near to the incredible. When Sir Thomas Browne made that ardent confession of faith it was before he had brought home Mistress Dorothy Mileham, and filled his house with the boys and girls to whom he made so admirable a father. To the fate of the fortunate unknown whom he had loved as he loved God and his soul we hold no clue; but in the marriage chimes we seem to hear the suggestion of a passing bell.

"I have lost my belovèd friend of half a century," writes Landor; and again and again in his unhappy concluding years the same note of unalterable affection is sounded. Would it have been the same, one is tempted to speculate, had his hearth been less lonely and his wife and children filled their due place in his life. Again, the domestic circumstances of Lord Byron leave much to be desired, yet it is recorded of him by Moore that through life, with all his faults, he never lost a friend—a testimony to which many more estimable characters could not lay claim.

The causes of failure are, however, so various that it would be unfair to dwell overmuch upon that supplied by domestic affection. There are, besides the enlarged selfishness for which that virtue is so often responsible, a hundred different influences which may serve to choke the good seed; and even when it escapes with life it is ten to one that the cares or the pleasures of the world, or the subtle tyranny of circumstances, or even the sordid divisions created by wealth and position, will prevent it from bearing fruit in full perfection and measure.

Or, again, a friendship may contain in its very exaggeration the germ of death. That it should begin to die as soon as it is born is only to include it in the doom of mortality pronounced against all things human, and the members of a society composed of *condamnés à mort* need not be over-sensitive as to a detail of the general sentence. But upon some more palpably than upon others the prophecy of decay is stamped, so that even as the ship crosses the harbour-bar and sails merrily out into the blue, an observant looker-on may divine the sealed orders carried in the hold below. That such should be the case may be fair enough, and it

would be rash to deny to these unreal and fantastic relationships a compensating charm to make up for what they lack in durability.

Of affairs of this particular kind Shelley's short life furnishes more examples than most. He had an indomitable faith in human nature, and perhaps in his own discerning powers, which rose triumphant over each disillusionment and was always ready to embark in a new "venture of faith." Take, for instance, his devotion, lasting over two years, to the Sussex schoolmistress, Eliza Hitchener. It is easy enough to scoff at the episode, yet it is in truth as good a subject for tears as for laughter — the chivalrous enthusiasm, doomed from the first to disaster, of the boy-poet for what was in fact the creation of his own ardent imagination; month after month of invincible and joyous confidence in his friend's superiority to the rest of mankind; constant happy interchange of thought and sympathy; and then, with the sharpness of a transformation scene, all is changed; the "Sister of his soul" becomes "a woman of desperate vices and dreadful passions," the "brown demon" of the tormented household. "What would Hell be were such a woman in Heaven?" — thus Shelley tersely sums up the whole matter, trampling into dust, with the remorselessness of a vindictive child, his overthrown idol. A melancholy, perhaps a humiliating spectacle, and yet common enough, — a caricature of hundreds of like disenchantments suffered every day in less exaggerated forms. Whether worshipper or idol finds himself hit the hardest it would be difficult to say.

Although there is something shocking—almost indeed revolting —in such a reaction from love to detestation, it is perhaps better that the end should be swift and sure, and that there should be no sentimental lingering over the business of getting the dead affection underground. If the corruptible is ever to put on incorruptibility, the process is best carried on in the grave, and the ideal once fairly destroyed, no rehabilitation of it is in any true sense possible. There is, it is true, the alternative of readjusting the relationship upon a practical basis, and converting a dream into an unetherealised reality; but though such a course has unquestionable recommendations, and to keep such a monument of human fallibility constantly in sight might serve, like the skull in the cell of the anchorite, as a wholesome corrective to pride, persons of unascetic taste may be pardoned if they prefer to dispense with it.

Shelley was, at all events, undeterred by his failure from future ventures. Not to mention his affection for Hogg, triumphantly surviving all shocks, one remembers his devotion — this time of the brain rather than of the heart — to Godwin, the cold and calculating pedant. The poet, on this occasion at least, comes well out of the affair — a little damped in spirits, it may be, but generous and loyal to the last.

It is true that these friendships of the brain have less at stake than others, so that the shock of a collapse is less severe. It is a safer thing to lose one's head than, by giving one's heart in pledge, to stock the armoury of a possible foe. A story is told of a soldier sentenced to be shot. One after another his comrades missed their aim; it was the bullet of his friend which alone found its way to his heart. "Which things are an allegory."

"Those have most power to hurt us
that we love;
We lay our sleeping lives within their
arms."

An intellectual friendship, however close, is a different matter; and there is, besides, apt to be an unconscious unreality about it which paves the way for future disillusionment. To take one of the most notable examples of its kind—the connection, lasting over so many years, between Frederick the Great and Voltaire. Once more it is a history of disaster; but here at least there are no broken hearts, though almost everything else, in earth and heaven, is broken in the course of it—pledges, faith, promises, it would be difficult to say what not—on the part at least of the philosopher. The story is degrading enough. Yet it is only fair to remember that both prince and philosopher had a difficult part to perform. Kings are at a disadvantage in this matter, and the only wonder is that they think it worth while to play at friendship at all. "The fate that made you a king," wrote Junius, "forbade you having a friend." It is true that a careful search through history may lure them to the attempt. The story of David and Jonathan, of Alexander and Hephæstion, or, in later times, the extraordinary affection with which Marie Antoinette would seem to have had the special power of inspiring those who surrounded her, may be cited to prove that the thing, if difficult, is not impossible; but it is after all only to assert that miracles are not altogether out of the question, and the ghosts of a hundred caricatures and parodies of friendships, of favourites and courtiers and flatterers, caressed for a time and then discarded, of Wolseys and Beckets, of the lamentable compounds of greed and vanity presented by such connections as united Elizabeth to those she would doubtless have termed her friends, —all rise as witnesses to the exceptional character of such misleading successes.

It is fortunate that inequality of intellect, the kingship of the brain, appears to present no such bar as the lesser inequality of worldly position. Among women, for instance, few intellects rank so highly, from whatever standpoint she may be regarded, as that of St Theresa. Yet how strong, how absolute in its equality, was the friendship—so human in spite of its spiritual character—of the old saint for the young priest, Gracian. Even now, across the centuries, the record of the affection which brightened the concluding eight years of her life stirs our sympathies more than any of her heroic virtues. Gracian was only twenty-seven when the bond was first formed; and except for the tie of a common and fervent faith, few temperaments could have been as dissimilar as those of the old woman, shrewd in spite of her sainthood, and wise with the wisdom not only of nature but of experience, strong, decided, prompt and ready in action, and of the young friar, holy indeed, and patient and gentle, but ill adapted, in his vacillating weakness and unsuspicious candour, to make headway against the world. There are few more charming letters than those in which the old saint, lightly yet reverently, and always with a delicate courtesy, points out the deficiencies in his practical equipment. "Time will take away a little of your frankness," she tells him, "which indeed I see is saintly. But as the devil objects to all being saints, those base and malicious like myself would fain remove opportunities." There is something at once curious and beautiful in the attitude—was it the instinct of motherhood asserting itself in the nun?—of the aged woman towards the young priest, whose

sensitive spirit she is so heedful to shield from pain that in time of trouble she finds an excuse to send him from her. "I pray God," she says once with something of passion, "not to do me so much evil as to see you suffer." Her prayer was answered; Theresa was in her grave before the final triumph of the enemies of the man she loved so well.

We are reminded by this friendship of another. Theresa and Gracian—Hubert Languet and Philip Sidney—there would seem at first sight little in common between them; yet in the intense and absorbing affection of the austere old Huguenot for the son of his adoption we discover some of the features so conspicuous in that of St Theresa. Between Languet and Sidney there existed no similarity of character, no bond of nationality. Sidney was eighteen when he became acquainted with the French Huguenot, Languet fifty-four; yet no friendship could have been stronger or more enduring. To Sidney, indeed, it can but have constituted one out of many interests; but to the older man it was clearly the solitary element of brightness which lightened his closing years. "If any mischance befall you," he writes, oppressed by fears concerning Sidney's health, "I should be the most wretched man in the world, for there is nothing to give me the least pleasure save our friendship and the hope I have of your manhood." There is something at once beautiful and pitiful in these absorbing affections of the old for the young. They tell their own tale, and are emphatically the love of the lonely. "The world grows tragically solitary as we grow old in it," writes Carlyle, and in such cases we trace the passionate endeavour to fill the void. But the basis upon which these relationships are built, uncemented as they are by blood or habit or a common past, or even by a natural fellowship in point of age, is pathetically insecure; and though in Languet's case, as in Theresa's, the experiment met with singular success, there still runs a vein of sadness, touched now and then with reproach, through the letters addressed by the former to the foreign boy on whom his heart is set.

Languet was only one of the roll-call of friends which Sidney has left behind him. In some biographies the pages which relate to friendship are marked by blots; in others, with more dignity, by erasures. In Sir Philip's life both one and the other are conspicuously absent,—the only complaint we can imagine to have been preferred against him by his chosen associates was that no one of them could lay claim to his exclusive affection. He loved so many and loved them so well. But if over-popularity is a disadvantage in this special line, it is the only drawback discernible, and on his part it would seem that he had not been less fortunate. "Cherish my friends," was his dying exhortation to his brother; "their faith to me may assure you they are honest." It is true that the reasoning is not altogether convincing. Truth in one relation of life is far from being a guarantee of honesty in others, and bad men have made good friends. But in the present instance the logic would seem to have been justified, and the loyalty of his comrades only one of their virtues. There is, at any rate, no hint of mutability on either side: he seems to have infected all with whom he came into contact with his own spirit of constancy. And—he died young.

He died young! In Sidney's case one may be justified in setting aside the misgiving which suggests

itself that that fact may have had something to do with the unbroken record; but how many connections have owed their permanence to that grace of early death! Take the most favourable view, and it is still undeniable that it is easier to be faithful for a dozen years than for the natural term of a man's life; and once let a friendship receive the seal which death confers, and there is no temptation to be false. The dead, to counterbalance their obvious losses, are not without some unfair advantages of their own. "Qui pourra enfin triompher d'un regret!" asks Madame de Staël; and there are memories which "from the small compass of a grave" hold the field against all rivals of flesh and blood. "Those who have lost an infant," says Leigh Hunt, "are never without an infant child. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence." The words may well apply to a friendship to which death has in like manner applied his tender stereotyping.

It is one of the melancholy facts of which the recognition is forced upon one by an inquiry of the present nature, that full security for the permanence of a friendship there is none — that faith must make up its mind to lack assurance. For, judging by precedent, there would seem to be no absolute guarantee of safety. Length of time over which the connection has lasted, community of interests, mutual dependence, the tender associations of a common past—these are only so many presumptions in favour of the future; and even habit, that watch-dog of constancy, is no infallible safeguard. Harriet, Lady Ashburton, who, by the staunchness of her own, should be an authority in the matter of friendships, is quoted as having given it as the result of her experience that the only lasting ties were those which existed between racing men, —adding, surely with a touch of bitterness underlying the jest, that the reason might be found in the fact of each man knowing something which might hang the other.

To take the instance of the friendship between Dr Johnson and Mrs Thrale. It, if any, might have been imagined to have passed its period of probation. Yet it was after more than twenty years of companionship, close and constant and often under the same roof, that it foundered in so notable a fashion and as it were in sight of shore. Six months longer and death would have made all safe. It was not even a case of gradual decay. Scarcely a year before the final rupture the bond would seem to have lost nothing of its force. "If I lose him," cries Mrs Thrale, a little hysterically, "I am more than undone—friend, father, guardian, confidant"; while both were arrived at an age when friendship might have been considered safe from the dangers commonly attending it as between men and women, and sentiment, like an old dog that has lost his teeth, might have been permitted to go unmuzzled. Yet it is only necessary for an amiable foreigner with a taste for music to appear upon the scene, and for so inadequate a cause all is changed. A few months of constrained intercourse, while the old and new affection struggle for mastery, and then the final breach, rendered irreparable by the well-known letter addressed by the angry old man to the delinquent, already, as he phrases it, "ignominiously married." "I

was, I once was, madam, most truly yours, Sam. Johnson," so he concludes, epitomising the past, and inexorably putting the seal to the melancholy business.

One of the reflections which such an episode suggests is that to quarrel well is perhaps as important a qualification for success in friendship as any that can be named. A quarrel, it is true, is not a necessary phase of the relationship, but it is unfortunately so common a one as to approach to it; and to learn to disagree in such a fashion as to leave no seed of bitterness behind is an art which may well deserve attention. But it is not an easy one. There is a fatal veracity in passion, and truths are then betrayed which can never be retracted. "Wine invents nothing—it only tattles," is a bitter saying of Schiller's, and the same holds good of anger.

Nor is it in anger alone that the truth may be unwisely spoken. To consider oneself licensed, even by affection, to say what will wound, is to introduce into intercourse an element of fear which deprives it of much of its charm and all of its repose. "She was more polite than a duchess," says Cowper of his life-long companion; and who can say how powerful an auxiliary was that inconsiderable virtue of Mary Unwin's in retaining his allegiance unbroken.

Cowper and Mary Unwin! Against so signal an example of failure as that furnished by Johnson and Mrs Thrale, it is well to set the affection of these two, of which the record remains, a triumphant refutation of the assertion of those sceptics who would deny the possibility of such a relationship. It might seem, taking a superficial view of the story, that it was a somewhat one-sided bargain; but the poet probably knew his own business best. To supply the environment of a constant faith is to render no light service to a man of Cowper's unhappy and sensitive temperament. It is strange to how great a degree the arrows of criticism are rendered barbless by a like defence, and amongst the responsibilities incurred by those who take upon them the office of a friend none is more important than the preservation of a confidence unbiassed by the popular verdict. To be believed in is a sovereign necessity to most natures, and when a friend is found to fail in that particular he may be pronounced to have proved himself incompetent to the profession. It will never be known how much of the craving for vulgar applause which taints and vitiates men's work and conduct is due to such an infidelity, and may be in truth only the pathetic longing that some one unknown shall believe that applause deserved.

To those vowed in whatever form to the service of art this faith of a friend is peculiarly necessary, and there are not a few who have surely been delivered by it from the melancholy levelling down of hopes, and aspirations, and aims involved in bidding for the suffrages of the crowd. To own a primary audience of one, provided that one represents the highest court to which a man is competent to make his appeal, is to simplify and ennoble life to an astonishing degree. There was a celebrated actor whose custom it was to select one member of his nightly audience to whom to direct his performance, and according as he succeeded or failed in stirring the emotions of that chosen judge, so far, whatever might be the verdict of the rest of the house, he felt the representation to have been a success or failure. To many actors upon the world's stage their public, were the truth known, narrows itself to like dimensions,

differing only in the selection of the audience. The saint, on a plane of his own, addresses his performance to God; in a lower but not ignoble sphere, the appeal is made by friend to friend; while in yet another class, recruited alike from the strongest and the weakest of mankind, the only judge whose award is of importance is the censor who holds his court within, so that when a man pronounces his own work well done, the opinion of the rest of the world goes for nothing. And even this last is better than that appeal to the gallery which others are engaged in making.

Poets would seem to have been fortunate in the matter of friends. It is true that Dr Johnson, repeating the assertion of a painter that no professor of his art ever loved another, appears to indorse the moral to be drawn from the confession, with the wider application of it to all whom talent or life have made competitors. But history gives the calumny the lie. What tribute, for instance, could be more generous and whole-hearted than that which, paid by Cowley to his brother poet Crashaw, remains a monument for ever of the love of friend for friend?—

"Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heav'n,
The hard and rarest union which can be
Next that of Godhead with Humanity.
. . . . . .
And I myself a Catholick will be,
So far at least, great saint, to pray to thee."

And, not to dwell on more recent examples — on Wordsworth and Coleridge — Keats and Shelley — surely the affection which bound together the two great rivals of their age and country, Schiller and Goethe, would of itself be sufficient to refute the slander. In their case the slow, almost reluctant, growth of the connection is of singular interest, culminating as it did in the attachment which must have changed for each the face of the earth. The course of their friendship is well known, the unswerving loyalty of each to each, in spite of all endeavours to sow jealousy and dissension between them, and the generous appreciation by each of the peculiar gifts of the other. "You have created a new youth for me," writes Goethe, the elder by ten years. And death, coming, found the tie as strong as ever. The history of the closing scene possesses a pathos enhanced by the habitual impassibility of the survivor. When Schiller was struck down no one, we are told, ventured to communicate to the older man the news of his loss; nor did the latter, surmising from the bearing of those about him that something was wrong, dare to demand corroboration of his fears. "Schiller must be very ill," was all he said. But in the night, alone with his forebodings, the great poet, usually above all manifestations of emotion, was heard weeping. The next day he asked and obtained the truth. Of what that truth signified to him we find the summing up in a subsequent letter. "The half of my existence is gone from me," he writes. One recalls Montaigne's description of a parallel loss. "Ce n'est que fumée," he says, comparing the rest of life to the four short years illuminated by the one perfect friendship he had known "ce n'est qu'une nuit obscure et ennuyeuse. . . . Il me semble d'être plus qu'à demi."

It is time to end. The result of the inquiry would seem to prove that on the subject of friendship it is impossible to generalise. It is a science—if a science at all—made

up of exceptions, a verb of which every tense is conjugated in irregular fashion. It is impossible to say how it begins; it is even more impossible to predict the end. The note of uncertainty is one which it is useless to ignore. To observe truth is no less essential in this relation of life than in others; and to add falsehood to mutability is but to join a crime to a misfortune.

And yet, if friendship be in truth a science of exceptions, it possesses at least this advantage—that each man may be justified in regarding as such his own case. It is this natural and saving faith in the singular character of all personal experience which sends men on their way with that happy disregard of precedent they so frequently betray. We tacitly exempt ourselves from the laws which we allow to apply to the rest of mankind, and the most common transaction of life becomes unique when touched by our own personality. Once admit the possibility of a single exception to an otherwise universal law, and there is no intrinsic reason why we should not profit by it. It is strange into what confusion the authentification of a solitary interruption of the ordinary course of nature can throw the affairs of life, and a mortal disease once arrested there remain no incurables amongst us. To go still further, were the translation of Enoch established to our satisfaction, there is no one but would consider himself a fit subject for a repetition of the miracle, and a death-blow would have been struck at the doctrine of an inevitable mortality. From all which it follows that, discuss the matter as we may and let our reason be ever so much convinced, we shall embark as merrily as ever on our next venture, convinced that however it may be with the rest of the world —and it is amazing how readily we surrender its cause—our own case has nothing to do with the common experience, and that, the special favourites of Heaven, we at least have lighted upon that "masterpiece of nature" which Emerson declared a true friend to be, and which he despaired of finding.

I. A. Taylor.

THE ONE FORGOTTEN.

A SPIRIT speeding down on All Souls' Eve
From the wide gates of that mysterious shore
Where sleep the dead, sang softly and yet sweet.
—"So gay a wind was never heard before,"
The old man said, and listened by the fire;
And—"'Tis the souls that pass us on their way,"
The young maids whispered, clinging side by side,
So left their glowing nuts a while to play.

Still the pale spirit, singing through the night,
Came to this window, looking from the dark
Into the room; then passing to the door,
Where crouched the whining dog afraid to bark,
Tapped gently, without answer, pressed the latch,
Pushed softly open, and then tapped once more.
The maidens cried, when seeking for the ring,
"How strange a wind is blowing on the door!"

And said the old man, crouching to the fire,
"Draw close your chairs, for colder falls the night,
Push fast the door, and pull the curtains to,
For it is dreary in the moon's pale light."
And then his daughter's daughter with her hand
Passed over salt and clay to touch the ring,—
"The old need fire," she murmured, "but the young
Have that within their heart to flame and sting."

And then the spirit, moving from her place,
Touched there a shoulder, whispered in each ear,
Bent by the old man, nodding in his chair;
But no one heeded her, or seemed to hear.
Then crew the black cock, and so weeping sore
She went alone into the night again;
And said the grey-beard, reaching for his glass,
"How sad a wind blows on the window-pane!"

And then from dreaming the long dreams of age
He woke, remembering, and let fall a tear.
"Alas! I had forgot—and have you gone?—
I set no chair to welcome you, my dear."
And said the maidens, laughing in their play,
"How he goes groaning, wrinkled-faced and hoar,
He is so old, and angry with his age,—
Hush! hear the banshee sobbing past the door!"

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

AN ORKNEY FORAY.

I.

We were three in a 5-ton yacht when we sailed out of Kirkwall bay to explore the islands of Orkney and prey upon the people. It was a stormy July morning, so early that only a few old mariners were astir in the town to shake their heads and foretell disaster. The sky was low and grey, and continual gusts and sharp showers came down from the hills and gave every promise of continuing to come. Even at our moorings we rocked and pitched, and out among the hazy islands we could see white-caps streaming eastwards. A more raw and cheerless beginning for our foray even the North Sea could hardly have given us.

Uninvited plunderers of honest folk as we intended to be, it still seemed to us advisable (since piracy is at best an uncertain profession) to have some provisions of our own aboard. Each of us took, besides, a canvas bag containing principally dry socks, brown boots, and tooth-brushes, and before we started we opened the hatch and thrust all this litter pell-mell into the cabin. Then we set the try-sail and spitfire jib, cast off our moorings, and drew our sou'-westers over our eyes.

A few gulls saw us off; the grey line of seaward houses, the old cathedral, and the clump of masts in the harbour, gradually slipped farther astern; a little more sea began to run out in the open bay; and to a drumming of rain the Cormorant lay down to her work.

We were three all told aboard her. Ashore we had, and now again have, land-lubberly names by which we are ushered into drawing-rooms and known to the postman; but afloat our identities were merged into our offices, and we became merely Skipper, Boatswain, and Steward.

Out of the confusion of the cabin we extricated the chart-case and spread one sheet over our knees as we sat, two on the edge of the steering-well, and another stretched on the wet decks. The boatswain had sailed in these seas before, and naturally displayed a fine contempt for printed information. He inspired some confidence, but not quite enough for the skipper; so we carefully mapped out our course and picked our anchorage for the night—a bay beside a country-house. Its laird's hospitality, we determined, should be put to the test.

By this time we were running with the tide through the sound known as the String. The wind was dead aft, and there was a long, exhilarating roll under us. We watched the bows dip and the mast slowly swing down and up and down again, the rain rattled on our oilskins and passed before us through the sound, our faces were wet and salt, and not one of us asked anything more from fortune. On either side the shores were low and rocky, with blurred green fields sweeping up gently to meet the heavy sky. The mainland hills lay all far astern, pale brown in the distance, with storms patently coming out of them. Everywhere else there were nothing but various greys and the greeny white of breaking water.

We were steering right down the old Viking path, the straight course from Orkney to the Southern Seas, where spears went out and spoil came back, and I am sure that morning we felt something of the same open-air, adventurous stirring of the heart.

Gradually, coasting round the land, we got the wind abeam; the spitfire was changed for the big jib; the lee-rail dipped under a rush of frothing water; hauling the sheets, our feet were soaked and grew clammy and icy under us. Still the skipper played cheerily on a tin whistle, steering with his leg, and the boatswain took up the refrain.

We were drawing close upon two small, precipitous islands, and turning into the strait between these and the mainland cliffs, the hard part of our work began. The tide had turned and now ran against us, the wind headed us off, the sea grew lumpy out there, and in our pitchings into each trough our way was knocked clean out of us. Except for this up-and-down bumping and splashing we hardly moved at all. The skipper looked up at the sails and round on the wet weather horizon.

"Too much head sail," he said at last. "Give her a shake. We must put on the spitfire again."

The boatswain took the tiller and turned her into the wind, and the skipper and steward went into the bows.

Changing a jib in anything like a sea is neither a dry nor an altogether dull experience. I have a windy recollection of the skipper in his yellow oilskins out upon the bowsprit, clinging on with one hand, casting off the sail with the other; of the grey, wrinkled waves climbing up, half burying him, and then pouring over the steward's knees as he held the halyards; and all round us, of a bleak, heaving sea, and a bleak, low coast.

We finished our job, got under way again, and moved a little easier, but it was a long monotonous thresh for the rest of the afternoon.

"We will take lunch with the laird," we had airily said when we started.

"We will take tea with him," we vowed when the tide turned.

"We will dine with the laird," was the amended resolution an hour or two later, and the boatswain even picked his port.

It was latish in the afternoon when we sighted the scene of our raid, a dark house standing out vaguely on a low shore. Still the wind and the showers met us in our teeth and the tide grew stronger, so that we were always beating across and across a wide, lonely sound, noting our headway by the glowing clearness of the house before us. We all felt cold; we had long since finished our lunch of bread and jam and gingersnaps, and we agreed that dinner in that misty mansion would make a very fitting finish to the day.

But first we had to get there, and an hour or so later we were only at the mouth of the narrow tideway that streamed past it. To the seaward side a small, bleak island stood out among the grey tumble of water and pent in the tide-stream, and half-way up the channel, right under the house, lay the little bay we meant to anchor in.

Three times we faced that millrace. Running out with the wind, it met us as smooth as flowing lava and as uncannily strong. We lay down till it swept a plank or two up the deck, eddying and swirling round us with a strange hissing sound. Watching it boil past the bows and race out under the

counter, we thought at first we must be moving like a liner, and this stealthy hissing, as of a soft escape of steam, heightened the illusion. And all the time it was only the tide that moved past us, sucking us helplessly out to sea. Twice we tried and twice we had to turn tail. It was then getting dark, and tantalising lights were coming out on shore.

The third time, we felt, would be final. For luck the boatswain chose another port; we put the chart in the cabin to give us a free hand; and then we stole up to the very threshold of the island and crept along under its lee as far as the outermost shelf of rock. When that was past we stood for the last time into the tide, starting now higher up and taking the sound at its narrowest. For ten minutes our reputations and our dinner hung in the balance. Gradually we made less leeway, the fields and rocks of the mainland rose close above us, and at last it was "ready about," with the tide-stream all astern.

But we were not yet in the promised land. Along that side there was just a strip of slack water, possible to navigate but very narrow, and up this we had to work our way towards anchorage and rest. How many times we tacked, beating to and fro in the falling dusk between the tideway and the rocks, I should be afraid to say. We would lie in the bows watching for the shoal-water or the swirl of the stream, and then it was a rush aft to the sheets, "Helm's a-lee!" a lusty tugging on wet ropes with blistered hands, and back again to the bows. And all this time it grew darker, and the hour was long past dinner-time.

It was ten o'clock and the land almost black, with just a star of light here and there, when the chain rattled through the fair-lead, and we swung at anchor in the little bay.

"It must be supper now," said the boatswain with a sigh.

Then for the first time since lunch we opened the hatch and lit a candle. I never fear to look upon a more depressing spectacle than our cabin on that dreary evening. There were six inches of malodorous water on the floor (the first offerings of a patent pump); between the jumble of canvas bags and damp paper parcels the seats were wet and shiny; and as the boat heaved on the outskirts of the tide, this inboard sea gurgled gently, and some precious, dry possession oscillated perilously on the brink. Anything more wholly uninhabitable I never faced. When we put up our heads again and looked out, the growing darkness of the land and sky and the broken sheen of streaming water seemed more desolate than ever.

Only the lights on shore gave any prospect of comfort,—to me at least, for I was but a raw hand, with at that moment a very hollow and rather unsettled inside.

"Well, something must be done," said the skipper, cheerfully.

"Something!" It seemed to me that everything, from dining to dry docking, had to be done.

It was decided at last that the skipper and the boatswain should "redd up," while, as that was likely to take the best part of the night, the steward should go ashore, and, by threats or persuasion, make terms with the laird. So after a heroic struggle into less wet garments, and a sanguinary effort to shave by the darkness of that heavy evening, the steward was rowed ashore, and splashed his way up the beach. He found

himself on a steady road miles long, very grateful after a few feet of rocking deck, and presently struck a stile that led him on to the laird's tennis-lawn. The drawing-room blinds were up, and he could see, like a glimpse of Eden, the brightness within, and the figures moving in the lamplight. Before the front door he paused under a sombre coat of arms, and then diffidently pulled the bell.

There was no answering ring, but instead a foot of wire sprang out of the depths of the freestone, and the brass handle dangled weakly at the end. Another pull elicited three feet more. It seemed a broad hint to uninvited guests and suchlike.

Meanwhile, it appears, the house within was lulled in fancied security. The first person to be alarmed was a domestic who suddenly beheld at the pantry window a half-shaved, sou'-westered face. A few minutes later, by some unfortunate mistake, the family and guests in the drawing-room witnessed the abrupt entry of an oil-skinned figure, dripping with rain, and oozing sea-water from its feet.

"Madame," said the steward, "I am hungry."

Whether they were entertained more in pity or in fear, was never quite certain; but the very substantial fact of an excellent supper remains vividly in the memories of the crew. Wet ropes, cold decks, and bilge water were exchanged of a sudden for fires, a lighted room, and whisky; and the laird, to do him justice, did his best to look as though he liked it too. It was not till the small hours of the morning that the skipper and boatswain rowed off alone, leaving the steward in charge of the captured mansion.

II.

For a night and a day we pillaged the laird. The next evening, having first dined, danced, and drunk at his expense, we went out about midnight into a dark, misty rain. The tide was then ebbing, and we wished the ebb under us to take us on our way; but in those narrow, dangerous waters, a start in pitch-darkness was a feat that even the boatswain felt some diffidence in directing. It would begin to flow again about four: two of us then had time for a first short sleep, while the third must keep watch.

It fell to my share to do the watching, and as a new experience I rather relished the prospect. I confess I have seen the dawn come in under livelier circumstances, but never with such a dash of romance. To sit in the steering-well wrapped in sweater and oil-skins, under the glimmer of a single riding-light, looking at the mast and rigging lit in patches below and shading aloft into the drizzling obscurity, watching for the dark low land to grow clearer, and listening to the eternal thrumming of the tide,—all this had, despite its monotony and chilliness, something of the glamour of the sea. Though the breeze gradually freshened, it kept very calm in the shelter of the bay, and another sound I heard was the pleasant lapping of little waves against the punt, and now and again the cry of some restless seagull.

In spite of the heavy awning of clouds, the day broke early up in that northern latitude. By three o'clock one could pick out houses on shore and see distinctly the horizon through the mouth of the sound and the line where the rocks

met the water. My third pipe was out, my tin cup stood empty, and I thought so skilful a skipper could surely take us out now. So by quarter past we were under way. I suppose there must have still been a little sleep in the skipper's eyes, for with a great bump we went straight over a rock, and a splash alongside was the last we heard of some loose tackle on deck; and then we shot like a train through the sound. In a few minutes we were out in more open waters, meeting a stiff and very bitter breeze and plunging through a choppy sea.

It was nine o'clock when we entered Stromness harbour, unwashed, unshaved, sleepy, and a little shivery. The sky was clearing fast, the sun was up, there was a touch of warmth in the morning air; the sheltered harbour lay very tranquil, and the craft sitting so quietly at their moorings looked very respectable and sedate to such a wet and wind-blown crew as we. Behind them a quaint jumble of crow-stepped gables and little piers half circled the bay, and on the seaward side the great hills of Hoy towered above it all. Smoke was beginning to rise from the town, and to the crew of the Cormorant there was a keen suggestion of breakfast in the air.

Nor were we without some prospect of finding prey. We scanned the bay carefully as we came in, and then with a little stir of excitement we picked her out, — a smart steam-yacht lying unsuspectingly in our path. We had some acquaintance with the owner, and as we came close under her stern we hailed him. He emerged from the deck-house to greet us.

"Good morning," said the skipper, blandly.

"Good morning," he answered, unsuspiciously.

"Thank you," we replied. "We shall be delighted."

In twenty minutes we had boarded, razor in hand and sponge-bag in pocket, to find ourselves in possession of what seemed to us at that moment the cleanest and roomiest ship that ever sailed. There was actually space in the cabin to stand upright, the decks looked as if they had been recently washed, all the seats were dry. Poor patent-pumped, littered-up Cormorant! We almost lost conceit of her.

And yet, when the Cormorant sailed out of Stromness harbour two days later, there was something in the straightened decks awash with green water, in the leap she gave at every crest, even in the wet match-boxes and socks that strewed the cabin—something we would none of us have exchanged for all the steam and scrubbings on the high seas.

We were bound this time on our most ambitious venture, sailing round the mainland westabout. The Atlantic is so seldom still, that even in the height of summer a yacht of the size of ours could only now and then attempt such a cruise; but the fishermen had told us it might be risked, and as they look on a yacht of racing build as merely a trap that Providence in its selective wisdom permits fools to be drowned in, we thought we were safe enough.

With a fine easterly breeze dead aft and the current under us, we raced through the strongest tideway in the islands, the beautiful and terrible Hoy Sound. That morning the whole strait from the scarred hillsides and seaward precipices of Hoy to the old kirkyard on the green mainland poured like a river into the Atlantic. Ahead we could see a shining line of

rollers dancing in the distance like the flickering of gas jets in a draught. It was the roost at the mouth. Our true course lay to the northward, between it and the mainland coast, but that tide had the grip of an ice-floe. We gybed (very cautiously in the first of the tidal roll); the skipper put down the helm till we pointed almost across the sound: it availed nothing; into the pandemonium we went.

Not one of those great green rollers broke, luckily for us; they just swung up and down, irregularly as a tidal sea does, one sometimes chasing hard on the heels of another, sometimes leaving a trough like a quarry between. The Cormorant, going like a bird with the breeze and tide, would mount one, rush downhill till we could see nothing but walls of water and a roof of sky, and then bury her nose in the side of the next, while we watched (so it seemed) the whole Atlantic pile itself up to crush us. It lasted only for a few minutes, but I can remember many minutes less exciting.

Once we were clear, it was plain sailing for the rest of the day. All afternoon we sat in the sunshine, heeling to a fresh off-shore wind, and watching the cliffs go by. We passed under one long battlement of rock. Year in and year out the Atlantic attacks, retreats, and attacks again. The whole coast is gnawed by this eternal enemy; it hollows the rampart into caves, cuts out ragged geos, hews down overhanging tons that lie for ever after in the depths at the foot, and in their turn break the onset of the storms: there is sometimes a seeming truce, never peace. Even on that pleasant day the sea heaved uneasily about its foe, and the margin was always white with foam. Here and there, but very seldom, the cliffs fell, and shallow, exposed bays opened up. Only through these gaps could we see that there actually was a fertile, peaceful country behind the barricade, with green unripened fields and little houses and sweeping heather hills.

On the other side there was nothing all afternoon but an empty, shining ocean, ending in a straight and quiet line. We felt that we were really at sea: this was the wide ocean of sailors, and the horizon behind which ships sank down and continents lay hidden.

It was about five o'clock when we opened Enhallow Sound, and turned into the islands again. The wind was against us now, and for the next four hours we had to beat through precarious channels by the aid of the chart and the boatswain's memory. With a little help from Providence, they took us safely, but the skipper was not without anxious moments. When the evening drew in, we were drifting slowly up a long, placid bay into an amphitheatre of heather hills. The wind had fallen light and fitful, and now and again the sails shook ominously with a hint of calm.

It was almost dark by the time we came to anchor, and quite dark when we took the road, the boatswain shouldering a canvas bag, the skipper playing his tin whistle, and the steward (who was unhandicapped) setting the pace. This time our unwarned prospective hostess lived some miles inland, and we often glanced at our watches and remembered a little uncomfortably that the heartiness of a welcome is apt to vary with the hour of arrival.

We went through a straggling

village, already preparing respectably for sleep. Then we entered a long plantation (a rare and wonderful thing in Orkney) where a burn brawled and the shadows stood black, and at last we came out on an open hillside road with moors stretching upwards to the right, and on the left a little loch still bright. The stars were out, the air was fresh from the heather and the sea, and it felt pleasant to be ashore, walking fast, and drawing towards a resting-place.

It was midnight when we approached the house.

"The lights are still burning," said the skipper, cheerfully.

Even as he spoke one disappeared.

"Can they be going to bed?" asked the steward, uneasily.

Another and then another went out, till there was left nothing but a dark mass with the outline of a peaked tower.

"They have gone to bed," said the boatswain.

The whistle played a plaintive air, and we knocked on the door. At last a window opened, and a voice demanded our business.

"Supper and three beds," said the skipper.

Fortunately Orkney is a land where hospitality can still be obtained by sufficient modesty.

III.

The innumerable flotilla of islands, holms, and skerries, high and flat, green and brown, lying to the northward of the mainland of Orkney are collectively known as the North Isles. Out there, having exhausted the resources of the mainland, we steered on a sunny afternoon.

The feel of the air, the whole look of things, had changed. There was hardly a cloud in the sky; the glare of the summer sea tired our eyes; the islands took all manner of beautiful, faint shades; seals bobbed round us off harmless skerries with their out-of-work beacons. We strewed the deck with cushions, and lay on our backs gazing idly up at the gently swaying mast clear cut against a perfect blue. Our dirty-weather work was over, our oil-skins lay heaped in the cabin, hardly a rope had to be touched all afternoon. Compared to our wintry start, it seemed like stepping off an iceberg into a conservatory.

That night, by our usual method, we sought for an anchorage under a little holm off Stronsay,—the boatswain in the bows heaving the ship's hammer (a fine, rusty implement by the end of the cruise) and singing out the fathoms at each splash; the skipper at the tiller working her cautiously inshore; and the steward admiring the resemblance of these proceedings to all he had read in nautical narratives.

After we were anchored and everything was stowed away—a lengthy and annoying job when the last meal has become a dim reminiscence—we set about our first dinner on board. There were no lairds or yachts to plunder out there, so the skipper perforce turned cook, and his crew scullery- and table-maids.

Cooking, eating, and all had to go on in our only apartment. It was a cramped, higgledy-piggledy, unwashed, often very literally hand-to-mouth life. I can see now that little wooden box, lit by a single swinging candle; the skipper, surrounded by pots and

pans, scrambling eggs over one flame and watching the desiccated soup uncoil itself over another; and everywhere else the boatswain and steward filling the rest of the cabin with their long legs, so neatly dovetailed in that they were only able to move a hand very cautiously in or out of a locker, while the smoke of their pipes drifted up through the half-opened hatch, and outside we could hear the soft sound of the water and the cries of sea-birds. Unsoaped, uncombed, and ravenous as we were, it was still an existence not to be lightly exchanged for the best butlered respectability.

After a mixed but substantial meal, we rowed ashore for a midnight stroll on the little island. It was a still and starlit night; wherever our oars broke the glass of the sea, the water was shivered into a cloud of brilliantly phosphorescent fragments; as we drew into the beach, the air was pungent with the odour of seaweed. We walked up through long grass soaking with dew, and presently came upon the only sign of habitation on the holm, a doorless and windowless cottage grown round about with deep beds of nettles. It looked so quiet and desolate in the darkness that it seemed to us as though it must never hear a sound but the wind and the sea, when all at once, as we came close to it, there arose the strangest din—the rushing of myriads of wings and an uproar of frightened cries. Out of the windows, doors, and chimneys there poured, not the souls of dead islanders, but a stream of startled birds. It was too dark to see what they were, but certainly a great flock of oyster-catchers were among them. The shore that had been so silent was filled with pipings and whistlings, and as late that night as we were awake we could hear them still wondering and complaining.

We lay there two nights, with no adventures except the discovery of a golf links on Stronsay, and the removal of all the portable provisions from a neighbouring farmhouse. On the second morning we started betimes for Kirkwall again, in the same summer weather. The wind fell very light, and all the sea seemed filled with tides that ran against us. For an hour or more at a time we would stand almost still in a current, broiling in the sun, whistling for the wind, or lunching lazily. Everything was brilliantly clear: across a dazzling sea, purple and green islands quivered in the heat haze; there never came a cloud to cool us, and till afternoon scarcely a breeze strong enough to ruffle the reflections. Far away ahead we could see the old red tower of Kirkwall Cathedral, and very, very slowly it grew bigger.

It seemed as if there was a spell in the sea that forbade us to come ashore again.

At last, mysteriously and apparently out of nowhere, there came a rippling of the water and a cool air on our faces. The Cormorant lay down with a whitening wake, the steward began to shave, and the boatswain to look for his boots. The skipper whistled cheerfully at the tiller, but I think he half-regretted the breeze.

The cathedral rose higher, the masts and the houses grew clear, and then, almost before we knew it, we were in Kirkwall Bay again, alive, to the wonder of the ancient mariners of the pier, and, to our own sorrow, at the end of the foray.

LOUISE-ULRIQUE, QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

It is singular that the history of the Prussian princess, afterwards Queen of Sweden, which is graphically detailed in the French work before us, should be little remembered either in France or England. Yet not only was she a very remarkable woman, whose life, comprising all the elements of romance, passed from the height of earthly grandeur and success to the depths of tragic isolation and obscurity; but, through the events of her ambitious reign, we obtain also many startling side-lights on the condition of the greater European States during the latter half of the eighteenth century. A clever, haughty, and enlightened princess, she was from first to last a lady of irreproachable morals, and a Queen meriting the utmost gratitude from the Swedish people, whose country she probably saved from a fate similar to that of Poland. The author of this work holds an office at the Court of Sweden, which gave him unrestricted access to the archives of the State, and the letters there preserved from Frederic the Great and other potentates, with the replies by the Queen herself: her history, therefore, as given in this record, is absolutely complete in its most secret details.

Louise-Ulrique, born at Berlin on the 24th of June 1720, was the tenth child of Frederic William, King of Prussia, and Sophia Dorothea of Hanover. She was eight years younger than her brother Frederic the Great, while her eldest sister, Wilhelmine, Margravine of Bayreuth, was twelve years her senior. In the Memoirs of that princess brought before the public by Princess Christian, a vivid picture has been given of the extraordinary conditions of life under which the numerous children of Frederic William grew to maturity. The frightful violence of his temper and the delight which he seems to have taken in raining showers of blows on his offspring, while he kept them half-starved, must have rendered their existence a daily torture. But it was towards his elder children only that he acted in this barbarous manner. His hatred of his eldest son Frederic and its results are matters of history; while Louise-Ulrique, who was very young at that time, stood in the position of the fierce old king's special favourite: he had an unbounded affection for her, and kept her constantly by his side to amuse him with her lively conversation. She did not, however, fare so well with her mother, who was a hard irritable woman, and of whose ill-treatment she bore traces to the end of her days. On the death of the old king and the accession of Frederic the Great to the throne, the Queen-Mother retired to Montbijou, where Louise-Ulrique lived with her until her marriage. She held her governess, Baroness Blaspiel, responsible for sundry defects in her education; but her natural talents and quick intelligence were successfully cultivated by intercourse with her brothers, who were often at Montbijou. She kept up a lifelong correspondence, from the age of six years to the

Une Sœur du Grand Frederic, Louise-Ulrique, Reine de Suède. Par O. G. Von Heidenstam. Paris: E. Plomb Mourret et Cie.

day of her death, with Frederic the Great and Prince William, to whom she was devotedly attached, and she invariably acted as peace-maker in the dissensions which frequently arose in the family.

In the year 1743 Voltaire spent some time at the Court of Berlin, and addressed many flattering verses to Louise-Ulrique, whom he described as the most beautiful and talented princess of her time. She had then arrived at a marriageable age, and among her other suitors the Prince Royal of Sweden sought her favour. The Swedish Minister at Paris wrote to her in these grandiloquent terms: "Is a crown necessary for one who has already been crowned by heaven with grace, talent, and beauty? The diadem will add nothing to your Royal Highness, but you must wear it for the honour of the universe and the happiness of the nations." Many portraits of her exist in Sweden, and that which has been chosen as the frontispiece of this book represents her as Aurora—a star on her forehead and a lighted torch in her hand—in which she appears as a very handsome, imperious-looking young woman.

When the Diet of Sweden first approached Frederic the Great with a proposal of marriage between Louise-Ulrique and the heir to their throne, he replied confidentially to the Swedish Minister at Berlin that, while favourable to the idea of such a union, he would prefer that his younger sister Amelie should be chosen, as being of a character more submissive and pliable. The Princess Louise-Ulrique, he said, was of a haughty and domineering disposition, which would not accord with a monarchy where the royal authority was so limited as it was in Sweden. What the king said as to his sister's resolute self-will and pride was true enough; but he had another reason for wishing the younger princess to take her place. The Empress Elizabeth of Russia had made overtures for an alliance between Louise-Ulrique and her heir the Grand-Duke Peter, which Frederic had refused, considering it would be sacrificing his brilliant sister to exile her to Russia; but he feared to offend his powerful neighbour by accepting the alliance with Sweden at the same time that he declined that of Russia. The situation was extremely complicated, and involved the interests of several of the more important European States. Briefly the matter stood thus. The reigning King of Sweden, Frederic I., had occupied the throne since 1720. Originally Duke of Hesse, he had married the only sister of Charles XII., who had succeeded to the crown on the death of her brother. After reigning one year, she abdicated in favour of her husband. He was a weak, self-indulgent man, who cared nothing for his adopted country, and would not even learn the language: as a result the royal authority had no longer any existence except in outward show. The power had passed entirely into the hands of the Diet and Senate, a state of matters likely to be eminently displeasing to the masterful princess who was invited to enter on the supreme rule in the mismanaged realm. Her proposed husband, Adolphe Frederic of Holstein-Gottorp, had been imposed upon Sweden as heir to the old king, who had no children, by the will of the Empress Elizabeth. She had been victorious in a war with Sweden, and made Adolphe's election the condition of a treaty of peace in which she consented to

remove her armies from Finland, on which she had seized. There were, however, other candidates for the post, and notably the Prince of Denmark, whose claims were strongly supported by France and by the whole of Sweden, as he would have united the three Scandinavian kingdoms, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, under one sceptre. The Empress was bent on resisting any suggestion from France, and she gained her point —Adolphe Frederic was elected on the 24th of January 1724.

The opposition to the measure in the country was to make itself felt in the future of Louise-Ulrique, as the French party in the State were resolved to counteract if possible the Russian predilections of the new heir, and desired vehemently, therefore, to place by his side a princess of determined character, whose political sympathies were supposed to be with them. The man at the head of this party, destined to have a fatal influence on the life of Louise-Ulrique, was the Count Tessin, an astute diplomatist, who had been Minister of Sweden at the Court of Versailles, and who made an alliance with France the supreme object of his ambition. His administrative talents and eloquence had won for him a prominent position, and as member of the Senate he was finally charged with the executive power. It was he who conceived the project of marrying the Prince Royal, by no means a strong-minded man, to the clever German princess, whose character seemed to him exactly suited to the part he wished her to play, in restoring the royal authority and bringing back Sweden to the French alliance. Her brother's objections on the ground of her domineering temper only confirmed the hopes he founded as to the ascendancy she would be sure to gain over the weak prince, and he carried through the marriage with a high hand. He roused the imagination of Adolphe Frederic by describing the charms of the princess, while he urged her to overcome the reluctance of her brother the king — a task in which she delighted, as she never willingly submitted to authority, and triumphantly accomplished.

Count Tessin himself arrived at Berlin as the ambassador appointed by the Swedish Diet to carry through the marriage. He was then forty years of age, a remarkably handsome man of attractive manners, and a great admirer of beauty, though married to a lady older than himself who was by no means good-looking. He made an entry of great pomp in a State coach drawn by six white horses, and had an audience at once with the haughty princess, whose confidence he soon won only too completely. Adolphe Frederic had given him the crown jewels to present to his future bride; but instead of delivering them on one official occasion, Tessin presented himself before her every day with some separate jewel, and flattering verses written by himself in her honour. Louise-Ulrique became almost intoxicated with all this devotion, and it ended in Tessin conceiving an ardent passion for the beautiful princess, which, without the smallest blame on her side, brought calamitous events ultimately into her life as Queen of Sweden.

Louise-Ulrique was married by proxy, her brother William representing the bridegroom. The Prussian princess and her unknown husband met at Carlscrone, and many interesting letters from her to her brothers give an account of the striking scene and the splendour of her reception.

Her vessel anchored in the port, and was surrounded by Swedish ships, while a royal barge brought the prince to the momentous meeting. His bride awaited him on the deck. Adolphe Frederic sprang swiftly up the vessel's side, and, advancing through a double line of naval officers to the feet of the princess, kissed her hand, murmuring some indistinct words in great agitation, and seeming overcome by the sight of her beauty. The princess, equally moved, pale and trembling, bent low before him in a profound *reverence de cœur*, and then in the silence which followed she fixed on her husband a critical and anxious gaze. She saw a man of medium height, broad-shouldered, with a countenance of a very ordinary type, but improved by an expression of good-humour and gentleness, with some indication of the weakness of will which was the prevailing trait in his character. The first meeting over, etiquette required that the royal couple should separate till the princess's arrival at Stockholm under the guardianship of Count Tessin, where the final marriage rites were performed.

The union between the sister of Frederic the Great and the heir to the Swedish throne was from first to last one of harmony and mutual affection, so far as their private life was concerned; but the prince was greatly the inferior of his wife in mental capacity, and, as Tessin had confidently expected, she soon gained a complete ascendancy over him. It is recorded of her that she began to talk earnestly to him of the affairs of the State on the day after their wedding. Tessin saw that his hopes of Louise-Ulrique becoming the ruling power in Sweden would be amply verified; but he did not approve of the caution strongly impressed upon her from Prussia, not to attempt the reforms she desired during the lifetime of the pleasure-loving old king. The political position of Europe, in which France and Prussia stood out on all points against Austria, England, and Russia, was reflected in Sweden, where two keenly antagonistic parties opposed each other — the one on the side of France, the other of Russia. The Prince Royal was practically committed to the Russian party, from gratitude to the Empress Elizabeth, who had been instrumental in making him heir to the throne of Sweden; but the Prussian Minister at Stockholm, writing to his king, expressed the hope that the princess would induce him to abandon them for the French party, though he feared it would take her a long time to accomplish the change. As a matter of fact, she effected it most successfully in the course of their brief honeymoon.

The princess's letters to her brothers are most cleverly written, manifesting a brilliant intelligence and clear judgment, which rendered her in every sense a *maitresse femme*. Serious difficulties soon began, however, to gather round her. The Prince Royal, much against his own wish, had named Count Tessin Master of the Household, thereby committing himself openly to the French party, while some secret misgiving seems also to have been at work within him; but Louise-Ulrique willed the nomination, and she carried it through. Tessin became thenceforward the right hand of the princess, executing her will in every particular, and encouraging her in ideas adverse to those of the Senate and the reigning king. Frederick I. was by no means a respectable old gentleman in his ways,

and Louise-Ulrique showed consummate tact in the mode in which, without offending him, she refused to countenance his undesirable associates. On the 24th of January 1746 her eldest son, afterwards Gustavus III., was born, and the enthusiasm awakened by the event in the country gave the best guarantee for the security of the new dynasty. In the midst of her first joy over her new-born son, Louise-Ulrique sent to Tessin a golden pen. It was the token agreed upon between them that if she bore a male child, he was to sign an engagement to watch exclusively over her interests and assist her in carrying out her ambitious plans. Tessin signed the document and returned it to her with ardent congratulations. Thereupon Count Tessin was appointed governor to the infant prince, who required no other person in that capacity save his nurse. Tessin, however, took the matter seriously, writing letters on education which he published, and holding long philosophical discussions with the proud mother on the training of princes.

The years which followed were the happiest of Louise-Ulrique's life: brilliant and beautiful—adored by her husband, who was as devoted as he was submissive, and idolised by the people—her popularity was at its height. Mistress of the situation, self-willed and imperious, she exercised a predominant influence on the affairs of the State. She had a very clear idea of the changes she was bent on effecting in the government of Sweden. She determined to put an end to the alliance with Russia altogether, and to bind the country to that of France and Prussia. The Empress Elizabeth speedily became alarmed. If the alliance were broken up, she would lose the power by which she had kept Sweden in complete subjection almost as a vassal State. She wrote energetically to the Prince Royal, and a political duel practically took place between her and Louise-Ulrique, in which the latter conquered triumphantly. Then an intrigue was got up by Russia to alter the deed of succession to the Swedish throne, so as to eject Adolphe Frederic and elect instead the Duke of Cumberland, son to George II. of England. The Russian tool in this scheme was an Englishman named Blackwell, who paid with his head for his bold attempt. The aggressive attitude of Russia roused the indignation of Sweden. The Diet voted a national declaration in favour of Adolphe Frederic and his House, and the battle was over. Tessin was promoted to be Minister of Foreign Affairs, and a double treaty of alliance was concluded with France and Prussia. Frederic the Great wrote to Louise-Ulrique that England was in very bad humour at the failure of Blackwell's enterprise. Thus far the princess had triumphed; but the greatest battle she had to fight for Sweden was yet to come. After the death of Charles XII. the Diet and Senate of Sweden resolved to put an end to the absolute power of the monarchy, and to have the rights of the Government vested in themselves. The indolent king, Frederic I., who cared nothing for Sweden or the claims of the monarchy, was well content that the affairs of the State should be taken completely out of his hands, and that he should be left free to lead unmolested his idle and luxurious life. As a result the Government of the country was carried on by a secret committee of the Diet,

which imposed its will on the Senate.

To effect a reform, even at the cost of a revolution, which should restore the royal prerogative and the absolute power of the monarch, was Louise-Ulrique's fixed determination—so soon as the death of the king should enable her to carry it out; and in this, as in all else, her husband yielded entirely to her will, while the King of Prussia upheld his sister in her views. In the year 1748 Frederic I. had a stroke of apoplexy, and it was thought that the moment for action was close at hand. A second stroke left him paralysed and childish; but in that condition he lingered for two years, during which Count Tessin, who ruled the Senate, was absolute master of the Government. Then it was that for the first time a difference of opinion arose between him and Louise-Ulrique on the subject of the betrothal of her son Gustave, only three years old, to the daughter of the King of Denmark, a few months younger. Louise-Ulrique was violently opposed to the idea of this union; but Tessin had always been extremely anxious for an alliance with Denmark, and he had become all-powerful, so that the princess was obliged to give way, though still hoping that, in the years which must elapse before the marriage could take place, it might be averted altogether. This was the first open disagreement between her and Tessin; but there was already ground of offence against her in Tessin's mind, of a nature likely to render him her worst enemy. His ardent passion for her, which had long been a source of great difficulty to her, had assumed such proportions as had obliged her to reveal the fact to her husband, whom she asked to arrange that her meetings with the Count should only be in public. Tessin bitterly resented her action, and his relations with the royal couple became extremely strained.

When at last the death of the old king brought the crisis, in which Louise-Ulrique hoped by a *coup d'état* to defeat the Diet and restore the monarchical power, she found to her dismay that Tessin, who was quite master of the situation, had placed himself in direct opposition to her plans. A dramatic scene took place between them, in which she learnt the truth. It was night (March 1751), the king was dying, but the doctors said he might linger till morning. The prince and princess retired to their rooms accompanied by the Count Leuwin, colonel of the guards and member of the Council of State, who had replaced Tessin as the political confidant of the royal pair. The moment of action on behalf of the monarchy would be at the meeting of the Diet and Senate, immediately after the demise of the king should have raised Adolphe Frederic to the throne. He would then have to give in their presence what was called the "royal assurance" as to his intended mode of government. There was therefore no time to be lost in settling the line of action. By the deed of election Adolphe Frederic acquired all sovereign rights on the death of the king, and Leuwin advised that the instant it had taken place he should call the guard under arms, summon the senators, then close the palace doors and announce his acquisition of the supreme power, while all who refused to recognise his authority should be arrested on the spot. Leuwin could answer for the army and the people; but there remained the formidable difficulty that Tessin, in his animus

against the Queen, would oppose himself absolutely to the restoration of the royal authority, and Leuwin knew that he had prepared the text of an engagement on the part of the new king that he would submit himself faithfully to the existing constitution. Leuwin declared that Adolphe need only refuse to sign this paper and the army would support him; but serious consequences might ensue, and he was of opinion that a last effort should be made to win Tessin to their cause. The prince proposed, although Tessin had retired for the night, that Louise-Ulrique should go to him then and there. She felt a repugnance to the proceeding, but her husband implored her not to lose this supreme chance of success; and as she yielded, a servant was sent to announce her approach to the Count Tessin, and she went to his room followed by a *laquais*, whom she told to wait at the door. Long afterwards she herself related the details of this strange interview. The situation was certainly delicate; but Louise-Ulrique was an upright and honourable lady, and she had no reason to shrink from it, in spite of the estrangement between them, believing that she retained her empire over the man who loved her. He had been haughtily repulsed and bitterly hurt in his pride and his affections, and therefore sought to revenge himself; but had she been an unscrupulous woman, willing to trade on his unlawful sentiment towards herself, she could have conquered him speedily. Instead of that, she met him as a proud and regal princess, telling him that the object of her visit was to recall him to his duty towards her husband, who had shown him much favour, for which he ought to be grateful, and whose honour and dignity were involved in the restoration of the royal supremacy, and she demanded that he should act faithfully and loyally towards him. Tessin, rendered furious by her attitude, replied proudly that it was neither the time nor the place for him to announce his intentions,—he would only do so openly before the Senate, and would do his duty towards the kingdom and his colleagues. The princess literally trembled with anger: she drew herself up haughtily, bowed formally, and left the room without another word.

She returned to the prince and Leuwin, and told them the result of this painful interview. Leuwin exclaimed it was clear that Tessin meant to oppose the restoration of the royal authority, and that immediate action should be taken; but for the moment it was impossible: the old king was not actually dead, nor did he expire till the following night. The day after that event Tessin coldly informed the princess that the Council of the Senate was assembled to proclaim the new king and receive his assurance of fidelity to the State; but he did not invite her to be present on this momentous occasion, when all her hopes would either be realised or utterly and finally quenched. Louise-Ulrique remained reserved and haughty in his presence; but as soon as he was gone she hurried secretly and alone to a gallery which overlooked the council-chamber. She saw the prince come in pale and agitated, followed by all the members of the Senate. She heard Tessin make a violent speech, declaring that the time was past when the sovereign rule could be imposed on a free people. Then he read aloud the declaration to be signed

by the new king, in which he engaged to respect the existing constitution, which gave all authority to the Diet and the Senate. The timid prince, failing in all that his wife had so strongly urged upon him, signed the Act. Then Tessin rose, exclaiming, "Vive le Roi!" The people took up the cry, and the solemnity was over. The princess, scarcely realising what had taken place, fled secretly to her room. The new king met her at the door, and taking her by the hand, led her into their private apartments; then he said to her in an agitated voice, "My dear, I entreat of you, if you have any regard for me, never ask me what has taken place in that council-chamber," and she never did; but he did not know that she had been secretly present at the whole scene. Probably the prince had never been prepared with courage for the complete revolt against the Senate which Louise-Ulrique had urged upon him, and he was thenceforward in complete subjection. All possibility of a *coup d'état* on behalf of the monarchical authority was at an end.

The king and queen were crowned with great pomp at Stockholm on the 26th of November 1751. Tessin retained his position as Minister of Foreign Affairs and governor of the young princes for a time; but he failed to reinstate himself in the queen's favour, and his insensate passion for her led to his final dismissal from the Court. It was given out that the cause of his removal had been disrespectful words to the king, who had found him in the queen's presence complaining of the bad conduct of his pupil Prince Gustave, then only nine years old,—but many years afterwards Gustave III. himself revealed the truth. He explained that Tessin, having sought an audience of the queen for that supposed reason, had flung himself upon his knees before her and declared his love for her. The king coming in, had found him thus engaged, and of course dismissed him at once from all his functions. Louise-Ulrique refused to allow him ever to regain his position as governor to her sons, and he retired to the country in disgrace.

We must pass over ten years which followed, marked by the queen's perpetual conflicts with the State and the Russian party, in order to reach the critical moment when, Prince Gustave having reached the age of nineteen, Denmark demanded the solemnisation of his marriage with the Danish king's daughter Sophie Madelaine, to whom he had been betrothed in infancy. Louise-Ulrique had always detested the idea of this marriage, and she set herself most vehemently against its completion. Gustave himself was not much better disposed towards it; but the Senate was bent on the alliance, the King of Denmark held to the bond for his daughter, and the marriage took place. Louise-Ulrique made no attempt to conceal her resentment, and when her daughter-in-law was presented to her she received her with haughty and repelling coldness. Probably this attitude of his mother towards his wife, to whom she always manifested an intense dislike, may have been the cause of Gustave's singular estrangement from his young bride, with whom he practically held no intercourse except on occasions of public ceremony.

In 1770 it had been decided for political reasons that Gustave should visit the Court of France,

and the journey took place in November of that year. He was received with much *éclat* by Louis XV., and spent two months in constant receptions and entertainments. He was at a gala representation at the opera when the news was brought to him of the sudden death of his father and his own accession to the throne. Adolphe Frederic had dropped down dead one day on leaving the dinner-table, at the age of sixty-four (February 12, 1771). Louise-Ulrique was plunged in bitter grief. In losing her husband she lost also her commanding position, for she knew well that she would not be able to rule her son as she had ruled her weak husband, and the detested princess of Denmark would now take her place as reigning queen. Gustave III. returned at once to Stockholm and took possession of his throne, making it perfectly plain from the first that he did not intend to be dominated by his mother, with whose political principles he did not agree. Louise-Ulrique struggled in vain against his will, while the young queen openly complained of her disagreeable manner towards her, so that he was well pleased when his mother decided to pay a visit to her brother the king at Berlin. When she wished to come home, Gustave compelled her to remain for a time in Pomerania, and only allowed her to return to Sweden when he had accomplished the political changes to which he knew she was opposed. Even then he fixed her residence in the distant castle of Frederichof instead of at Drottningholm Palace, to which she considered she had a right, as it had been the gift of her brother. She was obliged, however, to live in her exile with only her daughter Sophie Albertine, and she declared ostentatiously that she purposely held herself aloof from the affairs of the king and of the State. The moment was approaching, however, when she was to commit the last fatal mistake that was to bring desolation, bitterness, and disgrace on the closing years of her once brilliant and successful life.

Gustave III. had become reconciled to the wife he had married unwillingly ten years before, and had always treated with coldness and repulsion. The young Queen had made no attempt to detach him from a French lady who had an undesirable influence over him, and always maintained a reserved, dignified attitude towards the husband who showed her so much indifference. In order to effect a reconciliation with her, he had therefore employed the good offices of his equerry, Adolphe Frederic Munk, who was his intimate friend, and whose visits to the Queen as the king's envoy gave rise to some perfectly groundless gossip among the ladies of the Court. The king's next brother, Prince Charles, took a cruel advantage of this fact: he was married, and hoped that a child of his own might have become heir to the throne. When the birth of the king's first-born son was expected, he had an interview with his mother, Louise-Ulrique, and insinuated doubts into her mind as to the legitimacy of the child born to the young Queen on the 1st of November 1778, and afterwards known as Gustave IV. Louise-Ulrique, influenced by her dislike to the Danish wife of her son, unhappily believed this calumny. Prince Charles craftily caused the disgraceful falsehood to be made known to the king by Munk himself, to whom he purposely spoke of it. Gustave III.,

furiously indignant, sent for his brother, whom he overwhelmed with reproaches, and Charles then threw all the blame upon his mother, declaring that she had originated and propagated the calumny, so that the king's boundless wrath was turned solely against Louise-Ulrique. He demanded that she should at once depart from Sweden, and remain in ignominious exile for the rest of her life. Her other children succeeded in preventing this decree from being carried out; and Louise-Ulrique, understanding too late how cruelly she had been deceived, signed a document repudiating the calumny, which Gustave III. himself conveyed to her, surrounded in great state by his whole Court, that her complete revocation of the falsehood might be publicly witnessed. Somewhat later the unfortunate lady was a second time misunderstood on this painful subject. When the king himself announced the birth of his son to his mother, she started to visit the new-born child, for whom she had prepared many costly presents; but her carriage was stopped on the road by a messenger from the king, who refused to receive her, and ordered her to go back at once. He had misinterpreted a note she wrote to him to announce her coming, and thought it contained a renewal of the calumnious charge against his wife.

That was the end of all hope and happiness for her who had once been so powerful and beautiful a Queen. In disgrace and utter isolation, deserted by all save her one daughter, who would not leave her, Louise-Ulrique lingered on for a few years in the lonely castle of Svartsjo, at a distance from the capital. Then came the termination even of that wrecked and sorrowful existence. An attack of inflammation of the lungs laid her on her deathbed. When Gustave III. heard that she was dying, he went secretly to see her, not wishing it to be supposed even then that he had forgiven her. At first she bitterly reproached him for all he had made her suffer; but softening, she asked to see the child whose birth had been the cause of her worst misery. Next day the king went openly with his son to visit her. The little prince, only four years old, was placed beside her on the bed, and repeated in a trembling voice the inquiries as to her health which had been taught to him. Then she broke down altogether, embraced him many times, and gave him the presents she had intended taking to him when she had been so cruelly turned back by the king's command. This trying visit had exhausted her remaining strength: silently she lingered a few more hours after the king's departure, and then finally yielded up her troubled life on the 16th of July 1782.

F. M. F. Skene.

A GOOD TURN.

"God made the world good," said Sultan Jān, "but He made women very bad."

Sultan Jān, veteran of many fights, and havildar in the Khemistan Horse, was sitting smoking on the verandah before his quarters when he uttered this unorthodox sentiment. Its conciseness pleased him so much that he repeated it in a louder tone, for the benefit of any of the garrison of the fort which was called by the tribesmen Shah Nawaz, but was known to the British authorities as No. 996, that might happen to be within hearing.

"God made the world good, but He made women very bad, so that they are verily but instruments of Shaitān for dragging men down to destruction. What need has a young man like Haycraft Sahib—a very Rustam in fight — to care about women? and yet he is pining away for love of the yellow-haired woman at Alibad, the Colonel Sahib's daughter. He does not eat—for his bearer has told me so — he does not sleep as a young man should, he grows thin and pale, and when he is not on duty he spends his time in walking on the ramparts where they look towards Alibad, or in writing on pieces of paper and tearing them up. He will not go near her, for she has flouted him, as is the way of women when they perceive that a man has put his strength in their hands, but he longs after her all the more. Now what is to be done for him? Surely it falls to me to do something, for my heart yearns over the lad since I caught him up from among the hoofs of the horses in the skirmish on the border, and saved him from the swords of the tribesmen and the knives of their women, and I would not see him continue to grow sick and weak. Shall I send word to my brother across the border to make a raid on the traders from India when next they camp outside the fort? The fight would rouse Haycraft Sahib, and he would pursue the tribesmen and punish them, and forget all about the yellow-haired woman. But no; the tribesmen will not raid in this direction again until they have had time to forget the way in which he carried fire and sword among them the last time. What, then, is to be done? How shall the woman's spell be broken? Why, surely"—Sultan Jān jumped up from the mat in his excitement —"if he wants the girl, he shall have her. He will not stretch out his hand to take her, because he has eaten the Colonel Sahib's salt, but it is not so with us. The Colonel Sahib is no officer of ours. To-morrow I and the rest of the troopers belonging to my father's house have leave to attend the festival of the tribe, and we will seize the woman with the yellow hair, and bring her here. Then when Haycraft Sahib has her, he will care for her no more, and he will be himself again, and the whole detachment will support him in his blood-feud with the Colonel Sahib, and flee with him across the border if need be."

The more Sultan Jān pondered his new idea, the more it delighted him, and his grey moustaches were curled by most unwonted smiles as he sat revolving the details of his scheme. So confident was he of its entire success that he could not

resist saying a word of comfort to the person whom the plan was designed to benefit, when he happened to meet him crossing the courtyard of the fort.

"Be of good cheer, Sahib," he said, as he saluted. "When the night is darkest, the dawn is at hand."

Sultan Jān was a privileged person since saving his young commander's life, but Fred Haycraft could scarcely believe his ears when he heard this unmistakable reference to his personal affairs, and his face was red with vexation as the old soldier swaggered away. A moment's reflection, however, showed him that it was scarcely surprising that some rumour as to the cause of his frequent visits to the cantonments at Alibad, and also of their sudden cessation, should have got abroad in the detachment, and he was satisfied with merely denominating Sultan Jān an old meddler as he passed on.

Evening was approaching, and Colonel Graham and his daughter had started for their daily ride in the uninteresting environs of Alibad. Passing the hospital, the Colonel remembered that he had something to say to the surgeon in charge, and with an apology to his daughter he dismounted and entered the building, leaving his horse in charge of the groom. He was detained longer than he had expected, and Miss Graham began to ride slowly up and down the road, more in the hope of banishing certain unpleasant thoughts that were tormenting her than because she was impatient of the delay. The place was lonely enough, but there was no reason for alarm, for almost a generation had elapsed since any hostile tribesmen had penetrated to the neighbourhood of Alibad, and the two grooms were close at hand and her father within call. But the surroundings were somewhat doleful, and the nearness of the hospital to the cemetery unpleasantly suggestive, so that the thoughts from which she sought to escape continued to trouble her. Riding in the dim shadow of the grove of trees which bounded the cemetery, she remembered that from the end of the road there was a view of the hilly tract of desert which stretched to the eastward to be obtained, in the direction of Fort Shah Nawaz. The recollection naturally brought with it the thought of Fred Haycraft, and she sighed impatiently as she glanced over the waste of sand and rock. Fred was such a dear boy, and they had been on the very verge of coming to an understanding, when he had taken it into his foolish head to make a fuss on the subject of Brendon of the Public Works Department. True, Brendon was a prig and a man of mark in his way, and the Colonel looked upon him with favour; but Miss Graham was bound to be civil to her father's guests, and she had every right to give him an extra dance at the Queen's Birthday ball if she chose. The unfortunate thing was, that Mr Haycraft imagined that the dance had been promised to him, and instead of blaming his own memory, or thinking that a mistake had been made, leaped to the conclusion that Miss Graham had shunted him on purpose. Hence a quarrel, conducted chiefly by means of glances, under the very noses of the rest of the dancers, and a strong sense of injury on both sides—so strong, indeed, on Miss Graham's, that the very next morning Haycraft saw her riding with Brendon. Her careless bow to him as she passed completed the effect, and Haycraft returned

to Shah Nawaz anathematising, as is the wont of young men in his position, the whole race of women, and had sulked there persistently ever since. Miss Graham's heart was very sore as she gazed at the desert through a mist of tears. Why was he so blind? Why couldn't he understand that the ride was undertaken with the sole object of driving him to demand an explanation, and thus clearing up the trouble of the night before? But if he preferred to stay away and sulk—why, of course, he must please himself; and Miss Graham turned her back resolutely on the desert, and prepared to canter back to the hospital. But as soon as she was in the shade of the trees again, with her eyes somewhat dazzled by the sunset light, she thought she heard a rustling in the wood. She reined up suddenly, and as she did so, there was a rush from among the trees on both sides of the road, and she found herself surrounded by wild-looking figures wearing the dress of the frontier tribesmen, whose intention was evidently to bar her passage.

Miss Graham was a young woman of nerve and resource, and she perceived at once that not only her own liberty but the safety of Alibad might depend on her escape from this trap. She had her horse well in hand, and, bringing down the whip heavily on his flank, she headed him straight at the leader of the party, a ruffianly old man whose face seemed in some curious way familiar to her. But the old man avoided her onslaught with great dexterity, and as she laid about her gallantly with her whip the horse reared, and she found herself wrenched from her saddle, coming to the ground with considerable force. More frightened than hurt, however, she was looking round in bewilderment when a cloth was flung over her head, blindfolding and gagging her most effectually. She struggled with all her might, but her hands were seized and bound in front of her, and she was lifted on her horse again. Then some sort of cloak was thrown over her, covering both herself and her saddle, and the horse was led away. At first she tried to discover the direction in which she was being taken, but soon perceived that her captors, in order to baffle any such attempt, were changing their course constantly, once or twice even going round and round, as it seemed to her, and she gave up the endeavour, and did her best to realise the state of affairs. That she had been carried off by tribesmen from beyond the border could not be doubted; but the fact that such a daring outrage had been perpetrated almost in sight of the cantonments seemed to threaten a general raid on British territory such as had not occurred for years. But why should the brunt of the attack fall on her? Could it be that she had been seized as a ransom or hostage for the safety of a certain very holy and very troublesome Mullah whom it had been found advisable to detain in safe custody? If this was the case, nothing beyond a good deal of inconvenience was likely to befall her; and Miss Graham began to consider the alleviations of her position.

"I am so thankful that papa was not with me at the moment," she said to herself, "for they might have killed him, or at any rate made him prisoner too; and what would have happened to Alibad then? But now he will come to look for me as soon as he

has made things safe. I wonder how soon it will be before it will strike Hussein that I am rather a long time riding to the end of the road and back again? He will think that Prince has run away, and he will come to the edge of the desert to look for me. Then he will find the marks of a struggle on the sand of the road, and he will rush back and give papa a dreadful fright by telling him that the Miss Sahib has been carried off by the tribes. Then they will send out scouts, and get a force together, and I suppose the people in the cantonments will have to take refuge in the fort in case of an attack on the place, and they will have to make arrangements in view of all sorts of things, and —oh dear! I'm afraid papa will never come up with us to-night." A few unwilling tears forced themselves from her eyes, although she struggled hard to restrain them. "They will be sure to overtake us in the morning—they must."

By her horse's frequent stumbles on rocky ground she now judged that her captors were taking her across the desert. The cloth over her head covered her so closely that she could scarcely hear their words when they exchanged a few muttered remarks, and could not distinguish anything they said. Once they stopped, and apparently talked a little with some one they met, and Miss Graham did her best to call out, but in vain. She heard the stranger laugh grimly as he went on his way, and guessed that he had been told she was the runaway wife of one of the party, who had been retaken, and was being brought home to suffer the due reward of her deeds. Her heart sank again as she recalled various frontier tales at which she had shuddered when she heard them — rumours of lost English-women, supposed to have been murdered in some raid, but in reality carried off across the border, whence vague tales of misery and humiliation had filtered back through the talk of friendly tribes. Would her name be added to the roll of those at the mention of whom men's brows darkened, and women trembled and grew pale? With an effort she pulled herself together, and drove away the horror which had seized upon her, forcing back even the tears which would have brought her relief. The tribesmen should find no signs of fear on her face when they removed the wrappings which shrouded it. Still the monotonous march went on, until she almost fell asleep from sheer fatigue and anxiety; but at last she found herself lifted from her horse and led in at what seemed to be a stone doorway. Several passages, alternating with flights of steps, followed, and then the hands which had guided her were suddenly removed from her shoulders, and she heard the closing of a door. It was evident that she had been taken across the border, and was now imprisoned in one of the rude stone forts built by the tribesmen.

"They might have taken this thing off my head," she said to herself indignantly, trying to unloose the cloth with her bound hands; but it was fastened behind, and she could not raise her arms sufficiently to reach it, although she succeeded in shaking off the veil which had covered her from head to foot. The next step was to try and discover the nature and extent of her prison, and she walked in one direction until she came to the wall, and began to feel along it. The rough stone surface told her nothing, but finding something suspended on it about the level of her face, she

raised her hands to it, and, to her astonishment, discovered it to be a tennis-racquet. That marauding tribesmen occasionally made prize of strange things she knew, but the use or beauty of a tennis-racquet employed exclusively as a mural decoration was not very evident. Her surprise was increased when, pursuing her search along the wall, she came next on a picture in a frame.

"This is the queerest native fort I ever heard of," she said to herself, and, leaving the wall, made a bold dash for the opposite side of the room. It scarcely astonished her to come into collision on her way with various boxes, a camp-table, and two cane chairs; and having passed these perils, she stood still and tried to fix their position in her mind. When she had succeeded in realising their relative places, a new anxiety seized her. The recollection had come to her mind of a snapshot photograph which Fred Haycraft had once shown her of what he called his "banqueting-hall" at Fort Shah Nawaz; and once more she felt about among the furniture, then heaved a sigh of relief. No, the fort had not been stormed and the defenders killed before she was brought to it. The room was untidy merely with the ordinary untidiness of a bachelor's sitting-room, not as it would have been had the tribesmen looted it. Miss Graham sat down content in one of the chairs she had discovered.

"It's an utterly insoluble mystery," she said, "for I'm sure that the man whose face I thought I knew was the havildar Sultan Jān. But at any rate, it's all right now. I wonder when he will come in?" Now Miss Graham's "he" did not mean Sultan Jān.

Lieutenant Haycraft was returning to his quarters after going the rounds, in no very happy frame of mind. Milton, the junior who shared with him the honours and responsibilities of command at Shah Nawaz, had ridden out to a distant village during the afternoon to inquire into an alleged case of cattle-lifting, and had not returned. Haycraft had advised him, in case he should be kept late, to remain overnight at the village, since the Khemistan frontier is not exactly a healthy place after nightfall for a British officer with an escort of only two native troopers; but now he felt inclined to regard his absence almost in the light of a personal grievance. If Milton had come back they could at least have talked shop over their supper, or discussed the merits of their respective dogs, whereas now he could only resume his hopeless and monotonous occupation of writing letters to Miss Graham which were never sent. After all, it was her place to make the first step towards a reconciliation, if she cared for one. She had treated him shamefully, done her best to make a fool of him, and he had only himself to thank that she had not succeeded. Probably she was engaged to Brendon by this time—well, who cared? Not Fred Haycraft, at all events. So he assured himself, even while he ground his teeth at the very thought. The sudden appearance of Sultan Jān in his path, with his hand raised to the salute, interrupted his meditations, and he paused to ask after the old soldier's family, whom Sultan Jān had visited that day on the occasion of some tribal festival.

"They are all well, Sahib, and my youngest nephew is coming to enlist in the corps. Sahib, I think that before long you will find that the dawn is very near at hand."

Puzzled by the reference to Sultan Jān's mysterious remark of the day before, Haycraft mounted the steps to his quarters, and threw open the door of the sitting-room, then paused in speechless astonishment on the threshold. His surprise was not uncalled-for. In Milton's chair there was sitting a lady in a riding-habit; a native cloth was swathed round her head, with her own helmet set jauntily askew on the top of it, and her hands were tied together at the wrists. Horror kept Haycraft motionless for a moment; then, as the lady lifted her bound hands to him entreatingly, he tore out his knife and dashed towards her. The cord was cut in a moment, and the intricate knots which fastened the head-covering sawn through, and as the cloth fell aside, Haycraft stood astonished and horrified in the presence of Miss Graham.

"What has happened?" he stammered. "Who has dared——?"

"Please get me a little water," said Miss Graham, faintly. In spite of the rough treatment she had received, she was far more equal to the situation than her recalcitrant lover; but she felt that she needed all her wits about her if events were not to be allowed to get beyond her management. Haycraft flew for the water, and, while she sipped it, began mechanically to chafe her left hand, which was cold and numb, with the wrist deeply marked by the cords.

"Please don't look at me with such a depth of horror in your eyes," she said at last, trying to laugh. "It's all right now."

"But what happened? Who brought you here in this state?"

"I was carried off by tribesmen from the end of the cemetery road."

"And my fellows rescued you and brought you up here, and never thought of setting you free? Oh, the idiots — the shameful idiots! How any one could have been such a brute as to tie you up like this! My poor darling, how you must have suffered!" and he pressed his lips involuntarily to the mark on her wrist. But she drew her hand away hastily.

"No; please wait until you have heard all. It's much worse than you think. The men who carried me off were dressed like tribesmen, but they were led by your old havildar Sultan Jān—the man who saved your life."

Haycraft uttered an exclamation, and then stood silent, all the horrible truth forcing itself in upon his mind. Sultan Jān's mysterious consolations, his sympathetic prophecy of approaching happiness, had meant this—this. "Oh, he shall pay for it!" said Haycraft, savagely, picking up his whip and turning to the door. But Miss Graham was before him.

"What are you going to do?" she demanded.

"Murder that old villain."

"You know that if you touch him with a whip he will stab you. And are you going to leave me alone with him and his men?"

"You are right," he answered, hoarsely, laying down the whip. "I promise you not to use violence, but send him to the cells I must and will, until I see whether it will punish him most to court-martial him or hand him over to the ordinary courts."

"No, you mustn't do either—at least, you won't if you do as I ask you. If you punish him, you must make an official report on the subject, and if he is tried, all the facts will be brought out; and do

you think it kind to make such a use of my name as that would involve? It is very hard that you should make me say all this. You ought to think of it for yourself."

"Right again. Yes, I am a wretched blunderer, and your name shall not be mentioned. But never mind, I will take it out of him just the same. He may court-martial me if he likes, prove that I have developed a tyrannical and overbearing disposition of late, but nothing shall be said about you."

"Listen to me, Mr Haycraft. You will do nothing of the kind. You have saved me from the tribesmen—do you understand?—and you will take me back to Alibad to-night, and no one will know anything of the truth, except my father. I must tell him, of course."

"May I ask by what authority you lay these commands on me, Miss Graham?"

"By my own. Surely you must see that my only possible wish is to help you by preventing any one from thinking—well, keeping them from imagining that you——"

Haycraft started violently. "I hadn't thought of that. Miss Graham"—with fierce anxiety in his tones—"you don't think that I had anything to do with this piece of villany? If you do, say so, and I will blow out my brains on the spot."

"If I thought so, do you imagine that I should be standing here talking to you like this? No, no. I know you far too well to think anything of the kind. But I want to make sure that nobody else shall have the faintest chance of thinking so. There are some people who are not—well, are not exactly your friends, you know"—she did not name Brendon of the Public Works Department, but Haycraft's thoughts turned to him at once—"and you can see how disagreeable it would be for my father—and for me—to have anything of that kind said."

"You are awfully good, Miss Graham, and I will do all I can to keep your name out of the matter, but it is quite impossible to smooth things over as you propose. I can never meet Sultan Jān peaceably again after this. He had better make himself scarce before I catch him."

"Yes, you can meet him peaceably again if I ask you—and I do ask you."

"You don't understand. I tell you it's impossible."

"Oh, very well. I see why you find it so hard to forgive him. But for him I should not be here to worry you, and you hate me so much it's impossible to pardon him."

"You know that it is the way he treated you that maddens me."

"Not at all. It is because he brought me here when you were resolved never to see me again."

"But I tell you that I was going to ride over to-morrow."

"To renounce me for ever?"

"No, to ask you to forgive me for behaving like a jealous brute."

"Well, I don't say you are not to ride over to-morrow, but you are forgiven now. Pass on the forgiveness to Sultan Jān."

"But do you realise what your forgiveness involves?"

"Perhaps I am not altogether in the dark." She looked smilingly into his eager eyes. "But that is a matter for to-morrow's consideration. This evening we must——"

"My darling!" He took a step forward, as if about to kiss her, then drew back. "No, not now, when you are my guest, under my roof. But to-morrow!"

Miss Graham's firm lips trem-

bled. "I never liked you so well as I do at this moment," she said impulsively, holding out her hand to him. "No, don't be silly; shake hands. And now we must really think of business. My father will be in a terrible state, so please take me back to Alibad at once. We shall meet the rescue-party on the way, no doubt, and you can deliver up your unwelcome charge. While the escort is getting ready, you might summon Sultan Jān, and let us work on his feelings. You have forgiven him, mind."

"No, no; it can't be done."

"Then I don't forgive you, and you are not to ride over to-morrow. The two things stand or fall together."

With sudden docility Haycraft went out to give his orders, finding, to his great satisfaction, that Milton had braved the nightly terrors of the desert, and had returned. He could therefore be placed in charge of the fort, which it might have been dangerous to leave without an Englishman in command, a difficulty which had not occurred to Miss Graham. Having arranged matters with him, Haycraft returned to his quarters and sent for Sultan Jān, who entered swelling with honest pride, which became positive complacency when he saw his commander standing beside Miss Graham's chair with what, no doubt, seemed to him an air of proprietorship. In the fulness of his contentment he even went so far as to bestow a separate salute upon her.

"Sultan Jān," said Haycraft, "look at me."

"I see you, Sahib." Hurt surprise at Haycraft's unsympathetic tone was distinctly audible in Sultan Jān's voice.

"Do I look like a *badmash*, a betrayer of his salt, a contemner of hospitality, Sultan Jān?"

"Nay, Sahib; but"—in a consoling tone—"it is the fate even of the wisest to fall sometimes."

"Did you rescue me from the battle that you might slay my honour in time of peace, Sultan Jān?"

"No man can slay the Lieutenant Sahib's honour save himself."

"Nay; who has sought to do in my name a deed that would brand me with infamy, and rightly, wherever an Englishman is found?"

"Nay, Sahib; no man can know that we were working for you. We laid aside the uniform of the Empress, and became once more like our brethren who call no man master. We placed our heads in jeopardy, but suspicion cannot light upon you."

"Can't you understand, Sultan Jān, that you have done a most shameful and wicked deed, and one deserving of death?" Haycraft's anger was breaking its bounds again, and Miss Graham laid her hand for a moment on his to calm him, while Sultan Jān stood staring at them, utterly taken aback.

"I knew not that the Sahib was blood-brother to the Colonel Sahib," he murmured, after racking his brains to find some possible explanation of Haycraft's wrath.

"All Christians are blood-brothers to one another," interposed Miss Graham, hastily, for the sake of peace.

"I knew it not, Miss Sahib," responded Sultan Jān, with unintentional irony.

"See, Sultan Jān," said Haycraft, moderating his tones with difficulty, "when I heard what you had done I was going out with my whip, intending to deal with you as I dealt with the tribesman who stole my pony — you re-

member?—but the Miss Sahib has asked for mercy for you."

"The Miss Sahib feared for the life of the Lieutenant Sahib," was the calm reply, and Haycraft gave up any further attempt to convey instruction to this singularly impracticable mind.

"I have forgiven you, Sultan Jān, because the Miss Sahib desires it, remembering that you are the man who saved my life. And now go, and see that the escort is ready to ride with us to Alibad."

"The Sahib would take the woman back to her father, when I and my kinsmen risked our lives to obtain her for him?" Sheer amazement had bereft Sultan Jān of his good manners for a moment.

"Certainly, and at once. Go, Sultan Jān. Am I to command twice?"

"God made the English," said Sultan Jān with dignity, "and it may be that He understands them; but verily it is beyond the power of man to do so."

With this parting shot he left the room, no doubt resolving to make no further attempts to do a good turn to such incomprehensible people. Meanwhile, Miss Graham smoothed her hair by the aid of a ridiculously small looking-glass which Haycraft brought out, and drank a cup of tea which Milton brewed for her special benefit by means of a spirit-lamp, and then announced herself as ready, and indeed eager, to start. When the little party had left the fort, it was still necessary to give some further directions to Sultan Jān, and Haycraft called him up.

"Understand, Sultan Jān, that nothing is ever to be said of this plot of yours."

"Nay, Sahib," in a sulky voice; "I have already laid that charge upon my kinsmen who helped me. No man cares to be made a laughing-stock to the world."

"The Miss Sahib and I will not betray you. We shall say that she was carried off by tribesmen—as is true, since you and yours had forgotten your duty and returned to your old ways for the time—and that you brought her into the fort."

"True, Sahib; and I will say that we took her by force from the tribesmen, and that three of them were killed and not one left unwounded when they fled before us."

"That won't do, Sultan Jān. The Colonel Sahib would wish to see the battle-field. You had better stick to the truth."

"And I would have said that the Lieutenant Sahib proved himself a veritable Dilir Jang, and cut down the chief man of the robbers!" murmured Sultan Jān, regretfully, as he fell back to his place.

After less than an hour's riding the party from Shah Nawaz fell in with the rescue expedition from Alibad, and after a narrow escape of being fired upon—for, in the belief that a general invasion of the frontier was in progress, people were inclined to see a tribesman in every rock—succeeded in restoring Miss Graham to her father. Great was the excitement among the Alibad force, and the simple and matter-of-fact statement of the heroine of the occasion could do little to allay it.

"I found myself surrounded by tribesmen, and I was tied and gagged, and then I don't remember very much until I found Mr Haycraft setting me free," she said.

"God bless you, Haycraft!" said Colonel Graham, wringing the young man's hand. "How can I ever thank you properly?"

"Really, sir, I did nothing but

cut the cords and things," was the truthful disclaimer, which was universally attributed to modesty. "I only wish I had come up in time to do some good; but whatever credit there is belongs to the havildar Sultan Jān. He and his cousins and nephews were returning from leave, and happened on the spot at the psychological instant. There was no fighting," he added vindictively, as he caught sight of Sultan Jān, looking modestly conscious of solid worth.

"Could you identify any of the villains if they were caught, Miss Graham?" asked Brendon, who had accompanied the force as a volunteer.

"There are one or two that I really think I should know again," she responded.

"It's the most mysterious thing I ever heard of," Brendon went on. "A body of hostile tribesmen appearing out of the very ground, as it were, in this way, and then turning tail after all without making a fight of it." His wonder fell on deaf ears, for Miss Graham was not listening to him.

"May I come and see you tomorrow, sir?" she heard Haycraft saying to her father, and then muttering something about hoping that the fright would do Miss Graham no harm.

"I was intending to ride out to you, Haycraft," said the Colonel; "but if you have business in town, pray come to us."

"Then I must tell papa tonight," thought Miss Graham, and as soon as she reached home she insisted on unfolding her story, regardless alike of her fatigue and the lateness of the hour. The recital awakened alternate disgust and irrepressible amusement in the hearer.

"We must keep the secret, I suppose," he said at last. "We should set the Empire in a roar if we confessed that we had built up a full-grown frontier scare on such a foundation."

"Yes, papa, and you must ride over to Shah Nawaz, and call Sultan Jān out before the troop, and compliment him on his bravery, and give him a sword or a robe of honour or something—for saving me, you know."

"I'll be hanged if I do!" broke from the Colonel. His daughter held up a reproachful finger.

"Papa, you really shouldn't. I'm shocked at you. But you can reward Sultan Jān with a clear conscience; for, after all, he has done a good turn to your daughter as well as to his commander, you see."

SYDNEY C. GRIER.

THE GREAT ELK OF GRÖNVAND.

I AM an "old Norwegian." By this I do not mean to convey that I am an aged subject of his most Christian Majesty King Oscar II., but that I am one of the few survivors of the little band of pioneers of sport in Norway—the "forty-niners," the men of the fifties and early sixties; and, like the rest of my compeers, I look back with regret and affection to the consulship of Plancus, when to rent a salmon-river was within the reach of men of moderate means, and when sport with the gun and rifle was to be had for the mere asking; when one rickety old steamer ran — no, rolled — twice a-month between the Humber and Bergen; when Cook's and other tourists did not visit Scandinavia; and when the whole of that delightful country was practically *terra incognita*, except to the little band of above-mentioned sportsmen. Things are altered nowadays, and as far as the welfare of the many is concerned, no doubt for the better; but when I reflect on the innumerable disappointments to which this change has subjected me, I am selfish enough to regret the happiness of the few.

I firmly believe that I discovered more salmon-rivers than any other Englishman of my time, only in a year or two to be robbed of them by some one with a longer purse than mine: once when I had almost secured a long lease of a charming island deer-forest, it was snatched from my grasp by a syndicate of London stockbrokers who gave double as many pounds as I was offering kroner for it; the finest bit of trout-fishing in the north of Europe was snapped up under my very nose by a Yankee millionaire; in fact, wherever I have pitched my tent for more than a quarter of a century the same relentless Fate has pursued me. I know perfectly well that I enjoy the reputation of a crabbed old misanthrope, but this sort of thing would eventually sour Mark Tapley himself; and only last year, as I shall now relate, Fortune treated me more scurvily than ever. A few seasons ago, after carefully searching Scandinavia from Dan to Beersheba, or from Telemarken to Lapland, I was fortunate enough to secure a lease of a large tract of country—a mere trifle of some three hundred thousand acres—in a most out-of-the-way corner of Northern Norway, which seemed to be the very thing—*angulus iste*—I had sought so long. It included a charming little salmon-river hitherto unfished by Englishmen, fairly good rype-shooting, unlimited trout-fishing, and a vast extent of low rolling fjeld and forest, which I saw could be made with a little care into as good a tract of elk-country as any in Norway.

But to me the chief charm of the place lay in its wildness and inaccessibility, situated, as it was, nearly a week's hard travelling by cariole, coasting steamer, and row-boat, distant from Throndhjem. My territory formed a species of peninsula surrounded on three sides by arms of a great fjord, and bounded on the fourth by some high rocky fjelds forming part of a Government *almenning*, or common. I got the whole thing at a moderate rent, built myself a comfortable wooden house, bought up the one net at the mouth of my little river, and for two or

three seasons was as happy as possible, especially as I never saw, nor heard of, another foreigner in the district, which, to do it justice, was, as I have endeavoured to show, tolerably remote.

But the great feature of the place proved, as I had anticipated, to be the elk-hunting. With the exception of three or four small and widely scattered farms the country was practically uninhabited, and, by dint of moderation in shooting for the first year or two, I managed to get up a first-rate stock of elk. The ground was admirably suited by nature for them, and being in addition so little disturbed, they soon began to draw in from other parts, until every season I could count on getting five or six good bulls, picking my chances, and never killing one with a head of fewer than fourteen points.

Three years ago I reached my quarters towards the beginning of July, and as usual old Eric Nillsen, my hunter and general factotum, came up to the house to help me to unpack my guns and rods, and to have his usual talk over things in general: how long the river would keep up to fishing size; the prospects of the game season; the ravages of the wolves during the past winter; the hay-harvest; and kindred interesting topics. I noticed that the old fellow seemed rather excited, and that he brought with him a singularly unwieldy and weighty paper parcel, which he silently deposited in a corner of the room; but although I felt considerable curiosity as to its contents, I knew from previous experience that my retainer, a just man and tenacious of his purpose, would on no account reveal them until he considered the proper moment had arrived for doing so, and I therefore refrained from any indiscreet questions. Sure enough, it was not until he had entirely exhausted his budget of local gossip that he proceeded to say in his most impressive tones—

"Now I have good news for you. There has come into the forest the all-mightiest elk in Norway. God knows whence it came; but it is twice as big as any elk I ever saw in my life, and I have seen not a few, and now I will show you proof of what I tell you."

With this he proceeded to unswathe his mysterious parcel, and produced from it the largest and most perfect elk antler I have ever come across, of enormous palmation and weight, and carrying no fewer than fifteen well-defined points!

"I have seen it twice, and Ole Larssen has seen it once," went on Eric. "It lives mostly about Grönvand"—a lake in the most inaccessible part of my ground; "it was there I picked up this horn, just newly shed, and we will certainly shoot it this season."

Now I may as well cut a long story short by stating at once that I did not kill that confounded elk that season, nor the following one either. Fired by the sight of that magnificent antler, and Eric's—who was in general a weight-decrier, or be-littler of game—description of the beast, I determined to spend at least half the season, which is restricted by Norwegian law to one short month, in hunting it; but as soon as I had clapped eyes on it, which, curiously enough, I was not long in doing, I at once resolved to devote, if necessary, the remainder of my natural life to its pursuit. Eric had in nowise exaggerated its size: it was an enormous brute, so dark in colour as to be almost black, and carrying the most

magnificent head imaginable, but alas! apparently also endowed with a charmed life as well. For two successive seasons did Eric and I unceasingly pursue it, but to no avail: I only thrice caught a glimpse of it, and but once obtained a fruitless snap-shot at it in some thick timber, until, when the end of the second season came and I was obliged to return empty-handed to England, Eric and I registered a solemn vow when parting, that next year we would circumvent that infernal elk by fair means or foul, even if we brought ourselves within the pale of the law by killing it out of season.

Last summer I left England a great deal later than usual: business had compelled me to forego my summer's fishing, though I recked little of salmon now that I had fallen under the thrall of the great elk of Grönvand, and it was not until nearly the end of August that I found myself a passenger on one of the coasting steamers which run between Bergen and Throndhjem. The boat was most uncomfortably crowded with a heterogeneous mob of tourists, and consequently, to my great annoyance, I was unable to obtain a cabin to myself. Always a bad sleeper when at sea, I particularly dislike a stranger in my cabin, and on this occasion my vexation was in nowise lessened when I found from a card pinned to his berth, and bearing the name of Herr Ludwig Müller of Frankfort-am-Main, that my companion was a German,—surely the most undesirable of all nationalities from which to select a travelling companion in a small and exceedingly ill-ventilated cabin.

I did not make Herr Müller's acquaintance until I retired for the night, when I found a typical Teuton, fat, bearded, and bespectacled, sitting in MY berth pulling off a pair of shapeless Blücher boots. Not wishing to be a spectator of "*le coucher de* Müller," I discreetly retired, and on my return found him already snoring like a fog-horn, with the porthole of the cabin shut. Now two things absolutely essential to my repose are perfect quiet and fresh air, and the temperature of the ship between decks being about 80°, I had no alternative but to awaken my *compagnon de voyage* and request him to open the port, as otherwise I should be unable to sleep. Judge of my astonishment when I was met by a most discourteous refusal—the fellow actually appearing aggrieved at my having awakened him, and averring in guttural English that if "ze vindow" was open, there would be a "draw of air," which would give him the "doothaig," and so prevent *him* from sleeping. He vouchsafed no further notice to my very natural remonstrances, and turning over on his side, in five minutes was snoring as loudly as ever. I do not like to dwell on the horrors of that night: suffice it to say that, thrice awakening the hog in the berth above me,—a perfectly justifiable proceeding on my part, which, however, finally resulted in an undignified scene of mutual recrimination,—I was forced, *faute de mieux*, to retire to the saloon, and to pass a most comfortless night on a red velvet couch.

Nor did Herr Müller prove a more congenial travelling companion by day: he smoked the rankest cigars it has ever been my ill fortune to get wind of, and used the deck as a spittoon in preference to the ocean; he monopolised the rickety old piano in the saloon for an hour at a time

while he sang—no, bellowed—the patriotic melodies of the Fatherland; he used his knife at meals in a manner which I can only describe as sickening; and finally, he produced a most absurd repeating-rifle, with a wooden forehand carried up to its very muzzle, with which he kept up a running fire on gulls, drift-wood, or any other passing target that presented itself. It appeared that he, too, had come to Norway with the idea of elk-hunting; and I confess that the notion of Herr Müller, in his snuff-coloured frock-coat and Blücher boots, pursuing big game with that ridiculous-looking rifle, afforded me no small gratification.

Naturally my first inquiry, when I reached my shooting-quarters, was about the great elk, and I was much relieved to hear it was still on my ground. Eric had seen it once during the summer, and had come across its unmistakable tracks quite recently. As in former years, however, the fates were adverse to me: the first half of the season was delightful for everything except elk-hunting,—a succession of still, cloudless days without a breath of wind, when it would have been suicidal to disturb the forest, followed an equally long spell of even worse weather, when a dense grey fog covered the country like a pall and stalking was out of the question, as one could not see thirty yards in front of one's nose. But *tout vient à qui sait attendre à point*, and when only four days of the season remained, a grand north-east gale came roaring over the fjelds and through the pine forests. It was the very perfection of elk-hunting weather, and Eric and I were quickly on the war-path.

We had a very good notion of where to seek the great bull, but it was not until after two days' hunting that late in the evening we harboured it—curiously enough, considering the time of year, alone—in a dense strip of forest on a steep hillside, a particularly awkward bit of stalking-ground. It was, moreover, too late to risk disturbing the ground that day, and so Eric and I were obliged to reluctantly retire to a deserted *saeter*, which fortunately happened to be in the neighbourhood, and in which we passed a comfortless night. Daybreak found us once more at work; but early as we were, the great elk of Grönvand was earlier still, and had already moved on. For hours we tracked it yard by yard through the dense forests, and at times it was evident that we were very close to it, though we never caught a glimpse of it; but it always kept moving, moving on, and progression on our part being necessarily very slow,—partly from the nature of the ground, and partly because we knew that at any moment the great ungainly form might loom dimly up between the pine-trunks,—it was not until late in the afternoon that we tracked it out of the timber and on to higher and more open ground.

It now became evident that the brute was not alarmed or scared, but merely "travelling"; and, as all elk-hunters know to their cost, the pursuit of a "travelling" bull is the most wearisome, as it is generally the most unprofitable, of proceedings. Our only chance was to keep on following it, and follow it we did, until just before nightfall we tracked it, as on the previous evening, into another dense patch of forest. "Here we must leave it till morning," quoth Eric; and the question now arose as to where we were to spend the time till then? The nearest human

habitation was twenty miles distant, and it would be dark in half an hour; but after some cogitation Eric, who carried a map of the district in his head, announced that he knew of a cave about a mile away; and as we still had two or three biscuits, and plenty of tobacco, we decided to spend the night in it, and reached it just as darkness fell. Eric's so-called cave turned out to be a damp and rather malodorous hole in the face of a hillside, and as I crawled into it on my hands and knees, I remembered with an inward qualm that the sun would not rise for eight hours.

Even now the recollection of that night makes me shudder. The size of our domicile obliged Eric, Passop our dog, and myself to lie packed as close as herrings in a barrel. We were all rather damp, and a regrettable lack of personal cleanliness in my retainer, which had hitherto only appealed to the eye, now obtruded itself in a marked manner on another equally sensitive organ. He, lucky fellow, soon fell asleep, and added to my misery by incessant snoring, but I can truthfully say that I never closed my eyes all night. Drenching rain prevented my leaving our "cave"; one cannot smoke all night on an empty stomach; and no shipwrecked mariner can ever have welcomed the sight of a rescuing sail more thankfully than I did the first grey tinge in the east which showed that day was at hand.

It was still raining when we started once more after sharing our last biscuit, but it soon cleared up, and at the same time our spirits were raised by coming on the fresh spoor of the elk, though, alas! this showed but too plainly that the brute was still "travelling." Moreover, the tracks kept always mounting upward, until at last we left the pine forests behind, and reached the birch and willow dotted swamps that fringe the edge of the Norwegian fjelds. It was rather ticklish stalking-ground, and our progress was very slow, especially as Passop gave us clearly to understand that our quarry was now not very far before us; and at last Eric, who was manifestly uneasy, whispered to me, "This devilish"—the nearest approach to an oath he ever permitted himself—"animal is without doubt going over the fjelds to Frudalen to seek for a cow, and in ten minutes it will be on the *almenning* and off our ground."

For the benefit of the uninitiated it may be explained that an *almenning* is a species of Government common or reservation, numbers of which are dotted about Norway; and I must add that this particular one had for years been a bone of contention between my hunter and myself—he always urging me to rent it, which I could have done at a very small cost, and I as persistently refusing to do so, as it was useless for harbouring elk, and I had plenty of ground without it. Indeed I had felt rather relieved when I had heard that this year it had been taken by one of the numerous Norwegian "sporting agencies," as this had prevented Eric from re-opening the question. Nor was I much perturbed at the fact of our quarry straying on to it, as by Norwegian law a hunter may follow an elk on to his neighbour's land and kill it there, provided he can prove by its tracks that he brought it from his own ground.

The trail still kept mounting upwards, until we at last reached the crest of the great slope up which we had been toiling for two days, and came on to the tableland

above it—a vast expanse of swamp and rock, extending as far as the eye could reach, only broken here and there by patches of birch and willow scrub, and dotted with dismal-looking tarns. A more dreary prospect than this great wilderness lying sodden and grim under a dull grey sky it would be impossible to imagine, and yet we had barely begun to traverse it ere it appeared to me one of the most delightful landscapes I had ever clapped eyes upon; for as we cautiously topped the rise out of a little hollow, we simultaneously became aware of a sight that made me forget cold, hunger, and fatigue, and sent the blood tingling through my veins. Three or four hundred yards away stood the great brute I had sought so patiently for three years, clearly defined against the sky, and looking like some antediluvian monster as it vented its seasonal passion on a thicket of birches that lay in its path.

We sank down on the wet ground, and lay breathlessly watching it, until, with a final thrust of its great head that sent a whole patch of sturdy young trees flying like so many straws, it paused, stood irresolutely sniffing the air, and then suddenly turning at a right angle to its former course, began to move slowly across our front instead of straight away from us as heretofore. This unexpected manœuvre necessitated a corresponding change in our plan of action, but Eric's mind was quickly made up. The elk was moving down a sort of shallow gully running rather parallel to, but trending towards, the one in which we were lying, and he saw that by dint of hard running we could get down to the point where the two converged, and so cut the beast off. Crouched double, we ran at top speed for nearly half a mile, and in another hundred yards I must have stopped from pure exhaustion, when the gully took a sharp turn to the left towards a huge boulder. "Make for that," gasped Eric, and next moment we were both lying panting behind it, when a cautious glance round its side showed that Eric's strategy had been right, for bearing straight down on us was the great elk of Grönvand. On it came at a steady shambling trot, its huge antlers laid back on its great misshapen withers, and its coat black with the mire of many wallows, and looking, as it sent the water of the mosses splashing under its ponderous tread, the very embodiment of the spirit of the desolate wastes around us. I saw that in another two minutes it must pass within fifty yards of our hiding-place, and give me the easiest of broadside shots, and I felt that at last victory was within my grasp. The only thing that caused me any uneasiness was the extraordinary behaviour of Passop, usually the most perfect of elk-hounds, who could be trusted to remain mute under the most trying circumstances, but who now, despite his master's muttered curses and muffled thumps, kept up a low incessant growl while never taking his eyes off a patch of dwarf willow, lying about a hundred yards to our left; but at last Eric tore off his coat and wrapped the dog's head in it.

I had already risen to my knees; I had already slipped the safety-catch of my rifle; I had already marked the very spot where I meant to take my shot,—when, as I cautiously peeped round the corner of the rock, I saw the great animal falter in its stride, throw up its head, and pitch forward on its knees, while simultaneously

there came a puff of smoke and the crack of a rifle from the willow thicket. The elk recovered itself and broke into a lumbering gallop. Bang—BANG—came two more reports: the huge brute reared high on end, convulsively pawed the air for one sickening moment, reeled to and fro as it fought for breath, and then fell with a mighty crash, its limbs feebly struggling in the agony of death, within twenty yards of me! At the same moment two men burst from the clump of willows, and with guttural and jubilant cries rushed up to the corpse of their victim, and to my dying day I shall never forget my feelings when, in one of them who was brandishing a still smoking rifle, I recognised my quondam travelling companion, Herr Ludwig Müller of Frankfort-am-Main!

I confess that I have but a hazy recollection of the scene that followed. I remember a violent altercation between Eric and Herr Müller's hunter; I remember a furious battle between their respective dogs; I remember the German addressing a string of what were doubtless brutal sarcasms to me, but they fell idly on my ears. *Obstupui*—I was stunned by the magnitude of the blow that had fallen on me. I could only stand and gaze on that majestic form which ought to have fallen to MY rifle; on that noble head which would never adorn the walls of MY smoking-room. But at last Eric led me away, and it was not until we reached home that evening that the full tide of recollection came back, and that I passed one of the most miserable periods of my existence.

I subsequently ascertained that Herr Müller had been induced to rent the *almenning* by a so-called "sporting agency" in Christiania; that he had patiently and, as might have been expected, fruitlessly hunted it during the whole season; that having espied Eric and myself trespassing on his ground, he and his hunter were coming to demand an explanation, when they suddenly became aware of the elk bearing down on them, and grasping the situation, and seeing that our quarry must pass them first, had quietly squatted down in the clump of willows, and so robbed me of victory when it seemed almost within my grasp.

I can never go back to Norway: if I ever leave England again, I shall try Alaska.

A PILGRIMAGE TO LA VERNA.

THERE had been a panic in Florence. The visitors had fled by hundreds, and all because of a demonstration against the bread-tax in the Piazza Signoria, which half-a-dozen London policemen would have kept under complete control. It was difficult to say who was most to blame for the scare—the Anarchists at Milan or the editors of the Italian papers. Not that the Italian press, that wanted a sale and manufactured news thereto, was much more impolitic and unwise in this matter of scare-mongering than our own English press. The correspondent of the 'Times' at Rome, writing of the demonstration at Pisa, for example, had said that the worst feature of the rioting there was the fact that women had taken part in it, and spoke of frenzied petroleuses as among the mob. I had been present at the Pisan demonstration. It had consisted of a good-natured crowd, who, while a number of noisy lads shouted "Al borgo," and the elders looked on and smiled, listened to a benevolent old gentleman on the balcony of the town hall, bidding them rest assured that the bread-tax had already been remitted, that he was in charity with all men, and hoped all men were in charity with the powers that be. But as for the petroleuses of the 'Times' correspondent, they were a few factory-girls who, during the dinner-hour, came down to mingle with the crowd upon the bridge over the Arno and to enjoy the fun. The bell rang, and they went back to their work. But the scare, thanks largely to the press, existed; it had emptied Florence of *forestieri*, much to the chagrin of the hotel-keepers, and had driven a young queen and her attendants away from the city, to the grief of the shop-keepers.

We were travelling with ladies who wished to visit La Verna and see that famous shrine of St Francis in the Apennine hills where he fasted and received the stigmata; and the question arose, Was it safe to travel in a country on the eve of revolution? The head of the prefecture must be consulted, and his answer was reassuring: "You may go with perfect safety anywhere from the source of the Tiber to its mouth. Umbria is absolutely tranquil." So we started for La Verna, as all lovers of St Francis must do who wish to see a Franciscan monastery that remains to-day in rule and manner exactly what it was when it was founded in the beginning of the thirteenth century—in the year when, for the good of his soul, on the 8th of May 1213, Count Orlando of Chiusi gave to Francis "the wild mountain in the midst of his estate" as a place for solitude and prayer.

At the time when the monasteries were disestablished, the ancientry of La Verna, or Al Vernia as it used to be called,—its unbroken tradition,—stood it in good stead. The sturdy Florentines, rather than allow this link with the past to be broken, bought up the whole monastery lands; and once a-year the *podestà* and city magnates go in state to St Francis's shrine and plant their banner on its terrace wall, and so return, blessing and blest.

La Verna is not much easier of access now than in olden time.

Travellers from Florence can, if they will, combine an excursion to Vallombrosa and the Apennine monastery; but the best way is to take train to Arezzo, sleep the night there, and then jog the next day slowly along the single line to Bibbiena. Thence, after an honest fight for reasonable terms with an impassive *vetturino*, who because he is a monopolist commands the situation, one drives, or rather crawls, up an endless hill of eight miles in three hours: and keeping the carriage for the night, one accepts the simple fare of the hospitable monks, and comes back on the following day, in time for the only afternoon train from Bibbiena to Arezzo.

Arezzo is itself well worth a visit. As we made our way up the modern street from the station to the town upon the hill-slope, crowned with its great brown duomo, it is true there was little to remind us of the time when this Aretium was one of the twelve powerful cities of the Etruscan league that dared to withstand Rome to the face. We had to wait till the morrow to see the work of the Etruscan potter in the town museum in order to realise its ancient origin. But Arezzo was proud of her sons: as we passed on, we noted the white marble statue of the inventor of musical notation, Guido, the Benedictine monk; and we remembered that other inventors of harmony had here been born.

For was not Aretium the birthplace of Mæcenas—Virgil's friend, and patron of Horace? Close to the cathedral still stands the house where Petrarch was born. Makers, too, of colour-music as well as the harmony of sound and numbers owned Arezzo as their home. Here the painter of those strange sad Christs upon the cross, Margeritone, lived. Here Spinello Aretino was born; and last but not least, as far as the world of art goes, here Vasari, the historian of the Italian schools of painting, architect, painter, critic, and writer in one, had his dwelling.

It was Sunday evening when we arrived, and the Via Cavour, in which the two rival hotels frown across the street at one another, was crowded with a multitude too close almost for breathing. They were taking the air in the Sunday-evening, silent, stifling Italian manner. In a moment the word "Forestieri" went through the throng, and the Hotel Inghilterra went up a peg or two above the Victoria, as with much unnecessary cracking of whips our arrival was heralded.

The light was fading, but we took a hasty walk up to the higher part of the town, and were a little disappointed to find the towers had for the most part disappeared, and the town walls with them, since the day of the blessed Francis. One had seen pictures of St Francis exorcising the devils of Arezzo; and in those pictures it was plain that in his time Arezzo was possessed of as many towers as devils. As for ourselves, except for the devil of dirt in the back lanes and a cockroach and cricket or two in our beds at night, we found St Francis's charm still held good.

Next morning early the battered remains of Piero della Francesca's and Spinello's work, whose frescoes we had seen in San Miniato, were visited in the Church of San Francesco, close to the hotel. We envied the ringers who in old time went to their bell-ropes with visions of this master's work upon the walls, and the clergy who could think of the legends of

the finding of the cross in the choir. Thence we passed back and up the sloping street to that most picturesque of Lombard towers of the Church of Santa Maria del Pieve, whose crutched window-shafts took us at once in thought to San Frediano at Lucca. Long did we gaze at the quaint carving of the eleventh and twelfth centuries over the doorway: the Christ in Jordan, as we had seen Him on the bronze gates of the baptistery at Florence; the Madonna, between her sad-faced angels; the months of the year, carved as we remembered them carved upon the baptistery at Pisa. The man who carved December must surely have studied pig-killing as a fine art,—it is true to the life. Thence, after a good look at the Law Courts in the piazza at the back of the church, whose façade tells of the best fourteenth-century Florentine craftsmanship, we returned to the street in front of Santa Maria del Pieve, where the cobblers and tinsmiths, busy upon vine-sprinklers, were making the air throb with their hammers; and passing upward by the Palazzo Publico, now a prison, but in the fourteenth century the seat of Government, we stopped a moment to wonder at the armorial bearings that give such interest to its old front. But we were bent upon seeing Petrarch's house; and asking our way to Via dell' Orte, we found ourselves in three minutes gazing at the old well-head in front of the insignificant house that heard the poet's earliest cry. Another minute, turning round the corner of the canon's house opposite, the duomo stood before us.

We entered the duomo, for we had in mind the fresco of Giotto in Santa Maria del Pieve; and one knew that it was conjectured that the great canopied tomb to the "warrior Bishop Guido Tarlati," wrought in 1330 by Agostino and Agnolo of Siena, had been worked from designs by Giotto. We knew, too, that there was good fourteenth-century glass in some of the windows, and that in the side chapel on the left of the door were admirable examples of Andrea della Robbia's work. We were not disappointed, but all the beauty within the duomo paled before the beauty of that view of the lustrous fertile plain, as revealed to us from the shady piazza by the city wall, at the north-east end of the duomo. We almost forgot the extreme interest of the lancet-windowed Gothic tower that uprose hard by, as we gazed upon the hills of fruitfulness, the miles of vines and mulberry-trees and emerald grain, which once the princely Mæcenas had gazed upon, who knows, with his friend the Mantuan, perhaps with Horace, at his side. As one drank in the loveliness of that paradise of Aretian farm-life, one could not but feel that this scene might have helped to make young Petrarch a poet: and as I heard the organ sound and the chanting of the choir in the near cathedral, I thought how Guido the monk had listened here to chanting of men and song of birds, and felt the mystery of sound mould him to his lofty purpose, a teacher of music for all the world. Thence did we hurry back to the station, to take the eleven-o'clock train to Bibbiena.

There was much that was of interest, much that was picturesque, in the Maytide life of the farm-folk as we panted leisurely along up the valley of the Arno; but the end of the journey came at last, and the battle for the carriage to La Verna began with the stub-

born, broad-faced coach-proprietor. He asked 40 francs, we offered 20; slow advance was made to 25, and he accepted it, but not till we had made up our minds for an eight-mile walk and had arranged with a rival Bibbienese to take our baggage on a mule.

Then began one of the most delightful drives that on a fair May afternoon may be taken in Tuscany. We left Bibbiena on the right without entering it,—for we had determined to see the Luca della Robbia in the church, and to visit the birthplace of Raphael's friend and patron—Cardinal Bernardo Divizio—whose name the main street still preserves, as we returned. Thence through a straggling suburb and down what seemed an impossible steep hill we passed northward, toward the little stream of Vèsa and the quaint monastery and domed church of the Madonna del Sasso. Here, too, we knew was an example of Luca della Robbia's work, but we pushed on. Far away to the north was seen as black as night the great pine-tufted crest of the grey-white gleaming rock which was our goal. It stood up against the sky like the head of some giant iguanodon, some monstrous eft that had just risen up from sleep and would take a look out above a new land with which it had nothing in common. Defiant it frowned upon us, but we drove merrily forward. At every turn of the road, as we gazed backwards, Bibbiena seemed more beautiful, the hills and valleys more filled with ultramarine and soft peacock greens and blues; at our side the broom was as golden as it was fragrant, and campanulas and wild roses and honeysuckle gladdened our eyes. We descended after a toilsome climb along a road, now of clay as red as blood, now of sand yellow as gold, towards a river,—its dry bed white as snow in the sunlight, its water in scattered pools of grey and ashen green. A bullock-team passed us, a mule-team and charcoal-burner's waggon made way for us: with these exceptions we saw no life stirring save a child at a cottage as we descended to the river, and a solitary woman at the bridge. Thence began the climb in earnest. We walked for the horses' sakes, and now and again they stopped dead of their own accord for rest. The oak-trees became more frequent as we gained the forest-ground beneath La Verna. A single house was passed, and a tiny hamlet was seen below us on the right: up and on we struggled, the stony ground was much boulder-strewn; patches of emerald grain only just above ground told us we were in a higher air; but for this the country we passed through now was cheerless and inhospitable, fit more for the devils who so distressed St Francis's soul than for the dwelling of men. It was a mere coincidence that here we met a man and solitary ass. St Francis had met one somewhere hard by, and, sick and weary, had been helped to La Verna by its means.

After two and a half hours of uphill ground we descried what seemed a great stone house, stuck as martlets build their nests against a wall, upon the face of an impracticable cliff. That was the monastery we were bound for. As evidence that we were near the dwelling-place of Christian men, a gaunt solid cross of wood stood up by the wayside in the waste: still we drove forward, and at the last pulled up at what was called the *bechia*, or the rough shanty that did duty for the

house of the farm-man and his wife, who were servants of the *bechia*. The *bechia* itself was a quaint half farm, half cottage, half nunnery, with cheerless passages, and barren rooms whose only furniture was a vast double bed piled mountains high with straw mattresses and weighty brown blanket-stuffs. Therein dwelt two "Poor Clares," kindly enough of heart though severe of aspect, the last survivors of the sisterhood of St Francis. We set down the ladies of the party, and gave the old crones to understand that by leave of the Padre Guardiano we intended to stay at the monastery, and begged them to care for our adventurous sisters.

We had hardly unshipped the ladies' luggage when a couple of the Franciscan brotherhood, who had been watching our slow approach for miles, came to the *bechia* to conduct the whole party through a pleasant meadow to the monastery steps. One of these men was the medico; the other, by his face and manner, the maker of jokes for the monastery. How the fat old fellow did puff and laugh, and laugh and puff, as he led us to the tree where the birds came to hear St Francis preach, and thence to the tiny chapel at the foot of the rocky staircase, built to commemorate the victory in his fight with the devil that the good Francis had at that spot! It was but slowly that we went up that rocky stair—the view to the south, to the blue hills beyond Bibbiena, to the grey ashen waste of utter barrenness to our left, to the green emerald patches like jewels in the red-brown fields in middle distance, made us pause again and again; and now for the first time could bird-voices be heard. Chaffinches trilled in the ash-buds beneath, blackbirds fluttered in the pine-woods above; and, swinging out into the sunshine and letting the light turn its wings into transparent bronze, a fine buzzard circled overhead—he a descendant, perhaps, of that falcon Brother Francis so loved and was so loved by; that bird of tenderest companionship, whom in his last adieu to Brother Masseo, on the 30th day of September 1224, he spoke of as his "most dear little brother," and whom he thanked for his kindness towards him.

We passed on and up and under a solid-looking fortress gateway, and found ourselves in front of the little chapel famed far and near for its beautiful altarpiece, a crucifixion by Andrea della Robbia; thence we turned to the left up the pebbly slope to the courtyard, flanked on one side by the church of the monastery, on the other by the terrace wall, and were welcomed to the guest-house beside the monastery well. A sad-faced man, Frate Cleto by name, at once asked us if we would take coffee. In an evil moment we said "yes," for it was but an apology for the same; bits of dry monastery bread were served with it, and we foresaw the prison fare in store for us. But the grace with which this Franciscan food was set before us made amends for absence of milk and butter, and even of the usual coffee-bean. We took it and were thankful, and were told that dinner would be served to us at seven o'clock, that the ladies must leave the monastery at eight, and that a brother would come to us shortly to guide us round the precincts. The brother came, voluble and courteous: we visited in turn the deep-hewn caverned rocks, mossy and fern-grown and shadowed by sycamore, amongst which St Francis had passed his first days during the building of

the monastery; and all the while my thoughts were back at Dungeon Ghyll or Aira Force; we saw the cliff from which monks had fallen, and been through the prayers of St Francis, marvellously preserved from broken bones; we were taken to the cavern where St Francis passed his forty days of fasting. The monk with us had not read the 'Speculum Vitæ,' nor seen Père Sabatier's 'Speculum Perfectionis,' so he was unable to tell us how Brother Leo, his companion at La Verna, has chronicled ('Spec. Perf.,' cxvii.) that, during one of St Francis's fastings at Monte Alvernia, "one day his friend had at the hour of eating prepared a fire in the cell where he was accustomed to eat, and when the fire was lighted went for St Francis into another cell where he was at prayer" — the very cell in which we were standing—to read the Gospel of the day to him, and on his return found the cell on fire. St Francis refused to put the fire out; he evidently thought the fire had as much right to the cell as he had, and as much right to live its natural life. So while other brothers hurried up to put out the fire, he, quietly catching up the sheepskin he used as coverlet at night, went off to the woods. I could not help recalling this scene to mind as I stood within the subterranean little rock chamber, where still the stone bed of the saint is seen, guarded by iron grill from the hands of votaries; nor could I but in imagination see the mystified look upon the faces of the monks who were still choking from their efforts to overcome Brother Fire, when, after Francis had returned to his meal, he said to Leo, "I will never sleep under that sheepskin coverlet from this time forward, because I was greedy and would not let Brother Fire make his meal off it."

We were shown afterwards the place where tradition has it that St Francis received the stigmata. To that little chapel, where the lamp in the iron grill ever burns, twice in the twenty-four hours, at midnight and at three o'clock in the afternoon, do the monks, leaving their dormitories or cells, go with solemn chanting, sometimes with their scourges in their hands, for sacrifice of themselves upon the altar of memory of their great founder. The grim crucifix, the dingy walls, the monks with their pale faces kneeling moveless in the cold musty-smelling chapel, made one's heart ache; but one's mind was filled with visions of the great pictures and sculptures one had seen whose inspiration had been born at this place, and one's eyes were delighted with the glorious example of Andrea della Robbia above the altar. The Saviour hangs upon His cross, between faces of the sun and moon, the latter opening its mouth and making a face of horror and astonishment. On one side are seen St Francis and the mother of the Lord, on the other St John and St Jerome. I had never seen more feeling expressed by the gesture of lifted or folded hands in any of the Della Robbia work. All the figures are filled with deepest devotion; all speak to us of their heart's emotion. The sorrow of the attendant angels is sorrow that can be felt.

The corridor leading from the chapel was filled with coarse frescoes of events in the life of St Francis, and the monastery was one of the many 'Biblia Pauperum' we had seen in Italy, and was being read with no small interest and explained with much fervour to groups of peasants at

the moment we passed through it. Then Bonaventura's cell and chapel, used by him when he stayed at La Verna in 1263 for the writing of his life of the blessed Francis, was shown. Next we were pointed out the tiny chapel where St Francis each day received the sacrament of the Mass during his sojourn here; and at last, glad to have escaped our voluble guide, we came back to the courtyard and, sitting on the low stone wall, we gazed at the marvellous prospect of death and life, barren waste and wondrous fertility, which was laid out like a map beneath. Ragged peasants prowled about the yard; they had had their meal, but hunger was still on their faces, and they were loth to leave this high-built harbour of refuge: if they went down to the gate, they would return just to let the iron helmet-shaped bucket swing down into the well and haul it up and take a last draught of the holy water which St Francis had drunk of old. They seemed to us to be as careful of the chaste daughter of God—his sister—as ever St Francis was. He would never pour away any water when he had finished drinking upon ground that could not at once absorb it, lest it should be fouled by men's feet. These peasant visitors, after ducking their heads into the helmet and giving their whole faces a drink, deliberately turned the helmet upside down and sent the remaining contents back into the well. It may have been piety, but it was inconsiderate of those that come after, for that well was the source of all the drinking-water of the monastery.

We had much desired to climb above the monastery to the cliff height called "La Penna" that we might get a view of the valleys lying on the other side of this quaint precipice upon whose southern ledge we were standing, but we knew the light would fail us for the Andrea della Robbias, and determined to see them before starting for the forest walk. These are worth all the trouble of the journey, for they seem to be the *chef-d'œuvres* of the master's hand. There is one, beautiful but of less interest, on the right hand of the spectator as he enters the church; but for loveliness, for reverence, for the expression of spiritual feeling, we must pass on to the "Annunciation" in the left-hand chapel near the high altar, and marvel as we gaze, not only at the expression of swift impulse given to the announcing angel, who has fallen on one knee as though he was in act to come more near, but at the absolute obedience in the face of Mary the Virgin. The beauty, too, of the form of the jar that holds the lilies did not escape one, nor the delicate finish of the frame of this devout picture in terra cotta. But the most interesting of Andrea's work was a terra cotta of the birth of Christ in the chapel opposite. There lay the Babe upon his little couch of new-mown hay; there the mother worshipped upon bended knee; whilst overhead angels, such as Fra Angelico would have drawn, sang their alleluias; and above the scroll whereon the music was written, surrounded by the triumphant choir, was seen the face of God the Father, and in that face sadness for the sorrow that should be. The pathos of that picture and its appeal were wonderful. The careful breaking up of the blue background into shadow by the modelling of clouds was a noticeable feature in all: we saw the same effect later in Andrea's work in the chapel of the Observantia at Siena, and in the hall

of the Municipale at Montepulciano.

But we had not yet seen one of the greatest of Della Robbia's works. This was the large altar-piece in the tiny chapel opposite the monastery gate. The brothers were at prayer there, and we had scruples. These were waived as ridiculous by our cicerone, who, unlocking the gate, escorted us into the dark inner chapel, and, lighting a huge candle, gave us sight of this exquisite and precious work. It is an Assumption of the Virgin with attendant saints and angels — St Bonaventura receiving from the Virgin the measure for the making of the chapel. A curious adaptation, probably, of the gift of the holy girdle. The spirituality of the faces and the tenderness of the whole terra-cotta made one feel that the artist, Andrea della Robbia, was determined, from love of St Francis, to excel himself in this work. But I could hardly give my mind to the white faces against the blue ground before me, for other faces almost as moveless against their brown background all round about me. There, with countenance expressionless, vacant, sullen, and sometimes coarse, knelt in silence, as they had knelt for the best part of an hour, the young Franciscans, each in his allotted place, each a prisoner of the Lord, who seemed a prisoner of man, for they were under lock and key. Some had pulled their brown hoods over their heads for warmth's sake, and I saw nothing of their countenances; others gazed upwards as if in a kind of trance; others stared straight into vacancy. This prayer-hour was part of each monkish day's work—one of the rules of their order; but it was painful to witness—tragic in its non-fulfilment of the essential reasonableness of prayer, and pathetic in its apparent failure to obtain its end. The sullenness of those young men's faces, the sort of caged wild-beast look in their eyes, gave one the feeling that here was fanaticism of a certain order, doubtless, but that the love and sympathy for all living creatures which St Francis taught could not take root in such soil, nor find food-time nor flower-time in such sunless air.

We issued from the chapel, the jailer locked his silent prisoners to their prayers, and we went out into the chill afternoon air. We would seek the liberty of the forest; we would climb the mountain-ridge; we would wander where St Francis had wandered, where Masseo had seen his visions, and where Brother John of Fermo had in his sorrow met the Lord. A servant of the monastery, with a fox-looking face and a broken spirit, wobbled along in front of us as guide; took us by a difficult path for an hour's walk through a forest of beech and pine, whose quiet was broken only by the thud of the wood-cutter's axe, and now and again by the cry of a woodpecker. We climbed 1200 feet: so dense and airless was the forest that it was tiring work. The path was cut up deeply by wheels of the woodman's waggon, and we were scarcely rewarded for our trudge. There was no wide expanse of view when we gained the broken tower or outlook 4165 feet above sea-level. Far down below us grey and green lay the furrow of the lonely vale, the cradle of the Arno, without sign of man's habitation; a troubled sea of ridges of violet grey rolled towards the north and east, featureless and grim, and hid from sight the birthplace of the Tiber. We left off gazing and walked along the ridges in a westerly

direction, and in twenty minutes' time looked down over precipitous crags that gave us a wider view of the more open country east of the monastery cliff. A falcon was seen to leave a ledge below us, and we heard a blackbird's voice. Thence back through the dark woods we came, back through the monastery farm-buildings, in time to find that the faithful monk Cleto had spread his coarse cloth in the little refectory, and was anxiously waiting for us to take our seats that he might bring in the soup.

The dinner cannot be described; for after the soup of bread sopped in saltish water had disappeared, a strange dish was served. Cleto was proud of it, but could not explain it; only as he sighed deeply he would with his finger indicate with pride the choicest morsel, and urge us to gird up the loins of our appetite thereto. One of my friends believes to this day that the dish was "monastery mice in batter." Certainly there were little tailed creatures mixed up with what, after all, may have been artichoke fragments fried in paste. We stuck to our coarse bread and the coarser wine, which was part of some poor neighbouring farmer's offering to the monastery, and waited till the next course. It was the last: it seemed to consist of fragments of a pickled shoulder of mutton which had on some former occasion been shorn of most of its meat. Tough, stringy, knobby bits of muscle and fibre were scraped away and laid by the side of the bone and handed round. We took it, for by the light in Cleto's face and his deeper sigh this was something special—a treat only for princes. Poor Cleto! as he sighed I remembered that here at Al Vernia St Francis had sighed before him, and, much tempted in the body of the devil, had lost his accustomed cheerfulness. What form of temptation poor Cleto was undergoing I know not; but sight of mice in batter, and the last fragments of the last mutton bone in a monastery where meat is forbidden, may have been a sorrow's crown of sorrow.

We were not without company or conversation. Frate Joculatore was there; he laughed much. Then at our request Padre Guardiano, the abbot or father of La Verna, came. A big, burly, bull-necked fellow, he looked a little like Luther, and seemed to have the strength of an ox. He told us much of the poverty of the people in the hill country round; of the thousands of kilos of grain he had distributed since Christmas to prevent death from starvation. He spoke bitterly of the suppression of the monasteries as adding to the destitution of the poor, and as good as said "the tumulti" were a judgment from God for the robbery of the Church; but he denied there was any wish in that neighbourhood for revolution, and believed that with fiscal reforms the people would be satisfied with their government. As for Franciscan work, he told us that there were few readers or writers amongst them: art did not exist in the Order, and the old idea of cultivation or redeeming of land had passed away. It was not a hopeful outlook, we thought, and this especially as there was evidently no lack of zeal for St Francis, nor of recruits for the Order.

The youthfulness of many of the monks we had seen at prayer bore out Padre Guardiano's asseveration that, according to St Francis's vision, the Order would never die; but when we ventured to hope for reform and a return to the old days of the glory of manual labour such as St Francis had

taught, the padre shook his head. Who knows but that this recruiting of the Franciscans from the peasantry to-day may, after all, be only the outcome of an attempt to escape from manual labour to a world where strict discipline excuses absence of brains as well as indolence for limbs!

We were told we might breakfast on the morrow, and one of our party asked if it would be permissible to have *café-au-lait*. This staggered Cleto. The idea of milk in a Franciscan monastery was too much for him. There was, he said, one cow at the farm below, but that was kept in case of sickness. We were unable to gainsay this, and threw ourselves on the mercy of Padre Guardiano. He, with the magnificence of an emperor, turned to his brother monks and ordered that cow to be milked for our benefit on the morrow; and then, with a gracious smile and tone that seemed different from the tone and manner with which he ruled the brethren, he bade us good-night.

At eight o'clock the monk with the lantern came to escort the ladies beyond the precincts, and at nine another monk came to lead us of the sterner sex down through the cloisters at the back of the chapel that served as the resting-place of baggage-mules, and smelt of the stable, on to a second or interior cloister, in the upper corridor of which our resting-place was found. We stumbled on over sledges and ploughs and cart apparatus, and gained the stairway; thence entered a corridor hung with cheap prints of scenes in the French Revolution, and were ushered to an apartment that was next door to a similar one which had sheltered royalty. The key was given to us, the candle was lit, and we saw the two huge piles of balloon-like mattress and blanketing, and the two tiny basins and towels, which, with six inches of mirror, was the furniture of the best spare room the monastery could afford. We were soon asleep, grateful for the simple cleanliness and chance of warmth, and too tired to be waked by the sound of the midnight bell that called our friends from their slumbers for their procession to the Chapel of the Stigmata.

Next morning the swifts screamed so loud as to rouse us from sleep. We went out into the cold cloud that hung in drizzle of fine rain upon the monastery court. We envied the monks their great frieze gown sleeves as we took our seats in the chill refectory. That morning was occupied in watching the ordinary life of the brotherhood. It was a *festa*, and peasants came crowding up the steep stone stairway for the dole of bread that would certainly be theirs. I never quite realised the worth of a loaf of coarse bread as joy-maker till I saw the light come into the faces of some of the women at the monastery gate, and watched them scamper back down the steep stairs to bear it to their dwelling far away. Blessed Francis, how his sad face would have been a moment less sad to see that sight, and to know that, more than six and a half centuries after he left La Verna for ever, La Verna still cares for the poor and fills the hungry with bread!

The cloud passed away and the sun shone out. Suddenly the far-off hills round Bibbiena below us appeared dark Prussian blue instead of the fairy opalescent cobalt colour with which they had been shining. At the same time the heavens darkened and the near waste wilderness at our feet went white as a dead man's face.

A low rumble of thunder was heard and lightning flashed. The air, which had been deadly still, seemed in a moment all alive. Birds ceased singing, and the leaves almost crackled with fear as they felt the coming gale. It was on us in a minute, and the hail and the lightning and the roar of heaven's artillery seemed to turn our peaceful convent-yard into a fortress in a state of siege. Then as suddenly the sunlight flashed out of the darkness, and the great forest behind us and the precipice beneath us shone as fiercely as though it were molten gold. I could not help thinking of how, on a far-off day,—that day when St Francis beheld a seraph descend from heaven with six fiery and resplendent wings,—the shepherds who were watching their flocks were filled with fear and trembling; for, as the old chronicle has it, "Then did all the Monte Alvernia appear wrapt in intense fire which illuminated all the mountains and valleys around, as it were the sun shining in his strength upon the earth." The thunder-storm passed, but it left a bite in the air which chilled us to the bone. At three we heard the weird chanting at the back of the high altar cease. The strange mixture of lion-growl, bull-roar, and human psalmody paused for a moment, and out of the doorways either side issued the procession, headed by the youngest monk bearing aloft a black cross to which the emblems of the Passion were affixed — the spear, the sponge, the scourge, the crown of thorns. So with slow steps and a constantly repeated litany the bare-footed brothers passed down the church into the bleak rainy air, on to the gusty corridor, and away through echoing walls to the Chapel of the Stigmata.

Our horses were waiting us at the *bechia* far below. We made our little votive offering for the kindness and hospitality received, and away from La Verna we went, down from the rain and the chill air and the clinging cloud into the sun and the cheerful moments and joyous life of Nature, —not without admiration for the blind devotion of those followers of St Francis, who wrestle with the storm and wind as well as with the devil on their mount of temptation; and not without hope that the time may come when truer followers of the great apostle of the middle ages may believe, that though on that mountain of ecstasy it is at times good for them to be alone with God, their work for the world lies in the plain below—that they will find their Master not only upon the Mount of Vision, but in the simple levels, the daily life of ordinary working men; that, to paraphrase Whittier—

"Saint Francis dwells no more afar
The saint of some great mountain-scar,
But down among the poor and blind,
The maimed and suffering of our kind;
In works they do, in prayers they pray,
Life of their lives he lives to-day."

One thing had been made clear to us by our visit to La Verna. The teaching of their great founder, that if a man will not work neither shall he eat, has been forgotten. If the Franciscans would but set themselves to become skilled handicraftsmen, they might go through Italy to-day giving back to the people happiness and bread by recovering in the scattered towns and villages the lost arts and crafts for which these towns and villages were once famed, and they would carry the very gospel St Francis taught them. For he who bade a lazy monk leave the Order with the words, "Go thy way, brother drone," once said, "It is my will that all my brethren learn to

labour and exercise themselves in good works, that we may be less burdensome to men, and that neither heart nor tongue may go astray for idleness' sake." Nor, though there was one exception, did it seem that the brothers of La Verna had remembered how constantly the founder had called them to joy and gladness, and bade them remember that they were the "joculatores Dei" — God's strolling singers. Let them read chapter xcvi. of the 'Speculum Perfectionis,' which treats of how St Francis blamed a companion who was sad of countenance, and they will feel that their teacher well knew that men would never be won to the religion of Christ by long faces.

We drove as swiftly down as we had come slowly up: the birds sang, the lizards ran, the flowers shone by the roadside; the plains and hills below us appeared more violet-purple, shot with more sunny green and lapis-lazuli than ever they had seemed on the previous day; the driver cracked his whip and whistled; the horses knew their way homeward; but the charm of that all-golden afternoon, as we passed back to Bibbiena and the country that Mæcenas loved and Virgil sang of, was not potent to drive away all cloud or banish all sadness. We remembered the sorrowful face of Cleto, the sighing monk, and of the dreary life of sternness, idleness, poverty, and prayer we had left behind at La Verna. No wonder St Francis found many devils to fight at that mountain retreat, though he fought them well. Brother Leo has chronicled for us how "at that time when in the sacred mountain of Alvernia he received the stigmata of the Lord, St Francis suffered such temptations in his body and tribulations that he was not able to appear as cheerful as was his wont"; and he said to his friend, "If the brethren knew what and how great tribulations and afflictions the demons make for me, there is not one of them who would not be moved with compassion and pity concerning me." I did not know what troubles Brother Cleto had to endure, but from the depths of my heart I pitied that man; and his joyless and careworn face haunts me still. Nor could one get rid of the thought that there in that mountain-hold—"that devout and solitary place," as Count Orlando called it, where, as the chronicler Thomas de Celano tells us, St Francis learned "that through much anguish and many struggles he should enter the kingdom,"—there had been once born noble thoughts to help the world, and noble thoughts that might still help it, for the call to holy poverty is as loud to-day as ever. But the great souls that there first received the holy fire of their consecration to the pattern of Christ, these had passed away. There was no Francis now, no Brother Leo, no Frate Angelo, no James of Massa nor John of Fermo, to go from their fortress of prayer to make a dead religion stand upon its feet and shake Europe into spiritual being. Yes, as in thought one stands once again upon that high convent terrace of La Verna, it is not only the sad face of Cleto that haunts one, it is the music of the past that saddens,—

"Vague and forlorn,
As from an infinitely distant land,
Come airs and floating echoes, and convey
A melancholy into all our day."

H. D. Rawnsley.

THE END OF AN OLD SONG.

CONFESSIONS OF A CUBAN GOVERNOR.

When Francis Bacon, in his calm, all-seeing way, was summing up the "outward accidents" which "conduce much to fortune," he judged "the most frequent of external causes is, that the folly of one man is the fortune of another. For no man prospers so suddenly as by others' errors. Serpens nisi serpentem comederit non fit Draco." The observation and proverb apply at least as exactly to nations as to men. When a power passes from the state of serpent to dragon, it is rarely without consuming another on its way. If Russia had not destroyed Sweden — the Sweden, that is to say, inherited by Charles XII., which was still a Power — she would not have stepped from her semi-Asiatic obscurity into the fellowship of European nations. Then Poland followed the valiant little kingdom of Gustavus Adolphus. In both cases it was the sheer folly of the weaker which helped the more powerful. Neither could have kept its place altogether when once the vast latent force of Russia was made available. Sweden is a conspicuous example of the truth of what Bacon elsewhere says when treating "Of the True Greatness of Kingdoms and Estates": "For to think that a handful of people can, with the greatest courage and policy in the world, embrace too large extent of Dominion; it may hold for a time, but it will fail suddenly." Yet it was the unwisdom, if not downright madness, of Charles XII. which made the failure so sudden and complete. As for Poland, there is a Russian proverb quoted by Mérimée in a letter to Panizzi, which says that God took something unmentionable from a flesh-worm to make the brains of all the Poles—and it is true.

The entry of the United States into the fellowship of nations which conquer and hold dependencies has been made in the old way. The serpent has eaten another serpent that it may become dragon, and again the folly of the one has been the fortune of the other. The poor remains of the colonial empire of Spain have supplied the needful food to the Union. By the terms of peace made at the end of this most pitiful of wars, the Spaniards lose all that was left of a dominion which once extended over half the two Americas and far into the Indian Ocean. There may be some show of possession conceded to them in the Philippines, though even so much is most doubtful, but the reality is gone for ever. And this is the last stage of a process lasting over nearly a century, due primarily to internal causes, and only completed by external force.

The history of Spain's colonial empire would supply an admirable theme to any one whose purpose it was to demonstrate how little heroic achievements, great qualities, valour, and even strenuous good intentions will avail those who want governing faculty. The formation of that empire was an amazing feat, even when every allowance is made for the conditions which helped the Spaniards. They were well armed and disciplined men, while most of their

enemies were savages without weapons of metal. The so-called civilisations of Mexico and Peru were mere barbarisms, strong mainly in show. The first was a sanguinary tyranny, hated by its neighbours, who helped the Spaniards in its overthrow. Much sympathy has been wasted on the less ferocious empire of the Incas —which, after all, was a military despotism, existing only so long as it could conquer and plunder. Both would have perished if the Spaniard had never come near them, leaving no sign except heaps of such ruins as mark the place where a nation once was in Central America. Even these are but poor things when compared to the mighty ruins of Angkor in Cambodjia, the work of some great and forgotten race. Yet when we remember how small the bodies of Spaniards who achieved the conquest of America were; that the whole work was done in little more than half a century— from 1492 to 1550 or thereabouts; that the Philippines were attacked at the same time, while Spain was playing a foremost part in Europe, —it remains an amazing example of energy. And there was great faculty, great individual capacity for government, and with them a constant effort on the part of the State to treat the Indians with humanity. Yet the end of it all has been little other than squalid. Spain did not escape the hatred both of her own colonists and of the Indians whom she had endeavoured to protect. By them she was driven from the mainland. Now the hatred of the Creoles has prepared the way for the loss of the islands with which her empire began, and has ended.

To tell the history of this sad failure would be a great and withal a difficult task. Few pages of history are more obscure than those which recount the decay of Spain's colonial empire. When the conquest was complete the witnesses became silent. What has to be explained is not merely the fact that the colonies fell away from the mother country. Our own plantations revolted, and we know why. To-day, if the self-governing colonies remain parts of the empire, it is by their own goodwill, and by their perception of the fact that it is their interest to maintain the bond. Whether they have parted or remain attached, they form solid and orderly States. But squalor and anarchy have, with very few exceptions, followed the independence of the countries which once belonged to Spain. There are secondary causes for this difference which are easily quoted. One of them is pointed out by Bacon in that same essay, "Of the True Greatness of Kingdoms and Estates." He says: "I have sometimes marvelled at Spain, how they clasp and contain so large Dominions with so few natural Spaniards; but sure the whole compass of Spain is a very great body of a tree—far above Rome and Sparta at the first." Napoleon, said Brillat-Savarin, ate fast and badly—and so did Spain in the days of the conquest. She spread her dominion so rapidly and so widely that it was nowhere possible to form a solid body of men of purely Spanish descent. Such a body might have revolted from the mother country; but it would have contained the elements of a State, with European traditions of government. As it was, the colonies of Spain became much what India would be if it contained a large Eurasian population claiming all the rights of Englishmen, but yet not strong enough to rule without the co-

operation of the natives. To make the comparison complete, we must suppose that the natives have been brought over to the religion of the Eurasians. All must see how difficult it would be to govern a dependency in such conditions.

Another partial explanation may be found in the relations of Church to State in the Spain of the eighteenth century. Whenever the history of the old standing rivalry between lawyers and churchmen comes to be written, the conflict of the Spanish clergy and the "Regalistas" or royalist lawyers will not form the least interesting of its chapters. In the early days the Spanish sovereigns intrusted large powers to the Church, as protector of the Indians, and used it as a check on the colonists. With the eighteenth century there came a reaction. The Crown grew jealous of the power it had itself given to the priests. The "Regalista" lawyers were allowed to vindicate the rights of the Crown —and one of the main props of the power of Spain in the New World was broken. There were not wanting men who foresaw the inevitable end. It is said, and the story is quite credible, that Aranda, the friend of Voltaire and the enemy of the Jesuits, foretold the loss of Spain's colonial empire on the mainland to his master, Charles III. When the independence of the United States was recognised, he advised the king to divide his American dominions among his younger sons, and take the title of Emperor, thus preserving for Spain a certain superiority over the vassal kingdoms, which would have had entire internal independence. In this way Aranda thought that the empire might be kept together; but it was his belief, and the future showed he was right, that the example of the English plantations would sooner or later lead to revolt in the Spanish possessions, and then, given the vast extent of the territory to be maintained and the weakness of the mother country, there could be but one end. Perhaps the experiment could not have succeeded. It would certainly have required a measure of governing faculty in the Spanish Bourbons of which they gave no sign. Yet it is a pity it was not attempted, for it would certainly have been interesting.

Taken together, the attack on the power of the Church, the fatal resolution of Charles III. to help the insurgents in the English colonies, and his inability to understand the effect which the independence of the United States must have on his own possessions, go far to explain the ultimate loss of the Spanish dominions. Spain would neither govern them in the only way they could be ruled—by good administration and a strong authority working for beneficent ends—nor let them go in peace. If she granted reforms, they were purely political, and when they had any effect at all, it was to reduce the power of her governors, without satisfying either the sentimental or the real grievances of her subjects. Even in the midst of her war against Napoleon she would not resign her commercial monopoly, nor her right to send out swarms of officials who, if only because they were badly paid, and held their places on an insecure tenure, were compelled to be corrupt. She weakened herself by sending troops to coerce America, when the greater part of her territory at home was in the hands of the French marshals. Experience has taught her nothing, and the history of the last few years in Cuba has only been

that of an earlier generation on a smaller scale.

We have just been supplied with the means of looking at the process by the publication of General Polavieja's vindication of his administration in Cuba.[1] Don Camilo Polavieja has always enjoyed a considerable reputation among his countrymen as a soldier, and administrator who has kept himself aloof from politics, which in Spain means the scuffling of parliamentary kites and crows at Madrid, and the intrigues of "caciques" or bosses in the constituencies. He cannot be a young man, for he speaks of himself as having served as common soldier in Africa, presumably in that war of 1859 against the Empire of Morocco which gave Spain one very transient gleam of military glory. He went to Cuba first on being promoted from the rank of sergeant, and fought his way to the grade of *mariscal de campo* during the Ten Years' War of 1868-1878. When it was ended by the convention of Zanjon, he was appointed to administer the province of Puerto Principe, and was promoted thence to the government of Santiago de Cuba. While in this post he suppressed the rising of Antonio Maceo—the so-called "little war," the only one which, according to Señor Reparaz in his 'Guerra de Cuba,' Spain has concluded in America by clear victory, and not by concession or surrender. In 1890 he was sent out as Captain-General to Havana by Don Antonio Cánovas, but resigned in 1892, when the Minister for the Colonies, Señor Romero Robledo, insisted on making certain so-called reforms in the administration. When the revolt in the Philippines was becoming formidable, he was sent out to restore order, and did gain some successes, but was disabled by an attack of ophthalmia. It was said that on his return to Spain he was treated with scant respect by Señor Cánovas, and would have received no recognition of his services but for the intervention of the Queen Regent. His book goes far to explain how he might make himself intolerable even to the least unstatesmanlike of Spanish politicians. Now his name is being brought forward as that of the man who is to be asked to supply his country with a strong government in the frightful crisis produced by long years of unwisdom. It will be seen that General Polavieja has had a varied career, and has gone far in the service of his country among other peoples. Only an Englishman could have led a similar life, governing great dependencies in the New World and the Indian Ocean. General Polavieja has had many predecessors among his countrymen in the past, but no Spaniard will ever lead such a life again. What the general's motive may have been in publishing this book it is idle to inquire. His past is a guarantee that he has not been influenced by political ambition, and indeed he could not possibly hope to make himself popular by telling a tale which is the reverse of flattering to his countrymen. He protests that he has not been influenced by the mere desire to remind the politicians that "he told them so," difficult as human nature finds it to resist this par-

[1] Mi política en Cuba. A Narrative, with Documents, by the Marquis of Polavieja, Lieutenant-General. What I saw. What I did. What I predicted. Madrid: Emilio Minuesa. 1898.

ticular temptation. Be his motive what it may, he has set before his countrymen a very unvarnished, if not quite complete, picture of the causes of their misfortunes in Cuba. Let us hope they will lay the lesson to heart, for it is quite as instructive for their home as for their colonial administration. To us he has given the means of realising what lies behind the sounding generalities of American newspaper correspondents and Cuban patriots when they denounce the misgovernment of Spain. General Polavieja's style is for the most part businesslike and straightforward. He is not above the harmless vanity of assuring us that he is rude in speech, and "little blessed with the soft phrase of peace." But his active life has not injured his power of writing, and his faults are a certain fondness for pedantic words—such as the verb *involucrar*, to involucrate, which is taken from botany, and is not literary Castilian at all—and for rather confused metaphors. When, for instance, he is speaking of the Cuban agitators, he talks of "the zeal with which I and my agents destroyed castles built in the air of their base passions." But these eccentricities are not common, and as a rule the general writes a very respectable Castilian equivalent for the solid pounding official style of our own Anglo-Indians—a very excellent medium for good sense about questions of administration and matters of fact.

If one wished to attempt the feat of the French epigrammatist, to convey a volume in a page, and a page in a sentence; or, in our own colloquial phrase, to give General Polavieja's book in a nutshell,—one might say that it describes the futile effort of an anarchy to rule another. Anarchical Spain has endeavoured to maintain its authority over anarchical Cuba. The general is careful to guard himself against the charge that he is wise only after the event. A great part, if not the greater part, of his book consists of letters which he wrote at different dates, spread over many years, to public men. One of these was sent in October 1880 to Don Ramon Blanco, who was then Captain-General of Cuba, as he is to-day. The "little war" was but just ended, and "the people's hearts yet wild, brimful of fear." It was at this moment that a proposal was made to the Government to allow the leaders of the rising to return, on promise of good behaviour. Polavieja met it with the answer which would have been made by any capable Lieutenant-Governor in India. He pointed out that this was the way to turn the peace of the country into a mere truce, and he added a profoundly true observation on Spanish rule. "We Spaniards," said he, putting it gently, "are profoundly impressionable, and we live in extremes; we either commit barbarities, or we forgive everything, whereby we only succeed in making ourselves hated, and in allowing them [viz., the Cubans] to think they can deceive us with impunity." The method of Spain has been to alternate between spasms of ferocity, such as the reconcentration order of General Weyler, and periods of sloth, when she looks on idly at preparations for rebellion made under her very nose—her servants in the meanwhile dozing in oriental idleness, or filling their own pockets with the reward of corruption. To General Polavieja the end of it all was perfectly clear eighteen years ago. He goes on to say:—

"Why cannot we keep in the middle path? Why cannot we govern with the head instead of with the heart? Why, instead of allowing ourselves to be swayed by the impulses of the second, can the first not be left to regulate and direct, coldly and clearly with firmness and moderation? *If we are always to remain the same, I see an evil solution for this question of Cuba.* Cuba will be lost for civilisation, and we will go out of it in a very ugly fashion. *If we allow a third war to break out, it will be very disastrous to the mother country.*"

The italics are the general's, for he has a certain taste for that old-fashioned device for giving weight to his words. The passage occurs on an early page, and the rest of the book is devoted to telling how Spain, allowing herself to be swayed by what Polavieja, with a pardonable gentleness, calls her heart, but by what, in fact, is her idleness and unwisdom, has achieved disaster and a shameful exit from Cuba.

On one point he is very clear from the first, and it is the universal hatred of Spanish rule felt by all Cubans. They are divided by deep jealousies among themselves. There is envy of blacks and half-breeds for the white, ill-concealed scorn of the white for them, rancours more or less pronounced between Creoles of the old stock and the sons of "Peninsulares"—that is, emigrants from Spain. Hence conflicts would infallibly arise in a Free Cuba; but meanwhile all are united against the Spanish Government. General Polavieja tells a tale in point. When he was Governor of Santiago he endeavoured to revive the prosperity of the eastern province of Cuba, and he courted the society of the Creoles. They were not unwilling to accept his hospitality, and even to acknowledge his good intentions; yet one night, at a reception at his Government house, a Creole lady, speaking, says the general, with the security her sex gave her, told him plainly, "What we Cubans want is that you Spaniards should go home and manage your own affairs, and leave us to attend to ours." There, in his opinion, spoke the voice of Cuba, without distinction of race.

When he was himself Captain-General of Cuba in 1890, he summed up the situation in a letter to the then Minister of the Colonies, Señor Fabié. The passage is worth quoting, because it partly explains the failure of Spain, and also because it shows what the problem is which the United States have undertaken to settle:—

"I regret to have to assure you that, from the peace of Zanjon downwards, the number of the Separatists has increased instead of diminishing; but I owe the whole truth as I see it and understand it to you, and to his Majesty's Government. Four principal causes, which must not be forgotten for a moment, explain this fact. The first is, that teaching in all its branches, from the primary school up to the University in this capital [Havana], as well as great part of the administration of justice, is in their hands [*e.g.*, the Separatists]. The second comes from the active and incessant propaganda carried on by not a few newspapers, which preach Separatist ideas as far as the liberty of the press allows them, and carry them into regions which were most loyal to us in the last two wars. The third has its origin in the little or no protection given by us to the natives of the country, who during eleven years fought gallantly and nobly by our side for the cause of Spain in Cuba. The fourth springs from this—that when we broke their slavery, the majority of the coloured race became Separatists in answer to the teaching of the press and the committees, and in consequence of the action of our Government, which here had always resolutely favoured

the white Creole,[1] who from a base hatred of Spain (I call it base because but for us he would never have held dominion in Cuba) drew all the blacks and mulattos into the Separatist ranks, without on that account ceasing to fear and despise them profoundly. It is certain, it is perfectly certain, that in the war they always fought united against us; but it is not less the case that, though they seem to be combined to-day, each of these races in its heart is working for itself—each hopes that, with the help of the other, it will obtain the triumph and the power. The leader of the coloured race is Antonio Maceo, who is one of the principal chiefs of the League of the Antilles, a secret society which, as I have already told you, is formed of blacks and mulattos in Haiti, San Domingo, Cuba, together with some in Jamaica and the United States, whose hope is to make their race dominant in the Antilles. For this reason they fiercely reject the party in favour of annexation to the United States, which died in the late rebellion."

Cuba, in fact, presents a fine combination of discontented Ireland and discontented India. The general does not observe, and perhaps does not believe, that the abolition of slavery was another measure of the same kind as the attack on the authority of the Church by the Regalistas. Whatever we may think of slavery (and a scattered remnant of us still in silence respects it, as a necessary stage in the discipline of humanity and the most wholesome relation of black and white when they live together—a thing to be regulated, not abolished), the fact remains that abolition destroyed one of the props of Spanish rule. It broke the last bond uniting the white Creole master to Spain, because it injured his interests, and took away the chief compensation he had for the predominance of the mother country. It did not gain the affection of the black, but only excited his desire for a predominance which should compensate him for the servitude of the past.

It may surprise some English readers to hear that so large a part of the administration of Cuba was in native hands. But it is the fact, and General Polavieja gives some telling examples of how it worked. One of the most striking results was seen in the administration of justice. *El Bandolerismo*, or brigandage, as the Spaniards called it, has always been one of the evils of Cuba. It had of course a patriotic character, and therefore the favour of a part of the population. When General Polavieja went to Cuba as Captain-General in 1890 it was rampant. Manuel Garcia, the most conspicuous of these patriot brigands, boasted that he was king of the open country round Havana, and he was not guilty of great exaggeration. Plantations were burnt when the owners would not pay black-mail, trains were attacked, the *zafra*, or sugar harvest, could not be gathered in, and the Government appeared to be helpless. The general explains the cause of its failure. The police was weak, and the military officers appointed to hunt the brigands out were required to work with the co-operation of the alcaldes, and other civil and legal officials, who were generally Cubans, and in secret sympathy with the offenders whom it was their duty to suppress. Imagine the result

[1] The Spaniard applies the word *criollo* to all men, of whatever race and colour, plants, or animals, born in the West Indies of imported stocks. He does not use it, as we have commonly done, only of the white settler. There are Creole blacks, horses, hens, and chickens.

if in India the officers employed to put down dacoity were compelled to co-operate with native magistrates who might be the relations of the dacoits, and were in secret patriotic sympathy with them. There was but one course to follow, and General Polavieja took it. He formed a dacoity police, composed partly of the civil guard, partly of soldiers, and put it under the command of Colonel José Garcia Aldave, with orders to act independently of the civil officials, and report to himself. In less than a year the patriot brigands of Cuba were broken up, and the *zafra* of 1892 was gathered in, in peace. But now mark the end. Polavieja found himself compelled to resign in this same year. All he had done was undone. *El Bandolerismo* came up again, and, favoured by the neglect of the Spanish Government, grew into the rebellion which has in its turn produced the war with the United States. In face of evidence of this kind coming from the best sources, one finds oneself forced to agree with Señor Reparaz, that it is not the filibusters who maintained the war in Cuba, but that the want of foresight and of steady pegging away at duty on the part of Spanish administrators opened the door to the filibusters. Even General Polavieja, resolute and severe as he was by the confession of all witnesses, could not enforce a steady consistent discharge of duty. He had given orders that no *bandolero* was to be allowed to escape from the island, and that no compromise was to be made with them. In disregard of these instructions, one of his subordinates entered into negotiations with some of these men for the betrayal of Manuel Garcia. They for their part made use of the Spanish officer as a means of securing their escape from the island. Under a safe-conduct from him, which he had no right to give, they came to Havana. The Captain-General heard of their presence, and ordered their arrest. They were actually on shipboard when the police appeared to seize them, and as they resisted they were shot. General Polavieja says that this event brought great discredit on his government. Separatist newspapers accused him of having trapped these men to Havana on false pretences. He denies the accusation, and we take his word for it. The story as it stands in his version is perfectly consistent with the slovenly methods of Spanish administration. It is simply an example of the alternate barbarities and pardon for everybody which he has himself denounced as at the bottom of all Spain's troubles in Cuba. General Polavieja is, after all, himself a Spaniard. He goes out of his way to assure the reader that the subordinate who disobeyed his orders erred only from excess of zeal, and was one of the most brilliant officers in the army. In what other race would a downright disobedience to orders of a very foolish kind be called "excess of zeal"?

Readers who form their opinion of Cuba from American yellow papers may be surprised to hear of the freedom of the press in the island. Yet it is the fact that Spanish governors have to deal with "a native press" which has all the licence of Poonah, and is even more difficult to control. The general explains why. There was in 1890 a paper at Havana called 'La Tribuna' ('The Tribune'), which was an *hijuela*, or supplement, to 'La Lucha' ('The

Struggle'). This paper was edited by one Don Agustin Cervantes—not, one hopes, a descendant of the known American branch of the family of the author of 'Don Quixote.' The 'Tribuna,' "with an unrivalled procacity and in scandalous language, daily insults either the authorities or private persons." When proceedings were taken, it invariably turned out that the libellous article was written by "one of three or four prisoners, who, in consideration of a small sum, declare themselves authors of what has appeared, they having every one of them thirty or forty charges pending against them for press offences.' Private persons rarely bring an action, because of the delays of the tribunals and the expense of proceedings. General Polavieja hardly seems to appreciate the extraordinary humour of this position. Yet the imagination of comic opera could hardly reach beyond a state of things in which a libellous native press flourishes in impunity, because it can father its productions on one of three or four prisoners who are waiting trial on thirty or forty charges each. The average British business mind stands aghast at the spectacle. Yet, given a judicial system famous for its delays, given the practice of imprisoning offenders for years as a preventive measure, given a slovenly prison system which allows them to communicate freely with friends outside, given the fact that they may have to feed themselves and have to bribe officials,—and the whole thing becomes intelligible. To complete the picture, we have to allow for a press law which makes—not the owner of the paper, but—the writer of the article responsible. Also, we must take into account the sympathy of legal officials of Cuban birth with the offenders. This same Don Agustin Cervantes, "atrevido como no hay dos"—insolent as no two are—says the general, went about Havana accusing certain Spanish officers, by name, of a plot to murder him. He repeated his story in the presence of the civil governor and the chief of the police. When proceedings were taken against him, the judicial authorities proved very reluctant to act. It required the intervention of the Captain-General to make them move at all, and then they allowed Don Agustin to amend his story from top to bottom, to the effect that a man in the streets, whom he did not know, told him there was a plot to assassinate him. We have our own experiences of the difficulty of fixing the line where pure criticism of the acts of a Government sinks into attack on the legitimacy of the Government itself. From General Polavieja's account, the Spanish Government in Cuba appears to have met this obstacle in an aggravated form. That it did not find a short way with the nuisance is a proof that if it is a tyranny it has a singularly weak grasp of the conditions which make tyranny effective. The course of a Don Agustin Cervantes at Warsaw would be brief indeed. Nor can one conceive of it as long even at Poonah.

Are all the sorrows of the Pearl of the Antilles, then, due to a double dose of original sin in the Cubans? General Polavieja does not say so. He loves Cuba, and admires much in it—more especially the beauty of the women—and draws its people as being very much what one would expect. There are the white Creoles, who are Spaniards with the weaknesses of

the national character exaggerated, and the essential manliness it has at home lowered by tropical life; black Creoles, who come of races which never have shown themselves capable of civilisation, and as far as we can see never will; and men of mixed blood, who too often prove the truth of the Arab proverb, that Allah made the white man and the black, but that Satan made the half-breed. This million and a half or so can never form a state, but it could be governed. What is wanted is a steady will, working from above in serene disregard of the whims and vices of the subjects, but with a steady attention to their real interests. This spirit represents the force, the life without which no organisation is of the least value. Then the ruling authority must have to carry out its will some such body of men as Henry Lushington described when he drew the portrait of the Indian civil servant, the sort of man who when he grumbles says—

"Do what I could, I could not get Government to see the importance of such and such improvements,—to appreciate the demerits of that embezzling rogue of a Bramin, who, for the benefit of the community, really ought to have worked on the roads as a convict, instead of being merely dismissed; or to appreciate the amount of the return, which as I demonstrated in not more than six hundred pages, was inevitably to follow on the completion of such or such a work."

Let us see what General Polavieja has to say of the machinery of government, and begin with what he has to tell us of the administration of justice. There is, he assures the Minister of the Colonies in 1890, no branch of the public service which has fallen so low as this, not by any fault of the law, but wholly and solely from the bad character of the magistrates who sit in all courts. The immense majority (the adjective is notable) may not be corrupt, but honesty is not enough for a judge. Knowledge is required, and it is wanting. The ignorance and ineptitude of some cannot be exaggerated. So much is this the case, that in courts of all ranks the transaction of business falls into the hands of a single member, often an understrapper, in whom "intelligence is not usually united with integrity." We may observe, by the way, that in Spain itself the magistracy does not stand very high in public opinion. It is not chosen from the bar, but is a separate service—ill paid and removable. Men of ability and good connections seldom belong to it, and such as it is only the sweepings will consent to go to Cuba, where the pay is, taking into account the cost of living, as poor as at home, while the instability is even greater, since every change of Ministry brings with it a shower of dismissals, in order to make room for the hangers-on of the gentlemen who have got into office. To crown all, a large part of the magistracy is formed of Cubans trained in the island, who are Separatists at heart, and will never decide in favour of a Spaniard or of the Spanish Government if they can avoid doing so by any device of chicanery. To prevent the defiance of the State by its own law-officers, it was constantly necessary to have recourse to the authority of the Captain-General. Polavieja has to confess that he had often to "obvidarse de la ley"—to forget the law—simply to keep order and get work done.

With the courts in this condition, no surprise need be felt at learning that the civil service was corrupt. General Polavieja gives 22,811,516 dollars as the figure of the defal-

cations which were discovered in the Treasury during his administration. With the help of a few honest officials, he set himself to find a remedy. When offences could be proved, the defenders were punished. Where only moral assurance could be obtained, they were put on half-pay, large sums were recovered, and a measure of honesty was secured. The cause of the corruption was no mystery. Swarms of officials, not all Spaniards, for there was a large Cuban element, very badly paid, and never sure they would not be dismissed, were appointed, and were almost driven to fraud.

The end of General Polavieja's administration is very characteristic of Spanish colonial government. For two years he fought, not wholly without success, against *el Bandolerismo*, against corruption, and against the imbecile feuds and factions of the Spanish party in the island — for there was a Spanish party composed partly of Peninsulares, partly of Cubans who called themselves Autonomists, but were grievously suspected of being Separatists at heart. Then in 1892 Señor Romero Robledo, who may be compendiously described as a Spanish Bubb Dodington, became Minister of the Colonies in the changes of things at Madrid. This politician felt called upon to deal with the sorrows of Cuba by another "reform." He split the island up into six governments, each with a lieutenant-governor of its own, who was to communicate with the Minister of the Colonies at home. In other words, he destroyed all unity of administration, and provided a batch of new places. While giving Cuba this cure for its discontents, he took away the right of conferring the doctor's degree, which is necessary for those who wish to hold important legal and judicial posts, from the university at Havana, because he said the Cubans must be filled with true Spanish sentiment by education in Spain. The decree created a riot among the students, which Polavieja had to quell in the last days of his rule. The Captain-General remained long enough to put the reform in force, and then resigned on the ground of ill-health, returning to Spain with his mind made up as to the fate of Spanish rule in Cuba. The dishonest officials he had dismissed were reappointed. His dacoity police was dissolved. *El Bandolerismo* revived, the rest has followed, and to-day Señor Romero Robledo is bellowing denunciations of the traitors who make terms with Cuban insurgents and the United States.

"Equivocations, spasmodic obstinacies, and blindness to the real state of facts, must have an end." What the end would be in Cuba General Polavieja had been telling his Government for years. He avows his inability to believe that Spain could retain the island for ever; but he did hope that by good administration, by encouraging immigration, by founding military colonies, it would be possible to fill the island with a Spanish population which could form a free state, or a colony enjoying the self-government of Canada, and remaining united to Spain of its own choice. It was a dream, for it presupposed an amount of wisdom in the mother country of which she has shown herself incapable. What was no dream was the general's calculation that the reward of persistence in old follies in Cuba would be another rebellion, and the final expulsion of Spanish rule, probably by the intervention of America. The United States were the *pesadilla* — the

nightmare—of General Polavieja, and he made himself a bore to political persons by insisting in season and out of season on the peril. His reward was to be called *pesimista*—a mere pessimist—by the frivolous politicians at Madrid, who have a more than Micawber-like faculty for paying themselves with words. The general, like wellnigh all his countrymen,—we may even say all without qualification,—holds what was once the universal doctrine, that a colony owes the mother country a market, if only out of gratitude for having brought it into existence. He does not allow sufficiently for the real grievance which Cuba had in this protectionist policy of Spain, which first kept it dependent on the manufacturing industry of Catalonia and the Basque Provinces, and then, by provoking the retaliation of the United States, caused it to be shut out of its natural market. This is not, however, a very important omission, since the industrial distress of Cuba was due far more to bad administration and the fall in the price of sugar than to the working of the M'Kinley tariff. Yet if his error here were greater than we think it is, he would still deserve credit for the sagacity and candour he showed for years in pointing out to his official superiors how certainly the United States are the natural market of Cuba, and with what a steady pressure, as of an avalanche, they weigh on the countries to the south of them. When the only means of going to the United States was by steamer to New York this pressure was little felt; but now railways have been carried through Florida, and the great Republic is within a dozen hours' steam of Havana. One of the most striking passages in his book describes the American invasion of Cuba in late years. Havana has become a winter resort for Americans wishing to escape the cold. American fashions, American capital, American industry have all poured in. One of the pathetic features of his letters home is his perpetual insistence on his hope that even if Spain has to recognise the independence of Cuba, the island may still remain Spanish in language and character, and so be a witness for the mother country in the New World. But he never fails to add that if the rupture finds the island inhabited by a million and a half of people, of whom from a third to a half are blacks and half-breeds, whose ambition is to reproduce the Negro Republic of San Domingo,—then the choice before her will be between squalid anarchy—a shame to Spain which could leave nothing better behind her; or absorption into the United States—and again shame for the Spaniard who could not hold his ground against the more energetic race.

What he prophesied, amid the sneers, indifference, or irritation of the dreamers at Madrid, is now in process of being fulfilled. There is always something melancholy in the end of an old song which began as a great heroic epic; but we must recognise that it is inevitable and that it is just. The Spaniards have slept "to death in dreaming of length of days," and the dreams were sordid. They have been deaf to the voice which would fain have aroused them, and therefore they are on the rocks. What makes it all so much more sad is that the Spaniards show little or no sign of understanding the causes of their misfortunes, and it is so hard to entertain any hopes of a more honourable fu-

ture for them. What General Polavieja describes in Cuba is only the inevitable consequence of what happens at home, and unless there is a change, and a very great one, misfortunes and failures must follow one another.

Meanwhile, Spain having ended in the West Indies, the question is, What takes her place? In Porto Rico the United States for certain, and it is a mighty change. If America wishes to take that island, it is because she is fixed in her mind to control that canal joining the two oceans which is to be made through Nicaragua. On this point there need be no doubt. The Americans will not willingly tolerate any such divided authority as is provided for by the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. That was good for its day, but not for the new order. In other words, whoever remains in the West Indies, be it at Jamaica or at Guadaloupe, stays there on the footing of Denmark at St Thomas, because he is of no importance, and on sufferance. The alternative is that he fights. These views, these ambitions, these intentions, which have now become perfectly articulate, must needs include dominion over Cuba. To be sure, the question is there more obscure. There are engagements to be considered, and certain repugnances and doubts at home. Also, there are material difficulties to be overcome. An island six hundred miles long is not to be annexed so easily as little Porto Rico. Probably America would prefer to see a stable Creole Government establish itself in Cuba, under her protection. But where are the elements of such a Government? And if it is not forthcoming, if the attempt to set it up is made, and fails, what then? Looking at the extreme ease with which America has lately shed certain old beliefs of hers when Porto Rico, "which the navy has long wanted," is to be taken, we find it highly credible that she will have no great difficulty in reconciling herself to the annexation of Cuba also. We have seen how rapidly conversions are effected, by the example of Mr Chauncey M. Depew. He came over here firm in the faith of the Fathers of the Republic, that conquest, and annexation, and the ruling of subject peoples are contrary to the Rights of Man. He went back persuaded that it is the function of a great race to "give the beggars law and order," while attending to its own interests. That the work can be done, and with no extreme difficulty, in Cuba, is shown by this very book of General Polavieja's. The methods which have pacified India would bring Cuba to order in a few years. Something like the Covenanted Civil Service, to give good financial administration and honest justice, would reconcile the planters and men of business. The measures which cleared India of the Pindarees, and keep down its dacoits, would soon make an end of the Gomez, Maceos, and Garcias, who would now get no help from filibusters. Meanwhile, the influx of immigrants and capital from the States would go on, and one short generation might well see the Creole element dominated. But this is on the condition that America goes manfully to work, and does not allow herself to be blinded by misplaced sentiment and pedantry. Just at present it does not seem certain that she in the least understands what the task is like, or realises what is meant by the honourable obligation she has assumed.

Let us suppose that some Cuban of sense and real patriotism found

himself standing between the Spaniard who is going and the American who is hesitating whether or no he will come. What would such a man say to each? To the Spaniard he might fairly say: "All the complaints you make of us may be just; but please remember that our vices are only yours grown rank in the tropics, and ask yourself what you have done to correct them? What honest justice, what good administration, what order and security, have you given us? The bands in the Manigua may be as contemptible as you and the Americans agree in finding them, but you have failed to conquer them, though you have employed tens of thousands of men. Your reforms have been mere shufflings about of offices, all ending in providing new posts for your place-hunters. You gave us autonomy under the influence of exhaustion and fear of foreign intervention, and it was a fraud. Whatever else is true, this much is certain, that you have failed." To the American he might say: "And now you who have driven out the Spaniard, in order that we may have a good and stable Government, what do you propose to do? Do you mean, after making this war with loud professions of disinterestedness, to annex Porto Rico, which your navy has long coveted, and to leave us to stew in our own juice, that the Eastern Province may share the fate of Haiti, and the Western Provinces be even as a Central American Republic? If that is all, you are doing a very wicked thing, and not the less wicked because it is against your own interests. You have deprived us of all the Government we had, —now at least you are bound to put something in its place." Would either wise Spaniard or wise American say nay to that Cuban?

THE LOOKER-ON.

THE U.S. WAR OF AWAKENING — OUR OWN CONFLICTS ABROAD — A HINT TO EVOLUTION — BISMARCK IN HIS LAST DAYS — GREAT NAMES IN CITY SHAMES — DELICATE DEBATE BY GENTLEFOLK FOR GENTLEFOLK — POOR GLUCK'S CASE.

The war is over. Spain has been conquered much as the Spanish chestnut is conquered by the laws of gravitation when it hangs on the bough over-ripe. The chestnut could not help it — the laws of gravitation had no choice. It is conceivable that some feeling that what was to happen *would* happen moved in the heart of the one; but as to the other, they were forces insensible of what they were about.

Does this mean that when the Government and people of the United States rose up to make war on Spain they knew not what they did?—that, perchance, they were the unknowing instruments of forces they were unconscious of? It does. In effect, that is the meaning, and I hope the people of the United States will take no offence at a figure which companions them with the most powerful and indispensable agent in the universal scheme, and also the most popular. That, Government and people alike, they knew not what they were about when they started on this war, is clear from the best evidence they themselves would ask for. Firstly, there are their own State papers, Government declarations and the like; secondly, their newspapers, which are, and are understood to be, the most complete repository and perfect reflection of American thought and feeling. Search them. Search them for record of the purpose of the war—the feeling that inspired, the spirit that directed it; and you will see that the American people had no knowledge of the facts as to any of these things. They were going to war; they *had* to go to war; were moved thereto by a spirit irresistible; thought they understood the whole thing perfectly—the motive force above all—but did not in the least. And of course their mistake in supposing it what it was not led them farther away from understanding what it was.

Search the newspapers again, divide the spring publications from the summer issues, and you find in the latter complete acknowledgment of the ignorance of the former. In the spring there was mistake everywhere. It was vehemently supposed that the United States had a divine call to aid a noble band of Cubans in achieving independence for the island of their birth. This was in March of the present year, or thereabout. In July it was known that, as so interpreted, the call was not at all divine; that the Cubans ("ambitious only for plunder and revenge") particularly needed regulation by a strong hand; and that to allow independence to Cuba would be a crime against humanity. This being avowed by every newspaper in the United States, so far confession is clear that the American people did not know what they were about "when they rushed into this war." The 'New York Tribune,' which is representative of the Government, and the great organ of the Republican party, is emphatic on that point.

Yet how should so great a mistake arise? Cuba is at the door of the United States, and communication between American citizens and the Cuban insurgents had been active and intimate for years. Apparently, then, the explanation must be that the facts and conditions were not unknown —at any rate were not unsuspected—but that a glamour crept over them. Now glamour is not, like summer haze, external to the vision it enraptures and deceives. It is a glory (of sorts) proceeding from the subject to the object, as in the exemplary case of Don Quixote de la Mancha and Dulcinea del Toboso. In the recent American case, a spirit not unlike the spirit of chivalry had taken possession of the whole people. Its true character, however, was hidden from them—as they must now think, fortunately. In presence of an opportunity for seeking the glory of war, it became recklessly animated, had to be explained to themselves, was mistaken for the spirit of benevolence; and from the enthusiasm of the mistake the glamour streamed. Impossible, however, that it could last, and in the process of disillusion the real nature of the restless, inspired, inspiring spirit, rising in full maturity where no form of it was suspected, declared itself. It was Imperialism. It was development of the passion to go forth and conquer and govern which moves nations in their manhood, and does so as if in obedience to the universal law of Nature which for ever destroys in order to rebuild. On a day this discovery stole out in a shy little stream, and the next day was a flood; and then the American people saw for the first time the drift and magnitude of their own meaning. Now, of course, they understood that the war against Spain was not at all what they had taken it for. They fancied it an inconsiderable enterprise, its sole object the freeing of Cuba, and the freeing of Cuba an end in itself. How different the reality! In a few weeks it is revealed as the beginning of a tremendous change — one of the "biggest things," as becomes its parentage and birthplace, in the history of the world. This they may say without doubt and without hyperbole. In some measure, here and there in great measure, the fortunes of nearly all the nations of the earth will be affected for centuries by the entrance of the United States into what the 'Times' calls "cosmic society."

That our own fortunes are deeply concerned is evident. Lord Overstone, who had no superior, I suppose, in the politics of trade, bade me hold to this through every "period of depression"— the trade of England is a sound and healthy trade; it will have its ups and downs as an unavoidable matter of course; meanwhile uneasiness about it may be pretty safely postponed till the United States take to the Free-trade policy. "When they do, look out!" There is no one to tell us, for no one can, what consequences interesting to England will ensue from the "awakening" of America. We do know this, that the new and unexpected competitor in the conflict for dominion and trade will be a great sea-power—soon; and that the field of competition has been very much narrowed of late. That is about all there is of solid ground to go upon; and even as to that we will have no speculation in this page at present. Every Englishman would know what to say under the wishing-cap, could that precious treasure be brought from the wonder-world

and passed through our anxious country from hand to hand. But no one can find the way to that wonder-world now. It has been lost in seeking a different sort of wonders, and in so earnestly ensuing them that Earth is likely to be turned into a vast infernal-machine, capable of going off at any moment and destroying half its inhabitants. It is said, however, that wishes breathed beneath any kind of hat have a mighty way of fulfilling themselves; and that I do believe, under one condition —that the wish be *only* breathed. Talk about it much, and the magic is apt to fail. It is in existence over there too, the wish we are thinking of; and if it fluctuates rather, it does so because the need of an Anglo-American understanding is less apparent one day than another. Which is good and sufficient reason; for it is not in the nature of things that there should be an Anglo-American alliance, or any other, unless for evident mutual advantage. Now, however, that America thinks of becoming an Eastern Power, while there is still some uncertainty about Continental interference, the idea of mutual advantage is growing on that side of the Atlantic. The friendly feeling, therefore, tends to steadiness. It has less of a Monday - Wednesday - and - Friday existence; and though the New York correspondent of the 'Times' had to report the other day that "the 'Tribune' harks back to the old-time kindliness between Russia and the United States, dwells on the duties of neutrality, and declares that 'there should be no reason for this nation's inclining towards either side,'"—that is to say, to either the English or the Russian side — the certainty remains that the Republic will choose its allies by the rule which usually determines choice in that affair. The alliance is best that hazards least and profits most.

Three things in brief:—

Though the United States have all the makings of a great naval and military nation, and may be expected to have mighty fleets and a large well-disciplined army a few years hence, America is not a considerable fighting Power yet. Of course I mean in comparison with the greater European Powers; which, if they must be defied, may yet be defied a little too soon.

It should be remembered that the story of the war has been told altogether from the one side; and that almost all report of its causes, conduct, and consequences has been coloured by one set of sympathies. The best, no doubt, but liable to unfair excess. The Spaniards might complain, for example, that after being exhorted by every print in England, for weeks, to abandon a conflict which only an absurdly obstinate pride would carry on, they had no sooner done so than they were pitied on one side and jeered at from another for their pusillanimous contentment in defeat.

If we wish to keep the good opinion of the American people, we should be careful to avoid an appearance of anxious over-civility. It is a people in whom the democratic sentiment is strong and inbred. Even in dealings with themselves they like a little independence, especially in matters of opinion. It does not please them when, as if trembling for hopes and expectations unfulfilled, men smile where they think themselves expected to smile, frown by the same rule, and so comport themselves in everything. Of course the American people have their susceptibilities, and it is not only courteous but judicious to consider them;

but they are naturally annoyed when these susceptibilities bring upon them the treatment of irritable and fractious children. Of course this is amongst ourselves.

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More interesting to us, of course, than the great-little war which does not end in peace are our own affairs in farther Asia. But then we know nearly everything about the one, and only as much of the other as can be made out in the dark. The last week of August begins when this is written, Parliament is no longer in session to ask anxious questions and get grudging answers, and the nation is nearly as ignorant upon a matter of the utmost concern as if it had no right to know what is being done in it. Or rather, having every reason to believe from official papers that this great matter has been badly handled by the Government with bad results, our anxiety for some assurance of better guidance seems to be thought impertinent. Yet it ought to be admitted that we have reason.

Just at this hour, uncertainty as to what is going on, doubt as to what should be expected next, is greater than ever; though it cannot be said that anxiety has increased. On the contrary, there is a feeling as of something new in the situation that may improve it. An idea washes backward and forward in the public mind that the British and Russian Governments are trying to come to an understanding on a sphere of interest, open door, or perhaps some other basis. A more prevalent idea is that the sudden change of affairs in America, the appearance of that country in the East as an ambitious "world-power," the talk of an Anglo-American alliance more than all, have had a moderating effect in Russia; and that, although no positive agreement-making may be going on, the Czar's Government is disposed to be more accommodating with our own. It may be so. One thing is quite clear: the Anglo-American alliance project is being worked in the United States, if not in England. The real Government over there is press and people, as Mr McKinley acknowledges every day of his life; and just as the likelihood of European interference in the Philippines waxes or wanes, the American newspapers advance or retire the prospect of an Anglo-American alliance. That, of course, is fair and proper business for them; though when they assume that, in case of interference, England, the United States, and Japan will make short work of Russia, France, and Germany, they forget once more their own unpreparedness for the greater undertakings of war. It is a matter of course that the Russian Government should take account of the American awakening, and the likelihood of nearer relations between England and the United States. That it *must* do. But the consideration of these portents involves many calculations and cross calculations, and more than one course of action lies open from them. How these calculations may weigh against each other in Russian minds, which course of action will be decided upon, is no easy guess; yet there is some guidance in the old persistent habit of Russian statesmanship, which pushes on as if regardless of all barrier until it comes to a wall that cannot be leapt, and then gracefully calls a halt.

But whatever turn Russian statesmanship may take in this field of operations, reform in our own has become imperative. The strongest and wisest of Govern-

ments may find itself in such a position that no diplomacy it can invent will better things at the time: that we understand. A wise and strong Government should not get itself into such a position, but when it does it does, and there's an end on't. Thereafter, if it cannot mend matters except in slow and patient ways, it need not make them worse by inconsiderate, uncalculated, random effort; and that is what we have to complain of. More than once or twice British diplomacy has advanced to the protection of British interests in China with a bold and challenging air, and on every occasion has been thrown back beyond the point it started from. All that these efforts, or offers, ever accomplished was to feed with opportunity the diplomatic plan of campaign against England herself—the plan of exhibiting her before the world as a consciously declining and ineffective Power. To suffer defeat in this form is to lie and be bled to death; and even though we knew that to be the appointed end of the British empire, it would remain unnecessary to facilitate the process. While extremely anxious, the country has been very patient. It gives with both hands all that it is asked to give, that its Government may be able to speak at ease with the enemy in the gate. In return it has had every reason for disappointment, anger, rebellion; and that is really a state of things that has lasted long enough, as the best friends of the Government feel.

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It is Mr Darwin, I think, who reports that a distinguished scientific person was so dissatisfied with the construction of the human eye that "if," said he, "an optician had made such an instrument for me, I should certainly have sent it back." I myself have heard bitter complaint, from a great surgeon and man of thought, of a grievous ridiculous mistake in the make of us who are "the crown of things."

But though Science may find fault and experts grumble, it is not our own construction, or anything much in the world about us, that inspires the daring thought of other processes to happier results. The laws of growth are *perfection*. From infancy to maturity — whether of flower or tree, or woman or man —what are they but delightful wonders? But the laws of decay and *their* phenomena,—it is not only that they are no pleasure: our imperfect minds agree with our imperfect eyes in asking whether they must be all that they are. That everything must perish brings less distress into the world, I do believe, than the unsightliness of perishing things. That the generations must make way for each other, coming and going and being known no more, is no intolerable thought, and, even to those who don't like it, is attended by a sense of order and necessity which has much of the effect of soldierly obedience. But *must* decay be marked by so much unseemliness, and that so hurtful to the spirit, and felt so much like shame? Why not by less disfiguring signs?

Of course we know that by Nature's plan decrepitude should have no concealment: there are good reasons for its being plain to view. But we also know there is for some favoured souls a beautiful old age, and have never heard that it charms young people into marriage, which is all that Nature, for ever match-making, may be supposed to care about. And if there is for some a beautiful old age, it is without miracle.

A little does it. Some small modification of the tissues of the body of this flesh, and there would be a beauty of eld as well as of youth; and then, putting aside the little vanities and mere adornments of life, how much would be taken from the alienation and loneliness of the downward way.

When a great man like Bismarck dies, another questioning thought re-arises, and will not be put down by assertion of its futility. After all these years, is it creditable to the process of evolution that so much of Bismarck should be dead? As to the Bismarck that lies at Friedrichsruh, it has its heritors and we know what becomes of it. Not an atom perishes; its forces live, transformed, and will continue to play their part in some guise or other till the end of the world and after. But what of the other great forces and resources which, combined and harmonised in an organic whole, kept a world in awe? They are not where his wealth awaits dispensation; no part of them remains to enrich the dissolving elements of the Bismarck at Friedrichsruh; and it was not these that Herbert Bismarck took to Berlin in a pocket-book when he visited the bank there. They are altogether gone.

Would it not have been an improvement could their transference have been managed, either direct to legatees or under trust for realisation in the market? Only a few years ago this question would have seemed absurd; but now, believe in thought-transference (which is a scientific belief) and you are on the way to a reasonable as well as a fascinating speculation. Nature has done greater wonders; evolution is capable of anything; its final purpose is the perfecting of Man; and, unless by miracle, what better means to this end can be imagined than the conservation, capitalisation, redistribution, re-re-refructification of every choice growth of human faculty. Heavens! what a prospect opens at last to civilisation and progress! The story of the horseshoe nails, in all the finer endowments of the human mind! The hand of the mummy opens; the seven grains of wheat therein enclosed by death are rendered up; they are sown and sown anew till there are seven broad fields of wheat where there were seven grains. Which is a parable.

But from this parable starts up a horrid fear, and the name of the fear is Chicago. For if there be any means by which a Combine may "rope in" great parcels of such valuable property as the mental equipment of a Bismarck or a Tennyson, no doubt it will be discovered. Nor do such means seem hard to come by, while the temptation to employ them would be extraordinary. Nice quiet business — interesting, dignified; no warehousing, no staff to speak of, no necessary margin for freight, haulage, and suchlike charges to provide for. Since transfer would be by will in its simplest form (thought transference foretells the *modus operandi*), and since the goods would be always on the spot for uninterceptible delivery, it is evident that no traffic could be less hampered in transaction or less subject to control. There would be the danger: there a door would open for the middleman and monopolist to come in and buy up not merely the productions of human ingenuity but the great working faculties of mind itself.

How would that do? Include all fine faculty. Extend the view. The rivalry of syndicates. Corners. The locking up of stocks. Shorts

in commercial probity. Slumps in political courage. Kidnapping with intent to extort. Highway robbery, such as might conceivably be attempted upon Lord Salisbury at Contrexéville by some emissary of embarrassed and envious Russia: "Your Inflexible Resolution or your life!" Consider, too, what would happen in war. No treaty of peace would be granted by the victor which did not include in the indemnity clause surrender of all known military genius in the army of the vanquished. The result of this would be that an able general, starting with a fortunate victory or two, would end like the surviving spider of the silk-grower's experiment. Such a monster of capability might overrun the world, and probably would do so.

Once more we see, then, how much the imperfection of man contraries his perfectioning. Till he is far more regenerate, the realisation of our beautiful hope would probably do more harm than good. Yet it is delightful to think of the good. We think of the noble bequests, moral and intellectual, that would enrich the chiefs of all parties in Church and State. We think of the stimulus there would be to mental growth in the ambition to "cut up well" in a higher sense than the monetary; though it is true that some falling off in cash bequeathment might occur were the moral and mental qualities equally cultivated. We think, too, of the Exchange and Mart by means of which persons endowed with fine qualities they have little use for—the poor man's generosity, the lawyer's tenderness, the parson's valour, the poet's, actor's, politician's modesty —might barter the bulk of them for others of merely ornamental value to their present owners. The advantage there! We know how wealthy the world has grown by the exchange of material commodities which, a drug in one country, are turned to great account in another. We do not know how good the world will be when the riches of character that lie inert or run to waste in so many bosoms are brought under the commercial principle. It is a painful thought,—the quantity of virtue lodged within the human mind, and yet as unworked as were their diamonds and gold in the land of the Boers. But of this no more.

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Bismarck's great qualities — a selection from which would be worth a year's revenue to England just now — have gone and must go. Sorrow for him, and no gain to mortal wight, that he did not drop out of the world years before. Years before, and we know precisely when. He should have gone at sunset on the day that his old master died; for from that day little went well with him, while for his own part he did much that was ill without the statesman's compensations for doing ill things. There he had his punishment, the one that he would feel most; and when we think of what displeases us in the conduct of this great man, certain considerations should be constantly kept in mind. Statecraft is not, never was, and is never likely to be, an innocent business. It is a business the worst of which masters the best of its servants; a business in which a good man may do much that he loves to do, but which sometimes compels him to do much that he hates: and there is no help for him. From first to last, Bismarck's position was one in which statecraft is all war.

The wars of statecraft are like other wars, which, if understood literally, is saying enough; and the man who undertakes every detail of its conduct, working in all departments with both head and hand, must needs have a bad account against him at the end of thirty years. That is one consideration, and it reflects when Bismarck did perilously doubtful things to maintain his own tyrannical authority, their strongest impulse was not selfish but patriotic. He was supremely arrogant by nature, no doubt; his overflowing fund of that reproach being supplied from three original sources, independently of what was afterwards contributed by success. There was an exhilaration of spirit, deriving from a splendid animal physique, which harmonised with the qualities of a brain that might be called athletic. There was the unmistaken consciousness of superiority as an engine of thought and will; and, consciously or unconsciously, Bismarck possessed from youth up the heroic eye for magnitudes: seeing nothing daunting in mere magnitude. It is not surprising that such a man becomes overbearing when his deeds are a wonder; but as to Bismarck, his readiness to do anything almost, rather than see the government of Germany out of his hands, was anxiety in substance though arrogant in form. Conviction that affairs would be safe in no other hands may have been arrogant, if you please, and no doubt a good deal of personal indulgence went with it; but it was a conviction fathered by dread, and his assertion of it was for the country's sake in the first place, second place, third place. For his own honour and glory too, of course, but that as an attendant and not a primary consideration. The work of Bismarck's life was a passion that dominated every other in that stormy mind. Strange had it not been a great thing to him to be master in Germany; but his pride was to be and to be thought the greatest of her servants ever known, and the one that built most securely.

All the same, there is no denying that his solicitude on her account was sometimes expressed in words and ways unbecoming to greatness; and never did he fall so deeply into that error as when immediately after the old Emperor's death he made public his dislike of the accession of the Crown-Prince Frederick. It happens that 'Maga's' Looker-on had something to say in January last about this unfortunate period in the life of Bismarck, and the unseemly bickerings and intriguings which are best recalled to English minds, perhaps, by the name "Morell Mackenzie." Considering the immense sensation that was generated by that affair, and the rage against England that sprang out of it; considering (but this is not so generally known) the absolute insult that certain members of our royal family, women and men alike, had to endure; considering that the storm was brewed from a Bismarckian desire to "shunt" the Emperor Frederick altogether, but especially "an Empress yet more detestable than the Empress Augusta," and that the Emperor's son was engaged with Prince Bismarck in that unlovely business — it was surprising to see the little notice that was taken of it in the newspaper memoirs: or rather the none at all. The dissociation of the confederates in 1890 had its timid and necessarily uncertain chapter, but the tragic association of them in 1888 was skipped, although the opening of the story

had so dramatic a bearing on its close.

A full chronicle of the "scenes" that went on in Berlin's high places at this time is not to be expected in our day. The well-stimulated rancour against England passed all bounds; but yet it was less surprising than the personal animosities that raged within doors. It might be supposed, and but for one thing might be said, that the endeavour to keep Frederick from the throne was friendly — was inspired by solicitude for the ease and comfort of that true gentleman. The one thing that forbids was the most surprising in the whole imbroglio, — I mean the persistent blackening of his name, from high quarters, after he was in his grave and out of everybody's way. Time softens all things to remembrance, and it is so long since the frenzied months of the "Morier incident," the Diary tempest, and similar explosions, that most men forget how extravagant and how bitter was the attempt to lower the now reigning Emperor's father in the eyes of the people. Since this was so much Prince Bismarck's work, his dearest friend could wish, I think, that it had been his alone. But it was not. Emperor and Chancellor were still allies to that extent. The one permitted what the other contrived; and the open sign of permission was the ostentatious relegation of his father's name to obscurity by the Emperor. That is not forgotten, because the practice was continued with no abatement of austerity till quite the other day. It cannot be said that there were any "reasons of state" for that. But the whole episode had an unnatural look, was carried on in an unnatural way, and has an air of terribly superfluous cruelty about it, now we know how surely and how soon the unfortunate Frederick was to cease to trouble the situation.

In the hour of a great man's death, what interests us most is not the reviewing of his work for the world, but his "personality," and whatever relates to it or illustrates it. At present curiosity is more attentive to the later events in Bismarck's life, and his bearing under them, than to anything else in his history. For the belief is that these events affected him very deeply indeed; they are supposed to be especially "valuable" as bringing out his character — a phrase which usually means bringing out the worst of a character; and then, perhaps (for we must find a moral in everything), they may supply the moral of his whole career. But curiosity must be content for a while with what it can make out in semi-darkness. Those unfortunate two years too many are still under patches of heavy cloud, and there is no certainty that they will or can be cleared by the publication of Bismarck's memoirs. That he was impatiently anxious to give to the world his story of these two years is evident by many signs: one of which is the appearance in public print, on the day after his death, of his letter of resignation. And yet more information may be on the way through the public press; but if so, whether its accuracy will be admitted remains to be seen. Except for a passage hinting at the formation in the Emperor's breast of some original and explosive scheme of foreign policy, the letter is no revelation. It was sufficiently understood at the time that the Emperor's displeasure had been raised to boiling-point by Bismarck's determination not to sign or otherwise sanction

the social policy declared in the imperial edicts against poverty. Memory is not so mechanical but that it will hide away things which are humiliating to recall. Otherwise it would be an easy remembrance that these edicts were hailed even in this country as if a god had come down from the sky to utter them, with the requisite virtue in his voice to give them practical effect. Sub-conscious acknowledgment, probably, that without a certain infusion of miracle to make them go, they would be preposterous. No miracle, however, and therefore no go. If the plan of foreign policy which Bismarck could not put his name to was no wiser than the edicts, adoption of them would have been wicked. It is agreed, however, that before the strain came that sundered the master too young and the servant too old, they had discovered impossibility in their relations. This is visible in the last lines of Bismarck's dignified letter, where also may be read an expression of regret (how poignantly felt he could never say, be sure) that he ever renewed the service cancelled by his old master's death. Read this with an eye for its undermeanings :—

"I may humbly assume that by tendering my resignation I am complying with the desires of your Majesty, and that I may safely count upon its being graciously accepted. I should long ago have tendered the resignation of my offices to your Majesty had I not laboured under the impression that your Majesty desired to make use of the experiences and abilities of a faithful servant of your predecessors. Now that I know that your Majesty has no longer any use for these, I may retire from political life without any apprehension that my resolution will be judged inopportune by public opinion."

"Inopportune by public opinion." Those last words bring to rest the wondering inquiry, If Bismarck understood the character of his young prince in 1888, why did he run the risk of being cashiered by him? Now the character of his young prince was hardly known at all out of the palaces. Beyond those hushed abodes the one idea of him was that he was youthful. And what would have been thought by the Germans, princes and people, and what by Germany's allies, had the old pilot dropped his charge and gone home as soon as the young commander came on board?

Bismarck was not to be spared his humiliation, warning of which must have been on the wing and buzzing about his unaccustomed ears within three months of the young Emperor's accession. No time, however, would have prepared Bismarck to receive the blow tranquilly, if we may judge from its actual effect. At first—that is to say, for a day or two—there was a pretence of indifference; or perhaps the word should be illusion of indifference. Looking back to the first week of his retirement, we can imagine a diffused artificial idea of rest and relief all about him, and there was actual talk of happy devotion to the old business of the farm. But they of his household were never for a moment in that dream. The man who had ruled in Europe as the day-star rules the sky, who had made and unmade kingdoms, had slighted sovereigns, turning their high ambassadors over to his secretaries, he, being *this* man, might go forth spud in hand to count his pigs and speculate on his root-crop, but—it would not do. His wound was not to be cured by country air, and even the surprise of its infliction seems never to have quite died away. In that state of mind, sharpened by par-

oxysms of resentment which only worsened his care, the greatest man of the century (in his order of men) passed his last days. Congratulations to the German Emperor.

The story of those last days, but especially of the two years between his old master's arrest by death and his own dismissal by the Emperor, should be the most interesting part of Prince Bismarck's memoirs; for here there is most novelty, and more of the play of human nature. That the true inwardness of the campaign against the Crown-Prince Frederick's accession can be revealed is doubtful. It is hardly credible that it could have proceeded on the ground of the prince's Liberalism alone, though that might be considered a danger to the new unconsolidated empire in the encouragement to Socialism and the fears of Prussia's allies in and out of Germany. Considerations of a more domestic character were likewise at work, no doubt. If it was believed that the Crown-Prince Frederick's malady was incurable, and rapidly advancing, some State reasons for his standing aside would arise, though none of much importance. Family questions also would start up, and family finance. Though the Emperor William's son might live no more than six months on the throne (the unfortunate prince lived but for only a painful three), it would make a considerable difference in the *status* of his wife and daughters; and that was a difference which neither they nor the doomed husband and father might be so willing to make light of as did Bismarck and the young Prince William.

For one thing the Emperor Frederick could never have been forgiven—namely, for that passage in his Diary in which he made out that the unification of Germany immediately after the conquest of France was not to Bismarck's mind. It was Prince Frederick's proposal, and was not carried against the Chancellor's hesitation without the use of vigorous language. Bismarck's fury when this came out is well known from the prosecution of Dr Geffcken, who published extracts from the Emperor Frederick's Diary after his death; and I have a particular reason for remembering the Chancellor's denial. Not long before, a gentleman who had gone as high in political service as all but the most fortunate told me this story; and I may add that, being a diplomatist, he was a man accustomed to take note of important conversations.

The war was over, and German unification safely accomplished, when this gentleman met the Crown-Prince, and congratulated him on the aggrandisement of his House. "My congratulations were received coldly—so coldly that I began to wonder what unlucky word I had used. But there was a greater surprise to come; for he went on to say that he doubted whether there was very much cause for congratulation. 'My feeling,' he said, 'is much like that of a man who, after being congratulated by his steward on the deposit of a handsome sum of money at his bankers, finds that it is the price of all the timber on his estate, lately cut down." This was amazing; but he went on to give his reasons, which I found rather impressive.' And then came the reasons—in effect these: As a reigning family the Hohenzollerns hold in Prussia a position which they should be sorry to lose and loth to weaken. The King of Prussia is not only sovereign prince, crowned head, with all the prestige and authority of that

condition, but also, and before all that, chief of a clan, and surrounded with the devotion of clanship. The State was prosperous, ever steadily advancing, strong enough to take care of itself and seize whatever good hap fell in its way, without being a conspicuous mark for jealousy or much in the way of other ambitions. Question, then, whether it was wise to risk these advantageous conditions by submerging the clanship, and by entangling the fortunes of the House with those of other States which, in effect, were clans too—clans different in character, with histories of their own, jealous of domination, and strong enough and numerous enough to be dangerously disagreeable if affairs do not turn out well.

There! There have been times since the Emperor Frederick's death when these reasonings had point, though they seem to have very little now. But the question is, how to reconcile them, as reported by an entirely credible person who heard them from the prince's own mouth with the extracts from the Diary. They are far more accordant with what is generally known of Frederick's character and opinions than is the advice which, according to the Diary, he urged on Bismarck. Bismarck wrathfully denied that he needed any such urging or any such priming; and yet the Diary cannot err. But the Bismarck memoirs are to come.

* * *

The mourning over the Hooley revelations is pure waste. When he comes to the last paragraph of this article, the reader will take in between two winks of an eyelid more matter for melancholy than the whole yield of the reporters' notes in Hooley's case. There, indeed, is matter for rejoicing. Instead of sitting together and shaking our heads, we should rise up and sound the loud timbrel. Mr Hooley need not flatter himself that he did harm that good might come, for there is no evidence that he intended anything of the kind; yet enormous good has been the consequence of his ill-doing—the latest consequence, its discovery,—and he may (and will) console himself with the thought to the end of his days.

Most men with this gentleman's claims to notoriety have been considered sharp. Judging from his own representations of himself in the witness-box, Mr Hooley is a man of extremely simple mind who succeeded in making a great fortune by extremely simple means. Buying various large properties at a certain price, he immediately announced his intention to sell them at a far higher rate, without making any pretence of having added anything to their value. In some cases, perhaps in all, the difference between the buying and the selling price was known, and known to be enormous; and that really seems to have been the charm which so many of the shareholders in his companies are lamenting.

"Gigantic Enterprise.—Mr Hooley has bought up the well-known and lucrative business of the Wimbledon Water-cress Grounds. It is understood that he paid for this property £500,000; and that he is about to offer it to the public for £1,200,000 in £5 shares."

Duly receiving this offer, the public buy; but not without other persuasion than the idea—the primal idea and the most seductive—that Mr Hooley's astonishing eye for good things had caught at a bargain so precious that it could not be passed on except at a very large premium. This is exactly the sort of notion that the

public mind is most open to, and the most inducive of a "rush." But other aids to enthusiasm are needed; and the beauty of a margin like that, say, between half a million and a million is, that these aids may be provided therefrom regardless of expense, and yet leave a handsome residue for the promoter-in-chief. There is the plan — a slight variation from the usual process, and simplicity itself.

But the aids. The aids are all innocent in principle, and some are desirable in themselves. Advertisement is indispensable. Advertisement by circular and the newspapers is the only way for business of this character, and both are obviously unobjectionable. But whether the business advertised be good or bad, the newspaper can hurt or help it. City editors can say the alarming word or suppress it—the inviting word, or withhold it; and here is an open field for corrupt bargaining—a field wide, tenebrous, tempting altogether, yet very little frequented. That newspapers have been started with one hope and one design — the hope of being bribed and the purpose of extorting hush-money—is perfectly well known, of course; but a print of that sort no more belongs to journalism than piracy to trade. Could the secrets of all offices be opened, it would appear that no press in the world is comparable with our own for integrity in money matters. Till Mr Hooley begins to prove the corruption of the British newspaper press, its readers may continue to believe it unapproachable by bribery.

Of desirable aids to Hooley enterprises and the like, the chief is a list of "distinguished" persons as directors. Not Mr Hooley alone, but some of his critics have spoken as if they understood by that an ornamental list; but it will not do to look at the matter in that way. Obviously, a distinguished list of directors is wanted for the reason that investors can hardly ever know the value of the shares they are invited to buy or think of buying, and would not take a promoter's word for it. When they look to a list of directors they look for a guarantee on that important point, which the detail of the prospectus does not supply and the name of the projector (if they happen to know it) cannot. What I have called a guarantee is really no more than an assumption. But the assumption is this: that no man of honour would lend his name to an invitation for subscriptions to a trade enterprise without making sure, or what is called "pretty sure," that the scheme is on an honest and a promising foundation. Further: that the more careful a man is of his good name, the more certain is it that he will take this trouble.

But how is the man of honour to be known? I being an obscure person (like most investors nowadays), unacquainted with city magnates or other great commercial people, yet do know that there are thousands of most honourable, scrupulous, careful men all over the country with whom it would be safe to go into any business. But the names of them are to me as Brown, Smith, Robinson; and when the name of any particular Brown appears on a company prospectus it tells me nothing at all. I cannot found upon it the assumption which is my indispensable guarantee.

Hence the demand for a distinguished board of directors; and hence the attractiveness of a title —of noble old names. The notion that such names bring a charm into "the front page" of a circular

prospectus because "the Englishman loves a lord," is strangely mean and shallow. Such names work the charm desired for a reason pleasant and honourable every way, as long as it remains well rooted—which may not be much longer. Duke of Somerset, Earl of Warwick, Lord Albemarle, Lord de la Warr: I, the obscure investor, desiring the pleasure of knowing that the company my bit of money goes into has men of honour on the board, am satisfied at once on seeing such names. Not, however, because I love a lord, but because I think myself safe in saying, "Though without knowledge of these gentlemen individually, I know them in a class of men who are extremely tender of their personal credit. *Noblesse oblige* is remembered amongst them for their own sake; and they are least likely to forget it when all that the obligation implies is offered with their names in an affair of trade speculation."

Now the nobleman-director is as well aware of this as the subscribers who are drawn into the company by his name. He knows that what he offers to the public on "the front page" is not skill but the other and equally desirable thing; and he is conscious of being taken at his word. Therefore between himself and these subscribers there is an understanding which from first to last, and all through, goes upon honour.

But suppose the name of the nobleman-director has been *sold* to the promoters of the company, and sold (being so precious an article) for a great price? What must I think of the transaction when I find it out? What of myself in the case, and what of him? Of the transaction, that the thing sold, lost, or rather changed its character when it became a commodity; so that when offered to me it was a deceit. Of myself in the matter, that my trust in an understanding all of honour has been cheated. Of him, that he must feel that I have a right to say so.

We must suppose from recent revelation that this, which is the right view, does not always present itself to City directorates in due severity. Now, however, coupled with an "awful warning," it is visible all across the sky. Henceforth, when "noblemen and gentlemen of the highest standing" are solicited to give their names to a joint-stock association, they will understand more clearly what they are asked for, the use it will be put to, and what may become of it unless they are careful. Without being a commodity, it may yet be a decoy; and as decoy it may be found in the mud unless the promise implied in the giving of their names is redeemed. Men who voluntarily stand forth to answer for the respectability of a commercial association must see that it is respectable. When they do so, they may as well be peers as commoners. Peers and men of like distinction are even preferable; for habitual guardianship of a great name breeds vigilance, sharpens the difference between black and white, and engenders suspicion of the greys. When incapacity for business is alleged, it is oftener an excuse than an accusation; and we may remember that whenever a joint-stock company breaks down under guilty mismanagement, the wonder is not the secrecy of the causes of ruin, but their openness to detection by any pair of eyes. The better counsel, however, for Britain's nobility is to avoid all concern with the "guinea-pig" profession. That might be left to

poorer gentlemen as capable and honest as any, and with more time for their trust.

* * *

Light is breaking in upon the dark places of earth, no man asking whether it is good to unveil everything, nor woman either. Yet there is little joy in some kinds of revelation. This is no heaven that we inhabit. It is not as if we poor mortals could do without illusion, or that our lives could spare the glamour of which every beggar has a share; nor, though it is well to know ourselves through and through, is it quite well to know each other with the same completeness. Judge by this familiar example. We who are men would not choose to be known throughout by the women we love, nor women to the men who love them. And the more innocent sex has the stronger objection.

Yet, of the two, this one is busiest in destroying the illusions which have so long made man happy and woman comfortable. Generation after generation, the one has known nothing of the other except as a mystery, and (generally speaking) a beautiful mystery. Even in days within remembrance, women kept the inner tabernacle of their hearts so dark that what they really thought of love, marriage, and man could never be positively stated in any individual case. The assumption from various evidence was, however, that though they dreamed of love as the rose dreams of the nightingale, of marriage they thought little and of man not at all. That was the impression; and if an occasional instance to the contrary was encountered, some uncommon attraction in the observer usually explained it. The general impression remained; we of the sterner sex liked it and cherished it — to our "credit," Miss Corelli thinks; and if we may suppose no feigning in the other sex, but an instinctive shrinking from "analysis" as destructive of the charm and perhaps the sweetness of their dreams, both had something to lose in the way of illusion which neither could afford to part with. But now—now it is to be allowed no longer. It could only be destroyed by women themselves, and they press into the lamentable business. One after another they come forward—revealing, explaining, denuding, publishing; with all the effect upon mortified men-folk (but worse) of having attention forced to the details of the morning toilette. Which are innocent too, for that matter.

It is bad business all round. Even this little book, 'The Modern Marriage Market,' though written with the best intentions and (in parts) with good sense and good feeling, had been better let alone. In the female heart there is the drawing-room, and—besides other apartments of course—there is the dressing-room. Admitted to the female heart, *our* place is the drawing-room. But when women begin the intimate discussion of subjects no longer to be considered delicate, apparently, they are too often led on to set the dressing-room door ajar; and, really, we had rather not. Neither to the counting-house department, though that is all right too. Nor to the place where the old affections hang up. Nor to the more secret place prepared for an illicit occupant in case we should turn out unsatisfactory owners. Nor to the closet where, as Mrs F. A. Steel assures us, we shall soon lie shut in like the waxen effigies of dead kings in Westminster Abbey,

though we still fancy ourselves alive and so considered.

Mrs Steel is one of the four ladies who wrote 'The Modern Marriage Market,' each saying her own say from behind her own tea-table. There is the incomparable Miss Corelli, who is all for love and the world well lost; Lady Jeune, who is for losing neither the one nor the other, and (very sensibly) sees no reason against making the best of both; then comes Mrs Steel, who has but a poor opinion of love, refuses to spell it with a capital L, doesn't understand why its gratification should be considered more virtuous in one young lady than the pleasure of another in being rich, approves of marriage as the gingerbread of life, but yet would eliminate the man as much as possible. Lastly, there is the Countess of Malmesbury, who, taking the other ladies for a text, writes about the whole unhappy business in a tone of high divine despair.

It is better not to believe Miss Corelli. A woman herself (a fact to which we shall presently return), she gives so dreadful an account of the women of society that it *can't* be true. When she speaks of "our throwing to the winds all dainty feminine reserve, delicacy, and modesty," she is comparatively mild. Still in that state of mind, she admits a difference between Stamboul and London, inasmuch as British women do not exactly "stand stripped in the market-place, to be appraised and purchased by a sensualist and ruffian for so much money down." Neither does British man "stand with bound hands and manacled feet" in the same situation, "till some luxurious wanton of the world buys him" into "unnatural bondage." But now she breaks out with, "What of London? What of the 'season,' when women are as coolly 'brought out' to be sold as any unhappy Armenian girl that ever shuddered at the lewd gaze of a Turkish tyrant? What of the mothers and fathers who force their children into the open market? Come! face the thing out!" So the moralist runs on, with now an assertion that young Englishwomen of the higher classes are about as mercenary as their mothers, and now inquiring "if it is too much to ask of them that they should refuse to be stripped to the bosom and exposed for sale in the modern drawing-rooms of the season?"

These little extracts are taken from Miss Corelli's exercise, not as testimony to the decline of "feminine reserve" where she points an accusing finger — that is *her* theme; but as illustrations of the falling off when women publicly discuss the thoughts, emotions, desires, and conduct of women—which is *our* theme. She means well. She is genuinely indignant though not quite accurate. She is truly anxious that women should not fling away the respect of men by "throwing to the winds all feminine reserve." But we do not find much reserve in all this about lewd eyes, stripped bosoms, luxurious wantons who buy men into unnatural unions, and the rest of it. There are ways of saying what Miss Corelli had to say in speech more civil, and without the projection of images so bold. But she can answer that they are nothing to what has been read elsewhere, of late, on similar themes.

Miss Corelli's essay is all high romance. Mrs Steel's is not merely the negation but the assassination of romance. "Sell yourself for money and what a wretch you are," cries the one, "when both God and Nature call on you to give yourself for love!" Says the

other, "I would ask what ethical difference there is in selling yourself for love or for money, if mere personal pleasure lies at the bottom of the bargain?" And "I make bold to say that there is none. The girl who gives herself for passion is quite as mercenary as the one who sells herself for gold. Both claim their own desire, irrespective of everything but themselves." She also wishes to know why it is a virtue to yield obedience to the love-instinct as if it were the voice of God. "That it is so is the teaching which nine-tenths of us almost give to our girls." The novelists all agree in the same doctrine, yet "the emotion which leads to wedding-bells in the sentimental novel is virtually the same which, in the realistic novel, culminates in the necessity for Propriety to use the 'candle, the bell, and the book.'" Mrs Steel knows well the retort that awaits her — that she does not understand what Love means. She misses the fact that "even admitting the earthly element, which must count for something, there still remains the mental sympathy, the friendship, the honest unselfish desire to stand by each other, to do the best by each other in every way, which is the essence of real love." "Of course it is," says she. "And now I ask why this should need the sanction of a brief ephemeral passion." And again she "would ask each thinking woman whether our present ideal of what justifies marriage" (love, to wit) "does not put St George's, Hanover Square, into dangerous proximity with Piccadilly"?

There is another question, perhaps: Whether such discussions, thrown into public print, may not put some "young persons" into dangerous proximity with Piccadilly? But Mrs Steel has her own ideal to communicate, and it must not be omitted. The woman is happiest and best advised, she thinks, who says to herself, "I do not expect intense personal gratification, but I wish to marry, to have a home and children, to take my share in the glory and toil, and here is my chance." Analyse this, and you will find in it a higher ideal of life than obtains with us generally. In India, "even nowadays, when error has obscured so much, marriage is not a personal matter as it is with us: it is a duty to the race. . . . We must go back to what our Eastern sisters have never left,—the sanction of home and motherhood."

And now these questions might be beneficially left awhile, for private discussion in the British zenana.

* * *

To conclude, I commend the following little paragraph, cut from a newspaper, to the reader's attention. He has read less, many and many a time (and perhaps within the last ten minutes), in pages more numerous than here there are lines. The age of M. Eugène Gluck is a noticeable point.

Our Paris correspondent announces the death, at the age of seventy-eight, of M. Eugène Gluck, an Alsatian, and one of the many brilliant pupils of Gabriel Guerin, the Strasburg artist. His talents did not find sufficient scope in the engravings and porcelain and paperhanging designs by which he was obliged to earn a livelihood.

Printed by William Blackwood and Sons.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCCXCVI. OCTOBER 1898. Vol. CLXIV.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHILD.[1]

CHAPTER I.—LOOKING BACKWARD.

The picture is clear before me of the day I first walked. My mother, a handsome, cold-eyed woman, who did not love me, had driven out from town to nurse's cottage. I shut my eyes, and I am back in the little parlour with its spindle chairs, an old-fashioned piano with green silk front, its pink-flowered wall-paper, and the two wonderful black-and-white dogs on the mantelpiece. There were two pictures I loved to gaze upon — Robert Emmett in the dock, and Mary Stuart saying farewell to France. I do not remember my mother's coming or going. Memory begins to work from the moment nurse put me on a pair of unsteady legs. There were chairs placed for me to clutch, and I was coaxingly bidden to toddle along, "over to mamma." It was very exciting. First one chair had to be reached, then another fallen over, till a third tumbled me at my mother's feet. I burst into a passion of tears, not because of the fall, but from terror at finding myself so near my mother. Nurse gathered me into her arms and began to coo over me, and here the picture fades from my mind.

My nurse loved me devotedly, and of course spoiled me. Most of the villagers helped her in this good work, so that the first seven years of my childhood, in spite of baby-face unblest by mother's kiss, were its happiest period. Women who do not love their children do well to put them out to nurse. The contrast of my life at home and the years spent with these rustic strangers is very shocking.

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The one petted, cherished, and untroubled; the other full of dark terrors and hate, and a loneliness such as grown humanity cannot understand without experience of that bitterest of all tragedies — unloved and ill-treated childhood. But I was only reminded of my sorrow at nurse's on the rare occasion of my mother's visits, or when nurse once a-month put me into my best clothes, after washing my face with blue mottled soap — a thing I detested — and carried me off on the mail-car to town to report my health and growth. This was a terrible hour for me. From a queen I fell to the position of an outcast. My stepfather alone inspired me with confidence. He was a big handsome man with a pleasant voice, and he was always kind to me in a genial, thoughtless way. He would give me presents which my mother would angrily seize from me and give to her other children, not from love, for she was hardly kinder to them than to me, but from an implacable passion to wound, to strike the smile from any face around her, to silence a child's laughter with terror of herself. She was a curious woman, my mother. Children seemed to inspire her with a vindictive animosity, with a fury for beating and banging them, against walls, against chairs, upon the ground, in a way that it seems miraculous to me now how they were saved from the grave and she from the dock.

She had a troop of pretty engaging children, mostly girls, only one of whom she was ever known to kiss or caress, and to the others she was worse than the traditional stepmother of fairy tale. It was only afterwards I learned that those proud creatures I, in my abject solitude, hated and envied, lived in the same deadly fear of her that her cold blue eyes and thin cruel lips inspired me with.

But there were, thank God! many bright hours for me, untroubled by her shadow. I was a little sovereign lady in my nurse's kindly village, admired and never thwarted. I toddled imperiously among a small world in corduroy breeches and linsey skirts, roaming unwatched the fields and lanes from daylight until dark. We sat upon green banks and made daisy chains, and dabbled delightedly with the sand of the pond edges, while we gurgled and chattered and screamed at the swans.

The setting of that nursery biography is vague. It seemed to me that the earth was made up of field beyond field, and lanes that ran from this world to the next, with daisies that never could be gathered, they were so many; and an ocean since has impressed me less with the notion of immensity of liquid surface than the modest sheet of water we called the Pond. Years afterwards I walked out from town to that village, and how small the pond was, how short the lanes, what little patches for fields so sparsely sprinkled with daisies! A more miserable disillusionment I have not known.

I have always marvelled at the roll of reminiscences and experiences of childhood told consecutively and with coherence. Children live more in pictures, in broken effects, in unaccountable impulses that lend an unmeasured significance to odd trifles to the exclusion of momentous facts, than in story. This alone prevents the harmonious fluency of biography in an honest account of our childhood. Memory is a random vagabond, and plays queer tricks with

proportion. It dwells on pictures of relative unimportance, and revives incidents of no practical value in the shaping of our lives. Its industry is that of the idler's, wasteful, undocumentary, and untrained. For vividness without detail, its effects may be compared with a canvas upon which a hasty dauber paints a background of every obscure tint in an inextricable confusion, and relieves it with sharply defined strokes of bright colour.

Jim Cochrane, my everyday papa, as I called him, was a sallow-faced man with bright black eyes, which he winked at me over the brim of his porter-measure, as he refreshed himself at the kitchen fire after a hard day's work. He was an engine-driver, and once took me on the engine with him to the nearest station, he and a comrade holding me tight between them, while I shrieked and chattered in all the bliss of a first adventure.

This is a memory of sensation, not of sight. I recall the rush through the air, the sting, like needle-points against my cheeks and eyelids, of the bits of coal that flew downward from the roll of smoke, the shouting men laughing and telling me not to be afraid, the red glare of the furnace whenever they slid back the grate opening, the whiff of fright and delight that thrilled me, and, above all, the confidence I had that I was safe with nurse's kind husband.

Poor Jim! His was the second dead face I looked upon without understanding death. The ruthless disease of the Irish peasant was consuming him then, and he died before he had lived half his life through.

CHAPTER II.—MARY JANE.

Mary Jane was my first subject and my dearest friend. She lived in a little cottage at the top of the village that caught a tail-end view of the pond and the green from the back windows.

It is doubtful if I ever knew what calling her father followed, and I have forgotten his name. But Mary Jane I well remember, and the view from those back windows. She was older than I, and was a very wise little woman, without my outbursts of high spirits and inexplicable reveries. She had oiled black curls, the pinkest of cheeks, and black eyes with a direct and resolute look in them, and she read stories that did not amuse or interest me greatly, because they were chiefly concerned with good everyday boys and girls. She tried to still a belief in fairies by transforming them into angels, but she made splendid daisy chains, and she could balance herself like a bird upon the branches that overhung the pond.

Here she would swing up and down in fascinating peril, her black curls now threatening confusion with the upper branches, her feet then skimming the surface of the water. It was a horrible joy to watch her, and calculate the moment when the water would close over branch and boots and curls.

My first attempt to imitate her resulted in my own immersion, and a crowd to the rescue from the nearest public-house. After the shock and the pleasant discovery that I was not drowned, and was really nothing the worse for my bath, I think I enjoyed the sensa-

tion of being temporarily regarded in the light of a public personage. But Mary Jane howled in a rustic abandonment to grief. She told me afterwards she expected to be taken to prison, and believed the Queen would sentence her to be hanged. It took longer to comfort her than to doctor me.

It was some time after that before I again attempted to swing upon the branches over the pond, but contented myself with feeding the swans from the bank upon a flat nauseous cake indigenous to the spot, I believe, which a shrivelled old woman used to sell us at a stall hard by. There were flower-beds and a rustic *châlet* near the pond, which now leads me to conclude that the green was a single-holiday resort, for I remember a good deal of cake-crumbs, orange-peels, and empty ginger-beer bottles about the place.

The old woman was very popular with us. Even when we had no pennies to spend, she would condescend to chat with us as long as we cared to linger about her stall of delights, and she sometimes wound up the conversation by the gift of our favourite luxury, a crab-apple.

I fear there was not one of us that would not cheerfully have signed away our future both here and hereafter for an entire trayful of crab-apples. Each tray held twelve, placed two and two, like school-ranks; and I know not which were the more bewitching to the eye, the little trays or the demure double rows of little apples. The child rich enough to hold out a pinafore for Bessy to wreck this harmony of tray and line by pouring twelve heavenly balls into it, asked nothing more from life in the way of pleasure.

The pride of Mary Jane's household was an album containing views of New York, whither Mary Jane's eldest brother had gone. New York, his mother told us, was in America. The difficulty for my understanding was to explain how any place so big as New York could find another place big enough to stand in. Why was New York in America and not America in New York?

Neither Mary Jane nor her mother could make anything of my question. They said you went across the sea in a ship to New York, and when they added that the sea was all water, I immediately thought that they must mean the pond, and that if I once got to the other side of it I should probably find America and New York.

Until then I had believed the other side of the pond to be heaven, because the sky seemed to touch the tops of the trees. But it was nicer to think of it as America, because there was a greater certainty of being able to get back from America than from heaven, —above all, when I was so unexpectedly made acquainted with the extremely disagreeable method by which little children are transported thither.

I do not know where nurse can have taken Mary Jane and me once. I have for years cherished the idea that it was to Cork, which was a long way off; but I am assured since that she never took me anywhere in a train, and that certainly I never was in Cork.

This is a mystery to me, for the most vivid recollection of those early years is a train journey with nurse and Mary Jane. I remember the train steaming slowly into a station: the hurry, the bustle, the different tone of voices round me, and

Mary Jane's knowing exclamation, "Angela, this is Cork, one of the biggest towns of Ireland—as fine, they say, as Dublin."

Now, if I were never in Cork, never travelled with nurse and Mary Jane, will any one explain to me how I came to remember those words so distinctly? Odder still, I am absolutely convinced that nurse took my hand in an excited grasp, and led me, bewildered and enchanted, through interminable streets full of such a diversity of objects and interests as dazed my imagination like a blow. Not that I was unacquainted with city aspects; but this was all so different, so novel, so much more brilliant than the familiar capital!

I remember the vivid shock of military scarlet in a luminous atmosphere, and smiling foreign faces, and several ladies stopped to look at me and cry, "Oh, the little angel!" I was quite the ideal wax doll, pretty, delicate, and abnormally fair. I believe Mary Jane worshipped me because of the whiteness of my skin and for my golden hair.

Memories of this journey I never made and of this town I never visited do not end here. After eternal wanderings through quite the liveliest streets I have ever known, without remembrance of stopping, of entrance or greetings, I find myself in an unfamiliar room with nurse, Mary Jane, a strange lady, and my mother. My mother was dressed in pale green poplin, and looked miraculously beautiful. I know the dress was poplin, because nurse said so when I touched the long train and wondered at its stiffness.

She looked at me coldly, and said to nurse—

"That child has had sunstroke. I never saw her so red. You must wash her in new milk."

Whereupon she rang a bell, and cried out to somebody I did not see to fetch a basin of milk and a towel. I shuddered at the thought that perhaps my mother would wash my face instead of nurse, for I dreaded nothing so much as contact with that long white hand of sculptural shape.

Among the mysteries of my life nothing seems so strange to me as the depth of this physical antipathy to my mother. The general reader to whom motherhood is so sacred will not like to read of it. But to suppress the most passionate instinct of my nature, would be to suppress the greater part of my mental and physical sufferings. As a baby I went into convulsions, I am told, if placed in my mother's arms. As a child, a girl, nothing has been so dreadful to me as the most momentary endurance of her touch.

Once when I was threatened with congestion of the brain from over-study, I used to lie in frenzied apprehension of the feel of her hand on my brow, and she was hardly visible in the doorway before a nervous shudder shook my frame, and voice was left me to mutter, "Don't touch me! oh, don't touch me!" Her glance was quite as repulsive to me, and I remember how I used to feel as if some one were walking over my grave the instant those unsmiling blue eyes fell upon me. An instinct stronger than will, even in advanced girlhood, inevitably compelled me to change my seat to get without their range.

On this occasion it was my mother who washed my face in new milk. The fragrance and coolness of the milk were delicious, if only a rougher and coarser hand had rubbed my cheeks.

While still submitting to the process, I stared eagerly round the room. There was a grand piano in black polished wood, the sofa was blue velvet and black wood, and the carpet a very deep blue. The air smelt of gilly-flowers, and there were big bunches in several vases. Yet my mother assures me she never met me at Cork or elsewhere, never washed my face in new milk, is unacquainted with that black piano, the blue velvet sofa, and the gilly-flowers.

She admits she did possess a pale green robe of poplin with an enormous train, bought for a public banquet given to distinguished Americans, but doubts if I ever saw it. Nurse, whom I questioned years after, laughed at the idea as at a nightmare.

Still that journey to Cork, Mary Jane's words and my mother's, the bowl of new milk, the green poplin dress, the blue-and-black sofa, the grand piano, and the gillyflowers, remain the strongest haunting vision of those years.

The first sampler I ever saw was worked by Mary Jane. I associate the alphabet in red and green wool with shining blue-back curls behind a bright-green tracery of foliage upon a blue sky.

Mary Jane used to sit upon a high bank, and work assiduously at her sampler. I thought her achievement very wonderful, but I own I never could see anything in coloured wools and a needle to tempt an imaginative child. So much sitting still was dull, and the slow growth of letters or sheep or flowers exasperating to young nerves on edge. My affection for Mary Jane, however, was so strong that I gallantly endeavoured to learn from her, but it was in the butterfly season, and there was my friend Johnny Burke racing past after a splendid white butterfly.

What was the letter "B" in alternate stitches of red and green in comparison with the capture of that butterfly?

So the child, Shakespeare tells us, is always mother of the woman, and not even the sane and sobering influence of the years has taught me that serious matters are of greater consequence than the catching of some beautiful butterfly. As I bartered childhood to agreeable impulses, so have I bartered youth and middle age, and if I now am a bankrupt in the face of diminishing impulses, who is to blame, after all, but perverse and precarious nature?

What became of Mary Jane I have never known. Upon my memory she is eternally impaled: a child of indefinite years from eight to eleven, with oily ringlets and clear black eyes, pink-cheeked, smiling, over-staid for her age (except in the matter of swinging recklessly over the pond), working samplers, telling a group of unlettered babies exceedingly moral tales, devoted to me and to a snub-nosed doll I abhorred; with inexhaustible gifts, including a complete knowledge of the views of New York, an enthusiasm for that mysterious being Mary Stuart, and an acquaintance with national grievances vaguely embodied in a terror of Queen Victoria's power over her Irish subjects.

She must have grown into a woman of principle and strong views.

CHAPTER III.—MY BROTHER STEVIE.

I must have been about five when my sovereignty was seriously threatened by the coming of Stevie. The ceremony of arrival I do not remember. He seems to have started into my life like Jack out of his box to kneel for ever in his single attitude,—upon a sofa, with his elbows on a little table drawn up in front of the sofa, and his head resting either on one or both palms.

Do not ask me if he ever slept, lay down, or walked as other children. I have no memory of him except kneeling thus upon the parlour sofa, looking at me or out of the window with beautiful unearthly eyes of the deepest brown, full of passionate pain and revolt. Only for my tender nurse did this fierce expression soften to a wistfulness still more sad.

That Stevie's head was impressive, almost startlingly great, even eyes so young as mine could discern. Auburn hair the colour of rich toned wood, that only reveals the underlying red when the sun or firelight draws it out, and looks like heavy shadow upon a broad white forehead when no gleam is upon it; strong features not pinched but beautified by disease, and a depth and eloquence of regard such as are rarely looked for under children's lids.

The head expressed not pathos so much as tragedy. The frame I never saw; I cannot tell if Stevie were tall or dwarfed. A tipsy town nurse had dropped him down the length of two long flights of stairs, and a strong child's back was broken.

He did not bear his sorrow patiently, I fear, but with sullen courage and with a corrosive silent fretting. He hated me in envy of my health and nimble limbs, but what he hated still more than even the sight of my vivacious pleasures was any question about his health. I never saw a glance so deadly as that with which he responded to the kindly hope of Mary Jane's mamma that his back was feeling better. If a look could kill, Mary Jane had been motherless on the spot.

But alas for me! no longer a sole sovereign. My serene *al fresco* kingdom was invaded by the darker passions. I did not like Stevie. He was a boy a little girl might be sorry for in her better moments, but could not love.

He was querulous whenever I was near, and had a spiteful thirst for whatever I had set my heart upon. Nurse transferred the better part of her affection and attention to him. This was as it should be, but I was sadly sore about it in those unreasoning times. The little packages of round hard sweets in transparent glazed paper, pink and violet, that Jim Cochrane used to bring me home from the big shop we called the Co. (*i.e.*, Co-operative Store), were now offered to Stevie, who took all my old privileges as his due.

Even Mary Jane would sit on the window-sill, when she should have been playing with me outside, and gaze at him in prolonged owlish fascination, drawn by the fierce pain of those suffering eyes, with their terrible tale of revolt and anger. Stevie got into the way of tolerating Mary Jane's society.

You see she could sit still for hours; she was a quiet little body who enjoyed her sampler and a book—not a creature of nerves, that raced and danced through the hours and was dropped into slumber by

exhausted limbs. He would even let Mary Jane sit at his table and stroke his white hand with an air of deprecating tenderness, while he stared silently out upon the noisy green, where boys and girls were romping with straight backs and strong limbs.

What wonder this poor little fellow with the soul of a buccaneer hated us all. Did his favourite books, read and re-read, not amply reveal his tastes, though of these he never spoke? The lust of travel, of adventure, of daring deed filled his dreaming, and yet he never had the courage to ask a soul if he should one day be well and fit to meet the glory of active manhood.

Let remembrance dwell rather with this thought than upon the darker side of his temper—upon the subtle cruelty of the glance that met mine, upon the quiver of baffled desire that shook his fine nostrils and the vindictive clutch of his bloodless fingers whenever I thoughtlessly raced near him. If he gave me my first draught of the soul's bitters, I still owe him pity and love, and I had my pleasures abroad to console me for his hate.

There were the wide fields and the birds, the swans on the pond, our friend the applewoman, and a band of merry shock-headed playmates outside for me. There were the seasons for my choosing: the spring lanes in their bloomy fragrance; the warm summer mornings, when it was good to sit under trees and pretend to be a bewitched palace waiting for the coming of the prince, or dabble on the brim of pool edges; the autumn luxuriance of fallen leaves, which lent the charmed excitement of rustle to our path along the lanes; and the frost of winter, with the undying joys of sliding and snowballs and the fun of deciphering the meaning of Jack Frost's beautiful pictures on the window-panes and his tricks upon the branches.

If Stevie disliked my restlessness, it gave him great satisfaction to despise my artistic sensibilities, and jeer at my lack of learning. I adored music, and often amused myself for hours at a time crooning out what I must have conceived as splendid operas, until my voice would break upon a shower of tears.

I naturally thought my wordless singing must be very beautiful to move me to such an ecstasy of emotion, and I think I enjoyed the tears even more than my melancholy howling. But Stevie did not. On the first occasion of this odd performance, he watched me in a convulsion of unjoyous laughter.

"What an awful fool you are, Angela!" he hissed, when he saw the pathetic tears begin to roll quickly down my cheeks. I rushed from the parlour, and the sweet water of artistic emotion turned into the bitter salt of chagrin.

I must have inherited this tendency from my mother's father, a music-daft Scotsman, who was never quite sure whether he was Hamlet or Bach. At long intervals he would stroll out of town by the Kildare road in an operatic cloak and a wide-leafed sombrero, to inspect us. He had a notion that I, if left to my own devices, might turn out a second Catherine Hayes, and after his visits I invariably returned to my dirges and cantatas with ardour.

During the year that Stevie lived at nurse's, visits from the people I significantly called my Sunday parents (because, I suppose, I wore my Sunday frock and shoes in their honour) were more frequent. Golden-haired little ladies, in silk frocks and poky bonnets, came and looked at me

superciliously. The bland hauteur of one of those town creatures in superior raiment once maddened me to that degree (it was the dog-days, no doubt) that I walked up to the chair on which she complacently sat, and bit her cheek.

This naturally afforded my mother an excuse for pronouncing me dangerous and prolonging my absence from the family circle.

I was, I will admit, a desperate little spitfire, full of uncontrollable passion. But I had some rudimentary virtue, I am glad to know. I never lied, and I was surprisingly valiant for a delicately-built little girl.

I cannot remember the period of transition, but I suddenly see Stevie in quite a new part. The vitality and unfathomable yearning burnt themselves out of his eyes, and there was a wearied gentleness in them even for me. He would watch me quiescently without envy or bitterness, and speak to me in slow unfamiliar tones. He turned with indifference from his books, and seemed to know no active desires.

"Does your back hurt, Stevie?" I asked, staring at him solemnly. Even now I can feel the moving sadness of his grave look.

"It always hurts;" and then he added, with a ring of his old spite, "but you needn't be sorry for me, Angela."

"I am sorry, ever so sorry, Stevie," I sobbed, not knowing why.

"I wasn't good to you at all," he muttered, dreamily.

"Oh, I don't mind now. I'm fonder of you, Stevie. I wish you'd get well, I do. I wouldn't mind being ill to keep you company."

"I think I'd be fond of you, Angela, if I got well. Would you mind"—he looked at me uneasily for help in his awkwardness, and then a little pink colour came into his cheek, and he spoke so low that it was hard to hear him—"I think I'd like you to put your arms round my neck and kiss me, Angela."

It was our first kiss and our last. The impulsive affection of my embrace pleased him, and he kept my cheek near his for some moments, while in silence we both gazed out upon the blotch of dusty green that mingled with the pale blue of the sky. I feared to move or even wink an eyelid, this new mood of Stevie's so awed me.

"You may have my books and my penknife," said Stevie, breaking the spell. "They're awful nice books. Grandpa gave them to me. I'll explain the pictures to-morrow. But perhaps you wouldn't like boys' books, Angela," he said, dejectedly, and scanned my face in a humble way.

"Oh yes, I would," I cried, eagerly.

"Then you'll be fonder of me," he sighed, satisfied. "Grandpa once read me about a little boy that was ill like me, and he had a sister. He was very fond of her. He didn't hate people that are well, like me, but I don't think that's true, Angela. A boy can't feel good and nice if he is always in pain, can he? It wouldn't be so hard for a little girl, for they don't mind sitting still so much."

This, I think, is how he talked, musingly, with none of the old vehement revolt of voice and glance that still lingers with me as the most vivid interpretation of his personality.

"I can't believe any boy was ever like that queer little fellow. I wonder, if grandpa knew I wanted it very much, would he bring out that book and read it

all over again to me. I want to see if it's realler."

I drew my arms away from his neck, and ran off screaming for nurse to drive into town, and tell grandpa to come and read about a sick little boy to Stevie.

Nurse came to him, ready to do his slightest behest. I still see her standing looking at him anxiously, and see lifted to her that awful quietude of gaze, out of a face sharply thinned so suddenly.

"Bring me some gingerbread-nuts and lots of pipes to blow bubbles with," he said, and I felt the childish request soothed nurse's alarm.

"Faith, an' ye'll have them galore, my own boy," she cried, "if nurse has to walk barefoot to Dublin for them."

Mary Jane's mother came over to stay with us while nurse drove off to town. Stevie knelt in his eternal position, with his cheek against his open palm and cushions piled around him. He did not speak, but stared out of the window.

I went and sat with 'Robinson Crusoe' on the window-ledge, to watch nurse's departure and wave my hand to her. Not to wave my hand from the window and blow kisses to her would be to miss the best part of the fun of this unexpected incident.

The world outside rested in the unbroken stillness of noon. When nurse was out of sight, I turned to acquaint Stevie with the fact. His eyes were shut. So he remains in my memory, a kneeling statue of monumental whiteness and stillness.

A strange way for a little lad to die! Not a sigh, not a stir of hand or body, not a cry, no droop of head or jaw. A long, silent stare upon the sunny land, lids quietly dropped, and then the long unawakeable sleep. To my thinking it was an ideal close to a short life of such unrest and pain and misery. It was indeed rest robbed of all the horrors of death.

The horror remained for one who loved him, and this was no blood relative, but an ignorant nurse. Mary Jane's mamma came to see how matters were with the children. Stevie, as I thought, still slept, kneeling with his cheek upon his palm, and elbow resting on a cushion between it and the table. She looked at him quickly, flung up her hands, and trembled from head to foot. Then she bethought herself of me, and ordered me to go and sit with my book in the garden, and keep very still.

That was a long afternoon. I thought nurse never would come back. I had looked at all the pictures, spoken to each flower, hunted for ladybirds, and solaced myself with operatic diversion. Now I wanted to go back to Stevie, but the door was shut against me and the blinds were all drawn down, though it was not night—the sun had not even begun to dip westward.

Judge my delight to catch the sound of wheels along the road. I raced down to the gate to meet nurse and see all the wonders from town. Grandpa was not with her, and she came up the little path swinging her basket blithely.

"They knew the book at once, and I've got it—'tis by a man called Dickens. Your grandpa and mamma will come to-morrow and read it. They're giving a grand party to-night. Such a power of flowers and jellies and things. But the pipes I've brought Stevie in dozens and gingerbread-nuts galore."

Then her eye fell upon the blinded windows, and the colour flew from her blooming rustic face. She was

nearly as white as Stevie inside. She flung away her basket, and the pipes, the book, and cakes rolled out on the gravel, to my amazement. More wonderful still, she broke out in wild guttural sounds and whirled around in a dance of madness.

I had never seen a grown person behave so oddly, and it enchanted me. I caught her skirt and began to spin round too in an ecstasy of shrill sympathy. She looked down at me in a queer wild way, as if she had never seen me before and resented my kindness, and then she cast me from her with such unexpected force that I fell among the flower-beds, too astounded to cry. Decidedly, grown-up people, I reflected, are hard to understand.

I had given up wondering at all the unusual things that happened the rest of that day. People kept coming and going, and spoke softly, often weeping. Nobody paid the least attention to me, though I repeatedly asserted that I was hungry. Then at last a comparative stranger took me into the kitchen, and made me a bowl of bread-and-milk. She forgot the sugar, and I was very angry. Big people often do forget the essential in a thoughtless way.

Men, too, came pouring in, and talked in undertones, looking at me as if I had been naughty. I resented those looks quite as much as the unwonted neglect of my small person, and was cheered, just upon the point of tears, by the appearance of Mary Jane, who invited me to go home and sleep with her that night.

I did not object. I never objected to any fresh excitement, and I was fond of Mary Jane's brindled cat. But why did Mary Jane cry over me and treat me as a prisoner all next day? She managed to keep me distracted in spite of her tears, and I slept a second night with the brindled cat in my arms, quite happy.

The second day of imprisonment did not pass so well. I was restless, and wanted to see Stevie again. I wanted several things that nobody seemed to understand, and I moped in a corner and wept, miserable and misunderstood. On the morning of the third day I could bear my lot no longer. I scorned Mary Jane's hollow friendship, and ran away without hat or jacket.

Outside nurse's gate knots of villagers were gathered in their best clothes. It looked like Sunday. I ran past them and shot in through the open hall-door. Nobody saw me, and I made straight for Stevie's room, which he never left before noon. I felt a rogue, and smiled in pleased recognition of the fact. How glad Stevie would be to see me!

The door was ajar, and I entered cautiously. On Stevie's bed I saw a long queer box with a lid laid beside it, and there was quite a quantity of flowers, and tapers were lit upon a table beside the bed. Was Stevie going away? But what use were candles when the sun was shining as brightly as possible?

I wanted to see what was inside the box, and drew over a chair which enabled me to climb upon the bed. Anger shook me like a frenzy. To put sick Stevie in a horrid box! Whoever heard of such a monstrous thing? It was worse than any of the dreadful things the wicked fairies did in stories.

They had taken care, I noted, to pad the box with nice white satin to make it soft; and they put a pretty new nightgown, with satin and white flowers all over

it, on Stevie. All the same, I was not going to be softened by these small concessions of cruel people. Stevie I supposed to be in a bewitched sleep, like the poor princess, and I was determined to save him. I did not blame nurse. I imagined she was down-stairs in enchanted slumber too. I would save her afterwards.

After calling passionately on Stevie, touching his face, which was colder than stone, I slipped my hands over him down the sides of the box, nearly toppling in myself in the energy of labour.

I see myself now, with pursed lips and frowning brows, panting in the extremity of haste. At last my hands met under the poor narrow shoulders, and I proceeded to drag the body out of the box.

I had nearly accomplished the feat, and Stevie's head and one arm hung over the side, when the door opened and my stepfather stood upon the threshold, dazed with horror, I can now believe. His look so terrified me that I clambered down from the chair, with an inclination to cry.

"What have they done to Stevie?" I gasped, as I saw him gently lift back the dark head and desecrated limb.

My stepfather's eyes brimmed over, and he took me into his arms, murmuring vague words about heaven and angels, with his wet cheek pressed upon mine. This was how I learnt that Stevie was dead.

CHAPTER IV.—THE LAST DAYS OF HAPPINESS.

After the vivid impression of Stevie's death, the days are a blank. Memory only revives upon a fresh encounter with my kind.

A little boy, a friend of my parents, was sent down to nurse's to gain strength by a first-hand acquaintance with cows' milk and the life of the fields. Louie was an exciting friend. He had the queerest face in the world, like that of an old and wrinkled baby's, for mouth a comical slit, and two twinkling grey eyes as small as a pig's. His hair was white, and he grinned from morning till night, so that, like the Cheshire cat, he rises before me an eternal grin.

He taught me a delightful accomplishment, which afforded me entertainment for several months —the repetition of nursery rhymes. He possessed a book of this fanciful literature, and his private store as well was inexhaustible.

We spent a day of misery together once because he could not remember the end of one that began—

> "There was an old man who supposed
> The street door was partially closed."

For nights I dreamed of that old man, and wondered and wondered what happened because of his error about the street door. I beheld him, grey-haired, with a night-cap on his hair, with a dressing-gown wrapped round him and held in front by one hand, while the other grasped a candle, and the old man looked fearfully over his shoulder at the door. I must have seen something to suggest this clear picture, but I cannot tell what it was.

Sometimes his face underwent all sorts of transformations,—resembled in turn every animal I had ever seen and several new monsters I was unacquainted with. The eyes changed places with the

mouth and the ears distorted themselves into noses. Before I had done with him, he had become quite a wonderful old man.

Our great amusement was to repeat the rhymes in a way of our own invention, taking turns to be chief and echo. This was how we did it:—

Louie. "There was an old man of the
Angela. Hague
Louie. Whose ideas were extremely
Angela. vague.
Louie. He built a
Angela. balloon
Louie. To examine the
Angela. moon,
Louie. This curious old man of the
Angela. Hague."

My passionate admiration of the courage of the young lady of Norway made me always insist on taking the principal part when it came to her turn. The neighbours used to drop in of an evening, and add the enthusiasm of an audience to our own. They were specially proud of me as almost native-grown, and my eagerness to show off the attractions of the young lady of Norway generally resulted in my suppressing Louie's final rhyme. This was what we made of it:—

Angela. "There was a young lady of
Louie. Norway
Angela. Who occasionally sat in the
Louie. doorway;
Angela. When the door squeezed her
Louie. flat,
Angela. She exclaimed, 'What of
Louie. that?'
Angela. This courageous young lady of
Louie. Norway."

Poor Louie, I learnt years afterwards, went to the dogs, and was despatched to the Colonies by an irate father. He was last heard of as a music-hall star at Sydney.

What sends bright and laughing children forth to a life of shame? Louie was the kindest little comrade on earth, unselfish, devoted, and of a tenderness only surpassed by my nurse's. Was this not proved when I began to droop and pine, missing the picture of Stevie kneeling on his sofa and staring out of the window?

I cannot say how long after Stevie's death it was before this want broke out as a fell disease. I worried everybody about the absence of that tragic face, and plied nurse with unanswerable questions. Neither Mary Jane nor the brindled cat, not even the apple-woman and her tempting trays, nor the pond, nor my new terrier-pup that often washed my face, had power to comfort me.

I went about disconsolate, and was glad of a listener to whom it was all fresh, to discourse upon heaven and the queer means that were taken to despatch little children thither—an ugly box, when wings would be so much prettier.

Louie listened to me as I, with a burning cheek, told the roll of my sorrows and unfolded my ideas of the mysteries that surrounded me. Louie was not an intelligent listener, but he made up for this deficiency by an exquisite sense of comradeship. He would hold my hand and protest in the loudest voice that it was a shame, the while I suspect his mind ran on those nursery rhymes. But he loved me, there can be no doubt of that. I think he meant to marry me when we grew up.

I know when illness and a dreadful cough overtook me, he would let me lie on the floor with my head in his lap, while the exertion of coughing drew blood from my ears and nose. This too, he cried, was an awful shame.

I once saw him watch me through a convulsion with tears in his eyes, and I was immediately thrilled

with the satisfaction of being so interesting and so deeply commiserated. It filled me with the same artistic emotion that followed my appreciation of the melancholy of my wordless singing.

Deep down in the heart of childhood—even bitterly suffering childhood—is this dramatic element, this love of sensation, this vanity of artist. So much of childhood is, after all, make-believe, unconscious acting. We are ill, and we cannot help noting the effect of our illness upon others. The amount of sympathy we evoke in grown-up people is the best evidence of our success as experimental artists with life. Even when we cower under a bed to weep away from our kind, we secretly hope that God or our guardian angel is watching us and feeling intensely sorry for us; and our finest conception of punishment of cruel elders is their finding us unexpectedly dead, and their being consumed with remorse for their flagrant injustice to such virtue as ours.

Who can limit the part as admiring audience a child condemns his guardian angel to play? For him, when humanity is cold and unobservant—as humanity too often is in the eyes of childhood—does he so gallantly play the martyr, the hero, the sufferer in proud silence. For his admiration did a little sister of mine once put her hand in the fire. She thought it was heroic, like the early Christians, and hoped her guardian angel would applaud, while common elders shouted in angry alarm.

Ah, never prate so idly of the artlessness and the guilelessness of children. They are as full of vanity and innocent guile and all the arts and graces as the puppies and kittens we adore.

How much, for instance, had the hope of praise and admiration to do with Louie's magnanimous kindness in that affair of the gipsies? I lay ill and exhausted from coughing on the sofa when he rushed in, panting with eagerness, to tell me that the gipsies had arrived overnight and were camped on the green, where they had a merry-go-round. I had never seen a gipsy, but Mary Jane had, and she often told me the most surprising things about them—how dark they were, how queerly they spoke, and how romantic they looked, like strange people in story-books. Of course I pined to see them, and the thought that I was chained to my sofa, when outside the world was all agog, and rapture awaited happier children upon the green, filled my eyes with tears.

I turned my face to the wall and wept bitterly. My heart was heavy with the sombre hate of Cain, and when I looked glowerингly at the blest little Abel by my side, he appeared to be anything but happy. His comic face underwent a variety of contortions before finally he made up his mind to blurt out an offer to forego the pleasures of the green, and stay with me.

But I was not a selfish child, and generosity always spurred me to emulation. Besides, I was already greatly comforted by the extent of Louie's sympathy, so I ordered him off to see the gipsies, and come back and tell me what a merry-go-round was like.

Still I did not mend, in spite of all nurse's care and tenderness, and it was decided to remove me to town. This was the decision of my stepfather, who was probably nervous since Stevie had dropped out of life in that quick and quiet way.

How well I remember the last day among all my dear friends!

Mary Jane, Louie, and I, hand in hand, walked about all our favourite spots. The applewoman gave me an entire trayful of crab-apples, and wished I might come back with my rosy cheeks again. I asked her to kiss me, and then she thrust a bun into my hand, and said huskily, "God bless you, my little lady!"

We went across to Mary Jane's, and I had a conviction that my heart was broken. I was going away into the land of the ogres and witches, and though I should probably be happy at last, since all things come right in children's tales, vague terror held me at the prospect of the unknown trials that awaited me. Mary Jane's mamma gave me raspberry vinegar, and my tears mingled with the syrup. I asked to be let look once more at the views of New York, and then inquired if she would feel very sorry at my death.

They were still consoling me, and I was sobbing wildly in the arms of Mary Jane's mamma, while Louie relieved his stricken soul by protesting repeatedly that "it was an awful shame," when nurse and Jim Cochrane, in his Sunday clothes, came to carry me off to the car. All the village flocked to see me off, and breathed cordia love and benediction upon my departure.

Kindly Irish peasants, with their pretty speech and pretty manners! Is there any other race whose common people can throw such warmth and natural grace into greetings and farewell? Big-hearted, foolish, emotional children, upon whose sympathetic faces, at their ugliest, still play the smiles and frowns, the lights and shadows, of expressive and variable childhood. How they cheered and soothed me with their kind words, their little gifts, their packages of comfits and posies, a blue-and-white mug with somebody else's name in gilt letters upon it, and a tiny plate with a dog in a circle of fascinating white knobs.

This was the end of my brief sovereignty. Though of those old associations, for which I was destined to yearn so passionately many a year, memory may have become so dim as to leave only a trace of blurred silhouettes upon an indistinct background emerging from a haze of multiplied experience, I like to think that I owe to that bright start the humour and courage that have served to help me through a clouded life.

CHAPTER V.—MARTYRDOM.

It would seem that happiness imprints itself more clearly and more permanently upon the mind than misery. Beyond a sense of enduring wretchedness, I can recall very little of my home life.

My sisters had a big play-room at the top of the house. Here they had ladders, which they used to rest in the four corners and climb up, pretending they were climbing up great mountains. They were much more learned than I in the matter of pretence and games. They knew all sorts of things, and could pretend anything. They had been to the pantomime, and could dance like the fairies. One of them had a brilliant imagination, and told lovely stories. In the matter of invention I have never since met her equal in children of either sex; but she was apt to carry

experiment too far, for reading of somebody that hanged himself by tying a handkerchief round his neck and attaching it to a nail on the wall, she immediately proceeded to test the efficacy of the method upon the person of a pretty stepsister of four, whom she worshipped.

The child was beginning to turn colour already at the moment of rescue, and then followed the solitary instance of my stepfather's punishing one of us.

But my sisters were not kinder to me than my mother. I was an alien to them, and I loved strangers. They could not understand a sensitiveness naturally morbid, and nurtured upon affection. It was impossible that they could escape the coarsening influence of my mother's shocking treatment and neglect of them.

Left to grow up without love or moral training, cuffed and scolded, allowed illimitable liberty from dawn to dark, they were more like boys than girls. They never kissed one another or any one else. They were straightforward, honest, rather barbarous in their indifference to sentiment, deeply attached to each other under a mocking manner, vital, and surprisingly vivid and individual for children. There was not a particle of vanity or love of dress amongst the lot, though beauty was their common heritage. Their fault was that they never considered the sensibilities of a less breezy nature; that they were rough, unkind, for the fun of the thing, and could never understand the suffering they inflicted upon me.

One of their fancies, seeing how I shrank from hardness of touch or look or voice, was to teach me how to run away from a ghost.

It was a very high house, with several flights of stairs, and two of these inquisitors would take me between them, and tear me at a running pace down the whole length of stairs, my heels lifted from the ground, and only the tips of my toes bruised against each stair. At night I would go to bed aching with pain and terror, and sob myself to sleep, yearning for the faces and sights and sounds that had passed out of my life.

Ah, what tears I shed in that strange home! To have cried in childhood as I cried then, incessantly and for months, sometimes for the greater part of the day under a bed, that none of these mocking young creatures might see me and laugh at me; to have stood so intolerably alone among so many, without a hand to dry my eyes, a kiss to comfort me, a soft breast against which I could rest my tired little head and sob out my tale of sorrow,—this is to start permanently maimed for the battle of life. What compensation can the years bring us for such injustice? Could any possible future paradise make up to us for infancy in hell?

There are faces that stand out upon memory with some kindness in them for a pitiable little outcast. Chiefly, of course, my stepfather, who was as serviceably good to me as a man's unreasoning terror of a woman's temper permitted him to be. He saved me from many a cruel beating, and when I seemed more than usually miserable, he would, with an air of secrecy and guilt that charmed me, himself help to fasten on my hat and little coat, and carry me out upon his business calls.

They used to represent me to him as a dangerous small devil, describing my outbursts of fury but suppressing the provocation; and I once heard him exclaim

angrily — "I am sick of these complaints of Angela's temper. When she is with me she is better behaved and gentler than any of them. You can twist an angel into a devil if you worry and ill-use it."

I know now that he suffered for his partisanship of me, and that he forsook my cause at last from sheer weariness of spirit and flesh. He thought it better for his own peace to leave me to the mercies of my mother, concluding probably that I should not be worse off.

Our home must have resembled the American man-of-war in the vicinity of which, the French Admiral wrote, nothing was heard from morning till night but the angry voices of the officers and the howling of trounced sailors. Up-stairs in their play-room the children were happy enough, but to venture down-stairs was the hardihood of mouse in the neighbourhood of lion. One or the other, for no reason on earth, was roared at, her long fair hair was caught by white maternal hands, and then began a ferocious banging against walls, or table, or floor. Such shrieks of infuriated woman and terrified child still ring upon my ears in all their infernal eloquence.

Servants have been known to fly to the rescue. Once when I came home from a walk, one of the nurses complained in my mother's hearing that I had wilfully splashed my boots with mud. Instantly I was seized, and the mystery to me to-day is how I survived such treatment. One of the servants, a delicate fair young man, called Gerald, rushed up-stairs, scarlet with indignation, and tore me from my mother's hands. I have forgotten what he said, but he gave her notice on the spot in order to express himself more freely.

Once, again, I was rescued by a young lady in a silk gown of many shades. Her face is a blank to me, but I distinctly remember the green and purple lights of her shot-silk gown, and the novel sound of her names, Anastasia Macaulay. She had come to lunch that day, and had taken a fancy to me, which was quite enough to excite my mother. The scene is blurred. I sat on Anastasia's lap, playing with her watch-chain, and suddenly I was on the floor, with smarting face and aching back. Anastasia saved me from worse. She sent me a picture-book and a doll, but never entered the house again.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WORKS OF MR KIPLING.

LITERARY reputations have often been rapidly won. To wake one morning and find himself famous has been the lot of many a writer besides the poet, the England of whose time,—the England, that is to say, of the Peninsula and Waterloo—the England of Wellington, Scott, and Castlereagh, —is pronounced by Mr Stephen Phillips to have been "for the most part petty and hypocritical"! (See the 'Cornhill Magazine' for January 1898, p. 21.) Our fathers were almost as much on the alert as ourselves for the appearance of a new genius; but never have men of letters succeeded in reaching the substantial honour of a "collected edition" so early in life as at the present day. That distinction used to be jealously reserved for veterans. Now it is liberally bestowed upon authors who (one hopes) have at least as many years of at least as good work before as behind them. We do not grumble at the innovation. The old style of "édition de luxe," whose inconveniences were so feelingly portrayed by the late Mr Du Maurier, has fortunately gone out of fashion; and the new style is sure to be convenient for reading as well as ornamental to the bookshelf. The resources of typography are freely drawn upon for its production, and the result is something eminently pleasant to the eye, whether the contents of the volumes are to be desired to make one wise or the reverse. From our lips, therefore, no word of disparagement shall fall with reference to the edition of Mr Kipling's works, the publication of which has just been completed.[1] The printing is all that could be desired, though no more than was to be expected from the celebrated house founded by the late Mr Robert Clark, that "warrior" and hero of a hundred well-fought golf-matches. Mr Kipling, too, has done well in refraining from introductory prefaces—a sort of writing which calls for a touch of the Magician's own wand. But were the edition as mean and unworthy in externals as it is handsome and sumptuous, we should none the less welcome it as supplying a convenient pretext for attempting to weigh in the critical balance the productions of the most remarkable writer of his generation.

It is not much more than ten years since the attention of the English public was first attracted to an unknown author (with a name suspiciously like a *nom de guerre*) by the appearance of some spirited prose sketches and of one or two ballads, possessing the genuine ring of poetry, in the pages of a contemporary. The attention so drawn was riveted by certain poems from the same pen in which a new and original note was undoubtedly struck, and which Mr Henley was the means of introducing to the world in a vivacious weekly periodical. Thenceforward, Mr Kipling's literary career is matter of common knowledge. It has been his portion to gain the ear of the great non-

[1] The Writings in Prose and Verse of Rudyard Kipling. 12 volumes. London: Macmillan & Co., Limited, 1897-98. Departmental Ditties and other Verses. By Rudyard Kipling. London: W. Thacker & Co., 1898.

literary reading public, and at the same time to win the enthusiastic applause of that limited body of men whose pleasure in a work of art is derived from a perception of the means as well as of the end. Such good fortune falls to few. There are writers whose work is keenly appreciated by their literary brethren, but who make little or no impression upon "the great heart of the people." Of such, Mr Stevenson was a typical representative. There are others, again, who sell their tens of thousands, yet whose glaring faults of taste effectually repel the sympathies of the educated minority, the *cachet* of whose approbation, while they profess to despise, they secretly long for. But the critic to whose palate the works of Miss Corelli or Mr Caine are as ungrateful as a meal of dust and ashes, is well aware that from the point of view of literature neither the lady nor the gentleman exists. Their performances will have as much significance for the competent critic of the future as the "Dagonet Ballads" or Captain Coe's finals. So, too, the reviewer to whose hardened sensibilities the pathos and the humour of the Kailyard alike appeal in vain, has more than a suspicion that Messrs Crockett and Maclaren will not enter into the reckoning of our sons' sons. But he knows that Mr Barrie is certain to count. And even so it is with Mr Kipling. You may lay your finger on faults real or imaginary; you may find his verse flashy and his prose irritating. But you cannot (being in full possession of your senses) pass him by; you cannot maintain that, in estimating the literary forces and tendencies of our age, it is possible to leave him out of account. As well ignore Dickens in a review of Victorian literature; as well ignore Keene in a review of Victorian art.

Perhaps the most striking feature of Mr Kipling's work is the wide range over which it expatiates. Subjects the most diverse are handled with the same air of ease and intimacy; and no other writer is so well entitled to repeat with proper pride the most familiar and the most hackneyed of Terentian sentiments, "For to admire and for to see, For to behold this world so wide" —that is his *métier;* and we may proceed with the quotation and add that "he can't drop it if he tried." How or where Mr Kipling acquired his "extensive and peculiar" knowledge of the physical world, of the human heart, and of animated nature, is no business of ours. As he himself sings—

> "When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre
> 'Ed 'card men sing by land an' sea;
> An' what 'e thought 'e might require
> 'E went an' took—the same as me!"

No doubt in 'The Three Musketeers' he allows the world a glimpse of one of his methods of collecting raw material. But there are matters innumerable in his writings for which there is no accounting unless we are prepared to concede to him a full measure of that faculty of divination which is heaven's best gift to a chosen few.

It is a commonplace that Shakespeare was accustomed to handle with astounding felicity and correctness the technical phraseology of the law, of the *manège*, of venery, and of many other departments of human activity. It being, of course, impossible that a Warwickshire yokel, whom we know to have been but imperfectly educated, could have acquired so minute a knowledge of so many complicated subjects, a sapient school of critics

has not hesitated to assure us that the author of the Shakespearean plays was not one but many—was a lawyer, a Jehu, a Nimrod, a Papist, a Protestant, a Jesuit, a Puritan—was anything you please, in short, but a man with an unrivalled *flair* for the niceties of language, and an unequalled share of IMAGINATION—that quality of all others most abhorrent to the dunce. Let us adopt this singular fallacy for a moment, and see to what conclusion it leads us in Mr Kipling's case.

It is plain, to begin with, that Mr Kipling must have studied long and ardently at all the best schools and universities in the world. How else could he have acquired his thorough acquaintance with zoology (*vide* the 'Jungle Books'), with geography, including the use of the globes (*vide* 'The Flag of England' and 'The Children of the Zodiac'), with archæology (*vide* 'The Story of Ung'), and with botany (*vide* 'The Flowers')? It is equally beyond dispute that he served a long apprenticeship on the sea; and it seems likely that he first gratified his passion for that element by taking service in a Greek galley and afterwards in that of a Viking. He must then have occupied a post on the following vessels in succession—a Chinese pig-boat, a Bilbao tramp, a New England fishing-smack, a British man-of-war, and an Atlantic liner. It was certainly in the engine-room of the last-named vessel that he learned those details about machinery which he reproduces so faithfully in "M'Andrew's Hymn."

We infer that Mr Kipling next withdrew for a few years' complete rest to the solitude of the jungle. He there added materially to his knowledge of natural history, and familiarised himself thoroughly with the manners and customs of bird, beast, and reptile. (If he did not, how on earth *could* he have written the 'Jungle Books'?) It is also quite obvious that he has held a large number of appointments in the Indian Civil Service; and that he served for a considerable period in the ranks of the army. No sane man can doubt that he took part in several hot engagements, and fought in at least one Soudan campaign. A good many years must also have been passed by Mr Kipling in disguise among the natives. By no other means could he have become conversant with their habits of thought and ways of life. It is further beyond dispute that he must have slummed in London; that at one time he must have had a studio of his own; and that the inside of a newspaper office must have been during a certain period of his life a place of almost daily resort.

Our chain of reasoning is now almost complete, and we defy any one to snap it. No man can acquire a knowledge of the terminology of soldiering, or sailoring, or tinkering, or tailoring, unless he has been a soldier, or a sailor, or a tinker, or a tailor. But human life is too short for a man to be all four, and, *a fortiori*, for a man to follow fifty occupations. Argal, Kipling is but the name of an amanuensis or hack, through whose pen certain eminent soldiers, sailors, tinkers, tailors, &c., have chosen, for some undisclosed reason, to tell their story to the world. Such, without exaggeration, is the reasoning of the dullards who have presumed to tamper with the fame of England's greatest poet.

While Mr Kipling surveys man-

kind from China to Peru, he does so not from the dubious point of view of the cosmopolitan, but from the firm vantage-ground of a Briton. It is merely his due to attribute to him the chief share among men of letters in that revival of the Imperial sentiment, both in these islands and in our colonies, which has been so striking a phenomenon of recent years. To have reawakened a great people to a sense of its duties and responsibilities, to have fanned the drooping flame of an enlightened but fervent patriotism—these are achievements of which few indeed can boast. It is, we trust, unnecessary to disclaim all intention of disparaging the good work performed by great men in years when the country seemed plunged in a fatal lethargy, and men appeared to have grown indifferent or insensible to England's mission and destiny. Lord Tennyson, for example, has no stronger claim upon the reverence and affection of all generations of his countrymen than the fact that from time to time he set the trumpet to his lips and blew a strain whose echoes will never cease to encourage and to inspire. But old and neglected truths sometimes require to be presented in a new garb; and abstract principles constantly need to be driven home by concrete illustrations. It has been Mr Kipling's enviable task to bring down patriotism from the closet to the street, and to diffuse its beneficent influence among millions who had hitherto remained untouched.

As so frequently happens, Mr Kipling's teaching fell upon willing ears. The English nation is patient and long-suffering enough. It is also extraordinarily loyal in its allegiance to its chosen favourites. But the Government which mismanaged the affairs of this country from 1880 to 1885 was kind enough to supply at least two specimens of the application of Liberal principles to foreign politics which can never be forgotten. The shameful peace concluded after our defeat at Majuba Hill—a peace so pregnant with trouble and disaster—was not rendered more palatable to a people which loves honesty and plain-dealing by the sanctimonious cant characteristically employed to justify it. The projected relinquishment of a portion of Egypt might, indeed, have passed at the time without exciting the national resentment. But the cold-hearted abandonment of Gordon aroused a storm of indignation which in reality has been the motive-power of that series of laborious yet brilliant operations whose culmination was successfully attained a few weeks ago. The better-informed classes of Englishmen were at the same time aware that, in the East, Lord Ripon had embarked upon a course of policy, the ultimate result, if not the conscious design, of which must be the overthrow of British power in India. Worse, if worse were possible, remained behind. The most audacious and malignant of blows was presently struck at the integrity of the empire by hands the measure of whose evil-doing not even Majuba Hill and Khartoum had sufficed to fill up. The dismemberment of the United Kingdom was solemnly and seriously offered as the price of political support to a faction "steeped to the lips in treason." This master-stroke was attended by at least one happy consequence. The nobler elements in the Liberal party were for ever severed from the baser, and became practically fused with the Conser-

vatives. No wonder that men's hearts were longing for an outspoken proclamation on the side of loyalty and empire! No wonder that the Jubilee celebrations of 1887 were hailed as an outward and visible sign of the reawakening of the national spirit! Yet they announced merely the inception of a great movement. It is surely no vain imagination to suppose that the Jubilee rejoicings of last year possessed a deeper significance and were informed with a more exalted spirit than those of ten years before. The soul of the nation seemed to be more profoundly stirred. Ideas and aspirations of a loftier order seemed to have taken root in the nation's heart. And if such indeed were the case, it was to Rudyard Kipling more than to any other writer that the change was due, just as it was he who seized upon the unspoken national thought and enshrined it in imperishable verse. On one Englishman of eminence, and one alone, it is to be feared, did the writings of Mr Kipling during the last decade fail to produce a perceptible impression. From childhood to old age the more poignant emotions of patriotism and the fine sense of national honour were, unhappily, strangers to the bosom of William Ewart Gladstone.

We make no apology for this apparent digression; for Mr Kipling's most characteristic work is really saturated with politics—not the politics of Taper or Tadpole, or even of Mr Rigby, but the politics of true statesmanship. No patriot assuredly can forget the signal service which he rendered to his country, at a moment when the horizon was darker than one now cares to think of, by the publication of 'Cleared.' It is not only one of the most trenchant pieces of rhetoric in any language (Juvenal himself might be proud to claim it for his own), but it furnishes an absolute and conclusive answer to the contemptible sophistries by which men who had once had at least a bowing acquaintance with honesty were fain to palliate their connection and co-operation with ruffians and assassins. But the truth is, that no more formidable attack has been delivered upon Liberalism in the present generation than Mr Kipling's work, taken as a whole. The shameless lies by which the friends of disaffection and the devotees of so-called philanthropy have never scrupled to fortify their cause, crumble to atoms at the touch of the artist whose highest aspiration it is "to draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They are." The precious, time-dishonoured formulæ become meaningless when confronted with the very essence of practical experience. Mr Kipling has taken the pains (in "The Enlightenments of Padgett, M.P.") to set forth his opinions in direct and almost didactic shape; but a story like "The Head of the District" is more valuable than many such discourses, and illuminates the situation as with a flash. Here are facts, stubborn facts, which it is the very *raison d'être* of Liberalism to ignore, but the ignoring of which means the end of all government worthy of the name. It is of a piece with his sound and comprehensive view of politics that Mr Kipling should strike the true note in comparing the relative value and importance of the man of action and the man of letters. He is guiltless of the affectation of depreciating his own calling. But his judgment coincides with that invariably pronounced by Sir Wal-

ter Scott. "A Conference of the Powers" is in many ways by much the least felicitous of the numerous productions of his pen. Nowhere else is his touch so uncertain; nowhere else does the author strike one as being so much of a *poseur;* nowhere else does he come so near to trespassing upon the unconsciously ridiculous. But, despite its manifold imperfections, it teaches lessons which we fear that many journalists and many more pretentious writers have yet to learn.

The particular quarter of the globe in which Mr Kipling reduces Liberal principles *ad absurdum* is of course India; and, though the universe is his by right of conquest, India is, no question, his particular domain. 'Twas there his earliest triumphs were achieved; and with it the most instructive portion of his work is concerned. Whatever his excellences or defects, it was he and no other who first brought home to the average Englishman something like an adequate conception of what our Indian Empire means. We all knew that there was a subtle and mysterious charm about the East. Those who had read the 'Arabian Nights' and 'Tancred' had a faint conception of its potency. Those who were fortunate enough to have relatives in the Company's or the Queen's service were, of course, in the enjoyment of a much ampler knowledge. The Mutiny taught us something, though that something was gradually being forgotten. But it was not until Mr Kipling's arrival on the scene that "the man on the knife-board" was dumped down, as it were, by the compelling force of an irresistible will among a mass of "raw, brown, naked humanity"; that he realised the existence of a vast body of fellow-subjects to whom his favourite catchwords (such as "liberty" and "progress") would have been absolutely unintelligible; and that he was enabled to apprehend, however imperfectly, the magnitude of the work which it has been the privilege of England to initiate and carry on in the East Indies through the instrumentality of a handful of her sons. One of the main secrets, we believe, of the extraordinary vividness with which Mr Kipling represents scenes so wholly different from anything in the experience of the average Englishman is, that he never pauses to make preliminary explanations. His early writings, by a fortunate accident, were addressed to an Anglo-Indian audience upon whom such explanations would have been thrown away. They knew Jakko and Peliti's, and Tara-Devi, and Benmore and Boileaugunge as well as a man about town knows Piccadilly or an East-ender Epping Forest. Tonga-bars and 'rikshaws, dâk-bungalows and saises, pipals and walers, had no mysteries for them. A glossary would have been more of an impertinence and a superfluity for them than a glossary of the dialect of the 'Sporting Times' would be to the ordinary middle-aged and middle-class householder. Hence Mr Kipling grew accustomed to waste no time in commentary, and the sudden plunge into a strange atmosphere and into unfamiliar "shop" and slang which he compels the English reader to take is eminently bracing and delightful, though it takes away the breath to start with. In his hands we may truly say that new things become familiar and familiar things new. Which (to borrow a form of sentence much affected by himself) is half the battle.

A vivid impression, it is true,

is not necessarily a correct one, and it is quite natural that there should be more than one opinion as to the truth of Mr Kipling's sketches of Anglo-Indian society. Here his detractors (if he any have) will find the most promising material for animadversion. None of his stories, indeed, are wholly outside the region of possibility; while many of them doubtless had a more or less solid "foundation in fact." Some of the 'Plain Tales' read like nothing so much as a reproduction of the current gossip of a day now dead and gone, with a proper alteration of names, dates, and immaterial surroundings. Human nature, after all, is not vastly different at Simla from human nature elsewhere. Why should jobbery and favouritism, which find a home in every clime, pass India by? In what country have men not been occasionally preferred to high office through the influence of pretty women? Doubtless merit swelters in the plains from time to time, while stupidity and incompetence are promoted to the honours and emoluments which they never earned. 'Tis a mere question of the thermometer. In more temperate zones, "virtus laudatur et—*alget*." Thus most of Mr Kipling's anecdotes are probably, in one sense, well-authenticated. Chapter and verse could be cited for every one of them; and regarded as a collection of isolated and independent details they may be said to be literally true to life. But when these details come to be considered as parts of a greater whole, when the picture invites criticism as a complete work of art, the matter assumes an entirely different complexion. The Government of India is emphatically *not* conducted at headquarters in obedience to the dictates of intriguing hussies and their unscrupulous hangers-on. No more is the Government of Great Britain. Yet a satirist with the necessary adroitness could present the world with a description of the social and political life of London which would be absolutely horrifying and absolutely misleading, yet of which each individual stroke should have been painfully copied from the living model. He would be able to quote facts in proof of the existence among us of failings and of vices notoriously inconsistent with social or political wellbeing. But if he inferred, for example, universal corruption from the records of the divorce-court, he would be as wide of the mark as if, from a perusal of their light literature, he drew the conclusion that the French attach no sanctity to family life. The analogy we have suggested should put us on our guard against accepting as typical and representative personages or episodes with no claim to being anything of the kind. To hit off the exact proportion in which the component elements in the character of any community are blended is never an easy task, and its difficulty is not diminished for the story-teller by the fact that the baser ingredients lend themselves to his legitimate purposes in proportion as they are pungent and high-flavoured.

There are, to be quite frank, a few of Mr Kipling's literary offspring which we would throw to the wolves without the least compunction. Mrs Hauksbee "won't do"; and no more will the "boys" who make love to her. What in the rest of Mr Kipling's work is knowledge degenerates too often into knowingness, a very different quality, when he begins to depict Indian Society. We become conscious of a certain aggressiveness

in his touch—of the absence of the tone of true fashion—of more than a hint of that uneasy familiarity which may be frequently observed in the very young or the hopelessly shy. The ladies are not exactly patterns of good breeding, while the men who associate with them have a cheap swagger which Ouida's guardsmen would despise. So at least some devil's advocate might argue with no little plausibility. There is unquestionably much better stuff in such slight sketches as "Bubbling Well Road" or "The Finances of the Gods" than in a thousand elaborate pieces of the type of "Mrs Hauksbee Sits Out," which leave behind the disagreeable suspicion that the author deliberately tried to scandalise. Sailing near the wind is a dangerous and undignified pastime for a writer of Mr Kipling's calibre.

Nothing, indeed, is more extraordinary in this portion of Mr Kipling's work than the intermingling of good and bad, worthy and base, essential and trifling. Cheek by jowl with smart snip-snap you find something that probes the inmost recesses of your soul. Only a few pages of print separate a specimen of flippant superficiality like "The Education of Otis Yeere" from a masterpiece of analysis and penetration like "The Hill of Illusion." And 'The Story of the Gadsbys'—at once the glory and the shame of Mr Kipling's prose-muse—what is it but a field where wheat and tares grow together in careless and inextricable confusion? To read that singular drama for the seventh or eighth time is to pass once more from delight to disgust and again to delight—is to marvel that genius which can soar so high should ever be content to stoop so low. At one moment the author discloses some of the deepest secrets of the human heart—secrets which most men take half a lifetime to find out—with a frankness and a simplicity which attest his extreme youth; at another his facetiousness is such as a respectable pot-house would reprobate, and his view of life too raffish for even a military lady-novelist to adopt. The most moving pathos alternates with the most brazen-faced vulgarity, and the most vital facts of human existence are handled with the raw cocksureness of an inspired schoolboy. 'The Gadsbys' is the most amazing monument of precocity in all literature. Yet who can doubt that its faults, palpable and serious though they be, are upon a general balance outweighed by its merits? Or who would not swallow the opening scene, albeit with a wry face, rather than give up that later episode, where the author's method is so simple yet so telling, and its outcome makes so irresistible an appeal to the primary emotions—we mean the scene of Mrs Gadsby's illness and delirium? If in none other of his writings he has sinned so grievously, in none has he made so ample an atonement.

In estimating the accuracy of Mr Kipling's picture of the English in India the critic is entitled to fall back upon his knowledge of the corresponding ranks of society at home; but no such assistance is available when he comes to consider Mr Kipling's treatment of native life. Its fidelity to the original has never, so far as we are aware, been impugned, and there are few besides Mr Kipling himself who possess the qualifications necessary for sitting in judgment on this department of his work. For him, as for Strickland,

"the streets and the bazaars and the sounds in them are full of meaning," though he would probably be the first to admit how superficial any European's knowledge of the inner life of the "black man" must needs be. It is not safe, to be sure, to take Mr Kipling seriously at all times. Extravaganza is a form of art to which he occasionally condescends with the happiest results. What else are "The Germ Destroyer" and "Pig" in the 'Plain Tales'? And what is "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney" but rollicking, incomparable, irresistible farce? But nobody can suppose for a moment that "In Flood Time" or "On the City Wall" was written "with intent to deceive"; and even if a hundred pedants were to suggest a hundred reasons for suspecting the fidelity of his portraiture, we should prefer to maintain the attitude of unshaken faith, and to enjoy what is so admirably calculated to produce enjoyment. For, to tell the truth, the native tales carry their credentials on their very face. Like holograph documents, they must be allowed the privilege of proving themselves; and if work at once so powerful and so exquisite as "Without Benefit of Clergy" happens not to be true to nature, so much the worse for nature. The description of life at a Rajput King's Court in "The Naulahka" is worth countless blue-books and innumerable tracts as a revelation of the inveterate habits of thought and of the social customs which a beneficent Government must attempt by slow degrees to accommodate as far as possible to the ethical standards of the West.

Mr Kipling's military stories have probably enjoyed the greatest vogue of all his writings in this country, and not without reason. The subject of everyday life in the British army, though a tempting one, had been practically left untouched, and clamoured for a man of genius to "exploit" it. We know with what complete success he took it up. Who can withstand Mulvaney, Learoyd, and Ortheris? "'Tis immortial fame the gentleman's going to give us," predicted the first-named, and the prophecy bids fair to come true. Since the deathless Pickwick and his faithful band desisted from their wanderings, no group of personages has gained so well-assured a footing in the affections of the public as these same "soldiers three." Men do not love them, perhaps, for their own sakes. As studies of character they count for comparatively little. They are not discriminated with any great nicety, and the marked difference in their speech dispenses with all necessity for the finer and more delicate strokes of the brush. We cannot pretend to look upon Mulvaney as a Milesian Prometheus, with the vultures of remorse preying upon his vitals; nor does Learoyd seem to be distinguishable in any particular from our old friend the Yorkshireman of the stage. The claim which the trio really have upon our undying gratitude and regard arises mainly from their being the mouthpiece of the author for a series of stories which hold their own with any in our language in point of variety, humour, spirit, and power. It is unnecessary to expatiate on their merits, though we may call attention to the extraordinary felicity and appropriateness of their respective settings, of which Mulvaney and his comrades are *pars magna*. Nor is it possible to arrange them in order of excellence. Each seems the best until the next is read. We should not quarrel seriously with

any one who indicated a special preference for "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" and "With the Main Guard," the latter being Mr Kipling's best war-piece, with the exception of "The Lost Legion." But we cannot pass from them without congratulating the British private upon having at last found his *vates sacer*, and the army generally upon having fallen in with a writer who has taught the least imaginative of nations what manful work its soldiers are doing for it. There is a fine healthy ring in all Mr Kipling's utterances about her Majesty's forces. But his inspiration was curiously anticipated by a writer who in other respects is his very antithesis. Tom Robertson was timid, artificial, and conventional. Mr Kipling is dashing, original, and bold. Tom Robertson seems hopelessly out of date. Mr Kipling is essentially *dans le train*. But he must be a rare hand indeed at the splitting of a hair who can detect any appreciable distinction or difference between the tone and sentiment of "Ours" and those of "The Big Drunk Draf'," or "Only a Subaltern," or "The Man Who Was," or "His Private Honour."

The rough classification which, for convenience sake, we have made of Mr Kipling's short stories is not quite exhaustive. There remain a fair number which are not tales of Anglo-Indian society, nor tales of native life, nor yet tales of the British army. There are, for instance, what we may call the tales of physical horror. Among these are "Bertran and Bimi," "A Matter of Fact," and "The Mark of the Beast"; and, without embarking upon the general question whether such topics as they deal with fall within the legitimate sphere of art, we confess that we could have willingly spared them. The stories of the supernatural, on the other hand, like "At the End of the Passage," we could spare by no possibility whatever. Finally, there is a small class which stands by itself in virtue of possessing in an especial degree the characteristic excellences of its creator's genius. "The Finest Story in the World" will always stand out as perhaps the most striking illustration of Mr Kipling's versatility. The deeper problems it suggests may be put on one side; what is of real moment is the snatches from the galley-slave's experience. Here are the same matchless power of presenting a scene and suggesting an atmosphere, the same realistic commemoration of minute details, the same idealistic selection of the revelant and the essential, which distinguished the Indian narratives, and all applied to a state of facts long since passed away. Yet even this miracle of invention and artifice must give place to "The Man who would be King," which we venture to consider Mr Kipling's *chef-d'œuvre* in prose. The fable makes considerable drafts on one's credulity at the outset; but the drafts are instantly honoured, and the reader, falling more and more under the master's spell, is whirled along triumphantly to the close. No time to take breath or to reflect, so impetuous and irresistible is the torrent. Those to whom emotions are as daily bread will find there a truly bounteous repast.

Whether a writer of short stories can write long ones and *vice versâ* has often been acrimoniously debated; but one thing is plain, that Mr Kipling has not yet proved the affirmative. 'The Light that Failed' and 'The Naulahka' have their moments. They are much more readable than most con-

temporary novels, and the latter is as thrilling as 'Treasure Island.' But to compare them with, say, "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" would be ridiculous. Perhaps one reason of their failure is the thoroughly uninteresting character of the hero and heroine. Who cares much for Dick and Maisie? Who for Nicholas Tarvin and Kate Sheriff? Better by far the society of Mowgli and the wolves—than whom indeed more agreeable company is not to be found without much seeking. None of Mr Kipling's works have the same graciousness and charm as 'The Jungle Books,' none are so wise, so considerate, so kindly. If, before trying them yourself, you follow the old maxim and "try them on the dog," the result is certain to be satisfactory. Children adore them, and add the animals to that menagerie which Robin, Dickie, Flapsy, and Pecksy used to adorn. And if, fortified by the success of your experiment, you try them on yourself, you will thenceforth use no others. The reader will perhaps forgive an uncontrollable lapse into the dignified phraseology of latter-day criticism.

The peculiar attraction of Mr Kipling's prose work lies much less in any solicitude for style than in his unique fertility of imagination. He need never beat about the bush, for it disgorges a hare every two minutes; nor has he time to be fastidious in his choice of words. In some of his earlier pieces his manner is almost vicious. It is like "the picture-writing of a half-civilised people," to borrow an apt metaphor of his own,—crude, jerky, flippant. The straining after smartness and sensation is too evident, and the too-ready epigram is too frequent and too favourite an ornament. That these faults have been to a great extent corrected by the maturer taste and sounder discretion of advancing years is perfectly true. But they are not wholly eradicated, and Mr Kipling has still to vindicate his title to be considered as a model of English style. That he could make it good if he pleased, we have not the least doubt. A descriptive passage like the following proves that he has little to learn:—

"Over our heads burned the wonderful Indian stars, which are not all pricked in on one plane, but, preserving an orderly perspective, draw the eye through the velvet darkness of the void up to the barred doors of heaven itself. The earth was a grey shadow, more unreal than the sky. We could hear her breathing lightly in the pauses between the howling of the jackals, the movement of the wind in the tamarisks, and the fitful mutter of musketry-fire, leagues away to the left. A native woman from some unseen hut began to sing, the mail-train thundered past on its way to Delhi, and a roosting crow cawed drowsily. Then there was a belt-loosening silence about the fires, and the even breathing of the crowded earth took up the story."

There is no doubt about that as a piece of English; but the great bulk of Mr Kipling's most vigorous and successful prose-work is not in ordinary English but in dialect. It is in the lingo of the Cockney, the Irishman, or the Yorkshireman; or it is in a tongue specially invented for the use of birds and beasts; or it is in a language designed to reproduce the characteristic *nuances* of oriental thought and feeling. It is through such a medium that Mr Kipling's genius seems to find its most ample and fitting expression; and perhaps it is on that account that his long stories are disappointing. They are necessarily in more or less literary English, for dialect cannot be maintained beyond a

certain length of time without fatiguing the reader.

That Mr Kipling has performed prodigies of ingenuity, and of more than ingenuity, with dialect in verse as well as in prose, is no more than the truth. He has indeed accomplished what, perhaps, was never achieved before. He has selected a *patois* the associations of which were wholly mean, commonplace, ludicrous, and degrading, and has made it the vehicle of poetry characterised by qualities the very reverse of these. But his verse, whether in plain English or in dialect, is superior to his prose in plain English, because poetry is more exacting than prose. It is the paradox of poetry that it permits no synonyms. The poet is in perpetual quest of the one inevitable word, and only the true poet can find it. Now in Mr Kipling's poetry the right word emerges at the right moment, and no one can doubt that it *is* the right word.

"So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me!
An' it's finish off your swipes an' follow me!
Oh, 'ark to the fifes *a-crawlin'!*
Follow me—follow me 'ome!"

Does not the word we have italicised almost make one catch one's breath by its startling appropriateness? But we must not begin to quote, or this article would never end.

The technical difficulties of poetry have no terrors for Mr Kipling.[1] His command of rhythm and metre is absolute. No measure is too intricate for him to master, and some of the pleasure with which his verse is read is due to the apparent facility with which he handles a complicated scheme of versification. We think we can detect that Mr Swinburne engaged some portion of Mr Kipling's youth; but the influence of that master is not obtrusive in his later productions. For pure poetical prestidigitation we never read anything to compare with the stanza prefixed to chapter vii. of 'The Naulahka.'[2] Even Mr Gilbert, in the happiest hours of his plenary Aristophanic inspiration, never equalled that. But luckily there is infinitely more in Mr Kipling's poetry than mere nimbleness of wit or mechanical dexterity. His highest flights are high indeed, and it is true of his best work, as of all the world's greatest poetry, that it can be read and re-read without losing its freshness. New beauties are ever to be discovered, and the old ones shine with brighter lustre. His record as a poet is one of steady and rapid progress. His very earliest efforts are perhaps scarcely superior to the best verse in 'Punch,' when the letterpress of that journal was worth reading. Among all the "Departmental Ditties" there is but one—"Possibilities"—whose original flavour and half-pathetic, half-cynical humour indicate something transcending extreme cleverness. "The Ballad of East and West" was the first plain manifestation of genius; while in his subsequent volumes—in the "Barrack-room Ballads" and in "The Seven Seas"

[1] It is the more provoking that he frequently indulges in Cockney rhymes, such as *abroad* and *Lord*. The final verse of "The Last Chantey" is disgraced by a false assonance of this sort, and so is the closing couplet of "M'Andrew's Hymn," where of course it is peculiarly out of place.

[2] It is interesting to note that Mr Kipling has scattered some of his best poetry among his prose with a prodigality that reminds one of Sir Walter Scott.

—there are poems whose authorship not even the greatest of England's singers need be eager to disavow. "The Flag of England," "A Song of the English," "The Last Chantey," "M'Andrew's Hymn," — these are strains that dwell in the memory and stir the blood. They have a richness and fulness of note very different from the shrill and reedy utterance of many who have attempted to tune their pipe to the pitch of courage and of patriotism. Yet even they sink into comparative insignificance beside that "Recessional" which fifteen months ago took England by storm, and which seemed to concentrate in itself the glowing patriotism of a Shakespeare, the solemn piety of a Milton, and the measured stateliness of a Dryden. For sheer ingenuity and lightness of touch, indeed, "The Song of the Banjo" cannot be matched. (Why, by the bye, has the fate of "the younger son" such a fascination for Mr Kipling's muse?) But we are not prepared to put it in the same rank as the best of the "Barrack-room Ballads," though what the best are we shall not be rash enough to say. Let the reader make his own selection.

To frame a concise yet exhaustive judgment upon Mr Kipling is impossible, so various are his gifts, so rich his endowment. A glowing imagination, an inexhaustible invention, a profound knowledge of the human heart—these are three of his choicest possessions. Yet how inadequately does so bald a statement sum up the rich profusion of his talents! How beggarly and feeble seem the resources of language to do justice to his great achievements! It is good to think that in all human probability he will be long with us to continue his work and to enhance his fame. There will never be wanting persons to dissuade from patriotism, and to point out how expensive the exercise of that virtue is apt to be. It is well for us that a great writer should be in our midst strengthening the weak hands and confirming the feeble knees. Much as he has accomplished in the past, there remains much for him to accomplish in the future, and if in the course of providence we should be spared to survey Mr Kipling's work thirty years hence, we make no doubt that much of priceless value will have been added to its tale. For the constant burden of his song teaches the lesson which it most behoves the younger generation to learn. "Law, Orrder, Duty, an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!"—these are the foundations of a prosperous State. The Laws of the Jungle are the Laws of the Universe, and we shall be fortunate indeed if, when times of stress and peril arrive, we have realised what our fathers learned in sorrow and tribulation and what their sons are too prone to forget,—

"But the head and the hoof of the Law
And the haunch and the hump is
—Obey!"

THE DEATH-MARCH OF KÛLOP SÛMBING.

"From age to age a glowing page
Their names must win in story,
The men who wrought and dared and fought
To make a nation's glory.
Half men, half gods, they feared no odds,
And made our England's name
Echo and roll from pole to pole,
A widening din of fame!

But had their ways, for all their days,
Been set in lands apart,
Straitened and pent, with ne'er a vent
For mighty brain and heart,
These very men, perhaps, might then
Have joined the nameless throng,
Who wage red war against the Law,
But win no name in song."

—"The Song of the Lost Heroes."

He was an ill fellow to look at—so men who knew him tell me—large of limb and very powerfully built. His face was broad and ugly, and a peculiarly sinister expression was imparted to it by a hare-lip, which left his gums exposed. It was to this latter embellishment that he owed at once his vicious temper and the name by which he was known. It is not difficult to understand why: for women did not love to look upon the gash in his lip, and his nickname of *Sûmbing*—which means "The Chipped One"—reminded him of his calamity whenever he heard it.

He was a native of Pêrak, and he made his way into Pahang through the untrodden Sâkai country. That is practically all that is known concerning his origin. The name of the district in which Kûlop Sûmbing had his home represented nothing to the natives of the Jĕlai Valley, and now no man knows from what part of Pêrak this adventurer came. The manner of his coming, however, excited the admiration, and impressed itself upon the imaginations, of the people of Pahang—who love pluck almost as much as they hate toil: so the tale of his doings is still told, though these things happened nearly a score of years ago.

Kûlop Sûmbing probably held a sufficiently cynical opinion as to the nature of his countrywomen, who are among the most venal of their sex. He knew that no girl could love him for the sake of his marred unsightly face, but that many would bestow their favours upon him if his money-bags were well lined. Therefore he determined to grow rich with as little delay as possible, and to this end he looked about for some one whom he might plunder. For this purpose Pêrak was played out. The law of the white men could not be bribed by a successful robber, so he turned his eyes across the border to Pahang, which bore an evil reputation, as a land in which ill things were done with impunity, while the doer throve exceedingly.

He had a love of adventure, was absolutely fearless, and was, moreover, a good man with his hands. In common with most Malays the Central Gaol, and the rigid discipline of prison life, had few attractions for him; and as he did not share with the majority of his race their instinctive dread of

travelling alone in the jungle, he decided on making a lone-hand raid into the Sâkai country, which lies between Pêrak and Pahang. Here he would be safe from the grip of the white man's hand, and well removed from the sight of the Government's eyes, as the Malays name our somnolent policemen, and much wealth would come to the ready hand that knew full well how to seize it. He, of course, felt absolutely no twinges of conscience, for you must not look for principle in the men of the race to which Kûlop Sûmbing belonged. A Malay is honest and law-abiding just so long as it suits his convenience to be so, and not more than sixty seconds longer. Virtue in the abstract does not fire him with any particular enthusiasm, but a love of right-doing may occasionally be galvanised into a sort of paralytic life in his breast, if a haunting fear of the consequences of crime are kept very clearly before his eyes. So Kûlop kicked the dust of law-restrained Pêrak from his bare brown soles, and set out for the Sâkai country, and the remote interior of Pahang, where the law of God was not and no law of man held true.

He carried with him all the rice that he could bear upon his shoulders, two dollars in silver, a little tobacco, a handsome *kris*, and a long spear with a broad and shining blade. His supplies were to last him till the first Sâkai camps were reached, and after that his food, he told himself, would "rest at the tip of his dagger." He did not propose to really begin his operations until the mountains, which fence the Pêrak boundary, had been crossed, so was content to allow the first Sâkai villages to pass unpillaged. He impressed some of the naked, frightened aborigines as bearers, he levied such supplies of food as he needed, and the Sâkai, who were glad to be rid of him so cheaply, handed him on from village to village with the greatest alacrity. The base of the jungle-covered mountains of the interior were reached at the end of a fortnight, and Kûlop and his Sâkai began to drag themselves up the steep ascent by means of roots, trailing creepers, and slender saplings.

Upon a certain day they reached the summit of a nameless mountain and threw themselves down panting for breath upon the round bare drumming-ground of an argus pheasant. On the crest of almost every hill and hog's back in the interior these drumming-grounds are found, bare and smooth as a threshing-floor, save for the thin litter of dead twigs with which they are strewn by the birds. Sometimes, if you keep very still, you may hear the cocks strutting and dancing, and thumping the hard earth, but no man amongst us has ever seen the pheasants going through their performance. At night-time their full-throated yell rings across the valleys, waking a thousand echoes, and the cry is taken up and thrown backwards and forwards by a host of pheasants, each answering from his own hill. Judging by the frequency of their cry, they must be among the most common of all jungle birds, yet so deftly do they hide themselves that they are but rarely seen, and the beauties of their plumage—at once more delicate and more brilliant than that of the peacock—and the wonders of the countless violet eyes with which their feathers are set, are only known to us because these birds are so frequently trapped by the Malays.

Where Kûlop and his Sâkai lay the trees were thinned out. The

last two hundred feet of the ascent had been a severe climb, and the ridge, which formed the summit, stood clear of the tree-tops which grew half-way up the slope. As he lay panting, Kûlop Sûmbing gazed down for the first time upon the eastern slope of the Peninsula, the theatre in which ere long he proposed to play a very daring part. At his feet were tree-tops of every shade of green, from the tender, brilliant colour which we associate with young corn, to the deep dull hue which is almost black. They fell away beneath him in a broad slope of living vegetation, the contour of each individual tree, and the grey, white, or black lines, which marked their trunks or branches, growing less and less distinct, until the jungle covering the plain was a blurred wash of colour that had more of blue than green in it. Here and there, very far away, the sunlight fell in a dazzling flash upon something which glistened like the mirror of a heliograph, and this, Kûlop knew, was the broad reaches of a river. The jungle hid all traces of human habitation, and no sign of life was visible, save only a solitary kite "sailing with supreme dominion through the azure depth of air," and the slight uneasy swaying of some of the taller trees, as a faint breeze swept gently over the forest. Here, in the mountains, the air was damp and chilly, and a cold wind was blowing, while the sun appeared to have lost half its power. In the plain below, however, the land lay steaming and sweltering beneath the fierce perpendicular rays, while the heat-haze danced restlessly above the forest.

During the next day or two Kûlop Sûmbing and his Pêrak Sâkai made their way down the eastern slope of the mountains, and through the silent forests, which are given over to game, and to the equally wild jungle-folk, who fly at the approach of any human beings, precisely as do the beasts which share with them their home.

Kûlop and his people passed several deserted camps belonging to these wild Sâkai, but the instinct of the savages tells them unerringly that strangers are at hand, and never once were any of these folk caught sight of by the travellers.

These people live a nomadic life, roaming hither and thither through the forest in quest of fresh feeding-grounds when the old ones are temporarily exhausted. They have no knowledge of planting, and they live chiefly upon yams and roots, sour jungle fruits, and the fish which they catch in cunningly devised basket-work traps. These things are known to such of us as have journeyed through their country, for their tracks tell their story up to this point. We know, too, that they camp in rude shelters of leaves propped crazily on untrimmed uprights, and that they obtain wood knives from the tamer tribesmen in exchange for the long reeds of which the inner casing of the Sâkai blow-pipes is made. But even when they barter thus, they never willingly meet other human beings, their wares being deposited in certain well-known places in the jungle, where they are replaced by other articles which the wild-folk remove when no man is watching. A few survivors of the captives, made by the tamer Sâkai on various slave-raiding expeditions, may be found in some of the Malay villages in Pahang, but of the life of these people in their wild forest state no man knows anything.

Kûlop Sûmbing, of course, took

very little interest in them, for they possess no property, and nothing was therefore to be gained by harrying them. So he pushed on through the wild Sâkai country until the upper waters of the Bĕtok, the principal tributary of the Jĕlai, was reached.

Bamboos were felled, a raft was constructed, and then Kûlop Sûmbing dismissed his Sâkai, and began his descent of the unknown river, which led he knew not where, alone, save for his weapons, but full of confidence in his ability to pillage this undiscovered country single-handed.

When you come to think of it, there was something bordering upon the heroic in the action of this unscrupulous man with the marred face, who glided gently down the river on this wild, lone-hand raid. The land was strange to him; the river, for all he knew, might be beset with impassable rapids and unknown dangers of every kind; his object was robbery on a large scale, and a plunderer is not likely to meet with much love from those whom he despoils. He was going to certain enmity, one might say to almost certain death, yet he poled his raft down the stream with deft punts, and gazed calmly ahead of him with a complete absence of fear.

Under happier circumstances Kûlop of the Hare-lip might surely have won rank among those brave men whose names still ring through the centuries as heroes, whose courage has won for them a lasting niche in human history.

It was at noon upon the second day that Kûlop sighted a large camp of the tamer Sâkai in a clearing on the right bank of the Bĕtok. The sight of a Malay, coming from such an unusual quarter, filled the jungle people with superstitious dread, and in a few minutes every man, woman, and child had fled screaming to the forest.

Kûlop went through the ten or fifteen squalid huts which stood in the clearing, and an occasional grunt attested that he was well satisfied with the stores of valuable *gĕtah* lying stowed away in the sheds. He calculated that there could not be less than seven *pîkul*, and that would mean $600 in cash—a small fortune for any Malay. But then a difficulty presented itself. How was this precious sum to be carried down stream into Pahang? His raft would hold about one *pîkul*—he knew that the Sâkai would not interfere with him if he chose to remove that amount and to leave the rest. But the sight of the remaining six *pîkul* was too much for him. He could not find it in his heart to abandon it, and he began to feel angry with the Sâkai, who, he almost persuaded himself, were defrauding him of his just rights.

He rolled his quid of betel-nut and sat down to await the return of the Sâkai, and as he thought of the injury they were like to do him if they refused to aid in the removal of the rest of the *gĕtah*, his heart waxed very hot within him.

Presently two frightened brown faces, scarred with blue tattoo-marks on cheek and forehead, and surmounted by a frowzy mop of sun-bleached hair, rose stealthily above the level of the flooring near the door, and peeped at him with shy, terrified eyes.

Kûlop turned his face towards them, and the bobbing heads disappeared with surprising alacrity.

"Come hither!" cried Kûlop.

The heads reappeared once more, and in a few brief words Kûlop bade them go call their fellows.

The Sâkai sidled off into the

jungle, and presently a crowd of squalid aborigines came from out the shelter of the trees and underwood and stood looking at Kûlop curiously, with light feet gingerly treading the ground, every muscle braced for a swift dart into cover at the first alarm of danger.

"Who among ye is the chief?" asked Kûlop.

"Thy servant is the chief," replied an aged Sâkai.

He stood forward as he spoke, trembling a little as he glanced timidly at the Malay, who sat cross-legged in the doorway of the hut. His straggling mop of hair was almost white, and his skin was dry and creased and wrinkled. He was naked, as were all his people, save for a slender loin-clout of bark-cloth, and his thin flanks and buttocks were white with the warm wood-ashes in which he had been lying when Kûlop's arrival interrupted his mid-day snooze.

"Bid these, thy children, build me eight bamboo rafts, strong and firm, at the foot of yonder rapid," said Kûlop. "And mark ye, be not slow, for I love not indolence."

"It can be done," said the Sâkai headman, submissively.

"That is well," returned Kûlop. "See thou to it with speed, for I am a man prone to wrath."

The Sâkai fell to work, and by nightfall the six new rafts were completed, and while the jungle-folk toiled, Kûlop of the Hare-lip, who had declared that he loved not indolence, lay upon his back on the floor of the chief's hut, and roared a love-song in a harsh, discordant voice, to the lady whose heart the wealth he sought so eagerly, and now began to see within his grasp, would enable him to subdue.

Kûlop slept that night in the Sâkai hut among the restless jungle-folk. The air was chilly up here in the foothills, and the fire, which the Sâkai never willingly let die, smoked and smouldered in the middle of the floor. Half-a-dozen long logs, all pointing to a common centre like the spokes of a broken wheel, met at the point where the fire burned red in the darkness, and between these boughs in the warm grey ashes lay men, women, and children sprawling in every conceivable attitude into which their naked brown limbs could twist themselves. Ever and anon they would rise up and tend the fire. Then they would sit round the newly-kindled blaze and talk in the jerky monosyllable jargon of the aborigines. The pungent smoke of the wood enshrouded them as with a garment, and their eyes waxed red and watery, but they heeded it not, for as their old saw has it, "Fire-smoke is the blanket of the Sâkai."

And Kûlop of the Hare-lip slept the sleep of the just.

The dawn broke greyly, for a mist hung low over the forest, white as driven snow and cold and clammy as the forehead of a corpse. The naked Sâkai peeped shiveringly from the doorways of their huts, and then went shuddering back to the grateful warmth of the fire, and the frowzy atmosphere within.

Kûlop alone made his way down to the river-bank and there performed his morning ablutions with scrupulous care—for whatever laws of God and man a Malay may disregard, he never forgets the virtue of personal cleanliness, which, in an Oriental, is even more immediately important to his neighbours than all the godliness in the world. A Malay would as soon think of foregoing his morning tub as he would of

fasting when food was to be had in plenty, and the days of Ramathân had sped.

When his ablutions were completed, Kûlop climbed the steep bank once more, and, standing outside the chief's hut, called the Sâkai from their lairs, bidding them hearken to his words. They stood or squatted before him in the white mist, through which the sun, just peeping above the jungle, was beginning to send long slanting rays of dazzling white light.

They were cold and miserable—this little crowd of naked men—and they shivered and scratched their bodies restlessly. The trilling of the thrushes and the chorus raised by other birds came to their ears through the still air mingled with the whooping and barking of the anthropoid apes; but the morning song has small power to cheer those who, like the Sâkai, are very sensitive to cold, and it is during the chilly waking hour that men's courage and vitality are usually at the lowest ebb.

"Listen to me, ye Sâkai!" began Kûlop, in a loud and angry voice, and at the word those of his hearers who stood erect squatted humbly with their fellows, and the shivering of cold was increased by the trembling of fear. If there is one thing the jungle-folk dislike more than another it is to be called "Sâkai" to their faces, and the term is never used to them by the Malays unless the speaker wishes to bully them. The word really means a slave, but by the aborigines it is regarded as the most offensive epithet in the Malay vocabulary. In their own tongue they speak of themselves as *Sĕn-oi*, which means a "man," as opposed to *Gob*, a foreigner,—for even the Sâkai has some vestiges of pride if you know where to look for it, and to his mind the people of his race are alone entitled to be called "men." When speaking Malay they allude to themselves as *Ôrang Bûkit*—men of the hills; *Ôrang Ûtan*—jungle-folk; or *Oran Dalam*—the folk who dwell within the forests. They delight to be spoken of as *rĕayat*—peasants, or as *rĕayat râja*—subjects of the king; and the Malays, who delight in nicely graded distinctions of speech in speaking to men of various ranks and classes, habitually use these terms when addressing Sâkai, in order that the hearts of the jungle-folk may be warmed within them. When therefore the objectionable name "Sâkai" is used to the forest-dwellers, the latter know that mischief and trouble are afoot, and since they are as timid as other wild creatures, a deadly fear falls upon them at the word.

"Listen, ye accursed Sâkai!" cried Kûlop of the Hare-lip, waving his spear above his head. "Mark well my words, for I hear the warm earth calling to the coffin planks in which your carcasses shall be presently if ye fail to do my behests. Go, gather up the *gĕtah* that lies within your dwellings and bring it hither speedily, lest a worse thing befall ye!"

The Sâkai rose slowly and walked each man to his hut with lagging steps. In a few minutes the great round balls of gum, with a little hole punched in each, through which a rotten line was passed, lay heaped upon the ground at Kûlop's feet. But the Sâkai had brought something as well as the *gĕtah*, for each man held a long and slender spear fashioned of bamboo. The weapon sounds harmless enough, but the wooden blades are strong and stubborn, and the edges and points are sharper than steel. Kûlop of the Hare-lip saw that the time had

come for prompt action to supplement rough words.

"Cast down your spears to the earth, ye swine of the forest!" he yelled.

Almost all the Sâkai did as Kûlop bade them, for the Malay is here the dominant race, and years of oppression and wrong have made the jungle-folk very docile in the presence of the more civilised brown man. The Sâkai chief, however, clutched his weapon firmly, and his frightened old eyes ran around the group of his kinsmen vainly inciting them to follow his example. The next moment his gaze was recalled to Kûlop of the Hare-lip by a sharp pain in his right shoulder, as the spear of the Malay transfixed it. His own weapon dropped from his powerless arm, and the Sâkai broke and fled. But a shrill cry from Kûlop, as he ran around them, herding them as a collie herds sheep, brought them soon to a stand-still.

No thought of further resistance remained in their minds, and the *gĕtah* was quickly loaded on the rafts, and the plundered Sâkai, still wild with fear, began to pole them down the river, while Kûlop sat at ease on the last raft, which two of the shuddering jungle-folk punted carefully.

The wounded chief, left behind in his hut, sent two youths through the forest to bid their fellow-tribesmen prepare the poison for their blow-pipe darts, since he knew that no one would now attempt to kill Kûlop of the Hare-lip at close quarters. But the poison which the Sâkai distil from the resin of the *îpoh* tree requires some time to prepare, and if it is to be used with effect upon a human being, a specially strong solution is necessary. Above all, if it is to do its work properly, it must be newly made. Thus it was that Kûlop of the Hare-lip had time to load his rafts with *gĕtah* taken from two other Sâkai camps, and to pass very nearly out of the Sâkai country before the people whom he had robbed were in a position to take the offensive.

The Bĕtok river falls into the Upper Jĕlai, a stream which is also given over entirely to the jungle-people, and it is not until the latter river meets the Tĕlom and the Serau at the point where the Lower Jĕlai is formed that the banks begin to be studded with scattered Malay villages.

Kûlop of the Hare-lip knew nothing of the geopraphy of the land through which he was travelling, but he was aware that running water presupposed the existence of the habitations of men of his own race if followed down sufficiently far. Therefore he pressed forward eagerly, bullying and goading his frightened Sâkai into something resembling energy. He had now more than a thousand dollars' worth of *gĕtah* on his rafts, and he was getting anxious as to its safety. To the danger in which he himself went he was perfectly callous and indifferent.

It was at Kuâla Mĕrbau, a spot where a tiny stream falls into the Upper Jĕlai upon its right bank, that a small party of Sâkai lay in hiding, peering through the greenery at the gliding waters down which Kûlop and his plunder must presently come. Each man carried at his side a quiver fashioned of a single length of bamboo covered with the dots, crosses, and zigzags and triangles which the Sâkai delight to trace upon all their vessels. Each quiver was filled with slender darts, about the thickness of a steel knitting-needle, with an elliptical piece of light wood at one end to steady it in its flight, and a very sharp tip

coated with the black venom of the *îpoh* sap. In their hands each one of them held a long reed blowpipe some twelve feet in length. These weapons were rudely but curiously carved.

Presently the foremost of the Sâkai stood erect, his elbows level with his ears, his feet heel to heel, his body leaning slightly forward from the hips. His hands were locked together at the mouthpiece of his blowpipe, the long reed being held firmly by his thumbs and forefingers, which were coiled above it, while the weight rested upon the lower interlaced fingers of both hands. His mouth was puckered and drawn in, like that of a man who seeks to spit out a shred of tobacco which the loose end of a cigarette has left between his lips, and it nestled closely to the wooden mouthpiece. His keen, wild eyes glanced along the length of the blowpipe shrewdly and unflinchingly, little hard puckers forming at their corners. *Pit!* said the blowpipe. The little wad of dry pith which had been used to exclude the air around the dart-head fell into the water a dozen feet away, and the dart itself flew forward with incredible speed, straight to the mark at which it was aimed.

A slight shock on his right side just above the hip apprised Kûlop that something had struck him, and looking down he saw the dart still shuddering in his side. But, as luck would have it, Kûlop carried under his coat a gaudy bag stuffed with the ingredients of the betel quid, and the dart had struck this and embedded itself in it. The merest fraction of a second was all that Kûlop needed to see this, and to take in the whole of the situation, and with him action and perception kept pace with one another. Before the dart had ceased to quiver, before the Sâkai on the bank had had time to send another in its wake, before the men who poled his raft had fully grasped what was going forward, Kûlop had seized the nearest of his Sâkai by his frowzy halo of elf-locks and had drawn him screaming across his knee. The terrified creature writhed and flung his body about wildly, and his friends upon the bank feared to blow their darts lest they should inadvertently wound their kinsman while striving to kill the Malay.

"Have a care, ye swine of the forest!" cried Kûlop, while he cuffed the screaming Sâkai unsparingly in order to keep his limbs in constant motion. "Have a care, ye sons of fallen women! If ye fire one more of your darts this man, your kinsman, dies by my *kris!*"

The Sâkai on the banks had no reason to doubt the sincerity of Kûlop's words, and since they love their relatives, both near and distant, far more than is possible in more civilised communities, they drew off, and Kûlop of the Hare-lip went upon his way rejoicing. But he kept his Sâkai across his knee none the less, and occasionally administered a sounding cuff to him *pour encourager les autres.*

Thus he won his way out of the Sâkai country, and that night he laid him down to sleep in a Malay village in the full enjoyment of excellent health, the knowledge that he was at last a rich man, and a delightful consciousness of having successfully performed deeds well worth the doing.

For a month or twain he dwelt in the Jĕlai, at Bûkit Betong, the village of To' Râja, the great up-

country chief, who then ruled that district. He sold his *gĕtah* to this man, and since he was ready to let it go for something less than the market price, the sorrows of the Sâkai were the cause of much amusement to those from whom they sought redress, and whose duty it should have been to afford them protection.

But Kûlop of the Hare-lip had left his heart behind him in Pêrak, for the natives of that State can never long be happy when beyond the limits of their own country, and must always make their way back sooner or later to drink of the waters of their silver river. Perhaps, too, Kûlop had some one particular lady in his mind when he set out upon his quest for wealth, for if you watch, you will see that the best work and the most blackguardly deeds of a man are alike usually due to the woman who sits at the back of his heart and is the driving power which impels him to good or to evil.

One day Kûlop of the Hare-lip presented himself before To' Râja as the latter lay smoking his opium-pipe upon the soft mats in his house, and informed him that as he was about to leave Pahang he had brought a present "trifling and unworthy of his acceptance"—which he craved the chief to honour him by receiving.

"When dost thou go down stream?" asked To' Râja, for the Jĕlai is in the far interior of Pahang, and if a man would leave the country by any of the ordinary routes, he must pass down that river at any rate as far as Kuâla Lĭpis.

"Thy servant goes *up* stream," said Kûlop of the Hare-lip.

To' Raja started.

"What?" said he, in a voice full of astonishment.

"Thy servant returns the way he came," said Kûlop, calmly.

To' Râja burst out into a torrent of excited expostulation. It was death, certain death, he said for Kûlop once more to attempt to traverse the Sâkai country. The other ways were open, and no man would dream of staying him if he sought to return to his own country by land or sea. It was folly, it was madness, it was impossible. But to all these words Kûlop of the Hare-lip turned a deaf ear. He knew Malay chieftains and all their ways and works sufficiently well, and he had paid toll enough to To' Râja already to have any desire to further diminish the amount of his honest earnings. If he wended his way homeward through inhabited country, he knew that he would have to comply with the exactions of every chief through whose district he might pass, and this was a prospect that had few attractions for him. The Sâkai, on the other hand, he despised utterly, and as he was physically incapable of feeling fear at this stage of the proceedings, he laughed at To' Râja's estimate of the risk he would run. Nay, he saw in the chief's words a cunning attempt to induce him to penetrate more deeply into a land in which he might be plundered with the greater ease. Accordingly he declined to be persuaded by To' Râja, and a day or two later he began his return journey through the forests.

He knew that it would be useless to attempt to induce any one to accompany him, so he went, as he had come—alone. The dollars for which he had exchanged his plunder were hard and heavy upon his back, and he was further loaded with rice and dried fish, but his weapons were as bright as

ever, and to him they still seemed to be all the companions that a man need desire. He travelled on foot, for he could not pole a raft single-handed against the current, and he had to trust to such paths as he could find, guiding himself for the most part by the direction of the river. He passed many Sâkai camps, which were all abandoned at his approach, and he halted in several of them to replenish his scanty stock of provisions, but he slept in the jungle.

It was on the evening of the second or third night that Kûlop became aware of an unpleasant sensation. The moon was at the full, and he could see for many yards around him in the forest, and though no one was visible, he became painfully conscious that somebody was watching him. Occasionally he thought that he caught the glint of eyes in the underwood, and every now and again a dry twig snapped crisply, now to the right, now to the left, now in front of him, now behind him. He started to his feet and sounded the *sôrak* — the war-yell — that pealed in widening echoes through the forest. A rustle in half-a-dozen directions at once showed him that the watchers had been numerous, and that they were now taking refuge in flight.

Kûlop of the Hare-lip sat down again beside his fire, and a new and strange sensation began to grip his heart queerly. It was accompanied by an uneasy feeling in the small of his back, as though he momentarily expected to receive a spear-thrust there, and a clammy dampness rose upon his forehead, while of a sudden the skin behind his ears seemed strangely cold. Perhaps even Kûlop of the Hare-lip needed no man to tell him that this was fear.

He replenished his fire and sat near it, trying to still the chattering of his teeth. If he could find himself face to face with an enemy fear would leave him, he knew; but this eerie, uncanny feeling of being watched and hounded by foes whom he could not see struck him with palsy. As he sat he glanced uneasily over his shoulder from time to time, and at last he drew back against the trunk of a large tree, so that none might strike him from behind. As he sat thus, leaning slightly backwards, he chanced to glance up, and in a tree-top, some fifty yards away, he saw the crouching form of a Sâkai silhouetted blackly against the moon-lit sky.

He leaped to his feet once more, and again the *sôrak* rang out as he strove to tear his way through the underwood to the foot of the tree in which he had seen his enemy. But the jungle was thick, he lost his bearings quickly, and, weary with his exertions, torn with brambles, and sweating profusely, he was glad to make his way back to the fire again.

All through that terrible night Kûlop of the Hare-lip strove to drive away sleep from his heavy eyes. The hours seemed incredibly long, and he feared that the dawn would never, never come. One minute he would tell himself that he was wide awake, and a second later a rustle in the underwood startled him into a knowledge that he had slept. Horror and fear had their will of him, and those who know them are aware that there are no more skilled tormenters than they. A hundred times he leaped to his feet and sent the *sôrak* ringing through the jungle, and each time those who watched him fled in panic. While he remained awake and on guard the Sâkai feared him too much to

attack him. His previous escape from the dart which they had seen pierce his side had originated in their minds the idea that he was invulnerable, so they tried no longer to slay him from a distance. This he quickly perceived, but fear clutched him once more when he speculated as to what would happen when he was at last forced to give way to the weight of weariness that was now oppressing him so sorely.

Presently a change began to creep over the forest in which he sat. A little stir in the trees around told him that the bird-folk were awakening. Objects which had hitherto been dark and shapeless masses in the shadows cast into prominence by the white moonlight, gradually assumed more definite shape. Later the colours of the trunks and leaves and creepers, still dark and dulled, but none the less colour, began to be perceptible, and Kûlop of the Hare-lip rejoiced exceedingly in that the dawn had come and the horrors of the night were passing away.

All that day Kûlop, albeit weary almost to death, trudged onward through the forest; but the news had spread among the Sâkai that their enemy was once more among them, and the number of the jungle-folk, who dogged his footsteps, steadily increased. Kûlop could hear their shrill whoops, as they called to one another through the forest, giving warning of his approach, or signalling the path which he was taking. Once or twice he fancied that he caught a glimpse of a little brown form, of two glinting eyes, or of a straggling mop of frowzy hair, and then he would charge, shouting angrily. But the figure—if indeed it had any existence save in his overwrought imagination—always vanished as suddenly and as noiselessly as a shadow long before he could come within striking distance. Kûlop of the Hare-lip found this far more terrible and frightening than the most desperate hand-to-hand fight could be, for the invisibility and the intangible nature of his enemy added the horrors of a fever-dream to the very real danger in which he now knew himself to stand.

The night that followed that day was one of accute agony to the weary man who dared not sleep, and about midnight he again marched forward through the forest, hoping thereby to elude his pursuers.

For an hour he believed himself to have been successful. Then the shrill yells broke out again, and at the sound Kûlop's heart sank within him. Still he stumbled on, too dead tired to charge at his phantom enemy, too hoarse at last even to raise his voice in the *sôrak*, but doggedly determined not to give in. But as he waxed faint the number and the boldness of his pursuers increased proportionately, till their yells sounded on every side, and Kûlop seemed like a lost soul, winding his way to the Bottomless Pit, with an escort of rejoicing devils shouting a noisy chorus around him.

Another awful day followed, and when once more the night shut down, Kûlop of the Hare-lip sank exhausted upon the ground. His battle was over. He could bear up no longer against the weight of his weariness and the aching longing for sleep. Almost as his head touched the warm, dark litter of dead leaves with which the earth of the jungle is strewn, his heavy eyelids closed and his breath came soft and regular. This was his surrender, for at last he knew himself to be beaten. He was half-

way up the mountains now, and was almost in reach of safety, but—

"Ah, the little more—and how much it is,
And the little less—and what worlds away!"

Kûlop of the Hare-lip—Kûlop the resolute, the fearless—Kûlop the strong, the enduring, was at the end of his tether. He had been beaten—not by the Sâkai, but by Nature, which no man may long defy—and in obedience to her he surrendered his will and slept.

Presently the underwood was parted by human hands in half-a-dozen different places, and the Sâkai crept stealthily out of the jungle into the little patch of open in which their enemy lay at rest. He moved uneasily in his sleep—not because any noise on their part had disturbed him, for they came as silently as a shadow cast over a broad forest by a patch of scudding cloud—and at the sight the Sâkai halted with lifted foot ready to plunge back into cover should their enemy awake. But the exhausted man was sleeping heavily, wrapped in the slumber from which he was never again to be aroused. The silent jungle-people, armed with heavy clubs and bamboo spears, stole to within a foot or two of the unconscious Malay. Then nearly a score of them lifted their weapons, poised them on high, and brought them down simultaneously on the body of their foe. Kûlop's limbs stretched themselves slowly and stiffly, his jaw fell, and blood flowed in twenty places. No cry escaped him, and the trembling Sâkai looked down upon the dead face of their enemy, and knew that he had paid his debt to them in full.

They touched none of his gear, for they feared to be haunted by his ghost, and Kûlop had nothing edible about him, such as the jungle-folk find it hard to leave untouched. Money had no meaning to the Sâkai, so the silver dollars, which ran in a glistening stream from a rent made in their bag by a spear-thrust, were left glistening in the moonlight by the side of that still grey face, with the ghastly, pallid lip split upwards to the nostrils. There the Sâkai took their leave of Kûlop of the Hare-lip as he lay stretched beside the riches which he had bought at so dear a price.

If you want some ready money and a good *kris* and spear, both of which have done execution in their day, they are all to be had for the gathering in a spot in the forest not very far from the boundary between Pahang and Pêrak, but you must find the place for yourself, since the Sâkai to a man will certainly deny all knowledge of it. Therefore it is probable that Kûlop of the Hare-lip will rise up on the Judgment Day with his property intact.

HUGH CLIFFORD.

ROMANCE OF THE FUR TRADE: THE COMPANIES.

Gold and furs have colonised the Americas. Wherever they were to be found or sought, Europeans have subjugated or exterminated the native races. In the quest of gold the Spanish conquistadores led the way in the torrid south, and De Soto in his hunt after the fabled El Dorado found a grave in the waters of the Mississippi which he had discovered. He was followed by Raleigh and the English adventurers who went to Guiana on the same bootless errand. The gains of the later gold-seekers were great, and they enriched the world at the cost of cruelties and sufferings unspeakable. Since Pizarro pillaged the Incas and Cortez freighted the galleons with the treasures of the Montezumas, down to the shooting at sight in the mining-camps and gambling saloons of the Far West, the gold-hunters have always held lives cheap, indifferent to their own and careless of those of others. But perhaps the great fur trade has been at least as lucrative, and there is a broader variety of wild romance in it. Certainly it has done more for civilisation and exploration, for it was the making of the great Canadian Dominion, as it opened up America west of the Mississippi to settlement by the States of the south and the seaboard. From the first, the fur-hunters have pursued a gainful but desperately speculative traffic, in the face of unparalleled hardships and perils. As the capitalists who financed the trade staked their hopes of fortune on contingencies they could neither foresee nor control, so each separate career of the retainers in their service was one of suffering, cheered and enlivened only by adventure. Familiarity with death became second nature. For the fur-bearing animals were to be found only in regions of lonely desolation, stretching northward towards the Arctic circle, where the musk-ox barely got a living in the winter by scraping for lichens beneath the snow; or, farther to the south, in a wilderness of mountains and waters, swarming with hostile savages, who fiercely resented their intrusion, where they scaled stupendous ranges, threaded gloomy gorges almost impracticable, or in frail canoes followed the course of rivers raging over an alternation of shoals and cataracts. We say nothing now of the rigours of the northern climate, though sometimes, so far south as the Saskatchewan, the temperature falls to $-62°$, or 94° of frost—and the blast of a blizzard is sudden death.

It was the French in Canada who originated the fur trade. We must own that France has had ill luck in colonisation: she did much in days when her population was more redundant, and she has some reason to be jealous of British successes. We shouldered her out of India, when, with the genius of a Dupleix, the result of the struggle seemed a toss-up; and after Montcalm had fallen gloriously on the Heights of Abraham, we entered into the fruits of her spirited enterprise in the Canadas. Colbert and other French Ministers at home, with such statesmen as Talon and the Marquis de Frontenac, when sent abroad to administer the great transatlantic colony, saw that the Indian traffic must be the foundation of its

prosperity. Agriculture was to come in due course, but for long it could be barely self-supporting. Meantime the sole exports from the unexplored Indian country were its peltries. There are no more exciting or pathetic stories of adventure than those of the exploring missionaries of the French occupation. La Salle, after a hundred years, re-discovered the Mississippi. Joliet and Marquette had traced the chain of the Great Lakes, and Father Hennepin had been the first European to hear the roar of Niagara. La Salle confidently believed that the Mississippi would lead him to the Californian Gulf, whence he could sail to China, which shows how little these daring pioneers knew of the adventures they courted. There were two conflicting influences ever at work, and it is hard to say which of the two inspired the more indomitable resolution. The Church had asserted its supremacy over the State both at Quebec and Montreal. The priests had Louis XIV., Madame de Maintenon, and the zealous rivalry of contending orders behind them. Like modern French missionaries in China, they went to America—or at least the rank and file—with a single-minded longing for the conversion of the heathen. It is true they were content with faint signs of Christianity; but for themselves they were vowed to self-sacrifice, and rather ambitious than otherwise of the crown of martyrdom. Not a few expired in cruel tortures, chanting with their last breath the litanies of their Church, and praying like their Saviour for the forgiveness of their tormentors. Yet it must be remembered that all those Catholic missions were supported by the profits of the fur trade. The convents and their generals, with the governors of the State, were active promoters of fur companies. On the other hand were the secular adventurers, pure and simple, of whom La Salle was the least selfish and the most ambitious. Perhaps we may compare him to Cecil Rhodes, for he chiefly valued wealth as the stepping-stone to power or fame. But the missionaries and statesmanlike heroes alike paved the way for the trafficking explorers, as bold as themselves, who trode emulously in their footsteps. The governors, who looked to the furs to fill their coffers, and who were in a manner responsible for the lives of those adventurous men, began to establish fortified posts on the lakes for their protection and for the due regulation of the trafficking. The commandants had a difficult and dangerous task. For when the whites and the half-breeds met the savage Indians, bringing canoe-loads of peltries from distant regions, among the first articles of barter were spirits, powder, and knives. The carouses beginning in good-fellowship were apt to end in bloodshed, and so there were endless vendettas beyond the frontier, which were for ever renewing the eternal strife.

The trade was virtually a close monopoly. The licences were to be obtained from the governor, and they were granted on his own terms, either for hard cash or from political considerations. At first they were given only to traders who personally conducted the expeditions, afterwards they came to be sold to the middlemen, who retailed them at an enhanced price. But the result was that all the manhood and spirit of the colony either hired themselves to the capitalists or went adventuring on their own account. Agriculture

and lumbering were almost brought to a standstill. It was even a more serious consideration that the settlements around the cities were left exposed to the attacks of the Indians. The Government was driven to severe measures, yet arbitrary legislation only made matters worse. Moreover, other causes were simultaneously at work. The Catholic Church has generally been supposed to encourage gaiety and innocent dissipation. But it is a curious fact that at that time the rule of the priests in Quebec and Montreal was almost as austere as that of the Puritans in Boston and Philadelphia. Chiefly, and not without very good reason, the Church set its face against the drinking habits, which were universal among men suffering habitually from cold and hardships. Licence was only tolerated, and involuntarily tolerated, in Montreal at the great annual fur fair, when all the townsfolk with their savage guests had been in the habit of getting drunk from time immemorial. But neither the trappers when they came home to squander their gains in holiday-making, nor the loafers of the cities to whom they willingly stood treat, could suffer these intolerable restrictions. Consequently, and in spite of edicts and penalties, there was a general stampede of the male population to the woods. It was then, as we are inclined to believe, that for the first time the French trappers, hunters, and canoe-men got the name of *coureurs de bois*, which they retained ever after when in the service of the companies. In fact, the woods and the back-waters began to swarm with bands of lawless vagabonds who were literally bushrangers, and who dare not show their faces in the settlements under pain of arrest and punishment. Outlawed and desperate, they infested the precincts of the frontier posts, uniting the worst vices of civilisation to the savagery of their Indian allies. So it was that French Canada had been rather embarrassed than helped by her best manhood when Montcalm succumbed to Wolfe, and England effected the conquest. Then began the embittered rivalry of two great fur companies, when free-fighting went on far beyond reach of the law, and crimes could be perpetrated with practical impunity.

When the settlers of La France Nouvelle were developing their fur trade under official encouragement, the Hudson Bay Company had been established. Charles II. had granted a charter to his cousin Prince Rupert, giving away a vast territory which was not his to bestow. In 1670, when the Company was founded, Charles had no legal rights in America. By the treaty of St Germain-en-Laye in 1632 the English had conceded to the French all their claims on New France. So late as 1697, by the treaty of Ryswick, the cession of these claims was confirmed. It is true that "spheres of influence" beyond the Atlantic were little respected in those days, for France herself had encroached on the rights of Spain, though solemnly sanctioned by papal bull. Virtually, nevertheless, the Hudson adventurers were trespassers. Yet for a time the Government of the Canadas did not move in the matter. With limitless territories of their own to *exploiter*, with a European population of scarcely 60,000 souls, it could hardly have seemed worth while. The cold of the Canadian winter is intense, but it is little to that on the inhospitable shores of Hudson Bay, enveloped in fogs and darkness for three-fourths of the year. The very name was of sinister omen, for Hudson had

come to unknown grief in the gulf he had discovered. Wonderful were the courage and self-denial of the handful of hardy pioneers who first stockaded a fortalice on that forbidding coast, where they had to fetch the timber by ships from afar and bore into the frozen ground with gigantic gimlets. The illimitable wastes around, still known as the Barren Grounds, were intensely depressing. The silence was seldom broken, save by the screams of the seafowl flying landward before a storm. The musk-ox—more of a sheep by the way—was the only animal of any size that made its home there. The wolf, the moose, or the reindeer would sometimes stray thither in the short summer, but they were always prompt to quit with the first sprinkling of the snows. The settlers had cut themselves loose from society and civilisation. Still the communications with the depots at Fort York, Fort Albany, and Fort Moose are only kept up by a single annual vessel, and if the arrival is unduly delayed, the lonely garrisons in fear of starvation are in a fever of anxiety. Even as fur-preserves those heaven-forsaken territories could not compare with the wealth of the vast sub-Arctic forests lying farther to the south, which stretch northward from the Saskatchewan, down the valleys of the Mackenzie and Fraser rivers, with their swamps and muskegs, where all fur-bearing animals, from the beavers and grey foxes down to the musk-rats, had from time immemorial multiplied in security.

Yet from these small beginnings the Company expanded till it had annexed a territory as large as Europe. That is, of course, but an approximate guess, for those wastes will never be surveyed. But when compelled to transfer its domains to the Canadian Dominion, it owned everything from the Arctic circle to the Red River, including Labrador, Prince Rupert's Land, what are known now as the North-West Territories, British Columbia, and Vancouver's Island. The expansion and the display of British spirit were in some respects more marvellous in their way than that by which another great commercial company gave England the empire of India. Clive and those who followed in his footsteps, stiffening their native levies with mere handfuls of disciplined troops, scattered countless hosts of warlike Orientals. The fur-hunters had to contend with the forces of nature, with immense distances, with utter desolation, and the cruel severity of the climate. Yet the wilderness was not absolutely unpeopled — when the Company sold their territory the other day they were believed to have 100,000 native subjects in that vast expanse—and the natives were naturally inclined to resent their invasion. As they advanced their undefined frontiers, they had to intrench their positions. The Hudson Bay post was not only an outlying trading station, but the symbol of the strong Company's continuity. It was backed up by an unknown and mysterious power; and it was by prestige that the two or three whites, with some half-dozen of half-breeds by way of bodyguard, held their own among the scattered tribes. To begin with, two of these posts were established on the shores of James and Hudson Bays. These were to be the permanent bases of operations. In 1869 there were upwards of 150, occupied and garrisoned by fifty chief factors and chief traders, 150 clerks, and 1300 inferior servants. The posts were more or less formidable according to the

importance of the district trade and the value of the contents, but all were of much the same character. The foreign luxuries—the powder and spirits—stored in the magazines were inestimable treasures in the eyes of the Indians, who were freely admitted under certain conditions. These posts were safe against surprise, and could stand a prolonged siege against enemies only armed with bow and tomahawk. A parallelogram was surrounded by stockades of tree-stems about thirty feet in height. There were bastions pierced for guns at the corners, like the turrets of the old Scottish embattled castle. Galleries loopholed for musketry ran all around the fortification. The only entrance was by a gateway strongly secured, raked and commanded by light pieces of ordnance. Within were the magazines, the residences of the men, and sometimes a piece of garden-ground where hardy vegetables were raised. The victualling was necessarily precarious at best, and sometimes the inmates were reduced to dire extremity. In the far north, where game was scarce, it was always an ascetic life, and when not actually constrained to fast, the garrison had often to fall back upon a fish diet. Farther to the south the living was luxurious enough in a fair hunting season, and the lonely men revelled in rough plenty. The rude tables of rough-hewn planks groaned under a superabundance of good cheer — buffalo humps, ribs, and marrow-bones, saddles of the moose, and haunches of venison. The less choice portions of the meat were sun-dried and stored up against the winter. But there were seasons when the roving herds of buffalo stopped short and turned back in the periodical migration, when moose and deer were scarce and shy, or when the savages spoiled the white man's chase. These men of enormous appetites and incredible powers of digestion took up hole after hole in their belts, till they were wasted to walking skeletons, and had barely strength to shoulder their guns. As for what we call the essentials of civilisation, they loved them passionately, but learned often to dispense with them. Coffee, sugar, and salt came once a-year with the letters and papers from the annual ship, and there was no reckoning with possible accidents to the canoes or the dog-sledges. For tobacco, which was even more indispensable, they found an unsatisfactory substitute in birch-bark or the insipid leaves of a shrub, which tantalised them by provoking painful comparisons.

Latterly all the *employés* were caught young: only lads born in the solitudes of the Highlands could habituate themselves to the life of loneliness; only constitutions of iron, hardened under hereditary conditions, could endure so tremendous a strain. It was essential that the brain-power of the factors should be unimpaired, and that their energies should rise superior to the depressing surroundings,—in fact, that the man must be all there when a sudden call was made on his mental resources. It may be assumed that the first adventurers consisted chiefly of Englishmen, although the Scottish invasion of England had set in with the accession of King James. But it is certain that afterwards, both with the Hudson Bay Company and its great Canadian rival, the names of factors, traders, and prominent partisans, with scarcely an exception, were Scottish. The story of

trade and discovery in the North-West reads like a muster-roll of the clans, and mainly of the northern clans of the second order. There are MacTavishes, MacGillivrays, M'Kays, M'Lellans, M'Dougalls, with Frasers and Stuarts and the French Frobishers. A Mackenzie, a Fraser, and a Thompson gave their names to as many mighty rivers. That came in the natural course of things. The Company found its best recruiting-grounds in the Highlands, and enlisted the martial spirit of the mountaineers for a country where local feuds were forgotten. It was different altogether when civil war broke out between the companies, and then the clansmen fought like fighting-cocks. But for the youth from Assynt or Applecross solitude had few terrors, as hardships had always been familiar. He had been born in some isolated glen and cradled in the mountain mists. He changed the soil but scarcely the climate, and as for the new circumstances, they opened a career to his ambition. He looked forward to promotion and increasing pay: in the North-west Company he drew profits on the co-operative system, and so he cast in his lot for life with the land of his adoption. He had little inducement to ask leave of absence for home, and such a request would probably have been answered by summary dismissal. Naturally a young man will turn to thoughts of love, but in that country there were few maidens of his own blood. And if he desired to be well considered by his superiors, he could do no better than get hand-fasted with a native. The Company, though chiefly Scottish by race and Presbyterian by religion, winked at these illicit connections, for settlements removed several thousand miles from headquarters were not what Mr Squeers would have called the shops for morals. But the managers encouraged mixed marriages on commercial and political grounds, for they deemed that an agent could do better business as a family connection of some Dogrib or Loucheaux chief.

The territory was autocratically administered, and the subordinates, within well-understood limits, had almost absolute discretion. Removed beyond the reach of the law, they were a law unto themselves. The agents were not partners, as in the North-West Company; but they were assured of advancement and a competency if enterprising and resourceful. And it is admitted that their government, though arbitrary, was admirable, so far as the Indians were concerned. It contrasted very favourably with that to the south of the international line, where parties were organised and sent out on the war-path, with premiums offered for the Indian scalps, irrespective of sex or age. In the north the innocent were never made to suffer for the guilty, but any criminal was relentlessly sought out and hunted down. Consequently outrages came to be almost unknown, and latterly the posts might almost have been left unstockaded. But being commercial, the Company's policy was based on commercial selfishness. No intrusion was permitted on their boundless preserves. Only a portion had been guaranteed by charter or trading licences, but the monopoly was everywhere secured by distances and desolation. To the west of the great lakes, down the Mississippi and up the Missouri, the solitary *voyageur* or *coureur de bois* might live by his gun and by barter, if he chose to risk having his hair raised by the

savages with whom he traded. In the barren north he could only make sure of supplies at the posts of the Company, where the gate would most probably be closed against him. Even now that the charter has been resigned, exclusion is as stringent as ever, for the same conditions exist.

For more than a century the Hudson Bay Company flourished and expanded in comparative peace, although their forts at Albany and Moose were occasionally threatened by parties of Canadian hunters from Montreal. The transfer of Canada to the British in 1762 might have seemed likely to secure them from all further trouble. In reality it raised up their most formidable rival. For a few years the Canadian fur trade was utterly demoralised. It was transferred to British subjects who knew nothing of the ropes, and it degenerated into a ruinous competition. The sale of spirits to the Indians had been forbidden by the French; now they were debauched by adulterated fire-water, and swindled into shameful bargains when intoxicated. Murders and outrages were of constant occurrence, and bloodshed was speedily avenged by bloodshed. Then some of the principal Montreal merchants combined, and the English, or rather the Scots, entered into partnership with old French colonists to save the trade from destruction. The result was the formation of the North-West Company, in which the names of the leading partners were MacGillivray, MacTavish, and Frobisher. For long it exercised undisputed authority over the woods and waters to the west of the Canadas. Thanks chiefly to the French element, it soon rallied to its flag the scattered hordes of *coureurs de bois* who had been trapping for their own hands since the conquest. These men became devoted to their new masters, and served their interests with the same unreasoning and unswerving fidelity as the clansmen of a Highland chieftain or the spearmen of a Border chief. But for half a generation they had been used to bushranging, nor was it easy to break them in to the loosest discipline. Moreover, the tribes in the districts where they trapped were numerous and warlike. So the Company established a chain of forts through the lake district, otherwise armed and defended from those of the Hudson Bayers. Here it was no case of a few sturdy Scots trafficking with a handful of pacific barbarians. The headquarters of the Company were established at Fort William on Lake Superior, and it was a really formidable sylvan fortress, with regular works and a heavy armament. There every year was held a solemn meeting, when the wealthy lords of the flourishing corporation made a demonstration to terrorise their savage allies and dependents. Washington Irving has described it graphically. The pomp and luxury of the city met the feudalism of the wilds. Wealthy partners from Montreal ascended the rivers in state barges, freighted with wines and delicacies, and carrying cooks and confectioners. Descending the rivers from remote stations came weather-beaten Highlanders dressed in deerskins, with moccasins that were masterpieces of bead-work. These hardy veterans had mustered their Celtic tails, and came in equal but more barbaric state with their pipers. They met for business, like shareholders in the Cannon Street Hotel, but the chief business seems to have been revelry. In a lofty baronial hall, with rough wooden walls and

rafters, the ponderous tables were laden with sylvan and civic dainties, and with wines mingling with Scottish whiskey and old Jamaica: they kept it up till most of them slipped down. Irving, who assisted at some of those carouses, speaks of the old Scottish songs, chanted in voices cracked and sharpened by the northern blasts. Outside the merriment was at least as boisterous, where bushrangers and boatmen, Indians and half-breeds, were regaling without stint, though upon coarser fare.

It was inevitable that the competing companies should clash sooner or later. They were divided by blood and religion as well as by trade jealousy. The *employés* of the Northern company were Scottish almost to a man; those of the Southern association were chiefly French Canadians or half-breeds, and superstitiously Catholic. When they did come together at last, they were always ready to fight, employing all the arts of Indian warfare. That most of the partners of the North-West were also Scottish did not tend to ameliorate matters, as they showed when Lord Selkirk's unfortunate Highland settlers on the Saskatchewan were ground to pieces between the upper and the nether millstone. It was on the Saskatchewan that the companies first came to blows. The case was something like our present troubles with pushing foreign neighbours in Africa. The North-Westers were in actual possession of the Saskatchewan valley, and claimed, besides, the legitimate succession to the old French explorers. The Hudson Bay Company held to a sort of hyperborean Munroe doctrine, which gave them all the unsettled territory they could grasp. If forgotten graves could give up their secrets, they could tell many a tale of violence or treachery between Fort Garry and Jasper House, on the eastern slopes of the Rockies. Naturally neither Company cared to keep records of that ignominious and discreditable warfare, when ambushes, surprises, and slaughter swelled the balances and paid the dividends. Forts were fired and fur-stores destroyed or emptied. But we can surmise something of it from the historical accounts of the unprovoked assaults of the North-Westers on the Selkirk colonists. Then men were massacred, and women were never spared, by ruffians, subsidised, commended, and rewarded by merchants of position and unquestioned "respectability." The settlement was broken up for a time, solely to preserve the fur monopoly, and its founder died at Pau of a broken heart.

In the beginning of the century, except for the Russians in Alaska, the American fur trade was still a British monopoly. The North-West Company, in possession of all the borderland, had been pushing their enterprise far into territory belonging to the United States. Only nominally belonging, for beyond the Mississippi the States had done nothing to explore their dominions or assert their rights. When commercial treaties had been signed with Canada, the Americans turned their attention seriously to furs. The Mackinaw Company was formed, and it did a brisk import business. But it was the German emigrant, Jacob Astor, who had the idea of making himself a millionaire, and of developing to the profit of his adopted country the vast internal trapping-grounds of the unknown west. He had started as a shopkeeper in a small way of business; a chance meeting on a sea-voyage

with a retail furrier suggested a venture in Canadian peltries, which paid him well; and then he began to cherish dreams of his destiny as a prince of commerce. The profits of his fur trading were invested in building lots in New York, and so he gradually built up a gigantic fortune. But Astor, though a keen man of business, had nothing of the pettiness of the trader. He was a patriot and ambitious; his audacious schemes were matured with cool calculation; and, like Louis Napoleon, he knew how to wait, for he had more than his share of disappointments and reverses.

Before 1804 the Californian coast was separated from Manhattan and Boston by something like a six months' voyage round the Horn, supposing the weather to be favourable. The land route over country marked "unexplored" had never been attempted, and was considered impracticable. Trappers and hunters had penetrated within sight of the Rockies, visible for many hundred miles in that transparent atmosphere, and had brought back evil reports of the stupendous barrier. Imagination peopled it, like the mythical Mountains of the Moon, with fabulous horrors. If the horrors were fabulous, the perils were real enough, as Lewis and Clarke found in 1804, when, ascending the Missouri to its mountain sources, they forced the passes and descended on the Californian Gulf. But now that the way had been pioneered, and the vague terrors of the Unknown dissipated, future communications became possible, and only a question of time. Astor was the first to realise that, and it induced him to enlarge a daring enterprise he was meditating. He had meant to organise a fur trade on the Pacific, establishing regular connections with the lucrative markets in Canton. Captain Cook, among his many discoveries, may be said to have discovered the sea-otter. It is only to be found on the shores of the Northern Pacific, and its fur is the most valuable of all, not excepting the silver fox. The Californian gold deposits were as yet unsuspected, and the wealth of the sea furs had only been precariously *exploité* by the Russians and by some enterprising mariners from New England. Astor founded a company, with a capital of a million dollars—said to have been mainly provided by himself—and he obtained a charter from the State of New York. He was to establish his Pacific headquarters in some safe anchorage. An annual ship was to bring supplies from New York, and transport the furs to Canton. The freight was to be collected by a flotilla of tenders, touching everywhere along the coast and landing agents to traffic with the Indians. A great company would have the advantage of its petty rivals, and he proposed to get rid of Russian competition by offering what was virtually a sleeping partnership. He undertook to supply their Alaskan posts, for the difficulty of victualling was their great drawback; they, on the other hand, were to carry his furs direct to the northern Chinese ports, where they were chiefly in demand. Thus he would be spared the cost of land-carriage from Canton, which was the sole distributing centre for other European traders. His plans promised to work out satisfactorily; he had almost come to an understanding with the Russians; he had already floated the Mackinaw Company, and was making overtures to the great corporation of the "North-West," when these, after long hesitation, were rejected. The

North-West Company had already been throwing out feelers towards the Columbia river, and now they decided on attempting to anticipate Astor and secure the Pacific trade for themselves. Probably it was that unexpected refusal which provoked him into extending his schemes. He would no longer be content with trading along the coast, and picking up what furs were consigned at the mouths of the rivers. He would embrace in his operations the unknown expanse which had been penetrated at the centre by Lewis and Clarke; his posts should extend from the Oregon estuary to St Louis, and be scattered about the upper waters of the Columbia on the one side, along the Missouri and its innumerable tributaries on the other. And to a great extent he realised his dream, although obstacles unforeseen delayed its fulfilment. The opposition of the North-West Company he must have anticipated. When they rejected his overtures it was a declaration of hostilities, and he knew what such warfare meant among fur-hunters. But he was not prepared for the quarrel between America and Great Britain, which broke out at a most unlucky moment for him, nor could he reasonably have counted on the exceptional catastrophes which must have daunted a less determined man, and drained less ample resources.

He had the spirit of enterprise in excess; he had provided the capital, but he had to hunt up agents with practical knowledge. There the hostile Association came to his aid. The North-West Company was a close corporation, and necessarily a limited one. Some of the best men they had trained were disappointed and resentful. These officials had either thrown up their engagements or been dismissed. Several of them had come to the American States in quest of occupation. Impecunious or in debt, and shut out from the Canadian monopoly, Astor found it easy to come to terms with them—the rather, that he behaved with great generosity. They signed on as partners in his new undertaking, but they contributed little but their experience.

Had there been confidence and cordiality between the promoter and his partners, his enterprise would still have seemed speculative almost to folly. His scheme, as we have said, was twofold. He looked forward to opening up America west of the Missouri to his trade; but at first his settlements on the Pacific were to rest on a sea-basis. The region where he intended to establish his headquarters was still in dispute between England and the States. When at length his plans were matured, war appeared inevitable. He was bound to come to an understanding with his Russian rivals, who ruled in Alaska with a military despotism. The supplies of his settlement and the articles which were the currency of his commerce depended on the safety of the single ship, which had to weather the storms and icebergs of the Horn and run the gauntlet of the perils of the coast from the Straits of Magellan to the sandbars of the Columbia. Failure to arrive after prolonged suspense might lead to disorders, desertion, or mutiny.

But assuming that all went well, and the season's trading was prosperous, the whole profits of each year must be staked on a single hazard. We have always thought that Monte Christo was unduly venturesome when he stowed away all the treasures of his grotto in a

tiny bark and steered out upon a sea infested by pirates; but the shrewd Astor proposed to do much the same year after year. The priceless furs can be packed in small bulk; and the ship that was to stand across once a-year from the Columbia to Canton would be almost as well worth plundering as a gold-laden galleon homeward bound from Carthagena. Yet the vessel carrying the fortunes of the Company only incurred extraordinary sea-risks, and might have been insured at proportionate rates. As for the adventurers who took the untrodden overland route, we doubt whether a first-class insurance company would have granted them life policies upon any terms.

The enterprise was floated in September 1810 with the sailing of the Tonquin from New York. The Tonquin is described as a fine ship, yet she was only of 290 tons burden: she mounted ten tiny guns, and was manned by twenty men. Laden almost down to the gunwale, she carried all the elements of trouble. There were swaggering Canadians, soon prostrated by sea-sickness, and regarded with supreme contempt by the seamen. When the *voyageurs* got their sea-legs, squabbles were incessant. There were American artisans who sided with the sailors. The American captain detested the Scottish partners, and the troubles came to a head when he threatened to put his employers in irons. In short, a comedy of cross-purposes had nearly turned to a bloody tragedy when the Tonquin cast anchor off the shores of the Columbia. The land of promise gave no hospitable welcome. There was a rush of conflicting currents, like the roosts of the Shetlands, and the breakers were raging furiously on the bar. Nevertheless the passage must be attempted, and two boats were sent in to take soundings. One was never heard of again; the other was swamped, and most of the crew perished. But at last a landing was effected, after more than the usual quarrelling, and a site was selected for the fort. It was stockaded, armed, and slenderly garrisoned, and the natives, though pilferers, were not unfriendly. The future of the little settlement was to be a checkered one, and the fort was more than once to change proprietors; but the fate of the Tonquin was soon decided. Soon after she sailed for the north sinister rumours alarmed Astoria, to be confirmed on the return of a native interpreter, the sole survivor of a lamentable catastrophe. The Tonquin had come to grief in a harbour of Vancouver's Island. Though the natives in these seas were notoriously treacherous, they had been permitted to board the vessel in considerable numbers. More foolishly still, though their bearing was insolent, the knives which were in special demand were freely bartered for furs. Too late the captain took alarm, and ordered the ship to be cleared. He was answered by a war-whoop, followed by a massacre. The seamen though surprised fought desparately, and four escaped to barricade themselves in the deck-cabin. They opened a musketry fire that cleared the decks, and then, manning the deck-swivels, they scattered the canoe fleet. Had they stuck to their ship they might have saved themselves, but, seeking to escape, were overtaken in the darkness and put to death with horrible tortures. One man, mortally wounded, had remained on board: he had foretold the fate of those who abandoned

him, assuring them at the same time that they should be amply avenged. With daybreak the savages were seen again putting off from the shore. Then Lewis managed to drag himself to the bulwarks, and with friendly signals invited them on board. Greedy for pillage, they accepted, and once more the decks were crowded. Then the train that had been laid to the powder-magazine was fired, and the air was filled with shattered timber and corpses. The calculated vengeance was complete, but it did not facilitate Astor's trading operations.

The garrison at Astoria detached parties up the river to establish connections with the Indian tribes. These parties were so many forlorn-hopes, who courageously faced the dangers they vaguely realised. A single example may give an idea of the hardihood of the ventures. One of the partners with eight followers had established himself in the far interior. In the autumn a canoe arrived at Astoria, bringing back four of the adventurers. The news were good; the trade was promising, but food was scarce and hard to come by. With famine staring him in the face, the leader calculated that five men might struggle through where nine must starve. So rather than abandon the enterprise he decided with only four companions to brave the rigours of the winter, and risk the probabilities of massacre.

That post was 700 miles from the fort. Remote enough, the distance was relatively nothing to that which had to be traversed by the land expedition through regions for the most part unexplored. We can only rapidly trace its fortunes. The chosen leader was a certain Mr Hunt, who seems to have shown on a small scale the qualities of a great captain. It was not the least of his difficulties that he had to deal with undisciplined men, who had betaken themselves to the wilderness in sheer recklessness, and whose fiery independence resented control. The recruiting-ground and the point of departure was Montreal. Reckless as they were, the *voyageurs* and free trappers were slow to enlist for an enterprise which was hazardous beyond their experience. The older companies did all in their power to discourage them. By incredible exertions, by flattering their vanity and discharging their debts, Hunt at last got the necessary number together, and a motley and turbulent crew they were. He stiffened them afterwards by some good men he picked up, returning from solitary trapping expeditions on the mountains. From Montreal they made their way by water to St Louis on the Mississippi, then the capital of western pioneering and the real basis of operations. Thence, what with hard drinking and excitement, the adventurers started in exuberant spirits. So they began the ascent of the Missouri, which runs a course of 3000 miles from its sources in the mountain watershed. As the stream was strong, the progress was slow, and the boatmen, toiling with oars and poles, were in constant peril of shipwreck from shoals, snags, and drifting timber. Often the navigable channel swept round beneath overhanging bluffs, where they were at the mercy of wandering bands of savages, armed with guns as well as bows and arrows. More than once they were in imminent danger, and only escaped by negotiation and paying the river dues. For even when they were entertained in villages nominally

friendly, the chiefs laid the traders under contribution, like the old robber barons of the Rhine. Moreover, it became a race with other whites for the hunting-grounds of the Pacific slopes. An agent of the Missouri Fur Company had followed close on their heels, and although amicable relations were ostensibly kept up, he missed no opportunity of intriging against them.

When compelled to winter in a village of the Aricaras, they had done little more than make a fair start. Hitherto though the boating had been toilsome, the travelling had been relatively safe, and they had needed neither guides nor interpreters. Now they were to exchange their boats for horses, and strike into the unknown. It was like venturing without compass or rudder on an ocean swarming with pirates. Immediately before them lay the country of the warlike Sioux; beyond these were the Crows and the Blackfeet, who lurked in the gorges and ravines of the Black Hills and the Rocky Mountains. All these savages were equally eager for scalps and plunder; all fiercely resented the intrusion of the whites on their hunting-grounds. The obstacles interposed by nature were to the full as formidable. First came the great American desert, stretching from the Missouri to the foot of the Rockies. Even in the spring the streams begin to shrink or dry up, and as the herbage withers the game shifts its quarters. Fuel there is none in that treeless waste; and any cooking, when there was anything to cook, depended on the chance of finding buffalo-dung. Beyond the desert and the outlying range of the Black Hills was the barrier of the Rockies. By dint of indomitable perseverance and resolution that barrier was at last surmounted. After quelling mutiny and counterplotting treachery by a judicious mixture of tact and determination, Hunt struck a stream flowing towards the Pacific, and looked down upon a chaos of bleak desolation. A dreary outlook it was; nevertheless their exhilaration was great, and they had little foreboding of the troubles in store for them. It was now the end of September; they had been travelling for fourteen months, and another winter was approaching.

Time was precious, and yet haste was impossible. Their horses were wellnigh worn out with hard work and low feeding, and when they reached a river that seemed fairly navigable they were inclined again to betake themselves to canoes. So it was decided, and it was an unhappy mistake. Invaluable time was lost in getting the timber and building. Then they neglected the warnings of friendly Indians, and launched their frail craft upon the Mad river, which well deserved the name. It brawled between precipitous banks, plunging down here and there in impracticable cataracts. The canoes had to be abandoned, and the party, reverting to land travel, regretted the horses left behind. Fortunately, perhaps, the numbers had been considerably reduced. It was characteristic of the hard conditions of the fur trade that when the adventurers, as they hoped, were within reach of their goal, the arrival of some of them should be indefinitely delayed. Sundry couples were detached with traps and guns to hunt in the hill tributaries of the Columbia in valleys hitherto untrodden by Europeans. If they saved their lives and the trapping was successful, they were to find their way as they could to the fort of

Astoria. What the difficulties were may be surmised from the experiences of their comrades, under capable leaders and comparatively well equipped. The main party started again with provisions for only five days. They must have been at least 1200 miles from their destination, and autumn was drawing on towards winter. They cachéd their goods to lighten the loads, keeping only a little for occasional barter. But for two hundred miles they did not meet a living soul. They separated in search of bare sustenance, only to come together again when both parties were reduced to extremity of emaciation. When they did happen upon scattered bands of Indians, they found them in little better case than themselves. All were half-starving; they had buried their dried salmon, and their first proceeding was to drive away the horses which they could not be tempted to part with. At a critical moment the expedition was only saved by taking a camp by surprise and forcibly seizing half-a-dozen of horses. Some days they supported nature on diluted portable soup; other days they went altogether without food; now and again they had such a stroke of luck as to trap a beaver, which they stewed down with hips and blackberries. It shows wonderful vitality and powers of endurance that they were still struggling forward when the snowstorms set in with December. At length they struck the Columbia river, where Indian settlements were more frequent. Even then their sufferings were not at an end, as they had fondly fancied. For days as they followed its sinuous course, as it flows between precipitous banks, they were on the point of perishing of thirst within sound and sight of the water. Finally they succeeded in hiring a couple of canoes, and paddled down-stream to the mouth of the river, where they were welcomed as men who had been given over for dead. The journey from the St Lawrence to the Pacific had lasted for nearly two years.

A few sentences must bring the story of the companies to a close. The North-Westers reached the Columbia soon after Hunt's expedition, and they had suffered similarly, though somewhat less, thanks to greater experience and better organisation. The war between Britain and America had broken out. To anticipate capture by a British squadron, the partner in command at Astoria sold stores and furs to the North-West Company for less than a third of their value. To the disappointment of our officers, who had been hoping for prize-money, they found nothing but the dismantled fortalice to take over, when it changed its name from Fort Astor to Fort George. In Columbia and Oregon the North-West Company reaped what they could of the harvest for which Astor and his agents had been sowing the seed, till by the treaty of Ghent in 1818 Fort George again became American, and was once more known as Fort Astor. Then most of the Canadian traders returned to the Saskatchewan and the Lakes, and three years later, on the death of Lord Selkirk, the rival northern companies buried the war-hatchet. They amalgamated in 1821, when the North-West merged its name in that of the older association.

THE REAL DUGALD DALGETTY.

Scott, like so many other pilfering artists, made no attempt—why indeed should he?—to conceal his thievery. It was the reading of Monro's 'Expedition with the Scots Regiment' (the correct title is as long and cumbrous as the seventeenth-century pike before Gustavus Adolphus shortened it) which flashed on that brain of his, "through which since boyhood had galloped a regiment of horse," the magnificent conception of Dugald Dalgetty. What, then, do we not owe to the original, for what would the 'Legend of Montrose' be without the doughty Dalgetty? Is it treason to assert roundly that it would be a commonplace story, hardly interesting enough to find readers even in Scott's generation, certainly not in our own? Further, it is more than probable that in the inspiration which Scott drew from 'The Expedition' he had already been anticipated by Defoe. A comparison of the bustling 'Memoirs of a Cavalier' with Monro's narrative will strengthen the suspicion that most of Defoe's happiest local colour in the German chapters was probably transferred, this time without acknowledgment, from Monro's pages. A writer then, a personality, who could inspire one masterpiece—possibly two—may without apology merit a little attention on his own account.

Major-General Robert Monro, as he afterwards came to be, was in the estimation of many of his contemporaries as well as his own not the least distinguished of a distinguished clan. We might almost dub them the fighting Monros, or Munros as they now prefer to spell it, were it not a title which every clan worthy of the name of clan could as justifiably claim. The tourist who pushes into Rossshire from Inverness to Dingwall, and thence under the shadow of Ben Wyvis to Tain along the western littoral of the Cromarty Firth, will pass Fowlis Castle in serene ignorance probably that he is within a stone's-throw of the home of the real Dugald Dalgetty, where his forebears lived—so tradition says—"from time immemorial," and which they have not left. "Pleasantly situated and finely planted," as Bishop Pococke carefully noted of the castle in 1760, adding of the Cromarty Firth, "which Horsley makes the *Tuesis estuarium* of Ptolemy," a touch of pedantry which would have gone straight to the heart of the author of 'The Expedition.' Fowlis Castle is the seat of the former barons of Fowlis and the home of the Monros of that ilk—a clan characterised by Buchanan as "Monroii et Fraserii, hominum fortissimorum in illis gentibus familiciæ"; of whom Doddridge, once distinguished as a divine and a maker of books now mostly forgotten, singled out as a clan "the first in those parts who embraced the Reformation and who have ever been zealous members of it." Pugnacity and religious zeal—"Dread God" is the Monro motto—as hereditary characteristics! are we not already on the track of Dalgetty? and of both the Monros numbered an embarrassing list of examples. The ninth baron was slain at Bannockburn; the tenth at Halidon Hill; the seventeenth at Pinkie; while the eighteenth varies the tale by being "the first Protestant." In Robert Monro's

day his cousin "the black baron" served "in Mackeyes regiment" as "a voluntier," "having engaged his revenewes for teene years to pay his creditors," and "finally dyed of his wounds at Ulme, a true traveller and a right Christian," "where also my brother was killed," adds our author, "by the insolency of some Dutch souldiers." Later on another baron by his zeal "and large and corpulent stature" kept up the traditions of the family by earning the nickname of "the Presbyterian mortar-piece." Still later the twenty-seventh baron, during a seven years' campaign in Flanders, so impressed the Elector Palatine that "for his sake," he said, "he should ever pay regard to a Scotchman for the future." On returning to Scotland he became the lieutenant-colonel of the first Highland Regiment, the Forty-second Foot, as well as a member of Parliament "by his family interest." Yet Doddridge considers his chief claim to fame to lie in his friendship with the ever-memorable Colonel Gardiner, whose life was such popular Sunday reading with eighteenth-century households, though to us his preservation at Fontenoy, "which was enough to convince an eminent person of the truth of the doctrine of predestination," is perhaps still more remarkable, considering that nine months later he was cut down at Falkirk, while his brother, Dr Monro, in the same year "was shot dead by a villain on the side of Locharkey in Lochaber."

Of the early life of Robert himself not much is known. That he must have studied "the humanities" somewhere is abundantly evident from his book, probably at the Marischal College in Aberdeen, as Dugald never loses a chance of telling us *he* did. A famous sentence in his narrative also leads to the conjecture that at an early age he entered the service of France, since he relates how, "for punishment," he was once made "to stand at the Louver Gate of Paris from eleven before noone to eight of the clocke in the night centry, armed with corslet, headpiece, and bracelets, being iron to the teeth in a hot summer's day till I was weary of my life, which ever made me more strict in punishing those under my command." Finally, in 1626 he carried "his gentle bluid together with a stalwart pair of arms conform" to the service of the King of Denmark, and thus definitely turned himself into one of "the Scots abroad," with an outline of whose achievements Hill Burton easily filled a volume. This jump from the career of Quentin Durward to that of Dugald Dalgetty is not difficult to explain. Apart from the rupture in the relations between Holyrood and the Louvre, Germany had in the seventeenth century become the cock-pit of Europe's religious brawls, the possible Eldorado of the unemployed, a combination of attractions which proved always an irresistible inducement to service on "forraigne soyles." The canny Scot, we may be sure, flowed like capital in the well-regulated world of orthodox political economy, whither there was the greatest opportunity for employment at the highest rate. How else, indeed, can we account for the fact that the curious in such matters might pack many folios with the names, pedigrees, and deeds of those Scots who sped across the seas to trail pikes or command "plottons of musquetteers" under Papist, Calvinist, or Lutheran captains? Did not their

bones bleach on every field from the rout at the White Hill to the savage unfinished siege of Prague, so reluctantly stopped by the Peace of Westphalia; and are not their works, and all that they did, written in the chronicles of 'The Swedish Intelligencer,' so beloved of Colonel Miles Standish, in 'Le Soldat Suedois,' 'Guildo Priorato,' and countless broadsheets at present lumbering all the archives of Europe?

Such, indeed, was their fame that later a reaction arose, and Sir T. Urquhart—a *precieux* if ever there was one, but now, alas! forgotten too, though he described the Admirable Crichton—dashed off in 1652 one of his astonishing euphuistic pamphlets, the Ἐκσυμβόλαιον "a defence of the honour of Scotland," with the purpose of "imbuing his readers' minds with a better opinion of Scottish spirits, though much eclipsed by their coclimatory wasps of a Presbyterian crew,"—an essay he proudly claims to have "completed in the space of fourteen working days from the first motion of the brain to the last motion of the press," wherein you shall toil through a list of Scots who served in "the late warres," filling eight closely printed pages, and making a glorious roll-call of names ringing as uncouth and unintelligible to the unsympathetic Southron ear as to us poor Westerns is the catalogue of the ships in the 'Iliad' or the rehearsal of the hosts of Xerxes. Urquhart, indeed, can plausibly boast that the Scots won every battle; for whether Catholic or Protestant gained the day, it was always the Scottish contingent who carried off the honours. But let it suffice for our purpose that there is evidence of three generals, eight colonels, five lieutenant-colonels, eleven majors, and thirty captains of the name of Monro alone having served in the Swedish forces.

Robert, then, was no exception to his nation or his clan, and it is well perhaps that he alone of the Monros felt impelled to add to his laurels by writing a book. His motives for enlisting, though not those of the mere *condottiere*,—"the mercenary swordsmen," whom Menteith so fiercely denounced,—are fairly obvious. He had by no means "swallowed without chewing" Sir James Turner's "dangerous maxime, that so we serve our master honestlie, it is no matter what master we serve," though how unprotesting the average soldier's digestion was Monro repeatedly illustrates by relating without comment that the commonest way of filling the gaps in a regiment's ranks after a battle was to draft in the best of the enemy who had been taken prisoners the day before! A penniless lad wi' a lang pedigree most probably, Monro had no wish "to encroach as many do on their friends at home, leaping, as we say in Scotland, at the halfe loafe"; and to this must be added still stronger reasons why he was so anxious "to hazard his life"—viz., "especially for the liberty of the daughter of our most dread soveraigne the distressed Queene of Bohemia, next for the liberty of our distressed brethren in Christ, and thirdly for my better instruction in the profession of armes." This, by the way, is somewhat different from the naïve account of *his* motives which Dalgetty gave with candid volubility to Menteith in the Pass of Leny.

Monro's 'Expedition,' be it noted, is dedicated to "His Highnesse the Prince Elector Palatine, . . . being descended from the valiant Bruce through your Highnesse's royal mother, Elizabeth

Queene of Bohemia, Jewell of her sex, and the most resplendent in brightnesse of mind for a woman that the earth doth afford." (The prince, we fear, proved as deaf to all the excellent moralisings drawn up for his especial comfort and instruction as did Philip Stanhope to those of Lord Chesterfield; and could Monro have foreseen in 1637 how unfilially he was going to treat his "royal mother," he would surely have pruned his exuberant epithets.) The Protestant cause and Elizabeth of Bohemia! what could be more chivalrously romantic! Does not the writer thereby at once link himself to the classic band who, fired by the bright eyes and unhappy fate of a king's daughter, exiled themselves to strike a blow for Protestantism, then in deathgrips with Spaniards and Jesuits marshalled under the eagles of Cæsarian Majesty at Vienna? Elizabeth of Bohemia, the first British Elizabeth, has been crudely called "the cause" of the Thirty Years' War. But she certainly was not that. What, indeed, had a woman to do with bringing on a war the causes of which, in Carlyle's phrase, were as deep as Hell? We might as well impute the foundation of the Roman empire to the length of Cleopatra's nose, or the invasion of Greece by Xerxes to "a curtain lecture of Atossa." No, no; under the sweeping wings of the Zeit-Geist had gathered forces feller and more potent far than any poor Elizabeth could wield. Papist, Lutheran, Zwinglian, and Calvinist, Emperor and Electors, Spinola and Tilly, Mansfeld and Wallenstein, would have plundered and massacred just as mercilessly had Martinitz and Slawata never been thrown from the windows of the Hradschina at Prague, had there never been a Bohemian crown to tempt an ambitious wife to steel a husband so infirm of purpose, to snatch at and enjoy if only for one brief and bitter winter. But the wicked heart of man is never satisfied until it has placed the mainspring of every colossal catastrophe from the Fall to Sedan in a woman's witchery. And in Elizabeth, "the Queen of Hearts," the unerring instinct of the secure world found the feminine symbol of miracle-working mischief which strengthened its natural scepticism in the bloodless causes of philosophical historians. Long before the future Queen had been carried off to the splendid pauperism of the *Schloss* at Heidelberg, she had, as "the most deserving young lady of the age," roused the enthusiasm of Protestant and courtly Europe, and had narrowly escaped becoming the bride not of a beggarly and bigoted Elector, but of Gustavus Adolphus himself,—a memory that must have suggested some cruel reflections later on when her electoral and pseudo-royal spouse was whimpering at Mainz for the restoration of his dominions in the train of her victorious and rejected suitor. History too, alas! the most heartless of all iconoclasts, has been steadily striving to shatter the tender legends which in the course of the inhuman struggle clustered round her name. The cold-blooded researcher, to whom the human document is tiresome because it defies analysis and will not remain quiet in the pigeon-hole made for it, is already forbidding us to believe that her cousin, the fire-eating Christian of Brunswick, thrust her glove into his helmet with the vow that he would not remove it until she was once more Queen in Prague, though he grudgingly allows us

to accept his motto, "*Für Gott und sie*," as one more addition to the rhodomontade of German princelings. It is even denied that she was really beautiful except in the royal sense. How, indeed, could a daughter of James VI. be beautiful? And acres of Latin odes do not prove anything save that they protest too much, whilst against their vapid hysterics can be set the verdict of dear blunt Pepys, who found her, after twenty years of disillusionment, sorrow, and disaster, only "a very debonaire but a plain lady." Clearly, then, Elizabeth's charms must be reduced to a "certain winning princely comportment," and to the inexhaustibly vivacious spirits of a clever young woman capable, no doubt, of delighting or scandalising the starched pomposity of envoys, but which were her worst legacy to her son Rupert of the Rhine. Well, it may be so; but not even the researcher can take away from her George Wither's dainty request, "Deign but to be the mistress of my muse," nor Wotton's superbly humble lyric, "To my mistress the Queen of Bohemia," nor the oath with drawn swords of the young hot-bloods in the Temple, nor that even "ranke Papists" like Sir A. Gray and Sir J. Hepburn forswore their Catholic faith in her service, nor a dozen other testimonies as sincere and touching. To Monro, as to "his noble colonell, who for her sake, I perswade myselfe, did engage his estate," she was not merely "the Jewell of her sex," and a queen in distress whose name enshrined proud memories of Protestantism militant and triumphant, but, what was vastly more inspiriting, a Scottish princess dragooned from her lawful realm by the enemies of God and man, and therefore of Scotland and its religion. She was first and foremost the little lady born at Falkland Palace seven years before James VI. of Scotland became James I. of England, to whom Linlithgow much more than Combe Abbey or Windsor and the Schloss at Heidelberg had an inalienable right. "My countrywomen right or wrong" appealed to Monro as with a trumpet call; and in this creed he was typical of all the Monros, we may be sure, as well as of every Scotsman to whom the Papacy and the Jesuits were as hateful as the gates of death. It needed, therefore, no very seductive pleading from the recruiting kinsmen then swarming in Scotland to induce one who had already learned his drill in the French King's Guard to take Christian of Denmark's shilling and to cross over to Holstein, "having all things in a golden swimme," in order to succour his distressed brethren in Christ.

But it is high time that we introduced ourselves more formally to Monro and his book. Dugald Dalgetty, it will be well to state at once, is not a full-length portrait, but, as we should say to-day, rather a composite photograph blended from a dozen typical errant Scots. The voice, the words of Dugald are generally those of Monro, but the lineaments betray no few traces of that much more swashing swordsman, Sir James Turner, on whose 'Memoirs,' if not his 'Pallas Armata,' Scott borrowed with a novelist's impartiality; and to speak frankly, Scott has been a trifle hard on the model of which he really made the greatest use. The most tiresome of Dugald's characteristics—his irrepressible vanity, his long-winded and irrelevant pedantry, his moralis-

ing humour, to which the term "pawky" has so often been applied —are simply similar qualities in Monro with the romancer's magic-lantern carefully adjusted to throw the high lights of local colour into the most effective relief. But when beyond this Scott seems to suggest that his model had more than a touch of your mustachioed Bobadils, "Italianate" or "Spanished," who swelled the muster-lists of Mansfeld's needy bravos or Tilly's "lambs," and swarmed in every leaguer from Wallenstein's to those of Montecuculi and Turenne; when Dugald confesses that he is a soldier of fortune who will, if you give him adequate inducement, change his cause as easily as his cuirass, and is quite ready to swear by the Madonna and saints as to pepper his talk with the jargon of Geneva, Dort, or Augsburg, —then assuredly we must protest that this is not the real Monro, nor is it the real Turner. No, it is somebody who by the right of the magician's pen is neither the one nor the other, but a frankly human creation—to wit, Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket, in whose make-up a line or two has also been drawn from Sir James Hepburn, Monro's friend and the friend too of Richelieu, who was ultimately killed at Saverne and buried as a marshal of France at Toul; and no little from that rough old martinet Sir Patrick Ruthven, "the king of the bottles," and the hero of as many drinking bouts as battles. The real Monro was *not* the military prig, half-bore, half-pedant, rendered doubly priggish by Calvinistic cant, that we might have otherwise pictured to ourselves, but simply a very honest and devout Scottish gentleman. Scott—it is no libel to say so—did not care to probe to the bottom the psychological intricacies that lie behind the 'Expedition.' He was a novelist, not a historian, and if the unadulterated Monro was not picturesque enough for his artistic needs, he had a good right to add what he required, provided that he did not violate the consistency of the character demanded by his story. That the requirements of fiction, whetted by his robust Toryism, led him to be unjust to Monro as it made him unjust to the Covenanters in 'Old Mortality,' may call for the historian's condemnation: to the critic it is only an interesting fact. Let us merely be on our guard against supposing that the "gentle bluid" of Scotland, which was ready to flow in "the profession of armes," was necessarily compounded of the elements so marvellously depicted in Dalgetty. On the contrary, a brief examination of Monro's unfinished autobiography will convincingly reveal what could be the real thoughts and ideals of a seventeenth-century Scottish gentleman.

To begin with, Monro's religion was a living reality, a matter not of his military profession but of the most earnest conviction. What his particular dogmatic predilection was is clear from his delicious remark, "My choice of all beers is Serbester, being the wholesomest for the body and the cleerest from all filth or barme, as their religion is the best for the soule and cleerest from the dregs of superstition." That he was steeped in the Puritan spirit and saw the hand of God in everything, however great or small, and said so in simple Biblical phraseology on every page (to quote examples would be to transcribe the whole book), is undeniable. Nowadays, no doubt, were a military writer to express himself in this way, we might uncharitably suspect cant, though in the case of General

Gordon he would be a bold man who said so; but if we are going to accuse Monro of hypocrisy, we must also be prepared to maintain that Milton or Bunyan traded on their religious convictions. There were many, perhaps, on both sides whose vocabulary was of a snivelling nasality, yet the student who after reading, say, Monro's 'Twenty-three Meditations of the Christian Soldier going on service,' cannot see in them a beautiful unaffected piety, had better give up trying to understand the inner life of a Protestant gentleman during the Thirty Years' War.

Monro's philosophy of life is remarkable. His deep religious feeling made him keenly sensible of the harassing mysteries of existence, and of the inscrutable revolutions in human affairs; and his attitude towards these problems, burned into his brain by the ever-shifting vicissitudes of his career, is more than tinged with what may be called the fatalism of educated Puritanism—an optimism, comfortable because it rests on an unshaken belief in an omniscient Providence, yet flecked with a most humorous sadness inspired by the futility and utter helplessness of man in the grip of forces which he can neither fathom nor control. "Nature," he writes just *after* the great victory at Breitenfeld, "did beget us miserable, wee live overburthened with cares, and like a flower wee vanish soone away and dye." "Man is but the ball of time," "vicissitude maintaines the world,"—such is the usual text upon which he preaches. Is it not the Puritan setting of Webster's gloomy apothegm, "Pleasure of life, what is it? only the good hours of an ague." For Monro there is, however, another side—duty and honour, fame and virtue, are no mocking shadows but very substantial realities; yes, and so is pleasure, and in the good hours of "the fever called living" the healthy-minded can and ought to laugh at the quirks and quips of that strumpet Fortune, for with all tears and crying they will soon have passed away.

Equally instructive are his opinions. His dominant ideas are those of the true aristocrat, who firmly believes that human beings differ in quality as in degree. Was he not, after all, a Monro of Fowlis? For "the villanous boores, ever enemies to souldiers," he has a cavalier contempt; in the *vox populi* he hears no *vox Dei* but only "the fury, cruelty, and barbarity of the multitude, mutinous and superstitious, to suppresse whose insolency" nothing is better than "a band of well-commanded souldiers with armes"; and it is simply a matter of half-a-dozen pages to buttress up this verdict by "rare examples" culled from "the Emperour Augustus," "Thucydide," Plato, Aristotle, and Titus Livius, down to "Guishcardin" and Ferdinand, "King of Aragon and Sicil," winding up with "I pray God to keepe my country from the like seditious popular," and a recommendation "to reade Deut. 28." Hence his magnanimous trust in princes, in "authoritie," and in "absolute power" is not surprising. "The King of Denmarke," he pronounces, "was to my knowledge of absolute authoritie in his kingdome *as all Christian kings ought to be in theirs* ever obeyed in the Lord." Nor does he attempt to harmonise this Laudian view with his dictum that "kings are but servants (though more splendid) of the Commonwealth," nor with the sly irony of the conclusion that "all

potentates and great kings doe keepe no confederacy nor league but only so farre as they are helpfull for their owne aimes," and much more of a like Machiavellian tone, perhaps the only occasion on which he allows himself to poke fun at his hero Gustavus Adolphus. Monro, moreover, was to show later, when Scotland and its "lawful king under God" came to blows over this very question of "absolute authoritie," how scant in practice was his respect for the right divine. A Puritan cavalier, then, is Monro, and one whose moral tone is singularly high and pure. To have passed with heart and brain untainted through the Inferno of seven years' warring in probably the most demoralising struggle on record, is a fine testimony to the sweetness and gentleness that could lurk behind the forbidding Calvinism of an educated Puritan. Test him, if you will, by the most searching of all ethical tests, his views as to man's duties to women and animals, and you will not find him wanting. There are not two more pleasantly bracing chapters in 'The Expedition' than where he unravels, with the queerest erudition, what "the souldier" owes his friend and companion the horse,—a trait with which Scott has made such splendid play,—or where he ransacks history and his own experiences to prove with a courtly stateliness the imperishable claims and dignity of womanhood. And if he calls the "boores villanous," he is quite prepared to punish those who maltreat them by handing them over "in irons to the General Gavilliger" (the provost-marshal), or make them "run the Loupgarthe," or enjoy a few hours on "the Treene or woodden mare in some publicke place."

But first and foremost Monro is a true Scot—so true a Scot that had Dr Johnson met him, the stock of the world's bludgeoning epigrams would have been distressingly increased. He reveals his national bias in a hundred ways; for example, in the painfully punctilious detail with which he relates of all the Scots then serving with the Swedes — who they were, whence they came, how, when, and why they were advanced, wounded, or died, and all duly labelled with recondite moralisings. His pride in his nation is of the kind that assumes as granted almost as much as it claims. Yet he is circumstantial in averring that his own admiration for the achievements of "the Scots briggad" is but as water to the strong draughts of praise which "every forraigne commander" poured on these modest heroes. After reading Monro we cannot raise our eyebrows when Urquhart raps out that "the Dutch were many times glad to beat the old Scots march when they designed to alarm the enemy," though he omits to mention whether that enemy, being, on his own account, largely Scottish, had their knees unloosened at the familiar strains.

As to his private honour, touchy is a mild word for Monro's sensitiveness. Not even from princes of absolute authority would he brook slights, and more than once he "had words" with the great Gustavus "when he fell a-chiding of him"; and as for "proud generalls that taking the snuffe in their nose would affront me without reason, such never did I nor will follow." *Fier comme un Ecossais* was a mocking proverb, and Monro, who knew "the stomacks of his countrymen were so great that they would burst or

starve in prison," must have cordially approved when Sir J. Hamilton in a huff renounced the Swedish service because, forsooth, he had been refused the honour of leading a forlorn hope.

His criticisms are flavoured throughout by a wholesome insularism. "The Dutch" and all "forraigners" ("the Swedens" excepted), especially "the silly simple Italians," even when of his own faith, are only saved by their Protestantism from being poor creatures. Where they are wicked enough to be Papists as well, then God help them, for they will be as stubble to our swords! Brave! oh yes! but any one can be brave if you will only pay him enough. It is one of the privileges of the devil's own brood. Among his foes the heroic Pappenheim alone evoked his unstinted admiration. Ah, he almost cries, if he had only been on our side! for "he was a worthy brave fellow and unblameable in his carriage,"—a verdict which is a subtle proof of a chivalrous breadth of mind that enabled him to see in the high-souled Catholic leader of cavalry, not the bloodthirsty diabolical captain of "the black Croats" of Lutheran tradition, but one whose name was better known and lineage more pure than even that of a Monro of Fowlis.

Monro's feelings for "the forraigner" being such, of course he will not harass himself with learning how they really spelt their names and places, with the result that his transliteration is truly wonderful. The nineteenth-century reader almost imagines himself in some Swiftian or Rabelaisian kingdom when he first plunges into the pages of 'The Expedition.' "Shevelbeane," "Trerebagh," "Grosglogo," "Bambricke," and hundreds of other fantastic creations, flow from his patriotic pen; and when their descriptions are interlarded with the cosmopolitan jargon which it was the privilege of a warrior to use who had heard swearing in every European tongue, it speaks much for the fascination of the book that we do not close it at once in the despair akin to lunacy.

Hill Burton, by the way, has plumply pronounced this same book to be unreadable, meaning, charitably we hope, because it is never read. Yet it cannot be denied that some sympathy with Puritan prose is abundantly necessary, for your average Puritan writer is cruelly afflicted with a prodigious self-consciousness, the result of two tiresome itchings, the itching for scribbling and the itching for immortality, the former of which was to secure the latter. He is also, as a rule, mercilessly drenched with the virus of an eclectic erudition, the erudition of the laboriously filled commonplace-book. Now seventeenth-century erudition is enchanting in the hands of pure genius — Bacon, for example, or Burton, or Browne — when it resembles the cunning filigree setting to a tiara of gems, so deftly intertwined as to enable the connoisseur best to catch every sparkle of their myriad facets. On a scholar like Casaubon or a jurist like Selden it sits with the dignity of a full-bottomed wig; in a *précieux* like Sir T. Urquhart it is most exquisitely humorous, and it is the natural stock-in-trade of the professed antiquarian; but in the ordinary theologian, above all in these military tomes, it is intolerable. We cannot be too thankful that the Augustan Age had a pleasantly short shrift for this cobwebbed Idol of a sterile study.

Regarded simply as monuments of industry, such treatises, of which Kelly's or Turner's 'Pallas Armata' are types, strike us with astonishment. Where, in the name of Mars and Minerva, did they find time and patience to compile them? for their authors were not medieval hermits careless of mankind, surveying from cloistered cells all time and all existence, but for the most part scarred fighters, two-thirds of whose lives had been spent in rollicking through a reeling world, and who must have come to the labour of the pen with stiff and gouty joints. Yet there their works are, and of a most portentous plenitude, worthless save to the gleaning researcher,—one more piteous proof of the fallacy to which even Bacon had lent his authority, that erudition can be made equivalent to knowledge, that acquaintance with all the available facts of a science will create of itself the scientific spirit. These military writers profess to expound the classic art of war from a lamentably copious study of man as a fighting machine since the Flood, when that art was crumbling away before their eyes, thanks to the onslaughts of those to whom the future belonged. We sadly reflect that unless the piercing spirit accompany it, merely to know all the rules will avail no man. In music it will beget not a Palestrina nor a Wagner, but a pedantic *kapellmeister*, who will be buried alive in the chaos of his own fugues; in painting it will breed a Bolognese school whose cruel correctness of anatomy and drawing will drive the world back in disdainful revolt to Giotto, who cared for none of these things; in the art of war your elaborately orthodox formations and clockwork routine will be crumpled into hideous disaster, not merely at a Benburb as poor Monro was to find, but at a Rocroy, a Rosbach, a Jena. The most learned knowledge of science can do nothing against spirit, and what if spirit has invented a science of its own? ah! indeed what then?

Monro has most of the literary defects of his contemporaries. At first sight he appears as "an affectioned ass who cons state without book and utters it by swarths." With its nice derangement of dedications,—its epistles liminary and ultimate, its reams of poems Latin and English, eulogistic, deprecatory, and descriptive; its seven-league sentences,—it resembles the fortresses dear to the heart of Dugald Dalgetty, such as he would have had Sir Duncan Campbell make Ardenvohr, a bristling monstrosity of sconces, graffes, fussies, stackets, and crenelles. Monro in literature, as Dugald in fortification, had apparently a poor opinion of natural strength; hence when we attack their writings, "unless it pleased the Lord extraordinarily to show mercy, we are glad to beat a *chamade* in twenty-four hours."

He saves himself, however, by two precious qualities—the range and accuracy of his power of observation, sweetened by that ever-vibrating human sympathy which never fails to illumine real insight into character, and which not even a style as cumbrous as the Spanish phalanx can obliterate. These are the gifts which have marked him out as one of the first of modern war correspondents, no Venetian or other bureaucratic scribe writing for the eye of his master and a privileged Chancery audience, but for the edification of the great public, for fame—and for filthy lucre. Nor, being a novice at the

trade, has he yet learned the devices of those who cater for the bald-headed man at the back of the Coffee-house, since with sacred simplicity "he is loath, not having seene the service, to set anything in record." True, had we not the corroborating voice of such narratives as 'The Swedish Intelligencer,' we should at times almost pronounce him to be of the stuff of which romancers are made. The flicker and flavour of the camp-fire linger round his vivid vignettes and quaint asides, but closer analysis reveals that they come from the interested eye and the desire to sketch the picture exactly as he saw it, not from the carefully cultivated imagination of the mess-room *raconteur jam rude donatus*. We seem to catch echoes of what mine Uncle Toby might have been before Sterne was at his elbow to select his stories and prompt his epithets. Here, for example, is a scene in two lines,—"At our first drawing up into battell a worthy gentleman called Robert Rosse was killed with the cannon, being blowing of tobacco before the regiment." Or again—to prove that "sniping" is by no means new,—"It behooved us," relates Monro, "to have a fire, which was their marke, and one night at supper . . . the next shot killed a sergeant of mine by the fire drinking a pipe of tobacco." Nor does he believe in your pipe-clay idealism. "In my opinion," he confesses, "the stoutest of men till they be acquainted with the furious noise of the cannon will naturally feare *and stoope* at the first," where a commonplace statement is turned into a picture by that delightful "stoope." And here is egoism coerced into etching a woodcut in the text: "The Saxon officers," he thinks, "did all looke as if they were going in their best apparell and armes to be painted," whereas "the Swedes having lyen over night on a parcell of plowd ground, looked out (Monro had picked up some German) "like kitchin-servants with their uncleanly rags, yet these Saxon gentry thought but little of us, though old experimented blades; *nevertheless, we thought not the worse of ourselves.*" And how "an old experimented blade" can flash a gleam of warming sunshine into an arid waste of the obsoletest technicalities can be seen from his conclusion about the pike, "the most honourable of weapons." "My choice," growls Monro against the new-fangled substitutes, "in day of battell and leading a storme or entering a breach with a light brestplate and a goode headpiece, being seconded with goode fellowes, I would choose a halfe-pike to enter with." Does not this affidavit epitomise the marrow of the matter more picturesquely than the cunningest word-paintings of the most lurid historical imagination?

Monro is not conscious in these passages of his literary power to charm; that is why he is so charming. But only too often his contempt for "the mere souldier," who had no tincture of "letters," leads him into ludicrously vexatious efforts after a grand manner; to dividing clumsily what ought to be a plain tale into two lumbering halves, "Dueties" and "Observations"; to falling out on digressions when he ought to be marching steadily forward; to posing as a literary dandy instead of remaining a veteran smelling of gunpowder and brusquely vivid of speech. No doubt the antiquarian, the sociologist, the researcher, have a right to rejoice that in every age there are not wanting persons willing to barter

a humble place in literature for a dusty niche in the museums of historical mummies; but to the critic and the public, writers like Monro only tell what it is good to know, and much better to read, when they forget to ape the tricks of what they fancy is a cultured style. And of the things that it is always good to read and know how much Monro has to tell! Defoe and Scott and Droysen—the novelists and the industrious Germans—have by no means exhausted the richly veined quartz which may be quarried from his chronicle of two campaigns.

His narrative starts with that unfortunate autumn in 1626, when Mansfeld had been pounced on by Wallenstein at the Dessauer Bridge and rent in pieces; when Christian of Denmark was collecting the relics of his army in Holstein after the rout at Lutter. Monro's first experiences, therefore, were hardly of the kind to conciliate him for leaving his fireside in Ross-shire; and though he bravely conceals the worst in a cloud of words about his royal master's generosity and the valour of the Scots contingent, his early training was obviously in the art of making strategic movements to the rear. Happier days were to come. Part One ends with the successful defence of Trailesound (Stralsund), which neither Wallenstein's astrology nor his oaths could wrest from the Swedes and Scots "once they had got Sir Alexander Lesly for their governour." The pæan note steals into Monro's Diary, and with Part Two, when the curtain rises on the Swedish camp with Monro in the service of "the Lyon of the North, the invincible King of Sweden," it ascends in a steady *crescendo*, until it swells into a triumphal funeral chant over Lützen.

Gustavus's actions belong to world history: Monro's narrative, however, brings into such clear relief certain aspects of them that it is impossible not to linger a few moments. To the purely military historian the crowded months from August 1631 to November 1632 form as great an epoch in the art of war as the two years from 1795 to 1797. Who can forget that on the Swedish king's staff were perfected the marshals—Banèr, Horn, Bernard of Weimar, Wrangel, Torstensson—of the Swedes, among whom Gustavus remarked with truth to Charnacé, "All these are generals"; for these were to teach Condé and Turenne, and through them the great French school. More striking still, twelve years before Cromwell organised the New Model, he had divined the irresistible power that lay in the white heat of religious fervour, if mastered and focussed by a skill based on a revolution in science. "Religion and Justice" to Gustavus, says Monro, "were the fundaments of good society"; they were also to be the fundaments of a good army. Monro's constant sermon, "Nothing brings victory next unto God than good commanders," as the clue to the secret of Swedish success, is only a variant on the better known military ideal, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry." Discipline—that was the root idea, though not discipline as Tilly or Wallenstein understood it, but a unique code leading up from the rules of the provost-marshal to the grammar of science, and thence to the Augsburg Confession and the Ten Commandments. One illustration will amply suffice. Defoe's Cavalier does not exaggerate when he estimates the female *impedimenta* which dogged the steps of the armies of the

League as equalling in number the fighting force itself. But in the Swedish camp that Monro describes there is no "captaine of the queanes," and in that simple fact lies more than a volume could prove.

He comments copiously on the technical alterations introduced by the "royal Swede"—in brigade formation, in the closer co-operation of the three arms of the service, in improved weapons, in drill, in the unremitting attention to marching power—all of which were framed to combine the highest scientific skill with the most wonderful mobility of movement, but he clearly thinks the most revolutionary element of all was due to the character of the king himself. No reader of 'The Expedition' can escape the abiding impression, the overpowering consciousness, of a personality which the facts as related by Monro create. The magnetic fascination with which all the fighting kings of Sweden down to Charles XII. bound their armies as with a spell was Gustavus's in a unique degree. To produce the same haunting sense of an imperious and bewitching presence we must turn to the memoirs of Napoleon's marshals, which, like Monro's Diary, are also a touching because unconscious homage to one who was "the captaine of kings and the king of captaines, who was Mars his minion and fortune's favourite." As we close Monro's unpretentious record we *know* that we have lived with the king; we have marched and fought with him in parade costume; we have caught him in undress, and (unlike Napoleon) we love and reverence him the more. You shall if you will ride out at his side "prospective glass" in hand, "for in this point of recognoscing his Majesty's judgment is wonderful"; you shall see him quietly direct the fire of his pet batteries, and "though stout made to stoope," for they have got the range in that sconce over there; you shall feel the weight of his wrath when his orders have been disobeyed, "for his Majesty's rage continued the whole day"; and look you, he has fallen into "a marrish" in his zeal "to spy into the enemies' workes," but presently he will wade out smiling and "sit by our guard fire, dine grossely and drink a great draught of wine," and then be off to "recognosce" again; or come with Monro into his quarters and read how, "being seene of his Majesty, I was kindly embraced by houlding his arme over my shoulder, wishing I could beare as much drinke as old generall-major Ruthven"; and then you may if you will at Augsburg kneel down with him and his staff of Electors and marshals in the church of St Anne's to give thanks in the words of the preacher's psalm, "For I will now up, saith the Lord, and set at liberty him whom the wicked hath ensnared."

But we are forgetting Monro and his Scots, who all this time have been distinguishing themselves. After "Trailesound" they were for some tedious months marching and countermarching through Pomerania to secure a proper base by petty operations, perhaps, yet conceived with such beautiful strategy that Napoleon, no very generous critic, thought they sufficed to prove the King of Sweden to be a past master of the art of war. With the move down the Oder in the spring of 1631 the real campaign began, which was "to teare and strip naked that old proud and ambitious generall Tillie of his former glory and

honour." Monro was present at all the five decisive actions which preceded Lützen — the "intaking of Francford," the fight outside the Leaguer at Werben, the epoch-making victory at Breitenfeld, "where it was" (at least Monro says so) "the Scots briggad's fortune under Hepburn to have gotten the chief praise for the foote service," the passage of the Leacke" (Lech), and then the desperate struggle on the slippery slopes of the *Alte Veste* at Nuremburg, "where for the first time the army got a clappe," and Monro's career very nearly ended by a sharpshooter "with a long peece." Of all these none will give a more exact idea than his account of the storming of Francford. The city was a fortified one, and therefore demanded from the orthodox commander a formal investment; but that was not Gustavus's way nor that of his Scots either. The first day was spent in a careful "recognoscing," during which "my major Sinclaire was shot, the enemy hanging out a goose in derision." On the next day, Palm Sunday (!), "the whole armie served God in their best apparell"—and then got ready to try conclusions with the derisive foe. To Hepburn's "briggad" was given the honour of "passing the graffe," and the order to storm as soon as the artillery had ceased firing. Hepburn led the way himself, and then, as Monro says, "we were over the middle in mud-and-water," and at once tore down the palisades. The Imperialists fell back, hotly followed by the Scots, to "the great sallying porte, which opened with two great leaves," and was guarded by "musquetteers and ordnance which made cruel execution." "At the entry the valorous Hepburn was shot above the knee which was lame before, which, dazzling his senses, forced him to retire, who said to me, 'Bully Monro, I am shot,' whereat I was wondrous sorry; . . . whereat colonell Lumsdell and I, he using a partizan and I a halfe-pike with a headpiece that covered my head, led on shoulder to shoulder to enter the porte, where at our entry some I know received their rest and the enemy forced to retire in confusion." In a few minutes the gates were rushed, and "the enemies' passage being cut, they were also cut down themselves until the streets were full of dead bodies." Thereupon, as Monro confesses with shameful truthfulness, the soldiers disbanded to plunder. Elsewhere there had been stubborn fighting in the Irish quarter, where, under the command of Butler, afterwards one of the assassins of Wallenstein, desperate resistance had been offered to "the yellow and blew briggads" (Swedish); and "truly had the rest stood to it so well as the Irish, wee had returned with great losse and without victory," while for proof we are informed that of the eight hundred who fell in the storming five hundred perished in reducing those stubborn Papist kernes.

The long and bitter winter privations endured by the Swedish army must be held mainly responsible for the collapse of discipline once the town had been seized. "I never did see officers less obeyed," notes Monro, "and well I know some regiments had not one man with their colours till the fury was past." To his credit he was one of the few who preferred guarding the colours to looting ("which I dare maintaine to be the truth"), yet it is but fair to add that it was the only occasion during Gustavus's life-

time when his Protestant force got out of hand, though after Lützen they were lamentably numerous.

When the Swedish king left Bavaria to make his final march northwards, Monro unfortunately was left behind with the brigade of occupation. He therefore had no share at the last great fight, and though he inserts from the reports of friends an account of the "true manner of this battell," his narrative really ends with the early autumn of 1632. What would the reader, still more the historian, to whom Lützen is an insoluble problem, not have given to have added this, the crown and flower of 'The Expedition,' to the book? Without Lützen 'The Expedition' is an impressive but headless torso.

In 1634 Monro, sound and well, teeming with military antiquarianism and experiences, left Germany, and after one short visit in 1636, for ever. His life had still some thirty-six years to run, but they are years which do not concern us here. He mixed in "the intestine garboyles of this island," to fight against Charles in Ireland, where by his conduct of the war he incurred (not apparently without good reason) the serious displeasure of the Presbyterian party in England; he married a wife who brought him wealth and lands; he was imprisoned in the Tower for five years; he lived to see Charles II. restored to his own, to know that the unhappy Queen of Bohemia had returned to die "in the arms of her nephew the king," to carry his wife to her grave, and then somewhere between 1670 and 1680 he too vanishes from the scene.

Yes, it is better not to pry into his later life; 'The Expedition' has nothing to tell us about it, and were we to follow him farther than its genial guidance allows, some harsh words might have to be uttered. "Is it not better," in his own words, "to be buried in oblivion than to be spoken evill of to posteritie?" A study of these years, with their changing storm and sunshine, would add nothing material to our knowledge of his personality; and as a husband and a landed proprietor he makes no appeal to the students of literature. His misfortunes, such as they were, are only interesting as pointing to the clear conclusion that the glamour of 'The Expedition' must never be allowed to conceal the plain conclusion, that whilst he betrays no deterioration of character, his abilities, military or otherwise, were and remained mediocre. To the historian he must always have a certain importance as the type of a Scottish gentleman and the author of a precious *pièce justificative*. But this last certainly establishes no claim on the world at large. Yet he was greater than he knew. When all is said and done, his chief, if not his sole, title to a tiny corner in the affections and memory of that posterity about whose verdict his generation was so sorely troubled is the act in which he himself had no living share—that he inspired the creation of Dugald Dalgetty.

C. Grant Robertson.

TRAVEL PICTURES IN THE CAUCASUS.

The frosty Caucasus is best regarded as a natural boundary between the continents of Europe and Asia. But if it be insisted that it belongs to one or other of them, then Asia has the better claim, and for this reason. It seems tolerably evident that, at a comparatively recent geological period, the more ample basins of the Black and Caspian Seas were connected with one another by a stretch of water known as the Ponto-Caspian Strait. To-day little more than traces of its bed remain in the deep Manîtch depression, but it is still matter of observation that this strange steppe river, when swollen by the spring tribute of the Kalaus descending from the northernmost outposts of the great mountain barrier, empties itself partly into the Sea of Azov by favour of the Don, and partly into the Caspian through the delta of the Kuma. Hence, on its northern aspect, the Caucasus once suffered isolation from Europe.

The Caucasian mountain system is divided by the valleys of the Rion and Kura into two chains, the Great and the Little Caucasus. The former follows a line of nearly 700 miles from Anapa on the Black Sea to Ilkhi-Dakh on the Caspian: its direction is N.W.-S.E. The principal summits are Elbruz (18,525 feet), first successfully wooed by Freshfield and his companions in 1868, Koshtan-tau (17,091 feet), and Dykh-tau (16,925 feet), not to speak of the more familiar Kazbek (16,546 feet) and Adai-Khokh (15,244 feet), important from the tectonic point of view. East of this peak the granitic core of the central range "is rent over and over again to its base by gorges, the watershed being transferred to the parallel chain of clay slates." Such a gorge is the Darial, through which, and over the clay slates by the Pass of the Krestovaya Gora (Mountain of the Cross), winds the Georgian military road: the Mamison Pass, more lofty and more westerly, is not unlike it in some respects. The Little Caucasus, so irregular and ill-defined, is linked with the nobler range by at least one meridional ridge, and, towards the south, merges in the Armenian plateau, above which, on the Russian frontier, towers the hoary Ararat (16,916 feet).

For the ethnographer the varied highland population of Caucasia presents a problem whose deep interests are far from fathomed. A pretty fiction peopled the Darial Gorge at the dawn of history with Asiatic tribes pressing forward to invade and populate the unknown country to the west, and sought for explanation of the heterogeneous character of the present-day inhabitants in the laggards. Aryan, Semite, and Mongol, Christian, Moslem, and Pagan, however and whencesoever they came, have apportioned Caucasia amongst themselves; and if ever the work of unification was set before a victorious empire, Russia is face to face with it there. For in the brief space of an hour's stroll through the streets of Tiflis, a man may hear the conversation of the passers-by conducted in a dozen different tongues.

Of the Caucasian peoples the Georgians alone possess any real historical importance. Modern Georgia may be said to correspond, roughly, to the basin of the Kur;

but this is a mere reminiscence of the great kingdom of the thirteenth century, whose fall was compassed by internal divisions. Harried, latterly, by the Persians, Georgia was made over by the reigning king to Alexander I. at the close of the eighteenth century, and was partly occupied by Russian troops soon after. Gradually the whole of the west country came under the dominion of the Slav. In 1834 the subjugation of Circassia and Daghestan was undertaken. The Circassians are usually considered to be the bravest and most warlike of the Caucasians, but not less fiercely did the wild highlanders of Daghestan, led by their prophet Schamyl (Samuel), wage an unequal fight with the two-headed eagle till 1859. One year later the conquest of Caucasia was complete. But the defeated tribes, notably the Circassians and Abkhasians, chafing under the Russian rule, endeavoured more than once to unfurl the standard of revolt, and at last in 1866 were gloriously expelled.

Already much of Caucasia has succumbed to railroad invasion. The northern trunk line from Rostov to Vladikavkaz is merely an extension of the Russian system. South of the great barrier, and parallel with it, the Trans-Caucasian line, as it is called,—in virtue, one supposes, of the fact that it runs across the isthmus,—first connected Poti with Tiflis, but has now for some time been extended at either end to Batum and Baku. It owes its existence primarily to British capital and enterprise. But the line that with greater reason should be known as the Trans-Caucasian is either that which in a few years, skirting the western littoral of the Caspian, will link Petrovsk with Baku, or that which it is proposed to lay from a point on the Rostov-Vladikavkaz system to Sukhum on the Black Sea, and thence connect with the so-called Trans-Caucasian trunk at Tekliati. The former will pass through Derbent, and, as regards the great mountain-chain, will do little more than cross its main axis, although the torrents that precipitate themselves from the highlands of Daghestan across its track seem to demand the most careful attention of the engineers. Its commercial importance will avowedly be considerable, and it will also put St Petersburg in direct railway communication with the significant points on the Trans-Caspian railway, the interruption of the sea excepted. The other is planned to traverse the principal chain of the Caucasus by means of a tunnel slightly over six miles in length. Sixteen miles short of Sukhum, whose port it is proposed to enlarge, the sixty-five-mile branch that connects this line with Tekliati breaks off. The total length of this system will be 246 miles.

More immediately important than any of these projects and achievements is the design in effect of which Tiflis and Kars will shortly be united by rail. The laying of the metals commenced in the spring of this year. When that has been accomplished, the extension from Alexandropol (through which the line passes) to Erivan and the Persian frontier will be taken in hand. The formidable stronghold of Kars is within fifty miles of the Turkish frontier—within a forced march of the territory commonly known as Turkey in Asia, that, one day conquered, will make the Euxine a Russian inland sea.

Beyond all question the most momentous situation of the hour is the Russian advance in Asia.

Those who know Russia cannot fail to have remarked within the past twelve months a gradual awakening amongst all classes to the significance of her policy in the Far East. From a certain highly-placed coterie that lives and energises on behalf of its majestic motto, "Asia for Russia," down to the humble but intelligent artisans, the Slav is casting out his ancient fear of British diplomacy, and secretly revelling in the serial successes won with the assistance of the purblind complacency that has characterised the paid protectors of our interests. There are those amongst us whose attitude of mind in watching this advance resolves itself into one of apprehension for the future of the Yang-tse valley: the more timorous see in it a lost India. But if it is possible to imagine the fulfilment of the most extreme Russian dream at some remote epoch (and other nations may be discounted on observation of the comparative rates of increase of population), then the annexation of India would be the last step. None know better than the Russians at what cost and sacrifice the civil administration of India is conducted by this country. None know better how helpless their corrupt official world would be when confronted with the task that has called out the best that Britain can command. How could they expect to handle India to advantage so long as imperial estimates of revenue actually make allowance for losses due to official self-aggrandisement? Easier far, and more profitable, is the administration of Manchuria—nay, even of all China, that country of unambitious people, of rich pasture-land and hidden gold. For Russia it is sufficient to know that by lending moral support to hostile frontier tribes she can organise discomfort for us on no small scale. In the west a somewhat similar problem is presented. A peculiar factor is the increasing difficulty of governing the Russian empire from so completely uncentral a point as St Petersburg. If the capital of Russia were ever changed, it would be transferred to the shores, or near the shores, of the Black Sea. In many of the older Russian maps a certain town upon the Dardanelles is not marked Constantinople, but Tzargrat—*i.e.*, Tzargorod, Tzar town. Is this an earnest of the future? At any rate it is only a question of time till these things be.

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It is probable that the majority of people who find their way to the Caucasus approach the giant barrier from the north through Rostov on the Don. Many of these are invalids whose purpose is not to cross the mountains by the far-famed Darial Pass at some 8000 feet above the sea, but rather to reach certain sequestered valleys, such as that in which Kislovodsk nestles, or the southern exposure of some protecting cone like the Mashukha, over whose base is spread the prim township of Pyatigorsk. For these are two in a cluster of watering-places that yearly increase in popularity and size, each with its distinctive spring—hardly, indeed, in the Caucasus, although essentially of it: and this whether you have regard to the noble panorama of mountain scenery that forms a solid background to the slow-rising uplands and broad river-terraces separating it from your vantage-ground on the Mashukha, or to the unfailing bubbling wells, of which you may find numerous prototypes deeper within the chain, or even to the varied nationality of the inhabitants that

parade their streets. Between Rostov and the junction Mineralnaya Voda—imposing at least in name—where the train quits the main line to compass the thus early advertised mineral waters, a dreary expanse of steppe is traversed where settlements are few and far between, and halting-points, with two or three exceptions, are established more in the interests of wearied passengers and heavy-breathing locomotives than of any local population. A few houses sheltered by trees, some dreamy surfacemen, a military-looking individual peering out of his *burka*,[1] a distracted stationmaster who endeavours to counteract the effect of a lonely limited sphere of influence and communion with fellow-creatures by engaging in hurried conversation with as many occupants of the train as possible, not forgetting the engine-driver—such is the *coup d'œil* at one of the lesser stopping-places. And even at the more important stations, all redolent of buffet though they be, there is the same subdued curiosity on the part of those frequenting them, into which only the arrival of the daily train has had the power to transmute their wonted callousness. And this indifference is the chronic state of life along the line, and affects the lower animals as much as him who has the dominion over them. For at one of these larger stations a hapless turkey-cock strayed from a neighbouring pen on to the rails, and was instantly decapitated by the advancing train. A few seconds later a woman appeared and picked up the headless bird from beneath one of the now motionless carriages with as little concern as if this were a matter of daily occurrence. A straw shows how the wind blows.

This circlet of Caucasian watering-places does not perceptibly differ from watering-places all the world over. Their only peculiarity is that they seem so out of place. Jelyesnovodsk, the most easterly of the series, lying on a separate line up a valley, is approached through hilly country, partially wooded with oak and ash, elm, beech, and acacia—the farthest outpost of the Caucasian range. Its waters are chalybeate, some of the sources having the unusually high temperature (for ferruginous springs) of 51° C. A quaint little station, overshadowed by a tree whose trunk comes up through the floor and pierces the roof, a most modern well-appointed pump-room with adjoining baths, self-contained houses with foundations of travertine—such is Jelyesnovodsk. The season lasts from May to October, but in June and July the scene is brightest—and saddest. There are several German colonies in the neighbourhood; their neatness and compactness date from the time of Katherine the Great. Behind the constituent cottages, whose harled walls and tiled roofs betray their non-Caucasian origin, are the vine-clad acres that support the colonists. They still retain many of their ancient privileges, and in one instance the Government pays three hundred rubles annually for the right to exploit a mineral spring that happens to be on Teutonic territory.

Pyatigorsk is a town with a population of twenty thousand inhabitants. It has been a place of resort for at least a century on account of its sulphurous springs. Of these the most important is at some little distance up Mashukha, and is reached by the medium of a horizontal, candle-lighted gallery,

[1] A long cape of coarse felt.

built by a Moscow merchant who had derived benefit from the waters. This gallery runs for nearly 120 yards right into the side of the mountain, and leads to an open space—a vast cavity—in the form of a funnel, which, partly by artificial means and partly by a natural fissure, is day-illumined. Into one segment is built a moderately sized ikon; on the right is a tiny well whose sulphuretted contents are popularly credited with the power of healing eye-diseases. Even here tribute is paid to orthodoxy and to superstition. The area to the left is monopolised by a deep pool of the tepid sulphurous water, whose peculiar green colour is due to an alga that grows on the stones and rocky bottom. A canal that follows the course of the gallery, although beneath it, serves to drain off the perpetual surplus. But every year a curious phenomenon occurs. During the last days of March there is a substantial increase in the volume of the spring, so that the surface of the pool rises four or five feet. The exit canal then proves insufficient for its purpose, and the sulphurous stream makes its escape along the gallery. In this way a million gallons are said to flow away daily in certain years. This state of affairs lasts for a month or two. Thereafter the waters recede as gradually as they rose, till by the end of May the normal outflow has been resumed. The cause of this peculiar augmentation is not clearly understood, but is probably to be sought in the melting of the snow on some of the adjacent Caucasian slopes.

Ten miles farther west lies Essentuki in a plain. Its alkaline springs were discovered in 1810. The branch line is carried as far as Kislovodsk, famous for its single "Giant's Draught"—the Narzan—known to the Russians since the beginning of the seventeenth century. Its extremely potable water, charged with carbonic acid gas and only slightly mineralised, bubbles up to the extent of 538,000 gallons daily. The watering-place itself is situated by the point of union of two small streams that eventually form a tributary of the Podkumok. Horizontal cretaceous strata, deep into which these torrents have eaten their way, flank the cañon-like valley of the wedded waters. One of these mountain streams takes its rise on Bermamut (7750 feet), from whose summit a magnificent view of Elbruz, protected behind and before by serrate lines of white rampart, is sometimes granted to the early watcher.

According to the best authority, Mount Elbruz—as also Kazbek—is simply a "volcanic excrescence," planted close beside the principal Caucasian range, and of much more recent origin. It has the regular outlines of a typical volcano, and culminates in two small cones of nearly equal height, which are separated from one another by a gap calculated to be 1500 feet in depth. It is also said that each of the cones preserves to some extent certain features of a crater.

To get within the immediate vicinity of the great mountain, one has first to gain the summit of Bermamut, which is really nothing more than the extreme point of a constantly narrowing plateau—part of a larger system, but flanked and confined by two rivers. Twenty miles of gentle incline; and the fair pasturage that the plateau affords is ruthlessly cut up by the plough-wheels of burdened vehicles, no two of which ever seem to have kept to

the same line,—for this initial stage is a Caucasian holiday trip. From the summit on our morning there was no view of Elbruz. The dawn was dull and chilly, and dank heavy mists rolled along the circumjacent tablelands, and slipped over their edges into the deep-set valleys that partitioned them. The cold, jagged range of black mountains (Tachly-syrt), slightly tipped with snow, that we knew fronted the giant, were just visible, but he himself was thickly veiled.

We prepared to descend the stony escarpment by a more or less imaginary track in order to reach another terrace, across which lay our route. Far away on either hand was this unusual scenery: at certain points the lofty tablelands, whose harder strata still survived to mark the level of the primeval plateau,—at others the cañon-like valleys; or yet again, those lower reaches which, through severe erosion, had been transformed into exaggerated downs, where fed a hundred flocks of mountain goats, black sheep with curious white signal-tails, and great brown horned cattle. In certain of the valleys it seemed as if there were a hardy growth of stunted trees; elsewhere, the sweet green grass that the wild herds love covered all. And by the flocks stood the herdsmen—mostly mere lads—leaning on their shepherd-rods, while solitary hawks regarded them from above.

We gained the terrace, which afforded our nags firmer footing than the rough, rocky valley-sides along which we had been clambering. During our journey across the plateau, certain Kossaks who were of the party helped to enliven our progress by performing feats of horsemanship. Thus one would drop his astrakhan cap upon the ground as he rode, and his fellow would fall behind only to spur his horse into a furious gallop; and, as he passed the object, he reached down and recovered it. They can also lift a child off the earth as they charge past it. Another would set off at a gallop, and almost simultaneously with bringing his steed to a sudden standstill, raised himself out of the saddle, feet in the air, with his shoulders on the horse's withers. A third would allow his charger to course at top speed, while with both arms he went through mystic evolutions with his rifle. Kossaks are brave, independent, and clever, but from what I have seen they are not good marksmen. They possess such extensive territories throughout the empire that one cannot travel far without meeting them. From the Don to the Ussuri are distributed eleven distinct Kossak areas, where the individuals have definite allotments. Of their origin and early history a Russian official thus writes:—

"The word Kossak is Turkish, and means a free man, a free-lance. The first Kossaks were settlers of various races on the river Dnieper. When Russia, after the Tatar invasions of the thirteenth century, became divided into Muscovy and Russian Lithuania, a great many inhabitants of the present Little-Russian provinces having lost their country, retired to the islands of the Dnieper, guarded by rocks, impassable reeds, and swamps. Here they welcomed every one who was oppressed, and in general all refugees from all countries and peoples. Out of this free population in the region of the Dnieper gradually arose a martial Christian society or knighthood, calling themselves Cherkess, and subsequently Kossaks. They soon became divided into castes—married men and bachelors. The married Kossaks settled throughout Little Russia and the Ukraine, where they took to agriculture and became a kind of Polish nobility. This helped the Polish Government in its

efforts to bring the Kossaks under subjection. Accordingly, at the end of the sixteenth century, under Stephen Bathony, a decree was issued which created a body of free Kossaks of 6000 families from among the population of the Ukraine, with the right of electing their own colonels, but with dependence on the *hetman* of the Crown. Thus the Kossaks were to be transformed into a small force of militia; and those who did not enter its ranks were reduced to serfdom. But this reform did not completely succeed. Besides the Kossaks recognised by the Government, there appeared other free and independent Kossaks who retired to inaccessible islands beyond the rapids of the Dnieper, where they constructed a fortress called the Syetch."

But it is not even those free and boisterous spirits—the Zaparogian Kossaks, as they are called, because they lived *za porogi*, at the falls—who were the progenitors of the modern bands of potential guerillas: with the others—those "recognised by Government"—they gradually disappeared with the centuries, and have now ceased to exist. Still, life in the Syetch was characterised by a marvellous simplicity. "Entry into the association was entirely free, the only necessary condition being a profession of the orthodox faith." Its basis was complete equality of the members, and self-government. Those who came from the same districts naturally formed themselves into little groups, each of which chose an *ataman* or headman. Fighting now with the Tatars, now with the Turks, now with the Poles, they had little time to engage in agriculture. It was a life of continual war either against man or beast. In the commencement of the eighteenth century they lent assistance to Charles XII. of Sweden, whereupon Peter the Great stormed and captured the Syetch. They then entered the service of the Khan of the Crimea, but were finally suppressed in 1775, when many of them fled into Turkey, while those who remained were formed into the troops of the Black Sea.

The Don Kossaks — refugees from all parts of Russia — grew into a military society at the end of the sixteenth century. They are now the oldest and most numerous body. At first they led such a life as pleased them, but since the time of Peter the Great they have been amongst the most loyal supporters of the throne. The Siberian Kossaks are descended from the survivors of the bands that accompanied the conquering Yermak. In return for various privileges, all Kossaks are bound to serve as soldiers, and have to provide their own equipment. Thus the fundamental idea of the modern Russian military regulations has been practised by the Kossaks from their earliest days. On a war footing the Kossak regiments number 176,000 men.

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One day — it must have been towards noon—a weary caravan, progressing, as must always be, at the pace of the slowest individual, had wellnigh reached halfway across the plateau. Behind lay Bermamut; ahead, even at that distance, Elbruz loomed above the dark outlying Tachly-syrt, a scarf of mist circling his double head; around, spread far and wide an unrefulgent sea of a deep green. The year was by no means old—September was just upon us—and although exposed to the four winds of heaven, and travelling within the sphere of influence of one of the world's great ice-monuments, we were hardly prepared for a snowstorm that with fierce joy

opened its heart to us. The leader at once turned in the direction of a log hut, some shepherd's sanctuary, the only object that broke the monotony of the plain: a log hut with moss-calked walls, in two of which were gaps—window and door; a building that forcibly apprised us how man and beast had companied together there when in some such plight as we, and yet a welcome place of shelter. The roof was penetrated by the narrower end of a large funnel of wickerwork, that hung down into the single chamber, and seemingly invited all that was vaporous to pass that way. And when, for want of fuel, a beam was hewn out of the roof by sacrilegious hatchets, and a fire coaxed into activity, the wanton smoke, by way of chastisement, refused to quit the building by the soil-plastered exit of wickerwork, and, playing hide-and-seek through door and window, or reappearing down the chimney, so baffled us that to keep warm we had to move on.

In these circumstances one learned to value the *burka*. That this is anything more than a cloak, or rather a long cape of felt, with the wool somewhat teased on one side, I am unaware. The colour is commonly black, although ladies affect shorter articles of the same type in white. It has no distinct collar, although the upper end is sometimes bound with silver braid, and the wide neck in consequence falls low on the shoulder. It is fastened merely at the neck by a single lace or strap, which many Caucasians keep constantly tied, putting on the mantle by slipping it over the head. To test a *burka*, a Caucasian sets it upright upon the ground. If it stands, he is satisfied; if it collapses, he will none of it. Although the two flaps amply meet in front—a slender man might well be twice enveloped in a *burka's* fold—the Caucasians prefer, when riding against a storm, to swing it round, so that the line of opening is to the side or rear. Thus they present an unbroken surface to the wind or rain, and either gather up the reins from beneath, or leave matters entirely to their sapient steeds. A *bashlik*, or hood, with very long tails, completes the external outfit. The latter are especially necessary, for when wound round and round the neck they not only serve as a muffler, but protect the bared shoulders above the reach of the low-lying *burka*. Hence a Caucasian Kossak, as he sits perfectly upright in his narrow saddle, holding his horse's head horizontal, and covering its croup with his flowing *burka*, with his head and neck wrapped in a *bashlik* of camel-hair, is very Arabian in his appearance.

Our objective was the valley of the Malka, a stream that takes its rise on the ice-slopes of Elbruz. The snowstorm, however, darkened the outlook. We descended from the plateau into the valley of a tributary of the Malka, there to wait till the storm should blow over. It lasted till four the next morning; and when, later, the sun shone out, it was seen that the black Tachly-syrt had undergone the greatest colour-transformation that it is possible to conceive. Our route, by which we hoped to come out on the valley of the Malka at a point high in its course, now lay across the tributary and up the opposite slope. After several hours' continuous ascent we reached a wind-vexed height from which we looked down into the cañon-like valley of the Malka. Five hundred feet below us the glacial torrent swept past the base of

the red granite wall that hemmed it in on either side. Dismounting where a more or less imaginary sheep-track zigzagged down a broken portion of the wall, we led our horses by its scanty aid to the very brink of the water and turned up-stream. Here the sure-footed creatures were able to resume their burdens, although the sharp bendings and inclined nature of the ground they had to traverse did little to expedite their passage. With each turn a fresh peak filled the never empty gap ahead; eagles flew out in silent protest, wheeled round to take in the intruders at a glance, then soared away to yet loftier regions. At one spot, round a corner, the traveller is suddenly brought face to face with a brilliant tripartite cascade: he sees in the granite wall a cleft, from the bottom of which are hung three silver curtains, that drape it in unceasing purity.

After a while the valley narrowed to a gorge; the walls rose higher. Farther progress along the left bank became impossible, and we plunged through the stream to clamber along the other side, till that too became impassable. The only way out of the difficulty was to attempt to get out of the gorge itself by scaling the rocky slope on our left. The horses, for which alone there was any difficulty, were led with lengthened rein to such an ascent as would be deemed beyond their powers in most countries. Horses were not made to scramble, and it is awkward to be beside them when they try. A long succession of short, spasmodic efforts was relieved by breathing-spaces in which they, trembling and unassured of a foothold, gazed inquiringly at the leaders, who were bombarding them with dislodged stones; but at length a vantage-point was gained from which we could view the surrounding country. There was the Malka valley,—steep red walls, at the bottom of which lay a white silken thread, like a dissection to show a nerve. On another side rose the black heights of Tachly-syrt in cold superiority. Behind us extended a ravine, the deserted bed of some old glacier, as evidenced by what remained of lateral moraine. To-day it serves as a museum of Nature's statuary, containing boulder-capped earth-pillars, quaintly fashioned and not yet perfected. And towering over all — it seemed within a stone's-throw — was the Balikbashi, "head of the Malka," so they said, in Tatar tongue—but which, after two hours of further toil, had dwindled into a remarkable insignificance.

In another lateral gorge of the Malka we came on a carbonated chalybeate spring at a height of 7000 feet: it has long been known as the "Warm Narzan." A basin, artificial in part, has been constructed around the two necks, by which the water in its fierce upwelling pierces its own tufa deposits. The temperature of this source varies from 22° to 25° C. Its overflow almost immediately joins issue with a volume of water that pours by more than a dozen orifices out of the face of a neighbouring rock. We crossed the united streams and still continued to ascend, although by a circuitous route, till we reached a point from which a corner of the Elbruz ice-fields was visible.

We had now got behind the range of black mountains that we had seen from the plateau, and caught glimpses of the Central Caucasian chain. In the sunlight the sombre heights were slowly divesting themselves of their re-

cent garment of white. A slight temporary descent brought us into a broad valley flanked on one side by them, while down the centre ran the Malka, now in its infancy. On the other side were the outskirts of Elbruz; in the immediate forefront a grassy hill rose up sharply from the valley. The remarkable thing indeed is, that there should be those green hills so close to high rocky mountains, right in the heart of them, and, for that matter, vying with some of them in size. But the volcanic cone of Elbruz seems to be composed of an andesite, and many volcanic rocks contain the necessary constituents for making rich soil, so that, provided the slope is not too great and the andesite at an advanced stage of decomposition, the mountain-side may be effectively clothed with green.

It was not long before we had reached a commanding spot on this immense mound; but on that particular day the summit of Elbruz was veiled from our sight. Within a mile of us, pouring down from the side of the mountain, was the great glacier: out of a dim door at its extremity issues the Malka. A depression of the nature of a ravine alone parted us from the massive cone of Elbruz. These lowest slopes were also partly verdant, although thickly sprinkled with detached blocks of andesite—the ruins of a mountain. In one particular direction they extended down the valley much after the fashion of an old lava-flow. It is possible that when the valley was thus entirely blocked up there may have been a lake to which the sedimentary, flat, open, plain-like bed of the valley is the modern witness. The only flower that a hurried search disclosed, relieving the green, was a hardy dark-blue gentian.

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Vladikavkaz, the most important town in Cis-Caucasia, stands on either bank of the Terek, a brawling mountain torrent that rises near the heart of the Caucasian chain, receives the tribute of the Malka, and, flowing to the Caspian, is stated by one authority to carry with it more alluvium than the Volga. Here one came into contact with that unique diversity of race that characterises this corner of the Russian empire. The local prison at once suggested itself as a convenient centre at which to find representatives of the various peoples. At the same time, the Director of the Russian prisons has stated quite frankly that one would find no worse prisons in the empire than in Caucasia. This is certainly the case. The imperial grants for prison administration and reform are hardly sufficient. The Russian principle is to take up one district or region at a time and expend upon it all the surplus available after ordinary current expenses have been met. It seems to have been some years since Caucasia last received this attention. There only—on the highroad to Erivan—have I seen prisoners upon the march chained hand and foot, not only to one another, but also to either side of a long iron rod. But, again, one must bear in mind that Caucasia stands in relation to European Russia much as a colony does to any other country—as Algeria does to France—and in this circumstance also lies the reply to those who, without judgment, attempt to show that, in spite of peculiar legislation, capital punishment is as prevalent in Russia as in other European countries. Any comparison of the latter with the former on this point must, in justice, include

their colonies, when the true state of affairs will be at once apparent. By no possible stretch of the imagination could Caucasia be described as a settled country. Murders and highway robberies are of frequent occurrence ; race feeling is strong. In short, there is justification for the adoption of harsher methods with Caucasian caitiffs, even if it were done of intention. As a matter of fact, their treatment is only an unconscious reflection of the life of the country.

The local prison at Vladikavkaz lies on the outskirts of the town. On a Sunday morning you may see a little crowd outside the gates : the people are waiting to see their friends and relatives. An official sits by a table outside the court-yard wall : papers and ink are before him. The visitors come up to him singly, tell him whom they desire to see, as also their relationship to the individual in question, and then receive a slip of paper on which is written the name of the friend or relative within the walls, and a signed permit to have him summoned. A woman who had just received her authorisation swung her child up on her shoulder and took her place in the line that filed past a gap in the whitewashed brick wall, perhaps two feet square, and filled with a stout wire netting. When her turn came she set down the child upon the wooden ledge beside the aperture, and handed in her ticket to the turnkey on the other side. Soon a shaggy, wild-looking face peered through the wires. The woman took the baby's hand and tenderly inserted it between the iron filaments to greet its rebel sire. The harsh features softened wondrously, and while he seized the tiny fingers something happened, for suddenly he let go and covered his face with both his hands.

I passed through the narrow gateway into the cobbled yard. Between the two-storeyed brick building and myself stood nearly one hundred men broken up into little knots, probably by nationality. Russians, Circassians, Georgians, Persians, Ossets, Avars, Ingushes, and Nogais were represented amongst others. Add to this, that while less than half the number were in the regulation summer garb, others wore their distinctive dresses, and you may understand that the effect was almost picturesque. They had none of the shyness that often constituted an apparent feature of Siberian convict bands. Few of the Caucasian native races are prepossessing in appearance at any time, and their offscourings gave little pleasure to the eye.

The building as a whole was in repair, but was not large enough for the three hundred and thirty human beings collected within its precincts. The stone staircases and composition floors mercilessly chronicled every footfall. The rooms were small and poor, and rarely lighted by more than a single window in the daytime, and by a lamp hung outside the grating in the door during the gloom. The platform beds, which were not found in every chamber, were high, but too short for a man of average size. The passage between them—*i.e.*, the amount of free space in the room—was not more than six feet in breadth, and one noted for the first time other features that tended to bring the institution into line with the typical Siberian prison as portrayed by Mr Kennan. The majority of the *kameras* were filled more than conveniently full ; but as the doors bore iron bars in place of panels, and the window was always open, there was no fear

of suffocation. There had been a certain attempt at grouping the prisoners according to the nature of their crime, but the lack of discipline and order was more manifest than its presence; complaints were numerous. With one of the inmates I had a certain sympathy. He had stolen a bicycle and ridden 45 versts before he had been overtaken. He should have been let off, for this must have been a "record" as regards any velocipede procurable in Vladikavkaz. In the rooms devoid of platform beds the men had simply to lie on palliasses or on the bare floor. All of them indeed had pillows, but in winter such apartments must be far from pleasant, unless the overcrowding then becomes a fine art. Part of the top storey, furnished as a hospital, was shut off merely by two wooden doors. Another ordinary *kamera*, distinguished by a cloth hung over the grated door, and adorned inside with an altar and a couple of ikons, was evidently used on occasions as a church. The same lack of order prevailed in the two or three rooms devoted to female prisoners. Murderesses and vagrants shared the same chamber: there were no female warders. A poor passportless half-witted gipsy woman kept a continuous vigil—so they said—cowering in a corner of the small exercise-yard. The prisoners have two meals in the day, at 11.30 and at 7 P.M. The rations quoted did not differ from the standard attempted in other parts of the empire.

I went over one or two other prisons in the Caucasian provinces, but no special interest attaches to any of them. The only one comparable in size to the larger Siberian institutions would be, I fancy, the large convict prison in Tiflis. Some admirable work has been done upon the printing-presses there. One unimposing district gaol situated on a hillside was rendered more picturesque by the grouping of several tents in and around it. The soldiers had evidently preferred to live under canvas rather than inhabit the quarters allotted to them. The low stone wall, damaged in part, offered no serious obstacle to intending fugitives. In default of better employment for his wards, the governor of the prison had laid out and maintained an extensive fruit and vegetable garden on convict labour. In it several men were working at sunken pumps on that sultry afternoon, though shaded by luxuriant foliage; the rest were idle. All the buildings were in a state of disrepair, and although each man was provided with a palliasse, the orthodox bedstead was the floor. The quality of the food was very poor. The money equivalent of a man's rations was a penny and a half, but it seems as if the amount of bread purchasable for one penny exceeded the requirements of some of the prisoners, for on shelves in several of the rooms stood little models of various highly varnished quadrupeds moulded in a paste formed from black bread and water, and then stained dark-green or red. Political prisoners are not unknown in this out-of-the-way corner. In one room were confined three Armenians from Constantinople who had been arrested on certain charges. There was no hospital provision of any kind in the whole institution.

A third prison in one of the larger towns was in the hands of a young fellow who took a manifest pride in his capable administration of it. The long low corridor was filled with a seated company of

men engrossed with their midday meal, while others of their number were busily scrubbing the floors of the *kameras*. Their repast included a course of water-melon, the gift of friends and relatives, who are allowed to visit them twice a-week. The men were amusingly obstinate in the way in which they spoke of the bread (of which they received 2½ lb. daily) as "white," not "black," the truth being that it could neither be described by the one adjective nor the other. They also have a small allowance of meat in their soup, and of tea. In place of any complaints, they actually lauded their surroundings and administration. There was no semblance of overcrowding, and the men generally wore a cheerful aspect. In the great heat they were content with a single garment, and lay supine on pieces of straw matting, knocking their knees together from sheer idleness. The hospital was, as usual, the weak point. In one of the male wards there were no beds; the men lay on the floor. In the female department of the prison there were no wards at all, and sick women lay out in the corridor. The workshop was a busy scene, where men were employed in at least a dozen different ways, according to their bents. Convicts from Trans-Caucasia whose destination is the Siberian mines go thither by way of Baku and Petrovsk and the Volga, but never, so far as I know, by the Georgian Military Road through the Darial Pass.

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So many brilliant and sympathetic word-pictures of the Georgian Military Road and the Darial Pass are extant in our literature that it would be worse than superfluous to attempt here any detailed account of them. But there are a few points that may bear a varied repetition. The whole road (constructed in 1861) has a length of 130 miles in round numbers; but the defile which, as the most impressive natural feature on the journey, has given its name to the entire stretch between Tiflis and Vladikavkaz, is not more than eight miles long at the greatest computation. Although the pass has been known for hundreds of years—the Georgian chroniclers assert that the earliest forts were planted there in the second century B.C., and Pliny and Procopius have both written of it—yet it was 1769 before the first Russian troops threaded their way between its jealous walls for the defence of Grusia against the Turks. What exactly the word Darial signifies is still fair field for disputatious etymologists, but the probability is that *dah* is the Persian word *dar* or *der*, a door, and that therefore Dar-i-Allan signifies the door of the Allans.

A regular service of diligences plies between the extreme points of the military road, but the traveller may also post on his own account. For the first time in Russia one saw horses harnessed to vehicles without the assistance of the all-important *duga*. A quaint mixed population tenants the suburbs of Vladikavkaz, and mosaic walls (for they build a stone foundation which supports a strange conglomerate of Terek-worn stones and Caucasian soil, held in their place by diverse-running lines of bricks, and so on, more conglomerate, more tutorial bricks, till the adobe coping is reached) shut out the immediate view on either side. But although highly necessary, they are still impotent to screen Kazbek or Schat the Giant that peer snow-capped above a hundred glorious

peaks. The road ascends the course of the Terek, and therefore pierces the limestone mountains without delay. These, rising sharply up on either side to an average height of some 5000 feet, are thickly covered with witch-hazel and other deciduous trees, while the contracting valley supports an abundant growth of willow. Old forts with loopholed walls, reared on commanding sites close by the road, are overgrown with a dense tangle of legend: no peak but has its story, no glen but hides romance. Discarded locomotive rails uphold the short, stout posts that serve as resting-places to four lines of telegraphic wire. At the first stopping-place toll is exacted, and a posse of Kossaks stands ever ready to enforce it.

The valley now begins to widen somewhat, and the grey river is not content with a single bed. The bold escarpments gradually recede on either hand, still bearing, where it is possible, a certain wealth of tree-life, so that the colour effect expresses itself in the form of successive horizontal bands of green and grey. Near the Djerakhov fort certain magnificent river-terraces attract our notice; later, perched boulders testify to some past glacial force that stranded them upon the mountain-side. Into the Terek's channel project frequent moles, long piers of piled-up stones, flanked and confined by wattled stays, like some giant gardener's basket laid pointing down the stream to tame and guide the spring rush of the waters. Everything speaks of bygone strife, silent it may have been, but none the less intense—vertical strata, moraine deposit on their upturned ends, erratic blocks strewed up and down the valley. Many of these boulders have come down with the periodic "avalanches" from the Devdorak Glacier. Near the station of Lars one of the largest of them may be seen lying in the bed of the Terek. It is known as the rock of Yermolov, and was brought down in the great "avalanche" of 1832, which, according to one account, encumbered the valley of the Terek with stones, ice, and mud over a distance of about two miles and to a depth of over 270 feet. This monolith measures 95 feet by 49, and is over 42 feet in height.

The amount of traffic on the road is considerable. Waggons and rustic carts, tended by wild kaftaned drivers whose eyes flashed under the brims of their brown sheepskin mop-like head-gear, continually passed or were overtaken by us. High up on our right rose a green hill whose southern slope was wild and broken (and it seemed to be generally the case that the southern exposures of the Caucasian slopes seen from the Darial road were not at all so wooded as the northern ones), but whose green northern aspect was dotted up to the summit with symmetrical lines of brown hay-stacks — the travail of the "Iron" Ossets who inhabit most of the lateral glens. Not far beyond Lars is the Darial Gorge. It is indeed only about this point that one perceives that the ascent has become serious. The limestone outworks have been left behind, and the schistose walls, rising high in their savage grandeur, approach one another sensibly: in the middle of the gorge they are of granite. The magnificently kept road runs at some distance above the bottom of the gorge, where the Terek, now turbulent and turgid, worries its way to the Vladikavkaz plain. One cannot speak of the Darial Gorge as beautiful: it is terrible, awe-

some, almost oppressive. The cold unsympathetic masses of grey rock that hem one in on every side furnish no foothold for the most confiding mountain herb or flower, far less a tree or shrub. Their cloven summits, pinnacled and peaked, eternal monuments of cold disdain and yet 8000 feet nearer to heaven, still look into the face of the setting sun when it is night below. Hard by the southern end of the ravine there stands the Darial Fort, a low ungainly edifice —wondrously like a child's toy castle in these surroundings—that by two towers abutting on the stream is held to dominate the pass. Above it the valley widens, but is still encumbered with enormous masses of sediment and boulders, slightly stratified, that came down with the "avalanche" of 1832. The Terek was choked for eight hours, and painted signs on the rock, 150 feet at least above the level of the present road, show at what height the quondam trail ran. Perhaps a temporary lake was formed during the block, under whose waters took place the stratification visible in the deposits today. The road, which has followed the right side of the Terek through the gorge, passes again to the left near the foot of the Kabakhi valley, which one must ascend in order to see this mischievous Devdorak glacier.

The Devdorak is one of eight principal glaciers that bear away the icy wastage of Mount Kazbek. It is formed by three main arms: its greatest breadth is 1260 feet, but shrinks to less than half of this, with a consequent increase in gradient that adds to its general effectiveness by reason of its straitened passage. Its length approaches two miles: its lowest end is yet 7500 feet above the sea. There are no fewer than five occasions on which "avalanches" from this glacier have thundered down into the valley of the Terek. In 1776 the river was entombed for three days: five years passed before the last ice that came down in 1832 disappeared from its valley. Unlike the majority of Caucasian glaciers, the Devdorak seems to be slowly advancing, and in this fact some find the explanation of these periodic disturbances. For although many suggestions have been offered as to the cause of these so-called avalanches, they are probably simply due to growth of the glacier, with the concomitant circumstance that the ice-masses, becoming heaped up against a certain promontory on the left side of the valley, fall away when they have succeeded by mere pressure in forcing their way past. At a certain stage this damming of the ice involves a corresponding partial choking of the glacial streams, which are set free with the ice. It is therefore not strictly an avalanche that descends, but rather a flood of water bearing blocks of ice and quantities of *débris* to the valley below.

Not far from that point where, after emerging from the Darial Gorge, the traveller crosses again to the left bank of the Terek by a wooden bridge, there stands a simple cabin by the roadside. Here live or lived two brothers, Solomon and Ivan, who were engaged in the task of keeping in repair the footpath of eight versts that runs up the right side of the valley of the Kabakhi to the hut commanding the foot of the Devdorak Glacier. In this work they were not alone, for Solomon spoke of the majority of a group of ill-conditioned, thievish Caucasians, who stood around to gaze, as his labourers. Solomon was a little king: his province was the

valley of the Kabakhi, and, what was of most importance to us, his word was law, for the extra baggage left behind in his cabin by the roadside suffered no loss in our absence. Solomon was a true child of nature. He had not much to say upon the subject of the Devdorak Glacier and its freaks, but the beauties of a track of which he knew every inch with the knowledge of a craftsman never seemed to pall on him. Our way lay past a native burial-place, a dreary disorderly domain, where upright stones set at one end of a pebble-heap marked the individual tombs: Solomon announced them with a significant nod. And when certain cairns scattered about amongst the tombs emitted living children roused by strange voices, and showed how literally those natives lived in presence of the dead, Solomon shrugged his shoulders and affected a morbid interest, as if he were traversing this woful region for the first time. Even the sun-dried cakes of animal ordure piled up against the human mole-heaps were not unnoticed of him.

The hut is situated in full face of the glacier. The lower end, soiled with mud, covered with stony rubbish, and flanked with lateral moraine, has very little of the picturesque about it. The higher reaches form a veritable ice-cascade. Solomon, nimble as a mountain-goat, led us across to such a point on the opposite side of the valley as afforded an unrivalled view of the twin dome of Kazbek. The jagged heights, with their snow-filled clefts and crevices, that bound the eastern side of the Terek ravine, seemed within a stone's-throw of us. Eternally alone, to all appearance insurmountable, they held quiet converse with the clouds. The deep peace of the removed retreat was hardly disturbed by the dissolving flow of surface rivulets on the glacier below, or even by the rattle of sun-loosened stones that continually augmented the talus slopes on every hand. Solomon studied awhile the gyratory movements of three hawks, then scrambled around, returning with a gentian and a bluebell in his hand. Thereafter we commenced the descent into the valley of the Terek, and when once more we stood on the highroad, our guide proffered his culled wild-flowers as a souvenir, watched us withdraw in a southerly direction, and with a final wave of the hand disappeared into his cabin.

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Beyond the station of Kazbek, superbly fronted by the great mountain, the valley widens again appreciably. The flat-roofed stone-built cottages perched in groups high up on the flanks of the mountains are no more noticeable than the natural bastions of andesitic columns that have contracted into existence at more than one point along the road. Everything is grey, and cold, and dead. At Kobi the river deploys into several streams: its volume of water is actually greater here than at Vladikavkaz. But now we have reached the point at which the Terek may be said to enter on its public career, issuing with a rush from a deep-set glen over on the west, so that we see it no more. The road, rising perhaps more steeply now than ever, follows the gorge of the Baidarka till the summit of the pass is attained. This, unlike most other Caucasian passes, is broad and tolerably level. Known as the Mountain of the Cross, it is so shut in as to command no extensive sweep of country except

towards the south. An old hospice and a small stone monument are in undisturbed possession. On the northern side the slopes were often terraced to protect the road from avalanches, but this is done more effectually by great lengths of covered galleries. Here, then, for a moment we halt upon the watershed—upon what is orographically the principal chain of the Caucasus.

The descent once begun is very rapid. Enormous zigzags skilfully engineered conduct the traveller to the head of the long avenue that runs down to Tiflis. Azaleas and the wild yellow hollyhock enliven the roadside. At the Georgian village Mleti there is a post-station like to which there is nothing in Siberia. The buffet, private rooms from eighteenpence to three shillings, with sixpence extra for damp linen, and telegraphic bureau, have never formed a part of the corresponding Trans-Ural establishments: all that they have in common are overwrought horses and a short-tempered postmaster.

The valley of the Aragva, which the road practically follows as far as the junction of that river with the Kur, is wholly different from its congener on the northern side of the watershed. It is well populated by a pastoral people, who reflect the soft graces of their surroundings. The bare stern mountains are gradually screened by hills of comparable height, but heavy with their cloaking of deciduous wood; still, now and again we catch glimpses of them at the far end of the lateral valleys. Rye-fields become the constant accompaniment of improved villages; the highroad and the pasture-land alike support herds of complacent cattle. Chief amongst these is an ungainly buffalo with large misshapen ears of low insertion, and rough unwieldy horns that lie at every angle on his head. His skull is very long, so that when, under the yoke, he stretches his neck and raises his nose in the long-suffering attitude of draught oxen, he presents no suggestion of proportion. Bony and angular, they go with ease at a trot, and when the driver wishes them to pull to the left he simply smacks the near beast with his goad on the right side, when it proceeds to shove its neighbour in the desired direction. Sometimes a double team of buffalo was yoked to a cart, and as they are only retained at the neck and are absolutely devoid of harness, the sole difference between the driver of a pair and of a four-in-hand lay in the length of his goad. It was perhaps possible to discern a look of satisfaction on their otherwise vapid countenance as they lay in the bed of the Aragva or wallowed in some muddy pit. And the natives, standing barelegged in the stream, were pleased to splash the creatures' mighty carcasses. Again, there are the brown fat-tailed sheep. An incipiently divided pendent fat-bag forms part of the tail: the organ, which may thus weigh 50 to 80 lb., is looked on as a great delicacy. As the creature steps along, the tail sways from side to side, although not in harmony with the movements of the large downcast ears. The geese also are of no ordinary breed, and have a strange air of incompactness, mainly attributable to the independent character of many of their wing-feathers, which wave about in a disorderly, random fashion.

Long before we reached Mtzkhet, an old Georgian capital strongly and picturesquely situated by the junction of the Kur and Aragva,

the large red barracks that invariably accompany any substantial sample of Russia's military strength had obtruded themselves upon our notice. It seems easiest to believe that they will always be necessary here,—that the men who march along the Georgian military road will ever have their faces to the south. At the annual manœuvres around Tiflis not fewer than 20,000 soldiers play a part.

We passed many waggons loaded with labourers and their families returning to Tiflis. They are conducted over the entire road for the sum of four shillings, and pass their time with nought but a few yards of canvas or of felt stretched over hoops between them and the heavens. Other vehicles resembled giant baskets with a wooden bottom that ran on wheels. A farm-steading not far removed from the roadside contained an assorted collection of fanciful vehicles—perhaps a whim of a dainty little maid who, all in red and with her feet firmly planted on a thresher of no greater complexity of structure than the simplest form of sleigh, was swung round the floor by a fast-trotting pony that she urged on with pretty cries and graceful flourishes of whip as she leant back on the reins. Although we continued to descend, yet the hills had fallen with us. Indeed since Ananur, considerably north of Mtzkhet, they had subsided into the uplands that constitute the greater part of Georgia.

Short is the twilight that here follows the brilliant homage paid by the west to the disappearing sun. The richly tinted heavens dissolve in a canopy of darkness. At such a time our horses stumbled into the courtyard of the last station out of Tiflis. Under a candlelight that only served to intensify the shadows, the wearied horses were cursed into their stalls, and a fresh contingent took their place. The drowsy passengers gradually resigned themselves to the soporific influences of the night, the swaying carriage, the drone of the wakeful driver. Suddenly there was a shriek, the swift passage of a many-eyed reptile, its rapid disappearance with a hissing sound into some cranny of the earth. My comrade rubbed his eyes, remarked upon the steadiness of Caucasian horses, and on what he judged to be the folly of running railway tracks close to a high-road, then once more gave himself to sleep. But already the lamps of Tiflis twinkled in the distance, and vinous soldiers passed in knots of three and four, instinctively bound for one or other of a thousand ghostly tents. We raced through the outlying gardens and entered a quarter of Tiflis where there was no call for street-lamps so long as the quaint stalls, devoid of door or window, sign or upper storey, shed a fierce glare across the way. In the interior of these open places of commerce Persians and Tartars still bickered over some petty bargain, still rose and left disgusted only to return once more. The night air was made hideous with the cries of disappointed vendors, of disillusioned buyers. Gradually the sounds died away. As we advanced into the heart of the city the stillness increased; when we stopped before our place of residence, it was perfected.

J. Y. Simpson.

VELASQUEZ THE COURTIER.

It is an odd chance that at the very moment when Spain, pushed to an unequal and reluctant combat, has suffered the heaviest disaster which can attack a nation, her arts and history compel a universal admiration. Though Cervantes has not known even a momentary eclipse, he was never studied with keener intelligence and to better purpose than to-day; while Velasquez, long hidden under a cloud of neglect, has at last emerged into a sunlight of worship, as brilliant as that he enjoyed during his lifetime. The material wherefrom to construct his biography is scanty enough, yet every year witnesses a fresh attempt, and M. de Beruete's volume,[1] recently published in Paris, is not more luminous than its predecessors. The author, it is true, may claim some advantages: he is a Spaniard and he is a painter,—but with the best will in the world he has added nothing to our knowledge. He has repeated the same artistic criticisms which have done duty a score of times; he has described the pictures placed before our eyes with the patient fidelity of a showman; and, despite his good intentions, he has proved himself lacking in sympathy. In the first place, he declares that Velasquez is not a great colourist, until you suspect that he too, like the rest, would have a painter empty his palette upon every canvas; in the second, and this is a still greater sin, he complains that Velasquez never worked without a model. "The poverty of his imagination," says he, "did not allow him to give free rein to his fancy." With criticism such as this one disputes in vain. The opinion that a painter's imagination is most clearly exhibited by the portrayal of the unseen is too vulgar to need refuting, and assuredly Velasquez had so fine a sense of his art that he need not waste his ingenuity in the contriving of curious subjects. Nor is it becoming to charge the painter with a trammelled fancy, whose sincere vision and miraculous accomplishment revealed to the world a new art. Velasquez was neither Blake nor Sir Edward Burne-Jones; he was so splendid a classic that he could give dignity to a battered wine-skin, or illumine with his lively fancy the raggedest Gusman or Lazarillo. With no temptation to turn away from his own Madrid into a shapeless fairyland, he glorified what he saw, and proved again that the ultimate task of art, whether literary or pictorial, is the noble rendering of the commonplace.

Nor does M. de Beruete attempt to set the painter in his environment, to give us the portrait of one who was a great courtier as well as a great craftsman. On the contrary, he deplores his patronage by the king, and suggests that, had he never entered the royal palace, "his production would not have been so restricted." And with this regret he confesses a complete misunderstanding of the painter's career. Wherever Velasquez had spent his life he had still been great, yet it was in the Court of Madrid that he found the material most proper to his genius; and it is idle to speak of restricted production, when the

[1] Velasquez, par A. de Beruete. Paris: H. Laurens.

last word of an art has been expressed. The author of "Philip IV.," of "Pope Innocent," of "las Meniñas" did not die with the consciousness of an undelivered message. He was no Keats perished with talent unfulfilled. The offices he held at Court, while they sensibly increased his dignity, did not diminish his work by a single stroke of the brush. Had he never accompanied his sovereign to Valladolid or the Bidassoa, the Museums of Europe might have been richer by a dozen portraits. But Velasquez could not add another laurel to his crown of immortality, and it is as rash to blame his zealous courtesy as it would be to cut and clip the wreath of Milton because he was Cromwell's secretary, and did not write another 'Paradise Lost.' While he gave the world his best, he lent his service to the king, and it is interesting for a moment to consider him as a part of the great world, as painter and chamberlain to the Court of Spain.

Like the greatest men of all ages, Velasquez wrapt round his life with a cloak of secrecy. His contemporaries accepted his mastery in silence, and he followed his art or performed his duties in the august seclusion of Philip's palace. So he avoided prying eyes and gossiping tongues, and established a fame which, even in his own lifetime, was select rather than popular. His contemporaries are as diffident in praise or blame as were Shakespeare's. True, there is Pacheco's generous appreciation, and the Spanish records contain many references to the painter, which, for all their official phrase, chronicle not only his comings and goings, but the proper consideration wherein he was held at Court. Here is the paper confirming his appointment as Painter to the king; there the letter written by the Venetian Ambassador in the loftiest terms to introduce the traveller to his Doge. But scarce a line remains to explain his character, and the few letters which time has spared are courteous rather than personal. Even the Catalogue of Pictures ascribed to him bears upon it every mark of forgery, and to boot never rises above the commonplace. However, celebrity is a brief scandal; even glory, which is not posthumous, is apt to offend by its familiarity. And if Velasquez escaped the worst penalty of genius, he stands out a distinguished figure in a distinguished age.

In the seventeenth century the Court of Madrid esteemed magnificence more highly than military prowess. On the banks of the Manzanares life was a pageant, conducted always with a splendid severity. The sovereign was so lofty a figure that he might only be approached in obedience to the sternest laws of etiquette. It was not a mere jest that the Queen of Spain had no legs; the legend was a symbol of the pious reverence wherewith the populace approached the throne. Nor was there, to a true-born Spaniard, a touch of extravagance in the death of Philip III., though the French and English travellers who witnessed the disaster believed that they had strayed into the kingdom of reckless comedy. Now, the day being cold, the king sat writing letters in his closet with a brazier at his feet, and presently the fire became so fierce that not only the monarch's comfort but his life was threatened. Yet no courtier dared to interfere. The attendant marquis ran for the Duke of Alva, who declared that the brazier lay not within his province. Unhappily that other duke whose duty it was to remove the fire had left the castle of Lerma for Madrid, and

Philip III. died of ceremony without a word of protest or complaint. Yet there was a stern rectitude in this fatal respect paid to propriety: Spain might find another monarch, and at any rate no dishonour had been done to etiquette. Indeed, in the words of an astute traveller, "this nation had ever something extraordinary in its manners above the others." It was clearly marked off then, as now, from the rest of Europe. Its very costume created a barrier that might not easily be crossed, and the rouged cheeks and giant hoops of the ladies were no less curiously dignified than the fierce hats and black cloaks of the cavaliers. The Spanish gravity, which long since became famous, was (and is) tempered by a cautious ferocity, which hindered an entrance into a quarrel, but cherished revenge even when the quarrel seemed to be at an end. It was a point of honour to punish aggression; while prudence urged the aggressor to anticipate vengeance by attacking his victim a second time. But choleric as they were, the Spaniards displayed not their anger, and it was their constant ambition to set a discreet face even upon a vicious temperament. Above all, they were lazy and inactive: as to-day the fisherman of Cordova provides his rod with a bell, which shall announce the casual bite, while he on his back looks at the sky through the smoke of his cigarette, so the contemporary of Velasquez was slow of speech and chary of movement, but he covered his laziness with a mask of patience and imperturbability. None the less, the Spaniards are truly said to have been magnanimous, witty, constant, and serious; while they paid to women the respect of idolatry. When they were defeated, and during the reign of Philip IV. they saw their empire crumble to pieces, they accepted defeat in a spirit of carelessness. And their nonchalance was the result not of timidity but of pride. They lost Portugal, as they have lost Cuba, because they believed that no one would ever have the temerity to take it. In truth, the sins of those philosophers leant (and lean) to the side of kindliness. For all their arrogance they could not, and cannot, permit ambition to disturb their happiness, and they prefer not to believe in disaster even when it overtakes them. After all, if life be a pageant, what matters defeat? Even with the enemy at the gate, the true Spaniard could always enjoy the bull-ring.

And in nothing was the sumptuous simplicity of Spain more lavishly revealed than in her sports. When Philip IV. was king, there was scarce a day without its spectacle. The bull was killed in the Plaza Mayor, and the boar was hunted in the park of the Buen Retiro. No distinguished visitor sojourned in Madrid without receiving the tribute of a noble contest. Nor was the spectacle ever disgraced by vulgar display; it was designed with taste, and carried out with magnificence. True, the unaccustomed stranger complained of cruelty, as he still complains to-day; but the complaint then, as now, was based upon ignorance. Cruelty is not an absolute and immutable vice; rather it changes as climate and tradition change. The Anglo-Saxon, savage only to his own kind, is revolted by the slaying of a bull; but he does not hesitate to grind his fellow-man to dust, or to crush him beneath the heel of competition. Explain to a modern Spaniard the habits

of Tammany Hall, or show him the difficult life of our own East End, and doubtless, if he were not too cautious, he would denounce a cruelty of which he was always innocent. But he is insensitive to the suffering of beasts; the others are insensitive to the sufferings of man; and who shall say which is the harsher vice?

To the sober Spaniards, then, who gazed from the windows of the Plaza Mayor into the arena beneath, there came no thought of cruelty or crime. They enjoyed the spectacle, to which their blood and the habit of centuries had accustomed them. Nor were the cavaliers content to play the passive part of spectators. They fought the bull themselves, now on foot, now mounted on well-trained horses, whose hide it was a point of valour to protect. Madame d'Aulnoy, who visited Madrid not many years after the death of Velasquez, once met a firefly of the court, all perfumed and tricked out, who none the less never attended a bull-fight without venturing his own limbs in the arena. But the most glorious fight known to history was the combat of beast against beast presided over by Philip the Great himself. Into the ring were driven the fiercest animals that could be brought from the four corners of the world—lions, tigers, bears, and bulls; and after a desperate fight they all lay dead save one bull of Andalusia, whose strength and courage had slain all his competitors. The patriotism of the Spaniards was touched to the quick. The king seized his gun and shot the valiant conqueror dead, for, said he, so brave a beast deserves to meet death from no other than from a royal hand; and forthwith the poets of Madrid celebrated the double victory of the king and the bull in sonnets of fearless adulation, declaring that never since the beginning of time had deeds of braver consequence been done.

Such was the world of declining empire and "majestic frivolity" into which the young Velasquez came from Seville, that strange city of romance and fanaticism, which was always ready to favour the arts, and which had celebrated the doctrine of the immaculate conception by the slaying of many bulls. He came under opportune patronage, and at an opportune moment. Having won all the glory that the admiration of Andalusia had to confer, he was fortunate enough to attract the notice of the young king, who loved the splendour of life even better than his empire, and to assure for himself the protection of the most powerful Minister who had ever misdirected the destinies of Spain. Surely the gods had smiled upon his birth, for, though scarce past twenty, he had won the fame best worth enjoying, the admiration of his fellows, and, despite the jealousy of the few, he had not to fight the hard battle of recognition. The fêtes given in honour of Charles I., two days after his arrival at Madrid, might have eclipsed another's glory, but Velasquez deftly turned the occasion to advantage, and made a sketch of the English prince. And truly the capital did not lack entertainment for the youth, whose eyes were accustomed to the water-sellers and picaroons of Seville. For it was packed with the rufflers of England and of Spain. The fame of Kenelm Digby's exploits were on every tongue, and it was whispered at the street corners how Lord Bristol's kinsman had met in combat and defeated single-handed half-a-dozen accomplished

bravos. And Buckingham was there to intrigue against his own ambassador, and every day a brilliant spectacle celebrated the Spanish Marriage, which neither the zeal of the prince nor the policy of his father availed to conclude. But the festival came to an end; Prince Charles and his courtiers set sail in a storm; the Princess escaped an unwelcome alliance; and of all the distinguished visitors who thronged Madrid, Velasquez alone remained to take office in the king's household, and to begin a career of noble bearing and honourable work, which was only interrupted by his death. Now, it was Philip's ambition to prove himself a great patron as well as a great king, and so well did he perform the duty of a patron that he singled out Velasquez at first sight, gave him a pension and a lodging, and decreed that henceforth no painter should paint the royal portrait save only the master of Seville. Doubtless he dreamed himself another Alexander, who even in the conquest of the world loyally remembered the claims of Apelles; and only once was he faithless to his vow, and then in favour of Rubens, between whom and Velasquez there never intervened the bitterness of jealousy.

Henceforth the painter threw himself completely into the life of the Court; he shared its magnificence; he bore with its fripperies and uncertain payments. His studio was in the Alcazar, and the king not only came and went at his pleasure, but kept his own key and reserved his own chair. If the king made a grand progress, the king's painter followed in his train, and enjoyed all the privileges of a courtier. His advancement, moreover, was rapid; his pension was doubled, though for this favour the dispensation of the Pope was necessary; and he was still young when he kissed hands (as we should say) as Usher of the Chamber. Hereafter offices were showered upon him: he was appointed keeper of the Alcazar and *valet-de-chambre* to the king; he was asked to inspect the royal buildings, and Philip was prudent enough to consult his taste in all things. And he, on his side, pictured the Court with so splendid a dignity that we know the Ministers and favourites, the dwarfs and princes, of Philip's reign more intimately than the friends of any other monarch. The position, doubtless, had its disadvantages. The treasury was not infrequently empty, and the courtier's pension was paid at long and uncertain intervals. Now you find him demanding 4000 ducats which are due to him; now you find the Royal Chancellor making shift to pay the debt by trivial instalments. But Velasquez was no worse served than the others; and as he was one of a vast household, as even ells of black cloth were served out to him, he cannot have known the bitter disturbance of want. A more poignant cause of grief to those who esteem royal patronage a disgrace is the place he occupied at the bull-fights and boar-hunts. In the Plaza Mayor he sat in the fourth storey, among servants, barbers, and others of lowly calling. But by this neighbourhood no indignity was inflicted; the last detail of life was ordered by a strict etiquette, which was far stronger than the will of the monarch or the privilege of art. Even the grandees themselves obeyed the strictest laws of honour and precedence, and since they were of many grades, they might not all march in the first rank. And if the name of Velasquez does occur

on the same list with dwarfs and others, to whom were given *habits de merci*, here again was no slight, for a dwarf was not seldom a great personage, and one at least, the celebrated Antonio el Ingles, had a household of his own, with Tonas Pinto for his governor.

Such was the life of Velasquez, and it is not difficult to reconstruct his environment. The Madrid of the seventeenth century differed little from the enchanting capital of to-day. The landscape is unchanged, the sky has not lost one touch of its marvellous blue. If you look beyond the royal palace you may still gaze upon the background of Velasquez' masterpieces, and convince yourself again of his astounding realism. The horses which he delighted to paint still prance upon the plains of Castile, and even the aspect of the streets is wholly transformed. The Plaza Mayor is the same in colour and design as it was in those old days, when the bulls of Andalusia died within its space, and when cavaliers and their ladies looked out from windows hung with Eastern tapestries; while at the Puerta del Sol the bull-fighters gossip to-day with the same easy laziness as heretofore. True, the Buen Retiro is no more, the palace which grew in a night at a magician's word; but to-day the gardens do not disgrace their lavish architect, and at Aranjuez you may wander in the groves whose shade once sheltered Philip IV. and his friends. Moreover, Velasquez himself is no vague figure. He painted his own portrait in the "Surrender of Breda," that heroical presentation of war, which shames the vulgar clamour of these boastful days, and in which the conquered general preserves his dignity, being honoured even in defeat. He stands among the maids of honour in his own splendid "Meniñas," and his features are immortal as his work. His thick and bushy hair, his stern eyes, his lofty brow, are as familiar as Philip's majestic figure. Habited always in black, he seems as grave as the king himself, and in his person the dignity of Spain suffered no diminution. In brief, to realise a grandiose ideal of life has its place in history no less than the winning of battles, and Philip's ambition was designed in part and wholly attained by his favourite painter.

But never did the king display his confidence in Velasquez more loyally than on Rubens' visit to Madrid. Other courtiers and painters there were who might have done honour to this artist and ambassador; yet it was Velasquez who was charged to conduct Rubens to the royal palaces and to unfold the treasures of Spain. Nor does history show a more interesting encounter; and time has done us no heavier injustice than to destroy the record of this amiable meeting. We know little more than that Rubens and Velasquez were united by a generous bond of sympathy and admiration. Different as were their work and character, each was magnanimous enough to acclaim the mastery of the other. Rubens, already at the top of his fame, stood in need of no appreciation; and it was not difficult for him to detect in the young painter of twenty-eight the greatest genius that had ever been given to Spain. The contrast between the two is not less striking than their frank sympathy. The one flamboyant, pleasure-loving, magnificent, universally glorious for his work, and intrusted for his tact and manner with the delicate conduct of an embassy;

the other no less secure in talent and accomplishment, yet still unknown beyond the Pyrenees, and withal grave with the gravity of Spain, and humorous, no doubt, with the staid humour of Cervantes. So they met and together visited the Escorial; then they went each his way, each loyal in sympathy, and neither tempted to imitation.

While Velasquez for the moment surrendered his privilege, and permitted Rubens to paint his sovereign, Rubens half repaid the debt by good counsel. He urged Velasquez to visit Italy, and in 1629 Velasquez left Spain in the same boat which carried Spinola to Milan. He travelled not as an adventurer nor as a beggar student, forced to pick up an unwilling ducat by the way, but as the honoured representative of a great kingdom. Philip IV. procured him letters to all the courts, and gave him for talisman a medal stamped with the royal effigy. At Rome he stayed at the Villa Medici, where he painted the exquisite landscapes now at Madrid; he made copies and bought pictures; and those biographers who complain that at a bull-fight he sat in the fourth storey, may remember that even in his journeys he travelled as a courtier, and received such consideration as might have been paid to his master. His second visit to Rome was yet more glorious, for then he was at the zenith of his fame, and found the doors of the Academy instantly opened to him. Then, too, he painted his masterpiece, the portrait of Pope Innocent X., for which he would receive no money, saying that the king his master paid him enough; and he only returned to Spain at the instant solicitation of Philip, whose letters of recall remain to attest the sincerity of his friendship for the painter who was the serenest glory of his reign.

So Velasquez grew in years and honour, until in 1652 he was appointed *aposentador*, or grand marshal of the palace. Henceforth he lived in the Alcazar, he decorated the palaces, he set the king's chair at dinner, he devised processions and arranged the progresses of the king. His duties were onerous, maybe, but at least they were dignified and honourable. Nor was the king ungrateful, and when the "Meniñas" was finished he declared that one thing still was lacking to the picture, the cross of Santiago, which should be worn on the painter's breast. Now, none might be of this Order who was not of noble birth, and therefore Velasquez set himself to prove his nobility. He declared that he had never painted save to amuse himself and in obedience to the king, while Alonso Cano and others took oath that he had never worked for money. But, alas! there was a flaw in the genealogy: his ancestors, it was whispered, had paid the "blanca de la carne," an impost from which nobles were exempt; and nothing could make Velasquez a member of the Order save a dispensation from the Pope. However, the king was a loyal champion, the dispensation was obtained, and in 1659 Velasquez became noble and entered the distinguished Order of Santiago.

Death overtook him suddenly, and still occupied with the business of the Court. He had returned from the Isle of Pheasants, where he had designed the fête given in honour of the marriage between Louis XIV. and the Infanta Maria Theresa. So it was that even his last days were devoted to the pageantry of Spain,

and he died not only the most distinguished painter that his country has ever known, but the loyallest servant of his king, who nine days afterwards could only write in the margin of a decree, "I am overcome." And despite the complaints of those who find depravity in courtly dependence, there never was a better finished or a more dignified career. The servant, doubtless, was infinitely more highly endowed than the master, yet each obeyed the law of the century and the tradition of the past, and neither found irksome the performance of his obvious duty. To a Spaniard of Philip's reign, who aimed not only at artistic expression but at a gracious life, one career was open, and that career the Court. But while on the one hand there was no effrontery, on the other there was no toadyism. The boast of Velasquez that he had never painted a picture save to amuse himself and to obey the king was as fine after its own fashion as Mozart's that he wrote only to please himself and his friends. It was the painter who gave the genius, and the king who found the opportunity; but we may be certain that Velasquez never subordinated the supreme necessities of his art to the will of Philip. Indeed it would be far wiser to regret the decline of royal patronage than to cast the reproach of subserviency upon the greatest painter of all time. And if there be service in the relation, who would not rather serve one king than a thousand leather-sellers? Is it not more honourable to please a refined monarch than to catch the eye of a prosperous merchant in an overcrowded gallery? The most popular tirade in the egregious 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' which beyond all works of the century possesses the faculty to turn the heads of the people, is an attack upon the patron. With a false magnificence this last hero of romance gets off the customary platitudes concerning the freedom of literature and the vice of sycophancy. But he who attempts "to feel the public pulse," and to prescribe such stuff as will suit the popular complaint, is guilty of a baser treachery to his art than he who buys leisure by a handsome compliment paid to a patron. The ideal of dignity is freedom from either restraint. But the necessity of bread only permits a happy few to realise this ideal, and never did the hand of patronage press so lightly as upon the shoulder of Velasquez. He kept inviolate the liberty of his craft; he kept inviolate the liberty of his life; and even when Olivares was disgraced before the whole world, Velasquez still remembered his ancient friendship and his faithful service. Therefore let us not forget the Courtier in the Painter, and instead of reproaching Philip for the duty which he exacted, let us acknowledge that without the royal patronage Velasquez might have painted with a worse motive than "to amuse himself and to obey the king."

MADEIRA WATERWAYS.

If knowledge is power, it is ugliness as well very often; and frequently the old ways of ignorance are those of beauty. Take, for example, the great Lisbon aqueduct,—a striking monument to ignorance of the ways of water. Look at the careful construction,—the miles of stone canal, the solid masonry of the bridges, the many arches, and the careful levelling, with the little towers and breathing-holes all along to give air to the precious element. And all this careful work because this petted child, the clear stream from the Serra, cannot run up-hill! Not one inch of ascent can that stream perform, at whatever height is its birthplace in the mountains; and therefore its road must be levelled accordingly. And that was apparently the state of scientific knowledge in the Portuguese mind in the eighteenth century.

It would be an impertinence to say, at the present day, that ignorance of the power of water is the parent of the Portuguese water-system in Madeira. It is something else surely which causes the seeming attitude of deferential courtesy to that necessary element in the lovely little island. The consequences are so quaint and beautiful that the artist at least would have no need to quarrel with them.

Madeira lies like a cut emerald upon the brilliance of the sea. There is no setting of golden sands. Sheer down from the crater peaks, in the centre, rolled the lava in the old days when Atlantis was submerged, and only the topmost heights were left to become the golden islands of the west. And now these peaks are clothed in living, waving green. Down by the sea lies Funchal, the little capital, and on the land sides rise the green walls of the hills. Here, more than in any place that I know, one is reminded of Ruskin's description of the hills as "a woven garment gathered up in God's hands, and shaken into deep falling folds, as the robes droop from a king's shoulder. The rivers, leaping into cataracts along the hollows of its fall, and all its forests rearing themselves aslant against its slopes." It is a wide garment, and the folds of the Serra lie deep, and involved; breaking here and there into rocks and clefts, and leading into narrow valleys and glens, which in their turn broaden and brighten into vineyards, and plots of maize, among the tiny cottages above the sea. But the streams and cataracts of winter dry in the summer's sun. The wells are comparatively few, and river—other than these mountain streams—there is none. Great need there is, therefore, to utilise the countless springs which rush and play in ceaseless motion in the heart of the mountains; and the Portuguese Government, awaking to the necessity of the irrigation of crops in the dry season and the occasional propriety of ablution even in the winter months, determined to bring the water from the mountains to the lower lands.

Now, had the island consisted of a sugar-loaf with a well at the top, it might have been considered a comparatively simple task to cut channels down the sides and let the water run. But Madeira is by

no means of that shape. Hills lie within hills, valleys run round and are blocked, and streams arise behind high walls of rock and verdure while parched lands lie on the other side. Clearly the water had need of administration, and administered it accordingly was. The springs were traced to their sources away in the folds of the mountain. They were allowed to flow, some according to their own sweet will, others getting an assisted passage some hundreds of feet down; and then long cuttings along the scarps of the hills were made, and careful channels constructed for the tiny rivers (all levelled to a foot), that the water might flow in safe and even passage for miles and miles of wood and hill, through tunnels in the rock where the landscape was obstinate in not getting out of the way, but the stream always uncovered, and never up-hill.

To understand the system, however, its queer beauties and its cumbrous elaboration, you should come as we did to the head-centre of its operations for one side of the island, and see for yourself. We start from Funchal in a small coasting-steamer on a bright morning in July. Leaving the little town, with its grass-grown streets, red roofs, and white walls gleaming in the hot morning sun, we steam past the rocky heights where the cliffs of Girão look sheer down from their two thousand feet upon the sea. We stop here and there at tiny clusters of houses, where the ship disgorges its load of peasant passengers, and in rather less than three hours are in Calheta. The sea, which looks like a heaving mass of liquid blue dye, blue in shadow as in sunshine, rolls in heavy waves upon a beach composed of stones twice as big as your head *for sands*. As our boat draws near, a dozen half-clad young fellows rush forward into the sea with wooden poles or rollers, which they fling beneath the approaching boat; and when the waves drive us up over the rollers, these men clutch the boat and draw it up upon the stones. Out we jump, and look round upon the most sun-baked shelterless stretch of shore imaginable. Bare rocks at your feet, bare rocks, with here and there prickly pears or aloes as sole vegetation, above you, and your only prospect out of it a walk, or a passage in a hammock, of half a mile to a village which you see lying on the sides of a mountain stream which runs down to the shore at that distance,—Calheta. Half-a-dozen eager brown faces close round you. They scent employment for the thews and muscles visible under their scanty raiment. They know that no stranger lands at Calheta for pure love of that delectable spot, and guess rightly that you are *en route* for the hills above, and the springs of many waters at Rabaçal. "Yes," say you, "we want to go up to the house of shelter (Casa de Abrigo), and we want hammocks to carry us, and men to take our luggage." For away up at Rabaçal there is no village, no inn,—nothing but the juncture of many waterways, and a house of shelter where you may claim admittance if you have licence from the Senhor Administrador. So your blankets are taken with you, and your food; you will get a roof to cover you, a deal table to take your food upon, and a bare bed to lie upon, also plates to eat from, and cups to drink from; but nothing in the shape of luxury, unless a few square inches of looking-glass fixed to a wall may do duty in that light. If you have

untiring limbs and a brain-pan as stout as that of a Hottentot, you may walk up the 3700 feet which are before you. If not, do as we did: get into a hammock of blue webbing tied to a stout bamboo pole, let three men hoist it to their shoulders, and lie back and roast.

Up we go, by dusty roads whose peculiar atrocity we failed to understand until we saw the country carts used upon them. The wheels of these vehicles are struck round with projecting bosses of iron, "in order to take a good grip of the road." Of course each one takes away a good grip of the earth and dust and loose rocks of which the road is composed, and scatters the king's highway around generally, with consequences that are not soothing to the feelings of the pedestrian. However, up we go—dusty, hot, perspiring, but hopeful, as Calheta, the unspeakable, recedes, and the pine-woods are reached. Hot places, though, are pine-woods, as we find, and when somebody says, "Here is the Levada at length, and we can walk," we joyfully unpack ourselves and turn out upon our feet. Around stretches a wide amphitheatre of mountains clothed with fern and heather; and cut around the sides is a perfectly level walk beside the water-course or Levada, which runs close to the mountain-side in its stone bed. A mile's walk, and then we come to the narrow black tunnel into which the water runs. A bundle of bamboos or of cedar sticks is lighted for a torch, and we plunge into the darkness and the cold. The water drips from the rock above our heads, making pools upon the uneven footway. The Levada flows black and gleaming in the torchlight beside us, and the tramp of the guides, the click of their long staves upon the rocks, and the sound of their voices, echo around us for three-quarters of a mile. Then we emerge upon the dazzling sunlight. We have come out of the gates of darkness into a new and glorious world. It is like passing from the cold gloom of death to the warm splendour of another life. On all sides tower the mountains, peak upon peak. Here a sudden crag of red or grey rock, there the long, gentle swell of woods. Below us fall the valleys, and we hear the rush of waters in the ravines; and everywhere the leaping, living mass of foliage sways in the sweet air. Far away to the north, behind the velvet folds of the hills, we see below us the sea, and only enough of it to give that feeling of freedom, that hint of possibility and light in the distance, which mean so much to frail mortality.

Our sturdy bearers laugh and jest now that their task is nearly over, for between two and three hundred feet above us, perched on a rock in that vast eternal amphitheatre, stands the place of our destination, the Casa de Abrigo — no other dwelling visible on all these lines of hills. The Casa is covered by many roofs, at all angles, perched up and down the sides of the rock. The walls are thick, as they would need to be, for winter storms can rage here, and snow may fall at this height, which is unheard of down at Calheta and Funchal. The ancient servitor comes out to greet us—the keeper of the house, who has lived in this solitude for forty years; and we show our credentials and are put into possession of a bed, a washstand, a deal table, and a form. We rejoice over the washstand, which was more than we had

hoped for, and proceed to invigorate the inner as well as the outer man. There is an old kitchen with stone fireplaces in a row, and there is fuel and water everywhere, so we settle down and are happy.

Next morning, when the sun wakes up the mountain crests before our window to their green and golden glory, we sally forth to such enjoyment that we can scarcely forbear exclaiming, "Oh, blessed ignorance, if that is what has made this paradise!" By winding rocky paths we descend to the first Levada, more than 3500 feet above the sea. We enter a level grassy glade beneath laurel and heather trees, and find the water "cool, silent, clear," flowing in its open bed, hugging the breast of the hill for miles and miles among the woods. The stony bed of the Levada is perhaps three feet deep, and the sides are so carefully kept, so pure of all defilement, that a golden leaf fallen to the bottom gleams like a jewel, and every waving fern or blade of grass is reflected in its mirror. Through arches of waving green, over mossy paths, we wander on, noting the brown depths of the stream, where an ancient *til* or laurel throws its dark shadow; the blue and silver sparkle under the bare sky, and the answering reflection of golden St John's wort and purple cineraria. This pure, sweet, silent companion — never hurrying, never lagging — doubles the beauty of the path; for the dignity of the element requires that a path, broad enough for its servants, be kept beside it. And day by day, month by month, the *levadeiros*, or water-servants, walk for miles along its sides, clearing away leaves or weeds which drop into it, lifting a broken rock or a sod of earth, pruning the mosses, hacking the overhanging trees and bushes, and carefully renewing the stone and mortar where they are broken or fretted away.

But the mountains are not all soft earth, and laurel, and heather trees. Jagged and stern stand out the great precipices of rock on its sides, sometimes of red, sometimes of grey or blue stone, and the Levada must have its bed cut for it, and the pathway beside it tunnelled through arching rocks. All along the line tiny cascades and runlets of water fall into the stream from above; but each Levada must have its source, and the one which we are following—the "Riscos" or Scars—is so called because it starts from tunnelled cliffs rising some seven or eight hundred feet above us, all scarred and notched by the countless streams which steal over their sides. Within that rugged stony bosom there is a perennial mighty flow, which starts beneath crevices, from overhanging crags, from fern-covered niches, and, sometimes falling in clouds of silver spray, sometimes in threads of never-ceasing rain like tears, sometimes in rushing currents which have worn channels and scars in the rough stone, reaches its rocky bed in the Levada, to start its quieter journey around the hills. Farther down—perhaps some five hundred feet below us—flows the younger sister stream, the Levada of the Twenty-Five Fountains, which also gets its name from its source, where, in a rocky glen, the five-and-twenty streams issue from the cliffs and are guided on their course. The whispering flow and rush of the many streams seem somehow to make that vast silence deeper and more lonely. Above us towers a wall of dripping rock, and over

the boulders and pools at our feet hovers an opal mist. On one side of the precipice sleeps the gloom, where the rocks rise black and chill in the shadow, though a gleam of sun may show them red at heart. On the other hand lies the sunshine, making great golden stars of flowers high out of our reach, glittering on the shining laurel leaves, and lighting up the feathery green of the heather trees. The rocks on that side are clothed with greenest oak, and draped with verdure as far as eye can reach.

If my words could paint, what a picture I would give of these glistening dark-red rocks, all plumed with green ferns and delicate silver mosses. The broken crags of stone and great boulders lying between the cliff-sides hold deep silent pools, green and dark, and reflect, here and there, the grey splintered branches of some giant *til*-tree or broken laurel. On this watercourse, however, we come to a rather startling revelation. Till now the Levada has been queen paramount: assisted, guided, waited upon, and most dutifully served and followed, but never coerced. Here, oh, horror! she is actually shut up—nay, even three or four of her are traitorously brought from different lovely kingdoms, and are first united in a small stone building and then put into pipes to cross a bridge in the dark, and there is a descent on one side of the bridge and an ascent on the other! As she bears this meekly enough, we have wondered why (in the name of all science and economy) she does not continue her course simply in a pipe along the hillside, as in more commonplace regions she would have to do. Why should great bastions be built up the cliff-sides to support a roadway for a stone watercourse and its servants, when a pipe might be run along so easily, and no service be required to keep it in its place? From this lowest level—which, however, still maintains a trifling altitude of three thousand feet above the sea—we look up at the towering mountain walls, where the little Casa de Abrigo clings, gleaming white, to the rocks above, and where, behind and above it, still rise the green waves of another thousand feet of verdure. There is another Levada up there, on the very top of the island—a wild, strong, rollicking, uncivilised child of nature; and we will climb up towards the summit, to the great Paül, where the Madre d'Agua (Mother of waters) springs. The zigzag among the trees over a narrow rocky path once surmounted, we stand on the mountain wall, which runs up in shadowless height towards the Paül da Serra, the one great plain of Madeira. It is a plain five thousand feet above the sea, and covers, perhaps, some twenty-five square miles.

The rocky road grows bare and crumbling, and the trees have dwindled to shrubs; but we feel as the eagle may do, when she comes back from low ground to her mountain height. How one can breathe up here! The fresh pure air fills us with thrills of exhilaration. Below us stretch hills and valleys, forests and villages, and on either hand is the sea. Down on the right, soft fleecy clouds are blowing in from the blue, over Calheta, and lying caressingly in the hollows. They are changing, hiding, meeting, and growing among the pines and vineyards, as if in play. Away to the left roll the great green masses of mountain land between Rabaçal

and the sea. Behind us climbs the rocky road, over peaks and hollows, from the south point of the island; and before us lies the Paül.

Here — where clouds and mist so often reign, where strange tales are told of death in the solitude, when sudden storms sweep across it, and the heavens scourge the earth with fire and water — we look upon ancient craters, which, centuries ago, sent forth those torrents of lava which lie crumbling redly beneath our feet. From this place rolled down those resistless streams of fire which lie now in solid mountain-chains, clothed in green robes. You trace the long sweep of the current as it poured on all sides in a half circling flow, and you wonder that a scene of such desolation, then, could have such a charm as that which, now, enchains your eyes. The sun is already moving down towards the west, and the power of the enchanter fills earth and sky with colour. Before us, bathed in the rosy flush, lies the plain, with its little saucer-like indentations, here and there, and the peaks rising beyond it golden and purple in the light and shadow. Over the glowing earth, red rocks, and whitening stones, is spread a broken mantle of golden green, and all among it are soft cushions of most delicate lilac, covering the earth with beauty, and filling the air with the aromatic scent of thyme. Among the low rocks spring tufts and bushes of heather, and the sturdy bilberry, which they call here the mountain grape—*uva da serra*. And here, bubbling up from the ground, pure, cold, and crystal clear, is the "Mother of waters," springing from lava rocks five thousand feet above the sea. Oh the force—and the freshness—and the rush of the stream in the cool sunset air! as it hurries away in its rocky channel, on its mission of mercy to Calheta. No cemented bed has the Mother of waters, like her spoiled children, the Levadas below, no well regulated depth or stone-wall defences. Over the cleansing lava, under the heather, beside the thyme it rolls on, like a new-born soul, eager for the beautiful world, and goes leaping and foaming down the hillside, to give gladness and blessing, receiving, alas! more and more defilement, till it reaches the wide cleansing sea.

All up and down these woods the goats and sheep bound from rock to rock; the little wild pigs root round and scatter loose earth; the cows and calves wander along the paths at their own sweet will (for they are turned out to live wild during the summer by their owner on the lowlands); and often one hears the thunder of a rolling stone, which has dislodged a bigger boulder, and goes smashing and crashing thousands of feet below into the ravines. All these four-footed friends threaten the purity and safety of the open Levada and its accompanying pathway, necessitating ceaseless vigilance on the part of the band of *levadeiros*. In winter, where the flow is immense, and where the Levada would be swamped and useless, the water comes in torrents over half-paved roadways down the mountain-sides, reaching the river beds far below and falling into the sea, and the Levada is scarcely used. But to regulate these changes — to estimate the need of water, to control the flow, and keep the system in order — the *levadeiros* and their directors and *administradores* have work all the year round, and the house of

shelter is the head-centre of operations for that side of the island, and there are the private rooms of the officials, and sleeping-places on piles of fern for the *levadeiros*.

To the uninstructed British mind, accustomed to look upon water as a servant to be used and coerced into humiliating subservience, this view of its beauty and dignity, and the necessary expenditure of labour and money year by year in keeping it up, are rather new. Away here in Rabaçal how can we do other than rejoice in it? Surely he would be a hopeless Philistine who would prefer a continuous ugly iron pipe to these Eden-like waterways. But when we follow the Levada over the hills to human habitations we change our minds.

The Levada is turned off and on to water all the little plots of maize, and cabbages, and vines, and melons, between it and the sea; but all along its course the mothers come out to purify the family linen in it, and as much of the family as takes kindly to water, and old rags may come floating away upon its surface, and soap may make it blue, and the juice of civilisation may make it turbid, and though the villagers may put their pride and prejudices in their pockets—or any other handy place—and ladle out the water to make their soup of, it is better to deny oneself this luxury and keep to the wells which are pronounced orthodox by the learned. Sometimes a thorough practical Yorkshireman will come across a Levada pelting down-hill ever so many miles an hour to join the sea, and he just sits down by the roadside and holds his head and says, "It's sinful! Now if I'd got that water-power at home!—oh! And to think of the mills they could start, and the electricity they could get out of it, and the wheels which could be turned, and that only just on the road! And this water is going nowhere, and doing nothing, and down town there are streets with no water in the houses. And there is no such thing as a public bath in the place except for the half-naked Funchalese who are always haunting the beach and diving for money."

Evidently there are two sides to this question,—beauty and simplicity on one side and ugliness and utility on the other. It is very strange to be translated from a fashionable hotel among the latest modes in clothes and viands, and in five hours to find yourself, as it were, in Arcadia or the backwoods of America, before a group of scantily clad peasants who, having found at the foot of a precipice a calf which has fallen from the heights and got killed, are busy, in front of a crackling wood fire which they have kindled on the spot, in cutting off veal cutlets and roasting and eating them. After a lifetime of boiled maize-flour and fish stewed in oil on Sundays as a treat, roast veal is evidently a pleasant change. And on the same lines it may be that those accustomed to the thorough practical commonsense and scientific knowledge which directs English watercourses—regardless of ugliness—may find Madeira waterways a pleasant change.

The dreadful storms of October 1895 exposed very clearly the weak points of Madeira's waterways. The Levadas, as they exist in the mountains, are merely summer friends. During three or four of the hottest months, when scarcely a drop of rain falls, all the irrigation of crops must be done by them—a certain number

of hours of water to each piece of ground. But in winter, when once the autumn rains have penetrated the dry upper crust of earth, the Levada is scarcely needed, and the beautiful full streams flow almost unused to the sea. Though the utilitarian calls it sinful waste, still this flow of pure water through the villages would be a purifying influence if within bounds. But there's the rub. How is an open watercourse, fed by countless wild undisciplined rills on the hillsides, to be kept within bounds? But, worse than this, the rough waste water-channels which in summer are dry, in winter are filled with a foaming rushing flood, carrying rocks, trees, and all manner of *débris* with them over the Levadas. The beds of the mountain streams seem immense in the dry summer weather when scarcely a feeble rivulet trickles between the stones. But it never occurs to the Madeirense to deepen or straighten these channels to receive the waters which a storm in the mountains sends down upon them, with but the very scantiest warning. The consequence is that whole tracts of land get overflowed by a sudden spate, bridges are smashed and carried out to sea, and houses and fields irretrievably lost. And this is what happened in October 1895, and will happen again as long as no provision is made to deepen the channels, instead of allowing them to broaden at will. Numbers of Levadas were broken down by the force of the water, or by the obstacles sweeping along in it, and hence a terrible season of want, desolation, and sickness. And it is none too soon that the authorities in Madeira and Lisbon have at last unmistakably taken up the question, and, commencing by Funchal fountains, are trying to reduce the rebellious element to decent servitude.

RYE OWEN.

A NEW GAME-LAW FOR NORWAY.

The tendency of all the present Norwegian legislation is in the direction of making Norway an individual nation, and of disuniting it as far as possible from Sweden. This is chiefly manifested in what might be called its public legislation. Further, the soil of Norway is to be preserved for the Norwegians alone. No *Udlaending* (a term suspiciously like "Uitlander"), or foreigner, can at the present moment purchase any land *in his own name*, or buy a right to hunt or capture game, or to salmon-fishing. Foreigners, however, have, under a form of trust, managed to make purchases of land, and have acquired large tracts of country for sporting purposes, and have, in like manner, bought up the rights of salmon-fishing in most of the best rivers in the country. That huge territory in the Vepen district is a striking instance of land in the possession of other than Norwegian citizens; but in this case it is understood that the State is in course of negotiations with the North of Europe Land Company, to whom it belongs at present, with a view to its repurchase by the State. Such purchases by foreigners of land in Norway, though winked at by the law and allowed to remain up to the present time unchallenged, are illegal, and nothing of the kind will be allowed in future. For, as will be shown after, the new game-law, if carried through as it stands, goes even further, and no long lease of sporting rights will in future be allowed.

The "Ny Jagtlov," or new game-law, is the result of a parliamentary Agricultural Commission appointed for the purpose of investigating the subject of the rights of sport throughout the whole of Norway. They have published, in addition to their proposed Act, a most interesting pamphlet, dealing with the Norwegian sporting laws from the earliest times, and giving a brief digest of those at present in vogue in the different European countries. Further, this pamphlet gives the motives that have influenced them in the drawing up of each individual clause. It is shown that, at the present moment, there is no single game-law for the whole kingdom; the law as to sport merely depends upon the custom of the district, and differs often in adjoining parishes. This new Act, then, is an attempt to consolidate these customs, and to crystallise them into one general law which will be applicable to the whole of Norway. It will be as well to give the principal features of the "Ny Jagtlov," especially those which are of most importance to foreigners, specifying the reasons given by the Commissioners for any alterations or modifications they have thought necessary to make in the practices that exist at the present moment.

The first and second clauses run to the following effect:—

"Under the restrictions contained in the present law, the proprietor of the land has the sole right to all hunting and capture of game on his own property. If the proprietor of the land sells his property to some one else for agricultural purposes, the right of sport shall go to the farmer,

unless there is an agreement to the contrary. If the proprietor of the land reserves the right of sport, such reservation shall not include the farmer's arable and meadow land. The right of sport cannot for ever be separated from the right of property in the soil. If the right of sport is farmed out, the lease must not exceed twenty-five years. The same time-limitation shall prevail, if the right of sport is separated from the right of property in the soil in any other manner than by agricultural lease. It shall, however, be permitted to have the right of sport for a longer period than twenty-five years, when that right accompanies the right of agriculture in the property concerned. For the underletting of the right of sport the consent of the owner of the soil must be applied for. The owner of the right of sport, who transfers the exercise of sport to any other than the farmer of the land, is responsible for any damage that may be caused through the sport to the farmer of the property. What is laid down in this paragraph with regard to the right of sport, shall also affect the right to capture game alive."

As mentioned above, there is at the present moment no general law about the rights of sport in Norway, the result of which is that over large tracts of country any man, Norwegian or foreigner, can shoot as he pleases, without asking any one's consent. The owner of the ground cannot prevent such shooting, as he has no remedies in his power. The new Act, however, will give each ground-owner full rights over his own ground, and also afford him means of protecting such rights. Another important dictum is made which, to a large extent, modifies the existing custom. For in many parts of the country, the ground-landlord, when a farm was leased for agricultural purposes, by customary law retained to himself the right to all sport over the land, when there was no agreement to a contrary effect. This clause, however, goes to strengthen the position of the farmer, as now, in the absence of anything to the contrary in the lease, he will have of necessity all sporting rights. Further, as the law stands at present, a lease of sporting rights can be acquired for practically an indefinite period; but the new law will restrict the period of any such lease to twenty-five years at the utmost. As to the restrictions under which the ground-owner holds his right to all sport on his own property, these will be dealt with afterwards, when we come to the second chapter of the proposed law.

The third clause treats of land in joint-ownership:—

"When the land lies in community as joint-property, every joint-owner of the said land has the right of an owner of property with respect to sport and capture of game. But that right shall be exercised by the individual joint-owner himself, or by some member of his household. On the demand of one or more persons, representing at least a fourth of the taxation roll of any property right held in joint-ownership, there shall be elected a managing body consisting of at least two to five men, who shall be charged with the administration of the sport and capture of game in such joint-property according to rules approved of by the county magistrate."

This clause makes considerable alteration in the existing practices. At the present moment, any one joint-owner can sell or let his sporting rights on the joint-property in question to any individual with whom he cares to enter into such a contract of sale or lease. The result is that on properties of that nature there has been an enormous amount of destruction of game, and in some districts both beasts and birds have been almost extermin-

ated. If carried into effect, this new regulation will be of very considerable advantage for the increase of game throughout a large part of Norway.

Clauses four and five are as follows:—

"In *Private Almennings* the rights to sport and capture of game belong to the owner of the Almennings. If there are more owners than one of the Almenning, the regulations in the preceding clause hold good. In *Parish Almennings* the rights to sport and capture of game belong to those who have rights of ownership in the Almenning: these are to be administered by a committee of the Almenning, after rules approved of by the king or his authorised nominee."

The term "Almenning" means what has originally been *common land;* when "private," it has subsequently been purchased by an individual, and when "parish," it has been purchased by the parish. The *State Almennings* referred to in the next clause are lands which were originally common, but have been bought up by the State, and have therefore become State property.

The sixth clause is perhaps the most important one in the proposed Act: to a certain extent it concerns foreigners, but it contains several regulations that entirely change the position of the Norwegians themselves with regard to sporting rights:—

"In *State Almennings* sport and capture of game shall be free for every Norwegian citizen at a yearly payment which will be determined by the king or his authorised nominee. This payment for sport with dog shall not be higher than 20 kroner, and for sport without dog, as well as for setting traps and snares, not higher than 5 kroner per annum. From this is excepted sport after elk, red-deer, or roe-deer; how this sport is to be carried on shall be determined by the king or his authorised nominee. Payments must be made before the discharge of a gun in advance for a sporting-card, which is made out in the man's name, and is available for the calendar year. These are to be issued by the committee of the Almenning, jointly with the forest-ranger concerned. Sporting-cards must be carried and shown in the sport territory whenever any one demands them. Persons who have been convicted of breach of the game-laws, or of any common penal law, cannot obtain such a sporting-card. Of the payment thus made, one-half goes to the State exchequer and one-half to the exchequer of the district concerned. If more districts than one have rights in the Almenning, the share of the payment going to the districts shall be divided according to the taxation roll of the property rights."

How this clause so greatly affects foreigners had better be left unexplained for the moment, as its treatment properly falls under the twelfth clause of the Act: the modifications, however, introduced into the present practice as regards Norwegian citizens, demand attention. At the present moment there is no money-payment of any kind whatever exigible from a Norwegian for the rights of sport and capture of game generally on the State Almennings, which extend to hundreds of thousands of acres—though there is a payment due for hunting after elk and red-deer, which varies according to the district concerned, and according to the number of these that may be come across. As a natural result the game, with the exception of elk and red-deer, have been shot down to a very great extent; and in the interests of their preservation a measure such as proposed in this clause has been rendered necessary. There is considerable amount of opposition to this proposal as it stands, and some modification may be made when

it comes before the Storthing. It certainly seems hard that a Norwegian is not to be allowed to shoot ptarmigan, blackgame, or capercailzie on the State Almennings without a licence.

Practically the same provisions as in the preceding clause are made with regard to tracts on the high fjelds and the forests belonging to the State. In the former case, the sporting-cards are to be obtained from the county magistrate; while in the latter the State, with respect to sport and capture of game, has the full right of a ground-owner. Of some parts of the high fjelds or mountain-ranges, it is explained, it is not known who the owner is, and, naturally, under the existing customs, these are shot over by any one, even by foreigners, without leave or permission. Especially is this so in Hardanger Vidda and Jotunheim.

Clause nine deals with the rights to sport on water:—

"For a river or inland loch the ground-owner's right to sport and capture of game shall extend as far as his right of property. In sea or arm of the sea sport and capture of game is free for every Norwegian citizen up to 100 metres from land, measured from low-water. From this mark the owner of the adjacent ground has the sole rights to sport and capture of game."

This clause, too, makes a considerable modification of the existing custom, as at present there is no definite law with regard to shooting on the water, though there is with regard to salmon-fishing.

The next clause requires explanation: as it stands, it is not quite clear, and seems unsatisfactory in some respects. It may be translated as follows:—

"Outside of another man's arable or meadow land sport without a dog after the wild animals, for the destruction of which a premium is given under this law, is free to every Norwegian citizen. But when hunting after bear a dog may be used. Yet those who are about to hunt after the afore-named wild animals must advise beforehand the owner of the land, who shall have the right of going and sharing in the sport. Persons who have been convicted for breaches of the law of sport, or of any common penal law, shall have no right to hunt or to share in such sport. Those who ring a bear in his winter quarters have the sole right to despatch him. In Almennings and joint-properties, the afore-named information shall be given to the president of the district."

As it stands, this proposal would appear to mean that any one who wants to shoot the wild animals referred to must first obtain the permission of the owner of the land where the sport is to take place. One of the Agricultural Commissioners, however, explains that such leave is only necessary when a dog is to be employed in hunting after bear. Any man, Norwegian and foreigner alike, may shoot all manner of wild animals for the destruction of which a premium is given, provided that they do not use a dog. They may, however, use a dog after bear; but, if so, they must first give information to the owner of the property. It is not stated whether leave is required if the dog is on leash.

On the proposals under clause eleven, too, much discussion has been raised:—

"Those who have started or wounded game on their hunting-ground have no right to follow it or seize upon it after it has come upon another man's land. Yet they who in lawful hunting have started bear, wolf, lynx, or glutton, can follow their quarry, notwithstanding the injunctions in the preceding paragraph, pro-

vided that they give due notice, and slay it and take it for themselves. The burden of proof that he has started the quarry which has led him falls upon the hunter."

The Commissioners explain that this recommendation is made chiefly which regard to elk-hunting. According to the practice in existence now, if a hunter starts or wounds an elk on his own ground, he can follow after it wherever it may chance to go. An alteration in this is suggested, however, for the reason that it often occurs that an elk is started on some very small portion of ground belonging to the hunter, and followed up over a large tract of country. This the Commissioners consider to be bad; and they make a further suggestion that small properties should be joined together with regard to sport after elk and have elk-rights in common. In former days, they say, elk were killed by spear, axe, or bow and arrow, in which case following them up was necessary: now, on the other hand, as the rifle is employed, they generally fall to the shot. Elk-hunters, however, do not agree with that statement, but maintain that if this clause becomes law as it stands, in many places they will have to abandon elk-hunting altogether. For it would be an absurd rule that a hunter who possessed two large tracts of elk-hunting ground, with a small space intervening between them over which he was unable to obtain any rights, should be unable to follow up an elk that he has started, even although it ultimately gets on to ground belonging to himself. In Hallingdal, for instance, there is a large number of small proprietors who have no elk-rights of their own, but whose land comes between that of the owners of elk-rights. In such cases, it is claimed that a general law, such as is laid down in this clause, would put a stop to elk-hunting; and it is urged that each district should be empowered to draw up its own regulations on the subject. There is no doubt that the number of elk in Norway is decreasing year after year, and the better remedy would be to prohibit for a time the killing of elk anywhere throughout the country. The remedy proposed under the clause would only have an effect in special districts, but would not produce any permanent results in the increase of the elk.

We now come to the clause that mainly affects foreigners, and practically will alter all the conditions of sport applicable to them at present in use throughout Norway.

"Foreigners [it runs], who in this realm wish to hunt for or capture game, shall pay a yearly tax to the State's exchequer of full 50 kroner.[1] But the payment of this tax gives no right to hunt after or capture game, as is free for Norwegian citizens. It is to be determined by the king or his authorised nominee to what officer of State this payment is to be made. No foreigner is allowed to hunt after or capture game, unless such foreigner can show a receipt for the payment of the tax for the year. Those who have permitted foreigners to hunt after or capture game must within three days make it known to the district magistrate, along with a statement of the foreigner's name, the nature of the sporting rights and their duration, together with the name of the place where they are to be exercised, and accompanied with an attestation that the foreigner has in his possession the afore-mentioned receipt. This receipt, together with evidence in writing of his having acquired leave to hunt

[1] 18 kroner = £1 sterling.

after game, the foreigner is obliged to exhibit, whenever called upon to do so."

The Commissioners in their remarks upon this clause state that the law which at present determines the sporting rights of foreigners in Norway is that of 26th May 1877. Under the provisions of that Act, foreigners who wish to hunt after game in State or Parish Almennings, or on the high fjelds that are not in private property, must acquire from the Crown bailiff an order on payment of 200 kroner. This lasts for the open season of the year in which it is taken out, and gives right to hunt after every kind of game except elk, red-deer, and beaver. Foreigners can, further, under that Act, acquire sporting rights on the property of any private individual, such as are free for Norwegian citizens. This Act of 1877, however, the Commissioners allege has been broken time after time by foreigners, who have been shooting all over the country without having taken out the necessary order. An instance is given from Ullensvang in the Hardanger Vid, where the district magistrate writes that he was powerless to prevent foreigners without this order from engaging in reindeer stalking — in which they were assisted by Norwegian speculators in sport so-called. This statement by the magistrate at Ullensvang gives but a single instance of what may be called an almost universal practice. Any one who has spent considerable time in Norway cannot but be aware of the huge number of tourists, chiefly British and German, who bring over their guns with them into the country, and shoot here, there, and everywhere, without asking anybody's permission. I personally know of one case where an English sportsman was with difficulty restrained from shooting rype (ptarmigan) on ground for which another Englishman paid rent to the landowner! This new tax, then, it is stated by the Commissioners, is proposed to be exacted chiefly for the purpose of preventing foreigners from shooting without permission — and it ought to prove efficacious for such a purpose, as non-payment of the tax will entail heavy penalties. No foreigner will be allowed to shoot any kind of game, unless he can show a receipt for the payment of this tax, whether he has obtained permission of the owner of the right to the game or not. Further, in the State Almennings, and on the high fjelds and State forests, that comprise, in all, nearly two million hectares, no foreigner may shoot at all, except for elk, reindeer, or red-deer, at a sum to be fixed for each of these by the king.

The Act deals also with the protection of game:—

"The after-mentioned kind of wild animals may not be hunted, killed, or injured outside the following hunting seasons—Elk from 1st September till 21st September; red-deer and wild reindeer from 15th August till 14th September; hare, capercailzie, hen-capercailzie, blackgame, ptarmigan, and hazelhen from 15th August till 14th March; partridges from 15th September till 14th October; woodcock from 15th August till 20th May; eider-duck from 15th October till 14th March.

"Both of the afore-mentioned days are included in the hunting season.

"The yearlings of elk, red-deer, and wild reindeer may not be killed.

"Beaver, roe-deer, and swans shall be preserved for the whole year."

These provisions do not make any considerable changes in the close-times that are enforced at the present moment, although the

times varied in the different districts of the country. All kinds of birds not mentioned in the preceding clause are to be protected from and on the 15th of March till and on the 24th of July, with the exception of birds of prey such as ospreys, cormorants, jays, and the like. Considerable dissatisfaction has arisen with regard to the latter portion of Clause 18, which is to the following effect:—

"In every separate registered property shall only one elk be killed and one red-deer. The king or his representative may for a period of five years in all allow the owner of large adjoining tracts of forests, which comprise only one agricultural unit, leave to kill more than one of these animals each year. . . . A loose dog, that barks when the elk is running, may not be employed in elk-hunting."

Elk-hunters are afraid that in many districts it will be almost impossible to find the elk, if they are not allowed to make use of such a dog. Further, the training of a dog to run loose and not bay the elk when he comes up to it will be a very difficult matter; and it will not be an easy thing to say when the elk is at bay and when he is running. The reason given for a regulation of this kind is that the Commissioners are informed that in some parts of Norway packs of dogs are employed loose, which track the elk and run him to death. Under the provisos of a later clause the farmer is given the right to kill any red-deer that has, even in the close season, done damage to his garden, arable, or meadow land, or his plantations. The greater portion of the clauses under this chapter of the proposed Act are concerned with the use of snares, pitfalls, steel traps, and the like for the capture of game. The employment of suchlike is expressly forbidden, except at certain specified seasons, practically with regard to all game; and all modes of hunting which require the use of artificial light are rendered illegal. It is also laid down that elk, red-deer, and wild reindeer may not be taken, seized, or slain when they are come upon swimming. With regard to the last clause, in which it is provided that "the owner of the sporting rights has the right to take up a dog which strays over his hunting-ground," and that "a dog, which is found hunting outside its owner's hunting-ground after protected game during their close season can be taken up by any one, and shot by direction of the owner of the sporting rights"—great exception has been taken by sportsmen. It is claimed that the owner of a dog that is found hunting on its own account should have notice that his dog has committed such offence, and that it ought not to be destroyed for one act of the kind. The Commissioners, in their "motive," practically take this view of the question; and an amended clause will, in all probability, be carried into effect.

Of the chapter which treats of the penalties for the breach of the new game-laws, the only clause that need be referred to is that which specially affects foreigners. It runs as follows: "Foreigners who in this kingdom hunt after or capture game, without having paid the tax afore-mentioned, or who have refused to show the receipt for the same or written permission to hunt, when this has been demanded from them, are punished with fines from 100 to 1000 kroner;" but it must be remembered that foreigners are liable, as well as Norwegians citizens,

for any breach of the ordinary laws of sport, and may have to pay heavy penalties.

The effect of this proposed new game-law on foreigners in Norway may thus be briefly summarised: (*a*) He may not shoot any kind of game unless he has paid the tax for the year beforehand, and possesses the receipt for such payment; (*b*) he cannot shoot unless he has obtained permission in writing from the owner of the sporting rights over the land on which the shooting is to take place; (*c*) he cannot shoot at all over the State Almenning lands, the high fjelds, and the State-forests, except for elk, red-deer, and reindeer, on payment of a special charge; (*d*) the foreigner, as well as the Norwegian, must observe all the new regulations with regard to close-times, use of dogs, and the like; (*e*) the foreigner, as well as the Norwegian, cannot obtain a lease of sporting rights for a longer period than twenty-five years. The breach of any one or more of these regulations will be visited by heavy penalties, which fall to be mentioned afterwards.

Finally, it will be clear from what is said above with regard to the proposed new game-laws for Norway that the Agricultural Commissioners are determined to preserve, as much as possible, the rights of sport for Norwegian citizens; and there is every certainty that the Storthing will give effect to the greater portion of their recommendations. But this is not all. It is understood that, when the question of the game-laws is settled, a new measure dealing with salmon-fishing and also with trout-fishing will be brought forward; and it is not impossible that, when the foreigner comes to Norway next year, he will have to pay some tax, small though it be, even for the right to fish for trout.

JAMES FORREST.

TO MY SISTER.

From the city in a plain
Where I linger, sore or fain,
Let this token join us twain,—
"Gedenke Mein."

By the blue forget-me-not,
And the pansy, colour-shot,
And the faithful lovers'-knot,—
"Gedenke Mein."

By the nursery where we play'd,
You a merry romping maid,
I an urchin rather staid,—
"Gedenke Mein."

Children of your own to-day
In another nursery play:
Let our vanish'd childhood say,—
"Gedenke Mein."

By the garden near the sea,
With the stricken mulberry-tree,
Where your long legs flash'd at me,—
"Gedenke Mein."

Tho' the stricken giant died,
And the sea we play'd beside
Is the sea which doth divide,—
"Gedenke Mein."

Tho' I fall a little lower
Than the promise of my dower,
And the harvest mock the sower,—
"Gedenke Mein."

By the peace I must forswear,
And the hopes whose fruits you bear,
And the memories we share,—
"Gedenke Mein."

BETWEEN TWO STOOLS.

Amid the hurly-burly arising from the Tsar's Manifesto, the Dreyfus imbroglio, and the war in the Sudan, there is a danger that the very crooked course of affairs in China should be lost sight of. It is easy to understand that European politics are much more interesting to the ordinary official mind than Oriental. The events current in St Petersburg and Berlin naturally appeal more directly to Secretaries of State than those proceeding on the banks of the Pei-Ho; and it is obvious by many and diverse signs that the Foreign Office is deeply imbued with a sense of the comparative insignificance of diplomacy in Asia. A feather will show which way the wind blows, and the publication of a Parliamentary Paper on China, which was made to include the critical notes of a light-hearted Under-Secretary of State, is an indication of the little care that is bestowed on matters relating to the East. It is impossible to suppose that had the Paper in question had reference to German or Russian politics, sufficient care would not have been taken in revising the printer's proof-sheets to prevent the occurrence of such a mischance. But, notwithstanding Foreign Office opinion, the large interests which this country possesses in China, and the keen competition which is at present raging in that far-off land for the acquisition of all that is essential to our mercantile existence, makes it of the highest importance that due regard should be had for the maintenance of our hereditary position in the "Middle Kingdom." The end of the session closed a dreary chapter of blunders and failures, and the whole field of the coincident negotiations was strewn with the record of maladroit protests and unfortunate yieldings.

The scene opened with vehement assertions from those who played the leading parts in Parliament that the Tientsin Treaty, that charter of our rights in China, would be strictly enforced, and that the favoured-nation clause would in all circumstances be sternly insisted on. The annexation, however, of Kiaochow by Germany and of Port Arthur by Russia aroused fears in the minds of those who had watched Lord Salisbury's policy in the East. There is a happy frankness about the Foreign Secretary's utterances which gives us a doubtless truthful insight into his sentiments with regard to Eastern and other politics, and in a moment of confidential *abandon* he announced at a recent public meeting, as evidence of his right to confidence, that he had been studying the Chinese question for two months. To any one who has paid attention to this most complex subject, two months will appear to be a short time in which to have made himself thoroughly acquainted with one of the most intricate questions in the field of diplomacy; and though by no pretence can he be said to be one of those statesmen who

> "Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
> And plead for pirates in the face of day"—

yet still he has an unfortunate aptitude for taking the most lenient view of his opponent's actions and objects. No better example of this tendency could be presented than that furnished by the nego-

tiations in connection with Port Arthur and the Valley of the Yangtsze. There can be no question as to the facts, for are they not written on the pages of the Blue-book lately presented to Parliament? It will be remembered that at the close of the Chinese and Japanese war, the main ground advanced by Russia for the retrocession of Port Arthur to China was that the occupation of that port by a foreign Power "was a constant menace to the capital of China." It would naturally be felt, therefore, that there would be something especially cynical in a nation which had used such an argument to so good a purpose taking possession of the fortress which it had just induced the Japanese to give up. The question had therefore to be approached carefully. But the Russians are rich in experience in such matters. The preliminary negotiations before the occupation of Merv and Khiva supplied excellent examples of the manner in which the Port Arthur question should be led up to.

The first move in the game was the appearance of Russian warships in the harbour; and in reply to Sir Claude Macdonald's very natural question as to their presence there, the answer was made that the Chinese Government had kindly offered the hospitality of the port to the Russian fleet for the winter. Count Mouravieff elaborated this matter in a conversation with Mr Goschen, and explained that it was owing to the existence of a certain difficulty in keeping more than a few ships of war in Japanese ports at one time that the Russian ships had gone to Port Arthur, and he went on to assure the British representative that it was only "a temporary measure." This temporary measure, however, speedily entailed distinct rights and privileges, for only a few days after Count Mouravieff had given this assurance, he complained to Sir Nicholas O'Connor of the entry of British ships into the peaceful waters of the port. This proceeding, he added, was regarded as being so unfriendly that it had set afloat rumours of war with Great Britain. In reply, Sir N. O'Connor quoted with aptitude Article LII. in the Treaty of Tientsin, which runs as follows: "British ships of war coming for no hostile purpose, or being engaged in the pursuit of pirates, shall be at liberty to visit all ports within the dominions of the Emperor of China, and shall receive every facility for the purchase of provisions, procuring water, and, if occasion require, for the making of repairs. The commanders of such ships shall hold intercourse with the Chinese authorities on terms of equality and courtesy." On the subject of this objection Count Mouravieff maintained a diplomatic silence. Unfortunately, however, the Count's protest against the presence of English ships was so far recognised by our Foreign Office that the telegraph was set in motion, and the admiral was questioned as to the number of ships anchored there, and for what purpose they had been sent. Probably interpreting these messages as indicative of the Secretary of State's disapproval of the move, the admiral ordered the ships away, and the report was immediately circulated at Peking, through whose agency may easily be guessed, that the British men-of-war had received orders to quit Port Arthur immediately, in consequence of representations made by Russia. Sir Claude Macdonald reported the prevalence of this rumour, and added that it was having a most injurious effect in

the Chinese capital. Mr Balfour has repeatedly stated that the removal of the British ships took place in accordance with common usage. But however this may be, it is plain that the admiral regarded the telegrams as a hint that the ships should move on. Any more unfortunate result could scarcely be imagined. If, instead of telegraphing out in hot haste, Lord Salisbury had, like Sir N. O'Connor, quoted Article LII. of the Treaty of Tientsin, the Russians would have met with a legitimate and difficult check. As it was, the Foreign Minister's unfortunate action actually assumed by implication the Russian right to a dominant position at Port Arthur.

This concession, however, by no means satisfied Russian requirements, and probably only whetted the Muscovite appetite for more. The next move followed immediately, and consisted of a claim to a sphere of influence in Manchuria, including the Liaotung peninsula, as well as to the conversion of the temporary presence of Russian ships at Port Arthur into a right to the use of the harbour, "to which the progress of events had given Russia a claim." These advances were followed by a demand addressed to the Chinese Government for the lease of Talienwan and Port Arthur on the same terms as those agreed to with Germany for the occupation of Kiaochow, as well as for a railway concession to connect Petuna in Manchuria with Port Arthur. The usual comforting assurances accompanied the publication of these appropriations. Count Mouravieff informed Sir N. O'Connor that the sovereign rights of the Chinese Government would be in no way infringed or abrogated by the cession on lease to Russia, and M. de Staal asserted to Lord Salisbury in the most positive terms that British trade would enjoy the full use of any port open to Russia. Count Mouravieff further gave the British representative a categorical confirmation of these undertakings. So soon, however, as the sedatives thus applied had served their purpose, and had reduced our opposition to a minimum, the Russian attitude changed; and a few days later Sir N. O'Connor was officially informed that Talienwan only would be opened to foreign trade. To all remonstrances on this point, Mouravieff returned answer that Port Arthur was essentially a naval port, and that Russia could not so abuse the lease "which had been granted to her by a friendly Power, as to arbitrarily transform a closed and principally military port into a commercial port like any other." In this spirit of sensitive honour, Mouravieff and De Staal continued to pour forth assurances that the Russian Government had no intention of infringing the rights and privileges guaranteed by existing treaties between China and foreign countries, but that, though debarred from opening Port Arthur as a treaty port, Russia would welcome at the anchorage the war-ships of all nations on the same terms as those accorded to them at any non-treaty port in China.

So far Lord Salisbury had been fighting on the lines of the Treaty of Tientsin and the "open door," a policy which is opposed tooth and nail to the Russian system; and up to this point no direct infringement of the "favoured-nation clause" had been committed. But Russian diplomacy is fertile in surprises, and not many days elapsed before it became known that, by the terms of Article VI. of the convention between Russia and China, it was agreed "that Port Arthur should

be a naval port for the sole use of Russian and Chinese men-of-war." This was so directly in opposition to Article LII. of the Treaty of Tientsin, as quoted above, that Lord Salisbury and Sir N. O'Connor vehemently protested against the arrangement. But the time had gone by for remonstrances, and with the cynical indifference to the claims of national morality which distinguishes Russian methods, M. Pavloff intensified his country's disloyalty by formulating an unwritten law by which any Chinese man-of-war having on board any Europeans other than Russians should be excluded from the port.

Here then was a distinct violation not only to the "open door policy" but of the Treaty of Tientsin, and it behoved Lord Salisbury to determine what he should do in the circumstances. It is needless to say that he protested, and it is equally vain to add that his protests were not listened to. Whatever fault may be found with Russian policy, it cannot be denied that it is consistent and thorough. The Russians know what they want, and they for the most part get it, even though it be at the cost of broken pledges and breaches of treaty obligations. From the moment when Japan took possession of Port Arthur, the Russians had determined to possess themselves of that harbour, and it has been seen how, by the practice of diplomatic wiles and the use of assurances as stepping-stones to the accomplishment of their aim, they gained their point. They were now *Beati possidentes*, and could afford to treat with polite indifference Lord Salisbury's pointed remonstrances. The position thus brought about had now to be dealt with, and the question arose whether we were to face the possibilities of a war, or to try to make the best of a bad bargain. The time had been allowed to slip by when a serious protest would have been of avail. There cannot be a doubt that if, when the Russians first declared their intention of closing Port Arthur, we had firmly refused to recognise the transaction, they would have yielded, as they always do yield, to superior force. But the whole series of negotiations was but a long list of comforting assurances on the one side and unsuspecting confidence on the other, with the result that one open door at least —that in Manchuria—was closed against us, and the principles of the Treaty of Tientsin were practically thrown to the winds. We are still told that the door is open, and Mr Balfour affirmed this positively on the last day of the session; but such statements have a hollow ring when the facts remain that Port Arthur is hermetically closed against us, and that the whole of Manchuria has practically become a Russian province. The news lately received from Niuchwang is sufficiently conclusive on this latter point. The 'Times' correspondent found Russian camps established at *points d'appui* in that neighbourhood; lands were being seized for military and railway purposes; and all proprietary rights were being made to yield to Russian requirements. At such a rate our trading rights might be assailed in any direction and at any moment. While other nations were jealously guarding what they already possessed, and were holding out their hands greedily for more, we only were left out in the cold, with the immediate prospect of diminishing areas of commerce. The question then arose whether the abrogation of the "open door" policy was to be recognised, and we were to grab as others were

grabbing, or whether we were to stand on the Treaty of Tientsin, and to resist to the utmost the encroachments of other Powers. We had come to a parting of the ways, and which path were we to follow? It was plain to all but the members of her Majesty's Government that we could not pursue both, and onlookers began to inquire how long Lord Salisbury was going to halt between two opinions. Though he stood on the brink, it was plain that he hesitated to make the plunge. Meanwhile Germany, following the example of Russia, had claimed as her sphere of influence the Province of Shantung, in which Kiaochow is situated, and had demanded preferential railway rights within that area. On this Lord Salisbury again resumed with vigour the character of protestant, and claimed that under the Treaty of Tientsin we should enjoy all the rights and privileges possessed by Germany. With unnecessary and unasked-for magnanimity, however, Mr Balfour, while presiding at the Foreign Office, had so far recognised Germany's claim to supremacy in Shantung as to declare categorically that our occupation of Wei-hai-wei "was not directed against German rights in that province." By his assurance Mr Balfour acknowledged that Germany possessed distinct rights in Shantung, and his explanation "that the declaration neither recognises rights that do not exist nor adds anything to the value of those which do," throws little light on the question. There was evidently some doubt on the point in the Right Honourable mind, and the result was a despatch from Herr von Bülow, which formed a most excellent counterpart to Mr Balfour's declaration. The German Minister expressed the desire of his Government that good relations should exist between the two countries, and went on to say that all he had demanded of the Chinese Government was, that on any railway made within the Province of Shantung subjects of Germany should have certain preferential rights in the competition for the construction of the line. With this assurance Mr Balfour professed himself perfectly satisfied, although the laughter with which the terms of the despatch were greeted in the House of Commons must have shown him that to the ordinary intelligence Herr von Bülow's despatch merely reaffirmed the position against which Lord Salisbury had protested. Here, then, was an additional reason why the future policy of the country should be clearly defined, and the anxious followers of her Majesty's Government were partly pacified and consoled by the announcement made by Mr Curzon that, in reply to a demand made by us, the Chinese Government had recognised our rights to a sphere of influence in the Valley of the Yangtsze Kiang; and that it had solemnly declared that it would not mortgage, lease, or cede to another Power any territory within that area. Repeated applications were made for the publication of the exact terms of this promise. But though the despatch embodying the assurance was dated the 11th February, it was not until July that the expectant public were gratified by the appearance of the document. Widespread astonishment and disappointment were produced by the study of this paper. Mr Curzon had so often asserted that the promise of the Chinese Government was absolute, and the terms categorical, that it had been fully anticipated that the despatch would supply a solid ground on

which to take a stand for the preservation of our rights in the Yangtsze Valley. But the result was eminently disappointing; and just as Von Bülow's despatch, which had reasserted the claims against which we had protested, seemed perfectly satisfactory to the members of the front bench, so the very inexplicit declaration of the Tsungli Yamên was held to be all that was to be desired.

"The Yamên [so ran the despatch] have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of the British Minister's despatch of the 9th of February, stating that the Yamên had more than once intimated to him that the Chinese Government were aware of the great importance that has always been attached by Great Britain to the retention in Chinese possession of the Yangtsze region, now entirely hers, as providing security for the free course and development of trade. The British Minister will be glad to be in a position to communicate to her Majesty's Government a definite assurance that China would never alienate (any territory) in the provinces adjoining the Yangtsze to any other Power, whether under lease, mortgage, or any other designation.

"The Yamên have to observe that the Yangtsze region is of the greatest importance as concerning the whole position (or interests) of China, and it is out of the question that territory in it should be mortgaged, leased, or ceded to another Power. Since her Britannic Majesty's Government has expressed its interest (or anxiety), it is the duty of the Yamên to address this note to the British Minister for communication to his Government."

This is the despatch which became momentarily notorious for the criticisms on the grammatical construction of its phrases, which certainly is faulty enough, by some playful member of the Foreign Office staff. But its appearance was received with blank astonishment by those who had listened to Mr Curzon's positive assertions as to the full and exact promise which was said to have been made by the Chinese Government. The word of promise had indeed been now broken, and the country could only hope for the best from the very vague and general terms of the Chinese declaration. When it is remembered how frequently, and especially of late, the Chinese have under pressure violated treaty rights and have broken their plighted word, it was a little too much to expect people to be satisfied with the very doubtful affirmation, which by no means amounted to a promise, that it was out of the question that territory in the Yangtsze Valley should be alienated to another Power.

But apart from the terms of the Convention, the question next arose as to the limits of the Valley of the Yangtsze. Questions were repeatedly put in the House of Commons on the subject, and for some time Mr Curzon put off the inquirers with vague assurances. But at last, being no longer able to avoid returning a direct answer, he defined the limits of the sphere as being the territory of the provinces adjoining the river; and when pressed as to the extent of this territory, he added that it included all such provinces, the boundaries of which were well known and clearly defined. The probability is that when making this declaration he was unaware of all that his words implied. The provinces adjoining the Yangtsze are some of the largest and richest in the empire, and consist of Yunnan, Szechuan, Hupei, Hunan, Kiangsi, Anhwei, and Kiangsu, covering an area of 648,056 square miles. [*See the territories marked by a thick dotted line on the following map.*] Beyond compare this sphere

is infinitely richer in every respect than the territory of Manchuria in which Russia is interested. But there is this wide difference between the two positions. Russia treats Manchuria as though she had very distinct preferential rights over the whole of the province, while we are content to consider the Yangtsze Valley as merely a "sphere of interest," to quote Mr Balfour's expression. In political life this distinction is great and important. When it

THE BOUNDARIES OF OUR SPHERE OF INFLUENCE IN THE YANGTSZE VALLEY.



Thick dotted lines show the boundaries of the provinces "adjoining the Yangtsze Valley." Light dotted lines show the boundaries of the other provinces.

was proposed by the Chinese Government to build a railway with British capital from Shanhaikwan to Niuchwang in Manchuria, the Russians peremptorily forbade the contract, on the ground that the line being mortgaged as a security for the money advanced would be an infringement of the Russian rights within the recognised sphere. On the other hand, the announcement that we regarded the

Yangtsze Valley as our sphere of influence was no sooner made than it became known that a Belgian syndicate, backed by Russian and French funds, had signed a contract for the construction of a railway from Peking to Hankow—in other words, into the very heart of the Valley of the Yangtsze. After our manner we protested, but so far in vain; and the offence is aggravated by the fact that, by a clause in the agreement, all matters in dispute relating to the railway are to be referred for arbitration to the representative at Peking of the nationality possessing the largest share of the capital subscribed—in other words, the Russian Minister.

As we have already seen, Lord Salisbury, after many protests, was compelled to submit to the violation of the Tientsin Treaty, and there remained therefore for him only the policy of the spheres of influence. But here again the fear of hostile complications was too much for him. He shrank from grasping the nettle danger, and so failed to gain the advantages he desired. Our ships of war were excluded from Port Arthur, in violation of Article LII. of the Treaty of Tientsin, and the favoured-nation clause was thrown to the winds by the action of the Russians in Manchuria. By the appearance also of the Belgian syndicate railway to Hankow, our sphere of influence was invaded, and such rights as are commonly held to belong to owners of such areas were denied us. We had neither stood by the treaty nor defended our position in the Yangtsze Valley, and between the two stools we had fallen to the ground.

The outlook thus presented was black indeed. We had been defeated by our rivals, and our influence at Peking was rapidly waning. We had attempted to defend two principal lines of action, and we have retired defeated from both. No wonder that the members of the Tsungli Yamên had made up their minds to regard us as a negligible quantity. Fortunately Lord Salisbury recovered from his apparent apathy before the position became hopeless, and by strenuous effort has now succeeded in recovering for his country the position which it had lost at Peking. Happily, through the energy of Sir Claude Macdonald, under his guidance, we have, in spite of the collapse of our much-vaunted policies, gained several rich concessions. We have got a valuable mining concession in the provinces of Shansi and Hunan; we have succeeded in obtaining a revision of the regulations for inland navigation, which will open every river in China to our steamers; we have acquired the lease of an extensive territory on the mainland opposite Hong-Kong, with the right of making a railway thence to Canton; we have gained permission to extend the intended railway from Burma across the China frontier; several new ports have been opened to foreign trade; and last, but not least, we have secured the dismissal of Li Hung-chang. These are unquestionably great and satisfactory advantages. But the comparative ease with which they have been secured only emphasises the lesson which we wish to enforce — namely, that if equal energy and determination had been used at the earlier stages of the question, we should never have been driven from our just and, if properly defended, our impregnable line of defence,—the Treaty of Tientsin.

THE LOOKER-ON.

OUR SECOND BATTLE OF THE NILE—KITCHENER PORTRAYED—THE RUSSIAN CIRCULAR: AS MEANT BY THE CZAR: AS MEANT BY COUNT MURAVIEFF —THE APPLIANCES OF WAR—THE ROMISH INVASION OF THE CHURCH.

When it came to a close, August 1898 was marked down in many innocent British minds as the month that brought in the new era of peace. Before September 1898 had run half its course it became equally distinguished, but not as prognostic of the millennium. This month seemed devoted to showing how good it would be were our August dreams realised, and how very unlikely is their realisation. Within a fortnight nearly every cause of contention that has ravaged, does ravage, and still will ravage the world was illustrated in some remarkable way; and if on one hand the effect was to deepen abhorrence of the slaughter and the waste, on the other there was the most pointed warning against belief in a "new epoch" of disarmament and peace. Within recollection there have been times—to be sure, they were of brief duration—when a long reign of universal peace looked far more probable than now. Generations have passed since universal war seemed so much the more likely thing of the two. All the old causes of strife are at work over a wider area and amongst greater populations than of yore. Race, religion, territory, trade, the lust of lordship, all continue their incitements to conflict, or stimulate them where they had till now but a feeble existence. If one becomes less provocative, another becomes more so. Religious animosity is supposed to be nearly extinct in our parts of the world, though we do see a good deal of it in England—where a strong, and even a ferocious, sympathy with the Christian cut-throats of Crete against the Mohammedan cut-throats of the same Greek family is by far the most active provocation to war at this moment. But in as much as religion has lost its claim on the sword trade has gained it: we might almost say, indeed, that trade has taken over the peculiar sanctions of religious warfare.

The sober September month supplied us with a pretty sample of this kind of warfare in Crete at any rate; and, elsewhere, of the conflict provoked by race-hatred, the struggle for trade, the lust of lordship. To this was added a violent reminder of a new contentious force—organised Socialism. And here was enough to moderate such transports as raved around and about the Czar's rescript, though not for so long as could entitle it to be considered a nine days' wonder.

* * *

May we believe that a deed of arms that destroys a murderous tyranny is better than an idle dream of peace? If so, we may properly put Kitchener before the Czar on this occasion, and our second Battle of the Nile before the diplomatic ballad called the Russian circular.

The trumpet comes to my lips when I think of that splendid achievement—in process so terribly correct, in completion so ap-

pallingly finished. The trumpet comes to my lips, but I do not blow. There is too much to think of, looking down the long line from Cairo to Khartum, and, whether the means or the end be regarded, something too profoundly impressive for fanfarronading. Wonder is silent; and this fine piece of work, for which the very tools had to be made as the artificers in chief went on, is as perfect in detail and as tremendous in effect as anything in the history of war this hundred years. As Lord Roberts can tell us from his own experience, we "gentlemen of England who live at home at ease" are often at fault in appraising such exploits as a march to Cabul, to Candahar, to Khartum. Our imaginations are not always sufficiently informed; they respond more slowly to some kinds of stimulus (as when shovel-work, cupboard-business, and the keeping up of heart and strength ask for admiration) than to others; and so it is that we surround one great feat with a romance of difficulty beyond all that really belongs to it, while the heroism of another is imperfectly understood from mere ignorance or laziness of mind.

It would be only half-true to say that the Sudan expedition is in this last category. There *is* a pretty general idea of what it took to make that march to Khartum — in the time, with the means, at the cost—and of what sort of generalship it must be to have at command an army of hard, hearty, eager men, after the rigorous toil that Kitchener's force was put to under those burning skies. But there is so little romance in bullet-scraping, road-laying, the making of soldiers out of sheep, and suchlike employments, that it is not every one who will or who can follow them closely enough to understand what patient and persistent labour they demand; nor do we all fully conceive how much there is in the phrase "organisation of victory." But that is not a sort of organisation we are much renowned for. Victory with the minimum of foresight is our more frequent privilege; though, to be sure, we have seen one or two elaborately organised expeditions in the last thirty years — at a pretty penny of expense. This is an improvement on those sumptuous undertakings. For economy and workmanship combined it has not had its match in our day, and it may mark a new beginning.

For though Kitchener is the master-spirit in the reconquest of the Sudan, and though his "proofs" are such that, little as he was known to the world a year ago, we are almost sure of him as a soldier of the first rank, he had forerunners and comrades to his own mind in "the smashing of the Mahdi." The transformation of the Egyptian soldiery from we need not say what into the firm, steady, capable fighting force which shared the honours at Omdurman, is not all Kitchener's magic: other British sirdars began and carried it far, though he brought it to a finish hardly dreamt of. From its double relation to the Queen and the Khedive the Egyptian service has its peculiarities; and possibly because it allows unusual freedom amidst plenty of work and much responsibility, and so gives free play to individual character and genius, it is a service in which our young officers flourish exceedingly. Kitchener is as happy in his captains as we are fortunate in Kitchener. If sober critics are unafraid to name him in the same hour with Wellington, Wellington as Sirdar in 1898 would have had

good cause for thankfulness in his more responsible officers. "General Back-acher," as the terrible Gatacre is called by the men whom he keeps everlastingly "at it" for their own good, Hunter, Wingate, the soldierly Macdonald, whose handling of the native troops at Omdurman has moved him up by many notches, — when these men went into action the other day, they were as much above their reputation as Kitchener himself. Immediately behind them stand three or four men with names less known to the public at present, but they shall be recorded here; for Lewis, Jackson, Collinson, Fitton are made of the same serviceable stuff, and are fit and ready to take a more prominent place at ten minutes' notice.

And there the beauty of the whole campaign comes out. England may have her decadents, and indeed has many, but mostly in a novel outgrowth and addition of he-she thoughtful persons—again becoming very troublesome with their "sentimentalibus lacrymæ rorum." There are no decadents among her men of action, and the supply of them is as good as ever before. Whenever there is something to be done, and especially when there are dangers to overcome or a foe to get the better of, the old hardihood and daring appear exactly where they are wanted. This is the story that Kipling tells, and all his tales are true. So many Britons in a tight place, so many with a peril to face or a duty to accomplish, and out comes the adequate resource and the sufficient capability. If no general is on the spot, a colonel will do; if no colonel, the captain takes the matter up, finding in himself at the same moment the necessary qualification. Or if no captain, then this young man the lieutenant, who two months ago was lounging in Piccadilly with his trousers turned up, puts his hand to the job, and it is done in proper workmanlike style. And as with the officers, so with the men. They do not always leave our shores with the look of stalwarts, for we are a factory people now; but give them good training, good leaders, a patriotic duty, and they harden and stiffen and march and fight as they did under Generals Kitchener and Back-acher,—than which nothing better is wanted in this world.

And if you would know how that was, with the particulars, read Mr George Steevens's book, 'With Kitchener to Khartum.' I say with particulars, not meaning that it is a book of details. It is hardly the sort of document that you would fly to had you to compile a school manual of the war. But if you value such vivid impressions as you draw from Froude, then take this little book, mount upon the wings of its swift and airy style, and you will know what it is to go through a crown octavo volume like a bird. The doings of Kitchener's expedition to the time of the awful destruction of the Mahdists have been told often enough; but if any such looking-glass reflection of the men engaged in that enterprise, or of the scenes thereof and the way of it, has been given to the world before, my luck has been to miss both sight and hearing of it.

For reasons not fully appreciated at present, nothing that Mr Steevens touches is so interesting as the new-made Egyptian army; and first and last he makes an arresting picture of it and its Sudanese contingent. Sixteen years ago there was no Egyptian army. Remembering that, we should also remember — though Mr Steevens, amongst others, seems to forget it—that not many

years before that time there was a very good Egyptian army. Its scattered battalions lost in an enormous stretch of country, it was yet so good a force as to keep the tribes of the Sudan and far beyond in terror. The very men before whom, a little while later, the Egyptian soldier knelt in panic as soon as they met, would bolt at the sight of an Egyptian walking-stick if an Egyptian officer carried it. These mutations are as strange as any of the kind on record. After the massacre of Hicks's force, the spirit of the fellaheen soldiery seemed to evaporate altogether; so that, even within the last six months, men whom we should all listen to respectfully had doubts: doubted, that is to say, whether the starch wherewith the "Gippy" had been starched anew would hold in presence of a determined dervish onset, like some that we ourselves have had to encounter. The test has been passed, and such a test as the doubters themselves hardly contemplated. Sixteen years of hard drill and tough service have brought into the Egyptian army so much of its lost spirit that it stands up to "the conquerors of Hicks and Baker and Gordon," and beats back their most alarming multitudes.

We read in Mr Steevens that when Sir Evelyn Wood undertook the regeneration of the Khedive's army, he had eight battalions to deal with. To-day the Egyptian army numbers nineteen battalions of infantry, ten squadrons of cavalry, one horse and four field batteries and Maxims, and a camel corps of eight companies. Six thousand men they were; eighteen thousand men they are. It is a conscript army, of course, but lightly felt as such; because out of a ten-million population it takes fewer than 20,000 men. And this small proportion "enables the War Office to pick and choose, so that in point of physique the Egyptian army could probably give weight to any army in the world." The cavalry are all Egyptians: "a black can never be made to understand that a horse needs to be groomed and fed." Each battery of artillery has a white commander: "all the men are Egyptians, and their physical strength and teachableness makes them almost ideal gunners." To finish the picture—

"The Egyptian soldier on fatigue duty is the finest soldier in the world. In face he is a shade sullen, not to say blackguardly; in body he would be a joy to a sculptor. . . . When he strips at bathing-time—for, like all riverine people, he is more clean than bashful—the bank is lined with studies for Hercules. And all the thews he has he puts into his work. Marching, digging, damming, brick-making, building, tree-felling—you can never find him unwilling nor leave him exhausted."

How does this account of "the never-hungry, never-weary" fellaheen soldiers accord with the common idea of them? Is there any particular in which it agrees with that notion? And now, what of his black brother in arms? Turning back a page or two, we see that whereas there are no better natural fighters than the Sudanese, a considerable number of them are regularly instructed in the ways of modern warfare. Six of the eighteen battalions of Egyptian infantry are Sudanese blacks. "After each victory, the more desirable of the prisoners and recruits are enlisted, to their great content, in one black battalion or another. Every morning I have seen them on the range at Halfa—the British sergeant-instructor teaching the ex-dervishes to shoot," and the recruit hitting the bull's-eye "surprisingly often."

The Sudanese battalions have a certain number of black captains and subalterns — keen, working well with the British, and utterly fearless. "However old the black may be, he has the curious faculty of always looking about eighteen: only when you thrust your eyes right in his face do you notice that he is a wrinkled great-grandfather. But he always stands as straight as a lance." The men of the Sudanese battalions average over six feet high. They love their soldiering, and take it seriously. "A black has been known to kill himself because his wife called him a coward." And if you would know how a battalion of well-taught Sudanese blacks marches out to fight, read Mr Steevens, pp. 90, 91. I say nothing. No doubt it will be long before these swarming tribes of "first-class fighting men," better instructed in the art of war than the Mahdi's captains (though they seem to have got a pretty fair inkling of it), and handling modern arms of precision, sweep the sparse garrisons of Europe out of middle Africa. But it will be done. It is something to think of, that the frontiers of all the great European nations border now upon black regions and yellow regions, where the people do *not* perish before the advance of the white man; and where, in one way or another, the white man is teaching them the value of scientific warfare and scientific weapons at a very rapid rate.

"The Egyptian army is an army of young men. The Sirdar is forty-eight years old; General Hunter was a major-general before he was forty; the whole army has only one combatant officer over fifty." Most of the leading men in it are touched off by Mr Steevens in a rapid, nervous, convincing style of portraiture, though when he sketches the Sirdar it is possible to doubt whether he has got his subject in precisely the right light. This is the interesting picture, with some unimportant omissions:—

"Major-General Sir Horatio Kitchener is forty-eight years old by the book; but that is irrelevant. He stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance, and looks out imperiously over most men's heads; his motions are deliberate and strong; slender but firmly knit, he seems built for tireless, steel-wire endurance rather than for power and agility: that also is irrelevant. Steady passionless eyes shaded by decisive eyebrows, brick-red rather full cheeks, a long moustache beneath which you divine an immovable mouth; his face is harsh, and neither appeals for affection nor stirs dislike. All this is irrelevant too: neither age, nor figure, nor face, nor any accident of person, has any bearing on the essential Sirdar. He has no age but the prime of life, no body but one to carry his mind, no face but one to keep his brain behind. The brain and the will are the essence and the whole of the man—a brain and a will so perfect in their workings that, in the face of extremest difficulty, they never seem to know what struggle is. You cannot imagine the Sirdar otherwise than as seeing the right thing to do and doing it. His precision is so inhumanly unerring, he is more like a machine than a man. You feel that he ought to be patented. It was aptly said of him by one who had closely watched him in his office, and in the field, and at mess, that he is the sort of feller that ought to be made manager of the Army and Navy Stores. He would be a splendid manager of the Army and Navy Stores. There are some who nourish a desperate hope that he may some day be appointed to sweep out the War Office. He would be a splendid manager of the War Office.

"Beginning life in the Royal Engineers—a soil reputed to be more favourable to machinery than to human nature——"

Then follows a pithy sketch of Kitchener's career, ending (so far) in the perfectioning of "the Sudan machine."

"The Sirdar is never in a hurry.

With immovable self-control he holds back from each step till the ground is consolidated under the last. Fighting men may chafe and go down with typhoid and cholera: they are in the iron grip of the machine, and they must wait the turn of its wheels. Dervishes wait and wonder, passing from apprehension to security. The Turks are not coming—the Turks are afraid. Then suddenly at daybreak one morning they see the Sirdar advancing upon them from all sides together, and by noon they are dead. Patient and swift, certain and relentless, the Sudan machine rolls conquering southward.

"In the meantime, during all the years of preparation and achievement, the man has disappeared. The man Herbert Kitchener owns the affection of private friends in England and of old comrades of fifteen years' standing; for the rest of the world there is no man Herbert Kitchener, but only the Sirdar, neither asking affection nor giving it. His officers and men are wheels in the machine: he feeds them enough to make them efficient, and works them as mercilessly as he works himself. If you suppose, therefore, that the Sirdar is unpopular, he is not. No general is unpopular who always beats the enemy. Other generals have been better loved; none was ever better trusted.

"Of one human weakness the Sirdar is believed not to have purged himself—ambition. Homilies against ambition may be left to those who have failed in their own: the Sirdar's, if apparently purely personal, is legitimate, and even lofty. Naturally he has awakened jealousies, and he has bought permission to take each step on the way only by brilliant success in the last. If in this case he be not so stiffly unbending to the high as he is to the low, who shall blame him? He has climbed too high not to take every precaution against a fall. But he will not fall—just yet at any rate. So far as Egypt is concerned, he is the man of destiny—the man who has sifted experience and corrected error; who has worked at small things and waited for great; marble to sit still and fire to smite; steadfast, cold, inflexible; the man who has cut out his human heart and made himself a machine to retake Khartum."

In looking at engraved and painted portraits, we have no doubt, now and again, that we behold a perfect likeness, though we never set eyes on the originals; and so it is here. Besides the something indescribable in all good work, there is a fineness and firmness of touch in this sketch which will convey to Mr Steevens's readers the same assurance of verisimilitude. To me also it is commended for a perfectly true portrait, — as a picture of Kitchener in the Sudan. In feature and character it is Sir Herbert as he meets the gaze of the just observer—out there; but, sketched at home, there might be equal truth in all particulars with less accentuation in some. In England the "brick-red" of Kitchener's cheeks is no very marked token of him, nor the harshness of his face; and his friends would say, I think, that "passionless" is too meaning a word for a steady pair of eyes as seen in the softer light of home. In the Sudan — which answers to "the City," perhaps—it may be different: that one understands. A little change here, a little change there, such as overtakes many commercial gentlemen at 10 A.M. or thereabout, as their cabs pass Temple Bar, and every touch of Mr Steevens's portrait becomes true. In precisely the same way these sayings about Kitchener — that "the man has disappeared," that "he has cut out his human heart and made himself a machine"—may be quite true, but yet with a sort of "ten to four" limitation. With that limit, thousands of hearts are left outside thousands of counting-house doors every morning. Indeed very few men of business—

machines for making money when once those doors are closed upon them—could ever be persuaded to take their hearts inside. Devotion to business in business hours that would be called; and devotion to *his* business where the hours are months and even years—intense devotion to his business, with rigorous calculation and "clean-jointed, well-oiled, clockwork-perfect" method in the practice of it, is probably all that distinguishes Kitchener from other men of aptitude—except when he is more apt. Ambitious he certainly is. Mr Steevens may do him no injustice in making him all ambition; for what goes by that name is in some men nothing but the life and stir of commanding capability. Every movement of such men is an approach to some ambitious end, and cannot be anything else. But, with this, it is possible to have a good deal of what Mr Steevens calls personal ambition; and very likely that is Kitchener's case. Only, I greatly doubt whether "purely personal ambition" is right, as a lumping description of what drives the Sirdar on. It will be seen, I think, that he conforms to the Wellington type in that his ambition is *not* "purely personal."

If, however, — if, I say, Mr Steevens's reckoning errs at this point, it is not from lack of generosity. It is a common idea that men and events seen close at hand take an undue importance; but that is only true of small events and inconsiderable personages. The rule is that great contemporary events and men on the way to the highest rank are seen and acknowledged for what they are by the few. Mr Steevens is evidently one of the few—one of the few who have not only a just eye for magnitudes, but (what is rarer) the courage of his perceptions—which naturally turned to the profit of Kitchener and his companions when this book was written. It shows them and their work in the rightful proportions. Said a wounded Cockney hero after the battle of Atbara, "Now 'ow would you sy, sir, this 'd be alongside them fights they've been 'avin' in Indiar? Bigger, eh? Ah!" Ask Mr Steevens how the reconquest of the Sudan compares with similar enterprises, and the answer, perfectly accurate, will give you as much satisfaction as the wounded Briton received. For this answer see particularly the striking last chapter, and such words as these: "Now that the long struggle is crowned with victory, we may look back upon those fourteen indomitable years as one of the highest achievements of our race." The earlier, the British campaigns in the Sudan, were a long story of failure, brightened only by stout fighting. "The Egyptian campaigns have been a consistent record of success. With inferior material, at a tithe of the expense, they have worn their enemy down by sheer patience and pluck and knowledge of the business. In quite plain language, what Gordon and Wolseley failed to do"—there were some other failures—"the Sirdar has done."

And now? Now the Sirdar goes on to fulfil the grand object of the expedition, which did not end at Khartum. The "smashing of the Mahdi" was a great part of his mission, but it was not all. That operation may be likened, both in purpose and effect, to the blasting of a great rock in a narrow tide-way which has to be made clear and safe. But of this it is too soon to speak. Meanwhile, the reader may believe that

Kitchener can be trusted as diplomatist no less than as soldier.

* * *

No country in the world is so largely infested with sentimentalism — emotionalism rather — than this, which was so long proverbial for plain good sense. And quite enough of that quality remains to keep us in the proverb still; only, to England's misfortune, this good sense is by nature silent, while the forced sensibility which feeds and is fed by sensationalism luxuriates in the shrillest poetastical rant. Then it calls itself the Feeling of the Country, and going uncontradicted, probably believes that it is so.

This poison will never be got rid of now till it is purged out in the fires of some great war; yet for once its propagators were in too much haste, and for once received a sudden check. This happened no longer ago than the first days of September. The Czar's rescript was published on the twenty-ninth of August, which fell on a Monday; and on that day it was announced with rapture somewhat stifled by astonishment. But all such feeling is cumulative; and, under the stimulus of competition, the Russian circular was discussed on the thirtieth with transport unrestrained. On the thirty-first the same tone was kept up, but yet with observable artificiality; and on the night of that day, which was Wednesday, a frost set in from which the blooming certainty of a "new epoch" never recovered. Common-sense was not to be imposed upon this time; and in three days from the worshipping reception of the rescript nothing more could be done with it as a sensational document.

It was dropped accordingly; and the more readily was it dropped because it not only disappointed but violated the Emotionist's expectations. In even less than three days from its discovery as the most pacific utterance of the age, it had put the whole continent of Europe into tremors of alarm. Say that it unsettled whatever confidence there was in peace, and you do not say a word too much. In Germany it had a relish, no doubt—for a reason peculiar to the Germans: not, however, because they believed in the Czar's proposal as harbinger of universal peace, but because of the dismay that it must scatter amongst the shepherds of a neighbouring country, instead of the pipes and tabors and breast-knots rose and blue which were promised them from England. In Austria the Russian circular was read as the most positive token of coming trouble that had appeared for some time; while as for France, the whole country was thrown into profound consternation. Nothing else should have been expected. In every case these consequences were the most natural of any; and their net result — universal disturbance and dejection—should have been visible through the thickest haze of sentiment. But good as the impulses of our Emotionist brethren are, when was their vision ever clear? Look back upon their fierce advocacy and fiercer accusation, and the answer comes in a flash: never. Though their feeling on all occasions would become a better world than this (except, perhaps, when they raise a truly Turkish thirst for Mohammedan blood), their prescience is all nescience and their judgments are invariably wrong.

But neither was the disturbance in Europe lasting. It is true that the French people — to dissociate them from the politicians — will

not soon recover their trust in the Russian alliance; never, perhaps, without some new token of its sincerity and value. And if it is bad that the whitening ashes of the *revanche* should be stirred into life again, that consequence of the Czar's invitation to peace remains, and remains as a German reason for *not* disarming. But there have been Russian explanations, Russian tonings down of the circular, which have had a pacifying effect in France; while as to the rest of Europe, it seems to have come to the conclusion that a message which might either mean nothing or a very great deal has in fact no deep intention. That it was the Czar's own idea, whether begot by a retired banker and economist or otherwise, is perfectly credible; but it is also credible that his counsellors may have favoured it for reasons less "humanitarian and magnanimous" than those attributed by Count Muravieff to his master. In order to admit the simplicity and sincerity of the Czar's motive, it is unnecessary to abandon the belief that his proposal fitted in with their conceptions of good Russian policy. As was explained at the time, Russia, with her chronic famines and vast enterprises in the Far East to provide for out of a Budget which is being drawn upon more and more every year for materials of war to keep pace with the other Powers, "must naturally feel the want of international co-operation in her present policy of peace and economic development." In other words, since a vast expense must be incurred in consolidating, colonising, arming, and fortifying her enormous acquisitions in the Far East, a peaceful time for these operations, coupled with assurance that meanwhile her rivals would rather diminish than increase their armaments, would be a nice arrangement for Russia. It would be a particularly nice arrangement; for though the operations above described come under the head of peaceful development, they are at the same time and in great measure operations of war. Of such, certainly, is the laying of strategic railways, the construction of fortified harbours, the establishment of military colonies, the enlistment and the drilling of native soldiery, where all these things may be turned into means of further acquisition, further coercion. These advantages may never have occurred to the Czar when he framed his circular, but Count Muravieff would not be worth the salary of his first footman if they did not occur to him when he was called to sign it.

For another reason, equally unconsidered by the Czar, his Ministers may have cordially assented to the publication of the circular. The American Government was at that very hour on the point of deciding a momentous question not for America alone. This question was, whether the United States should finally determine to join the armed nations of the world and set forth as competitor with them for conquest and glory. What effect that determination would have on the happiness and prosperity of the United States themselves—especially as no small army, no small navy, is enough in these days to do great things in the game—was a grave matter of consideration for the people of that country; who had also to remember that, for better or worse, the imperial *rôle* might lead to a complete recast of their political institutions—probably would. But the emergence of the United States from her old non-combatant backwaters into the full stream of conflict for empire would be of nearly

equal importance to other nations. To which most?

An English Minister, one of so much weight in the Government that he could ruin it at any time by withdrawing from the Cabinet, was already answering the question publicly. A man in Mr Chamberlain's position who does that must have great confidence in his own view; it can hardly be supposed that his colleagues in the Cabinet think differently; and Mr Chamberlain's expectation is that an American change of policy will change Russia's luck. She has become the dominant Power in rivalry with England. But the Colonial Secretary calculates that with America a great fighting State and naturally allied with the mother country, Russia's ambition will henceforth be checked wherever the interests of England and the United States suggest interference.

It may be that Mr Chamberlain is more distinguished as a political brigadier-general than as a seer; but the prospect he points to is one which, were it but half as likely as he thinks it, the Russian Government would naturally endeavour to forestall. And—obvious to Count Muravieff if not to the Czar—here was another use for the imperial rescript. The American change of policy was still undetermined. Moved by the considerations which are touched upon in a preceding paragraph, many American citizens are strongly against it; and this circular, so demonstrative of the burden which the European Governments lay upon themselves in accumulating the most awful engines of slaughter, seemed well calculated to strengthen the American minority. Success in the attempt would be a great diplomatic stroke, of course, and the Czar's appeal to the nations to put some limit to the waste and horror of modern war has yet to be discussed—with illustrations. So far, however, it seems quite ineffectual to restrain America from rushing into the competition for empire; yet the merest chance of achieving so great an object could not be neglected by the Russian Government. And supposing it fails, something will remain. Though in answering the Czar's invitation Mr M'Kinley might have said that disarmament is no question for a nation which is obviously without force enough to police its shores, he consents to send a delegate to the proposed Conference. He is one of the first to do so—no doubt to Count Muravieff's particular satisfaction.

For American politics have much to do with this matter; and experience has shown that there is nothing like a Conference for making new arrangements, shaking old arrangements, posing questions, sowing doubts, exchanging pledges, or perhaps for more serious purposes,—such purposes as must occupy the minds of Continental statesmen with or without the stimulus of Mr Chamberlain's frankly published forecast. Wherever the Czar's Conference is held, there the tendencies of the American new departure will be under examination. There will be no evading it. For in a peace-and-disarmament Conference cards on table are expected. There is a right to ask questions. On this occasion, some which could not be put directly without a certain degree of awkwardness have been stripped of their embarrassment. They now arise in a most natural and authorised way from Mr Chamberlain's public speeches; while as for reply, answer could scarcely be refused, and silence, half-answers, have their own interpretation. The upshot of which is that be-

fore the Conference is at an end the Continental Powers will know pretty well what to think of the drift of American purpose, and what the likelihood is of a preferential alliance with England. This will be valuable knowledge. But perhaps the Continental diplomatists already calculate that at a Conference called for "the maintenance of universal peace" the American Government will be obliged to disavow all idea of a particular alliance with England. How can it do otherwise, indeed, without further endangering the objects of the Conference?

These considerations carry us a long way. It appears that, without going farther, we may find a sufficient explanation of the Conference scheme in the changing policy of the United States, and Anglo-American relations.

If we please, however, we may give all these reasons for the conference to Count Muravieff: he would not refuse to own them. Without any risk of hurting his feelings, we may suppose the foregoing calculations his entirely; leaving to the Czar the very different other reasons — so much higher, so much less gross and substantial — which shine in the Russian circular of August 24. And thus are reconciled a belief in the Emperor's sincerity which we cannot reject, and an irresistible suspicion that the rescript has Russian purposes to serve.

General disarmament is an utterly exhausted hope. It has been thought of and thought of till no capable mind thinks of it how but as a bitter impossibility. When some raw social philosopher potters about it, with his "surely" this and "surely" that, he is pityingly left to his own second thoughts. When a Government proposes it, or King or Kaiser (the German Emperor toyed with the project at one time), there is an immediate fear that peace can be maintained no longer. "Let us agree to disarm" is universally understood to mean, "Let us meet to settle things as we would have them, or else end the matter by fighting it out." Therefore when the Czar's encyclical appeared, the first desire of peaceable men was to find in it no real proposal of disarmament. Every word in such missives is carefully considered, of course; and the Russian invitation certainly does bring disarmament into debate. In the first paragraph "a possible reduction of the excessive armaments which weigh upon all nations" is set forth as representing an "ideal aim to which the efforts of all Governments should be directed." But there the reassuring word "ideal" is seized upon as governing the meaning of the sentence; and when we read farther, it appears that the Czar would be content with cessation of armament— which is really aimed at. Thereupon anxious souls are comforted; though what substantial difference there is between a general reduction of armaments and arrest of them at the point they have now come to remains to be calculated. The one means, I suppose, a *pro rata* diminution (could it only be arrived at to the satisfaction of all parties) of each armed force. By the other, nations which have already spent upon their pretty complete armaments all they can afford, may call upon less-prepared but richer nations to remain as they are, or take the chances and responsibilities of immediate conflict. It is even conceivable—I do not say that I believe it the fact—that the object of the Conference is to put these alternatives before England and the United

States. If certain of the Continental Powers see the future with the eyes of Mr Chamberlain —a future in which the affairs of the world will be entirely regulated by an Anglo-American alliance—it is certainly conceivable that they should take this line. But I only speak by way of illustration.

Should the Conference get so far as to make the attempt, it will be found that cessation of armament is nearly as difficult to settle as reduction. If the nations which have not put on their full strength are to remain at incompletion-point, are those that can do no more to come down a little? If not, why not? What is to be done about the thirty-two ships of war which the American Government has ordered to be built, as a start? Are they to represent by international agreement the utmost strength allowed to the American navy? Are the sovereign people of the United States likely to celebrate the beginning of an imperial career by acceptance of that limitation? And what of our own naval programme? Begun too late, is it to be cut short, abridged, abandoned, as one of the best of the London newspapers (albeit Radical) insists already that it ought to be? I hardly think so, nor that the ultimate solid meaning of a cessation proposal will be missed in this country. "We cannot conveniently increase our armaments at present, having other ways (not all unwarlike, however) of spending our cash and drawing on our credit. You *can* increase your armaments; therefore stop them."

But the Czar's encyclical has another object—almost as unattainable as general disarmament perhaps, but I am sure I hope not. This is the one thing in the Russian circular which every heart must open to and every good head approve. "Hundreds of millions are spent to obtain frightful weapons of destruction which, while being regarded to-day as the latest inventions of science, are destined to-morrow to be rendered obsolete by some new discovery. National culture, economical progress, and the production of wealth are either paralysed or turned into false channels of development."

Here there is only one mistake: too little emphasis on the havoc wrought by the "frightful weapons of destruction"—too much on the cost of them to the Exchequer. It is even a mistake in tactics: Count Muravieff should have seen to it more closely. Not that it is easy to exaggerate the economical slavery we are in to the invention which strays into "false channels of development." Nothing so oppressive was ever more absurd. Here in an obscure corner sits an old gentleman, Mr A., who, when his present studies are concluded, will come forth with a new rifle, a new powder, a new and more devilish kind of slaughter-machine than any yet known, and good war-stores worth millions of pounds become worthless as he passes the threshold. There in another corner sits another old gentleman, Mr B., intent on the beginnings of a discovery which, a short while hence, will sweep Mr A.'s invention off the board at a cost of many millions more. And it is not as if these triumphs of science were any monopoly or gave any advantage long. "The secret is discovered; rivalry is stimulated to surpass it; and so the nations of Europe spend millions and millions every five years to find themselves on the same plane of equality as that which they stood upon before they began to spend.

What is the gain to either side when armies confront each other with four-guinea rifles instead of eighteen-shilling muskets? What is the loss? The difference between four guineas and eighteen shillings multiplied by millions, not to speak of a more frightful expenditure of blood."

The presumably jocose advice of the writer of those words was that by international agreement any man who brings out a new engine of war shall be hanged, unless the invention be "so very novel as to diminish cost without reducing efficiency for slaughter." That is quite in the vein of the Russian circular, where also the economical consideration stands first. But I think we should endeavour no less to give effect to the other consideration, and put some limit to the ever-growing horrors of war for humanity's sake. If nothing but loss is bought by the enormously increased expense of war in cash, so there is nothing but loss from the sweeping addition of pain and death through odiously mechanical means. Thanks to the ingenuity of that placid handmaid of Civilisation, Science, the "weapons of destruction" at war's command are now about as "frightful" (I quote the circular) as they need be; and are so whether we regard their use against each other in Europe, or against outnumbering hordes in savage lands. But the handmaid is still at work—still drawing the nations nearer together, and still supplying them with more and more awful engines of mutual destruction. Ask her when she is likely to stop, and she will smilingly answer that she is only beginning.

But can the clever creature be held off from these employments? It is too doubtful. That also may be too much of a task for all the Romanoffs, and Hohenzollerns, and Goluchowskis, and Cecils, and M'Kinleys in the world. Yet there *is* something to hang a hope upon, and that is, the well-respected interdiction, by common agreement, of explosive bullets. Among my newspaper cuttings is an article (it appeared about a year ago) of which this is the point: "Since it appears that the common mind and conscience can turn so strongly against one engine of destruction that it is at once placed under interdict, I wonder whether imagination cannot be instructed to bar others which are hardly less monstrous and inhuman."

"From time to time there is a new manifestation of distress at the enormous and ever-amassing armies of Christendom. But that so many men should be soldiers is the least of the matter. As the world stands at this day, and considering all that goes to the making of a soldier, there is small reason for regret where every man must pass under military discipline. But when we turn from the barrack to the arsenal, mark what stores are there of the most awful agencies of torment and death, consider at what cost they are amassed, remember that battles fought with such base machines differ only in horror and chivalry from the conflicts of old, and reflect that invention is ever contriving some more sudden and astounding means of destruction,—then it is that we have most reason to lament the armaments of Europe. Of course I know that we cannot go back to the old days of bow and spear. It would be a blessing if the faculty of producing any weapon more hellish than the old Brown Bess could be paralysed; but it is a blessing beyond hope. Yet since in every land hundreds of scientific persons (may their wits be confounded!) are eagerly seeking to equip war with appliances yet more devilish, it is something to know that there *is* a point or two at which the conscience of mankind will not endure their ingenuities. And while arbitration-schemes, projects of general disarmament, and the like, do some-

times engage the minds of responsible statesmen, is it ridiculous to think that other things besides explosive bullets might be forbidden by agreement? Of course I do not mean anything already adopted and now awaiting use, but the tremendous improvements on them which are on the way."

Should the Conference meet (there is much shyness amongst the Governments in consenting to it), opportunity will be found for putting this question to the test—probably once for all.

* * *

When, five months ago or more, the Bishop of London sent his portentous letter to Mr Kensit, recommending him to go and worship in some other parish if he did not like the services in his own, little did Dr Creighton know how wide a flame that sparkling but strangely unepiscopal epigram would kindle. We thought we did know—thought that any intelligent looker-on with the blood and sense of the country running through him would feel at once that the Bishop had made a prodigious but not an unfortunate mistake. Not unfortunate, for these reasons. It is true, though Mr Kensit says it who is a brawler, that for years past the Church has suffered invasion by doctrines and practices which are meant to subvert, and do subvert, all that distinguishes it from the Church of Rome but one thing—rejection of the Pope's supremacy and submission to the discipline of his clergy. It is true that this work is done by an increasing number of priests in the English Church, who are thereby false to the engagements through which they planted themselves in her benefices. That therefore it cannot be considered a religious duty by any manner of priests except such as are able to reconcile dishonesty with religion. That the "alien" teaching of these same priests — the obstinate reintroduction by them of "the kind of services that brought about the Reformation," as one English prelate has said — is known to and acknowledged by their bishops; but, though acknowledged, is allowed. If, then, the broad publication of these facts alarms the Protestant spirit of the country and drives it to speak up for itself again, good! It was time. Though Protestantism is in the very bones of the people of this island—luckily for them—it has allowed itself to be intimidated of late in an almost ridiculous way. To be sure, it is a weakness that began in a respectable feeling, and only became a weakness by going too far. The respectable feeling was shame at its own intolerance. For though not more so than the other faith, Protestantism had been grossly intolerant. Of this it became ashamed to a degree which the other faith could approve without feeling the need of imitation; thence drooped into apologetic habits which continued long after every cause of offence had been purged away; and in that rather flat and ignoble condition of humility it submitted to the insolence of a fashionable evanescent æstheticism which finds most things "vulgar" and Protestantism quite too awfully so.

This state of things was quite unchanged when the publication of Dr Creighton's letter announced that it had come to an end. Obviously here was the little too much that makes all the difference in the world. In 'Maga' for June appeared the first full-scale anticipation of the coming storm, and it has been raging without abatement ever since.

Past experience has shown that

the merest question of ritual will supply matter for months of controversy; and one of the parties to this dispute—the "Catholic" party as it chooses to be called—has done its best to keep the quarrel on ritualistic ground. There this party would have been pretty safe; for it is true that the Church—meaning by that not merely Church formularies, but the whole living community of churchmen—does allow a wide range of difference in ritual. When it is said that the Reformers of the Church themselves were solicitous to include in equal freedom the Puritan spirit and that which we now call High Church, it is true and to the purpose; but it is even more to the purpose that the Church as a living community at this day is of the same mind. There is the ritual which appeals to emotion, and the service that deadens it; and we are sufficiently aware by this time that we might wrangle for ever about the dangers of the appeal on the one hand and the suppression and starvation on the other. That dispute, therefore, we are more and more willing to give up by common consent. But there are points whereat the difference between "Romanising tendencies," as suspected in ritual, and Roman Catholic teaching outright, becomes too plain for any pretence of doubt. And the farther the present quarrel in the Church is carried, the clearer it becomes that Roman doctrine most offensive to Protestantism is inculcated by many men who should be Protestant ministers, considering where and how they live.

Not that all "Romanising tendencies" even should be tolerated. One at least may be named which the controversy of the day has brought out very remarkably. Nothing about it is so striking, so startling indeed, as the tone of priestly exclusion which the "Catholic" party in our Church adopt. They write as if the whole question, whether of ritual or doctrine, were all a matter for the bishops and priests. Reading their letters in the 'Times' is like being present at some solemn service of the Papal Church—a service carried on entirely amongst the priests themselves, and as if the congregation had nothing to do with it except for the good they may happen to get as privileged spectators.

You may say that this is only a Romanising tendency, but it is too much for endurance all the same. The assumption here involved—that the priest is the Church—is the thing that called Protestantism into existence for the purpose of rejecting it. The laity are the Church also, and the most of the Church,—a Church which will revert to what it was redeemed from if the sacerdotal pretensions of the new "Catholic" priesthood are allowed the success which its whole ritual and teaching are directed to achieve. Papal ascendancy the object? no. Sacerdotal ascendancy? yes.[1]

Soon after the controversy

[1] At this moment I catch sight of the following passage in a letter from the Duke of Argyll to the 'Times.' Writing of certain proposed remedies for the present troubles in the Church, the Duke says: "One other suggestion I have seen, and that is, that the laity of the Church of England should be called on to help in the present crisis, but that they should not be allowed to interfere with doctrine. May I venture to express my conviction that this will never do? [And may we venture to say ditto to the Duke?] The laity of the English Church will never give up the power which has been hidden away

started, it was carried off into various minor questions. But anon we came to more serious matter, painfully justifying Mr Kensit in all but his brawling. By proof and admission of several kinds it is shown that the services of the English Catholic clergy go beyond "suggesting" (as we said they did) the most pronounced Roman teaching. In many cases the full doctrine of transubstantiation is declared in all that relates to the administration of the sacrament. It even appears that manuals are prepared for Sunday-school children (such as 'The St Alban's Holborn Sunday Scholars' Book,' and 'Hosanna, a Mass Book for Children') in which the same doctrine is explicitly inculcated. Other manuals bring the adoration of the Virgin into the English Church, providing prayers for her intercession on an exact Roman pattern, and also for the intercession of a multitude of saints. The practice of confession was for a little while kept dark. Now, however, the controversy rages most about this special and particular means of sacerdotal ascendancy, also brought into the English Church by her more Catholic sons. One of the foremost of them does admit that the confessor had better not be a young man—admitting much else by the concession. Another is equally delicate, no doubt; but in his 'Christian's Manual,' where confession to the priest is commended and provided for, the following suggestions for self-examination appear, according to a correspondent of the 'Times':—

"VII. Given way to impure thoughts. Listened to impure talk. Looked at impure things. Read about impure things in books or newspapers. Read the Holy Bible with impure motive. Impure words. Joined in indecent talk. Sung bad songs. Told others about impurity, and so spread evil. Persuaded others to commit impurity. Impure actions with others. Committed adultery; committed fornication. Been too free with others. Let others be too free with me. Impure actions alone. Written impure words, drawn bad pictures," &c.

When it comes to this (I do not mean the confessional alone), we must agree with the 'Times' that behind it all lies a question of serious importance to English churchmen: the question whether their national Church is in its main principle Roman or Protestant; "whether it is prepared, or should be allowed, to reaffirm that spiritual dominion of a priesthood over the consciences of men, and the grossly material view of sacramental ordinances, which the Reformers discarded."

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for them under the supremacy of the Crown. . . . The clergy must make up their minds to this. At bottom, this was the great fight of the Reformation, and the reformed will never give up the dearly bought victory they won."

Sir William Harcourt truly says, in a letter published after this article was in type: "All this mimicry of the ritual, the language, the ceremonial of the Church of Rome, the materialistic sacrament, auricular confession, has one and the same aim. It is the glorification and aggrandisement of the ecclesiastical function. It is to convert the minister of the gospel into the priest of the sacrifice."

Printed by William Blackwood and Sons.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCCXCVII. NOVEMBER 1898. Vol. CLXIV.

SOME OPINIONS.

The other day I finished reading a novel, and thought of it that on the whole it was, with few exceptions, the most interesting book in contemporary English letters which I had read for some years. Thereupon it occurred to me to consider how much such an opinion meant to me,—how far I was praising the book in question. And I came to the conclusion that I had certain opinions on the subject which I might as well write down. My apology for any intrusion there may be is, that as it always entertains me to read the criticisms pronounced on contemporary authors by others, even by those whose equipment for the purpose seems to be slight, so I may hope for some toleration of my own. After all, the subject (it may be argued) is not so wonderfully great that there need be an insuperable diffidence in approaching it. If anybody sees in the last remark the working of green jealousy, I make him a present of the fact that I too have written books of a sort: the fact does not, I think, incapacitate me from impartial judgment, and on the other hand it guarantees some knowledge; for there is no author (especially no humble author) who does not read his contemporaries.

It is a common remark that ours is an age of the arts when a great amount of intelligent mediocrity exists, and there are but few first-rate examples. A true remark, I think, of England; but it should be added in fairness that we have herein one distinct advantage over the last generation. In the art of letters, with which I am concerned, it may have had a few more largely looming names, but its tail was very much more ragged. The inane novels of aristocratic life, the fatuous, fatted, sentimental verses — we have really improved on all that. And it is the more to our credit

in that the "progress of the age" has presented us with an enormous addition to the reading public—an extremely unintelligent addition, and a great temptation to weaker brethren. Well, this new public has its prophets and prophetesses, but they are few and the intelligently mediocre are very many. I used to review a good many books, and I protest that the number of fairly pleasant and readable books which reached me was appalling—appalling at least to a person who would have preferred to sniff and pass on. Especially in novels is the standard of education — I had almost said of observation and diction, but that would be going too far — very creditable. Those innumerable novels of sham adventure and romance, how agreeable they are, and how much of our time they waste. Consider, too, what miles of contemporary verse one may read, where rhyme and metre and grammar and even sentiment are all correct and pleasing. But unfortunately an age of art is to be valued, for any useful purpose, not by its abundance of mediocrity but by its possession or lack of great achievements. And so judged, I think that this generation in England must be judged deplorable, — most deplorable, if we consider, as in justice we must, in comparison with other generations, the vast number of those who try.

We are all agreed—are we not? —that peace and plenty are the enemies of art; at least the theory is very plausible and explanatory. In literature, for certain, there has been a decline since our wars with Napoleon. But I fancy that as well as the ceasing of national danger and national effort, the damping of enthusiasm by the failure of old aspirations has been a potent cause. Liberty! how it fired our poets, and behold! a corrupt republic here, a corrupt republic there, an absurd monarchy in another place. The last generation had its enthusiasms, to be sure. No doubt the Radical who thought that cheap education and Mr Cobden and taxing landlords would lead to a prompt millennium, and who was able to ignore so happily the factories of his friends where women and children were worked all day, no doubt he was a very happy man. But somehow I do not think that his ideals were greatly inspiring to the artists. Tennyson took to dreaming of a bloodless chivalry, and Thackeray to criticising the foibles of servants and the upper classes, and Dickens to caricaturing the manners of the lower. All great artists, who have left us surely enduring achievements; but were they inspired by strong ideas? And though an even perfect artist may lack them, if the art of a generation lack them, is it great? But as for ourselves, surely we are in a worse plight in this respect. Where are even the ideas of our youth? The militant agnosticism which stimulated us lingers only in the novels of Mrs Humphry Ward. The philosophies of materialism and utilitarianism, the theory of evolution as a complete account of life, have all been found wanting, and no longer comfort our superiority. In the place of all this—I speak of the most of us—we have a little mysticism, a revival of ritual in the churches, the beginnings of a feeling for imperialism, perhaps an idea or two more. Certainly enthusiasm is at a very low ebb. And now I come to a closer consideration of contemporary letters, proposing to dogmatise thereupon

with freedom, as a brief and convenient method of advancing opinion.

Speaking of living men, and speaking roughly (as one is compelled), I maintain that in the front rank of importance we have four names only. I leave the question of great genius in the sense in which it recalls to us Sophocles or Shakespeare, and speak merely of great gifts and great (though not of necessity directly wide) influence; and the four men I mean are Mr Meredith, Mr Swinburne, Mr Rudyard Kipling, and Mr Henley. There are other men of considerable talents, in whose work the interest is great for us, their contemporaries, and the faults are few. But not to risk a definition, which in such matters as these is simply a stumbling-block to literal minds, one may venture to say that to have a place in the literature of his country, to be more than the amusement or instruction of a moment, a writer must either have a rare beauty of form or must strike a note, not necessarily a new note, but a note that has in it volume and reverberation to the ear. It is possible that some one alive of Englishmen has such a beauty, or has struck such a note beyond these four; but I am a tolerably general reader, and I have not heard of him. I am no bigot for form, although I think the increasing contempt for it among my countrymen a pity, seeing that (outside the sphere of government, where they are the only civilised people on the globe) they are savages and need restraint. Mr Kipling seems to me to be almost formless, and Mr Meredith's form is antipathetic to my predilections, which are for directness and simplicity, and there are other living poets and novelists whose form delights me more. But they are not of this company; they are not strong, they are not great, and their pleasant appeal of form is not a rare beauty.

It is convenient to keep what I may have to say of Mr Kipling and Mr Henley until the end of these remarks, because they are even more of the future—the immediate future, it may be, but still the future—than of the present, and I wish to end with an attempt at prophecy. The other two it may not become me to estimate, but one has the courage of one's task, albeit self-imposed. When I read Mr Swinburne I read the first series of the 'Poems and Ballads.' The passion is scented—I can find no nearer word—and the view of life an intolerable and raging egoism, but they are set to such music as I think his saner periods have not approached. Have we elsewhere a thing like to it? Lines as musical, here and there, we have: such a volume of music nowhere. There is beauty of form that is imperishable. Mr Meredith is the great psychologist of comedy. In a view of intellectual capacity merely, I suppose his novels are unequalled in English, are all but unequalled by any English writer, novelist or other. That he is a great artist as well I think is indisputable; but I think also that the fact is borne out by one or two only of his novels as a whole, in the rest by scenes, mainly of pure comedy, here and there. Speaking carefully, and as a lover of the great writers with whom I compare him, I think that as novels of human character Mr Meredith's are above those of Thackeray and Fielding. That would be to say that they are above all novels in English, but that Scott is a

name apart, our great writer of romance, and being surpassed in many things is in this unsurpassable. And Mr Meredith is the one great writer of comedy alive. But since such are my opinions of those two writers, it may be thought there was no call that I should deplore my generation. I may be told that a generation which produces two men of great—and possibly, in certain respects, of supreme—genius is in nowise lamentable. I bow my head and invite you to call it muddled; but my reply is that, to speak strictly, neither of these men is distinctively of this generation, of the generation that will end some twenty or thirty years hence. They are alive, and it pleased me to pay my tribute to them. But though I trust there are many years of greatness before them both, it is obvious that the most, if not the best, of their work is in the past. 'Richard Feverel' was published in 1859. Since they are not women—it is odd how that vulgarity of reticence persists — one may go freely into chronology, and point out that although Mr Henley is only some twelve years younger than Mr Swinburne, the greatest of the former's work belongs to his middle age, the greatest of Mr Swinburne's to his early manhood. The one is distinctively of this generation, the other is not. I start in reality with Mr Henley and Mr Kipling. I say nothing of great genius or comparisons with men who are dead: the perspective is too close, one may be discounted by a charge of partisanship and so forth. I say that these two are in the front rank of capacity, what we mean by considerable men. And I look down my mental list and see very wide gaps, and yet an illimitable host, and therefore, with no risk of disrespect to them, I say that the generation is lamentable. Let us consider it.

I am happy to be absolved from any criticism of contemporary philosophy by the fact that it has no claim to rank as excellent literature. From this point of view one need only say that it shows an intelligent and adequate use of language, not a forcible or felicitous one. Since Mr Froude is dead the same may be said of history. There is painstaking research, and there is a refreshing abandonment of prejudice, but there is not a noble diction, and not a line of thought which can mould the thoughts and emotions of men. We have no Gibbon, and not even a Macaulay. I am concerned with an art and not with modes of science. Again, we have no Newman, and no Jowett either. The mention of the last name brings me from theology to scholarship: the attention of our greatest scholars is fixed on nice points, and does not stray to brilliant essays and translations. Science, science everywhere, not literature. I am far from asserting that philosophy or history or scholarship, or even theology, loses from the absence of literature in its exposition: possibly they may all gain in exactness and in leisure for the things that matter more. But literature loses. For a certainty we have fine scholars; perhaps we have great philosophers and historians and theologians — I should be charmed to be convinced of it—but as contributors to literature I think Dr Johnson, in his rude way, would have called them barren rascals all.

To turn to what must be literature or nothing. The quantity of contemporary verse which I find sufficient for the day is not,

perhaps, so large as a sincere student thereof would require: I do not pretend to have a thorough knowledge of it. Judging from a partial acquaintance with it, I can find no poet beside those I have mentioned who is more than an average good workman. Mr Austin Dobson has worked in an order of verse of which the elements must be grace and wit, and has worked well in it, though possessing more of the former than the latter quality. Mr Stephen Phillips and Mr Francis Thompson have a classical sense for which one is grateful in an unclassical time. Mr Wilfrid Blunt has a sense of the world and some colour of life. Mr Bridges has written pleasant verses, and so has Mr Andrew Lang. Mr Watson was wont to write agreeable, imitative verses; he lately chose to be tried by a high standard in arraigning his country for that it was not a knight-errant, and by such a standard he was largely condemned. Mrs Meynell and Mrs Marriott Watson have given us verse that is graceful and has dignity. Mr Owen Seaman is more of a poet than many of those he has caricatured for our laughter. These are all capable names, but I doubt if one of them be considerable or may hope to be remembered. And at present I can think of no others except those for whose appraisement a needless strain would be laid on my powers of euphemism.

In critical work, and in essays generally, one has a number of names ready to one's hand. I wonder what is the exact distance between any one of them and Charles Lamb. There was a time when it was impossible to make a remark on a subject of literature without thinking or being reminded of Mr Andrew Lang. That time is past, and I cannot say I regret it. It is not well to have a dictator of letters, and this one did not (I think) use his power advisedly. A graceful and at times a somewhat invertebrate writer, I think he took less pains than it was possible to take in the ordering of his prejudices by the rules of justice. This would not have mattered in an irresponsible critic, but—if such things matter at all, and perhaps they don't—in a critic of wide influence, direct and indirect, it mattered a good deal. The prejudices were not unamiable in themselves, being mainly those of "the gentlemanly interest," but they were hardly presented in a manner conforming: Mr Lang was snappish, in fact, and time does not seem greatly to have mellowed him. As a writer on ghosts and the Jacobites one reads him, as one has always read him, with much pleasure, but he is hardly one of the great essayists. Learned and useful essayists we have in Mr Saintsbury and Mr Gosse. The rare promise which is based on the union of sight and thought we have in Mr Steevens. Mr Charles Whibley still flashes upon us, from time to time, and thereby refreshes us, for, whether right or wrong, he possesses the rare quality of knowing what he thinks. There are a score of other critics whom we read from time to time, critics of precise information like Mr Fitzmaurice Kelly, critics dashing and wild like Mr Cunninghame Graham. One is grateful to them, one compliments them, one salaams to them; but one cannot call them, as yet, more than serviceable and highly to be commended. And on the other hand there are hundreds of critics—you all tell me of one—in the papers and elsewhere who pile platitude

on truism, and summarise the plots of novels, and run riot over false sentiment, and never see a joke, and make life a weariness and a desolation. Stay—there is Mr Bernard Shaw, another man who knows what he thinks, though he does not always say it. He is a jester *malgré lui:* people shriek with laughter whenever he opens his mouth, and all the while he is a great philosopher, and really believes that the world has been recreated by Dr Ibsen. I am glad he occurred to me, for the thought of him braces me to a stupendous effort. I have taken another pen, and am going to write of novels.

I said stupendous, because I thought of the clamorous crowds of novelists — of novelists filling trains and swarming over omnibuses, and holding mass meetings in the streets. I thought of them quoted like stocks in one paper, and solemnly chronicled by their little journeys and visits in another. I thought of their multitude, and their biographies, and the silly fuss that is made about them. But there is a serious side to the matter, for this form of writing is the form of the day, and attracts everybody. As it has been remarked of most other fields of human endeavour, it is very easy to write a bad novel and very difficult to write a good one. The former fact accounts for the illimitable host, the latter for my conclusion, no doubt. But he who would estimate contemporary letters must read novels often and carefully, for it is certain that the ingenious and aspiring writers among us, as well as the idle fools and merely ambitious incapables, sooner or later write a novel, and generally write nothing else.

That novels are collectively so important a fact may account for the serious and unsmiling mood of novelists. To say nothing of comedy, none but a very few of them would seem to have a sense of humour. They abound in sociological theorems and great thoughts and conscientious attention to the miseries of the poor, but comic feeling is sadly to seek among them. Is it the weight of their office or is it the present condition of the race? Perhaps the latter, for I notice that the wider the popularity, the more solemn and unsmiling, as a rule, is the novel. Those works of Mr Hall Caine and Miss Corelli which I have read are without a smile, without even a grin. But we Anglo-Saxons have not been civilised out of our humours, which indeed appear even in these very solemn novels; and the appreciation of humours, which is called humour, cannot be dead among us either. It must be that the novelists are oppressed by their importance or their ambition. When Mr Zangwill took to novels, he ceased entirely to be a funny man.

In comedy as in psychology—and the best of the former implies the latter — Mr Meredith stands alone. Such comedy as the scenes in the country-house in 'Evan Harrington,' with its wonderful and delightful Countess, or as the great complication scene in 'The Egoist,' has not been approached by any living writer, and in my opinion has not been equalled in the century. From the stage comedy, except for a few revivals of old plays and some scenes of comedy in plays of a different order, may be said practically to have disappeared. Some few of our novelists have a sense of humour: Mr Barrie's is tickling, and in 'Sentimental Tommy' is profound. Mr Kenneth Grahame's —he is not a novelist, but classifi-

cation by function is too difficult here to be worth one's while,—Mr Grahame's is as a draught of new milk to a spent wayfarer, and Mr Norris's as a very light champagne. Mr Anstey, our one really funny man, on whom we rely for a curiously exact and a well-selected observation, writes farce of the finest quality; but none of these, and hardly one of other humorous writers I could name, writes comedy. And that is what gave its great interest to me in the novel I referred to in my first line, which was Mrs Craigie's ("John Oliver Hobbes's") 'School for Saints.' There was undoubted comedy in this novel, comedy delicate and yet forcible. I will begin my little appreciations of the novelists whose works I know best and who seem to me our most important with Mrs Craigie.

She is brilliantly imitative. In her first books she imitated Mr Meredith, in this last she imitates Disraeli. The change is an advantage, I think; for Disraeli's manner of presentment is, if I may say so—and, after all, his novels are some of the most brilliant in the language,—more within her grasp than was Mr Meredith's. Neither imitation is anything but a credit to her. It is stupid pedantry to deny that a work of art may be fine and yet not original even in the details of its presentment. I will substitute "is inspired by" for "imitates," however, if the phrase be thought more agreeable. It may be better to be distinctive than to be imitative or minutely inspired by a great exemplar; but certainly the latter case is a thousand times better than to be one of the thousand mediocrities who are only not called imitative because the models of their happy-go-lucky verbiage are so many. Mrs Craigie is brilliantly clever, is witty, is humorous, can assimilate the spirit, has a shrewd eye for character and manners, can write comedy. At present I think her ambition of psychological explanation overleaps her capacity. She is plainly a student of abstract philosophy and (I surmise) something of a scholar; but in spite of some profound reflections she has made, her equipment is not yet equal to a thorough explanation of real flesh and blood. 'Who's Who?'—a compilation which entertains me for hours at a time—informs me that Mrs Craigie is young, and I guess from her books that she is still a student: the question how far she will go is to me perhaps the most interesting of any suggested by a contemporary novelist. Intellectually, hardly one—Mr Meredith apart—is her equal beside Mr Henry James. And she has pleasant fancies: the idea of introducing Disraeli into a novel that almost might have been written by himself was delightful. In fact my goodwill is so great that I will venture on a little advice. Unless my own ear for dialogue is at fault, which is absurd, Mrs Craigie's needs a more strict attention from her: in more than one of her books, and in her play, I have noted phrases unsuited to the sort of person supposed to use them. And she should remember that we are all the slaves of our times and our standards: such a convention as that of the impossibly detailed letters in the 'School for Saints,' though one used by Scott, must cause irritation to us, and in this case, while not decreasing the interest of the book, largely spoiled the illusion of the novel. It is said that Mrs Craigie has been intrusted with the papers and is

to write the life of Disraeli. The task of explaining to the Anglo-Saxon mind the public man least understood by it since Bolingbroke is one of extraordinary greatness and difficulty: I wish her a prosperous course with it.

The novelist — I except Mr Meredith throughout these remarks—who has the highest faculty of analysis and ratiocination generally is Mr Henry James. He is a very bold writer. No detail of thought or emotion or incident is small enough to frighten him if it come in his course. Patiently, with subtlety and unceasing care, he considers every one. The effect is extremely interesting, and an agreeable exercise for the higher faculties of one's mind. No one who can understand him can ever think Mr James a mediocrity. His construction is always careful and full of intention. His appeal is to sincere and intelligent thought. For one's fancy and imagination his novels have less value. Once or twice he has struck on our emotions suddenly and as with a battle-axe: he did this in 'The Other House' in a manner which to me had the effect of a tea-cup comedy suddenly turned into an Elizabethan tragedy. But, as a rule, he guides us courteously through a world where nothing happens and only the half of things is said—the description is probably unoriginal — a sympathetic world to me, but not, it may be, the best of all possible worlds for a novelist with all the qualities. He shares, if he does not divide, with Mrs Craigie the honour of writing comedy—comedy less rippling and more profound. It is cause for great regret that Mr James, who had the will, had not more encouragement to write for the stage. "The comic muse, long sick, now lies a-dying," wrote Garrick a century and a quarter since. The merry dame seems to have been laid under a huge monument of sentiment against her resurrection. I do not forget Mr Wilde's plays: they were the plays of a fine wit, one of the finest of our time, but they were not constructed as comedies. Nor Mr Bernard Shaw: he has written a delightful farce and at least one strong play of character—it has not been acted—but he has not written comedies. Nor Mrs Craigie's play: I thought it unworthy of her, though something rare in the way of our theatre. Nor Mr Pinero's plays, nor Mr Jones's: I think their comedy, even though one laughs at it, is mostly farce. I wish Mr James would give the poor stage another opportunity.

Another novelist of intellect is Mrs Humphry Ward. She observes types and appearances, and is eminent in the creation of unpleasant women. The lady called Marcella is, I think, only a degree less odious than the aggressive and unreasonable heroine of 'Helbeck of Bannisdale.' There was also a minx of the most horrid type in 'Sir George Tressady.' These are clever creations, but they do not balance the mistaken themes. It is very silly to object to a novel for having a "problem," religious or other; all things are food for it, and every novel must have a problem of some sort. But Mrs Humphry Ward's choice of themes has on one the effect of being present at the exhumation of Mr Huxley. We are Christians or we are not, but we are not "anti" anything nowadays, and religious animosity is confined to illiterate persons who brawl in churches—if one may credit them with it. We cannot feel those soul-searchings to which Mrs Ward incites our attention. But her novels are more effectually

spoiled by the men in them. They look very well, but they neither act nor talk as men. It is a pity, for one sees in these novels infinite pains. But we are agreed now that infinite pains is not genius.

Religion plays a large part in Mr George Moore's last novel, and I suppose it will in his next. His problem is a far more important and interesting one than Mrs Ward's, being the relation of religion to art and of both to sexual feeling. I am sorry to think it is above Mr Moore's capacity to deal with it thoroughly: it would be above the capacity of most of us, to be sure. It implies much advance of ambition in Mr Moore. He began by chronicling, minute by minute, the simplest actions of daily life, and by describing the minutiæ of furniture. That habit, which came, I suppose, from admiration of M. Zola, clings to him still; but he has added to it an enthusiasm for moral ideas, which he rightly considers an important element in coherent art—he has stated the fact with more emphasis, as his way is. 'Evelyn Innes' is, I think, a decline from 'Esther Waters,' which was reporting of high excellence and sympathy at times profound. Whereas in 'Evelyn Innes' his accuracy has at times deserted him, and sympathy, his best quality, is sometimes merged in abstract questions, not very profitably discussed. He is difficult reading—not that he is very subtle, but because one often doubts what meaning he may attach to words and sentences. He writes English as though he had learned it with much labour—but that is better than our slipshod hosts. He always attracts me. The sympathy I have noticed is sincere, and extends, as an artist's should, to every person and every thing in his books. And there is in him a sort of naïve quality that is vastly pleasant: he seems to look upon the world with wondering eyes, like a child. And of Mr George Moore let so much have been said.

Mr Barrie's humour has a quality of its own: its combination of a peculiar tenderness with a virile freedom from sentimentalism, with an acceptance, as it were, of the facts of life, is a thing of which the exact likeness is unknown to me. I do not refer, of course, to his earlier humour, that of 'My Lady Nicotine' and so forth,—humour that was very well to furnish forth journalistic articles,—but to the humour of 'The Window in Thrums' and the books which followed it. (The earlier humour sometimes comes back unhappily, and might as well be tied down in its grave.) 'The Little Minister' was, I thought, hardly so great a book as some good critics thought it, and the play made out of it was unworthy of Mr Barrie. But 'Sentimental Tommy' was unique: the childhood of an artist in all its probable pathos was never better done.

I am growing lengthy about novels, and must labour to be brief. I could write much in praise of Mr Gissing and Mr Keary, true realists both. I could write a long essay about contemporary romances alone, but it would not be an essay in praise. Frankly, I think them poor stuff, as a rule; and it is from no incapacity for romantic sympathy on my part, since I re-read most of Sir Walter every year. But these imitations of him and of Dumas bore me. I can never rid myself of the idea that the adventures have been evolved by some obscure process of mathematics. Mr Anthony Hope adds to the

process a style of some distinction, with now and then a happy touch of Sterne in it. But I get no illusion of his fairyland Ruritania, and when he tried himself at history, in 'Simon Dale,' my knowledge of the period, on which I prided myself, seemed to contradict him. I think it a pity he deserted the novel of character, for 'The God in the Car' was a good book. Mr Conan Doyle's romances, 'Rodney Stone' and so forth, seem to be a result of notebooks with all the facts of a period contained in a few not very recondite authorities carefully worked in. He, too, deserted an earlier field for this sort of fiction, and I prefer 'Sherlock Holmes,' though the detective-story trick is of a simple ingenuity and has been worked to death. One of the best romances of its kind I have read of these contemporaries is 'The Courtship of Morrice Buckler,' by Mr Mason—a romance with excitement in it, and atmosphere, and genuine dialogue, although I think Mr Mason was ill-advised in making his hero something of an idiot. I write of living men, but I cannot choose but say a word of regret that the author of 'Weir of Hermiston' did not live to hold the torch of romance strongly and brightly aloft, and to show, as he showed so often, that this noble form of imagination, which has in its time comprehended all other forms of novels from the picaresque to the psychological, and which so much genius has served, does not exclude thought and reason and beauty of speech. For our sham revivals of cloak and dagger are poor things.

Some capable writers of short stories we have, Mr Marriott Watson among them, distinguished and careful withal, and Mr Morrison, the uncompromising observer. But you could tell me of a hundred names I might have mentioned in this or that connection: no doubt I shall think of many for myself—think of them with sorrow when I read these opinions in print. Very likely I shall think of writers whose work I sincerely admire and have forgotten for the moment. I think at present of many whose work I sincerely detest, but it is not necessary for my purpose to express these dislikes. It is enough to say that, as everybody will admit, there are several writers whose wide vogue shows a deplorable taste in a section of the people. It was to be expected, and it does not matter. Art is not a democratic thing: its abasement cannot affect its proper service, and still less its exaltation.

I believe, however, that I have mentioned most of the names of those whose work in literature is important and to be considered. Among them I have mentioned many writers who have distinguished attainments or distinguished faculties. They are writers for whom we are grateful, and they supply the generation with an average which is creditable enough. But they are not great writers: there is not supreme beauty or a clear strong note in one of them. I think it is the fault of the times and of the history of the English for three-quarters of a century. The argument is old, no doubt, and it does not cover all the ground. But its plausibility, its corroboration in the history of the nation and its art in other ages, is such as to bring conviction. We are not now concerned with the greater question: it may be that a lack of great men in letters is a little price to pay for national comfort

and security. The English will never be an artistic people; and the argument does not concern the public taste, which now, though far worse than it was in Elizabethan and Stuart times, is better than it was in our last great wars. The argument concerns the great men who are inspired, however indirectly, by national stress and effort; and it is true to say that while the nation has grown fat and slept, or has been stirred by a short war here and there only as one who turns in his sleep, it has reached a period when its best food in things æsthetic is little but intelligent mediocrity.

But now the tide is turning. The signs of the times are such that even one whose knowledge of affairs is altogether indirect may hope to read them, and they point without doubt to great wars and convulsions. That England will have to fight a great Power, and if so, then more than one, within the lives of us who are only middle-aged, is known to be the sure opinion of our statesmen. It may come in a few years, and it cannot be delayed for a generation. It may be impious to hope for such a war; but who can doubt that it will do us good as a people if, as there is happily a good chance, we come out of it conquerors? Who can doubt that we shall sweat out the bad blood which loves charlatans and tolerates incompetence, and is beguiled by cant of every sort? And who but hopes that it will give us great men, as wars and convulsions have given us before, in letters and in more important things?

If such a time is coming, it has a worthy harbinger in the poetry of Mr Kipling and Mr Henley. For theirs is the poetry of fighting men, and it seems to me prophetic. In both, of course, the fighting spirit proceeds first from temperament, and in both it has been reinforced by circumstance: in Mr Kipling's case by knowledge of soldiers and their work, in Mr Henley's by a prolonged fight with sickness—which would have killed the fighting spirit in a weaker man—as we know from his poems. Both are versatile writers, and as Mr Kipling's note is the same in his stories and his poems, so, when all exigencies are allowed, is Mr Henley's in his poems and his criticisms. It is the note of manhood, which applauds action, endeavour, achievement; despises flabbiness, pretence, and posturing. I do not propose to criticise either in detail. Mr Kipling writes, in all his best work, with a happy clarity and something in the manner of one telling tales to children: he is easy to understand — except for his terrific knowledge of technicalities —and there is little to keep his genius from the crowd. Mr Henley, on the other hand, is impatient of intellectual sloth, and writes for his intellectual equals—only a very few of his poems will ever reach the crowd. But the crowd is reached indirectly, and Mr Henley has influenced too many men of ability to miss his influence there also. I can quote neither author, by the way, for an exception in comedy's favour. Mr Kipling's humour is of the sledge-hammer sort; and Mr Henley, keenly appreciating it in others, has confined his own to the plays he wrote with Mr Stevenson. I think Mr Kipling is rather a force than a poet—his strongest work is often just inspired doggerel and nothing more: Mr Henley, the finer poet, is the weaker force. But the important thing is that

both strike this note of manhood, the fighting note, so clearly and strongly, and that both have so ardent a following, in the same quarters and in quarters very different. Of course, like any other example, this one also may be traduced in imitation. It is possible to confound manhood with mere malehood, and strength with bluster, and this has been done, here and there, offensively. There is a cant of hardihood as well as of flabbiness, and a sentimentality of both. But even the cant and the bluster, being made for effect, show that the influence of the mean, of which they are a vicious extreme, is strong. There are many signs that this fighting note is one sympathetic to the time. We see it in the revolt against sentimentalism and the cant of humanitarianism — verily these dogs have bad names. Even the finer shades of sentimentalism —as that of Thackeray, who owed his popularity to that and not to his fine style and his abundant humour—do not appeal to us as they did. There is a sign in our increasing regard for our soldiers — in the great vogue of Lord Roberts's book, which, by the way, is literature. Even the craze for sham romance is a sign, although it is hardly likely to continue in a time of stress and real danger. But if such a time is coming, we look to it for more than a literature of fighting. It is to stir us in all directions and bring forth greatness everywhere. It is to give us statesmen and a free hand to the governors of our empire; it is to silence ignorance and false sentiment and sympathy with our enemies, abroad or those of our household. And especially in the regions of fancy and emotion it is to give us poets of every sort, and great novels, great essayists, and great comedies. We shall call it an evil thing, and none but fools will enter upon it with a light heart, but it will hold great gifts for us or our children.

A. B. C. D.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHILD.[1]

CHAPTER VI.—GRANDFATHER CAMERON.

THE unhappiest little child that ever drew breath has immediate compensations between the dark hours undreamed of by elders. One of the persons that lent the relief of sparkle to those sombre months, and by whose aid I wandered blithely enough down the sunny avenues of imagination, which, like a straight road running into the sky, lead to Paradise, was my Scottish grandfather.

Grandpapa was a sad-visaged little gentleman, not in the least like his formidable daughter. He had very dark eyes, and he often assured me that Stevie got his beautiful red-brown hair from him. I needed the assurance pretty frequently, for grandpapa's hair was white. He proudly drew my attention to the fact that there was not a bald spot, however.

In all ordinary matters of existence, grandpapa was of a happy facility. He tolerated every error, every crime, I believe, except a false note or an inferior taste in music. He loved me, not because of the accuracy of my ear, for I had none to speak of, but because of my instinctive passion for music. Still, in middle life, I can say there never has been for me a grief that could resist the consolation of music well interpreted.

If grandpapa found me in a corner white and dejected, he asked no questions,—he wished to be in ignorance of his daughter's domestic affairs, which was the reason, I suppose, he so sedulously avoided the society of my stepfather—but he took me off with him to hear music or singing somewhere. In winter he took me to the pantomime, and we sat in the pit, and he indulged me with an orange to suck.

In the Dublin season he took me to the Opera or the Opera-Bouffe with equal readiness. Sometimes there were morning or afternoon concerts, and I sat out with exemplary gravity sonatas and concertos or part-singing, and woke up to genial comprehension of the ballads and simple melodies.

Grandpapa had one great charm. He never spoke to me as a child, and I rarely understood the tenth of his talk. That was why, no doubt, as a personage grandpapa appealed so delightfully to my imagination. He was a mystery, a problem, a permanent excitement. A month or a year—perhaps, to be more accurate, a month—would elapse without my seeing him, and then suddenly he would again enter the chaos of dreams and visions, a smiling dark-eyed old gentleman, with a long black cloak flung round his shoulder and a slouched felt hat that left revealed his abundant white hair.

He would place a finger on his lip and say, "Hush!" so mysteriously, looking round the room. How well I, who lived in such fear of my mother's presence, understood that attitude and look.

I have since been assured that grandpapa was a harmless lunatic.

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If so, he made lunacy more attractive to a child than sanity.

"Hush! I have that to say to you, child, which common ears may not hear. These people call me Cameron. But, Angela, my real name is Hamlet. I was born at Elsinore. I will take you to Elsinore some day. It is far away in a country called Denmark. You yourself, Angela, look like a Dane, with your yellow hair and blue eyes. Come, there is a concert at Earlsfort Terrace. They play Bach. I will take you."

Could anything be more calculated to win a child's esteem and reverence than this assertion that the world knew him by a false name?—that he was really quite another person from the person they believed him to be? Then, what sonorous words, Hamlet, Elsinore! Denmark I liked less—it sounded more like an everyday place—but Elsinore was as good as a fairy-tale in its awful beauty.

I asked him if you went in a ship over the sea to Elsinore, as Mary Jane told me you went to America; and when he nodded and said "Yes," I got to imagine there was no everyday sunlight on the sea as the ship crossed it to Elsinore, but the lovely white light I had seen at the theatre when the fairies danced, and all the people in the ship wore beautiful garments of white and green gauze, and there was soft music all the way, and the water shone like silver.

What I could not understand was why I should be a Dane because my eyes were blue, when grandpapa's, who was so obviously more of a Dane than I, were black. But grandpapa always frowned, and an odd flame shot into his mild glance, if you asked him questions.

He gave you facts, and expected you to make what you could of them. He was unreasonably proud, I thought, of his Scottish blood, all the same. He was a Highlander, he said, while my grandmother, he explained contemptuously, was a Glasgow lass. My uncle Douglas, he added, favoured his side, while my mother was a blonde Ferguson. Pity it was an intelligent little girl like me did not take more after the Camerons; but I had my uncle Douglas's nose, and with a Cameron nose I need never fear the future.

This was surely an excess of faith on my grandfather's side not justified by experience. He had been only saved from the poor-house by a thrifty and judicious if hard-hearted wife, while my splendid uncle Douglas, with his curly head of Greek god, had wandered from debt to every expensive caprice, and was drowned sailing a little pleasure-boat on one of the Killarney lakes at the inappropriate age of twenty-four.

The Cameron nose has done as little for his young brother, my uncle Willie. I have always loved the image I have made to myself of my boy-uncle Willie, chiefly, I suppose, because of his brilliant promise and early death; but largely, I believe, because not only grandpapa Cameron, but others who remember him, tell me I resemble him in character and feature.

They say it was his death, coming so soon after the blow of uncle Douglas's doom, that turned my grandfather's brain. Willie had been articled to a well-known architect, who, being musical like my grandfather, was interested in his musical friend's bright-faced and witty lad, with about as much knowledge of music as a healthy puppy. This lamentable deficiency,

however, brought about no disastrous clash between master and pupil.

The distinguished architect loved Willie Cameron for his good-humour, his industry, his quickness, and his impromptu jingling rhymes. He made everything rhyme with a delicious comic absurdity, even the technical terms of his profession, and in consequence no one was jealous of the master's preference for his funny Scottish pupil. You see, he was so much more of an Irish than a Scottish lad. Born on Irish soil, he seems to have inherited the best of native virtues, and was universally beloved. Even his eldest sister, who never sinned on the side of tenderness, could not speak of uncle Willie without a smile.

So there were universal congratulations when Willie, barely of age, got his first commission. No one accused the architect of favouritism, though the first commission of a son could not have been of greater moment to him. Uncle Willie posted triumphantly off to the country, and the master told him to telegraph for his presence in the event of doubt or difficulty. The season was wet, and uncle Willie reached his inn that night drenched and shivering. They put him into damp sheets. The next day was no drier, and uncle Willie drove off on a car in the rain. It was his last drive alive. Ten days later what remained of him was driven to the cemetery amid plumes and crape and white flowers.

It was curious that while grandpapa Cameron was always ready to speak of his handsome son Douglas, of Willie, whom he loved best, he only spoke to me once,—that was when he showed me a blurred indefinite boy's picture, and curtly told me it was my uncle Willie's portrait, and added, dreamily, that I was the only one of his grandchildren who resembled Willie.

That fact, perhaps, had more to do than my musical proclivities with his preference for me. He would give me five-shilling pieces from time to time, and beg me "not to mention it." I took the pieces gratefully, pleased with their brightness and largeness; but I own I found pennies more useful. A child can buy almost anything for a penny, but the only use of a silver five-shilling piece seemed to me to be able to look at it from time to time. Had I known anything of arithmetic, I might have calculated how many pennies were contained in these big silver pieces, and have changed them for an inexhaustible store of my favourite coin.

But I was not clever enough to think of this, and by the time I was sent across the sea to school in Warwickshire a year later, I had as many as six five-shilling pieces in a box, which then did stout service in supplying cakes and sweets.

Grandpapa Cameron lived in a little cottage out of town, with a long back-garden, where he spent his time cultivating roses. He had a disagreeable old cook and a red-nosed gardener, and he saw no society but a couple of priests, who took it in turn to drop in of an evening to play cribbage.

On Sunday he went to the one church where Mozart's and Beethoven's masses were sung. Once a new hardy organist with a fanciful French taste introduced Gounod.

My grandfather's face changed. He cocked an indignant ear, turned abruptly in his seat facing the altar, and looked long and angrily up at the choir. The horrid and sentimental strains of Gounod continued, and, unable to bear it any

longer, my grandfather clapped his hat over his eyes, with a disregard for the religious prejudices of his neighbours no less brutal than the new organist's disregard for his musical sensibilities.

He walked out of church, and meditated upon his protest for a week. When I mention my belief that my grandfather had only become a convert from Scottish Presbyterianism to Roman Catholicism because of Mozart's and Beethoven's masses, it will be recognised what a desperately serious matter this impertinent introduction of light French music into church was for him.

He succeeded in gathering a cluster of musical maniacs, one of whom was his friend the distinguished architect. The four planted themselves, with arms folded and furious purpose in their eyes, not in the least like Christians come to Sunday prayers, but like heroes bent upon showing an uncompromising front to injury. They heard in silence the opening roll of the organ, then the thin sweetness of Monsieur Gounod's religious strains filled the church, and the faithful sat up to listen to the Kyrie Eleison.

A distinct and prolonged hiss burst from the lips of the four musical maniacs, and my grandfather began to pound his stick upon the floor with an eloquence that left no one in doubt as to how he would treat the organist's head if he had it within reach. The officiating priests glanced round in surprise and astonishment. People rubbed their eyes, and wondered if they were dreaming.

There sat the four maniacs, hissing, booing, knocking their sticks on the floor, and "oh-ing" as they do in the House of Commons. Surprise was effaced in consternation, and a priest came down to the miscreants from the altar.

"Let that fellow stop his French nonsense and we'll stop too," shouted my grandfather. "I've been coming to this church for the past twenty-five years, and during that time have paid bigger fees than any of my neighbours. Why? Because there was a decent feeling for music here. Because you respected yourselves and gave us the best. But if you're going to degrade yourselves and follow an ignoble fashion and adopt French fads—well, sir, I swear I'll wreck the church—I will indeed."

The fight ended in my grandfather's defeat, and he never put his foot again into church. He carried his indignation so far as to insult an old French acquaintance, Monsieur Pruvot, the manager of a large wine house. Still sore upon the triumph of Gounod, he was accosted affably by Monsieur Pruvot, who cried out to him, waving his hat—

"How do you do, my dear Monsieur Camerone?"

"My name's Cameron, and I'm Mister, none of your damned French Monsieurs, Mr Pruvot," roared my grandfather, pronouncing the mute *t* of the Frenchman's name with a vicious emphasis.

It is easy to imagine the amazement of the Frenchman, in ignorance of the Beethoven-Gounod episode, and who until then had always found my grandfather a genial and inoffensive neighbour. He made, by way of insinuating concession to wrath, a complimentary remark upon "this charming little town of Dublin," pronouncing it in the French way.

"We call it Dublin, sir. Yes; I've no doubt it is a finer town than your native Bordox. I see no reason, sir, why we in Dublin

should treat your town with a courtesy you, residing here, deny ours. If you can't learn to say Dublin, we may well decline to say Bordeaux. A very good morning, Mr Pruvot."

Poor grandpapa Cameron! This was his last battle on earth, either in the interests of Beethoven or Dublin. A few days later he was found in bed with his face to the wall—dead.

CHAPTER VII.—PROFILES OF CHILDHOOD.

The flow of the day in my city home is lost for me. But pictures and portraits stand out, sometimes blurred, sometimes surprisingly distinct, upon a confused background. There was food enough for curiosity and dreaming in the pauses of suffering. I must have lived for several days in an enchanted world solely by the single glimpse I had of my godfather.

He had sent me a present of a book about cocks and hens, largely illustrated. I was sitting in the store-room poring over it in the dreary society of Mrs Clement, the new housekeeper. The previous one, Mrs Dudley, I remember vaguely as a stern unsympathetic person, with crimped iron-grey hair under a voluminous cap trimmed with puce ribbons. She once forced me to swallow a Gregory-powder in a delusive snare of black-currant jam. I must have swallowed medicines before and since, and yet the taste and smell and look of that nauseous powder are still with me whenever my mind reverts to those days. Hence my delight when I learned that Mrs Dudley was going away, and my cordial welcome of her successor, Mrs Clement.

"So she's in here," somebody cried, rapping with a stick upon the door ajar.

I looked up from my book and saw a wonderful sight, of which I was afterwards vividly reminded in a French school by a picture of the famous "Postillon de Longjumeau," a jaunty figure with a pointed black beard and a tall wide-brimmed hat on one side. He bore himself gallantly, wore top-boots, a long coat with several little capes to it, and carried a smart riding-whip in his hand. This was my godfather.

I had never seen him before, and to my lasting regret I have never seen him since. He was out in '48, was proscribed, and had wandered about strange lands. He died in China, having first sent my mother a pretty case of Imperial tea, which she distributed in minute portions to all her friends, measuring the tea out with a small silver egg-cup. As fast as each consumed her portion, she returned for another, and as my mother had always a greater pleasure in giving than in receiving, my godfather's present was soon exhausted.

I remember being swung up in the air and shrieking in pretended fright, for children, sensational and dramatic little creatures, must persuade themselves there is an element of peril and adventure in their tamest diversions. Not to imagine oneself afraid is to miss the peculiar zest of enjoyment.

When I was seated gravely on his knee, my godfather asked me to spell out a few lines of his book.

"Cocks and hens—eh? Just suit a little girl from the country," he laughed, helping me to hold the book.

"I had a little dog at Mamma

Cochrane's. I liked it better than cocks and hens," I protested meekly.

"Wants a dog now, does she? Queer little woman! She's still too pale, Mrs Clement, much too pale and thin. Fretting for her Mamma Cochrane, I suppose. Well, I'll see if I can't get her a nice dog with curly hair, that'll cry 'Bow-wow' when you pull its tail. Know where China is, missy?"

I had heard of a china doll, and my Mamma Cochrane had two beautiful black-and-white china dogs. I supposed at once that China was a land where the dogs and dolls were all of china, and I wondered if the people were of china too. My godfather laughed as only a big man with a beard seems to be able to laugh. I was sure you could hear him down in the hall and up in the nursery. It was very comforting, that loud laugh, and I became instantly communicative, and told him all I knew about America and New York. He said it took a much bigger boat to go to China, which was farther off than New York, and that there were crocodiles in the rivers that ate men, and there was so much sunshine that the people were quite yellow.

After that, whenever it was unusually sunny, I was safe to astonish somebody by saying I supposed it was always like that in China. Somehow, the image of my jovial godfather was melted in a great glare of yellow light, through which yellow faces came and went, up and down long rivers, where unknown monsters, understood to be crocodiles, tossed about in a ruthless quest of man.

Mrs Clement, the housekeeper, is another portrait that stands out in luminous relief from a crowd of unremembered faces. Her dress was seemingly as unalterable as a uniform. It consisted of a black silk gown, very wide at the base and gathered in at a slim waist, a white lawn fichu trimmed with delicate lace, and fastened with a gold brooch containing the features of a young man with a dark moustache.

I never dared to ask her who the young man was. She was kind to me, but she kept me at arm's-length by her terrible sadness, and infant curiosity was the last thing she encouraged. Her face was pale, her thin yellow hair was pale, and her blue eyes were pale. Those faded hues suited the melancholy of her smile and regard.

Seeing me persecuted and unhappy, she took me under her protection, and would let me sit for hours at her feet in the store-room, while she mended linen.

I read to her, and when I was tired of reading I told her stories of my past. Like grown-up mourners, it relieved me to talk of my sorrow and describe the paradise down there beside the pond and the applewoman's stall.

She listened with mild interest, and I was not so engrossed in my own troubles as not to remark the sadness of Mrs Clement. The children up-stairs were sure she had committed some dreadful murder, and was brooding in remorseful reminiscence. They did not like her, because she once scolded them for their treatment of me; but nothing they could say would induce me to think ill of my melancholy friend, and I continued to sit at her feet and watch her in wonder and awe.

Her niece Eily came into our service shortly afterwards. She had a beautiful fresh face like a wild-flower, made up of sweet dark-blue eyes, a blossom of a

mouth, and morning hues upon her cheek. She was a girl made to beguile sense and sternness, and transform the lion to a lamb. Everybody immediately loved her, she had such a delicious way of saying "Ah, sure!" and lifting up a pair of the most Irish of eyes in bewitching appeal.

My parents adopted her as a sort of daughter, and a mere hint of a lover at her heels was enough to wake the Quixote in my stepfather. They married her afterwards to a promising young Englishman, my father giving her away and my mother supplying the trousseau.

The Englishman was so enamoured of all things Irish that he gave the most flagrantly Hibernian names to his children, in opposition to Eily's romantic tastes, who adored every out-of-the-way name of fiction. When I met them, years afterwards, his affected drawl and pretty suspicion of lisp managed to give a foreign charm to our common name "Paddy," by which the eldest boy was called.

Eily's face was just the same wild-flower, a little faded and drawn, and "Ah, sure!" was still on the tip of her tongue in all the beguiling glamour of Erin. But what a sad change! Tears looked fatally near the surface, and the smile was deprecating and anxious.

She had fallen from petted servitude into troubled servitude, and longed for the clatter of her aunt's household keys among the linen and china and preserve-presses of the store-room. She longed for my stepfather's cheery "Well, Eily, little puss," and instead had to listen to an exacting husband's complaints of her deficiencies as housekeeper and sick-nurse. He had married a bird, and grumbled incessantly because it lacked the solid capacities of a cow.

"And your aunt, Eily?" I asked.

"Poor aunt died long ago. She never recovered the death of her only child, Frank, who was drowned going out to America."

So the young man in the brooch was Mrs Clement's son, after all, and her melancholy, that had so puzzled my childhood, was not the gloom of remorse but the stamp of a common bereavement.

By the side of my grandfather's avenue of rose-trees ran a neighbour's garden. My grandfather was on nodding terms with his neighbour; but there sometimes came a bright-faced lad with a blonde down upon his upper lip. His name caught my fancy, and I thought a fairy prince could not have a finer one. It now represents to the world a figure so very different from the vague but pleasant profile memory likes to dwell upon, that I permit myself to doubt if that kind boy and the O'Donovan Rossa of New York can be the same person.

The stripling I remember seems to me to have been eternally singing or whistling. I specially remember one song he was fond of —"Love among the Roses."

He would look across the low hedge and sing out, "Where's my little wife?" I kept it as a delightful secret from all the world that I was married to a boy called O'Donovan Rossa. The world is a cold confidant in such delicate matters, and has a way of looking as if it did not take little children seriously.

But O'Donovan Rossa had a little sister of his own whom he loved devotedly, so he knew all about little girls and their ways, and appeared to understand my

conversation. So few grown-up people do understand the conversation of children, and children know this.

He would spring over the hedge just like a mythical personage, and tumble unexpectedly on the grass-plot beside me, and my daisy-chains were matter of absorbing interest to him. Then what stories he had about blue dragon-flies, humming-birds, and bewitched crows! You may imagine if I looked forward to visits to grandpapa Cameron's cottage, with such a prospective attraction.

I did not disdain the rougher friendship of Dennis, my grandfather's gardener. He was a cheery individual with a very red face. He once gave me an orange and a penny when I arrived with cheeks and eyelids swollen from crying, with a conviction that I could bear my sorrows no longer. I ate my orange, and suddenly the world seemed brighter, and when I went off alone to purchase a pennyworth of crab-apples at a fruit-shop hard by, I began to take pleasure at the thought of to-morrow.

I was further consoled by one of grandpapa's shining five-shilling pieces, and then Dennis called me to fetch him a tool, shouting, "Look sharp now, and do something for your living," and I was so enchanted that all sense of desolation and ill-usage left me.

It is so easy to make a child happy that it is a mystery to me how the art is not universal with grown-up persons.

Among the blurred memories of days so remote is a ball given in the big town house. The excitement could not but reach us up-stairs beneath the stars. The nurse and housemaid were equally aflame, and stood watching the guests from the corner of the top-most landing, that commanded a glimpse of the drawing-room lobby. The rustle of silk and the sort of perfumed chatter that belongs to gatherings in full dress reached us, broken and vague like the beautiful fancies of dreams. Our little feet pattered with yearning to be down below in the thick of social pleasures, and we shouted out our recognition of each side face as a guest crossed the lobby. It was not the brilliant assortment of silks and satins and laces, the gleam of jewelled array, or the chatter that intoxicated me; it was the first blast of music that rolled up to us, and the penetrating charm of the fiddles.

I was always less looked after than the others, and watching my opportunity, I slipped down-stairs in my nightdress: I felt I must hear those fiddles nearer, and see how people looked when they danced. Mrs Clement saw me a few steps above the drawing-rooms, and wanted to carry me back to bed; but I prayed so hard for one look, that she took me into her arms, and, skirting the lobby, went in on tip-toe to the card-room, at the top of the drawing-rooms, where several persons were playing at little tables. Some of the guests looked up at the melancholy lady in black silk with the little child in its nightdress, staring in bewilderment at them. But Mrs Clement placed her finger on her lips, and they smiled at me and continued their play.

They were playing "Il Bacio," and even now I can never hear that tinkling waltz without a throb. It brought tears to my eyes then, and all night it formed the accompaniment of my dreams. The only couple I clearly saw in that paradise of colour, light, scent, and sound was my step-father, who whirled past us with a

tall dark girl in amber satin, who was smiling most radiantly as she danced.

This girl springs into my pictures of childhood in an odd inconsequent way. She was very handsome, of the sparkling brunette type, with white teeth, and hard bright eyes as black as the hair that rippled low down on either temple, and was caught under the ear in an old-fashioned bunch of ringlets. She was under my mother's protection, who was very kind and generous to her, having an inscrutable liking for strangers,—above all, needy strangers. She was a woman to turn her back inevitably upon a friend in prosperity, and court him in poverty. There was nothing of the snob in my mother, I must admit.

Another vivid picture I have of this young girl is a gloomier and more impressive one. I cannot tell why I was chosen for that drive. I suppose it was because I looked so delicate and unhappy that my stepfather insisted on having me. He drove a pair of spirited horses, and I sat opposite my mother and the dark young girl. She did not smile once that day, and the extreme sadness of her face riveted my attention. I thought I had never seen any one so beautiful and interesting, and I wondered why her eyes kept continually filling with tears.

She and my mother whispered mysteriously from time to time, and the disconnected words that reached my ears were no enlightenment for my puzzled brain. Ordinarily I was too dreamy or too excited to have much curiosity for my fellows. I preferred my own thoughts to speculations upon creatures so dull and undiverting as big people. But this day it was different. A brilliant young lady in long dresses, with a glittering ring upon her finger, whom my parents treated with every kindness and consideration, could be just as miserable apparently as a small neglected girl. It was truly a wonderful discovery.

We drove along the Kilmainham road, I now know, and as we went farther north, the pretty girl's tears flowed more freely, only she did not cry as we children cry. She bit her lips, and every moment thrust her handkerchief angrily into her eyes. My mother seemed to scold her for having wished to come that way, and I thought wanted to divert her attention from something the girl was evidently anxious to see.

We stopped near a large building, and there was my stepfather turned towards us and talking a strange jargon. From dint of puzzling over each word, I arrived at the extraordinary conclusion that somebody this young girl loved was in prison, that it was not wicked apparently to be locked up in prison, and that the woodwork they were gazing at, my stepfather with his hat in his hand, was something bad men were getting ready for her friend's destruction. The young girl stared up at the woodwork with streaming passionate eyes, and then buried her face in her handkerchief, and rocked from side to side in a dreadful way. We were driving on, and I gazed up to see what my stepfather was doing. He, too, was wiping away tears, and his hat was right down upon his eyes.

The mystery was solved years afterwards. This girl was engaged to one of the men of '67. My mother used to take her to see him at Kilmainham Jail, and she had insisted on being driven round by the prison the day before the execution.

My grandmother lies farther back, a fainter picture in that

world of unsatisfactory grown-up people. While she lived, her favourite present to each of her granddaughters was either a grey or green silk dress, with a poky bonnet and ribbons to match. In the grey we must have looked like little Quakeresses, and in the green like a gathering of the "gentle people" out of the moonlit woods, our proper dominion.

Her I remember indistinctly as a thin-lipped, unpleasant-looking woman, who had a fixed opinion that children must either be "saucy" or "bold." I was bold, because I was always too frightened of her to say anything, saucy or meek.

She used to lie in bed or on the parlour sofa, sipping egg-flip and reading religious books. She was very devout; but her religion, I suspect, served neither to brighten her own nor any one else's life. It had a sombre, vinegary aspect, more concerned with punishment due than pleasure merited, more attuned to severity than Christian mildness.

By some unaccountable process she melted out of my existence, having darkened it for some months, from which I infer that her death passed unnoted by me or was not explained to me. I did not see her dead, and can record no gentle deed of hers living. She never kissed me, but sometimes shook my hand in a loose gentlemanly fashion, and exhorted me not to be so "bold."

Once she nearly broke my heart. The cook had made some damson jam, and while I was alone in the parlour turning over the leaves of one of grandpapa's music-books, which looked so mysteriously wonderful to me, she carried in a specimen bowl, and left it on the table with some loose coppers. I still see that bowl. It was white, and had a wreath of pink roses.

When I tired of my music-book, I wandered by a natural impulse into temptation. The bowl was out of my reach, but I soon remedied that by drawing over a chair and climbing upon it. I dipped my finger into the bowl, and then put it into my mouth. It tasted, as indeed I fully anticipated, good. You may imagine the alacrity with which I continued the operation, without any heed of the blotches of jam that dropped upon the table.

Both the hall-door and parlour-door were open, and I heard loud sobbing. I was acquainted with sorrow myself, which was a reason I never heard a child's cry unmoved. I slipped off my chair, and ran out into the hall.

A ragged little fellow sat on the doorstep, crying as if his heart would burst. I raced down the steps, and sat by his side to comfort him. He had cut his foot, and I asked him if it would not hurt less if he had some apples to eat. Crab-apples always soothed my own immeasurable woes and lightened the pangs of solitude for me. The weeping boy looked at me sullenly, and nodded.

In I flew again and came out with the coppers grasped in my jammy palm, and holding the bowl of damson jam tightly wedged between my pinafore and both hands.

"There's splendid jam here," I said, and invited the sufferer to dip his finger into the bowl.

He did so, and stopped crying. He was quite consoled, and nearly emptied the bowl in the avidity of his appreciation. Then I gave him the coppers, and told him the name of the shop where he could get lots of the nicest crab-apples. The hall-door was still open, and the parlour was empty when I

carried back the bowl. I left it on the table, and went out into the garden to talk to Dennis.

I had no idea of having done wrong. At nurse's I was free to take what I liked, and I was not at all familiar with the sin of stealing. Judge, then, my surprise when cook came out for me with a flaming face, and assured me I "would catch it." I stopped playing, and felt chill with apprehension. What was going to happen to me now? Grandpapa was not there to protect me, and I had not much faith in Dennis's power to save me.

Cook dragged me up-stairs, scolding me all the way. She called me a thief, a robber, and said I was worse than the dreadful highwaymen they wrote of in books. I whimperingly protested. I was not a thief, I cried indignantly; I was not a robber. I did not know what a highwayman was, but I was sure I was not that either.

"Ah! you'll catch it," was all cook deigned to reply.

How grossly and wickedly mismanaged children are by people who do not think or stop to study them! So many tears and tremors and moments of black despair, because angry and impatient persons will not take the trouble to use the right words and correct with justice and sense. To abuse an ignorant little child in disproportionate language, at an age when imagination exaggerates and magnifies everything, for an impulsive action and an inconsequent error, and tell her "she would catch it," is surely a hideous perversion of strength and power.

Relatively speaking, that moment was not less vivid and awful for me than the worst hour of a heretic in the days of the Inquisition. And I had as little faith in the justice or kindness of my judges as any wretch of those times.

My grandmother sat in bed with her glass of egg-flip in her hand, presiding relentlessly over my castigation. Again I was informed that my crime was an appalling one. I had robbed money and robbed jam. There was no softening of my grandmother's face when I said through my sobs of terror that I only took the money to give it to a little boy that had hurt his foot and was crying. Cook administered an unmerciful whipping, as if there were not beatings enough for me without cause down in the big town house I hated.

No, verily; there are times, when I look at happier children to-day and remember that poor unhappy little child of years ago, I feel there are wrongs we cannot be expected to forgive, scars no time can efface, blunders no after good will ever rectify. I could weep to-day as bitterly for that little child, so alone, so throbbing with untamed fears, as ever she wept for herself then.

CHAPTER VIII.—REVOLT.

I do not know how long my martyrdom in the town house had endured before I resolved to make an end of it myself. Nor do I yet quite understand how the scene that led to an excess of misery so terminated began.

I had been more contented that day than usual. The nurse had let me sit by the nursery-fire while she bathed and dressed the latest addition to our family circle, a baby boy with a pink wrinkled face. Compared with

that gurgling morsel of humanity, I felt very wise and old indeed. After that the nursemaid came and took me on her knee, and while perched there she sang me a song. I slept in the next room, and was not often allowed into the nursery, or I am sure the nurse and nursemaid would have made life easier for me.

Then I wandered into the play-room, and here great doings were afoot. They were getting up a transformation scene. On the top of each ladder a little girl sat, representing a fairy, and in the middle of the room a small child lay with a white cloth about her. When somebody clapped hands she sprang up, caught her skirts in either hand, and began to dance as she had seen the fairies in the pantomime.

They were all in high spirits that day, and let me look on without snubbing or laughing at me. Like all creatures unaccustomed to much mercy, this small favour filled me with joy, and I expanded upon a whiff of social equality.

Children resemble dogs in their dislike of intruders, and to these young people I daresay I, with my sulky miserable face, pale and woe-begone from association with sorrow and from unassuaged longing for other days, was an unattractive enough intruder. One there was who always resented my appearance in their midst more than the rest, my mother's favourite, the five-year-old queen of the establishment. My mother used to call her queen, and tell her that she was at liberty to do what she liked to me, as I was only a slave.

What a surprising amount of good must lie at the bottom of a nature so trained, that it ever developed into good-natured and generous womanhood! But to expect that the child in those days should have been other than a little vixen to me, would be to expect the impossible.

The play was interrupted for dinner, and after dinner the troop marched up again to the play-room to resume their game. I stayed down-stairs, and stole into the store-room to talk to Mrs Clement. Near tea-hour she sent me on some message, and that, of course, was a proud moment for me. Children love to be sent on messages between their elders. They instantly become as inflated as a general's aide-de-camp, and hardly need a horse in imagination to place them in their own esteem above the level of other children.

How it all came about I know not. The queen and the slave encountered somewhere on the way. We met like two young puppies and snarled. The queen had a despotic notion of her own rights. She might snarl at me, but I had not the right to reply. If she struck me it was part of my punishment for being in her way, and my duty was to bear it.

I don't suppose she reasoned this way any more than the young puppy does when it flies at the throat of a mongrel it dislikes. Anyhow, she struck me. I was a proud, fierce little devil, and being two years her senior, I laid her low, with an ugly red stain on her white cheek.

As I do not remember how it began, so I do not recall how it ended. There is a dark blank of several hours—centuries it seemed to me—and I was in my cot sobbing myself to sleep, and telling myself that I could not bear it, and to-morrow would run away to my dear everyday parents.

Next morning I sullenly submitted to be dressed and taken down to breakfast. But the red-and-white bowl I ate my bread and milk out of no longer delighted

my eye, and no amount of sugar could take the taste of bitterness out of that bread-and-milk. My stepfather came into the room, and looked at me in reproachful silence. Usually he kissed me and flung me up to the ceiling. But now that the poor miserable little worm had turned and struck the idol of the house, his own child, he had no kind word for me. He only knew of the affair what he had been told, and how many thoughtless big people can understand what goes on in the hearts of sore and lonely babies?

He may have noted the sadness of my face, but what did he know of the inward bruise, the hunger for love and sympathy, the malady of life that had begun to gnaw at my soul at an age when other little girls are out racing among the flowers in a universe bounded and heated and beautified by the love of mother and father?

Mrs Clement must have been very busy, for she did not come to comfort me. Perhaps she, too, thought I was a fiend. But I was too proud to seek to explain matters to any one. If they wanted to believe I was bad, they might think I was as bad as ever they liked.

In my open-worked pinafore and little house slippers, bare-headed and bare-armed, I stole anxiously down-stairs. The baker was carrying in the bread, and the hall-door was open. This was my chance, and I seized it. Ah, there were the wide long streets, and however cruel the big people might be who went up and down them, at least they could not hurt me, for I did not belong to any of them.

Like a frightened hare I scurried along the pavement until I came to a big crossing. I paused here in new peril. To go over alone meant to risk contact with the wheels and horses continually rolling and stamping by. I had not the courage to do this, and I stood gazing disconsolately across at the happy people walking so unconcernedly on the other side. While I stood there a policeman marched up in a leisurely fashion. He looked as if he might help a little girl, and I knew when robbers attacked you the proper person to assist you was a policeman.

"Please, Mr Policeman, will you take me across the street?" I asked, going boldly up to him.

The amiable giant put out his hand, grasped my eager fingers, and I pattered along at his side as he gravely led me over the crossing. Without a word, I raced ahead; the quicker I ran, the quicker I believed I would reach Mamma Cochrane's house, and my dear friends, nurse, and Louie, and Mary Jane.

In what direction I ran I know not to-day; I seemed to have been running down interminable streets for hours and hours, till at last my feet in their thin slippers began to ache. Gradually my legs stiffened, and it was less and less easy to continue running. Nobody stopped me, but I have an idea many stared at me. I hardly knew which I most feared, to be overtaken and carried back to my mother, or to be let die of hunger in those big unfriendly streets. Either prospect seemed so terrible to me in a moment of lucid vision, that I at once dropped upon a doorstep and began to cry.

"What's the matter, little lady?" a tall policeman asked, with a smile of insidious kindliness.

"I want to find my everyday mamma so badly," I sobbed. "But it's so far away,—I'm very tired, and nobody is sorry for me, though I'm so unhappy."

I gazed anxiously up into the face of the big policeman, and wondered if such a very big person

could possibly understand and pity the sorrows of such a very small person as myself.

"What's your name?" asked the big policeman.

"Angela."

"And where do you live, missy?"

"Oh, a dreffful long way off—in a big house down there," pointing vaguely in front of me, "in a horrid big house, without any fields or flowers at all."

"Won't you come along with me, missy?" coaxed the policeman, and if he had asked me to go to prison with that look and smile, I would cheerfully have gone, I think.

He lifted me into his arms and carried me, I know now, to the nearest police-station. Here I was installed upon an inspector's knee, and an army of giants stood round me and made much of me. How the gentlemen of the force may appeal to others, I know not, but I must ever regard them as my kindest friends. They petted me prodigiously, and vied with each other in providing me with luxuries. One held a piece of bread-and-jam for me, another a slice of bread-and-honey, and various hands held out sweetmeats and cakes and apples. The thing was to satisfy everybody and devour each delicacy successively.

The amiable giants smiled upon me, and appeared to listen to my confidential chatter with admiration and delight. Out of the gloom of the domestic circle I could be expansive to rashness. Between bites, I told them the tale of my private grievances, and they shook sympathetic heads over my account of Stevie's disappearance in a queer box, and dropped their jaws when I, charmed with the sensation I had made, assured them that I too was so miserable and lonely that I would like to be put in a box and sent to heaven. I would much rather go back to Mamma Cochrane's than anything; but if I could not find her I would like to die like Stevie, unless the policemen would take care of me and let me stay with them always.

The inspector was ready to adopt me on the spot: meanwhile, as I was tired and the excitement had worn off, he encouraged me to fall asleep on his knee, which I was nothing loath to do.

The rest is a vague memory. Somebody shook me, and I opened my eyes and saw my stepfather smiling at me. I thought I was at home, and rubbed my eyes, and then sat up. But I was still in the inspector's arms—I recognised his black cap and grey beard. My circle of friendly giants had vanished; but on a table beside me were heaped unfinished slices of bread and jam and honey, gingerbread nuts, shrewsbury biscuits, bulls' eyes, brandy balls, sugar-stick, and apples. A couple of policemen stood at the door and grinned in eloquent assurance of continued friendship, and the inspector had not released his comforting clasp of my wearied body.

"Papa, I'm so happy here. Don't let us go back any more to Sunday mamma. Let us stay here always with the nice policemen."

My stepfather laughed his joyous cordial laugh, and caught me in his arms. He shook hands with the inspector and the policemen, and carried me into a cab. I was still too sleepy and tired to whimper, and we had hardly set off before I was fast asleep on my stepfather's knee.

(*To be continued.*)

A HEATHEN CHINEE.

Phung Ah Nyan, the subject of this sketch, has the happiest knack of turning commonplaces with a great air of originality, as when he says, for instance, "We Chinese are of two kinds. One kind bad men, and one kind good men." This is quite true; and Yong Ah Kim (literally Glory Golden, a name too good for its owner) must be classed among the bad men, as we have both reason to agree. Still I have to thank him, since through his delinquencies I became acquainted with the family of the Phungs, who are of the good kind beyond all question.

I took Glory Golden with me from the Straits to China some years ago. He went as my domestic servant, nothing more; but as we approached that part of the Canton province which had given him birth, he thought fit to magnify his office, and to announce at the many inns at which we halted on our way that I was a Devil of the first magnitude, in fact, a "Foreign Mandarin"; which expression sounds to Chinese ears almost as grotesque as "Lobengula's Premier" would to ours. He himself posed as my confidential adviser, cheaply paid at a hundred dollars a-month. In consequence I was charged double missionary rates by innkeepers and porters, and missionary rates are reckoned at twice the market price.

But when we reached our destination at Muddy River he found himself unable to keep up this illusion: the people heard me call him "boy" (he said) and order him hither and thither; he was "losing face," and desired to retire into private life and read for a literary examination. So he withdrew himself from my presence, taking with him the privy purse and, worse still, my postage-stamps. No redress for breaches of contract or trust are obtainable for Englishmen in the friendly country of China, and I could only submit in silence. But as things turned out, other entries were to be made in time on both sides of the account of Glory Golden with myself.

Thus things stood when there arrived my newly engaged teacher Phung Ah Man, which is Phung the Late-born; and he suggested that I should employ his elder brother, with such words of recommendation as these: "Carry water, buy provisions, polish the horse, any sort of thing he can do." Accordingly I set out one day to find the house of Phung and discover this prodigy, moved partly by curiosity to hear of an elder brother who would do the rough work, while the cadet was reading for a degree.

The house of Phung lies buried in a dingle at the foot of the fir-clad hill that divides the Stone Fan Valley from the watershed of Muddy Brook. The road runs, in the uncompromising manner of Chinese roads, straight and steep down the hillside, and turns off abruptly across the drying-floor which lies between the Phung homestead and the fish-pond. And I made my acquaintance with the Phungs in this most undignified way. Glad to get off the cobble-stones, and grown "beany" on a luxurious diet of rice and beanstalks, my pony was not to be controlled, and swung round the

corner on to the farm precincts at a pace that might almost have been called a trot. The drying-floor was covered with sheaves of rice, playing among which was a little naked girl of that immature age when the human infant, differing from the infant horse, is characterised by the extraordinary shortness of its legs. She, with circumspect and staggering gait, and an awful solemnity in her round black eyes, was engaged in persecuting one of those passive kittens that appear to be the complement of Chinese babyhood, when the phenomenon described above appeared before her. Naturally she shrieked and collapsed. Then to me also appeared a prodigy. For from the house a young woman rushed out with flaming cheeks, her dishevelled hair loose over her blue smock, running on stout sunburned legs of which a good hand's-breadth was visible below her knickerbockers of grey homespun. She seized the child and shook it vigorously,—Why does your outraged mother shake her innocent offspring?—and, straddling like Apollyon across the path, greeted me with a tirade in which "horse-bells," "get down," "strike dead," and my forefathers recurred at frequent intervals. It was in vain to apologise for the absence of the warning horse-bells. She still barred the way, and it seemed as if my only course was retrograde.

Meanwhile the rest of the household, forty or fifty strong, had turned out to see the fun, the women critically attentive, and the men wearing the amused yet sheepish air of schoolboys who are observing the castigation of another's person. An old man leaning with both hands on his stick hobbled out for a minute; but though I appealed to him as Reverend Uncle, he went back again without speaking: his patriarchal experience had not taught him how to quiet an angry woman.

I had had about enough of it when on to the drying-floor from the other end there strolled a man leading a pink buffalo by a rope. After tying it up with deliberation he came forward and pushed his way through the little crowd. No sooner had the woman caught his eye, than, turning the current of her volubility on him, she reiterated for the dozenth time her version of my evil deeds; but her husband seemed to cut her very short, assuming with a nice discrimination of the probabilities that his wife was in the wrong, as, shoving her aside with a shoulder of extra size, he raised towards me one of the flattest and roundest faces I have ever seen even in China, and reassured me with a grin: "No fear. No fear. Just woman's talk only!" He invited me indoors to take tea and tobacco, when following on the usual inquiries as to each other's honourable patronymics and respected proper names, it turned out that he was no other than the Phung Ah Nyan I had come in search of. So I engaged him there and then.

When I say there and then I am exaggerating. Nothing in China is ever done there and then, but I left a letter which his brother the Late-born had given me, and finished my ride; and returning, was told by the patriarch above mentioned that my conditions were accepted, and sure enough there was Ah Nyan Elder Brother sitting at the doorway by the threshing-floor, with his worldly goods tied into two convenient bundles, and his carrying-stick across his knees, in a state of elaborate preparation, from his

freshly shaved and glistening crown to the new straw sandals on his feet. And hardly had I arrived when by general acclamation a start was insisted on. Ah Nyan grinned impartially on the little crowd, and put his shoulder to the carrying-stick. "Go carefully," cried they. "No ceremony," we replied, as we hurried off, horse and man, at a sharp trot.

In a minute we had turned the corner, and were breasting the steep road through the wood, all slippery with the cobbles and pine-needles. Here as we slowed down I learned the reason of the hurry. It was not the distance to be covered: our road was only three or four miles by Chinese computation (three miles down-hill but four miles up!). It was his wife's younger brother. He, an ill-conditioned fellow it appeared, was expected home that afternoon, and it was anticipated that he would "refuse consent" unless I offered him an equally good billet. When I asked how he could do that to his elder brother-in-law, Ah Nyan shifted his ground and said he would have "scolded." I found out by degrees that this dread of a row was one of his leading characteristics.

During the war with Japan I had the opportunity of seeing some Chinese troops embarking for Formosa, and greatly admired the soldierly compactness of their kit; for they carried neither arms nor baggage other than a fan and a slice of water-melon. At the little tea-house which comes so kindly into view at the top of the long up-grade, I had the curiosity to examine my new servant's possessions, and see what equipment for his new life was considered necessary by him. At one end of the stick there was a bundle of oiled yellow paper, enveloping a change of the coarse blue coat and trousers that are the common wear of the Chinese peasant of either sex: *item*, two live fowls strung up by the heels, a present from the patriarch to the writer. At the other end was a round wicker basket, which, being unpadlocked, was found to contain a long coat of blue satin with a waistcoat of maroon, trousers of white *crêpe*, a skull cap with red button, some paper editions of the classics, a round silk fan with lacquered handle, embroidered shoes, and a water-tobacco-pipe, of polished tin. I could not forbear from wondering how a burden-bearer should go so nicely appointed, but I might have spared the sarcasm. Ah Nyan explained very simply that the contents of the wicker basket were for his younger brother, the teacher.

The tiny cottage I lived in consisted of a centre hall or atrium, opening upon a compluvium called in the vernacular the Heavenly Well, upon which opened also my bedroom and the kitchen, that were little more than walled-in passages one on each side of the centre hall. It is not a comfortable house, for a rainstorm beating in through the Heavenly Well takes possession of it all except a six-foot strip to leeward; and with the glass at 96° in the shade the thin black tiles prove an indifferent protection from the sun, but for eavesdropping it seemed specially designed. Ah Man, the Late-born, was cooking the fowl in the kitchen when we arrived: he had condescended to this menial office while I was going for his brother. Ah Man was a small edition of his brother, better-looking a Chinaman would say; but he had acquired with his books the supercilious droop of the eyelid and the air of insolent

courtesy which educated Chinese affect.

I took my chair in the Heavenly Well, and left the brothers to the rapture of their meeting. I gather they did not fall into each other's arms, as Ah Man was stirring the chicken in the frying-pan and the sizzling continued unbroken. "Well," said Ah Man, and "Well," said Ah Nyan.

"Drink tea."

"I drink tea."

"How late you are."

"Not ten parts late."

"My things have you brought? . . . Where is the key? . . . Coat of four hems, where is it? Forgotten? What a marvellous child of man!" (Here followed a most uncatholic oath.) . . . "Money did *he* give you? Well! I will keep it. I am in great difficulties. Distilled spirits, ah! yellow tobacco, ah! Shoes and socks to wear, ah!—nothing have I got."

I began to understand how it was that Ah Man had acquired his brother's birthright, leaving the plough-tail to him.

I think no one who has lived east of Suez will deny that certain characteristics have been attached by general consent like labels to the different races who serve our needs. Thus a Malay servant is lazy, a Tamil dirty, a Japanese untrustworthy, and the Chinese, though admittedly the highest development, are dishonest as a class, and of the genus Inhuman. Mine has been the rather unusual experience of making a Chinese "boy" out of the raw material, for I was the first European that Ah Nyan had ever spoken to; and lest I seem to idealise, I beg my reader not to judge my description by the standard of the Chinese servants of Singapore or Hong-Kong. Even these, to my thinking, are more frequently condemned than understood. I admit they make a fair ten per cent on their bazaar account, justifying themselves on the ground that as they can strike a better bargain than their masters the difference is their fair perquisite by virtue of their superior skill. As for inhumanity, do footmen at table parade their emotions in any country? Your "boy" is trained to make no sign whether he holds you in dislike or in mild affection, hardly mingled with contempt, and you are astonished when you take him unawares, playing frankly with the "little Devil-son" your heir. You violate his code of etiquette at every other word, but he raises no objections. He smiles inwardly when he dusts the bit of old china in your drawing-room — it is not his business to tell you it is a spittoon. He smiles blandly when you sail for home, and blandly smiles when you return. When he has earned a competency he retires to the home of his ancestors, coated with no deeper veneer of civilisation than is represented by a clock and a cane-chair; having first sold the certificate of character in which you are good enough to say that Number Three (you have never heard his surname) has served you for fifteen years. He takes an interest in his work, and is a good plain cook. Inhuman you call him — and the day he comes to table with a white ribbon in his pigtail it does not occur to you to sympathise with him on the death of his father.

But Ah Nyan, as I say, was hampered by no traditions good or bad. Everything was to learn with him. "No matter," he would say cheerfully as his long sleeve sopped up my soup, "a worn-out coat." He was pain-

fully anxious of acquiring his art; though at first its technicalities seemed almost too much for him. Why should tinned salmon take precedence of pork chops, but when curried give them the *pas?* was a conundrum I found difficult to answer. Nor was he content to attribute the phenomena to "barbarous ways," but insisted on a more definite explanation. Even the soul-satisfying word Ceremony would hardly content him. Therein he seemed to differ from the great majority of his countrymen, who are curious as children as the saying is, and whose desire for information, like a child's, is easily satisfied. "Do you plough the fields? Do you eat rice? Have you surnames? Then much the same as us," with the patronising intonation of one praising the tricks of a monkey. And then your questioner goes back to his conversation about pigs and cents. But Ah Nyan received or rejected new ideas with a vehemence which showed that his brains, like the ponies of his country, only wanted fodder to enliven them.

One afternoon I was sitting in the hall explaining to Ah Man my teacher that the earth moves round the sun: he was believing it to save the trouble of argument, and indulging in short yawns beneath the table on the pretence of putting on his shoe. Ah Nyan was in the kitchen having his bath; that is, he was sitting before a little basin of boiling water and dabbing himself with a cloth dipped therein, listening intently to our conversation. But when I was observing that the moon was smaller than the sun, his angry countenance, in a furze-bush of tangled black hair, together with a huge parboiled shoulder, appeared round the corner, and an angry voice said, "Lies, lies!" Ah Man was naturally furious at the liberty, and at the reopening of the question; and never again did Ah Nyan venture to break in on our literary debates, though returning from the town of a morning he used to find an excuse for laying down his marketing of pork and fruit, in a pathetic hope of being included in the conversation.

But after supper was the time of his mental exercise. Then I used to retire to the passage on the left of the centre hall, which was in theory made mosquito-proof by nets to the door and window. In practice, owing perhaps to certain pardonable artifices on my part, thirty or forty mosquitoes always managed to get in, and Ah Nyan had to hunt them round the room with his mosquito-lamp, that looked like a bull's-eye lantern lacking the glass. On this pretence he would wander up and down the little room, casting a bright O of light and quick misshapen shadows on the plaster walls: now and again the light would be darkened, as the mouth of the lantern was clapped down upon some mosquito as it settled, while I lay fanning myself in the wet darkness. It was in these hours that I came to get some understanding of Ah Nyan's ways of thought.

Living at Heaven's Hall, next door to me, was a Catholic missionary, to whose flock Ah Man the Late-born belonged; visible from my windows was the great white Jesus Hall of the Basel Mission; the only other foreigners within fifty miles were the Americans, who lived at the Hall of Glad Tidings in the District City. Whenever I called on these gentlemen I took Ah Nyan with me, and he was hospitably entertained by

members of their congregations, who (proselytes and proselytising) were each very willing to make a convert of him, and gave him unequalled opportunities of studying the "Western Dogma" under all its aspects. Each side had its attractions for him. There was the negative attraction of Ah Man; he was of the vicariously humble type of convert which says, "The men of China are the full ten parts wicked, stupid, ignorant," and he was actively supported by the priest's gardener, who took a grim pleasure in assuring Ah Nyan of the frightful torments in store for him unconverted in a better world. On the other hand, the German missionaries, with their reasoned sermons and deep knowledge of the classics, attracted him directly; and they might have succeeded had not his imagination been again deflected by the electro-plate and the gold watches of the Baptist mission, and by the bright fearsome surgical instruments of their doctor. Then Ah Man the papist would draw him back again with vehement denunciations of such "false schismatical doctrines." At one time Ah Nyan went so far as to erect a little plaster image of Ma-Li-A (as he calls the Virgin Mary) with smouldering incense-sticks before it; but after a few days the little flame went out, and one night he announced to me with much fervour, "External doctrines, internal doctrines, Heaven's will, love of my ancestors, everything I disbelieve." As a matter of fact, he had begun to identify his interests very closely with mine, and had I been prepared to assume the responsibility of director to his conscience he would probably have accepted my direction without questioning. But I did give him the sympathetic ear, and was rewarded by degrees with the confession of his beliefs and doubts. Like those of most of his countrymen who can read and write, they vacillated between blank scepticism and superstition born of nervousness. But his code of ethics was a very high one. Truly, as he says, "Within the four seas all are brothers." Nevertheless, it sounded strangely familiar to hear, "Man's sight—before his eyes: Heaven's sight—far and wide"; "The matter's planning is with men: the matter's fulfilment is with Heaven," in the mouth of an untravelled Chinese peasant.

But about this time his mind became filled with a new idea. My stay in China seemed to me like going back in the world's history five hundred years. It was now drawing to an end; and I decided to offer Ah Nyan a seat with me on the magic carpet, which was to take us at a bound out of the middle ages into the nineteenth century. He was delighted, but veiled his emotion in his now well-known way by turning his back to hide his smile. "I should never venture," he said, meaning he feared the responsibility, but was willing to try if I was.

We slept at his father's house on the night before we set out. Our departure was a repetition of the day on which we first became acquainted. His father the patriarch, with the thin grey beard and moustaches, stood at the doorway, and Ah Nyan dropped for a moment on one knee before him. Perhaps he had taken his farewells of his wife in private: as we left he dismissed her with a share in the general grin he bestowed on his relations; but towards his small daughter he unbended so far as to print a grave kiss on the shaven crown of her head. "A female infant child," he said, as if in explanation. Ah Nyan's

mother, who was a thick big woman very like himself, shouted at him most loud and earnestly, "Now, Ah Nyan, get rich and come back soon!" and burst out into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. Before we had gone a hundred yards Ah Man came running after us and drew his brother aside, as I thought, to say a last farewell. "When she has littered you can kill her," I heard Ah Nyan say as they parted. They were talking about the pig.

Poling down river to the treaty port, I let my fancy dwell upon Ah Nyan, how he would be wonder-stricken by the new sights and sensations. Were I inventing as I went along I could make up whole pages about his delight and astonishment; but as a matter of fact it was not so. Judging by fuller experience, I believe that what I then took for stupid indifference was a sort of numbness possessing his senses for a good week after his initiatory surprise. We had come round the last bend into the broad harbour of Swatow. I had pointed out the red steamers at anchor and the white Consulate and Customs Houses; but whether he misjudged his distances I do not know: certainly he displayed no more surprise than if they had been red jackets hung out to dry by a cluster of his own white cottages, and he returned behind the awning to his cookery. Before long he was startled by, and looked out to see what caused, the click-clack of oars in rowlocks, and the consul's gig—white paint, sailors in uniform, and the flag of all flags at the taffrail—swept towards us. That he could understand. It was clean and strangely rowed, but a rowboat for all that. Then to this dweller in a highland of little homes and little rivers, where little boats bring little gains to circumscribed horizon-bounded men, there were revealed and dissolved in turn scenes insubstantial as those of Prospero's pageant,—a boat like a great mountain moving, the distances of open rolling sea, the intricate hubbub of the Hong-Kong roadstead, the paved streets alive and minatory with wheeled traffic—hitherto a wheel for him had meant a spinning-wheel—the hotel as high as a pagoda. The lift was a flying room, and the bed-sheets a wonder not less than the others, but greater, being comprehensible. For this alone he had words; and after half an hour's absence I found him as I had left him, mechanically switching the electric light off and on.

How Ah Nyan took ship with me to the Malay tin-fields, where he was introduced to railway-trains, elephants, and the black and sticky natives of Southern India, coming by degrees to regard them all with equal indifference, would make a story too long to tell. He worked with me for two years, during which time our knowledge of each other increased. On my part I found his virtues and failings singularly unlike those usually attributed to his race—for one thing, he was absolutely honest. At one time he bought the household supplies, an arrangement which caused him great unhappiness and ended abruptly. Loss of capital, loss of capital, was the burden of his complaint. As I took the account of his daily purchases day by day, I was a good deal puzzled to see how this could be, but closer investigation opened my eyes considerably. He was in the habit of trying experiments on me with various Chinese foods and condiments: some were nice, some intolerably nasty. The latter,

feeling they were no success, and unwilling to enter into a further discussion of their demerits, he omitted, as I found, from his accounts; and in the same way if he bought a dozen eggs and two were bad, he was only charging me for ten. "As you did not eat them, I certainly could not charge for them," was his explanation; but that did not prevent him being extremely puzzled to account for the deficit in his cash balances. He used to sit for hours and hours with his account-book before him, flicking the beads up and down the wires of his calculating-board, and adding, I daresay, cents and fowls and days of the moon together to a sum-total of utter bewilderment. It was curious with all that to see how little his belief in his own powers as an accountant were diminished. He had once been apprenticed to a pork-butcher, whose books he kept, and to this he always refers in proof of his financial talents. Indeed in his own estimation he is a very sharp blade. "We Chinese are extremely cunning," he says; "of Chinese customs your Excellency knows nothing at all: *I* know the Chinese heart full ten parts well." Unfortunately this knowledge has not hitherto enabled him to save money. At one time by dint of keeping back his wages I had accumulated about five pounds for him, when he horrified me by insisting on investing it in a treasure of a tin-mine, and laughed the notion of being cheated down the breeze. He lost his money; but his own nebulous explanation satisfied himself so well that the faith he has in his astuteness was in no degree diminished. So failing to grow rich, he contrived, as he says, to live across the day, like most of us who come to the East to make a fortune. And so when three or four times a-year the unofficial postman went back to the Stone Fan district, Ah Nyan had usually a letter for his father ready to take, and a remittance of a few dollars to save it from the reproach of being a "hollow" letter.

When I left for England I took care to find a good employ for Ah Nyan, and when I came back again my first inquiry was for him. But he had vanished, and it seemed that his was to be one of the stories in real life which lack both beginning and end. Our meeting was the merest chance. A man balancing a dozen feet of timber on his shoulder, with more than usual indifference to the public safety, suddenly swung round and blocked the street with an impromptu toll-bar against my carriage. "Wait a minute," said the toll-man, turning an unmoved countenance on my remonstrances. and I saw it was Ah Nyan. He made no attempt to conceal his pleased astonishment, but executed three profound obeisances, beam and all, to the further disorganisation of the traffic. But before I tell what had befallen him during my absence, I must go back in my story to Glory Golden.

I have said that my former servant, Glory Golden, had left my service in China to read for his degree. Whether he tired of that, or his relations tired of him, I do not know. At any rate, shortly after my return to the tin-fields he reappeared there, and, ignoring our differences over the stolen purse, had the effrontery to suggest that I should dismiss Ah Nyan (whom he described to be Useless head and useless foot) and take him on

again; at which I must confess I was so indignant that, having sent away the household on one pretext and another, I considered myself justified in pointing out that the limitations of Red-haired justice cut both ways, and if theft could not be proved except by witnesses, neither could a common assault, illustrating my argument with the pliant tendril of the indigenous rattan. Some months afterwards Glory was found in possession of stolen property, part of which was identified as Ah Nyan's own, upon whose evidence he was convicted and imprisoned. All of which is relevant to my story, in so far as it proves that Glory Golden in his subsequent dealings with Ah Nyan was actuated alike by jealousy and hope of revenge.

In 'Maga' for November 1897 I wrote describing just such another as Glory Golden: "After working out a sentence or two, he becomes more familiar with our methods. He scrapes an acquaintance with the law of evidence; and when he quarrels, lays an information against his enemy, whose liberty he and his friends are prepared to swear away on any plausible charge from murder to chicken-stealing. If a conviction is obtained — so much for Red-haired justice! If the case breaks down, no worse harm can befall the bearers of false witness than a possible 'loss of countenance.'" I was in England at the time I wrote the above, not consciously inspired by the spirit of prophecy, but I was foreshadowing a disaster then coming upon Ah Nyan; for this is what he told me. Shortly after I had left for England, Glory Golden had come to him, and professing reconciliation, had confided to him that at a certain place he knew of unlicensed fossickers for tin had made a secret store. This he proposed that they should quietly remove, take to the police-station, and claim a reward. I had occasionally employed Ah Nyan to keep a watch on such tin-poachers, and he readily fell into the trap. At the same time Glory Golden forewarned the owners of the tin (who, it appeared, were legally entitled to it) that a plot was in progress to rob them. Consequently Ah Nyan was caught red-handed as it seemed. Now were the tables turned: Glory was giving evidence against *him:* he had no one who could give support to his protestations: the evidence may well have seemed convincing to any one ignorant of the characters of witness and accused. He got three months' rigorous imprisonment.

All this he told me of his own accord when he might have held his tongue, in placid tones, without any expressions of ill-will against the bench or the police, regarding it as a matter of destiny. He waxed quite enthusiastic over the jailer—a very straight man. It was he who—if Ah Nyan is to be believed — saw at a glance that here was no commonplace offender, unloosed his fetters, released him from the ignoble task of stone-breaking, and raised him, and set him up as chief cook of all the prison. The exactnesss of the accounts he had to render in this office must have been rather trying to him, but he was not without his reward. "Now," concluded Ah Nyan, "I know the English heart full ten parts well. *Tit, tit, tot, tot,* very nice and very exact, in order to give satisfaction." Ah Nyan is not logical enough to extend his theory of destiny to cover Glory Golden's transgressions: however, that gentleman had discreetly disappeared. Ah Nyan looks forward to their reunion in

China, where, he says, the house of Phung is exceeding grim and fierce. In the meantime it will be a satisfaction to him to know that Glory Golden's name is stained with dishonour wherever the English tongue is read. To be scolded by name in a printed book would seem to Ah Nyan the harbinger of impending miseries. As for the truth of his story I felt so assured of it that I re-engaged him on the spot, to discharge the combined duties of butler and parlour maid.

It is said that, as a rule, bachelors' servants do not take kindly to service under a "Mem." Ah Nyan is the exception. The small refinements of our civilisation appeal strongly to some part of his nature, which must have lain in a state of hibernation during the first twenty-five years of his life. When I consider what his own home was like, and the homes of all his neighbours, walls of sun-baked clay, unfinished or plastered with a coat of whitewash, where the seats were rough benches, and the only attempt at ornament a few tawdry scrolls by the ancestral tablet, I wonder to see him arranging flowers for the dinner-table with some comprehension of what colours harmonise and what do not. When complimented he says, "No! I stuck them in as they came, and as they came," but looks pleased nevertheless. Ah Nyan is never so happy as when hammer and nails are in his hand—and string. He will gladly let dinner go half an hour late while he fixes hooks in the wall to keep a Gladstone bag above high cockroach level; and my almeirah is a perfect spider's web of miniature clothes-lines, on which he hangs my neckties. So I conclude he takes a great interest in his work, although it is not always tempered with discretion, as when in the early days of our acquaintance he polished the barrels of my gun with sand-paper till all the browning was gone and they shone like silver. It is well for him that he can take an interest in his work, for his life outside it must be very monotonous. At least I think so, acknowledging how hard it is to put oneself into touch with a mind so differently educated. But I watch him when he is not looking: from my verandah I listen to scraps of conversation between him and the cook and the water-carrier; and I try to look at life through his spectacles. Gluttony, Gambling, Licentiousness, and Vanity: these are the four venial sins. "None of these I do," says Ah Nyan, with Chinese priggishness, but truly. He does not even smoke tobacco, apparently from motives of economy. His one relaxation appears to be to sleep.

He has a small room in the servants' quarters which I pass occasionally. His bed and mosquito-net are neatly laid in one corner: an inverted packing-box for table and a rickety chair complete the furniture. On the table are arranged his writing materials, his writing-brush, his ink-dish, a gimcrack German penknife, and an impossible notebook with a piece of looking-glass let into the cover. On the walls are pasted a number of red labels with three characters on each: these are the visiting-cards of his friends, mostly of Phungs his fellow-clansmen, many of whom are settled in the neighbourhood. Ah Nyan is very proud of the wide circle of his acquaintance.

And this brings me to a factor in his character which buoys him up through many troubles. Servant to a sojourner in a strange land, absent from his home and

family, and with no prospect of soon rejoining them, Phung Ah Nyan seems in a higher degree than most of us at the mercy of the winds of heaven, to be blown unresisting through change and mischance. But luckily he is rooted in the sense of his own importance. You can see it and hear it in his walk, how he treads full on the flat of his foot with a step that is far from noiseless even as he goes barefooted. I am told that when he follows me to office he shoulders my despatch-box with quite an air of determination, as though it should be through no fault of his if the State secrets therein contained fail to reach their destination. He announces his departure by appearing in the drawing-room and saying solemnly in Malay, "Mem, I want to go to office," as though desirous of handing over charge of the house, in the expectation that it will be properly guarded in his absence; and then stalks off in his big sun-hat as if half the cares of the universe were resting on his broad shoulders. The sun-hat, by the way, is now what it never used to be, and that is clean: a result which followed on his solemnly asking whether it would be a "breach of law" for Chinese to pipeclay theirs like Red-hair men.

The vacant cubicle in the servants' quarters is fitted up as a shrine to Kwan Ya. It faces east across the valley to where the Split Mountain raises its sharp peak out of the blue range. The shrine itself is a picture of Kwan Ya guarded by attendant henchmen, all axe and whiskers, and before it is a little pot full of smouldering sticks of incense. Ah Nyan says the cook and water-man made this, and disclaims all interest in it; but he compromises his attitude of indifference by saying, "The attributes of wind and water certainly are excellent." A former occupant of his room has pasted up a writing, "Heaven send great riches." "I leave it there," says Ah Nyan. Riches seem very desirable to him just now, and he can afford to throw away no chances.

Sometimes in his more hopeful moods Ah Nyan paints me rosy pictures of what will happen when he has saved five hundred dollars: he will bring out his wife and family, or he will make a lucky investment, and going home with a pocketful of money, will add new acres upon acres to the family estate. At other times, generally on receipt of a letter from home, he is extremely depressed. "What good am I doing here?" he asks, and quotes with gusto the hackneyed saying—

"Mine the burnt-offering, thine the gain:
Ox ploughs rice-field, horse eats grain."

I do not think I can end better than by giving a translation of Ah Nyan's latest letter from his father:—

"My son Ah Nyan, hear these news. Since last year the Centre Hearth has had no letter from thee. Dullard, the two, thy father and mother, are still alive. Their heart is troubled remembering thee day and night, ignorant if their Dullard's body is well or ill. Tenth moon last year, the boy Heaven's Breath journeying to the Straits made inquiry for thee. Where thou livest he found not, thy face he met not. This word he brought back: It was said that thou for breach of the Foreign Realm's law wert sitting in hard labour, but he knew not whether true or false. The Centre Hearth hearing this was troubled at heart and very heavy. 'The barbarous islands have their rulers.' Breaking laws is angering Heaven. Angering Heaven,

how expect prosperity? But true or false I do not know. Dullard, write and send a letter, ten thousand times I implore, ten thousand times I implore.

"Dullard, thy brother Late-Born is gone to Long Field Mart since ninth moon last year to open shop. General goods he sells, ocean goods he sells. The family subscribed capital, dollars three hundred and twelve. Yet the profits are small, they are small. The day this letter reaches thee send a little money to help the business.

"Dullard, thy father and mother are old. As the sun sinking to the western hill are they. In Ah Nyan and in Ah Man their myriad hopes are fixed. Add a little to our ancestral grandeur! Add a little to thy father's happiness! Be a glory to thy forefathers! Enjoy in all things a peace of dazzling radiance!

"As for the Hearth, great and small, old and young, it is at peace: there is nought to add. Paper is short, words are long. Let Ah Nyan read my words and my heart will be glad. And this I beg ten thousand times, ten thousand times: Make no long tarrying in the foreign kingdom.

"Written in the reign of Kwong Si, the twenty-fourth year, the year styled Vu Shut. The Dullard's father Phung Kwet Khyun sends it."

As a postscript is written:—

"Last year Tsew the letter-carrier returned to China bringing thy letter and seven dollars of full weight. These the Centre Hearth duly received."

When Ah Nyan received this appeal the eternal question of dollars became more insistent than ever. His fancy reverted to the undiscovered tin-mine; but my imagination became filled with another idea. I explained to him that in the Great Yin country there exists a class of noble men who are willing to purchase the histories of the adventurous for the benefit of a sympathising British public. I volunteered to become his biographer. This idea appealed to his sense of importance, and appeared eminently feasible to him. He lent me his letter to translate, and further presented me with some disjointed notes descriptive of that favourite subject of his, the Chinese Heart. I have referred to these in the forefront of my article.

So if this ever appears in print, the reader will know that it has helped an honest man towards the competency without which he is too proud to return to his father's family and share their rice in the ancestral home.

EDWARD A. IRVING.

A TROLL IN NORWAY.

Of the problems which engage human thought those are not the most important which receive the most attention. The Chief End of Man, the Goal of Evolution, the Future of Democracy, do not press on the average mind with the weight and frequency of the ever-recurring problem, "How and where am I to spend my holiday?"

To all who work, from the artisan wishing to make the most of his Bank holiday to the Cabinet Minister weary of China, Russia, Ireland, and the Irish members, a well-spent play-time is of vital importance. Happy is Mr Balfour in the golf, which he ought to teach his colleagues as he has taught Mr Asquith, who is the more likely to "lay him a stimie" in the House of Commons after a well-spent month at North Berwick or St Andrews.

In the present furore for athletics, and the no less unreasonable hostility to the culture of the body which that furore has evoked in many quarters, the true purpose and value of "sport"—to use the most comprehensive name for outdoor play—has to some degree dropped out of view. Plato, who had more common-sense than is expected of an idealist, long ago pointed out that the moral and intellectual powers were braced and heightened by a reasonable γυμναστική, and it was perhaps his asceticism only that prevented him from dwelling on the additional good of innocent pleasure in itself.

But a writer in 'Maga' need not state a case for sport. What form of sport has not been described brightly and fondly in 'Maga's' pages,—save perhaps cricket, the pastime of the despicable Southron?

The contemplative man's recreation will hold its own with any other form of amusement. In variety it has no equal: a punt on the Thames; an English chalk-stream; a Highland loch; a salmon-river in Canada or Norway, furnish pleasures different in form but the same in essence: pleasures which can be enjoyed by the most inactive of elderly gentlemen or by the hardiest athlete; by the schoolboy who has saved enough pocket-money to buy a rod and line, or by the millionaire who rents a salmon-river.

Angling seems to attract especially the literary man and the philosopher: it must be favourable to thought and composition. For it Paley neglected natural theology, and suspended his labours on the argument for Design, when the may-fly was on the water. Froude has written delightfully about fishing in Norway and on the Spey. Matthew Arnold used to say, with more sincerity than he said many other things, that the three days he spent on a famous water, in which few fishermen were ever permitted to throw a line, were the only days in his year which he counted as rationally employed.

The angler sees the beauties of a country as no one else except a painter does. The angler—but enough; he, like other sportsmen, becomes arrogant and wearisome at times.

The writer has spent a month in Norway, an account of which

may be of interest to some anglers, whose education in fly-fishing has been neglected, or who may be, as he was, debarred by rheumatism, or perhaps by age and prudence, from attempting to scramble over rocks and stand for hours more than knee-deep in a cold and rapid stream, encumbered with landing-net and basket. This every one must do who would fish a Norway river as it ought to be fished, and not content himself with casting from the bank, suffering torments worse than those of Tantalus, who never knew what it is to see fish rising out of reach.

Trolling is a form of angling derided and despised by the ignorant, and that in proportion to their ignorance: it is thought to be no better nor nobler than punt-fishing on the Thames for gudgeon, in a "swim" baited the night before. The writer has met fly fishers—excellent men in other relations of life—who spoke of trolling offensively and illogically: illogically, for they argued that because fly-fishing is good, and trolling is not fly-fishing, therefore trolling is not good—an Illicit Process of the Major Term; offensively, because of ignorant effrontery and an assumption of superiority in themselves and their art, which, even if justified by facts, would have been unbecoming. They were not aware that fishing for salmon on Loch Tay, no mean sport, takes the form of trolling, and that many reaches of the Tay are fished by trolling-fly.

Trolling is in fact the way to get large heavy fish, even monsters, who will not rise to fly. It is the ever-present possibility of a big fish, such as the fly-fisher can hardly hope for, which sustains the troller and strengthens him to sit for weary hours long after the most persevering fly-fisher has gone home; for the troller is on a higher moral level than the fly-fisher, more steadfast and patient under adversity: trolling is a moral discipline in quiet endurance; of such discipline there is none in the spasmodic incoherent excitement of the fly-fisher.

The question might be argued by a comparison of pleasures, and pleasure is the end of sport. The appeal must be to him who, like the writer, has had experience of both: he will content himself with affirming that the pleasures of trolling are, though different, not inferior to those of fly-fishing. Finally, pleasure we know is relative, and that is the sum of the matter. If the troller is pleased he is happy, and from this position no arguments can dislodge him. The charm of trolling is difficult to analyse or describe. To sit in a boat, with two rods stuck out on either side of it, trailing long lines with minnows at the end of them, waiting for fish to come,—what could seem to be less interesting or afford less opportunity for skill, more irrational than that, unless you were paid to do it? Every kind of amusement might be so described as to appear idiotic. What could be more unworthy of a rational being, accountable for the employment of his time, than to hit a ball as far away as he can, and then run between two sets of sticks? Or to put a little ball into a number of holes, by hitting it with a stick "ill-suited for the purpose," as a cynical professor said, when you might have dropped it in with your hand with much less trouble? Yet cricket and golf give pleasure, and pleasure is a reasonable end, to many persons not fools. And dancing, the delight of all women

and some men! it could not be described in words which would not make it seem tomfoolery. As to skill or excellence as an art, trolling, it must be confessed, is inferior to fly-fishing—to fly-fishing at least in its highest form, say on some clear English stream, a trial of cunning between man and fish, demanding great delicacy of hand and eye, the caution and stealthiness of a Red Indian. Yet in trolling there are many things to know, which combined form no contemptible "body of doctrine," and the ignorance of which is fatal to success.

You must know in what depth of water to troll—a few yards it may be from the shore, or five hundred, according to the configuration of the lake, and the distribution of the feeding-ground. You must know how to take advantage of islands, wooded banks, the mouths of streams where trout lie feeding; to troll deep if they are "stiff and dour"; to appeal to their caprices by wise and frequent change of minnows, offering them a blue "Phantom" if a brown "Angel" fails to please;—finally, to be vigilant, with hands on the rods ready to strike; and if a big fish comes, careful to keep the lines from crossing, for that means disaster. These and other precepts which it would be tedious to mention must be remembered and practised by the troller if he is to do excellently, not merely well. The novice, especially if he is a fly-fisher, is surprised to find that the experienced troller, in the same boat and under the same conditions, catches three fish to his two; or two to his one, if they are fishing in different boats.

But the writer must not be carried away by the *odium piscatorium*. He only seeks to show that knowledge and practice are needed to troll well, as they are needed for excellence in any game, from golf to spillikins.

In the beginning of August I found myself in a little inn, at the Back of Beyond, some five hours' drive from Fosheim in the heart of Norway, in the middle of the backbone of high land which runs parallel to the western coast-line from 2000 to 4000 feet above the level of the sea. Here is a purer and keener air than is to be found in the Fiords, which, to tell the truth, are, despite their exquisite beauty and grandeur, somewhat relaxing and depressing. The Naerödal, for instance, near Gudvangen, is like a prison: the lofty walls of rock seem almost to meet 2000 feet above your head, ready to fall on you or close, should you be in a gloomy or fanciful mood, as you easily may be if you tarry long in these wild chasms. Some reader may have felt even in a Devonshire lane a craving to see and breathe more freely: let him imagine this feeling intensified to any degree he pleases, and he will understand the effect of fiord scenery on some persons—not on all, for the average tourist in the gloomiest surroundings shows an elasticity of spirits which might with advantage be abated.

At Nösen (for why should I conceal the name after the fashion of jealous anglers?) one had room to breathe. The inn—and Nösen is only a geographical expression for an inn and a farm—stood in the middle of a large moor or rolling prairie, if one might call it so, of rock and bog and grass and juniper. It needed only heather to have been Rannoch or Glenisla, but on a larger scale, for on the west, eight or ten miles off,

ran a range of hills 5000 feet in height; while to the north in farther distance stood the Jotunheim, the peaks of which are more than twice as high as Schiehallion or Mount Blair. The two lakes, connected by a short river of broken water in which there is good fly-fishing, must be, taken together, eight or ten miles in length. Close to the larger lake is the inn. An angler must be prepared to rough it at times in a *sæter* (farmhouse), and to live, as will be good for him, on very simple food, and to sleep in strange places. At Nösen no such hardships had to be encountered. The inn was far from luxurious, but it was clean: "the negative catalogue of provisions was very copious," as Dr Johnson said of his Highland inn; but on trout and eggs and milk—to say nothing of the strange flesh of an unknown animal which seems to roam over the whole of Norway from Christiansand to the North Cape—a sensible person can subsist with great contentment, if the fishing be good.

I have no story to tell of lakes "stiff" with fish; of baskets filled in a few hours with trout eager to be taken, and competing for the fly or minnow as soon as the line is in the water. Alas! an angler is generally a liar; at the best careless about truth and highly imaginative; apt to exaggerate some golden hour in which fish were on the feed into a golden day of continuous voracity. At Nösen four or five hours' trolling generally produced about a dozen fish; but these were large, averaging 1 lb. or 1¼ lb.

A keen enthusiast fishing for a basket—who started early on a favourable day and fished till dusk; who disregarded the strange hours for meals, and suffered no claim of friend, or child, or work to interfere with fishing—might have made a basket of twenty-five or thirty trout, and among them would have been five or six of 2 lb. or more.

"On a favourable day." What happy memories the words recall! A warm and gentle wind rippling the surface of the water; sunshine, which even an angler might endure with equanimity, for it lighted up the somewhat sombre moor and loch, and made the snows sparkle on the big mountains with hopeless names which rose on the west, and on the Jotunheim cluster seen thirty miles off to the north, "the home of giants," where fancy pictured Thor and Odin living in dignified retirement, beyond the reach of Max Müller and Andrew Lang, and their ingenious speculations.

> "Far off the old hills ever new,
> With silver edges cleft the blue
> Aloft, alone, divine."

Not Keats nor Wordsworth could have felt the beauty of nature more profoundly than a happy angler, with some good fish in his basket, and expecting more. Happiness, philosophers tell us, is a free and vigorous play of all the faculties, not least of the æsthetic faculties. A golfer "three up at the turn" has been known to wake suddenly to the beauty of St Andrews across the bay, or of Oxford in the vale below, and to express his admiration to his opponent, eliciting a response at the best dubious. But suddenly! a jerk of the rod, making the dreamer start and thrill from head to foot, for the heavy strain and the music of the reel show that this must be The Fish—the Auto-fish, of which those in the basket

are Phenomenal Adumbrations. The handsome young Viking who is rowing cries, "Stor fisk" (big fish), and breaks into a pæan of unintelligible Norsk. Fifty yards off is seen a swirl and splash dangerously near the left-hand line. Distressing visions arise of an entanglement, which would be wellnigh fatal; but by a happy chance the monster runs out into the depths clear of immediate danger, and his fate is sealed, for the tackle is strong, carefully tested a few hours before. Never did the writer more bitterly reproach himself for his ignorance of Norsk than when, imploring the bewildered Eric to reel up the other line, he was compelled to use a fatuous gibberish of English, German, and broad Scotch, which last he had heard, without believing, could "carry you through Norway." The language of gesture was more successful—the danger is averted, and after ten minutes' struggle a handsome fish, not the monster he would have been had he escaped, is within reach of the landing-net. It is difficult in a cranky boat to hold a rod in one hand and land a good fish with the other; but a great crisis calls forth great powers, and fish and angler find themselves in the bottom of the boat: the former is after all only 3½ lb. Let not the salmon-fisher smile: all things are relative, and a good trout is as good as a good salmon.

There are lights and shadows in a troller's life. The next day—the last, alas! before my return homeward—furnished one of those experiences which every angler must expect on a lake in Norway. We were three miles from home when the storm began—a strong cold wind with driving rain, in the teeth of which we had to cross a broad stretch of "dark and stormy water." Disagreeable reminiscences came into my mind of "the chief of Ulva's isle" and "Lord Ullin's daughter," as I sat drenched and shivering, unable to take an oar; for, strange to say, in Norway, the land of the Vikings, most boats are built with two rowlocks only, and these immovable, so that two men cannot row together. The young boatman, a slim Hercules, for whom Cambridge in its present sore need would be wise to find a scholarship, rowed heroically, refreshed from time to time by doses of whisky, for which even the total abstainer would have found excuse. In the absence of hot coffee, which Sir Wilfrid Lawson would have us believe is more wholesome, more invigorating, and more enduring in its effects than alcohol, but which under the circumstances it was impossible to prepare, we found whisky an excellent substitute. Nor could I help speculating whether that apostle of temperance, had he been with us, would have refused the accursed thing, and what humorous excuse he would have devised for taking it. After three hours of discomfort and some little danger, for the boat was leaky and cranky, we reached the landing-place, and Eric received, if not a "silver pound," yet a reasonable number of kroners for his pluck and endurance and good boatmanship. It is to be hoped that the kroners will be saved to help to form a fund for the venture to Canada or the States which he, like most of his young countrymen, is bound to make. There the Norwegian saves enough in six or seven years to enable him to return to his country and start

in a *sæter* of his own. He seldom settles permanently abroad; for, like all natives of the mountain and the glen—like the Swiss, and, *pace* Dr Johnson, like the Scots—he finds it hard to live away from them, even in the land of Goshen.

The impressions of a tourist who has only thrice, and for short periods, visited Norway, are of little value; but some things lie on the surface. He would be blind, for instance, who could not see that in personal appearance, and in some points of manner, the Norwegian and the Scot are very like each other. In the fish-market at Bergen you might fancy yourself to be on the pier of Aberdeen or Montrose, or Lowestoft or Yarmouth. In the north-east of Scotland especially you find the Scandinavian complexion, the ruddy skin, and fair, often reddish, hair, the rough but not irregular features, the gravity, passing often into grimness, which mark the fisherman of Bergen or the farmer of the Valders. In Norway most faces, and nearly all complexions, are of one type. A mixture of Celtic blood in Forfarshire or Aberdeenshire, of many bloods in Norfolk or Suffolk, modifies the Scandinavian strain; but across the water, in the home of our forefathers, the women are as fair-haired and pink-and-white, and the men are as red and stalwart, as were the heroines and heroes of the Sagas. The voices and intonation, at least of the lower classes in Norway (who will invent some better phrase than "lower class"?) are like those of the same classes in Scotland. While listening, against my will, for I would fain have slept, to "high jinks" in the kitchen, celebrated by my boatman, a belated Stolkjærre driver, and the two maids who with great vigour and efficiency did the service of the inn, I seemed to myself to hear again the voices and the laughter I had heard on similar occasions in my own country.

Of the Norwegian character a very limited experience can justify only the scantiest and most diffident "appreciation." Simplicity, sedate courtesy, and unmistakable independence and self-respect are its chief notes — at least in the only class the writer knows, the hotel-keepers, hotel-servants, fishermen, and drivers. Only such qualities could resist the corrupting influence of tourists, among whom the British tourist seems to be the worst. The extravagant gratuities of the rich, the meanness, rowdiness, and insolence of 'Arry and 'Arriet, who swarm in Norway, have not as yet made the Norwegians extortionate or sour. But who can tell how long their virtues will endure? For the present your boatman or driver is obliging and respectful, while behind his respect is the ever-present sense that "a man's a man for a' that." He belongs to the most democratic country in the world, and exhibits the best aspect of democracy, inoffensive independence. He would be offended if you did not shake hands with him when you paid him at the end of a drive or boating day, nor is the warmth of his grasp proportioned to the amount of your donation.

It would be interesting to know something of Norwegian society in the ordinary sense, and to investigate the problem of Ibsenism. I saw the great man at Christiania. He has a broad, placid face, with a suggestion, however, of grimness about the mouth. He looked like

a respectable elderly gentleman of the bourgeois type, dressed in black, with something of a clerical or scholastic aspect. In early life he was a schoolmaster, and that marks a man indelibly. He is said to be fond of admiration, and to like being accosted by strangers; but I contented myself with watching him drink his beer, as is his custom, at the café of the Grand Hotel, and wondered how this old man, in outward appearance so benevolent, and, it must be said, so commonplace, could have invented the grisly horrors of "Ghosts" or the dreary hypocrisies of "The Pillars of Society." It must have been the natural desire to write in his own language and for his own countrymen that made him lay the scene of his dramas in Norway. The cupboards of Munich or Rome or Dresden must surely contain more skeletons than the cupboards of Christiania. Ibsen lived long in Southern Europe, and must have learnt his pessimism there, and not in Norway. The question is a difficult one and delicate. No men look more respectable than Norwegian gentlemen; no women look more domestic — the writer means no impertinence — more wholesome-minded, and sedate than Norwegian ladies, or less likely to be Doras or Hedda Gablers.

Of the two hypotheses — that Norwegians are deceivers accomplished to incredible perfection, or that Ibsen uses them merely as pegs or vehicles for characters and situations more common in Southern than in Northern Europe — the latter is the easier and more agreeable to adopt. The respectable villain is an old favourite of novelists and playwrights, and is becoming increasingly popular among them,—among those especially who are "in revolt" against conventionalities, whose aspirations for freedom are expressed for them, according to Mr Kipling, by Mr Thomas Atkins with a simplicity and directness which may be recommended to some lady novelists:—

> "Place me somewhere east of Suez
> where the best is like the worst,
> Where there ain't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst."

The Ten Commandments are most efficiently attacked by representing the observance of them as for the most part outward only, and conducive to the most lurid of hypocrisies. But in the fierce competition for supremacy or existence which awaits the world, when political economy shall have been summed up in Malthusianism, the fittest to survive will not improbably be the nations who have remained "west of Suez." I have, of course, no right or wish to attribute to Ibsen any dark de signs on morality. He may be its champion: he alone knows — perhaps not he—what Ibsen means.

Such reflections carry us far away from trout and lakes and hills, where problems are of a more wholesome kind than Ibsenism, though quite as difficult. Fish are strange creatures—as strange as men and women. Just as no ethical generalisation holds good under all circumstances, so there is no piscatorial maxim, at least in Norway, which even a limited experience has not found falsified at times. I had my best hour just before and during a violent thunderstorm. I caught fish—not many—when the water was like glass, and the sun was shining from a cloudless sky as mercilessly as in Central India; I caught fish between 1 and 3 P.M., a time when

anglers find them very dour: but bitter cold—and in the latter half of August it can be very cold among the hills in Norway—was uniformly fatal, were the day ever so cloudy, and the ripple ever so promising. Trout are peculiarly sensitive to temperature—as sensitive as a Londoner to the east wind, and are sulky and "upset" when the wind is blowing from the snows.

More irritating and depressing to the angler than the bitterest of winds is the sight of the "otter" and the net at work on every lake in Norway which lies within three or four hours' journey of a hotel, indeed of any human habitation. The Norway lake-trout are pink-fleshed like those of Lochleven, and as good or better eating. The demand for them is great: the voracity of the tourist, foreign or Norwegian, will not be contented unless trout form part of his *middag* and *aften*. To the peasant they bring a good price if he carries them to the hotel in summer; and in the late autumn, when they are spawning, they are not spared, but taken in large numbers and salted for consumption in the winter. The reasonable angler would hardly claim that he and the wildfowl alone are to fish in Norway waters; but he may point out that hotel-keepers and peasant-farmers and tourists alike will suffer if the trout are exterminated,—or, I should rather say, if their number is seriously diminished; for, happily, the lochs have depths which no net can reach, and nature is careful of the type. The country, too, will suffer, for the tourist traffic is each year becoming a more fruitful source of wealth to Norway, and among the tourists are many anglers, who will not cross the seas for no better fishing than they may get at home. A young and hardy angler can now, and for some time will, find good sport in lochs inaccessible save to a vigorous walker, who will carry his provisions with him, and sleep in a *sæter* or a hut, sometimes in very miscellaneous company; but such delights are not for his senior: he must fish in the valleys, say, of Vestre or Östre Slidre, where chains of fine lochs allure only to disappoint, for they have been half-emptied of their fish by reckless netting. The folly of this improvidence is coming to be recognised by intelligent Norwegians, and it is believed that Government has in contemplation measures for protection of the fish; but Government in Norway, as in some other countries, must give more time to political manœuvres than to practical legislation.[1] The question is certainly difficult and thorny: by law or custom every dweller on the border of a lake has the right of netting it, and to limit or buy up the rights of several thousand tenacious peasant-farmers is, we in the United Kingdom know, an undertaking from which the strongest Government may shrink. Something has been done by a few enterprising hotelkeepers in the way of pisciculture, and in some places the farmers have attempted to bind each other by agreements to refrain from indiscriminate slaughter. It is to be hoped that such efforts may be more widely made, and may be more systematic and successful. Nor is this improbable, for the Norwegian, like his Scottish cousin, is shrewd and provident; and when he knows what his interests are, he will not neglect them.

[1] See 'Maga,' October 1898: "A New Game Law for Norway."

Our sons or grandsons may find Norway an angler's paradise,—a paradise, however, for entrance into which payment will be demanded. Nothing for nothing is becoming, must become, a principle recognised and acted on in the remotest parts of Norway. And why not? There is something ludicrous and irritating in the complaint of tourists who knew the country thirty years ago, "Ah, Norway isn't what it was." On cross-examination this is found to mean that the farmers and the boatmen have learned the elements of political economy. Yet they give honest and cheerful service for very moderate wages. Ah, faithful Knut! you were not mercenary. Never shall I forget your one English phrase, "Oh yes; I tink so," which had so many meanings; which served as a good-humoured answer to my sometimes unreasonable complaints of you, or sky, or sun, or winds; which came promptly and more intelligently in response to invitations to have some *aqua vitæ*,—invitations sparing and infrequent, for *aqua vitæ* was your weakness. The stick you walked three miles in the rain to give me when our companionship ended, a stick curiously cut and twisted by your own hands, was an offering of the simplest kindness and good fellowship.

Nor shall I forget you, Eric, the handsome youth; who could never have enough of rowing, and were always loath to leave the loch without one more turn round the island where the big fish lie. May you make a fortune in the States, and return home to fish for your own amusement, when you are not supporting in the Storthing some drastic Fishery Bill.

All Norwegian boatmen are not Knuts or Erics; but they are never lazy nor uncivil if their employer minds his manners.

Others than anglers would do well to visit this beautiful country. They will find in it beauty of infinite variety. It is a smaller Switzerland; a larger Scotland, with the additional charm of its fiords. The writer would be the last to speak disrespectfully of the Scottish, or even of the English lakes: it is only truth that compels him to confess that in a day's drive on any part of the road between Sorum and Löken—and farther north than Löken the country grows in beauty—a traveller will see lake after lake, each with wood and crag and "far-projecting precipice," which resemble but surpass Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond; which would infinitely surpass them were it not that in the long deep valleys one misses the heather and the open spaces, and the varied outline of hills like the Cobbler or Ben An. But the dark-green pine-woods and the towering cliffs between which the lakes of this part of Valders lie have a sombre beauty of their own, worthy to be praised in another "Excursion" or 'Lady of the Lake.' *Carent vate sacro.*

Wordsworth, had he lived in Valders, would have felt a stronger inspiration than he derived from the tamer beauties of the English lakes, and his flight would have been higher and more sustained. Scott would have peopled Östre or Vestre Slidre with many a fair Ellen or bold Roderick Dhu—for Norwegian history has dark and thrilling episodes, and is full of the material he knew how to use. The weird story of "Sinclair's Expedition"[1] would have found a place in the 'Legend of Montrose.'

[1] See Murray's 'Handbook for Norway,' Route 12, edition 1892.

The Norwegian peasants still tell their children how 900 Scots, marching to the aid of the Lion of the North, were caught in the defile of Kringelen in Gudbransdal and "crushed like earthen pots" by 300 peasants; how the victors, after a carouse, having come to the conclusion that the prisoners who had survived the fray would be expensive to keep (there is some *vraisemblance* here, for no Norwegian would undertake to keep a Scotsman), shot them one by one in a barn—where the bullet-marks can be seen to this day—because of their "acts of murder, pillage, and incendiarism." To the credit both of the good behaviour and prowess of our countrymen historical criticism has shown that only 300 men sailed from Dundee to Norway; that they "neither burned, murdered, nor destroyed anything on their march through the country," and that they were defenceless, or nearly so, having failed to meet the Netherlands contingent which was to have supplied the Scottish force with arms. What a story Captain Dalgetty would have made of it! Nevertheless we may be glad that Scott and Wordsworth wrote in a more widely spoken language, and for a greater people, than Norsk and Norskmann. And by greater I mean more numerous, for were there forty millions of Norwegians the empire of the sea would not be ours without dispute, and the hardy descendant of the Vikings would be a formidable rival. He is not, like his forefathers, a lawless raider; but he has inherited their seamanship and steadfastness and courage.

P. A. Wright Henderson.

THE PRESS AND FINANCE.

It seems but the other day that the three kingdoms were greatly excited by the revelations of how gigantic limited liability companies can be promoted and set afloat, to the detriment of the subscribing public. The revelations were far from reflecting credit on some of the persons involved, and the larger issues of commercial and financial integrity which were opened out were really of most momentous importance. But whether it be a tribute to the unemotional solidity of the British people, or an evidence of blunted moral sense, the fact is undoubted that the public took their autumn holiday with undisturbed calm. The excitement died out, and if the matters that caused it return another day, it will be without the charm of novelty that always bespeaks public attention. Besides, a succession of startling public events have in the meanwhile engrossed regard, so that all we have to look for now is that the latest financial scandal shall be decently buried by official process. But when it is interred, decently or otherwise, one thing is certain: that in due process of time these scandals will be followed by others, as they themselves succeeded to previous ones, only recalled now by good memories or almanacs.

Meanwhile it is to be regretted that the effect of these revelations on the public mind has been so light and transient; for the matters revealed, however important in themselves, were still more noteworthy as evidences of deep-rooted evils: they are, in fact, mere boils on the surface indicating the presence of internal trouble that threatens the health of the whole body politic. Nothing is so difficult, however, as to stir the moral sense of the public to the point at which it passes into action, or compels action in others. Unfortunately it is the case that the prevention of these financial scandals is really the business of nobody in particular; while as for any alteration in the social and commercial conditions that make the scandals, and the causes of them, possible, that is a matter so momentous and far-reaching, that even a parliamentary candidate on the eve of an election would hesitate to face it. It seems likely that for many a long year to come the free exercise of individual liberty and the undoubted right of a man to dispose as he will of what belongs to him, will provide an unfailing supply of victims for the dishonest financier. None the less, it can never be out of place to attempt to restrict the number of these victims by criticism and exposure of the methods of the tricksters who would prey upon them; and also by examination of all conditions that tend to aid these bad ends.

And perhaps the most powerful agency outside the realm of finance, for both good and evil, is the newspaper press. Probably the opinion at present is pretty general that its power in matters financial has hitherto been employed much more potently for evil than for good. How this has come about, almost in spite of a large part of the press, is best understood by remembering that the newspaper of to-day is a three-headed thing. It resembles the giant of our nursery books, with this enormous difference, that each of its heads

can act, and does act, independently of the other two, and all three are at cross purposes the one with the other. There is first the news-head, which, if there is anything in a name, would seem to be the most important. There is next the advertisement-head, upon whose functions the all-important matter of revenue depends. And then there is the deliberative-head, which is supposed to give the newspaper the character and standing it enjoys or strives after. By the quality and operations of this last head the monster is judged, and the judgments may vary between the two extremes of "a weighty organ of public opinion" and "a scurrilous print." But whatever variety of importance the various newspapers may have, or imagine they have, they all possess in common this characteristic, that there is not necessarily any agreement of action between these three heads, so that in almost any example you may take up you will find, say, a quack advertisement in the advertising columns, the account of a quack's conviction in the news department, and a diatribe against quackery in the deliberative branch. The religious newspaper fulminates against vice and infidelity, records divorces and seductions with quite sufficient fulness, and prints advertisements of cure-all medicines and worthless watches, all in the same issue. After all, a newspaper is a commercial venture, and the only individual connected with it whose duty, or interest, it is to embrace in one general view the three departments of opinion, news, and advertising is the proprietor, or, in the case of a body of proprietors, their accredited manager. A familiar notification warns you against writing to the editor about business matters. His function is to provide his readers with the particular kind of politics and opinions they expect to find in the portion of the paper allotted to him. There he reigns, guiding the world and lashing vice and evil-doing. That, and the way he does it, constitute in his idea the newspaper. If it happen that any of his readers, after replenishing their minds with a fine tirade against swindlers, should purchase some furniture or patent medicine, the virtues of which are temptingly set forth in the advertisement columns, and find that the one and the other differ so greatly in fact from the description of them as to constitute a deception, they must remember that the character of the newspaper is in no way involved in such discrepancy; the morals are on the inside page. So also with news. It might be contended that public morals are not served by permitting the picturesque reporter to expatiate with such revolting particularity on murders, suicides, and seductions. The reader is to remember, however, that the public has to be provided with what it wants, or would like; the moral discriminations are on another page. In the matter of news the reporters are but vehicles of facts: one no more expects moral distinctions or high principles from them than from a water-main. They distribute news as that does water to all and sundry who pay the rate. There is a constant supply to meet a constant demand, and there is high pressure always in the main, even if recourse has to be had to pumping.

This tripartite constitution of the newspaper press is generally understood and acknowledged, notwithstanding its apparent anomalies, and the foolhardy man who should criticise it adversely at

this time of day and hint that it is not quite the best that could be devised for an estate of the realm, that it even suggests considerations not altogether consistent with the high destiny of the newspaper press, would draw upon himself such a hornet's nest of contumely that he would wish he had let the thing alone. It is not in dispute, however, that a newspaper is a commercial venture, deriving its revenues from the price of each issue, and the advertisements to which it gives publicity. Nobody, not even the editor, would claim that the daily or weekly pence which is all the public pay for the pleasure and benefit of reading its pronouncements would suffice to maintain him and the others in the state they enjoy, or be a worthy recompense for his wisdom and guidance. Behind him and his proprietors is another body of publicists altogether, and his throne is built upon the pills, soaps, clearing-sales, and impossibly cheap pianos which they advertise in his columns. If on occasion he smites hard at the pretensions of pill-proprietors, or waxes indignant at tradesmen who make large profits by advertising goods to be sold at a loss, he is not blind to the part these play in the economy of his newspaper. He knows, however, that they acknowledge the tripartite arrangement, and cannot afford to dispense with the use of the advertising columns, however much they could wish to dispense with his observations. Besides, they have the best of it; for their advertisements continue to appear with the most persevering regularity, whereas his diatribe dies with the day of its publication and goes to the limbo of all leading articles. Here we speak of organs of recognised standing and character, but of course it is a fact that in the case of organs of lower standing and smaller importance, puffs, interviews, and cunning pieces of news are frankly bartered for advertisements, sometimes by explicit bargain, and often by implied *quid pro quo*.

So long as this kind of transaction is confined to lion-tamers and opera companies, or even to a new ham-and-beef establishment, not much harm is done. In such cases the chief detriment caused is to the ideal of a newspaper; for the three-headed arrangement is a good one, simply for want of a better. Only when the public come to espy a golden bridge between the editorial room and the advertising department do they wince a little. The public are not very logical, and a trenchant editorial attack will often induce them to buy, and even swallow, a patent medicine which they would otherwise have left alone. There has lately entered the field of newspaper publicity, however, an influence to which the lion-tamer or budding actor is poor compared. When Finance took the affair in hand there was bound to come into operation a power whose weapons are the most trenchant and persuasive that can be brought to bear upon humanity. And at a time when it threatens to extend its attacks, and creep into the editorial department, to make itself felt in each of the three departments of the newspaper, it is not amiss to take a short view of what it has already accomplished, and, if not carefully watched, will still further attain to.

There lately appeared in a public print an article by one of those gentlemen who are styled City Editors that sets the newest of

new movements in financial journalism in a very clear light. In substance it went to show that the ordinary financial record in the great morning dailies is deadly dull reading. You get a mere mass of bold unenlightened facts without comment or criticism, and your eye wanders wearily without guidance or certainty over a waste of tabulated figures. This, it seems, requires mending. There is, it would appear, at the service of the public, quite a number of able and instructed men of literary ability who wait but the word to enrich this dreary desert of figures with the flowers of sprightly comment. The day of the old, dry, matter-of-fact, strictly true record of events has passed away; and just as the daily murder, elopement, or divorce is spiced by literary art of such quality that the crafts of romancer and reporter tend ever more to assimilate, so the bare statement that Ham and Beefs moved up ¼ must no longer suffice the public. Ham and Beefs did not move up ¼ without reason, and in future you shall have a picturesque account of why they did so. Day by day the leading features of the "House" will be laid before you: for your delectation you shall have painted the leading jobbers in Ham and Beefs, Mineral Waters, and Chinese Crackers. You shall see them struggling, and outbidding each other; and next day, instead of the bare fact that Ham and Beefs have risen, you shall, by a kind of literary kinematography, positively see them rising. What we want is smartness and actuality in our financial reports: they must be raised to the status of suicides, and take precedence of fires and robberies. A newspaper ought to be interesting.

It is a pretty prospect; but on reflection it does not seem altogether new. We appear to have seen something of the kind in actual practice; and the place, if memory err not, was the columns of those least reputable of so-called financial newspapers. It even seems pretty obvious why it came to be there; but why any one should wish to lift it into respectable surroundings is very far from being so obvious. Some sympathy may be spared for the City Editor who finds the fine movings of his imagination and an afflatus towards the picturesque condemned to the arid wastes of facts and figures; but really, in the matter of finance, we prefer him so, and we think good cause can be shown why he should remain as he is.

The practice of the great morning dailies to confine their financial news to a bare record of facts and movements, with perhaps an occasional hesitating hint of a cause, is founded on experience of what can result when the practice is departed from. Notorious examples of the way in which the enormous influence which comment, not to speak of commendation or prophecy, on matters financial can be turned to the basest uses, are not wanting in the history of the greatest of newspapers. The position of these great morning journals is such that they can afford to contemn the bribe of advertisements. They can insist with withering dignity on the complete independence of the advertisement department, or if any deviation from this austere theory is permitted, it extends no further than to a featureless notice in the financial columns of the new company, or fresh issue, whose authors would so willingly make a bargain of big advertisements for ever so small a recommendation to the public to support

their ventures. With the unimportant reservation mentioned, we may therefore assume that those dignified organs find good reason, even in these days of keen competition, for restricting their financial columns to a record of actual movements in the markets. There is, however, no such reserve on the part of the London evening newspapers; they are frankly financial. Emulation and the demands, imaginary or real, of their readers have forced them to adopt a more intimate method of dealing with the movements of markets and operations of company-floating. After long resistance, the eldest and most staid of them all has been compelled to adopt the "City Editor" business, and his column is now a leading feature, where antique severity used to prevail supreme. In time, no doubt, the penny journal will even proceed to those "Answers to Correspondents" which characterise their halfpenny rivals, although why financial advice and halfpence should be so closely connected is not quite obvious. Such is the case, however; and any one who has studied the ways of the public will not be surprised at the number of persons who have recourse to these City Editors for information and counsel. The appeal for information is explicable enough, for it is easier to write a post-card to a newspaper than find out sources for oneself. But when it comes to asking a City Editor whether certain stocks or shares should be bought, sold, or held, as the case may be, there is revealed on the part of the inquirers that peculiar kind of unreasoning simplicity which financial schemers of all kinds find their account with. It is really remarkable that there should be such a considerable number of people as these consultative financial columns show do exist, who can believe that a City Editor knows anything more about the points submitted to him than the first man the questioner might meet in Throgmorton Street. It is even more remarkable that these questioners do not reflect that if the man who answers their inquiries in the newspaper possessed the foreknowledge they give him credit for, he could speedily become very rich, and raise himself far above the necessity of advising others through the columns of a halfpenny newspaper. He is evidently vaguely conceived of as a man of enormous knowledge and wisdom, but still more colossal benevolence; and, needless to say, the City Editor takes care by the tone of his answers to uphold a reputation so gratuitously and so erroneously conferred upon him.

That reputation is not seldom enhanced by a course of attacks upon catchpenny ventures of the limited liability kind. Or it may be the appeals of some advertising brokers are exposed in their true character as swindles, the methods of the "bucket-shop" are revealed, and a prosecution at law is challenged. All of which is doubtless meritorious work in its way, but no more entitles a man to set up as an authority on finance than a detective would be on criminal legislation. Yet a proportion of readers do assuredly credit the smart financial writer with the gift of prescience; and doubtless they follow his advice, just as, in spite of the constant warnings of experience, they stake their money on the "selections" of professional "tipsters" in horse-racing. In view, therefore, of this belief on the part of a portion of his readers, and the consciousness which the financial writer or City Editor must have that he possesses

no special prescience, or even knowledge, and that if he did have it he would turn it (quite justifiably) to his own profit, the column of halfpenny financial comment, prophecy, and advice has much *not* to recommend it.

Is the full-blown and dignified City Editor of the penny evening paper on any higher plane? Unfortunately it is this somewhat less lively class of writer who has lately furnished some striking object-lessons of the deplorably base ends to which the financial column of comment can be turned, —turned to these base ends also without a suspicion on the part of the editor-in-chief or the proprietors of the paper he writes for that he was doing aught but performing an honest duty. Virtuous indignation after the event on the part of the proprietors and editor-in-chief of the newspaper, and a determination to probe the matter to the bottom, do not help much in the only essential point that concerns the public, which is, that such an occurrence shall be impossible in that or in any other journal. The public hitherto have extended to the financial columns of the class of newspaper here spoken of the same confidence that they give to its news and comment on all other matters of public interest. They have believed them to be dictated by honest motives, to be free from any sordid consideration of personal benefit on the part of the writer, and undoubtedly many readers have been guided in large measure in their investments, purchases, or sales of stocks and shares. Very evidently the knowledge of this fact constitutes a huge responsibility for a journal to take towards its subscribers. They distinguish very definitely between a high-class newspaper and a journal devoted to financial matters exclusively. They make the same distinction in the case of the weeklies also, the pages of which are accustomed to furnish them with such lively criticism of ventures concerning which it is deemed desirable to warn them. Wherefore, as has been said, such newspapers of repute and standing take upon themselves a very great responsibility indeed. When anything occurs, therefore, to cast doubt upon the absolute integrity of the writer of the columns—when he steps forward from his anonymity, stripped of the dignity and importance which the name of the journal whose honour he has in his hand confers upon him, and comes into public remark as an individual found to have had intercourse with promoters and jobbers—the faith of the public is shattered at once, and the journal cannot shake itself free from some of the ignominy that attaches to such nefarious conduct.

It was wont to be a truism that the newspaper press is a great educator: it not only sets forth what is happening in the world, but also points out the significance of the events for us; it saves us from thinking, and supplies us with a ready-made body of opinion. When a certain bishop declared the other day that he never read the newspapers, he was really making a most tremendous claim for originality and independence of intellect. He might be conceived as dispensing with news, for he would be pretty sure to learn what was passing in the world from the conversation of others; but the thought that he made all his opinions himself is appalling, if not incredible. The ordinary citizen, however, makes no such pretensions; he frankly seeks for facts in his newspaper, and finds and appropriates opinions upon them at the same time. When in

the course of a single day you come across a dozen people all giving expression to the same opinion on a matter of public moment, you are to conclude that they have all alike imbibed it from the same newspaper. That this fact does not prevent them giving utterance to the opinion as if it were their own is another significant circumstance: it is eloquent proof of the power of the newspaper press; and whether that press be properly a great educator or not, there is no doubt it stands to most people for a fount of opinions which they swallow and the next moment believe to be the product of their own proper intellects. In the matter of finance, particularly that day-to-day finance which suggests rapid gains or immediate profits, this habit of the public mind in relation to newspapers suggests a question of the highest importance. And in order to see clearly how admirably the average man of the world is catered for by the press, and all his interests provided for, turn to the sixpenny weeklies, some of which are specially strong in things financial. Observe the proportions of the matter laid before him. A good third of it is pompous personalities, commencing with the Court, proceeding by due degrees through the aristocracy, county squires, and members of Parliament, and descending gradually by way of society ladies and the stage to some special details of the latest criminal. There is some literature, some art, a good deal of drama, an original story or sketch, and then a mass of sport and financial comment about equal in extent. It is not at all wonderful, when a man has once acquired the habit of imbibing this volume of news, that he should place the same reliance upon the monetary prophecies, criticisms, and assertions that he bestows upon the revelations of the Prime Minister's private intentions or the intimacies of Lady Somebody's boudoir. There are a thousand reasons, however, why he should not do so. Let him surrender his faith if he likes to the statement that Earl So-and-so did not break his nose when out hunting, but only grazed his ear. Let him, if he chooses, take a further step (and a somewhat familiar one), and commit himself personally so far as to state that a friend of his, who knows Earl So-and-so intimately, assured him his nose was never touched at all, and his ear barely scratched. But when it comes to the cunning, though apparently guarded, recommendation to buy Consolidated Soft-Soap Preferences, let him beware; his Lordship's nose and Soft-Soap Pref.'s are not upon the same news-basis at all. No amount of accidents in the hunting-field, whether truly or falsely reported, will make a pennyworth of difference to him, the reader; whereas the amount of financial support which he and others may accord in golden coin to the Soft-Soap shares means a very large number of pennyworths of profit to — somebody. There is this very great difference between the two kinds of news: the contributor who supplies the correction about the Earl's nose gets, say, seven-and-sixpence (let us be liberal) for his communication, and that is all about it. He may be proud of it, cut it out, and paste it in an album, but never another penny of money will it yield. But with recent revelations before you, think what heights of integrity you have to presuppose before you can put faith in that paragraph about Soft-Soap Pref.'s. We will suppose the editor of the sixpenny weekly is persuaded of the incorruptibility of his City Editor (if he himself act in that capacity no

persuasion is necessary); we will further assume the integrity of the City Editor; but there we are done. We can never know, and experience forbids us to believe, that he got his information about Soft Soaps from a purely disinterested source. We ought to know that no City Editor can possibly be so well acquainted with all the concerns he writes so glibly about as to justify him recommending any one of them. There are more schemes floating about than he can fathom, and it is really his misfortune that he has to provide matter for a newspaper which in his realm of finance shall have the same ring of unquestionable truth and omniscience as those paragraphs in the first pages. It is his misfortune, but it is not to be reckoned to him for a virtue, that he writes about the prospects of Soft Soaps as if of his own proper knowledge he was certain of them. What, although he print the statement, does he really know of that new battery of twenty-five stamps which the Never-say-Die Gold Mines have just erected, and which, when in working order, will make monthly dividends immediately possible? Nothing at all. He has only the secretary's word for it, and the secretary does not know. Or he has exclusive information from the chairman, and the chairman may or may not know. You never can tell. All that is certain is, that it is somebody's interest to have that announcement made public; and if the City Editor is an incorruptible man, these interested persons rejoice inwardly over the cheapness of the advertisement. It may be safely asserted that no announcement of this nature ever gets into the newspapers but some person or group of persons have attached to it a monetary value. Whenever you read that Chinese Crackers have been doing well lately, and with the approach of the 5th of November are expected to break the record in the matter of sales, you may be certain that your purchase of shares in the company is the object in view. The City Editor in whose column the statement appears has no first-hand knowledge of the sales of Chinese Crackers. Poor man! he must write piquantly about something every day, or week: other City Editors are writing piquantly, he has some columns to fill, and a reputation to maintain for foresight, he has to play the *rôle* of Financial Omniscient, and the Cracker people are probably an honest lot,—so in it goes. Perhaps it turns out satisfactorily, and Crackers go up; and then your eye falls on his familiar chuckle, "Those of our readers who followed our hint about Chinese Crackers some weeks ago must now be congratulating themselves on a satisfactory augmentation of their investment." But, perchance, Crackers do not go up, or even go down; and then you begin to perceive that the City Editor knows no more about them than you do. If, later on, as you contemplate the steady fall of the deceitful explosives, it should dawn upon you that it was somebody's interest to sell Crackers about the time that you were induced to buy them, you will do well to write that experience up large on the tablets of your memory. You will thereafter profit by it. But do not jump to rash conclusions concerning the City Editor: he was only deluded, like you. Investigation would probably show that he did not buy any Cracker shares himself—that is not his business. Possibly, indeed, his chief qualification for the post of Financial Editor is

that at an earlier stage of his career he lost his money in buying things on the Stock Exchange: 'tis better to have bought and lost than never to have bought at all. When, however, among the answers to correspondents you find the advice given to some inquirer to "let Chinese Crackers alone—affairs there do not seem in a flourishing condition at present," you may be pardoned for thinking he might have spared you that.

If in all this we seem to press too hardly upon the City Editor, who only writes to the best of his ability and knowledge about financial affairs, as his colleagues on the staff of the newspaper write about politics, and society, and art, and literature, and the stage, and horse-racing, let us repeat, it has to be remembered that, save partly in the case of horse-racing, these other interests of mankind are not upon the same footing at all as matters monetary. "Jupiter" of the 'Morning Glory' may say about the latest novel that it is thoroughly bad, and nobody should waste six shillings upon it; while "Neptune" of the 'Evening Effulgence' may opine that in interest, style, and conception it vies with Scott, and that everybody should buy this, the most promising romance of the last half-century. If you follow "Neptune's" recommendation and buy the book, all that his laudation has coaxed out of you is six shillings, and you at least possess a book. How many Soft-Soap Pref.'s could you buy for six shillings, think you? Why, it is only slightly over a quarter on the price of these same Pref.'s, which are accustomed to move up or down (mostly down) to that extent per share at a bound. There is a mild amusement said to prevail in the literary world called "log-rolling," which is very reprehensible for "Neptune" or any critic in his place to take part in; but the amount of harm it can do to the purses of book-buyers is nearly as small as the amount of benefit it can confer upon the authors who practise it. On the other hand, the misery which a recommendation to buy stocks or shares may cause is incalculable. And this is precisely the consideration which should give pause to all concerned in financial subjects in the public press. Looked at from this point of view, it is seen that not for nothing are the great dailies so sparing of comment on this branch of public activity. Their politics they know will harm no one; their views on social matters will not cost any individual reader a penny to follow or reject. These concerns they deal with by way of reasoned appeal, upon which their readers may make up their minds, or, better still, appropriate the conclusions without troubling to make up their mind. But it is quite otherwise with the day-to-day movements which go to make up the finance which is alone of great interest to the general reader. High questions of bimetallisms, the Board of Trade returns, the relations of volume of exports to volume of imports, free trade and tariffs, and so forth, are over the heads of the ordinary man, and may continue to fill their allotted space; but when it comes to the immediate prospects of Ham and Beefs, ah, then many a reader who would not face a column on bimetallism any more than he would open his school Euclid for relaxation, opens his mind wide, and proceeds to hunt for some indication of a profit to be made from operations well within his mental powers.

The contention that such readers know well enough the limitations of financial comment, just as they recognise those of theatrical or literary criticism, is not a true one. There is no doubt that the ordinary reader of a newspaper does not figure forth clearly to himself the man that is behind every article that appears in its columns. On the contrary, the individual to him is lost in the greater name and responsibility of the newspaper. Even where articles are signed, as in some quarters they are beginning habitually to be, he commonly refers to something that struck him as being in such and such a newspaper. This distinction corresponds to the actual facts of the case, for a writer with a pen in his hand and the public in his view is by no means the same person as when he sits in his club and talks, or writes private letters. With pen in hand for the public, the mantle of the newspaper he is writing for falls over him, with all its powers of sentiment, history, and responsibility. Smith's pen-name may be "Neptune," but Smith and "Neptune" are not by any means interchangeable. Nay, it often requires an effort on Smith's part to be "Neptune"; he knows himself to be Smith, but "Neptune" represents his ideals and ambitions. To such an extent is this the case, that when a writer has reached to that bad eminence at which he persuades himself that the public want to know about his personality, he is never so far from revealing himself as when he is professedly engaged in doing so. And thus it comes about that the sentiment of the reader is right when he assumes that all that appears in a newspaper is dictated by a high responsibility, that a writer in stating facts is possessed of knowledge to bear them out, or in emitting opinions is actuated by strong reasons for committing himself to them and seeking to influence others. Accordingly the Financial Editor who says to himself that his readers know perfectly well the limitations of his knowledge and prescience and wisdom is in reality degrading his position. He discards the very distinctions that promoted him to his post: if he in fact knows no more than any other intelligent man interested in the movements which have their centre in Throgmorton Street, what in the world does he write about them for? No; he cannot get away if he would from the superior importance which most readers attach to printed matter. He is morally bound to acknowledge this state of things. Statements of his which, if uttered over a dining-room table, would be received with that healthy scepticism always doled out to those who presume to tell others something they are ignorant of, become gospel fact when invested with the dignity of print. The inquiries and objections which would be put in private are presupposed to have been put to the newspaper writer by himself. In fact, he is raised by the attitude of his readers to a height of responsibility which he must accept — nay, more, is bound to live up to. This is true of everything in a newspaper; even the advertisements catch a reflected light, else why should people continue to buy an infallible specific for gout which has stood the test of fifty years, when a moment's reflection would show them if that assertion were true there would be no necessity to advertise it?

In the case of the Financial Editor we thus see that all the

moral inducements to responsibility which operate, or ought to operate, upon the newspaper writer are multiplied manifold. If, as we are threatened, he is about to launch forth into greater piquancy and expansiveness, with the inevitable result of attracting the public attention in a larger measure to monetary gambling and speculation (for that, and nothing else, is the interest he is to play upon, the investing class being thoroughly well provided for as things are), can he fulfil the conditions upon which alone a man with a high sense of personal honour and responsibility to the public should write at all? We doubt it, and have had only too good cause for our doubts furnished in some recent revelations. A deal of pother is being made to distinguish between bribery and black-mail; the truth being that they were whelped at the same time—out of Dishonesty by Avarice, a very old stock indeed—and have hunted in couples ever since.

The qualifications for a man who is to write constantly on monetary affairs in the newspapers, especially if he is bent on being smart and interesting, and outvying his competitors, are becoming terribly trying as we proceed. Unless he can preserve his anonymity (an almost impossible thing) he is beset on all sides with temptations—open and underhand—to prostitute his command of publicity to base ends. All around lie in wait for him the promoter, the director, the secretary, using the most amiable cunning to draw him into their fraternity. They know very well it is his business to write, and he must be provided with something to write about; and truly enough he does have to write, and would like what he writes about to be interesting, and (dearest word of all to the journalist's ear) exclusive if possible. Where is he to get his information, if not from somebody who knows better than himself? For the City Editor is only a man about Throgmorton Street after all. The secrets of the Timbuctoo Goldfields are no more known to him than to you or me, nor can he get at them save through channels that do not willingly yield up information for the public without first considering the benefits to be derived. The public are fair game for all financial concerns whatever, and the public, besides investing, are prone to speculate. That is the consideration that makes it impossible for the moralist to step in and distinguish between the parties to the game—Throgmorton Street on the one hand and the public on the other. Moralist is an old-fashioned character, and is never greatly welcome. The public do not care to listen to him save when they have lost heavily, and Throgmorton Street does not want his homilies in any circumstances. But it is the boast of the newspaper press that it always has been a moralist—in the proper department. If its three-headed constitution detracts somewhat from the force of its persuasions, that is no reason why it should give a keener smack of cynicism to its moralities by adding to horse-racing the far more hazardous sport of popularised finance. By-and-by the public will forget the recent colossal washing of dirty linen, of which the press garments were none of the cleanest. The better-class journals might consider, before emulation and competition drive them into descriptive financial reports, whether they had not better save the public from itself. The public have had revealed to them the golden bridge that leads from the adver-

tisement to the editorial columns. They have learned how reports in the news department can be manipulated to produce a desired impression. The foregoing pages, we would fain hope, will have shown them how enormously difficult it must always be to put implicit faith in any comments of City Editors, because they have to presuppose a man of the most stubborn integrity, with examples to the contrary staring them in the face; a man who must not only be incorruptible, but possessed of such profound knowledge of the inner workings of companies that what he writes shall represent the precise facts; a man, further, whose judgment and perspicacity shall be so great that he can never be deluded by the thousand and one schemers for the public money who are the sources of his information. And he must also be a man who, in consideration of the moderate salary of a financial writer, shall be so disinterested as to point out to the public the way to fortune. Is it likely?

All this sort of thing had far better be left in its natural place, the purely financial journal. Not so long ago the City courts were kept busily occupied by a series of actions that revealed a quite amazing state of things among the financial journals of London. Charges of black-mail, bribery, and every form of corruption were bandied about with a reckless freedom that suggested grave reflections to the onlooker. What promised to be the most enlightening of all recent cases involving journalists came to an unfortunate end in a mesh of legal procedure, and Truth (that most shy of all deities) remains obstinately at the bottom of her well. Meanwhile, the purely financial journal business proceeds merrily on the old lines. A leading feature continues to be the column of "Answers to Correspondents." We must not doubt that all those "Inquirers" from Brixton and John-o'-Groat's are real; but somehow, without being unduly suspicious, it seems as if the persistent recommendations to buy certain shares were intended for other readers besides the particular person (or shadow) replied to. That hesitating gentleman from, say, the East Neuk o' Fife must not speculate, however; oh, no: we never advise speculation; but if he has any sound solid savings from laborious agriculture in that windy corner to invest, he might do worse than buy some Klondyke Bounders, which in course of time may yield a good return. Next day the attention of "Regular Subscriber" in the peaceful vale of Aberdovey is directed to the self-same Bounders, but he must not speculate; he must invest. A blessed word is Investment; but you can lose your money both ways with equal efficacy,—only by investment, as opposed to speculation, you start by handing over the cash, and you receive a Klondyke Bounder share-certificate as a memento.

Is this the sort of thing that daily journals of repute mean to participate in? Then let them set this up in standing type: "Angry Subscriber.—We advise to the best of our knowledge and ability, but can accept no responsibility for the results of purchases which readers make at their own risk." Another and a better plan would be to keep the City Editor strictly within his limits as a recorder of indisputable facts: all beyond that is a pestilential region of bribery, black-mail, and corruption.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, LETTER-WRITER.

NOWHERE else do we get such a complete insight into the manners, morals, customs, and everyday life of England under Elizabeth as in the letters of John Chamberlain. The Pepys of the reign of the Virgin Queen, his literary productions are invaluable from a historical standpoint. Each letter was written to some friend who was either abroad or in the country, and they were penned with a view to giving to the absent one a faithful relation of what passed in town each day, so that on his return he might be immediately *au courant*. Yet he has been almost entirely forgotten, and now literati and book-worms alone know who he is. As far back as 1203[1] one William Chamberlain was sheriff of the City of London under the mayoralty of a certain Walter Browne, and in the church of All Hallows the Less, destroyed in the great fire of 1666, was a monumental inscription dated 1447, which ran as follows:—

"Jesu that suffered with Passion and Peyne,
Have mercy on my soul, John Chamberleyne.
And my Wyfs two
Agnes and Jone also.
The said John deceased, the Sooth for to say,
In the monyth of December, the fourth Day,
The year of our Lord God reckoned full evin
A thousand four hundred fourscore and sevin."

This John may have been the paternal great-grandfather of the Letter-writer, but it is impossible to pronounce with certainty.

The father of John Chamberlain was one Richard Chamberlain, a member of the Ironmongers' Company, of the Merchant Adventurers' Company, and "free of Russia." He was also alderman of the City and sheriff in the year 1562-63. He married first Anne, daughter of Robert Downe, ironmonger of London and also of Yalding in Kent, and Marjory his wife, by whom he had eight sons, six of whom survived, and five daughters, two of whom survived. His second wife was Margaret, widow of Mr Bristowe, grocer of London, daughter and one of the heirs of Nicholas Hurleton (or Hurleston)[2] of Cheshire, sometime Clerk of the Green Cloth to King Henry VIII. By her he had no children. The alderman lived in a house in Coleman Street, in the parish of St Olave's, Upwell. He died on the 19th of November 1566, in the ninth year of Elizabeth's reign, and was buried in his parish church on the 25th of the same month. His epitaph was in the church of St Olave's,[3] and ran as follows:—

"To the Poore he was liberall and gave for God's sake,
But now his Fame is plentifull and He an heavenly make,
He was like one of us, according to our Mould,
But now he is unlike us in Heaven where he would,

[1] Maitland says 1202.

[2] In connection with the Chamberlains, there is an entry in H. Machyn's diary, dated December 20, 1559, of the arraignment "in the Geld Hall of Master Chamberlaine captain of the castyll at Calais and of Master Hodylstone or Hurleston" for treason: they were both "cast to suffer death."

[3] Destroyed by fire in 1666.

His Time was short, in Sickness rare, as to all is known,
But now his Time shall long endure and never be cast down."

It is difficult to see any literary merit in this effusion, but no doubt its author was animated by the best intentions.

The worthy alderman's will, written in 1558 and proved in 1567, is in Doctors' Commons. In it are some curious directions with reference to the house in Coleman Street; a legacy of £50 was left to his Company, "because that I have heard they are in debt and after dell [*i.e.*, sore pushed to pay]." That he was both an honourable and honoured member of the civic corporation is evident from the various references to him in the diary of Henry Machyn (1550-63).

Of the six sons who lived till manhood little or no mention is made in the State Calendars, and John himself hardly ever refers to them in his letters. Their names, according to Miss Williams, were as follows: Robert, Thomas, Richard, Alexander, John, George. According to one of the Harleian MSS. they are: Thomas, Richard, Alexander, Robert, John, and George. Miss Williams's order must, however, be the correct one; for in the Visitation Book of London, 1634, are preserved the arms[1] granted to "Robert, eldest son of Richard," &c. That there was another brother named William is, however, pretty certain. The following entry in the State Calendar quite decides the question: "October 6th, 1589, Alderney. William Chamberlain to his brother John Chamberlain, at Robert Chamberlain's house, St John's Street, Smithfield, London." The letter has reference to ships, and to the usual alarms of Spaniards descending on the coasts of England, from which I conclude that William led a seafaring life. Robert Chamberlain is mentioned two or three times. The first paragraph is dated May 1, 1605, and refers to a certificate given by Robert Chamberlain in connection with certain citizens of London. The next is in 1616, purporting to be an "account by William Butler of wood sold for *Sir* Robert Chamberlain in Sherwood Forest." So between 1605 and 1616 Robert had been knighted. In 1617 is an entry as follows: "Oct. 4. Richard Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton: sending him a present of two hogsheads of English beer."

The entries concerning George Chamberlain are rather curious, and lead me to suppose that he must have become a convert to Roman Catholicism. In one of his letters John mentions that his brother George[2] has married the "niece of Sir John Merricke, ambassador to Muscovy," or Russia, as we should call it now; but the State entries are as follows: "April 5, 1570. George Chamberlain to the Duchess of Feria: 'In Scotland some were desperately affected Protestants.'" This is from the MSS. Spain in the Rolls House. In 1582 there is a "Declaration by George Chamberlayne as to conveyance of letters to or from the Spanish ambassador, and of the causes of his resort to the ambassador, whose acquaintance he made going from

[1] Miss Williams describes the arms thus: 1st and 3rd ermine, on a pale three leopards' faces; 2nd and 4th on a chief two crowns, with a mullet for a difference.

[2] The sentence is as follows: "My brother George's wife's uncle, Sir John Merricke, is appointed to Muscovy," &c.

London to Dover in his company when the Countess of Feria went over." Now this Duchess of Feria was no other than Jane Dormer, the intimate friend and constant companion of Queen Mary of sanguinary memory. In 1558 she was married to the Duke of Feria, and followed him to Flanders the following year. After his death in 1571, which occurred just after his appointment to the Governorship of the Low Countries, she continued to reside on his Spanish estate, and died at Madrid in 1612. She corresponded actively with Mary Queen of Scots, and with the Popes Gregory XIII., Sixtus V., Clement VIII., and Paul V. With such a history, she could be nothing but an ardent Papist. The question is, whether she succeeded in winning George Chamberlain over to her faith, and in making him a traitor to his queen. It is a little plot which it would be interesting to unravel. On George's death, in February 1623 or 1624, John Chamberlain succeeded to some property, and a great deal of litigation followed, as was often the case at that period. Writing to Sir Dudley Carleton on June 19, 1624, he says: "My suit in Chancery is not ended, tho' I have done my utmost both by myself and my friends." On February 12, 1625, however, he writes: "My Chancery suit is finished, and so little loss, as for £567 to go away with £400." This is presumably meant for sarcasm.

So much for John's family: now for John himself.

John Chamberlain was born in 1553, and was baptised at the church of St Olave's, Upwell, in Old Jewry, on the 15th of January. His father's will says regarding him:—

"Because that he hath been tender, sickly, and weak, I would have him brought up to learning, hereafter when that he is come to some years, either in the university or else in some place beyond the seas. And I will commend him to my loving and friendly cousin Thomas Goole, that he have the bringing up of him."

John was sent to Cambridge, and matriculated as a pensioner of Trinity College in May 1570, but left without taking a degree. He was an accomplished scholar, conversant with French, Italian, and the dead languages. In 1597 he accompanied Sir Henry Wallop to Ireland, which journey he mentions in a letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, then in Paris with the English Ambassador, Sir Anthony Mildmay:—

"The press of gentlemen will be great. Michael Dormer,[1] whom I cannot dissuade, and Hugh Burton, who hopes to be a treasurer, though he will have so little receipt that a well-saddled rat might carry all his accounts: his true errand is to get knighted before or as soon as Sir Peter Evers. Lady Unton is in parley with George Shirley of Northampton or Leicestershire. Being weary of idleness, I am going to Ireland with Mr Wallop, but will be back before Bartholomew-tide."

The enterprise for which the "press of gentlemen" was to be great was apparently the Earl of Cumberland's expedition to the West Indies, which took place in the following year.

Miss Williams says that beyond the three months in Ireland and a visit to Venice in 1610 in company of Sir Dudley Carleton, who had been appointed ambassador at the Venetian Court, John Chamberlain had never travelled elsewhere; but this statement is contradicted by one of Sir Dudley Carleton's letters to Sir Ralph Winwood,

[1] Sir M. Dormer of Ascot, cousin to Dudley Carleton.

dated December 12, 1610, in which he says: "Where (Mr John Chamberlain excepted) we were all strangers, and he little better by reason of the *long time since he passed these ways.*" From this we may safely conclude that the "friendly cousin" had completed his educational course by sending his ward to the Continent for some time. This would also account for his proficiency in the French and Italian languages. He paid very frequent visits to the country-houses of his numerous friends, where he was a welcome and beloved guest; but for the most part he lived in London, whence emanated the charming, gossipy chronicles which were so highly valued by their recipients. The date of his death is uncertain, but it is generally given as 1627. His name is in the Commission for repairing St Paul's Cathedral in 1620,[1] and there are many letters to various people dated five or six years later. In a letter dated January 25, 1623, he says, "About the middle of this month I began to be *septuagenarius.*" The last letter to Sir Dudley Carleton preserved in the State Calendars is dated March 1625 or 1626. In it he says, "I have kept house these two days and taken a little physic, more than I have in a dozen years before." A letter of Sir Dudley Carleton's (then Viscount Dorchester) to Mr Isaac Wake,[2] dated October 15, 1630, refers to "Mr John Chamberlain our good friend, who is with God," which sounds as if his death had been of recent occurrence. At any rate no letters are forthcoming which bear a later date than 1626.

Chamberlain was never married, although many of his letters contain references to "my wife" or "my late wife." The young lady who went by this name was Winifred Wallop, daughter of Sir Henry Wallop and Katharine his wife, daughter of Richard Gifford, Esquire. Winifred was married to her maternal cousin, Sir Richard Gifford of Lombourne in Hampshire, in 1601. Her "late husband's" letters on the subject are rather amusing:—

"*May* 27, 1601.—I go to-morrow to Knebworth,[3] though I came lately thence about the middle of last terme, being sent for from Askott[4] some three weeks before to meet your cousin and Mrs Lytton at Farley[5] about a match for my wife, which is since dispatcht with younge Gifford, a kinsman of her own."

In due time, his "late wife" calls on him to rejoice with her at the birth of a son and heir. He remarks pathetically, "This I could not, seeing that I had no part in it!"

I have been unable to discover the origin of this custom: it was very frequently made use of in the Elizabethan period, several ladies being mentioned as "my wife" by gentlemen to whom they were not married. I imagine it to be the same kind of thing as the old-fashioned "Valentine." Messrs Cooper, in their valuable 'Notes and Queries,' mention that John Chamberlain sat twice in Parliament—once for the now notorious Clitheroe in the Parlia-

[1] April 29, 1620. J. C. to Sir D. C. "We have here a great Commission come forth for the business of Paul's. . . . And for want of better, Mr Wymarke and myself, that am very unfit for any such employment," &c.

[2] Carleton's secretary: afterwards knighted.

[3] Knebworth, seat of Sir Rowland Lytton.

[4] Askott in Oxfordshire, where Mr Gent lived.

[5] Farley in Hampshire, seat of Sir Henry Wallop, Treasurer of Ireland.

ment that met on the 19th of November 1592, and, secondly, for St Germans in Cornwall, in that which assembled on the 24th October 1597. I can find absolutely no hint of a former parliamentary career in any of his letters: Miss Williams inclines to the belief that it was some other John Chamberlain, and the probabilities certainly point that way, as a man would not, in all likelihood, so entirely ignore such passages in his life. All that is certain is that the name appears in Willis's 'Notitiæ Parliamentariæ.'

Through the praiseworthy efforts of the Camden Society a great number (sixty-two) of the letters to Sir Dudley Carleton have been copied from the State Calendars and published by them; but even this collection is not available for the general public. Dr Birch has published a great many[1] more in his 'Court and Times of James I.,' but I am not aware of any complete collection having been issued.

On March 9, 1589, we find a "Petition of John Chamberlain to the Court in behalf of Richard Owen, of Godstone, a recusant, that he may have licence to return home, his wife being extremely sick, for which he offers good assurance not to depart above 3 miles from his home without licence." In 1597 comes the letter already quoted as to his journey to Ireland. November 8 of the same year he writes: "The Earl of Southampton hath lately lost 1800 crowns at tennis in Paris;" and December 8, "Mr Shirley has married Lady Unton. Poor as I am, I would not buy such another at the price." One cannot help wondering what that lady had done to draw forth such a scathing remark!

January 17, 1599, he reports that—

"Many English are come from Spain, set free at the young King's succession. He was bruised by the fall of a horse in running at the ring, for which he was let blood four times. The same day his Queen was so alarmed by a fire in the house where she was, at Milan, that she ran into the street in her petticoat."

January 31:—

"The Queen's want of money is such that they are fain to descend to mean men to get it where they can. I have been applied to myself to lend; but I told them that the Queen must lose her right where there was nothing to be had."

Which is a quite undeniable proposition.

March 1:—

"Doctor Ledsam, sometime the Queen's chaplain, always a giddy-brained fellow, has committed suicide."

In the next letter the peaceful old bachelor is filled with patriotic ardour:—

"As the news increases of the Spaniards coming and of their designs on London, though not a soldier, I intend to offer myself in defence of my country, accompanying your cousin Lytton, who commands 300 men."

December 22, 1600, shows that the terrible struggles witnessed at the drawing-rooms of to-day had their counterpart in those times:—

"Precedence is as much esteemed by women in France as in England. Mesdames de Fresné and de Chambourg at the first interview before the Queen fought and scratched one another cruelly."

[1] Two hundred and twenty-one to Dudley Carleton and six to Mrs Alice Carleton. There are a great many written to Sir R. Winwood in the 'Winwood Memorials.'

What must have been the feelings of the onlookers at such a scene! In this year appears also a letter from Sir Walter Cope to his cousin Dudley Carleton, which mentions "John Chamberlain's ill health," wishing that it "would not cause him to keep early and late hours and to take such far and toilsome postings."

The letter dated February 3, 1601, shows that although the Elizabethan period could not boast of a Succi or a magnetic lady, still there were always charlatans ready to amuse the credulous:—

"New experiments are made daily. Last week one came hopping from Charing Cross to St Paul's in a sack, and another riding a horse on the top of St Paul's steeple, and now one Greene challenges all comers at wrestling."

October 31 of the same year brings one of the rare mentions of his relations: "My niece Stukeley was lately brought abed of a sonne: but the joy lasted not longe, for they both vanished soon after." The young lady referred to was probably a daughter of his sister Elizabeth's, who was married to a Mr Hugh Stukeley, a lawyer of London. His other sister Margery remained single for some years, but finally married Edmund Windham of Knefford, Co. Somerset, the second son of Sir George Windham of Orchard, in the same county.

October 1, 1603, finds him staying with Lady Unton[1] at Broad Hinton, in Wiltshire, whence he writes conveying her invitation to Carleton to join him there: he seems to have forgotten his dislike of her for the time being.

January 3, 1605, finds him "tied by the leg at Knebworth," but cheerful enough to send the "compliments of the season" to his friend. April 30 is distinguished by the fact that "a cuckoo flew over the pulpit in St Paul's and cried out." October 24 chronicles the trial in the Star Chamber of a goldsmith who had "arrested the Countess of Rutland for debt. The King delights in catching larks." A truly kingly pastime!

In 1606 is an entry of an undated letter of Dudley Carleton's to John Chamberlain, in which he "remonstrates with him on his love melancholy." I confess that this bald brief sentence has roused my curiosity to the highest pitch. Who *could* he have selected as the object of his affections? Was she young or old? Pretty or the reverse? Fair or dark? These and a thousand other questions are on the tip of my tongue, but I sadly recollect that no one can answer them: it was all so long ago! I like to think that she was young and lovely, and that he carried her memory with him to the grave: probably she never knew of the passion she inspired, and married somebody who drank and gambled and ruffled it like the best of the court gallants.

In 1608 the King was on progress, and was welcomed "at Thetford by three cormorants on the steeple."

In 1609, on the 7th of April, Sir Dudley Carleton writes to Sir Ralph Winwood:[2]—

"Yesterday we were invited to Fulham by Sir Thomas Bodley, whither we went with Mr Chamberlain in company. To write you news while Mr Chamberlain is in town, were 'inmittere falsem in alienam messeni'; but when he is absent as now, he is going to keep his Easter

[1] She was the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Wroughton.
[2] Winwood Memorials.

with Sir Henry Fanshawe,[1] you shall have weekly such gleanings as I can gather."

This is sufficient to show in what estimation Chamberlain's letters were held by his friends.

August 21, is a letter from Sir Rowland Lytton to Carleton, congratulating him on his appointment to the Venetian Court, and suggesting his taking Mr Chamberlain with him, which suggestion was carried out soon after.

Dudley Carleton being in London at that time, Sir Ralph Winwood[2] took his place as recipient of Chamberlain's admirable communications. Thus in February 13, 1609, we find him writing to Winwood to describe the Christmas masques. He adds, "The Queen's jointure is increased by £3000 a-year out of the Customs, and a donation of £20,000 to pay her debts."

The next extract is interesting, from its connection with the unhappy career of Arabella Stuart :—

"Lady Arabella's business (whatsoever it was) is ended, and she restored to her former place and grace. The King gave her a cupboard of plate better than £200 for a New Year's present, and a thousand marks to pay her debts."

The next extract will excite the amusement of a generation accustomed to the gigantic proportions of P. & O. steamers and Atlantic liners :—

"Our East India merchants have lately built goodly ships above 1200 tons. The King and the Prince were invited to the launching thereof. The King graced Sir Thomas Smith the governor with a chain in manner of a collar, better than two hundred pounds, with his picture hanging at it, and put it about his neck, naming the great ship 'Trades' Increase':[3] and the Prince named a pinnace of 250 tons (built to wait upon her), 'Peppercorn.'"

May 2, 1610, brings rather a scornful letter concerning the rumours of war with England, which were then rife in Paris :—

"We for our parts are fitter to skirmish with the pen than with the sword, and readier to uphold our side with words[4] and wishes than with arms or other real assistance. . . . Indeed it were fitter they [the Court gallants] had some place abroad to vent their superfluous valour than to brabble so much as they do at home : in one week four great quarrels. Earls Southampton and Montgomery fell out at tennis, when the Rackets flew about their ears : then the eldest son of Sir John Egerton, and Morgan, a lawyer's son of good estate, the first was left dead in the field, and the other sore hurt."

Another quarrel took place between Lord Norris and Peregrine Willoughby, and yet another between Sir John Gray and Sir H. Hastings ; by which it will be seen that the nobility of to-day are not quite so turbulent as those of that time. August 28, 1610, brought a letter to Winwood from Carleton, in which he says :—

"To make the way shorter, I have obtained of Mr John Chamberlain to make one in the expedition,[5] and on Monday next, God willing, we set forward. . . . You may quarrel with me for taking him hence, whose letters gave you extraordinary satisfaction ; but you shall know that Sir Thomas Bodley, Sir Rowland Lytton, and Mr Gent as well in my respect as his own, to put new life into him, were all persuaders to this journey."

[1] At Ware Park.

[2] Ralph Winwood was employed on several embassies, and was Secretary of State from 1614 to 1617, when he died.

[3] She was lost on her first voyage.

[4] This in reference to the notorious cowardice of the King.

[5] To Venice.

From which it appears that his health was always a subject of anxiety to his circle of friends.

He returned to England in 1611, and had thenceforth two friends abroad to whom he could send his charming chronicles, for they partake much more of that character than of that of letters. On the 12th February 1611, writing to Dudley Carleton, he relates the following extraordinary incident:—

"The eldest son of the Bishop of Bristol (Dr John Thornborough) nineteen or twenty years old, killed himself with a knife to avoid the disgrace of breeching, which his mother or mother-in-law (I know not whether [*Anglicè*, which]) would need have put him to for losing his money at tennis."

Imagine such a thing taking place nowadays! A letter dated August 10, 1612, written to Sir Ralph Winwood, gives this extract:—

"The widowed Countess of Rutland died lately, and is privately buried in Paul's by her father, Sir Philip Sidney, and Secretary Walsingham. Sir Walter Raleigh is slandered[1] to have given her certain pills which dispatcht her."

The arrival in England of the Prince Palatine to marry the Princess Elizabeth was duly retailed to the absent friends, and the generosity of the bridegroom elect much praised. January 9, 1612. To Sir Ralph Winwood:—

"The Prince Palatine was very royal in his presents this New Year's tide. He gave his bride jewels worth £30,000, consisting of a diamond tiara and ear-rings and chain, and two pearls, the biggest in Christendom."

Writing to the same on the 29th of the same month, Chamberlain informs him of the death of their mutual friend Sir Thomas Bodley, whose memory was not cherished so much by his contemporaries as it is by the public of to-day, if we may judge by what follows:—

"He was so carried away (if a man may say so) with the vanity and vainglory of his library that he forgot all other respects and duties, almost of conscience, friendship, or good nature, and all he had was too little for that work. I cannot learn that he hath given anything, no, not a good word, nor so much as named any old friend he hath, but Mr Gent and Tom Allen, who, like a couple of almsmen, must have his bed and his second gown and his best and his second coat; but to cast a colour or shadow of something upon Mr Gent, he says he forgives him all he owed him, which Mr Gent protests to be never a penny."

The Tom Allen mentioned in this letter was a great and universal scholar, and a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. According to Dr Birch, he died at the age of thirty,[2] on the 30th September 1630. I fancy, however, that Dr Birch has made a mistake in his dates, and that "Tom Allen" is identical with a Mr Thomas Allen whose tomb and epitaph were in the church of St Martin's, Ludgate, in the ward of Farringdon Within. The epitaph ran as follows:—

"Here lieth the body of Thomas Allen of London, Gent., who died the 22nd Oct. 1632. Divers of whose ancestors have been interred in this church.

"No epitaph need make the just man famed;
The good are praised when they are only named."

[1] Raleigh being in disgrace, no slander was too vile for those who wished to curry favour with James.

[2] J. C. speaks of him in a letter dated 1608, as coming to London in company with Sir M. Dormer and Mr Gent. According to Birch, he would then have been eight years old! This is obviously incorrect. I prefer to think it is a misprint, and for thirty to read fifty or even more.

I feel sure that there must be some mistake in his age as given by Dr Birch: for so young a man would hardly have been on intimate terms with men so much older than himself as Mr Gent, Sir Rowland Lytton, John Chamberlain himself, and all the other members of this circle of friends. All the intelligence concerning Sir Thomas Bodley is repeated in a letter written to Mrs Alice Carleton, sister to Sir Dudley, and then residing with him in Venice. Concerning the few and scanty legacies that were left, he adds: "But let good nature go, if he had any regard of conscience towards his wife's children, by whom he had all his wealth." Sir Thomas had married Anne, daughter of Mr Carew of Bristol, and widow of a Mr Ball. No doubt both her father and husband were rich merchants, and as she had children by her first husband, her money should have been left to them, instead of which—

"All this for a vainglory and show of good deeds, for he hath given about £7000 to his library at Oxford and £200 to Merton College, besides mourning to all the students, from the highest to the lowest."

Such conduct so disgusted our worthy friend that he concludes his letter in the following terms:—

"This and such like makes me to know and esteem the world, such as it is, nothing but vanity, and in that meditation I will leave and commit you to God."

Mrs Alice Carleton came in for the replica of one or two letters written to Ralph Winwood, for the next letter addressed to her contains the same intelligence as one written five days later to him —viz., the description of the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and the Prince Palatine:—

"The bridegroom and bride were both in a suit of cloth of silver, richly embroidered with silver, her train carried up by thirteen young ladies or lords' daughters at least, besides five or six more that could not come near it. The bride was married in her hair, that hung down long, with an exceeding rich coronet on her head, which the King valued the next day at a million of crowns. . . . The Queen all in white, but not very rich, save in jewels. The King, methought, was somewhat strangely attired in a cap and feathers, with a Spanish cape and a long stocking."

This reads as if his Majesty had forgotten the *second* stocking!! The lords and ladies of the Court had all donned their best apparel, and our old gossip tells us that "Lady Wotton[1] had a gown that cost fifty pounds a-yard the embroidery. . . . The Lord Montacute bestowed £1500 in apparel for his two daughters."[2]

Before leaving England with his bride, the Palsgrave made many rich gifts to her family, and in a letter to Sir R. Winwood Chamberlain describes

"an exceeding fair Carosse made in France, which was given to the Queen by her son-in-law. It was of pale-coloured velvet, richly embroidered with gold and silver, both within and without, with six horses and two coachmen, all in the same livery, and the wheels and all the iron-work richly gilded and curiously wrought, valued at eight or nine thousand pounds at least."

The liberality of the Palsgrave to the other members of the family and of the royal household is the subject of another long letter.

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[1] Hester, daughter and co-heir of Sir William Puckering.

[2] It is also mentioned that nobody was admitted to the ceremony "that wore a fardingale, which was to give more room."

To return to our friend Sir Thomas Bodley, whose eccentric will (to put it mildly) created such consternation amongst his acquaintances. In a letter to Ralph Winwood, dated February 10, 1612, we get another little piece of news about him which certainly does not tend to improve his reputation :—

"Sir Thomas Bodley hath written his own life, not leaving out the least *minutezze* nor omitting anything that may tend to his own glory or commendation : he hath not mentioned his wife or that he was married : whereby you may see what a mind he carried and what account he made of his best benefactor."

A letter to Dudley Carleton, dated November 19, 1612, relates a curious incident which occurred after the death of Prince Henry, who, it was confidently asserted by many people, was poisoned by Viscount Rochester :[1]—

"The same day sevennight he [the Prince] died, there fell out a very ridiculous accident. A very handsome young fellow, much about his age, and not altogether unlike him, came stark naked to St James', where they [the Court] were at supper, saying he was the Prince's ghost come from Heaven with a message to the King. Some say he is simple, some mad. He belongs to one of the Chancery. They gave him 2 or 3 lashes, which he endured as it seemed without sense, and kept him, naked as he was, all night in the porter's lodge."

Mrs Alice Carleton was the recipient of a letter dated February 4, 1613, which gave her the following news, showing how extravagant in some things ladies of that period could be :—

"The Countess of Salisbury [Catherine Howard] is brought abed of a daughter, and lies in very richly, the hangings of her chamber being white satin embroidered with gold and silver and pearls valued at £14,000."

A somewhat large sum for the occasion surely!

The following extract is of rather a different kind, but equally characteristic of the period :—

"The other day there was an encounter between Hutchinson of Gray's Inn and Sir German Poole, who, assaulting the other upon advantage, hurt him in three or 4 places and cut off three of his fingers before he could draw his weapon. Whereupon, enraged, he flew upon him, and getting him down, bit off a good piece of his nose, and carried it away in his pocket"!!

Rather a contrast to these savages is afforded by the one noble deed of Lord Rochester, who, when asked for money as a loan to his royal master, "sent for the officers of the receipt, and giving them the key of his chest, told them to take all that he had for his King's use, twenty-four or twenty-five thousand pounds in gold."[2]

Gambling and brawling seem to have been the chief amusements of the young men of that day. "Sir John Whitbrooke was stabbed and killed in the Fleet by Broughton, one of his fellow-prisoners." Although Sir John had requested to be separated from his room-mate on several occasions, he "could not obtain separation from such an unruly chamber-fellow," probably because he had not the wherewithal to bribe the jailer. Losses at play were usually heavy : "Lord Walden lost in one day £1500 at bowls at Hackney and £400 or £500 two days before. My lord of Montgomery won most of it."

[1] With the knowledge, and some say at the instigation, of the king.

[2] No doubt this was merely "a sprat to catch a whale."

SOME EXPERIMENTS IN AMATEUR FARMING.

"Let me have men about me that are fat:
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights."

Had Julius Cæsar lived some 1900 years later, he might readily have found means of satisfying this modest ambition by frequenting our country fairs and selecting from our English graziers a few choice specimens to form his court. There were few Cascas among our farmers thirty years ago, and few of them even in these modern days of agricultural depression wear on the surface a lean and hungry look. Rather has it been their honest pride to carry into practice the precept, "Who feeds fat oxen should himself be fat"; and if they do not always succeed in this, the healthy appetites displayed at a farmer's "ordinary" show that it is not for want of trying. "A bit as won't bend, please, mister," quoth one worthy farmer in our hearing as he sent up his plate for a fifth helping off a round of beef.

In our childhood we used to regard with admiring gaze the portly figures of the two village churchwardens, farmers both, substantial in every sense of the word, elderly men with bald heads and jolly red faces. It may have been —for so we have since heard—that alcohol had lent an adventitious aid to enhance the ruddiness of features. But in those days we were fortunately too young to hear or too innocent to credit the whispered aspersions on the characters of our heroes. So we admired the red faces, and as being, like most boys, tallow-faced ourselves, envied the owners of a happier complexion. And especially did we admire the more portly of the pair, not merely because he was the finer figure of a man, but the rather that by way of uniformity he sported a red waistcoat with brass buttons, two of which, by the way, were always left unfastened except upon state occasions. How supremely uncomfortable, we know, alas! too well now, must the old gentleman have felt when the state occasion arose, and how painful the effort of fastening those two lower buttons when he carried round the bag on the first Sunday of each month!

Saturday, too, was a great day in our week; for then we could watch, not only our two especial heroes, but many others of the same stamp, jogging to market on their fat cobs or driving helpmeets as substantial as themselves in gigs ostensibly licensed to carry not more than two passengers.

And so it came to pass that at a very early period of our existence we had arrived at the conclusion that tinkers, tailors, ploughboys, apothecaries, and other professional gentlemen were one and all but poor creatures as compared with our ruddy-faced and well-conditioned farmers. There was one never-to-be-forgotten occasion, too, when an old Welsh tenant invited us to go and witness the slaughter of a chicken destined for the following day's dinner, and softened the severity of the paternal veto by whispering in our ear, "Never you a-mind, young master; next time as ever you come along this way you shall have a little knife and kill a duck yourself." What boy with such a prospect in front of him would not

incontinently make up his mind to become a farmer?

Such, at all events, was our dream, a dream pleasant enough while it lasted. But, alas! for the realisation, when the necessity of having to utilise some twenty or thirty acres of pasture-land made us turn our attention to amateur farming on a small scale. And how vividly did that scene in the Welsh farmhouse recur to our mind when, some thirty years later, as we were sitting in our smoking-room thinking about anything else rather than cold-blooded murder, a maid suddenly entered the room and accosted us.

"If you please, sir, the cook says that those chickens have not been killed and the men have gone home."

We remembered then that we had promised to have the chickens killed and had forgotten to give the necessary instructions.

"Tell Mrs Storer to wait till to-morrow and they shall be killed first thing."

The maid vanished only to return a minute later with the unwelcome intelligence that that awful potentate the cook declined any form of compromise.

"Mrs Storer says, sir, as she can't wait till to-morrow, and will you please kill the chickens yourself?"

In our perplexity we sought out our partner, a man of small personality but iron nerve. We knew him to be fond of experiments, and now suggested that he should make a new departure in the way of killing those chickens. At first he absolutely declined the office. Finally, however, after much persuasion, he consented to meet us half-way and to kill one of the pair. And on mature deliberation we made up our mind that it might be less harrowing to our feelings to harden our heart and kill one chicken than to incur the everlasting displeasure of the cook, —a perfect treasure in her way, but a treasure with a temper.

As we walked towards the poultry-house we meekly inquired of our partner in crime — our accessory before the fact would perhaps be his legal denomination —how he proposed to do his share of the work.

"Why, break its neck of course. How else could you do it?"

We suggested decapitation as a more speedy process, but added, that as he knew so much about it, he might just as well operate on the pair.

"No, no," he retorted; "a bargain is a bargain, and you have got to kill one, and you can do it in any way you like, but mine is the proper way."

The reader, if he or she has fathomed correctly the depths of the perversity of human nature, will hardly require to be told that this remark absolutely decided us in favour of decapitation.

We reached the henhouse, when each collared a cockerel and carried it to the woodyard, the scene of execution. There our partner firmly clutched his victim by the neck, pulled till he was red in the face, and after a considerable struggle threw the bird on the ground, where it lay a motionless heap.

"There!" he gasped out triumphantly, "he is as dead as a door-nail: it is perfectly simple."

"So is this," we retorted as we dexterously beheaded our victim on the wood-block and threw it down.

"I don't know so much about that, — he's uncommonly lively still;" and, hideous to relate, the headless creature gave several convulsive jumps.

"It's only spasmodic," we replied, "he does not feel." And we still hope that such was the case. But it was not pleasant to watch, and we were intensely relieved when the movement came to an end.

"Now there is no doubt," resumed the Professor, "that my bird was killed straight off. It is like a man who is hung; there is absolutely no sensation when the vertebral cord is broken: besides, he looks better, and—eh—hulloa!—I say, look here—where is it?"

It having recovered from a temporary fit of asphyxiation, was walking about the yard apparently looking for something to eat. To make a gruesome story short, it was eventually decapitated.

The cook did, we were told, make some unnecessary remarks about the personal appearance of those chickens; but we had learnt a lesson, and have never since that day neglected to give the necessary orders for an execution.

We cannot conscientiously say that we ever made a fortune out of the poultry-yard, though we read many books that informed us that a hen ought to lay at least a sovereign's worth of eggs in the year, and that her keep should never cost more than 5s. It was our bad luck that we never met with that particular class of hen. The one stroke of good business that we ever did was the sale of a batch of thirty half-grown cockerels to a neighbouring farmer at 1s. 6d. each; and even then, as we had to catch every individual bird on a very hot summer afternoon, we may fairly say that we earned our money by the sweat of our brow. Then, again, our factotum, Alfred, who had taken good care to be out of the way while the catching was going on, did his best to damp our satisfaction. We had just deposited the last and most active of the cockerels in an open hamper with his brethren, and were resting from our labours, hot and uncomfortable, when Alfred put in an appearance

"And what be you a-going to do with that lot?" he inquired.

"Sold them to Mr Moore,—sold him thirty cockerels."

"Why," said Alfred, after a prolonged stare at the basket, "half on 'em beant toms at all; best part on 'em be pullets." He always pronounced the last word to rhyme with mullets.

"Well, get another basket and sort them yourself," we suggested, feeling that it would never do to have Alfred going about the village and telling his cronies that we did not know a tom from a pullet. Handing a bird from one basket to another was just the sort of work that suited Alfred; so, after another long stare at our prisoners, he stumped off, fetched another hamper, and commenced operations. We stood by and watched for half an hour while he sorted the birds, keeping up a running commentary to himself.

"He be a tom, as I've heard him crow; and he be a tom, as I knows him by his comb; and he be a tom right enough, as his tail's a-growing of;" and so on through the whole thirty.

"Well," we remarked as he finished and stood mopping his forehead as if he had been doing some really hard work, "where are your pullets, Alfred?"

"I never said as all on 'em was pullets, and I don't know as any on 'em be," he answered after a prolonged pause. "What do he give for 'em?'

"Eighteenpence apiece."

"And there's thirty on 'em."

"Well, then," another pause, "that's thirty shillin' and fifteen shillin'. Well, that's," another pause, "two suvrins and five shillin', ain't it?"

"Well, yes, Alfred, it is."

"Well, then, you see as he pays you. And now I've got to go and feed my pigs, as I can't stand messing about here all day." And with this parting advice Alfred loafed off to a more congenial occupation.

My pigs, as Alfred was pleased to call them—*our* pigs by right of purchase—probably paid their way so far as their own board and lodging went. Whether they contributed much towards the cost of Alfred's valuable services, and whether the hours he spent in scratching a pet sow's head were really profitably employed, are points on which we are still a little dubious. Alfred had a theory that scratching a sow's head kept her in a good temper, and had the effect of making her produce abnormally large families. And it was a fact that she generally did contrive to have one more pigling than nature had intended her to rear.

"Pore little crittur," Alfred would remark on these occasions; "un would starve if 'twas left to old Bess, and so I'll just take it home along o' me."

And after going home "along o' Alfred," Ginx's baby never reappeared. We believe that until the time came that old Bess did her duty again, and there was another "pore little crittur" on the highroad to starvation, the little outcast played the part of ewe-lamb in Alfred's establishment, eating of his own meat and drinking of his own cup. Probably later on, when its successor in office had been duly installed, the deposed favourite was to be found at supper after the manner of Polonius, "not where he eats, but where he is eaten."

The lying-in of the old sow was a great event; indeed, as on the occasion she and Alfred always consumed between them a gallon and a half of the strongest and oldest ale that the village public could produce, they must have had what is commonly called a high old time of it. We can, however, conscientiously say that we never saw old Bess the worse for liquor.

Another great event was the arrival of the pigman either to buy or sell. Then most of the establishment used to turn out to have their say in the matter, and negotiations were sometimes protracted into a second or even a third day. We advisedly give to this one gentleman the title of the "pigman," because although some half-dozen individuals used to come at intervals, loaf about the sties, and make disparaging remarks about our pigs, we always knew that it was the "pigman" who really meant business, and that he virtually acted as middleman between ourselves and other pig-fanciers or butchers. Probably he bested us a bit in the long-run, but at any rate he gave us plenty of fun for our money. When he was a buyer he always appeared with a small bag containing, as we knew, the outside price that he was prepared to give. Only once that we remember did we ever have occasion to believe that we had really got to the bottom of that bag.

Not once only, but at least a dozen times, did the conversation run on almost identically the same lines.

"I thought, as I were a-passing

by, as I'd just step in and have a look at they pigs o' yourn, mister."

"Well, look at them then."

"Terrible bad market pigs is just now—terrible bad, to be sure; well-a-nigh sinful I call it."

"Then I shouldn't buy any if I was you."

"And whoever said as how I did want to buy any pigs? I don't want to buy no pigs, not I. Messed up with plenty o' pigs o' my own without wanting no other folk's. I only steps in as I were a-passing by, just to look at 'em."

"Well, you can look as long as you like; there's no charge for looking."

If an hour later he was still to be found on the premises, we knew that he had a customer on hand to whom he had practically sold the pigs. He would commence the assault by strolling up to us and casually observing, "They pigs of yourn ain't up to much, mister," a remark of which we naturally take no notice. Presently would come: "Now, I'll tell you what I'll do, mister. I'll give you five pounds for the lot, and ast" (he always preferred to spell "ask" with a *t*) "no questions."

Silence was obviously the best retort to this insinuation, that we had either stolen our own pigs, or that the animals were inoculated with some infectious disease. After a time he would wax impatient.

"Well, mister, if so be as you don't want to sell they pigs, I don't know as I wants to buy 'em."

"No one ever asked you to buy them. You said that you wanted to look at them, and you have done it. Good morning."

The pigman would put his hands in his pockets, and stroll off down the yard whistling. Then just as he reached the gate he would stop, meditate for a moment, and then return quite briskly, as if a new idea had suddenly occurred to him.

"Look here, mister, I'll tell you what I'll do. You shall have five pound ten for them, and here's the money;" and out would come the bag.

"I'll take what you've got in the bag for them."

"You don't know what's in the bag, you don't; you don't know as there's a suvrin there, no more don't I."

"All right, I'll chance that. Hand over the bag and you shall have the pigs."

"No, I ain't agoing to do it that way," with the grin of a man who feels that he is going to do business at last. "Now how much do you want for them?"

"Six pound ten we said, wasn't it, Alfred?" and Alfred would scratch his head and put it in his own language. "Yes, it were six suvrins and one half-suvrin, and worth every farden of it: I knows what they've had."

"Well," the pigman would say in his most insinuating manner—"well, mister, and if I were to give you six pound ten, how much would you give me back?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing, you says! Ah, I knows you better; you and me has traded before. I knows you'll give me back a shilling;" and we would give back the shilling, knowing that it would be spent in treating Alfred at the public-house just over the way.

On the day that we claim to have seen the bottom of the bag there were five pigs for sale, and after a long negotiation, more than once interrupted by journeys to and from the yard-gate, the price was left hovering between 24s. and 25s. The pigman, apparently

thinking that near enough, had on a sweltering hot day, with infinite trouble and much exertion, caught the five piglings, obstinate and vociferous to a degree, and packed them in his cart. Then out came the bag, and he tendered us £6. We claimed the extra shillings, and after many words he declared himself off the bargain and unpacked the pigs. When they were all running about the sty again in a wildly excited frame of mind we gave in the shillings, feeling that it was well worth the money to watch another hunt, and convinced that unless his bag was really empty the pigman would not have been willing to let his previous exertions go for nothing.

In justice to the great Alfred, one eminently successful sale should be recorded. We had a monstrous fat pig for sale at Christmas, an animal of which Alfred was vastly proud. On it had been expended several sacks of barley-meal, and we should be sorry to say how many hours of scratching. The pig had responded kindly to the treatment, and a day came when Alfred assured us "he wouldn't get no forrarder." A long and thirsty discussion between Alfred and a local butcher who hankered to buy the pig likewise seemed to "get no forrarder."

"It won't go no more than twenty score, I knows," said the butcher.

"I knows as un will," responded Alfred.

"Ain't worth not a penny more than six pounds."

"I knows as un are."

"'Tain't not what you'd call a first-class pig."

"I knows as un is."

"Might have done with another sack of meal."

"I knows what un have had."

This style of conversation is apt to grow monotonous, and so at last we interfered, and suggested that the pig should be killed and sold by weight, an arrangement which at the time found favour with both parties. Later on the butcher, finding that he had to pay about a sovereign more than we had originally asked for the live animal, tried to back out of the bargain. But we were obdurate and Alfred triumphant.

"I know'd what un had had, and don't you give him back nothing neither. He won't want to come this way no more. That pig were well-a-nigh mullocked up with fat."

So we exacted the uttermost farthing.

Once we tried a speculation in beasts, buying from a highly recommended dealer, who used to look in every fortnight and cheer us with the news that stock was terribly low, and that our animals were going back. Possibly they took too much exercise, as they were constantly jumping the railings into our kitchen-garden, and doing what Alfred called "oxing about all over the place." It was more satisfactory from Alfred's point of view when, having finished our stock of winter greens, they took to jumping the fence at the other end of the field and taking walks in the country. For then it was a pleasant change of air for Alfred to go and look for them, and he used once a-week to present us with a slip of dirty paper thus inscribed: "To buoy for helpin' on me fur to drive they beasties 'ome, one shilling." The neighbouring farmers did not seem to see the matter in quite the same light, and were inclined to grumble; but as Alfred philosophically remarked, "'Tain't no manner o' good taking no count of what they

says, so long as they never does nothing."

That the balance-sheet of those beasts worked out so badly was partly owing to the circumstance that one of them swallowed a golf-ball—a most unnecessary and, alas! fatal proceeding. As we really could not undertake to pick up every single golf-ball that chose to hide itself in the long grass, it came to be a matter of choice between golf-playing and stock-keeping; and as the former promised to be the more economical game of the two, we shortly gave up the latter.

Then we had a spell of sheep-grazing, and hit upon the driest summer on record to start proceedings, with the result that the animals, after finishing off all our carnations and our neighbour's vetches, were sold at a loss.

Finally, we under-let our grass-land for about two-thirds of the rent we paid for it, and found that we were, comparatively speaking, in pocket by the transaction.

But we had not even then come quite to the end of our tether as experimental farmers. There remained for us a fourth Georgic—

"Protenus aërii mellis cœlestia dona
Exsequar: hanc etiam, Mæcenas, aspice partem."

A visit at the house of a mighty bee-farmer had awakened the interest and fired the enthusiasm of—not ourselves, but our partner. According to him, bees were the most interesting, the most highly educated, and the most profitable of creatures.

"They grow into money," he assured us, "without your noticing it. Of course there is a small initial outlay, just as there is in pig-farming or poultry-keeping, or anything else. But the profits are practically illimitable."

And it was all worked out on paper for our benefit. Here is our prospectus:—

Outlay—10 stocks of bees at 5s. . . .	£2	10	0
10 hives at 10s. . .	5	0	0
	£7	10	0
Returns—100 lb. of honey per hive at 9d. .	£3	15	0

£3, 15s. × 10 = £37, 10s.;

which, as the managing director calculated, would pay us 400 per cent on our capital, leaving an ample margin for depreciation and to form a reserve fund.

"And how about getting stung, and the doctor's bill?" we inquired.

"Oh, don't make an ass of yourself. Whoever heard of bees stinging people who understood them?"

We pleaded that we did not understand them.

"Then don't go near them till you do. They won't come after you."

Devoutly hoping that the infallible man was right, we became a sleeping partner in our apiary, and waited for a dividend. But one fine day we were briskly awakened from our torpor by being stung on the ear by a bee. Here was a clear breach of contract. We had neither meddled with the hives nor gone near them; the bee had come after us. So we lodged a formal complaint with the managing director, who explained that the creature was one of a hive of Ligurian bees, which are apt to become irritable under certain climatical conditions. We really did not feel much interest in the nationality of the aggressor; but after venturing to express a hope that the climatical conditions would not recur, for fear that we might be tempted to

open fire on the hives from a safe distance with a scatter-gun, we accepted the apology, and relapsed into our normal condition of expectancy. It was a little solace to our feelings, at any rate, to know that the malicious little insect that had attacked us was dead: we had squashed him, caught *in flagrante delicto*. But when we found, rather to our amusement, that the managing director's sympathies were entirely on the side of the bee, we thought it prudent to suppress the fact of the squashing.

"Did he leave his sting in you?" inquired the managing director, with a great show of interest.

"How the devil should I know? and what difference does it make?" we replied rather testily.

"Oh, all the difference in the world: he'll die if he did, poor little beast."

We held our peace: sting in or sting out, we knew that the "poor little beast" had had his reward. A couple of months passed; still no honey, but a complaint from Alfred that he had been stung twice—"As I were a-mucking out the sties, and my arm was swelled ever so." A mug of ale seemed to bring down the swelling, and Alfred's ire was appeased.

"It's an extraordinary thing," commented the managing director, "how those Ligurians resent any effluvium."

"Well, they'd better keep away from the pigs," we observed, hoping the while that those bees had left their stings in Alfred.

The managing director's enthusiasm continued unabated. He invested in a bee-veil and other appurtenances, and spent hours in muddling about with the bees, occasionally having field-days with extraneous bee-masters. We rather fancy that he arrived at the dignity of being an Agent or an Associate or a Local Secretary of the Bee-keepers Association. But it came to us in the light of a surprise to find that he was making proselytes in our parish; for there came a day when we were informed that two men from the village would like to see us, and presently the village carpenter and the village blacksmith were ushered into our smoking-room.

"If you please, sir," was the answer, when we inquired their errand, "Mr A—— did say as how if we was to come up at two o'clock any afternoon he would go through his performances with the bees."

Wondering not a little in our own mind what might be the exact nature of the performances, we explained that the managing director was unavoidably absent.

"So the young lady said as he were out," responded the carpenter, who acted as spokesman; "but we thought, sir, as p'raps you'd do as well, sir, if it were quite convenient."

We hurriedly disclaimed any intention of mixing ourselves up in any business of the kind. The one performance that we had had with one bee was hardly worth repeating in public. But we explained, to the best of our ability, that we were sure that the bee-professor would be much vexed at the idea of having disappointed his disciples, and promised that he should be forthcoming if they would repeat their visit at the same hour on the following day.

"What are the performances exactly?" we meekly inquired of our partner, as we told him of the prospective treat in store for him.

"Oh, nothing much," was the

reply; "just a few simple things to make them keen. I shall drive a few bees for them, and perhaps find a queen, and, ah, a few other things. You had better come and see it."

It was all Greek to us, this driving bees and finding queens. It sounded very well, but we were rather nervous about those Ligurians and climatical conditions. And so, when on the following afternoon the Professor and his disciples sallied out to the apiary, we elected to remain indoors.

"Take Alfred," we shouted after them; "I'm sure he'd enjoy it."

Presently, however, curiosity came to the rescue, and we made up our mind that we would go and watch the proceedings from a remote corner of the garden, where there was a small summer-house which could be utilised as a retreat in case of accidents. Not without some trepidation we reached our corner and looked in the direction of the hives. They were there all right; and so, we could see, were the bees, buzzing about and apparently in a state of unusual excitement. But where were the master and his pupils? Driving the bees across the country, or what? We could not see a sign of them anywhere. So we lighted a pipe by way of precaution and awaited developments. Suddenly out of a forest of very thick and very prickly gooseberry-bushes some ten yards from us there crawled the carpenter, very red in the face, very hot, and, judging from his language, in a singularly unamiable frame of mind. Almost simultaneously the blacksmith bolted like a rabbit out of some tall rows of peas, and after casting one hurried glance behind him, made tracks down the garden-walk, rushed through the gate, and was seen no more.

Wondering at these phenomena, we interrogated the carpenter.

"I hope that nothing has gone wrong? Are the performances over? And where is Mr A——?"

"Dead and buried, I hopes," retorted the carpenter, viciously; "and serve him jolly well right. Performances indeed! I don't want no more of your performances, no more don't I reckon do my mate. 'It's quite simple,' says he, and he ups with the hive and out they comes. One has me on the ear, and another has my mate on the lip, and—oh, damn!" he sprang up into the air and clapped his hand to the seat of his trousers, "there's one crawled up my leg now. Look out for yourself, governor," and he made off after the blacksmith.

Not

"Pastor Aristæus fugiens Peneia Tempe
Amissis . . . apibus,"—

not Boadicea "bleeding from the Roman rods," was a more sorry individual than was our partner when we next saw him. It was not merely that his nose was red and swollen and his chin decorated with blue-bag: his *amour propre* had been wounded; his reputation as a bee-master had vanished; his proselytes had relapsed. Expecting to drive bees, he had himself been driven; in his search for a queen he had caught a Tartar. The apiary is closed, the bee-farm is abandoned. Golden dreams and celestial gifts of honey—we did get one section, by the way—are things of the past. The great Alfred, a few pigs, and a hundred head of poultry are the sole remaining evidences of a once vaulting ambition.

THE LAUREATE OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

Lincolnshire has come to the conclusion none too soon that something should be done to perpetuate the memory of Lord Tennyson in his native county. The birthplace of every great poet is naturally an object of reverence to his admirers; but Tennyson's claims on the homage of Lincolnshire, as distinct from the village of Somersby, where he was born, come to more than this. He is not only one of our greatest national poets, who in some sense belong to the whole world, but he is also in a particular sense the Lincolnshire poet, with a voice that speaks to a native of the English midlands in tones of special sweetness. That Lincolnshire should have had the power to make so deep an impression on such a mind as Tennyson's is what the people of that region may well be proud of. We have had other poets whose names are associated with particular English counties. Blomfield and Crabbe are the representatives of Suffolk. Barnes is the poet of Devonshire. John Clare, of whom too little is known, is the Northamptonshire poet. Ebenezer Elliott, the author of 'Corn-law Rhymes,' has been called the Yorkshire poet. But none of these have done for their native fields what Tennyson has done for his. Tennyson possessed a mastery over Nature, and the power of extracting what was poetical from her humblest aspects, which is all his own.

Not that it would be altogether true to describe Lincolnshire scenery as tame or commonplace—that is to say, exclusively commonplace. In the centre of the county, on the higher lands, some picturesque nooks and corners and some striking prospects may be met with. But Tennyson does not specially single out these for his purposes. Scenes which are neither striking nor picturesque he turns to equally good account. He seems, indeed, to prefer scenery in which there is "character"; and this he would find in many parts of the county. But that is something different from mere beauty. Somersby itself is situated in the wold of Lincolnshire, a hilly region, as hills are reckoned in the English midlands, with some large woods but little fine hedgerow timber. As in most down countries, there are pretty villages in the hollows with brooks running through them, but not prettier than may be seen in either Leicestershire or Northamptonshire. But Tennyson's love of nature was independent of external beauty. In a letter to Miss Sellwood, whom he afterwards married, he speaks of his "dim mystic sympathies" with tree and hill reaching far back into childhood. Fitzgerald thought he ought never to have left "old Lincolnshire with its Mablethorpe sea." And Aubrey de Vere, in an appendix to the 'Life of Lord Tennyson,' has said so much upon this topic that our own remarks on it may be all the briefer.

The close connection between Tennyson's poetry and Lincolnshire scenery has of course been often pointed out, notably by Mr Walters in his 'In Tennyson Land,' and by Mr Francis in a volume of very interesting etchings published five years ago. But these still leave something to be

said as to Tennyson's position among poets of this class, and the reasons why his native county should do him special honour.

If we compare Tennyson with Thomson, and afterwards with Scott and Wordsworth, we shall understand his own remark about himself and his mystic sympathies all the more clearly. Thomson's 'Seasons' unfold before us a series of beautiful pictures. But there is little or no heart in them. We are reminded of Elijah on Mount Horeb: "A great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice." This is the still small voice of poets, Thomson's successors, less known to fame than Thomson, and it is this that we listen to in Tennyson when he sings of his native Lincolnshire; where, without the inspiration of woody glens, glistening waterfalls, or purple hills, Silvanus and the nymphs may still be found by those who know where to look for them.

In Thomson we have splendid word-painting, but no "mystic sympathy." In Wordsworth and Scott we have the latter, but fostered either by scenes of exceptional beauty and grandeur or such as are rife with historical or romantic interest. Cowper we think was the first modern poet of rural life who showed himself independent of such accessories, and who did not love Nature only for her face. This is the true test. Cowper painted Nature in her plainest and most commonplace attire, and the pleasure which he derived from the contemplation of the fields and streams and hedgerows which surrounded Olney must have been due to some deeper feeling than we discover in his immediate predecessors. Perhaps in Collins and Crabbe we may detect symptoms of some kindred emotion: but it is not the same. Any other landscape would have done as well for the "Ode to Evening" as the one described by Collins. Crabbe felt the power of nature to elevate or depress our spirits, and sometimes verges on "the pathetic fallacy." But the gloom of Crabbe is quite different from the softer melancholy with which nature at times affects her genuine worshippers. He too heard "the still sad music of humanity." But with him not as with Wordsworth; it *is* "harsh and grating." And we must recur to Cowper if we would catch the first whispers of the new spirit which towards the end of the eighteenth century was breathed into English poetry.

We will preface what we have to say of the Laureate with the following quotation from Cowper's "Task," which will explain the foregoing observations:—

"For I have loved the rural walk through lanes
Of grassy swarth, close cropped by nibbling sheep,
And skirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs: have loved the rural walk
O'er hills, through valleys, and by river's brink.
. . . . . Scenes that soothed
Or charmed me young, no longer young, I find
Still soothing, and of power to charm me still.
. . . . . Thence with what pleasure have we just discerned

The distant plough slow moving, and beside
His labouring team, that swerved not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminished to a boy!
Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlooked, our favourite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds,
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedgerow beauties numberless, square tower,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear;
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote."

There is in these lines a distinct anticipation of Tennyson. But the Laureate was able to do for Lincolnshire more than Cowper could do for Buckinghamshire. He brought to his work a more subtle poetic faculty and a more powerful imagination than Cowper's, and he drew from the grey downs and marshes and slow sandy streams among which he had been bred poetry of as high an order as Scott and Wordsworth drew from scenery of the rarest beauty. His "Ode to Memory," among his earliest poems, is the keynote to much that follows. When he calls upon his own memory, he does not summon her from waterfalls and purple cliffs:—

"Come from the woods that belt the grey hillside,
The seven elms, the poplars four
That stand beside my father's door,
And chiefly from the brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,
In every elbow and turn,
The filter'd tribute of the rough woodland,
O! hither lead thy feet!
Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat
Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled folds,
Upon the ridged wolds."

Tennyson had "associations" with the elms and the poplars and the brook. One can see that he truly loved each one of them: and the whole picture is Lincolnshire to the core. So is the description of what we take to be the same brook in the poem just quoted, from "In Memoriam." We know the midland brooks well, and no poet would dwell on them for their pictorial effects alone. But affection for Nature, Nature "pure and simple," is powerful enough to find in them that nameless charm which she reveals only to her true votaries, not less by a midland brookside than by a mountain torrent.

If we wish to see how Tennyson could bring such scenery into harmony with the varying moods of the human mind or heart, a few passages selected almost at random will be sufficient to show us. Indeed one poem by itself is so rich in this, perhaps one of the highest products of the poetic art, that we need scarcely look any farther. We mean "The May Queen." In the first part, on the eve of May Day, the girl looks out upon the night with blissful anticipations of the morrow, and all Nature seems to sympathise with her:—

"The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;

And the wild marsh-marigold shines
like fire in swamps and hollows
grey,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the
May.

The night-winds come and go, mother,
upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem
to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the
whole of the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the
May."

And, mark, it is Lincolnshire nature all through. In the second canto of the "May Queen" he presses into his service the dry dark wold, the long grey fields, the lonely pool with the bulrushes in the corner, on which the melancholy twilight is gradually settling down, and brings them into exquisite harmony with the sensations roused in us by the farewell of the dying girl. Yet what ordinary mortal on looking at scenery of this kind would have deemed it capable of yielding such a poetic harvest as Tennyson has reaped from it? His was the wand indeed which drew water from the stony rock. And in the third part of the same poem, when she feels that the end is near, we have a touch of human weakness more moving still:—

"O look! the sun begins to rise, the
heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and
all of them I know.
And there I move no longer now, and
there his light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other
hands than mine."

The "all of them I know" shows how wistful is the longing, lingering glance which the dying girl casts behind her, resigned as she is to death, and even anxious for his coming.

The resemblance between the stanza in Gray's Elegy, to which the last paragraph refers, and the beautiful lines in Euripides describing the deathbed of Alcestis, has been pointed out by Gilbert Wakefield:—

Ὅμως δὲ καίπερ σμικρὸν ἐμπνέουσ' ἔτι
Βλέψαι πρὸς αὐγὰς βούλεται τὰς ἡλίου,
Ὡς οὔποτ' αὖθις, ἀλλὰ νῦν πανύστατον
Ἀκτῖνα κύκλον θ' ἡλίου προσόψεται.

But whether it is brook, wold, or coppice, we are always in Lincolnshire. There are two distinct considerations always to be borne in mind: one, that Tennyson is the poet of Lincolnshire; the other, that he was for many years the leading living representative of that "return to Nature" which marked the transition of English poetry from the eighteenth century to the nineteenth, and was largely gifted with that esoteric appreciation of her charms which was its distinctive feature, and which recognises her essential loveliness in whatever guise she presents herself. Sometimes we see him in the one capacity, sometimes in the other, and sometimes in both united. But it is rather with his glorification of midland scenery that we are concerned on the present occasion. To Lincolnshire we owe—

"A league of grass, wash'd by a slow
broad stream,
That, stirred with languid pulses of the
oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge."

This is the vale of the Witham. From the same region comes—

"The bushless Pike,
Or even a sand-built ridge
Of heaped hills that mound the sea,
Overblown with murmurs harsh,
Or even a lowly cottage whence we see
Stretch'd wide and wild the waste
enormous marsh,

Where from the frequent bridge,
Like emblems of infinity,
The trenched waters run from sky to sky."

Such is the landscape seen from that ridge of the south wold on which Somersby stands. Part of the enormous marsh is now, according to Mr Walters, under cultivation. By the trenched waters are meant the canal. Of Lincolnshire is—

"The soft wind flowing over meadowy holms
And alders, garden isles."

And here finally, if we may extend our quotations so far, is a complete picture of a Lincolnshire landscape:—

"I climb the hill: from end to end
Of all the landscape underneath,
I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend;

No grey old grange, or lonely fold,
Or low morass and whispering reed,
Or simple stile from mead to mead,
Or sheepwalk up the windy wold;

Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw
That hears the latest linnet trill,
Nor quarry trench'd along the hill
And haunted by the wrangling daw;

Nor runlet tinkling from the rock;
Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves
To left and right thro' meadowy curves,
That feed the mothers of the flock."

The exquisite beauty of these lines from "In Memoriam" is only surpassed by the deep feeling which pervades them. The "simple stile from mead to mead"; the "hoary knoll of ash and haw" (what native of Lincolnshire, Leicestershire, or Northamptonshire does not know it?); the "pastoral rivulet" following, or rather creating, the "meadowy curves," are not merely hallowed in his eyes by the memory of his lost friend: it is clear from the fondness with which he dwells on every detail, and the felicitous accuracy with which they are painted, that he had lost his heart to them long before he had known what sorrow was. In "The Northern Farmer," both Old and New Style, we have the Lincolnshire dialect set off with great humour, showing how deeply Tennyson had tasted the human peculiarities as well as the natural characteristics of his native land. But it is unnecessary to quote what is known so well to all who are acquainted with the poet.

If we look carefully at the passages above quoted, we shall see with what felicity Tennyson singles out the central feature which gives to each scene its special character. It is not every poet who could have clothed the slow broad stream, the bushless Pike, the sandhills, the low morass and whispering reed, the knoll of ash and haw, with the poetical atmosphere in which they are set by the Lincolnshire poet; or have placed such perfect little pictures before us composed of such materials. They are quite distinct from mere descriptions, however truthful or accurate. While reading such passages as the above, we are conscious of quite different emotions from those which we experience on reading Cowper's "Valley of the Ouse." They are beautiful and minutely accurate pictures from the Lincolnshire wolds and flats. But they are more than that. They are instinct with that still small voice of Nature in person, which is to be heard wherever he is face to face with her by the true believer, who can converse with his Egeria by the "simple stile" as well as by the sacred fountain.

A careful perusal of Tennyson all through would no doubt enable one to add considerably to the

illustrations above given. But they are naturally to be found most frequently in his earlier poems, when the scenery so familiar to his youth was still fresh in his mind. It is not uninteresting scenery by any means, but can scarcely be described as beautiful, yet we see what affection and association have been able to do for it. Tennyson's father died about 1830; and in "In Memoriam" he describes leaving the old home in very touching terms :—

"Unwatch'd, the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down,
Unloved, that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away.

. . . . . .

Till from the garden and the wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child ;

As year by year the labourer tills
His wonted glebe, or lops the glades ;
And year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills."

The parting was in 1837, the family having been allowed to remain at the Parsonage for seven years after the Vicar's death. Tennyson was then twenty-eight years of age; and by that time the aspect of his native land had made an impression on him never afterwards to be effaced.

Let Lincolnshire therefore render all due honour to her *vates sacer*, without whom her characteristic scenery must long have remained unknown to the general public or have been deemed incapable of poetic treatment. Lincolnshire now, too, has her own "In Memoriam." It is contained in the two volumes published in 1842. We find innumerable echoes of it in his later poems. It is set to very sweet music. But only those who have loved a rural home as Tennyson loved his can enter fully into the passion of it.

"Condemned long years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more."

If Lincolnshire should be proud of Tennyson, every one whose sympathies with nature were first awakened in the scenery of home, however plain or unromantic, must be grateful to Lincolnshire.

THE SALISBURY MANŒUVRES.

It has long been an accepted article of military faith, in this as in other European countries, that the training of an army for modern war is incomplete unless the exercises of the various units are supplemented by the manœuvres of large bodies, in which the higher tactical units are assembled and taught to work together, and an opportunity is given to the higher staffs to learn practically the duties they would be called on to perform in war. On the Continent such manœuvres have long been carried out annually; but in this country the first attempt was only made in 1853, when, on the initiative of the late Prince Consort, there was formed a training-camp at Chobham, which has since developed into our great training-school of Aldershot. But, valuable as the teaching at that school is, it requires to be supplemented by manœuvres over fresh ground and over larger tracts than are available on the Government land, and, in consequence of the lessons of the war of 1870, manœuvres on a large scale were carried out in 1871 and 1872, in the latter year over a portion of the ground worked over last September. In 1873, however, only small manœuvres on Dartmoor and on Cannock Chase were undertaken, and in subsequent years the manœuvre idea seemed to have died a natural death, and only small operations in the vicinity of Aldershot took place. It was only upon the assumption of the command at Aldershot by Sir Evelyn Wood that the troops of that district sought "fresh fields and pastures new" for their annual manœuvres, and under that officer and his successor, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, manœuvres were carried out on a modest scale in the Meon district in 1891, on the Berkshire Downs in 1893, and in the New Forest in 1895, besides cavalry, brigade, and divisional training and manœuvres of small field columns in the vicinity of Aldershot, from all of which most useful lessons were learned.

But the instruction gained in all those exercises fell short of what it should have been from one main cause—the want of the power to manœuvre everywhere over a large tract of country. They were carried out on sufferance, as it were, on ground which either belonged to Government or was put at its disposal voluntarily by the patriotism of the landowners, and in every case the ground available was cut up by tracts not so placed at disposal or by standing crops which troops were forbidden to traverse. And another great difficulty was the dearth of the sinews of war, as the Treasury, unconvinced of the value of manœuvres, kept tight its purse-strings.

But better days have dawned upon the British army. Convinced of the value of large manœuvres, the present Government carried through a "Military Manœuvres Act," which, though susceptible of improvement and extension in many ways, places at the disposal of Government such portion of the country as it may please her Majesty in Council to declare available for manœuvres for a period not exceeding three months. Under this Act the whole of the county of Dorset and a portion of the county of Wilts, with the exception of certain towns, was placed at the

disposal of the military authorities for three months from the 15th August 1898, and, the necessary sums having been made available, manœuvres on a large scale were at last made possible.

As, with the exception of the troops in the camps of instruction, no permanent higher units are in this country constituted in peace, it was necessary to, in the first place, assemble the battalions, cavalry regiments, and batteries, and give them a certain amount of training in brigade and division under the officers who were to command them for the manœuvres; and accordingly these preliminary drills were carried out at Aldershot and in standing camps in the manœuvre area from the 18th to the 31st August,—extensive preliminary cavalry drills of all the ten regiments attending the manœuvres, with the horse artillery and mounted infantry attached to them, being also executed on the newly acquired Government training-ground near Salisbury.

The two opposing forces — Northern or Red and Southern or Blue, the former under General H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, the latter under General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C. — were of identical composition, and comprised each an army corps of regular troops complete in all combatant details according to the latest field establishments (with the exception of the three extra batteries of corps field artillery which are shortly to be raised), and an independent cavalry brigade. Each army corps was organised in three divisions, with a proportion of corps troops, and comprised twenty-five battalions, six squadrons, and seventeen batteries, while the cavalry brigades had each three regiments or nine squadrons of cavalry, one horse battery, and two companies mounted infantry, besides, in both cases, units of the Royal Engineers and the departmental corps. In addition to the regular troops, twelve battalions of militia infantry were attached to each army corps, two to each infantry brigade. These battalions had undergone three weeks' preliminary training at their own headquarters, and were brought by rail to join the manœuvre force on the 26th August. The total of all ranks in each force was over 26,000 men, of whom over 7000 were militia. The supreme direction of the manœuvres was undertaken by the Commander-in-Chief, Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, with the Adjutant-General, General Sir Evelyn Wood, as chief of the Directing Staff; and General Sir R. Harrison and Lieut.-General Sir H. Brackenbury officiated as senior umpires.

By the 31st August the two forces had been concentrated, the Northern round Salisbury and the Southern round Blandford, although the main body of the latter was not supposed to reach that place until the 1st September. Under the general idea that an invading force (Blue) had landed between Weymouth and St Alban's Head to co-operate in an advance on London with another force (imaginary) which was disembarking on the southern shore of the Bristol Channel, on the 1st September the cavalries of the two forces were pushed against one another, while the Northern (Red) force advanced westwards a day's march to cover Salisbury. On the 2nd the Northern force seized Charlton Downs, and then was attacked by the Southern, but succeeded in holding its position. On the 3rd September the Northern force was

ordered to fall back if attacked again, and did so to its camp of the 1st September at Fovant, the Southern army camping some five miles north-east of Shaftesbury. Sunday the 4th was a day of rest, in the forenoon of which salutes of twenty-one guns in each camp announced to the troops the success of their comrades in the Soudan and the fall of Khartoum, —news which was received with rapturous bursts of cheering. The 5th September saw a race northward between the two armies, each striving to deny the other the passage of the Wylye, and in this operation the Northern army was adjudged successful. Having crossed the Wylye, the Northern force was directed on the 6th September to take up a defensive position behind the Winterbourne stream, leaving out a small rear-guard to withdraw as the Southern force advanced. So well did this latter fulfil its task that it compelled the whole Southern army to deploy against it, and thereafter the Northern force continued its retreat unmolested across the Avon. On the 7th, the last day of operations, the Northern army, which had been advised of the approach of reinforcements, was ordered to force the passage of the Avon (the right bank of which was held by the Southern force), and did so after a most interesting action. On the 8th September the two forces were reviewed by the Commander-in-Chief on Boscombe Down, and on the evening of the same day the dispersal of the forces by rail began.

Such is a rapid summary of the operations undertaken; and the manner of their direction and administration has produced a crop of criticisms in the press, some justifiable, others hardly so, when the circumstances and conditions under which peace manœuvres must be carried out come to be inquired into.

The chief criticism upon the direction appears to be that there was no continuity in the operations, and that instead of the resting-places of the troops for the night being fixed by the result of the day's action, this latter was subordinated to the previously fixed position of the camps for the night. Hostilities were discontinued when "cease fire" was sounded, and profound peace reigned until at a fixed hour on the following morning the advanced troops on either side were permitted to cross certain lines to seek for one another. In fact, say the critics, the manœuvres were a series of field-days on new ground, loosely strung together by a "general idea," and not manœuvres in which a state of war reigned from rest-day to rest-day. This criticism is to a certain extent justifiable, but it is in great part disarmed by the official memorandum issued previous to the manœuvres, in which it is stated that

"the area fixed upon for the manœuvres, while presenting great advantages in the nature of the country to be worked over, is found to offer, in some parts, serious difficulties in regard to an adequate supply of good water. These difficulties can only be satisfactorily met by fixing beforehand upon a series of suitable areas for occupation as camps by the troops at the close of each day's operations, and securing, by special preparation, an ample supply of analysed water. Tied by this condition of fixed localities for camps, it will not, in all cases, be practicable for the troops of the two armies to be disposed each night as they would actually be were the respective commanders to base their dispositions upon the results of the day's operations."

The water-supply was, indeed, a seri-

ous difficulty, which was only met by most perfect arrangements on the part of the Royal Engineers; and the question of selection of camping-grounds was further influenced by the necessity, with a voluntary service army, of making the manœuvres attractive to the men, and consequently of giving them such recreations in camp as would be afforded by canteens, refreshment-tents, &c. The bulky stores required for these had to be brought on to the ground beforehand, and the contractors had to know when and where they would be required. Water-supply and the road-net both, therefore, demanded the location of camps in the valleys, whereas most of the fighting of necessity took place on the hills, and, short of inflicting unnecessary hardships on the men, there was no way out of it but ordering the troops to return, after each day's operations, to previously chosen camps. But it would appear that, in the effort to give variety to the operations, and to work over new ground each day, too much ground was covered, and it is possible that, had a less extensive programme been adopted, and had the troops taken up each morning the positions they occupied at the close of operations on the previous day, outposts having been left in contact, even though the main bodies retired some distance to previously prepared camps, the manœuvres would have gained in instruction and interest. On the other hand, the course the operations are to take must to a certain degree be fixed beforehand, with a view to the troops being on the last day near the railway-stations from which they are to be transported to their garrisons, and for this the time-tables must be prepared beforehand. It is thus for this reason, besides for reasons of supply, impossible in peace manœuvres to give an absolutely free hand to commanders of forces. From time to time the special ideas must be modified by the direction, to ensure its plans being carried out, and forces, though tactically victorious, ordered to retire. To strike a just balance between all those conflicting considerations is the difficult task of the Directing Staff, and one to which only constant practice can afford a solution.

The next most important point to which criticism is directed is the transport service, and we are told that as the Army Service Corps proved itself numerically inadequate to its duties, recourse had to be had to hired transport, which was not a success, and that this experiment was tried with a view to its adoption, if successful, in our organisation for home defence. Was ever more utter nonsense penned by responsible writers? There is no army in Europe — for no nation would stand the expense—in which the transport cadres maintained in peace are even approximately able to undertake the carriage of supplies and baggage at manœuvres, and in most their animals are all used up to horse those equipment waggons of the combatant troops for which no teams are in peace provided. In proportion to our war requirements our transport cadres are nearly three times as strong as those of the principal foreign armies, and in consequence they were able at the late manœuvres to horse in a large measure the baggage and supply columns; but in foreign armies the *whole* of this transport is carried out on hired carriage. In the hiring of civilian transport the military authorities were only following out a system which is in force

for peace manœuvres in every other army, and which has nothing to do with our organisation for war. Where foreigners have the advantage over us in this branch is, however, in the control of the drivers. These come under military law when acting with troops, and the scenes with tired and thirsty civilian drivers, which were of frequent occurrence at our manœuvres, are impossible abroad. This was the worst point of the hired transport, not its composition as regards horses and carriages, which were as a rule good and serviceable; and the arrangements for the collection, reception, despatch, and distribution of this transport, the supply of portions of it (led horses) with Government harness, and the strengthening of it with horses and men of the Army Service Corps, were a credit to its organisers. Naturally various weak points in its interior organisation also came to light, but such are inseparable from a first experiment.

Again, the fact of the baggage and supply columns having throughout been treated as neutral is criticised as being unwarlike; but it would appear that this is invariably the case in foreign armies also at peace manœuvres. The fact is, that the supply services cannot in peace be carried out as in war. In war, supplies are taken where they are found, or are sent up from the base by a regularly organised service as required by the military situation; but at manœuvres, to spare expense, they must be previously collected at depots in or near the theatre of proposed operations. These depots must be settled beforehand; and they frequently will be at places not tactically suited to the positions of the troops. And it would be folly to expect, for example, a body of troops to protect its communications for the day only with a supply depot lying several miles to one of its flanks. So of necessity the supply columns must be neutralised. Baggage columns might, to a certain extent, be treated as non-neutral; but with hired transport this is a great difficulty, and when the baggage has to move only to a previously selected camp it is inexpedient and unnecessary so to consider them.

Into the tactical handling of the troops we do not here propose to enter, as, within the limits of a short article, it is impossible to do more than glance at the chief points in the direction and administration of the manœuvres: suffice it to say that great progress appears to have been made since manœuvres were revived seven years ago, and this is undoubtedly due in a large measure to the careful progressive system of instruction which has been carried out of late years at Aldershot and other camps of instruction, the influence of which is noticeable in all branches of the service. Especially was the handling of the artillery praised, and the cavalry appeared to have much benefited by its training of late years in large bodies. Nothing finer than the appearance and performance of the troops at the review on Boscombe Down has ever been seen in this country.

A noteworthy feature of the manœuvres was the dispersal of the troops by rail at the end. Between 7.30 P.M. on the 8th September and 10.45 P.M. on the 10th September, no fewer than 115 troop trains, besides those containing hired transport, were despatched from six stations (from two of which, however, only five and six trains respectively were sent off). These were loaded and

despatched with the most exemplary punctuality and regularity, and the whole service carried out without seriously disturbing the ordinary traffic of the various lines.

Before concluding, a word must be said as to the militia battalions which took part in the manœuvres, and which won golden opinions on all sides. From the extreme north of Scotland, from the extreme west of Ireland, and from all parts of England, were these battalions gathered together, and so they may be taken as representative of the militia force. They marched well; though naturally, from lack of training, there was more falling out among them than in the regulars. They were well handled, and they behaved well; and one result of these manœuvres must certainly be to raise the old constitutional force in public estimation, and to cause increased attention to be paid to its efficiency, and to its being prepared for an enlarged sphere of activity in the scheme of imperial defence or offence.

In conclusion, we would point out that these manœuvres are the first on a large scale which have been held in this country. Rome was not built in a day, nor can a system of training and manœuvre be perfected in one or in ten years. Mistakes were made and weak points discovered—plenty of them; but the great object of manœuvres is to find these out and correct them before we have to pay for our experience in blood in actual war, and money spent in this direction is well spent, and will repay itself many-fold when the time comes. We may be sure that full reports have been made on all such matters by the officers whose duty it is so to report, and as such manœuvres are repeated the mistakes will become fewer and fewer, though disappear entirely they never can; and we can only express the hope that the powers that be will persevere in the course they have entered upon, and give the army, as they have given the navy, its annual grand manœuvres, so that, when the day of trial comes, it may not be found wanting in that higher leadership and that technique of movement which can only be acquired by constant practice in large bodies.

OLD WHIG AND NEW.

"Oh, man, ye're a puir creature! a wretched, miserable creature!" It was in some such characteristically civil and genial manner that Mr Thomas Carlyle once addressed Mr Henry Reeve at the hospitable board of their common friend, Barry Cornwall. The attack was, of course, inexcusable. Even dyspeptic seers are not entitled to be infamously rude. We are not aware whether the aggrieved party made any attempt at retaliation. Silence was, doubtless, the most suitable retort, though a simple *tu quoque* would have been at once absolutely justifiable and quite unanswerable. But we do know that Reeve thenceforth nourished a natural and vigorous distaste for his assailant, whom, in a letter to Mr T. Norton Longman, he sets down as "*odious* — arrogance, vanity, self-conceit, ingratitude to old friends — I never thought I should dislike him so much." What provocation Reeve had given, it is difficult to say. Carlyle needed no provocation to make him violate any canon of good taste or good breeding; though we have heard that he once condescended to extenuate a more than ordinarily severe fit of ill-humour by attributing it to "that infernal cauld in the liver of me." Probably on the occasion in question Reeve had been holding forth at some length on matters with regard to which he was much better informed than the rest of the company. Latterly, at all events, we suspect, Reeve was prone to the most notorious of Lord Macaulay's failings. T. B. M., he writes in one place, "is laying waste society with his waterspouts of talk; people in his company burst for want of an opportunity of dropping a word; he confounds soliloquy and colloquy." Perhaps Carlyle was among the bursting ones, and was anxious to have an innings. No doubt he effected his purpose. Mr Reeve, we imagine, paused as his ear caught the interjected observation, and so displayed his manifest inferiority to the historian of England. Macaulay never stopped. His "appalling memory" gave him too great an advantage over everybody else. Well might Sydney Smith prescribe "two table-spoonfuls of the waters of Lethe every morning to correct his retentive powers."

Mr Reeve's biographer[1] does not relate the Carlyle anecdote. The only reference to it is in a brief passage from Mr Reeve's journal, to the effect that, at this particular dinner-party, "Carlyle was so offensive, I never made it up with him." The details, we are quite sure, must have sadly shocked Mr Laughton, who, to tell the truth, takes much the same view about Mr Reeve as that gentleman took about himself. There is, indeed, no direct word of self-praise in Mr Reeve's diary or correspondence; but they are unmistakably redolent of complacency and satisfaction. We do not wonder at it. His life was one of unbroken prosperity and success, and of almost unbroken happiness. He hit the marks he

[1] Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Henry Reeve, C.B., D.C.L. By John Knox Laughton, M.A. 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green, & Co., 1898.

aimed at, and found all his ambitions realised, except the ambition to be made a K.C.B. A particularly glaring job, even for a Whig peer and a Whig Government, placed him at the age of twenty-four in circumstances of comfort, if not of affluence. He was privileged to mingle with some of the choicest society in England. For many years, and down to the day of his death, he breakfasted with barons, lunched with lords, and dined with dukes; while his regular attendance at the Court balls was only interrupted by the carelessness or the malevolence of a Tory Lord Chamberlain. He had that steady affection for field sports which nature has implanted in the vast majority of English gentlemen, and, in his day, he must have had his share of some of the very best shooting to be had in this country. When the London season was over, and the July number of the 'Edinburgh' was out, his summer was devoted to a continuous round of visits at the habitations of the great, from John o' Groats to Land's End, or at least from Skibo to Bowood. He knew, moreover, "every inch of Paris, and all the distinguished people," to quote his wife. To crown all, he occupied a position in the world both of letters and of politics nearly, if not altogether, without a parallel. Croker's was not unlike it, but Croker lacked the massive and substantial respectability so remarkable in Reeve. There was always about Croker a touch of the hanger-on, and more than once he underwent the disappointments and mortifications incident to that unhappy character. Reeve, on the other hand, though he was the confidant of Cabinet Ministers and diplomatists, was ever careful to preserve a prudent independence. His position, in short, could not have been better defined than in the felicitous and well-chosen language of his intimate friend, the Duc d'Aumale: "Il n'a pas pris une part directe au mouvement des affaires de son pays, n'ayant siégé ni dans le parlement, ni dans aucun cabinet; mais son influence était considérable: sans cesse consulté, souvent chargé des messages importants; enfin sa plume, sa plume surtout, ne restait jamais inactive, et ses écrits portaient coup." To say that is to say no more than the truth.

This description of Reeve is peculiarly applicable to the period —extending from 1840 to 1855 —during which he was on the staff of the 'Times' newspaper. He tells us that in the course of those years he wrote in all about 2402 articles, equivalent in bulk to fifteen octavo volumes of 500 pages each, and that his remuneration amounted to £13,000. His connection with the journal was, beyond question, highly advantageous to both parties, and he, at all events, fully realised the value of his services.

"During a great portion," he writes, "of those fifteen years, I lived on terms of confidential correspondence and intercourse with several of the leading Ministers of England and of France — more especially with M. Guizot and Lord Clarendon; whilst Delane acted as a means of communication with Lord Aberdeen. Through Mr Greville, my own chief and afterwards colleague, who had originally introduced me to Barnes in 1840, and sanctioned my writing for the paper, I could always ascertain what was going on; and I question whether there was any person out of the Cabinet more correctly acquainted with the course of affairs: indeed, sometimes things reached me which the bulk of the Cabinet did not know. The consequence of this information

was that, although I am not conscious of ever having published to the world what it was desirable to conceal, the 'Times' became a power in Europe, more dreaded by kings and more read by statesmen than the most elaborate despatches. Its circulation rose in fifteen years from about 13,000 when I joined it, to 62,000 when I left it; and although I do not take to myself any peculiar share in this result, for many other contributors wrote as well as I did, and the editor was usually judicious and always active, yet I doubt whether any other writer had occasion to do as much. My articles were almost always printed first, at the head of the paper, and averaged latterly four or even five out of six days. They were the expression of a great system of foreign policy, such as I should have acted upon if I had been born to the position of a Minister. They were never dictated or even influenced by any authority but my own free will,—very seldom even suggested to me, either by the editor or by any Minister or other person; and though they were often regarded as expressions of the opinion of the Cabinet, or of Lord Aberdeen, or of this country, they never in reality expressed anything but my own convictions" (i. 338).

The note of modesty is absent from the statement, but, to do Mr Reeve justice, we believe it to contain nothing but sober matter of fact. No newspaper or periodical has ever attained the same commanding eminence in European politics as the 'Times' reached in the middle of the present century. Its information was early, exclusive, and accurate. It represented, or was supposed to represent, the opinion of the English nation. When the "Thunderer" began to hurl his bolts, something like consternation reigned in the Courts of Europe, and British Ministers found it worth their while confidentially to deprecate his displeasure, and to counsel moderation. A single article might give rise to a diplomatic remonstrance; a series of articles might precipitate an impending, or aggravate an existing, crisis.

The predominance of the 'Times' could not endure for ever, though the old tradition has lingered surprisingly long. The growth of the penny press was necessarily fatal to such a supremacy, and the conditions of the present day render it unlikely that we shall ever behold a revival of the glories of the Delane era. Let us be thankful that, in spite of a hundred weaknesses and foibles, the bulk of the British press realises its responsibilities. "To find out the true state of facts, to report them with fidelity, to apply to them strict and fixed principles of justice, humanity, and law, to inform, as far as possible, the very conscience of nations, and to call down the judgment of the world on what is false, or base, or tyrannical, appear to me to be the first duties of those who write." Such was Mr Reeve's standard of conduct. He acted up to it himself, and we make bold to assert that the same ideal is, consciously or unconsciously, present in the mind of those whose business it is both to mould and to reflect British public opinion. It would be well, indeed, for France if at a time like the present she were blessed with a strong, healthy, and independent newspaper press such as our own.

From the days of Addison's political upholsterer until now, no kind of prig or bore has been so consistently objectionable as the species which makes foreign affairs the theme of its discourse. But Reeve was assuredly neither a bore nor a prig, though he was often positive and dogmatic. His opportunities for studying this particular subject had been unusually favourable. That he lost

something by not having been put through the ordinary English mill of public school and university is, we think, indisputable. There are very few characters on which that time-honoured curriculum fails to produce a bracing and salutary effect. But the fact that his education (begun at Norwich under Dr Valpy, of "Delectus" fame) was completed abroad, not only made him a proficient in foreign tongues and familiarised him with foreign modes of life and thought, but also, by a piece of rare good fortune, threw him into the midst of a highly refined and intellectual society. Wherever he went he procured introductions to the people best worth knowing. The most eminent literary circles in Paris opened their doors to receive him. He was on terms of the greatest intimacy with men like De Tocqueville and Guizot; and after settling for good in London, he was wise enough to keep up the attachments he had formed abroad by means of regular correspondence. He was thus kept *au courant* of the best French opinion, which he often echoed in the 'Times' and the 'Edinburgh.' In his violent and sustained attacks, for example, upon Louis Napoleon, after the *coup d'état*, we seem to catch the note, not of a democrat's hatred of despots, but of an aristocrat's contemptuous loathing of successful upstarts. Yet his first thought was ever for the interests of his own country. He was a patriot to the backbone. He had no sympathy with the Cobdenite "passion for depreciating the policy and resources of England." He hated the treaty of Washington. He thought it improper that the fate and honour of his country should be "placed in the hands of a Swiss and a Brazilian referee, neither of whom knows a word of the English language." He took a firm stand against the Bulgarian atrocity agitation. He was among the first of landsmen, Mr Laughton tells us, to recognise the importance of maritime power. That he never made mistakes or took short-sighted views it would, of course, be absurd to pretend. He strongly opposed the purchase of the Suez Canal shares by the British Government—one of those master-strokes of policy which are met with once in a generation. Imagination was not his strong point. Clear-headed, sensible, prudent, well-informed—all these he was. In following his lead, one walked in the footsteps of no quack or fanatic, of no monomaniac or pedant. But he wanted that penetrating vision and that touch of genius in handling foreign and imperial affairs which lend a unique value to the speculations of Mr Frederick Greenwood.

Mr Reeve's interests were not bounded by politics. He records that as a boy he had "an insatiable appetite for books"; and as literary adviser to the house of Longman he had an excellent opportunity of displaying his discrimination. His judgments in that capacity appear to have been terse and unambiguous. "Seems to me sheer nonsense"—"What a waste of time and labour!"—"It is very provoking that people should attempt to write books who cannot write English." These are a few specimens of his unfavourable reports on manuscripts. That he possessed a delicate and fastidious taste, and was well qualified to criticise work of the highest order, is manifest from his admirable little monograph on Petrarch, which well deserves its place beside Hamley's 'Voltaire' in the series of "Foreign Classics for

English Readers." But, after all, it is not for his performances in the purely literary field that Mr Reeve will be remembered. The political arena suited him better, and called forth his powers to their utmost capacity. It was only when engaged in discussing the relations of the Continental Powers or in presenting his reader with a luminous summary of a century's development that he was really "extended." The volume on 'Royal and Republican France' is typical of his peculiar cast of mind and of his exceptional requirements. It remains withal one of the most instructive works on Continental politics that have ever been penned. The concluding papers in particular, on "France in 1870" and "Communal France," are models of what such essays should be. With a light but unerring hand he sketches the position of that country, throwing in by way of contrast a slight though brilliant picture of the rise of Prussia, in which the salient qualities of Bismarck receive ample recognition, and pausing to supply one of the soundest and most convincing arguments in favour of hereditary monarchy which we have ever read. He, and he alone, could perhaps have done justice to the most recent phase of affairs in France. He had little save what was bad to say of the Second Empire:—

"It was the type," he says, "of a government created by universal suffrage, and irresponsible by virtue of the power which had called it into being. . . . It continued to the last to prostitute authority, to pervert the judgment of the people, to exclude from office every man of independent character and merit, and to pretend to a strength which it did not possess, for nothing is in truth so weak as absolutism or so timorous as personal power."

All very true, no doubt; but we are much mistaken if, in the history of those eighteen years, or in the record of any other autocracy, Mr Reeve could have discovered a series of transactions more detestable and more infamous than those which have recently made the French Republic a byword and a reproach with all civilised nations.

Mr Reeve would have expressed his opinion of *l'affaire Dreyfus* with exemplary candour and energy; and perhaps he might have modified his harsh view of the Empire. But in any case he would have traced phenomena back to their original causes, and would not have been long in discovering the *fons et origo mali*. The feeling at the bottom of Mr Reeve's system of political belief was a hearty detestation of the French Revolution. He would have admitted that the Revolution was inevitable; he would have admitted that it achieved the unification of France. Indeed he took a grim pleasure in pointing out that the aim of the Communists of 1871 was to undo that great work. But he saw, or thought he saw, that it had resulted in social conditions wholly inimical to stability of government and to permanent national wellbeing. In acknowledging receipt of his book on France, the late Lord Derby sagaciously and justly remarked—

"I do not recollect to have seen anywhere else pointed out the intimate connection between the social state of modern France—with every old tradition destroyed, and the continuance of a family, as we understand the word here, rendered impossible—and the political condition, in which every public man is either fighting for his own personal interest and nothing else, or for the triumph of his particular theory of politics, which, if

successful, is to be enforced despotically by all the power of a centralised administration."

It is an apt summary of Reeve's teaching, and is neatly illustrated by an anecdote of M. Thiers. "Certainement," observed that statesman to Mr Reeve, — "certainement je suis pour la République! Sans la République qu'est-ce que je serais, moi? — bourgeois, Adolphe Thiers." Nothing that we can recollect has occurred since Mr Reeve's death in 1895 which would have modified his deliberate and well-considered opinion.

Enough has been said to indicate that Mr Reeve had little sympathy with Liberal, or at least with democratic, sentiments. We are sometimes apt to think that our great political parties at the present day (apart from the Irish question) are divided by no very intelligible difference of principle. But the more one reads of the politics of the last sixty years, the more one is disposed to question whether matters were ever otherwise. Reeve, at all events, passed from Tory to Whig and from Whig to Tory without much effort. At nineteen he indulged in prognostications as to the future of the nation which would not have disgraced a Cassandra. No one was more firmly convinced that the country was going to perdition. One of his first serious efforts in literature was an article against the Reform Bill of 1832, of which Lockhart approved though he made no use of it, and which brought old Mr Murray — the "Emperor"—to call on its author at Hampstead. Not even his appointment as Clerk of Appeals seems to have fixed his allegiance to the Whigs. On the eve of Sir Robert Peel's triumph in 1841 he writes thus to his mother:—

"I have rejoiced in my heart to witness once again in England the strenuous revival of those great principles of aristocratic government which constitute, as I believe, the solid framework of this commonwealth. The function of the Conservative party has ceased to be one of mere resistance and defence. Masters of the field of battle, they would ill deserve their victory if they could not spread their tents and raise their standard upon it. I confess that I had barely hoped ever to see a Tory Government again strong enough to govern the country on its own fixed principles. But the thing is now almost assured; and the time invites me to put forward as much as I can those principles which I have thought of a good deal for many years, and which men engaged in active political life are apt to forget. In short, without going higher than my belfry, I can ring the bells; and the best service I can render is, I think, by my influence over the press" (i. 148).

It was probably the disruption of that very Government which drove Reeve definitely into the arms of the Whigs, who included in their ranks most of his personal friends. Lord Clarendon—perhaps the most judicious statesman in that party — was more congenial to him than any other public man, and we may be sure that he thoroughly distrusted Mr Disraeli. His alliance with the Whigs was cemented by his appointment to the editorial chair of the 'Edinburgh,' where for forty years he upheld those "plain principles" associated with the blue and yellow. If he did not, like Lord John Russell, consider the universe as existing for the sake of the Whig party, he had no difficulty in accommodating himself to the tone of absolute certainty and cocksureness which has always been one of its most agreeable characteristics. It is impossible to suppose that Reeve had ever

any "searchings of heart." Doubt or questioning of any kind was a stranger to his composition. He must have had a lurking sympathy with the ingenuous Von Sybel, who, having on internal evidence pronounced certain letters to be forgeries, declined to examine the originals on the ground that his mind was fully made up, and that he should only conclude the author of the fabrications to have been a very skilful fellow (ii. 119).

It is needless to say that Mr Reeve was a strenuous opponent of Home Rule, and that he heartily disliked the politician who first brought it "within the range of practical politics." "There is every appearance," he predicted in 1887, "that the Unionists will hold together. Mr Gladstone continues to be in a state of hallucination and excitement which exceeds belief. It is a case of moral and political suicide. The crisis will probably end by the death of Mr Parnell, the falling off of the American subscriptions, and the extinction of Mr Gladstone." Old Moore himself might have been willing to give a good deal for Mr Reeve's gift of prophecy. He thought Mr Gladstone's last Ministry "a wretched affair. . . . The sole gratification of every one of them is absolute submission and obedience to the chief."[1] He thought better of Disraeli than of his rival, yet he put on record in 1878 the opinion that "there has not been in England for a hundred years a Minister so indifferent to Parliament, and so subservient to the Court, as Lord Beaconsfield." He scarcely appreciated the qualities of that master-mind, and probably cherished to the end the remnants of that prejudice which the author of 'Vivian Grey' not unnaturally excited against himself at the outset of his amazing career. Friendship, on the other hand, by no means blinded Reeve to a man's weak points. His characterisation of Lord Granville is very happy. How different, he exclaims, from Lord Clarendon or Lord Aberdeen! "The truth is, that Granville is always waiting upon fortune; ready to take any course that may turn up, but utterly incapable of taking a strong resolution based on principle and conviction." The last Lord Derby succeeded to the place in Mr Reeve's estimation which Lord Clarendon had once occupied. That his Lordship was very wise and very decided—on paper—we all know, and his numerous letters to Mr Reeve are well worth reading. They breathe a cool and sagacious judgment in every word. It is the more astounding that he should have thus written to the editor of the 'Greville Memoirs': "There is certainly nothing in them which you could have the slightest scruple about publishing, or which the relatives of those concerned can resent." Reeve himself seems to have been rather taken aback at finding that people disliked having their relatives publicly and posthumously vilified by the "Gruncher." He quarrelled with Hayward, whose review in the 'Quarterly' was con-

[1] We cannot refrain from quoting Lord Westbury's pungent criticism of the Government of 1868: "What a Cabinet! 'Misery,' says Trinculo, 'makes one acquainted with strange bedfellows,'—so, it seems, does unlooked-for prosperity. Only fancy Granville, Clarendon, and the rest, pigging heads and tails with John Bright in the same truckle bed" (ii. 148). It must always be remembered that the last three or four years of Mr Bright's life did much to atone for the extravagances of his youth and middle age.

ceived in the fearless old fashion, and whose application of an old saying of Johnson's about Bolingbroke and Malloch was undeniably apt. But whatever we may think about the propriety of publishing those celebrated papers, we must give Reeve all credit for immediately assuming the entire responsibility.

In his conduct of the 'Edinburgh Review' Mr Reeve was rigidly Conservative. He attached a high value to the principle and practice of anonymity, and was vexed if the authorship of any article leaked out. He strongly objected to republishing one of his own contributions as a pamphlet. To consent to that would be to "descend to the level of Mr Gladstone's sixpenny agitation." The sight of a threepenny magazine or a halfpenny morning paper would, we suppose, have given him a fit. Yet he was probably right in not attempting to modernise the 'Edinburgh.' When our quarterlies take to publishing illustrated interviews, their last hour will not be long delayed. We have seen it suggested in more than one quarter that the 'Edinburgh' lost ground during Mr Reeve's long reign. We confess we see no foundation whatever for any such idea. He enlisted the services of a body of writers second to none in their several departments of knowledge, and the periodical continued to be read with interest and respect, if not with excitement or exhilaration. It certainly carried as much weight when Reeve laid down the reins as when he took them up, and its assistance to the right side in 1876 and again ten years later was, if not invaluable, at least very considerable. If it really did retire a little into the background, it was certainly through no carelessness or negligence on Mr Reeve's part. He discharged his duties with conscientiousness and punctuality, and he acted throughout on the only true theory—namely, that when the writer is anonymous the editor must adopt the article as his own.

It is a thousand pities that Mr Reeve did not keep a diary on the model of Mr Greville's. It would probably have contained a collection of stories which neither Mr George Russell nor Sir M. E. Grant Duff could have matched; and it would probably have been adorned by fewer "chestnuts" than the lucubrations of those eminent *raconteurs*. As it is, such notes and journals as he left are in many places but a bare record of dining out, and Mr Laughton's materials can scarcely be said to have been overwhelming in amount. What there is in the way of observation or anecdote is capital. We like the description of Dr Guthrie's sermons as "'*Noctes Ambrosianæ*' in the pulpit";[1] we like the story of Sheridan Knowles saying to Bulwer, "Sir, you lead a very artificial life"—(a polite bow in acknowledgment); "Shakespeare and I, sir, are the children of nature": and we like best of all the retort of Lady John Manners to Lord Granville after the Tories had come in in 1874. The latter had remarked, *à propos* of Mr Disraeli's birth, "You must acknowledge that your chief's nose

[1] "Guthrie," he continues, "passed from one topic to another, as if he were exhibiting dissolving views of the perdition of man"! Reeve is less than just, by the bye, in saying that Jeffrey, Cockburn, and Rutherford "always talked and behaved like men acting a part." Perhaps the mincing English accent accounted for that impression.

is very queer." "At all events, it is not out of joint," was the ready rejoinder. There are several other amusing incidents recorded in these volumes, and there are a few—too few—letters from the second Lord Lytton, whose correspondence formed so agreeable a feature of Sir Charles Murray's biography. Altogether, Mr Laughton may be warmly congratulated on his work. Some critics have called him a partisan. Everybody, apparently, is a partisan who declines to fall down and worship Mr Gladstone. But he is not unfair, and he is not inaccurate. Perhaps his most serious error of judgment lies in having translated into English the greater part of the letters received by Reeve from eminent Frenchmen. They are robbed of their delicate flavour and charm by the process, and we think it might have been safely assumed that any one who cares to read a life of Reeve can read French.

Mr Laughton's touch may not be very light, and he may have his *longeurs;* but he is not so depressing as Mr Augustine Birrell. That gentleman's biography of his friend Sir Frank Lockwood[1] is, in truth, the dreariest performance we have come across for many a long day. We have frequently observed that the manner of writing which has been denominated "Birrelling" drives the reviewers into paroxysms of delight. It consists, so far as we can discover, in a steady flow of petty epigrams tempered by allusiveness. Horace is frequently cited, and it is a rule of the game to make-believe that obscure quotations which the author has contrived to stumble upon in out-of-the-way places are familiar to the casual reader. No wonder that Mr Birrell is an object of envy to the Fleet Street hack. For our own part, we believe we should find him very tolerable were he only less superlatively wise, witty, graceful, charming, sweet-tempered, delicious, exquisitely humorous, and everything else that the press notices proclaim him to be.

We do not say that in writing Sir Frank Lockwood's life he had an easy task. He has explained his difficulties with commendable candour. He had very few documents to assist him, and without documents it is stiff work to fill up a volume of two hundred and twenty pages. But, due allowance being made for all obstacles, the result can only be described as deplorable. Sir Frank Lockwood was a Yorkshireman, born at Doncaster, educated at Manchester Grammar School and Caius College, Cambridge, and called to the Bar in 1872. Though neither an orator nor a lawyer, he "had a way with" a jury which soon brought him into remunerative practice. He entered Parliament in 1883, and became Solicitor-General in 1894. He was highly popular in many sorts of society, enjoyed a great reputation for humour, was undoubtedly a first-rate amateur caricaturist, and was all that a man should be in the domestic relations. We have heard that his juniors were not unfamiliar with the rough side of his tongue, but that is as it may be. He died at the end of 1897.

Now what has Mr Birrell done to convey to the public some notion of his friend's power to entertain and please? He has, in the first place, quoted a passage from an election speech

[1] Sir Frank Lockwood: A Biographical Sketch. By Augustine Birrell. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1898.

King's Lynn which is not merely relatively but positively stupid. He has told us, in the second place, that Lockwood, after being sent down, revisited Caius, wearing a beard, and calling himself Major M'Pherson. How diverting! In the third place, he mentions that Lockwood once pretended to have a fight with his brother-in-law, Lochbuie, at a railway station. Monstrous funny! Fourthly, we hear that Lockwood practised mystifications on his family, as by despatching telegrams announcing the arrival at his house of inconvenient guests, and the like. Ha, ha! Lastly, he made great play with an imaginary Rev. Tobias Boffin, B.A. (Lond.) *Risum teneatis amici?* (Mr Birrell's graces are catching.) We had no conception that early Victorian humour had survived so long, and are forced to the conclusion that Sir Frank's friends must have resembled those of Mr Peter Magnus in at least one important particular. A laboured letter from Lord Rosebery hardly makes matters better. Only a few facsimiles of sketches cheer the reader up, and make the book interesting. Mr Reeve (who set so much store by Thackeray's correctness and purity of line!) might find fault with them. Not so we.

But we have brought forward Sir Frank Lockwood not for the purpose of discussing his abilities or those of his biographer, so much as for the purpose of putting the question, Why on earth did he call himself a Liberal? That he was not of an "enthusiastic reforming temperament" Mr Birrell admits. "To him, as to many another Yorkshireman, Doncaster racecourse and Doncaster church were alike excellent institutions, with which he had no mind to quarrel" (p. 158). He had absolutely nothing in common with the Nonconformist conscience. He was, in effect, a sound Whig, and not very far off a sound Tory. He would, one imagines, have felt much more at home in the Conservative camp. "Instead of which" he turned Home Ruler (having been dead against Home Rule when first returned to Parliament), and found himself told off to help Mr Asquith in pushing the Welsh Disestablishment Bill through the House of Commons. Such a career is surely a striking commentary on the party system of government. And so, curiously enough, we are brought back to the very thing which we pointed out in dealing with the opinions of Mr Reeve.

The sum and substance of the matter appears to be this. We ask, apparently, too much if we desire that party distinctions should correspond to distinctions of principle. Men and not measures are the determining factors of the problem, except every now and then when some abnormally serious question arises. Accident or personal predilection may, and often does, attach to one party a man whose whole view of life would naturally attract him to the other. It does not sound well in theory, but we trust that it will long continue in practice. If to hold strict principles be a counsel of perfection, it is at least possible to have two rival parties; and without two rival parties representative institutions become unworkable. There are, in all probability, many domestic perils in store for these islands, but none, perhaps, more grave or more imminent than this: that the well-tried system of government by party may disappear, and give place to the vicious and fatal system of government by groups.

STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ.

For so many years has Stéphane Mallarmé suggested all that is courtly and exclusive in French literature, that his sudden and untimely death is mourned far beyond the boundaries of his own France. Few have read him, maybe; still fewer have appreciated him,—for he had little thought of to-day, and he spoke no idle word to the crowd; but his influence was profound upon the best of his contemporaries, and with him seems to die the tradition of two schools.

It is the good fortune of poets to bear sonorous names, and surely none was ever more justly suited than Stéphane Mallarmé. Stéphane Mallarmé! Is there not an echo in the name of the poet's own exotic elegance? Do you not hear in its syllables a note of the lofty music, which he played for himself, proudly indifferent to the world's approval? Nor was his life less dignified than his name. For twenty-five years he endured the drudgery of teaching English, endured it in the spirit of patient gaiety. "I seem to have spent my life in school," he once said; indeed, no sooner was the task of learning accomplished than he assumed the heavier task of instruction, and it was only five years ago that he first knew the freedom and the leisure which should always have been his. Yet he separated his own life absolutely from the hours spent in an uncongenial profession. They were the penalty he paid to the social convention; for himself, he dwelt in a kingdom of ingenious thought and solemn harmony, which none save the sympathetic might approach.

His life, then, is a record of work and literary experience. Attached at the outset to the Parnassian group, he was the colleague of Verlaine, Catulle Mendès, and the rest. But he did not long remain faithful to a theory which was not his own, and he was still young when he declared aloud his complete originality of artifice and reflection. The influence of Baudelaire was upon him, as it was upon a whole generation; he caught from Poe, whose verse still sings in the prose of his disciple, the love of whatever falls to decay. But neither Poe nor Baudelaire enchained his spirit, and Stéphane Mallarmé, above all his contemporaries, enjoyed the larger freedom of being himself. To be himself was to worship beauty and elegance, to discard the trammels of a facile and optimistic age. Despite a catholic taste, he had small sympathy with the Romantic School, and in one aspect his work is a protest against the cheery valiance and popular ascendancy of Dumas and Hugo. His temperament was discreet and mysterious; he loved such themes of curiosity and distinction as escaped the people, and he loved to treat them with a distinction and curiosity which were exclusively his own. No poet ever rid himself so heroically of common ideas. Wherefore he shrank from the theatre, the scene "of pleasures taken in common." So, too, in an early "anecdote" he declares that after a spectacle he "rose with the others to breathe the outside air, astonished that once again he had not felt the same impression as his fellows, yet serene." And his serenity was

justified, for he moved in a world of his own creation, peopled by the vague spirits of his dream.

Nor is it strange that, when he interpreted his own world, he should have employed a style vague, sonorous, and unfamiliar. He aimed less at clarity than at a beautiful effect. Clean-cut edges and dogmatic phrases were an offence to him. In his poetry as in his prose (and he drew no hard boundary between the two provinces of speech) he whispers of half-kept secrets. So that there is no passage of his writing from which to-morrow you may not catch another impression, as from a coloured *bibelot* set in a fresh light. In brief, he aimed rather at suggestion than expression. His obscurity, upon which hostile critics have whetted their wits, is no obscurity at all, but a purposed vagueness consonant with his method and disposition. He wrote as he wrote not because he lacked lucidity, but because he knew that thought could not be captured and held between the four stiff corners of plain speech. So to him the ballet seemed a more artistic suggestion of life than the drama, since its vague mixture of rhythmical movement and coloured light may yield to the adept a thousand diverse meanings. But let him, for an instant, speak in his own name, and display in the fragment, here translated, his own preferences, reminding us how from a mere hint the school which owed to him its inspiration evolved a dogma and a practice. It is called "A Plaint of Autumn," and thus it runs:—

"Since Maria left me to dwell in another star—which, Orion, Altaïr, or thou, green Venus?—I have always cherished solitude. The long days I have passed alone with my cat! By *alone* I mean without a material being, and my cat is a mystical companion, a spirit. So I can say that I have passed long days alone with my cat, and alone with one of the last authors of the Latin decadence, for since the white creature is no more, strangely and singularly have I loved all that is resumed in this one word: decay. Thus of the year my favourite season is the last languid days of summer, which come just before the autumn; and of the day, the hour whereat I go abroad is when the sun rests before it swoons to setting, when its rays fall copper-yellow upon the grey walls, and copper-red upon the window panes. So, too, the poetry wherein my spirit seeks its pleasure is the poetry of Rome's last moments, dying in agony; only it must breathe, in no breath, the juvenescent approach of the Barbarians; it must not stammer the childish Latin of the first Christian prose.

"I was reading, then, one of my dear poems, whose farded pages have more charm for me than the pink flush of youth, and I had plunged one hand in the fur of the pure animal, when an organ began to play with a languorous melancholy beneath my window. It played there in the wide avenue of poplar-trees, whose leaves have ever seemed mournful to me, since Maria passed by taper-light, for the last time. 'Tis verily the instrument of sadness: the piano sparkles, the violin gives light to torn strings, but the organ, in the twilight of remembrance, makes me dream in despair. Now it murmurs a joyously vulgar tune, such as fills with gaiety the heart of the suburbs, a tune dismoded, common; yet whence comes it that the refrain goes to my soul and makes me weep like a ballad of romance? I taste it slowly, and I throw no penny through the window, lest I be disturbed, and discover that the organ does not play of itself."

Here, indeed, are all the elements of Symbolism and Decadence; here are the vague fancies, the strange contrasts—as between the organ's vulgarity and the profound melancholy of the poet — which have been an inspiration to a

whole school. In one aspect the poem resumes the doctrine of Poe and Baudelaire; in another it might act as a preface to the complete works of M. Huysmans. And if it be not most characteristic of its author, it is, perhaps, most characteristic of his influence.

One talent of M. Mallarmé's is commonly unknown or overlooked. In spite of his loyal devotion to research; in spite of his generous ambition to discover for his own a fresh province of literature,—he was better skilled in ennobling frivolity than any of his contemporaries. The occasional verses which he addressed to his friends, and which (we hope) are presently to be published, are masterpieces of a cultured and delicate gaiety. Perfect in form, irresistibly light-footed, they recall the dainty trifles of our own seventeenth century, and assuredly to their author nothing was trifling that was touched with rarity or elegance. Thus it was that he once undertook to edit the most whimsical journal the world has seen. The year was 1874, and the journal was called 'La Dernière Mode.' Its prose appears, from internal evidence, to have been all the work of the editor, who discoursed with his unique whimsicality of ladies' frocks, of dinners, of music-halls, of manifold trivialities. Even the advertisements bear the impress of his hand, and the style of the meanest paragraph is fashioned with all its author's keen wit and careful elaboration. That this "gazette du monde et de la famille" achieved the failure which its subtle drollery merited, need not be said; nor need it be said that to-day it eludes the most cunning collector. But it illustrates a quick and charming side of M. Mallarmé's genius, and it belongs as intimately to him as the 'Après-midi d'un Faune,' or the most abstract of his criticism.

For M. Mallarmé was not only a poet and a wit; he was also a critic of rare sanity and illumination. And for all his love of the select and mysterious, his judgment of others was always generous. Moreover, his love of letters was as profound as his appreciation was wide. He was never of those critics who fight for their school, and pour contempt upon all save their partisans. He admired and appreciated whatever was witty, personal, and sincere. For him the world of art was not limited by the boundaries of France or of prejudice. He neither dethroned Voltaire, nor neglected the *coterie* of yesterday; while his devotion to English literature was constant and outspoken. He was perhaps the one Frenchman who understood the art of Tennyson; and he wrote of Beckford, whose 'Vathek' he recaptured for France, with a mastery and knowledge which none of Beckford's countrymen has ever rivalled. But the best of his criticism was general rather than particular. He left it for others to record the common adventures of literature, and then he would resume in a page a hundred incidents or discussions. If he referred to a book still in the hands of men, or to a play which for the moment filled a popular theatre, it was merely for the purpose of illustrating a favourite theory or of lending colour to a fresh idea. For instance, his 'Crayonné au Théâtre' is not so much a series of judgments upon this or that spectacle or ballet; it is rather a synthetic criticism of the drama in fifty pages. Nor did he ever employ the common methods of the critic.

He would chant the praise of a poet in a style strange as the poet's own, or he would compose his own opinion into an ode whose sonority was intended to convey no more than an impression. Thus, for instance, he does not describe or appraise the work of Baudelaire; he merely sketches the landscape of the 'Fleurs du Mal'—"a haunting landscape, intense as opium, and there on the horizon a livid cloud, pierced with the blue of Prayer"; thereafter he suggests an awful sunset, "a torrent of tears illuminated by the Bengal lights of Satan the artificer," and then the night "which prolongs only crime, remorse, and Death." Is it not just such a nightmare as befits Baudelaire? And does it not show us the poet of "rouge and blood" more clearly than pages of analysis? But that, indeed, was the peculiar faculty of his work. It was the criticism of life and literature set to music.

Yet whatever admiration we give to Stéphane Mallarmé, the poet and critic, we must reserve an ampler share for Stéphane Mallarmé, the man. Above all, he had the gifts of speech and gesture. His own medium was the spoken, not the written, word. It was not until you came into his presence that you recognised his real gift, his true genius. Those even who heard him lecture half-pierced the secret of his influence. For instance, the memory of a "conference," once delivered at Cambridge, is ineffaceable. The decoration was such as he would have chosen himself. The room in darkness; the audience hid in the gloom of mystery; only the orator visible, in the light of immense candles. Every gesture, every tone, was consonant to the surroundings, and those privileged ones who listened to this discourse on Music and Literature will recognise the justice of the poet's own phrase: "transmission de réveries entre un et quelques-uns."

But it is those who were admitted to his intimacy who may best estimate the wealth of his wit and fancy. The impression which he left upon even a casual auditor was unique. "He had drawn round him," says one of the most zealous among his pupils, "a magic circle, within which he accomplished the rites of his mysterious incantation. Even those who resisted more or less the attraction of his writings remained bound by the charm of his speech." Yes, all remained bound by the charm of his lucid speech, for he had the double talent of monologue and conversation. Were he in the mood, he would pick up a subject, no matter how trivial or how important, and twist it into a thousand shapes, embroider it with a thousand ribbons of fancy, until it was so finely embellished and tricked out that his audience forgot the poor plain state in which he found it. Or again, he was alive to the joy of quick reply and half-malicious repartee. He understood (none better) the warfare of wits, and in either form, conversation or monologue, he was supreme. The voice, the smile, the irony, the wave of the hand—all were his own, and all are gone, save from the memory of his friends. Alas! no talent is so prodigal of itself as conversation; yet it is the most generous also—it has the quality of its vice—for it spends itself freely in the service of friends, and finds a reward in its own perfection.

No man of his generation so imperiously demanded a Boswell as Stéphane Mallarmé. But Bos-

wells are at least as rare as Johnsons, and the heroes of conversation must be remembered rather by their effect than by their achievement. Had a faithful servant dogged the steps of M. Mallarmé we should possess not only a complete philosophy of life and art, but an incomparable set of reminiscences. The stories of Banville and Gautier, of Villiers de l'Isle Adam and Manet, which he delighted to pour forth, are lost with the silence of his voice. His half-serious philosophy seems still more remote, for it cannot be interpreted without the tone and gesture which gave it life and shape. Doubtless some of the poet's sayings will find their way into literary history; others, without justice, will seek the shelter of his name. Only one shall be recovered here, recovered because its discreet irony hides a judgment characteristically severe. It was M. Alphonse Daudet who gave the opportunity. "My dear Mallarmé," said the novelist, "you should write and tell us—it would be most interesting—whether it is of your own accord that you withdraw into darkness, where only an *élite* can follow you, or whether your obscurity is involuntary." The poet had no intention of being drawn into discussion. "Mais est-ce," replied he, "que l'opération même d'écrire n'est pas mettre du noir sur du blanc?"

The influence, then, of his speech and personality is greater to-day than the influence of his work. Nor was the title—the King of Poets—conferred upon him in jest. A king of poets he was, indeed; but rather an Aroun-al-Raschid than a constitutional monarch. Always he wandered abroad in search of those whom he might aid with counsel or encouragement, and he who was singularly reticent about his own work had always much to say—in praise or blame—concerning the work of others. There was no young writer of France who did not send his book to M. Mallarmé, and there was no book whereon M. Mallarmé did not deliver a well-considered opinion. Moreover, his house was for many years a distinguished meeting-place. Tuesday after Tuesday the young writers of France met in the Rue de Rome, and listened to the poet's talk thrown through a cloud of tobacco-smoke. It was then that M. Mallarmé unpacked most generously the stores of his fancy and recollection. The room was commonly crowded, and the host himself stood with his arm resting on the brass door of a polished stove. For each newcomer he had a word and a smile of welcome; but an arrival did no more than interrupt for an instant the thread of eloquence. How many have found their first introduction to literature in M. Mallarmé's *salon!* How many have descended the staircase of the Rue de Rome, feeling that, after all, appreciation is possible even from a master! And if the encouragement of his subjects be the best duty of a king, it was not for nothing that M. Mallarmé was entitled the King of Poets.

Nor were they all Frenchmen who flocked to these well-remembered receptions. Englishmen, Americans, Germans, all might be met on Tuesday in the Rue de Rome, and nothing pleased M. Mallarmé better than to establish an international confraternity of letters. Not only had he lived in London, but he had for many years followed the progress of English literature, and had known a long line of English poets and critics. Stories he had to tell of writers

now so remote as Hengist Horne and O'Shaughnessy; and, sincere Frenchman that he was, he knew nothing of the Chauvinism that would limit the boundaries of literature by the frontier of politics. He was indeed an Ambassador of Letters, and he performed this difficult function with admirable tact and success. If only the post could be loyally filled, it should never remain untenanted. But few men are gifted with the kindliness and simplicity which alone can justify this delicate embassy. Voltaire, perhaps, discharged a similar duty on the neutral ground of Ferney; yet we can remember no other who has set himself with so serene a disinterestedness to render the hospitality of his country to foreign literature as Stéphane Mallarmé.

But from first to last he was loyal to his craft. Though living far away from practical affairs, he once descended to the arena of policy, that he might claim for literature that which was properly her own. And his project was so wise, and so soundly argued, that only the world's indifference to the arts has prevented its realisation. He pointed out, in fact, that literature is the only form of property whose existence knows a time limit. The poet and novelist do their work for their own pleasure, and their creations remain for our solace and delight, as long as paper and printers' ink endure. But once the term of copyright is expired, said M. Mallarmé, and the masterpieces of literature revert not to the public, but to the publishers. Wherefore he suggested that the poets of the past should aid the poets of the present and the future—that, in effect, the ancient masterpieces should still pay a royalty to the State, and that the fund thus constituted should provide pensions or fellowships for poets and scholars. So the great men of to-day might profit, not by the charity of the Civil List, but by the labour of their legitimate ancestors, and so they might repay the debt to a later generation. The scheme is excellent and ingenious. There is still an appreciable value in ancient literature. The public still buys Shakespeare, because it reads him; it refrains from Otway, because it doesn't read him. But it is difficult to turn the tradition of years, and it is doubtful whether M. Mallarmé's theory will ever be turned to practice. Yet it is at least characteristic that the poet's one battle was fought for his own illustrious craft.

Apart from this interlude, he lived in the past and for the future: "there is no present," he said; and to him the present was but an occasion of kindness and sympathy. His work is an imperfect realisation of himself, since the masterpiece which he dreamt was unachieved. His life, perfectly achieved, knew no failure. Its dignified simplicity and amiable courage will never fade from the memory of his friends: and of friends he had many, for assuredly his was the genius of friendship.

THE EMPRESS-REGENT OF CHINA.

THE most interesting personage in China during the past thirty years has been and still is without doubt the lady whom we style Empress-dowager. She was never Empress, not even as imperial consort, having been but the secondary wife of Hsien-fêng, the Emperor who fled from his capital on the approach of the Anglo-French forces in 1860. But she took the title as the mother of that ill-starred monarch's heir, in which capacity she was allowed to share with the widow proper the regency during the minority of the Emperor Tung Chih (or Chê, for there is no agreement as to the transliteration of Chinese sounds). To our notions this was a most anomalous arrangement: nothing more certain to lead to trouble could be conceived. Under such a *régime* harmony in the State could not have been maintained had the two women been angels, whereas only one of them could by any reasonable use of language be assigned to that order of beings, and she the childless one. The female duumvirate was not what was intended—was in fact an unforeseen result of the last will and testament of the Emperor Hsien-fêng, who died at his hunting lodge at Jêho, whither he himself had been hunted by the victorious invaders; and as the consequences have been so curious and so important, it may be well to recall the transaction in brief and very imperfect outline.

The fundamental law of the Ta-tsing dynasty is the Salic law. No woman and no eunuch can ever reign or rule. Conforming to the laws of his house, the Emperor in his will nominated a Council of Regency during the minority of his infant son, afterwards known as the Emperor Tung-chih. The Council was composed of two imperial princes and the Minister Sun-chê. To his two wives, the true but childless one and the secondary one who was mother of the Prince Imperial, he bequeathed the guardianship of the infant. The Emperor placed his real confidence in the first, the legal wife; but he was fond of the other, the mother of his heir. A serious dilemma thus confronted him, which he thought to evade by placing in the hands of the Empress a private and personal testament, giving her absolute authority over her colleague, only to be exercised, however, in certain emergencies. As a matter of fact, the power was never called into exercise.

The Empress-mother was twenty-seven years old, clever, ambitious, and apparently fearless. She saw with envy the whole power of the State passing into the hands of the Council of Regency, while the two widows were relegated to a quite subordinate place. Brooding over this imaginary wrong, she conceived a scheme by which the position might be reversed, and confided it to her brother-in-law, Prince Kung,—the same who for so many years presided over the Tsungli-yamên with such genial urbanity; the same who recently died and came to life again, then died for good. The ambition which the Empress-mother confided to Prince Kung was nothing less than to suppress the Council of Regency, and set up in its place the authority of the two Empresses. Inasmuch, however, as they were ignorant of affairs, and women to boot, the Prince himself was to be

the real executive and *de facto* ruler of the empire. Prince Kung yielded to the seduction, and thus became accessory to the violation of the dynastic law,—of what other law human or divine it is needless to particularise. The dilatory Chinese can be prompt enough on occasion, as has recently been seen, and Prince Kung took the very first opportunity of executing the plot hatched by his sister-in-law. The Regents were returning from the obsequies of the deceased Emperor when Prince Kung launched trumped-up charges against them of neglect of certain funeral rites, had them arrested on the road, and executed. By this summary violence the two Empresses were securely established as Regents, with Prince Kung as Chancellor of the empire.

For a few years things went smoothly. Prince Kung was ably assisted in the government by Wên-si'ang, Hanki, and other patriotic statesmen, who seem to have left no worthy successors. The two Regents seldom met, for the palace in Peking is a town rather than a building, or rather it is a series of palaces separated by wide areas. From the relative position of the buildings in which they had their respective apartments, the ladies were known as the Eastern and Western Empresses, the former being the title commonly applied to the one whom we have termed the true Empress.

The Court on its return from voluntary exile was naturally on its best behaviour, having to feel its way with the foreign Powers who had established their representatives in the capital. The Powers on their part were indulgent, moved thereto by the circumstances of the Court, a child on the throne under the guardianship of two widows. Moreover, a great calamity hung over the Chinese empire in the form of a devastating rebellion, which was a danger to foreign interests only second to that to the Chinese themselves. Hence, by common consent, the Government and the Court were treated with anxious deference by the representatives of the Western nations, who could seek no audience of the infant, and, not knowing what to do about the two women, did nothing. So the Palace and the Forbidden City were kept sealed against intrusion, and the domestic drama was allowed free play within the precincts. The young Emperor was growing towards maturity, so, in an even more important sense, was his imperial mother, the rising and the ruling spirit in the whole *ménage*. Her consort, the "Eastern" Empress, was full of gentleness, meditation, and widowhood; in private life her example would have ensured the highest commendation, with a chance of posthumous honours. She was, therefore, unequally yoked with her sterner sister, and the pair could never have really worked together to any practical end. The eclipse of the weaker luminary was only a question of time.

What transpires in an oriental palace is filtered through such miasmatic media that every separate detail is open to something more than ordinary suspicion, and first impressions may form a distorted picture. But in the long-run, after cancelling out contradictions and threshing the residue, approximations to the truth may be arrived at, more or less definite according to the force of the personalities concerned. Where the character is feeble its spectrum fails to penetrate the thick vapours that surround it, and is liable to be refracted into the semblance of something unlike itself. This was

the case with Prince Ch'un, the father of the present Emperor, who, so long as he remained in seclusion, was believed to be a violent reactionary, the most vehement opponent of foreigners and their ideas, head of the "war party," and so forth. But when the fall of his elder brother Kung in 1884 necessitated the emergence of Prince Ch'un from retirement, and his assumption of important public offices, the mask was found to have covered features of the mildest type. The fire-eater roared like a sucking-dove. He was liberal and well-disposed to foreigners, demeaning himself towards them absolutely like a gentleman, and winning golden opinions wherever he appeared.

There was never such ambiguity about the Empress-regent. No veil was thick enough to hide her character. Her career has been consistent, and she remains what she has often been called, the "only man in the empire." Possessed by three passions, of which the two having pelf and power for their object have survived the more transient one, and still gather strength with advancing years, the portrait of her Majesty that is most intelligible to the European comprehension is that which represents her as a counterpart of Catherine II. What she might have been with Catherine's Christian education, and unhandicapped by enforced seclusion, it would be idle to guess. It may indeed seem strange that a woman so endowed should have been content to pass her public life behind the screen; but there have been many masterful women before her to whom the *purda* offered but a flimsy obstacle to the exercise of their power.

Of the scandals of the Palace it would serve no useful purpose to speak in detail; while on the other hand it is impossible to ignore them altogether, since they have been a factor in Palace politics, and the source of some of the bitterest family quarrels. The eunuch, at all events, is a feature of Palace life which may be accepted as historical—a convenient medium both for catering for his owner's whims and for making free with his secrets, and her Majesty has been both well and ill served by those obsequious ministrants. An intense curiosity has always been one of her marked characteristics, a feeling which she has taken every means convenient to her station to gratify. There was once a story of her salad days when her practised eye fell upon a young gallant attached to one of the European legations, to whom occult intelligence was conveyed through appropriate channels. Adonis would not have been wholly averse from learning something of that mysterious interior from which diplomatists were severely excluded, but it was supposed he yielded to the advice of his comrades, who represented that getting in might be easier than getting safely out of such a *galère*.

The Empress-regent ruled China for twenty-eight years, from 1861 to 1889, a period embracing two minorities of equal duration. In comparison with the exhibition that has been made since the young Emperor assumed full power, it must be admitted that the empire was not ill governed under the regency. Absolutely without experience when she took the reins, the Empress-regent was loyally supported by Prince Kung and the wise statesmen already mentioned. Under their moderating counsels the empire was safely conducted through the Taeping rebellion, as well as a series of other insurrectionary crises which included the

Mohammedan rebellion in Yunnan, that of Yakub Beg in Kashgar, all of them real dangers to the empire. The quarrel with Japan in 1874 was also adroitly smoothed over without a rupture of relations. And if the like success did not attend the issue of the dispute with France ten years later, it may be well to remember that the wise counsellors were gone, leaving only Prince Kung, between whom and the Regent there had grown up a bitter feud, and he was dismissed from office in the middle of the crisis in 1884.

While the Regent was learning the science of governing, which she did with avidity, during the first minority her legal status as mother of the sovereign was unassailable. Through that alone was she able to hold her ground with the Eastern Empress, the politic Kung contriving all the while to play off the one Regent against the other, so keeping his balance and maintaining his grip of power. This was gall and wormwood to the Western Empress, who soon became as impatient to get rid of Prince Kung as she had been of the Council of Regency. Prudence, however, restrained her from any overt attack on him, because her public authority would come to an end on her son's reaching his majority, though, so long as he lived, nothing could divest her of her maternal prerogatives. What Prince Kung left unfilled of her cup of bitterness was supplied by the pious Eastern Empress, whose thoughts were more congenial to the atmosphere of heaven than to the cruel world which her "Western" colleague was bustling in. A stab from such an unsuspected quarter was sharp indeed, but it fell out in a perfectly natural though highly dramatic way.

After the assumption of power by the Emperor Tung-chih in 1873, a meeting took place between the Regents, his guardians. The senior Empress sent a message to her imperial sister proposing an official meeting in a certain pavilion in the Palace. After the ceremonial courtesies, the Eastern Empress said she had sought the interview because their common task had now been fulfilled, and it was fitting that they should lay down their office and take formal leave of each other. For her part, she added, she was well pleased to be relieved of the responsibility. She was also gratified that they two had been able to work so long in harmony for the welfare of the young Emperor and of the State. So far well, but the lady had a postscript to add, in the manner which is a stock device in plays and novels. She produced the private will of their late husband, and disclosed for the first time to her sister the powers which she had kept dormant these dozen years. "Now," she said, "there is no further use for such a document," whereupon she burned it before the eyes of the Western Empress. This dramatic scene made a terrible impression on the Empress-mother. She was not converted by it, but changed, giving way to sudden hatred of the deceased Emperor who mistrusted her, and to the woman who had been made the confidante of that distrust. How her relations to her ex-colleague in the regency, and even to her own son, were affected by this humiliating discovery can only be conjectured. What is known is that neither of them long survived the incident, and much speculation has been built on the sequence of events.

The life and death of the young Emperor Tung-chih, the son of Hsien-fêng and the present Em-

press-regnante, seems little more than an episode in the career of his imperial — and imperious — mother. He died within two years of his full accession, removed by his own mother as some would have us believe, but by quite other agencies as others no less boldly affirm. Amateur coroners without evidence may well overreach the measured steps of the authentic chronicler. That the Empress was capable of doing away with her son, or a dozen of them if they stood in her way, may be conceded—but not without a motive. And the motive for filiocide in this case has hardly been made clear enough to carry a verdict of wilful murder. In his brief career the young Emperor was the subject of much tea-house gossip in Peking. He was an original, and the son of his mother in more ways than one. He delighted in breaking bounds incognito, and in a species of revelry not conducive to good health. The common talk was that he died of one disease while being treated for another, the Court physicians not daring to give a true diagnosis. But any Chinese sick-room, more particularly a high and mighty one, is a dark corner where things are seldom what they seem.

With the disappearance of her son, the last plank in the legal platform of the Empress-mother disappeared. But her appetite had grown by what it fed upon. She had now had fourteen years' schooling in statecraft, and she resolved that, *per fas et nefas*, reign who might, she would govern. It is not necessary to credit her with very lofty patriotic sentiments, though the friends of China were satisfied throughout her reign that the Empress was "the right man in the right place," there being in fact no other competent ruler, either within the imperial circle or outside of it, so far as was then known or has as yet appeared. Of this no better proof could be adduced than the mere fact that this audacious woman, with no *locus standi*, should have planned and executed the *coup d'état* whereby the natural heir was passed over, and she was permitted to exercise the last prerogative of an emperor in nominating his successor—nay, more, of achieving the seeming impossibility of the posthumous adoption of a second son by the Emperor Hsien-fêng, who had been dead fourteen years. She stood on no ceremony, and waited neither for precedents nor soothsayers.

The story of her second *coup d'état* of January 1875 has been often related,—how the Empress so-called caused her own sister's child to be snatched out of its warm bed on a bitter night and conveyed into the Palace, whence he was proclaimed Emperor at daybreak. By this stroke the Regent at once aggrandised her own family, made a friend of a younger brother-in-law, the father of the child, to replace the elder who had become an enemy, and, to sum up all, secured for herself a new lease of power. For she who could thus make an emperor could also make a regent. The infant who had greatness in this way thrust upon him is the Emperor who has reigned twenty-three years under the style of Kwang Su—for it is well to remember that these terms are not proper names — and many a time, no doubt, has that soft young man lamented the fate that dragged him from his peaceful cot to a bed that has decidedly not been for him one of roses.

The new succession necessitated a rearrangement of family influence, for many changes had taken place. In the early portion of her legitimate rule, as we have seen, the Regent leaned upon Prince Kung, the Grand Secretary Wên-si'ang, and others, while the Eastern Empress was a strong moral support to her. The last-named statesman died in 1875, as did also the Eastern Empress. It is easy, of course, to suggest foul play in her case also; but men have died, and women too, from time to time, and not by poison. The more charitable theory among the Chinese admirers of the deceased lady was that she had made a virtuous suicide as a protest against the scandals of the Palace, which she could neither control nor endure. Which also may be an amiable fiction.

But it was the relations between Prince Kung and the perpetual Regent that now became the most interesting feature. Their intercourse had been strained from the outset. Their alliance was not a holy one, and there is no more treacherous bond of union than participation in a common crime. As in the case of more commonplace conspirators, they quarrelled over the spoil, each tried to overreach the other and to grasp the whole power, for power means patronage, and in China patronage means great worldly prosperity to the patron. We hear from time to time of the vast wealth of the Li family — absurdly exaggerated — but few speak of the wealth of the Peking magnates, who could weigh out gold against silver with most of the provincials. His struggle for the mastery with his sister-in-law was the real business of Kung's life, his perfunctory attendances at the Tsungli-yamên and occasional interviews with foreign Ministers only rather wearisome by-play. The two antagonists were like wrestlers watching intently for the grip. They were well matched, and the struggle was prolonged for twenty years before one got a decided advantage over the other. The Prince thought he saw his chance already in the early sixties. Scandal was rife, and he thought he could fish something for himself out of the dirty pool. The chief eunuch was his *bête noire*, because he was the Empress's right hand. Rumour even credited them with relations not altogether consistent with the man's status. Prince Kung intrigued very cleverly to get him sent on a mission to the provinces; it was to buy porcelain for the Empress. His plot was to get rid of the eunuch and justify the public suspicions at one stroke. So he engaged the Governor of Shantung, Tingpao-ching, to arrest the eunuch as he passed through his province, on a charge of treason, execute him on the spot, and expose his body *coram populo*, which was done. Prince Kung scored on his first point, for the eunuch was dead, but failed in the second. Imagine the fury of the Regent at this treachery and indignity to herself, the more terrible that she dared not betray her feelings, but could only watch for occasions to deal underhand blows at her rival. Once she ventured on an open attack, and degraded the Prince by edict, reinstating him next day, merely to show her power and her feeling.

Such being the normal relations between the two leading personages in China, it is not difficult to comprehend the animus of the Regent in supplanting the son of Prince Kung, who was the legal heir to the throne, nor the morti

fication of the Prince on seeing the Empress's eunuch so handsomely avenged. It was his turn to grin and bear it, as it had been the Empress's before; but sombre acquiescence in the accomplished fact did not prevent the two mortal enemies from worrying each other for another nine years, until a pretext was found in 1884 for degrading and dismissing the Prince from his offices.

The accession of his son of course raised the seventh Prince, younger brother of Kung, who was the sixth son of Tao-kwang, to a position of the first importance; though nine years elapsed before he accepted public responsibility. On his authority as parent the Regent leaned to maintain herself; and she had consequently to buy him at any price. But he was a weak man, and with Kung in possession of the offices, Prince Ch'un was an inadequate factotum. Her Majesty required a second string to her bow, and finding nothing to suit her purpose in the capital, she set her affections on a provincial statesman who was abler than Kung, and more versed in foreign affairs, which were the plague of the Peking Government. For prestige and legality she had the Emperor's father; for executive action, Li Hung-chang, who became the confidant of both. So the Empress-regent's position was assured during the minority of Kwang-su.

The crisis in her fate, as was anticipated, arrived on the present Emperor's coming of age, marriage, and assumption of the Government. Would the Regent frankly resign or still cling to power? and if so, by what means and under what pretext? The Emperor attained his majority in a rather novel manner. It was not a sudden phenomenon, but a gradual process, resembling the dawn of a summer day in high latitudes rather than the abrupt rising of the equatorial sun. Clearly the Regent was extremely reluctant to lay down the sceptre, and when it was impossible further to retard the unwelcome ceremony, her devices to retain the reality, even when obliged to part with the form of power, were deep and tortuous. It would be impossible, and also unprofitable, to trace these; but the most remarkable of them all deserves particular notice, because of the light it throws on the recent intrigues in Peking, and on the contentions of the last ten years.

The Regent entered into a private treaty with the Emperor whereby, in making over to him full powers, she specifically reserved to herself certain articles, twenty-five in number; and she retained in her possession a most important seal, without which the Emperor's authority could never be complete. It is this convention, signed, sealed, and delivered, between Emperor and Regent that is at the bottom of the struggle and the defeat of the weaker party, which has been announced within the last month. Let us trace shortly the progress of the strife, that we may the better appreciate the outcome.

Notwithstanding this unique convention, the Emperor continued *more Sinico* under the influence of his tutor, Wên-tung-ho, who made it his business to fill the pupil's mind with abhorrence of the illegal compact to which he had made himself a party, and of the illegality of the Empress's whole position. His Majesty imbibed the inspiration, and lent himself to measures which he did not himself understand, calculated to release him, one by one, from the capitulations. His ceremonial visits and obeisances to his adoptive

mother were punctually performed, and there were frequent notices in the 'Peking Gazette' and other Chinese papers, dwelling with suspicious iteration on the model filial conduct of the Emperor. But while observing the utmost punctilio in his intercourse, the Emperor, as prompted by his advisers, confined himself strictly to what etiquette demanded—neither consulting the late Regent nor discussing any public matters with her. An Emperor's party was formed to counteract the ex-Regent, and they scored many successes, some of which emerged clearly into the light of day. Encouraged by these successes, the Emperor's advisers, soon after his full accession, sought and found an occasion for an open attack on the Dowager's party; and, in view of recent occurrences, it is interesting to remember that the *casus belli* in 1889 was then, as now, reform. The only difference is, the parties have changed places. Then it was railway extension — proposed by Li Hung-chang, approved by the Empress-dowager, and nominally sanctioned by the Emperor himself — that was selected by the Emperor's party as the battle-ground. The reactionaries triumphed, and the railway between Tientsin and Peking had to be for the time abandoned. A local critic commented on the incident in the following terms :—

"It would be premature to conclude from the struggle over the railway extension that the new Emperor will be wholly given over to a blind and bigoted conservatism. When the new combinations are once settled in their places, and the party which is to rule in the State has made good its position, the immediate cause of hostility to the Tungchow Railway may cease to operate, and the question which is now debated at fever-heat may, like those questions which agitate democratic countries on the eve of elections, fall into wholesome neglect, under cover of which the real statesmen may resume their beneficent projects without the fear of provoking deadly opposition."

And this very railway is now in full running trim, having been opened to traffic this year.

We have written so far to little purpose if any reader believes that it is questions of reform or any other question but the old one of "ins" and "outs" that divide the Chinese imperial family. Things are not what they seem, and any stone is good enough to throw at an enemy.

Their success in blocking the railway scheme encouraged the Emperor's party to persevere with their plan for extricating his Majesty from the twenty-five reservations, while the ex-Regent had the misery to see her influence melting away while she was powerless to arrest the process, or to do more than set spies on the proceedings of the plotters—and wait.

The Japanese war widened the rift in the lute. The Empress-dowager was for peace at any price, as she always has been, while the Emperor's advisers, probably out of simple opposition, demanded war to the knife—and got it. Li Hung-chang was loyal to his Mistress, and, both from policy and conviction, did what in him lay to evade the war. He was superseded in his territorial and administrative functions, though, with that fatuity which we find it so difficult to understand, he was, nevertheless, left to carry on the war! During this time the Emperor's tutor, Wên-tung-ho, went secretly to Tientsin to spy upon and confer with Li Hung-chang on the situation, which he either failed to understand, or wilfully perverted the truth in the report which he submitted. The issue of the war, of course, stulti-

fied the Emperor's party, whose energies were then concentrated on the search for a scapegoat. Not a difficult task in itself, this was rendered easier by the secret communications which Li's subordinate, the famous Shêng, carried on with his enemies.

Passing over for want of space the peace mission to Japan,[1] the Palace feud came to a head on the return of the envoy with the treaty of Shimonoseki. This was a most critical juncture. Every preparation was made in Peking to impeach Li Hung-chang and have him executed. A cordon of 25,000 men was supposed to have been placed round the city, into which Li entered virtually a prisoner. The Emperor received him badly, —made him come forward, on his knees, that his Majesty might put his finger on the alleged bullet-wound on Li's face, as intimating disbelief of the fact. A memorial to the throne, setting forth his crimes and misdemeanours and praying for his execution, was signed by the members of the Inner Council, and implicitly accepted by the Emperor without reference to the Empress-dowager, and in direct violation of the twenty-five reservations. The lictors were told off, and the place and time of execution fixed. One thing only was wanting, the assent of Prince Kung. The Prince, who had been summoned out of his retirement by the Empress-dowager before Li Hung-chang was sent to Japan—a bitter pill for her Majesty — opposed the attempt on Li. He knew well it was not Li, but the Empress-dowager herself, who was aimed at in this violent action. So, while the other members of the Council proposed to have Li executed first, and report to the Emperor after, Kung's protest saved him.

While these things were going on, the Empress-dowager remained quiescent. Whether she was secretly, through her spies, informed of all that was passing or not, she had no official knowledge of it, and no ostensible ground of action. Possibly she saw no chance of saving Li, and would only have consummated her own defeat by an attempt to save him. But she took courage when the independent action of Prince Kung was reported to her, and at once resumed an active interest in the intrigues. First, she made strenuous efforts to get Kung (on some ceremonial visit to her) to say who they were who were alienating the Emperor's mind from her, his mother and protectrice. But the Prince was silent. Next, on the first occasion when the Emperor was in her presence, making filial obeisance, she suddenly demanded who had advised him in these evil courses. His Majesty trembled, giving some opening for her suspicions and for further questions. Putting him completely in the wrong as unfilial, she advanced from one point to another until she had put all the conspirators in a fright, and driven them — especially Wên-tung-ho — to seek each a scapegoat for himself.

Thus by sheer energy she gathered up the threads one by one, regained her position gradually, and took back the powers of which she had been deprived by the machinations of the Emperor's advisers.

How the Empress used her victory would bear telling; but let it suffice to say that by a course of truculent procedure she so cowed not only the Emperor, but his

[1] Described in 'Maga,' September 1895: "The Japanese Imbroglio."

whole *entourage*, that every one of them was afraid of his life. They recalled the fate of the first Council of Regency, of the fate they had themselves prepared for Li Hung-chang,—and none dared to be found on any side but that of the strong-minded woman.

One unpremeditated result of the fierce conflict in 1895 was the mission of Li Hung-chang to Moscow in 1896, whither he was sent by his imperial Mistress, partly to get him out of harm's way till matters were more settled in Peking. The outcome of that mission, indicated in 'Maga' nine months ago,[1] has been extensively developed since, in a sense which gives a certain point to comments current when the dynastic conflict was in its incandescent stage. Among notes made in 1892, for instance, we find such remarks as these:—

"The young Emperor entirely fails to show either capacity or sense of duty, being given over to frivolity, and report says . . . vice. . . . These facts [the 'shameless avarice' of the Empress-Dowager, and suchlike] may have a great significance in the evolution of the empire. Patriotism being entirely subordinated to personal interest and indulgence, the way may be opened for some Ignatieff to effect a *coup* like that of 1858, which was believed to have been achieved by working on the cupidity of high officials."

The practical conclusion of the whole matter for us is that, be her motives, character, and sentiments what they may, the Usurper is *de facto* sovereign by virtue of her force of will and the absence of capable rivals. All hopes of a manly reign were years ago abandoned, when the promise of the young Emperor began to unfold. Effeminate, vicious, and without character, the sovereign was born to be a puppet in the hands of stronger men. He has, moreover, been in bad hands. His tutor and chief adviser is a reactionary, ignorant of affairs to a surprising degree, not beyond hope of conversion and enlightenment perhaps; but when the welfare of the State has to wait for the education of an old man—Saul becoming Paul—the case is rather hopeless.

As to the reform schemes recently promulgated, the announcement was enough to make the judicious grieve. A few hours' conversation with a visionary, and then a root-and-branch reform that would make the heart of the stoutest Radical stand still! Does the monarch know his own country? Here in England, the cradle of reform, it would take fifty years and half-a-dozen royal Commissions to reform one Government office; and this amiable young man, without knowledge or experience, proposes to revolutionise at one stroke an empire ten times our size, and the most conservative of all States. It was about time the Dowager stepped in to recover her twenty-five points, and perhaps seventy-five more which were not reserved.

The quality of the Empress's rule—for we may now call her so without affix—can only be judged by what it was during the Regency, when she was at the head of every movement that partook of the character of reform. Foreign diplomacy has failed, for want of a definite centre of volition and sensation to act upon. It had no fulcrum for its lever. Hence only force has ever succeeded in China. With a woman like the Empress might it not be possible really to transact business?

[1] "The Crisis in China," February 1898.

THE LOOKER-ON.

OUR FASHODA DESPATCHES: THEIR CONSIDERATE BRUTALITY — THE INNER PURPOSE OF KITCHENER'S EXPEDITION, AND HOW PROVOKED — ROYAL AND IMPERIAL TREATMENT OF THE WEST INDIES — MEDICAMENTAL LITERATURE.

With widely different feelings, France and England have been passing through a very dangerous time since the recapture of Khartoum. The crisis may be passed before these lines are read—in all likelihood will be; but affairs in France are mined by so many uncertainties, public feeling there smarts from so many humiliating wounds, that the least inflaming accident may destroy all expectation of peace.

That being so, we find a particular pleasure in the date of the first despatch in the lately published Fashoda papers. After looking at that date nobody can say, though many Frenchmen think, that the British Government has taken advantage of her embarrassments and disappointments to force its will upon France. As long ago as the 10th of December last, M. Hanotaux heard the same clear language from Sir Edmund Monson that M. Delcassé obliged himself to listen to since: "Her Majesty's Government must not be understood to admit that any other European Power than Great Britain has any claim to occupy any part of the valley of the Nile." The previous Government, Lord Rosebery's, had publicly declared that any such claim would be regarded as "an unfriendly act" (*casus belli*, to be exact), and Lord Salisbury's Government "entirely adhere to the language on that occasion employed by their predecessors." Until only the last word remains to be said, hand on sword, diplomacy has no more peremptory language than that; and it was used ten months ago, when France was unharassed by her present distractions, and no Frenchman dreamt of an invidious, handcuffing Russian encyclical. That is something to be glad of, for a double reason. It might have been possible to charge our Government with a shabby eagerness to take the French at a disadvantage; as it is, no such possibility exists. It might have been said by our numerous enemies that an exceptional condition of weakness in France explains an exceptional display of resolution in England; but here is proof that the Nile flag was nailed to the mast when the Franco-Russian alliance seemed hardening, when no whisper of more agreeable relations with Germany had yet been heard, and when we had not even the good wishes of the United States as a stand-by in case of resistance and war.

From the despatches published in London in October it appears that correspondence with the French Government on this subject was not resumed till after the reconquest of the Soudan, in September. By that time the miserable domestic troubles of the French were drawing to a head, the Russian circular, with its mortifying suggestions to French minds, had just made its surpris-

ing appearance, and of course we must admit that another and yet more cutting blow to pride must have been hard to bear. Nothing is lost by making these allowances, nor should we acknowledge any discourtesy or any wrong-doing did we admit that the September despatches from London were signally blunt and imperative. The French complain bitterly of their roughness; to which the right answer is admission of the fact and rejection of the complaint. It is true that these later English despatches were curt, challenging, peremptory; but true at the same time that they were wisely and perhaps kindly so.

That sounds like a stave from the detestable political cant of the day, but it is really no such thing. The truth is that, as we said last month, "the grand object of Kitchener's expedition did not end at Khartoum. The smashing of the Mahdists may be likened, both in purpose and effect, to the blasting of a great rock in a tide-way which has to be made clear and safe." With a little more liberty to speak, we should have said more openly that though the battle of Omdurman was an end in itself, it was also a means preliminary to settling various outstanding questions of great moment. These are all questions relating to England's position in Egypt and the valley of the Nile, or to the objections raised against it, or to the pretensions and operations of other Powers in hostility to it. From the general reluctance to handle explosive matter, little was said of these objections and operations; but they were accumulating, and therewith the certainty that, one fine day, some accident or some event would bring all to a test.

It turns out that Major Marchand's presence under the French flag at Fashoda, when Kitchener had cleared the Soudan of the Mahdists, was the destined accident. Upon that the British Government could neither withhold nor delay an absolute and final assertion of claims which they believed to be just, and were determined to maintain at all costs. The Khalifa's forces quite destroyed, reclamation complete of all the country he had usurped, the French at Fashoda stood in full view as a challenge which could only be avoided on one condition: tacit but decisive surrender of British pretensions into the outstretched hands of France. Therefore the challenge had to be met without the least hesitation or the least ambiguity. The time had come when neither could be of service to ourselves, and either would have misled the French to their disadvantage. Missing that fact, they loudly complain. We would not hear of compromise. We would not suffer discussion. No. But not out of braggart wilfulness, and not, as so many Frenchmen believe, for the pleasure of inflicting a revengeful humiliation on France. We would not allow discussion for prudential considerations, by which the French themselves might benefit.

The occupation of Fashoda is not a simple incident. It is part of a great ousting scheme (in which other nations beside France are concerned), ventured in the belief that England might be squeezed to any extent. Four years ago the crisis was already a very grave one, and, as 'Maga' then argued, the Soudan could only be preserved from French occupation by our re-

conquering it without loss of time.[1] Lord Rosebery issued his warning in 1895; it was emphatically repeated by his successor at the Foreign Office, and was entirely disregarded. If after that treatment, and after Kitchener and Marchand had come face to face, our Government had consented to discuss the right of occupation, French belief in British complaisance would have been invincible. Nothing less emphatic than the glove in the face would have assured the one Government that the other meant fighting rather than receding. And then — too late! Sudden war; as much to the dissatisfaction of the French Government, probably, as a similar consequence was to the Emperor Nicholas in 1854. And thus I justify the saying that if the British despatches in the Fashoda affair were curt and challenging, they were so wisely, and not unkindly. England's mind being thoroughly made up, and no one abroad believing it, the peremptory tone was the only one suited to the occasion. At the same time, it was the most convenient for all concerned.

Had I forty pages of 'Maga' at command, I should not waste one upon the argument for our rights on the Nile. There it stands, after long and rigorous examination. It is simple. It is sufficient. It is not unquestionable at all points, nor at some that are important. But what if they were incontestable? Egypt being one of the greatest prizes in the world, the quarrel would still go on in some guise. Words, words, words, and consciousness in every utterer of them that the best logician in *this* court is the readiest and most puissant sword. The weakness of our case argumentatively is, that much that it rests on can be denied without absurdity. The sovereignty of Egypt and all that belongs to it lies between the hands of the Sultan and the Khedive — as we not only allow but carefully allege. Yet we go upon an assumed authority to speak, and act, and answer for the country as if under a legally constituted trusteeship. But this is not an acknowledged authority. Every Continental Government could say, and some have said and do say, that the right of objection to it is only held in suspense. At the present juncture (it will be remembered that this is written some days before publication) the only Governments we have to consider are the French and the Russian; and with or without the support of her friend, France could deny without impropriety that she must treat with the Khedive through the British Government, even when Fashoda questions arise. The French newspapers have taken pains to warn us, indeed, that unless we are more civil this is what will be done. "Persist in these masterful demands, insist upon these unreasonable pretensions, and you may find that you have opened the whole Egyptian question. In affecting to decide the claims of France to a post on the Nile, you will bring up for judgment an unwarrantable invidious usurpation of authority throughout the Khedive's dominions."

This seems to be considered a threat which we must naturally flinch under; especially as, to common knowledge, no one in Egypt or out of it is more bitterly hostile to the British occupation

[1] "The New African Crisis with France and Germany," July 1894.

than the Khedive himself. But what if the whole Egyptian question is already opened, by the deliberate and voluntary action of the English Government? And what else can be made of the fact that all these later proceedings give notice, and are meant to give notice, that the interests of England and Egypt in the whole of the Nile valley, and wherever it is lawful to hoist the Egyptian flag, are henceforth to be considered identical; and that intrusion upon any part of these territories will render the intruder answerable to her Majesty's Government?

A plain word to this effect came out in Lord Salisbury's despatch of December 10, already quoted. In the summer he made a speech in which the claim by conquest—so much remarked upon now—was pretty clearly advanced, although Kitchener had yet to dispose of the Khalifa. On that occasion Lord Salisbury's text was China; and explaining that England had no command in that country he said, "We cannot possibly have over the internal government and the military administration of China the same influence that we have over India, that we conquered by the sword, and over Egypt, which government, by the sword, was placed in our hands." And again coupling India and Egypt, he said, "We are not dealing with Bengal—we are not dealing with Egypt." That, however, could be safely taken as a negligible assertion of authority, either by France or by any other Power which had reasons for putting off the Egyptian question to a better opportunity. Of course, so direct and absolute an assertion as that "no other Power than Great Britain has any claim to occupy any part of the valley of the Nile" could not be overlooked; and it was met by M. Hanotaux with protest, and a declaration that France reserved full liberty. No raising of the whole Egyptian question on that point. But what was the situation when M. Delcassé was required to order his Major Marchand off the Nile and out of Fashoda, or else to declare that the Major and the folk with him had no political business there? It seems that this demand must needs evoke a yea or a nay which will either settle the Egyptian question quietly according to our view, or else open it abruptly from top to bottom.

Had our Government created this situation, intending that the "whole Egyptian question" shall no longer be put off to a more convenient season by our rivals and enemies, or shall no longer be used for purposes of "squeeze," they would be justified. But though the Queen's Government may well have that end in view, and be resolved upon it, the occasion was not created by themselves. It was provided by our rivals aforesaid, as M. Liotard could explain, for one. Its character is indicated by a few lines in Lord Salisbury's instructions for Sir Herbert Kitchener, warning him to say and do nothing that would imply recognition of "French or Abyssinian title to any portion of the Nile valley." This points to a Franco-Russo-Abyssinian complot (though how Menelek stands in it appears uncertain) which has long been at work; and M. Marchand's "occupation" of Fashoda was to further the scheme by an experimentally audacious stroke. That is its importance for the British Government, which is aware that in allowing M. Marchand success they would allow a vast deal more. Resistance to the complot must begin some-when, some-

where. It shows itself at Fashoda, where toleration would be too significant of the timidity calculated on; and so the occasion is proffered for "having it out" a little, which no doubt our Government would have been willing to contrive.

But mark that if the occupation of Fashoda has this meaning and importance for the English Government, its abandonment on demand cannot be a light matter for the French. Many English writers on the subject have been misled on this point—probably by M. Delcassé's loose description of Major Marchand as "an emissary of civilisation"; though it might have been remembered that every appropriator of territory out of Europe gives himself that simple and endearing name. Major Marchand himself would rejoice in it, but not to the loss of glory in planting French flags on the path of empire. He is certainly right if he thinks himself a son of France employed in a grand scheme for checkmating the English in Egypt by securing the upper waters of the Nile. That was the business he had in hand; and the demand which Lord Salisbury raises on it is neither more nor less than a demand for the abandonment of a great project assiduously pursued for years at a corresponding cost. Therefore, both in fact and appearance, submission to the representations of England is so grave an undertaking for French Ministries that I doubt whether M. Brisson will dare it, or that any other Frenchman will be found to take up the business. It is easier to believe in a total upset of Government in France,—which, indeed, is no unlikely thing.

But maybe there are ways of evading submission, and still of putting off the Egyptian question, which is the great aim over there. If all the skill of French and Russian management combined can find such a way, it will be found. Amicable settlement is entirely hopeless. Peaceful settlement—*i.e.*, settlement not by the sword—may be looked for; but none that will not leave the French in a rancorous spirit, likely to be long lasting. Of course that cannot be helped. But it is an additional reason for giving thanks that the whole country is of one mind against encroachments ventured on the calculation that no more fight is left in us, except against half-armed black men. Already that notion is upset, we may suppose; for by ready consent of all parties in the State, we have placed the question of peace and war entirely out of our hands. It is for the French to decide, with or without Russian assistance. They may choose between doing what is right by us, or refusing; but they understand beforehand that refusal will be taken to signify that they prefer war. Lord Salisbury's despatches, Lord Rosebery's generous and patriotic speech (which none of us are likely to forget), the Duke of Devonshire's sayings, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's warnings, make the matter plain; for these men represent very different orders of mind and temperament, and that tells a significant tale.

It will be no crime if the French Government think to soften the English mood by delays; for that, of course, is a common expedient, and was not likely to be neglected on this occasion. But the plea of waiting for Major Marchand's report was never any real ground for delay. The question between England and France depends in no way upon Marchand's report, since

it cannot deny that he is at Fashoda with an armed force; nor is it for him to say why he is there, and whether he is to come away: these are questions for the French Government to answer. Yet a few days' waiting does no harm; and when Captain Baratier arrives in Paris (he is on his way there while we write), he will be able to give his Government all the information about the Marchand mission which it does not need. The report which he telegraphed from Cairo is not without meaning, since it is said to tell of "the erection of posts round which the French flag was rolled, the number of men left to defend each post," and so forth. The really important thing to be expected from Captain Baratier's arrival in Paris is the arrival in Paris of Captain Baratier. That is extremely likely to excite popular feeling still more, and the determination not to recall Marchand unconditionally seems to be hardening already.

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"For the first time," wrote the Jamaica correspondent of the 'Times' the other day, "a serious public proposal has been made as the result of the depressed economic condition of the colony and the absence of action on the part of England;" which proposal is that Jamaica shall end her present relations with the mother country, and be "incorporated" with Canada. Cheaper and better administration, greater development of the resources of the country, and stable commercial conditions —these are the advantages which are said to commend the change to the Jamaican planters and men of business; the Government being sympathetic with the idea. Its attention also "has been directed towards Canada; and it has approached the other (West Indian) colonies with a scheme for the establishment of a commercial agency there." The prevalent opinion seems to be, however, that political union is an indispensable condition of closer trade relations.

There is more in this statement than the words convey. As Sir Henry Norman has said, political and commercial confederation with Canada was suggested by an influential member of the Jamaican legislature fifteen years ago; and at that time the proposal had no public support. Since then, however, it has made way in a less agreeable form. Increasing poverty, universally ascribed to a bounty system "which denies us free competition in our own market, destroys our boasted free trade, and frustrates the intention of our most-favoured-nation clause," has turned the eyes of the colonists to the United States. For some time past most of the West India islands have been sadly ruminating upon hopes of better days from incorporation with the American Republic.

By the shock which this statement gives him the reader may understand why he has heard so little of a common feeling of long growth. Of course he would not hear of it till something happened to force it out. For it is not a feeling which the English out there could admit to their minds unless through desperation, nor could it be avowed without a sense of shame. But there it is, with something more to account for it than the disastrous operation of the bounty system. This something more is the fact that the West India islands have a large trade with the neighbouring republic already, and that it has of course to be carried on under the

oppression of the American tariff. That must count a little too, as well as the neglect which these old colonies have suffered while boundless effort has been spent on nursing new African markets. That Mr Chamberlain became solicitous about the West Indies some time ago is true, and true that his anxiety was even then considerable. But is it known why? Only in part, and that not the greater part. Mr Chamberlain was touched, no doubt, by the distress into which the West Indies had fallen, but he was no less disturbed by what he knew of a spirit not yet revolt. A great Imperialist and Secretary for the Colonies, he liked not even the most distant prospect of these islanders knocking at the door of the American Republic as beggars and outcasts.

In the short space of six months two things have happened to force attention to these neglected islands and their future. The least considerable of the two is the appalling hurricane of September 11: far more important is the war which has made the United States a colonising "world power" and proprietor of West India islands already. Look where Cuba and Porto Rico lie, and doubt not that the American acquisitions make a signal difference to our holdings in the Caribbean Sea. No visible difference yet, to be sure; but nevertheless existent and in action even now. Before those two choice islands were taken from Spain, American rhetoricians were talking of the whole of the West Indies as natural appurtenances of United States territory. It is not pretended that immediate attention need be given to these platform annexationists, who, indeed, were choked at the moment in a counter-current (now much run down) of brotherly love for England. But from the day when America, changing her old policy of self-interest for the grandeurs of conquest, took possession of Cuba and Porto Rico, it was never too soon to recast the horoscope of our own West India colonies. Without going far into the matter, which is not our intention at present, it may be said that the whole future of these islands is in danger of sharp deflection for two powerful reasons. As to the first and more immediately operative, we know this: that commercial distress had already turned the thoughts of many West Indians—not in Jamaica alone, but in Barbadoes and elsewhere — to some sort of trade affiliation with the United States. Fill the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico with the capital and enterprise which are soon to pour from America into their broad and rich fields, and what is the likelihood that the British West Indies will then be more contented? To be so they must themselves be more prosperous; and what probability is there that they will be better off when those two most productive islands are cultivated by Americans for their own markets, with the advantage of duty-free admission thereto? Impoverished and handicapped as they are, our planters and merchants must suffer from such competition where they now have a sale at some price for their goods; and therefore, unless they find a means of relief, will they not look more wistfully still to commercial union with America, and don't we know that political and commercial union must go together?

The other reason starts from military considerations and ends with them. Let us look forward a few years—we need not go beyond four or five—and behold the

United States in the rank of great naval and military Powers, and of course with the usual jealousies and preoccupations of such. That time having come, how long will the West Indies remain an uncoveted possession? How long will it be before British ownership of islands "geographically American" will hurt the pride of the States militant, or before Jamaica in particular (see map) will be regarded as an unendurable menace at the threshold of the Republic? No longer than the first serious quarrel between the two countries; for Jamaica lies in a position of high strategical importance, greatly enhanced for both England and America by late events. Of course we are all aware of the feeling (in this country) that any such war has now become morally impossible. It is but a feeling, however, and, though in many respects a charming one, altogether foolish. Suppose we were to do the proper thing, considering the portentous change in American policy, and send out engineers to see to the fortification of certain points in the West Indies, how would the brotherhood of the two nations stand next day? Not that anything of the sort will be done: it is understood that there would be too much disturbance of feeling at once.

Sir Henry Norman raises the question whether either Canada or the United States would *care* to take over the West Indies, or even Jamaica. As to Canada, there is more slyness than sincerity in the suggestion, more of the ridiculous than the real: of course it could neither be accepted nor allowed. But who can doubt that the United States would be delighted to bunch Jamaica with Cuba, its neighbour, and Porto Rico? As for the colonies themselves, commercial ruin drives them to thoughts of refuge under another system of government, and Canada is named. But when Canada is named the United States are hinted at. There should be no mistake about that; neither any doubt, even though our West India islands had fewer miseries and misfortunes, that they call for very particular attention. Their future cannot be what their past has been, or what their present state is. The mere appearance amongst them of the United States as a competing, fighting, acquisitive naval Power begins a change which has either to be neglected or attended to, according to the value that may now be set upon those first beginnings of our empire beyond sea.

But, of course, there is no need of any particular hurry, and it is only natural that at the moment the public mind should be more occupied with those unhappy islanders in classic Crete. The West Indies are unfortunate in their quietude, unfortunate even in their religion. Were the planters Christian with a hereditary relish for robbery and murder, and the negroes Mohammedans of a reciprocal turn, though inferior liars and not so sneaking with the knife, they might, indeed, be less worthy of compassionate interference, but they would get it. They might even obtain preferential consideration, as appertaining to the British Crown. As it is, they are nowhere in consideration as compared with Crete. But though Canon M'Coll was able to boast of a hundred thousand pounds sent out to the interesting strangers when only twenty-five thousand had gone to the relief of the West Indies, our ruined people there are not with-

out compensation. They have the consoling thought that their distress is due to no mutual passion for cutting each other's throats, or anything of the kind. It began in a commercial system which is considered highly profitable for the mother country, and was completed by "the act of God." These are solacing reflections, eminently calculated to appease whatever impatience may be felt at the inferior interest which is taken in their misfortunes.

Besides, they *will* be helped. All in good time. No doubt it is bad to wait day after day in the midst of their desolation; but they live in a fine out-of-door climate, and it is popularly understood that yams and pumpkins are readily procurable. And help will come. The Government will help them. It may be that even before these lines are in print a Treasury grant will be ventured. Perhaps there would be some irregularity in that without previous sanction from the House of Commons: what else, indeed, can have withheld the Government these six weeks? On the other hand, the contrast between certain public subscriptions and certain others may have reminded the Treasury that an enormous Government grant has been made to the un-Mohammedan inhabitants of Crete. Our contribution to the cost of subduing the other native ruffians must be a pretty penny by this time, and, strictly speaking, it is a voluntary contribution too. Its only call is suffering—*not* by "the act of God." Its justification is the appeal to humanity for interference, as when two dogs of rival creeds are tearing each other to pieces. Political reasons are not pretended; or, supposing them present, they can be matched when we consider the state of things in the West Indies, and see where those old colonies stand in a new setting.

* * *

What I should like to do some pleasant moonlight night before winter sets in again, is to call at the tomb of the late Mr Charles Knight, invite him forth, and talk with him of penny magazines. Charles Knight was the proud father of penny magazines; and though he lived to see them a multitudinous progeny, he died when they were but a poor small tribe as compared with their number and opulence to-day. Early friend of education, ardent disseminator of useful knowledge, prophet of all good to the people when all were eager to read—how it would delight his ghost to hear of the progress of the press up to date, from the lips of a friendly and discreet reporter! Such an one would approach the subject, in his midnight walk with Charles, remembering that Knight was a bit of an economist, a bit of a statistician, and one who loved best to go by the light of concrete facts. "Give us facts! give us figures!" was the cry of all reformers and friends of the people in his day. He was one of them; and gratefully reminiscent of his honest, hopeful labour to do good, that is just what I should give him and most carefully nothing else. Why send him back to his cold house colder with doubt and disappointment which may all clear away in a generation or so?

"Charles," I would say—for it cannot be thought seemly to address departed spirits by any but their Christian names—"what do you suppose is now the largest industry in the British Isles?" He

will answer me, "When I left in 1873, it was still agriculture; by this time it is cotton, no doubt." Then I tell him, to his great surprise and greater distress (for cotton-spinning was considered unique as a wealth-producing moral agency when he was amongst us), that cotton has gone down; and then "What do you say to the printing-press?" "That you are mocking me," says he. But I say no; and so go on to tell him that whereas the printing-press, with its contributories, was not far below the first of British industries at the beginning of 1898, there is good hope of its being the very first by the end of 1900—so remarkable have been its leaps and bounds this year.

The facts in support of that bright hope? They accumulate day by day: the bookstalls groan under the burden of them. The figures? They must be halved if Mr Knight is to return to his tomb in undoubting joy. Newspapers with a sale of one hundred thousand, two hundred thousand, four hundred thousand copies a day—these any optimist *revenant* from the fifties of the century might believe in; but the books and magazines, their number and the sale of them—no. We begin to count by millions and announce publication by the ton. This is October. How many miscellanies have come out within the last three months Messrs W. H. Smith & Son only know. But mark this. Amongst them are two which are not penny magazines to the pocket, whatever price may be put on the nurture they supply. They sell for threepence; and at such a rate that, when publication day approaches, the proprietors of one of them apprise the market that so many hundred tons of their commodity are ready for absorption; while as for the other and precisely similar production, though a million copies of it were printed the supply fell short of the retailers' demand by two hundred and fifty thousand. Nor was this in a time of famine. In the same month two other miscellanies, so much dearer that bang goes sixpence at every purchase, had placed eight hundred thousand copies on a craving market. And these were but two out of many, and all of a pattern. Scores of such periodicals sold by scores of thousands in every sort of shop: booksellers', tobacconists', grocers', milliners', linen-drapers', toy-shops, fancy shops, and also from street stalls and wheel-barrows.

What will old Charles Knight say to that when I meet him—here, or there? "We have it in black and white," I shall say, "that whereas the weekly output of the dear old Penny Magazine ——" Here he will interpose the remark that maybe a penny was as much to the masses in his day as twopence are at the present time; and I shall assure him that he is right in thinking so. But whereas an entire edition of that favourite magazine, with all England to itself for custom, would hardly have carpeted the street from St Paul's to Temple Bar, now we have half-a-dozen popular educators which could all do as much from the same starting-point to the Red Lion at Brentford; with a sufficient margin to paper the walls of the ancient hostelry. Or without leaving St Paul's Churchyard, you might take one edition of a single threepenny and enclose the cathedral with a wall as high as the cross on the dome. Or pile your million copies one upon another, as they lie on the bookstalls, and the uppermost will be in the clouds, high as the crest of

Mount Everest, which tops the world. Or take all the paper that is printed for edification and delight in any month of thirty-one days, form it into a single sheet, and (this is a little calculation of my own) you might wrap the world in it as they wrap Seville oranges for exportation; the little twist at the top being six and a half times as high as the Eiffel Tower.

And this is but one branch of the prodigious business. Marvels of progress no less gratifying are achieved by newspapers, novels, novelettes, scrap-sheets, and such-like small miscellanies; the most of them so carelessly regarded, though read, that their very purchasers might sing as they fling them away—

> "The emmets, how little they are in our eyes,—
> We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies
> Without our regard or concern."

But from the dust of to-day new millions rise upon demand to-morrow; and so it is that, what with writing, rag-picking, paper-making, picture-making, printing, binding, distribution, and the traffic in waste-paper, the press is taking rank among the first of British industries.

With what results? So far as we have got, with such results as kindness will refrain from whispering near the grave of any of those old believers in the miraculous blessing of printing by steam-machinery. Few good results, then? No, but many. Yet compare those results as a whole with the expectations which our Charles Knights and our Robert Chamberses would have confidently drawn from such a tale as we have just told. To them and their generation the great thing was to get men to read. Reading was to them everything but the way, the truth, and the life; and was even that for all the concerns of this sublunary sphere. It was light, it was discipline, it was rest, it was stimulation, a treasury, an armoury, a refuge; and if it could sometimes be pernicious also, for that it was its own infallible cure. Taken in plenty, its best subdued its worst, which could do no harm. A people who bought books as it bought bread, a nation where they were made by millions and sold by the ton, would have struck those old educational worthies as postulant for the millennium. We are such a people: do we strike each other as so much advanced? Not so much. Measured by the multitude and magnitude of our means of grace, the visible profit of them is disappointing.

Can it be, then, that the fault is in the means of grace themselves? You can say that it is, and then again that it isn't. For these mountains of popular literature are not what they seem. By far the greater number are but reflections of each other and repetitions of themselves. After a first repast (perhaps not then) there is little more sustenance, little more refreshment in them, than had the shadow of a marrow-bone which the greedy dog saw in the water. Reading a dozen of them by different hands is like perusing so many yards of wall-paper printed from the same block. Here we start with an unintelligible twirligig, there with a mysterious tale of diplomacy and blood. Here we move up to the leaf with the dewdrop, there we go on to the pathetic story of the Ocean Waif. Here we ascend to the chrysanthemum on the left, which is also an old lady in a frilled cap, and the froth on a pot

of porter—there we proceed to the story of the genteel detective and the wondrous sapphire, or emerald, or ruby, or diamond, or any stone but the moonstone. Here our next stage is to the chrysanthemum on the right—there to the extraordinary customs of the Num-Num tribe in the wilds of Africa; and so on to the twirligig again, and the tale of blood and diplomacy. And as it is with the letterpress so with the illustrations: the same ideas, the same distressing style of photographic execution, each after each, round after round. Six up-to-date young men, precise copies of one another to the length of a cuff and the lift of an elbow, all of a row in the Gaiety stalls: behold them! Their exact counterparts — half-a-dozen up-to-date miscellanies cheek-by-chowl on the bookseller's shop-board.

In their own way, these are staring characteristics of all the new popular periodicals in their different classes; of which that is the most remarkable which provides an enormous mass of special reading for women just when the invidious absurdity of distinguishing between the sexes in such matters is violently asserted. There is much that is truly marvellous in these multitudinous productions, but nothing more so than their success in spite of a complete lack of diversity. If they are instructive, then how many readers there must be in England with unformed minds! If they elevate, as they must according to universally accepted theory, then how low is the mental plane from which —anno Domini 1898—millions and millions of us start! If they charm, it would appear that we deceive ourselves in believing that the taste for Tottenham-Court-Road furniture and the like is defunct. It died but to rise again and be translated to a higher sphere. The probability is, however, that there is no thought of any of these things. Instruction, edification, the gratifying of artistic tastes and intellectual longings—they are neither intended nor expected. They are "not in it," and are not wanted in it. The England of our day is prodigiously well off, yet its trading folk and all but the mechanic class are overworked, and the nerves of the whole community increasingly resemble fiddle-strings. In addition to board-school culture and apart from it, these are all explanations of the literature which, like Peter Porter's Celebrated Nerve-renewer, sells by the ton. The number of middle-class men and women with little to do (and especially of women) is enormous. Jaded with idleness, and yet unfit and uninclined for reading that busies the brain, here they may find an assortment of literary "tabloids" with which to drug their tedious consciousness and so bemuse an afternoon away. There are times when the overworked and the neurotic must read something, if only to still the fidgets and fit themselves for sleep; and here is the stuff best suited for unlettered souls in that condition. And as this same stuff leaves no trace of its passage through the mind, no memory of acceptance into it, its unresented sameness is accounted for. There can, indeed, be no other explanation of it than this, which is now first discovered and made known. Its bearing on the multiplication of novels is manifest.

How true it is that everything has its use if only we have patience to seek it out! And again, how strangely providential it is that where a new evil appears there a new remedy will creep in. Even though they had been prescient

of the particular disorders of our age, the pioneers of periodical literature could never have dreamed that it would develop a medicinal "sport" unsurpassed on the shelves of the dispensary. This, however, by an extremely simple process of evolution, it has done; and from its nature when properly understood, and from the enormous demand for it where its beneficial action has been experienced, the result is a medicament which equals the achievements of an Eno, a Beecham, a Mother Siegel, or a Munyon.

But though these productions are more strictly industrial, more of a commodity than others, they would not place the printing-press so near the head of British industries were they ten times as prolific as they really are. The newspapers, products for daily consumption, make a vast output which increases month by month; their latest wonder being a ha'porth worth a penny of any man's money. The number of genuinely good sheets, by no means small, has constant additions—the countless trashy ones yet more; and cheap paper, cheap printing, and the discovery that a handsome page costs no more than a mean one, make a crowded market for "popular" reprints of sound literature. And therefore, although there is an immense amount of drowsy fuddling over literary stuff like bad gin or loaded beer, good reading does increase.

Yet when we consider the total expenditure on the products of this great industry, what enormous waste may be discovered! Ten thousand voices everlastingly lament the waste, in cash alone, of the more ancient kind of fuddling, but rarely is a word said against this (which also can bemuse, debilitate, destroy), though the revenue of a duchy is spent every year upon its dissipations. When we say, as we have said half-a-dozen times in the last ten minutes, that printing is no minor industry with us, but one of the greatest in a great manufacturing country, what a boast it is! But what if more than half of this sublime business differs in nothing from the making and sucking of sugar-plums, mostly unwholesome; or from the blowing of bubbles, whose nature is to vanish as soon as seen; or from the mixing of drugs to hocus thought and drown the hours in sottish dreams? Why, then we may fall back on the fact that the good drawn from the smaller part of the business is full compensation. Yet how grievous is the misapplication and the waste!

Printed by William Blackwood and Sons.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCCXCVIII. DECEMBER 1898. Vol. CLXIV.

STONEWALL JACKSON.[1]

A FRIEND called upon me while I was reading this book, and, seeing it open on my table, told me he was engaged in reviewing it. "It is a good book," I said. "It is two books," he answered, "a biography and a military history of a campaign." "It is three books," was my reply; "the two you mention, and a treatise on the art of war, by the author."

In this threefold character of the work lie its charm and its defects. It is delightful to find the descriptions of campaigns and battles relieved by graphic touches which give us an insight into the character of one of the chief actors in the war, and by reflections, pregnant with thought, upon the undying principles of strategy and tactics, and the causes of victory and defeat; but this combination has its drawbacks. It is difficult, if not impossible, for a biographer, more especially when, as in this case, he is filled with enthusiastic admiration for the hero of his tale, to be thoroughly impartial; and in a military historian we require strict impartiality. It is difficult for a writer on the art of war, when he mingles biography with instruction, to make the conduct of the subject of his memoir coincide always with the principles which he lays down on the authority of the great masters; and, when the task is impossible, the danger is lest the principles should be made to give way to the man. It is only fair to say that Colonel Henderson has, on the whole, steered clear of these rocks in his path, but it is not difficult to trace their effect upon his course in

[1] Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War. By Lieut.-Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, Professor of Military Art and History at the Staff College. 2 vols. Longmans, Green, & Co., 1898.

more than one instance. Nor are these the only disadvantages. There are, I think, thousands of readers who would gladly welcome a biography of so brilliant a soldier, so noble a man, as Stonewall Jackson, written by an English officer with the fullest information at his disposal, but who will be deterred from the attempt to trace that biography, scattered, as it is here, through the pages of two large volumes on the American Civil War. On the other hand, the student of military history who wishes to study the campaigns in Virginia, described by the pen of an English master of military literature, will be apt to feel that in these pages too much space has been devoted to Jackson and not enough to Lee. And again, the student of the art of war who wishes to profit by Colonel Henderson's teaching will regret that he has to search for the gems of criticism with which this book abounds in the two great volumes devoted to one part of a great war and one man. The bulk of the volumes, too, is against them. They are too large and heavy to be read comfortably in an armchair, and they demand an amount of time and close study under the lamp which will be, for many a busy man, prohibitive. Nevertheless, the military student should on no account fail to read this work. I rise from a close study of it profoundly impressed. As a soldier, the story of those campaigns, of that great warrior, has stirred my blood. As an old Professor of Military History, I uncover my head to the author, and tender him my grateful thanks.

It would be impossible, in the space at my disposal, to do justice to all the subjects dealt with in this many-sided book. Tempted to write on those stirring campaigns, to retell in brief the story so amply told by Colonel Henderson, I feel that this would lead me too far afield, and shall confine myself to the story of the man, and to some few of Colonel Henderson's masterly remarks.

Born in 1824 in a Virginian village, of Scottish Lowland descent, of ancestors long domiciled in Ulster, who had emigrated to America in 1748, Thomas Jonathan Jackson, the hero of this story, lost at the age of three years his father, and at the age of seven his mother, and, from this time, apprenticed by an uncle to lumbering and agriculture, grew up in a hard school. A leader in games, a good lightweight jockey, ready to fight for the right, proud of his good name, self-respecting, truthful, he early showed the qualities which go to make a man. His independence of character is evidenced by the fact that when he was ten years old he and his brother, aged twelve, supported themselves for a whole summer by cutting wood for passing steamers, on a lonely island on the Mississippi; and that at seventeen he took the post of constable, a sort of sheriff's officer, that his salary might help towards his education, and that he might be by so much independent of his uncle's bounty. But before he was nineteen his chance came in the shape of a nomination to the military academy at West Point, which the member for the district obtained for him, moved thereto by the excellent character the lad bore. The parting words of the Secretary at War, in the interview at which he gave the warrant of appointment, are remarkable. "Sir," he said to the lad, "you have a good name. Go to West Point, and the first man who insults you, knock him down,

and have it charged to my account."

Starting at West Point with a very inferior education, he at once set himself, with infinite application and persistency, to master the subjects of the course of study. Shy, reserved, silent, self-contained, he cared nothing for the opinion of others—that bugbear of so many boys—and pursued the even tenor of his way, making but few intimate friends; exact, courteous, deliberate, strictly truthful, and marked chiefly for two qualities—intense power of concentration on the subject in hand, and dogged perseverance. Commissioned at the late age of twenty-two as a second lieutenant of artillery, he left West Point without his instructors having discovered in him any "trace of marked intellectual power," any "sign of masterful resolution or genius for command."

Less than a year later, he was taking part in the expedition against Mexico, and was promoted to first lieutenant "for gallant and meritorious conduct at the siege of Vera Cruz."[1] Volunteering to join a new field-battery captured from the Mexicans, and commanded by John Magruder, because he wanted to see active service, to be near the enemy in the fight, and because he knew "if any fighting was to be done, Magruder would be on hand," Jackson was engaged in all the battles of that hard-fighting campaign, and was specially recommended for gallantry at Churubusco. At Chapultepec he set a magnificent example of courage. Deserted by his gunners, abandoned by the escort, alone with one sergeant, he served a solitary gun on the shot-swept causeway. Refusing to retire when ordered, and giving as his excuse that it was more dangerous to retire than to stand fast, he saved the situation at a critical moment. Mentioned in despatches, publicly complimented on his courage, within eighteen months of his first joining he had become a brevet-major, and, what was worth far more to him even than promotion, he had obtained practical experience of war, had learnt his own qualities in situations of doubt and danger, and had gained confidence in himself under those conditions; and moreover, he had learnt the character of most of the men whom afterwards he was to fight side by side with or against,—Lee, M'Clellan, Joseph E. Johnson, Shields, Pope, D. H. Hill, Longstreet.

From this life, full of the excitement and delight of war, Jackson returned in June 1848, to settle down to the life of a small garrison on Long Island, Fort Hamilton. Three years later he was offered, and accepted, the Professorship (strange combination) of Artillery Tactics and Natural Philosophy in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington. In that post the War of Secession found him ten years later.

It is interesting to inquire why this exceptionally gallant soldier, who had made such a mark on active service, elected to leave regimental duty, after less than five years' experience of it, for the post of Professor at a military school. Colonel Henderson tells us that while campaigning was entirely to his taste, the monotony of life in barracks was the reverse. "He believed," he said, "that a man who had turned, with a good military reputation, to pursuits of

[1] In this campaign too, Lee, afterwards to be Jackson's chief, first made his mark.

a semi-military character, and had vigorously prosecuted his mental improvement, would have more chance of success in war than those who had remained in the treadmill of the garrison."

"It was, then," says Colonel Henderson, "with a view of fitting himself for command that Jackson broke away from the restraints of regimental life; not because those restraints were burdensome or distasteful in themselves, but because he felt that whilst making the machine they might destroy the man." And towards the end of the first volume, in speaking of President Davis's selection of Lee for the chief command, our author says: "His choice might have fallen on the most dashing leader, the strictest disciplinarian, the best drill in the Confederate army; and yet the man who united all these qualities might have been altogether ignorant of the higher art of war. . . . It by no means follows, because a man has lived his life in camp and barrack, has long experience of command, and even long experience of war, that he can apply the rules of strategy before the enemy."

There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that long regimental service is the best training for high administrative posts, or high command in the field. Grant, Sherman, M'Clellan, Lee, Jackson, had but small experience of regimental duty. As Colonel Henderson says, "The men who saved India for England in the Mutiny were of the same type." Napoleon, Wellington, Marlborough, were generals at an age when in these days they would scarcely be commanding companies; and of our own generals of the present day who have made the greatest mark as administrators and as leaders, Lord Wolseley, Lord Roberts, Sir Redvers Buller, Lord Kitchener, not one ever did a day's regimental duty in any higher rank than that of captain.

While Jackson was lecturing to the cadets at Lexington on optics, mechanics, and astronomy, he was in real earnest preparing himself for war. "He was an untiring reader, and he read to learn. The wars of Napoleon were his constant study. He was an enthusiastic admirer of his genius; the swiftness, the daring, and the energy of his movements appealed to his every instinct." In the General's haversack, says one of Jackson's staff, were always three books — the Bible, Napoleon's Maxims of War, and Webster's Dictionary — and these books he constantly consulted. It was, then, at this time of comparative leisure in his Professorship that Jackson stored up in his retentive memory those lessons from the campaigns and maxims of the great commander which were afterwards destined to be used with such glorious results.

It was at this time, too, that he became imbued with those profound religious convictions which affected his life. Even when in Mexico his mind had been exercised in this matter, and he had examined the doctrines of the Roman Catholic faith, but he left Mexico without any settled convictions. At Fort Hamilton he pursued his religious studies, and was baptised and received his first communion in the Episcopal Church; but at Lexington, where he married his second wife, the daughter of a clergyman, his first wife having died after a few months of married life, he solved his religious difficulties by being received into the Presbyterian Church, of which he became a hard-working deacon.

"Jackson's religion entered into every action of his life. No duty, however trivial, was begun without asking a blessing, or ended without returning thanks. 'He had long cultivated,' he said, 'the habit of connecting the most trivial and customary acts of life with a silent prayer.' He took the Bible as his guide, and it is possible that his literal interpretation of its precepts caused many to regard him as a fanatic. His observance of the Sabbath was hardly in accordance with ordinary usage. He never read a letter on that day, nor posted one; he believed that the Government, in carrying the mails, were violating a divine law, and he considered the suppression of such traffic one of the most important duties of the legislature. Such opinions were uncommon, even amongst the Presbyterians, and his rigid respect for truth served to strengthen the impression that he was morbidly scrupulous. If he unintentionally made a misstatement — even about some trifling matter—as soon as he discovered his mistake he would lose no time and spare no trouble in hastening to correct it. 'Why, in the name of reason,' he was asked, 'do you walk a mile in the rain for a perfectly unimportant thing?' 'Simply because I have discovered that it was a misstatement, and I could not sleep comfortably unless I put it right.'"

And now let us try to picture the man who was, in the years to come, so often to lead the Confederate troops to victory. Tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, scrupulously neat, reserved, self-contained, self-absorbed often to the point of absent-mindedness, aggressively punctual, strict in the observance of military etiquette, in the precise interpretation of orders, filled with earnest purpose and high ambition, intolerant to untruthfulness and wilful disobedience, a Sunday-school teacher, a deacon of the Presbyterian Church, a bigoted Sabbatarian, he does not seem an attractive personality. But beneath this exterior lay a heart full of tenderness, a vivid imagination, a deep love of the beauties of nature, an almost feminine sympathy with the poor and feeble. He had an iron will, indomitable personal and moral courage, a deep love of country, a faith in the goodness of God that coloured every action of his life, a mind stored with the lessons of the great masters of war. "The power of his mind," says Dabney, "was drilled like the strength of an athlete, and his self-concentration was unsurpassed."

To this man, at the age of thirty-five, came the summons which to him was the highest summons of all, the call of duty, for the defence of his native State. "Duty is ours; consequences are God's," was his favourite maxim.

"According to his political creed his country was his native State, and such was the creed of the whole South. In conforming to the Ordinance of Secession enacted by the legislatures of their own States, the people, according to their reading of the Constitution, acted as loyal and patriotic citizens; to resist that ordinance was treason and rebellion; and in taking up arms, 'they were not, in their own opinion, rebels at all; they were defending their States—that is, the nations to which they conceived themselves to belong—from invasion and conquest.'"

We must pass over the interesting essay on the causes of the secession of the Southern States, with which the fourth chapter of the first volume opens. We must be content to approach the subject in that spirit of impartiality which is well stated in the concluding words of Colonel Henderson's preface:—

"I am very strongly of opinion that any fair-minded man may feel equal sympathy with both Federal and Confederate. Both were so absolutely

convinced that their cause was just, that it is impossible to conceive either Northener or Southerner acting otherwise than he did. If Stonewall Jackson had been a New Englander, educated in the belief that secession was rebellion, he would assuredly have shed the last drop of his blood in defence of the Union; if Ulysses Grant had been a Virginian, imbibing the doctrine of States' rights with his mother's milk, it is just as certain that he would have worn the Confederate grey. It is with those Northerners who would have allowed the Union to be broken, and with those Southerners who would have tamely surrendered their hereditary rights, that no Englishman would be willing to claim kinship."

Early in April 1861 it became apparent that the North was bent on conquest of the seceding South, and Jackson offered his sword. On Sunday the 12th, the first of many Sundays on which his strict Sabbatarian principles had to give way to the stern demands of active service, he marched in command of the cadet battalion to Camp Lee, the rendezvous of the army of Virginia, at Richmond. There he found that strange assembly of men of every class, partially and unequally armed, clothed in every description of garment, ignorant of the very elements of discipline, which was destined to develop into an army that, even if it never became thoroughly disciplined, in marching and in fighting power has seldom or never been surpassed—an army that for three years was to uphold the cause of the South against the vastly superior numbers, the far greater wealth, and, above all, the pressure of the sea-power of the North.

At first Jackson volunteered to assist in drilling the new levies; but in a few days he was appointed colonel of Virginia volunteers, and was given an independent command at Harper's Ferry, an important outpost on the Potomac, where he gave his whole energies to training his men, and to endeavouring to organise some systematic supply of food and ammunition, transport and medical services—all of which were non-existent—to watching the enemy, obtaining information, and arranging measures of defence. And here he first showed that originality of conception which was so marked in his subsequent career. Through Harper's Ferry passed the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, which connected Washington with the West. The Confederate lines were short of rolling stock; the line was conveying supplies of coal to Washington. Resolved to obtain rolling stock and to stop this transport of coal, Jackson insisted that, in order that his camp should not be disturbed continually, all up and down trains should pass through Harper's Ferry between an hour before and an hour after noon; and when this order was working at its best, he one day seized all trains passing both ways between those hours, and ran them on to the Confederate lines of supply.

Relieved shortly afterwards in his command of this outpost by General Joseph E. Johnston, to whom he rendered loyal support, he was appointed to command the First Brigade of the Army of the Shenandoah, consisting of five Virginia regiments, to which was attached perhaps the most quaintly manned battery of artillery ever seen in the field. Its commander was the Rev. Dr Pendleton, rector of Lexington, an old West Point graduate; its gunners were chiefly recruits from theological colleges. It was quartered in a church; the pulpit was assigned to its commander as his special lodging;

and its four guns were christened by the troops by the names of the four Evangelists. Here Jackson first came into contact with that great leader of cavalry, J. E. B. Stuart, "the dashing horseman of eight-and-twenty, who rivalled Murat in his fondness for gay colours, and to all appearance looked upon war as a delightful frolic," but who held a rule of life as strict as that of his Presbyterian comrade.

Here, too, at Falling Waters, he had his first engagement with the enemy—a mere skirmish, but enough to show to the troops his skill and coolness; and on the following day he was commissioned as Brigadier-General in the Confederate army. Jackson, believing that his brigade "could whip Patterson's whole army," was in favour at this time of taking the offensive. So, it appears, was Lee, the Commander-in-Chief; but Johnston, though willing to stand on the defensive, withdrew to Winchester, and thence on 18th July was summoned to Manassas by Lee. Jackson's brigade led the advance. The men did their best; but the want of practice in marching, the absence of that habit of discipline which produces order, caused unnecessary fatigue and delay, and the men arrived at their first bivouac so exhausted that Jackson would not even put out outposts; but saying, "Let the poor fellows sleep, I will watch the camp myself," himself stood sentry over his unconscious troops.

But if Lee's troops were ill-trained, and as yet unfitted for war, their opponents were in even worse case. The Northern army, too, under M'Dowell, was on its march to Manassas, where the first battle of Manassas, or Bull Run, was about to be fought. This is Colonel Henderson's description of their march:—

"As they advanced into Virginia, the men, animated by their surroundings, stepped briskly forward, and the countryside was gay with fantastic uniforms and gorgeous standards. But the heat was oppressive, and the roads lay deep in dust. Knapsack, rifle, and blankets became a grievous burden. The excitement died away, and, unbroken to the monotonous exertion of the march, the three-months' recruits lost all semblance of subordination. The compact array of the columns was gradually lost, and a tail of laggards, rapidly increasing, brought up the rear. Regiment mingled with regiment. By each roadside brook the men fell out in numbers. Every blackberry bush was surrounded by a knot of stragglers; and, heedless of the orders of those officers who still attempted to keep them in the ranks, scores of so-called soldiers sought the cool shade of the surrounding woods. When darkness fell the army was but six miles from its morning bivouacs; and it was not till late the next day that the stragglers rejoined their regiments."

Such were the troops, in numbers some 30,000 on each side, who on Sunday, 21st July, fought the battle of Bull Run. The day, at first apparently lost by the Confederates, ended in the historic panic and rout of the Federal army. Here it was that Jackson's brigade earned that epithet of "Stone Wall" which it ever afterwards held, and which became so identified with its commander that he was better known by the troops as "Stonewall" than even as "Old Jack" in the days to come.

When the day seemed lost, General Bee, covered with dust and sweat, his sword in his hand, his horse foaming, rode up to Jackson.

"'General,' he said, 'they are beating us back!' 'Then, sir, we will give them the bayonet;' the thin

lips closed like a vice, and the First Brigade, pressing up the slope, formed into line on the eastern edge of the Henry Hill.

"Jackson's determined bearing inspired Bee with renewed confidence. He turned bridle and galloped back to the ravine where his officers were attempting to re-form their broken companies. Riding into the midst of the throng, he pointed with his sword to the Virginia regiments, deployed in well-ordered array on the height above. 'Look!' he shouted, 'there is Jackson standing like a stone wall! Rally behind the Virginians!' The men took up the cry; and the happy augury of the expression, applied at a time when defeat seemed imminent and hearts were failing, was remembered when the danger had passed away."

Both armies fought with great determination. The Federals lost nearly 1600, the Confederates nearly 1900, a fourth of them from Jackson's Stonewall brigade. But it was after the action that the want of discipline among the ill-trained volunteers of whom both armies were so largely composed chiefly made itself felt. The Federal defeat became a rout; the victorious Confederates were unable to pursue.

And here I would ask the reader to pause for a moment; for, to a nation which, like our own, is dependent largely for its defence, in the event of invasion, upon militia who have but a month's training in each year, and upon volunteers who have far less, the facts are full of meaning.

"The regular battalion, composed of young soldiers, but led by experienced officers, alone preserved its discipline, moving steadily in close order through the throng of fugitives, and checking the pursuing troopers by its firm and confident bearing. The remainder of the army dissolved into a mob. It was not that the men were completely demoralised, but simply that discipline had not become a habit. They had marched as individuals, going just so far as they pleased, and halting when they pleased; they had fought as individuals, bravely enough, but with little combination; and when they found that they were beaten, as individuals they retreated. 'The old soldier,' wrote one of the regular officers a week later, 'feels safe in the ranks, unsafe out of the ranks, and the greater the danger the more pertinaciously he clings to his place. The volunteer of three months never attains this instinct of discipline. Under danger, and even under mere excitement, he flies away from his ranks, and hopes for safety in dispersion. At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 21st there were more than 12,000 volunteers on the battlefield of Bull Run who had entirely lost their regimental organisation. They could no longer be handled as troops, for the officers and men were not together. Men and officers mingled together promiscuously; and it is worthy of remark that this disorganisation did not result from defeat or fear, for up to four o'clock we had been uniformly successful. The instinct of discipline, which keeps every man in his place, had not been acquired. We cannot suppose that the enemy had attained a higher degree of discipline than our own, but they acted on the defensive, and were not equally exposed to disorganisation.'"

As to the reasons for the Confederates not pursuing, Colonel Henderson throws the blame upon the general (Johnston) who commanded. He says the want was not a supply train, or an experienced staff, or well-disciplined battalions, but a general who grasped the full meaning of victory. In part this may be true; had Jackson been in command, who impatiently waited the order of advance, with three days' cooked rations in his men's haversacks, there would have been some attempt at pursuit. Washington lay open to attack. "Give me 10,000 fresh troops," said Jackson,

"and I would be in Washington to-morrow." But what does Colonel Henderson say of the troops who had been engaged? "A lack of competent Staff officers, which earlier in the day had prevented an advance by the Confederate right, brought Johnston's arrangements for pursuit to nought." "It is true that the Confederates were no more fit for offensive operations than M'Dowell's troops. 'Our army,' says General Johnston, 'was more disorganised by victory than that of the United States by defeat.'"

And now let us return to Jackson. On the day after the battle he wrote two letters—one to the Presbyterian clergyman at Lexington, saying that on the previous night he had remembered that he had failed to send his subscription to the coloured Sunday-school, enclosing a cheque and asking for a receipt; the other to his wife: "Yesterday we fought a great battle and gained a great victory, for which all the glory is due to God alone. . . . Whilst great credit is due to other parts of our gallant army, God made my brigade more instrumental than any other in repulsing the main attack. This is for your information only. Say nothing about it. Let others speak praise, not myself." And in his modest official report he wrote: "The charge of the 2nd and 4th Virginia, through the blessing of God, Who gave us the victory, pierced the centre of the enemy."

During the breathing space after this battle, Jackson was incessantly exercising his brigade on parade, to give them the habit of discipline. But in November he was parted from them, and sent to command the Shenandoah Valley District. His farewell to his troops is well told by Colonel Henderson. We can only quote the conclusion of his description:—

"Then there was a pause; general and soldiers looked upon each other, and the heart of the leader went out to those who had followed him with such devotion. He had spoken his words of formal praise, but both he and they knew the bonds between them were too strong to be coldly severed. For once he gave way to impulse; his eye kindled, and rising in his stirrups and throwing the reins upon his horse's neck, he spoke in tones which betrayed the proud memories that thronged upon him:—

"'In the Army of the Shenandoah you were the First Brigade! In the Army of the Potomac you were the First Brigade! In the Second Corps of the army you are the First Brigade! You are the First Brigade in the affections of your general, and I hope by your future deeds and bearing you will be handed down to posterity as the First Brigade in this our second war of Independence. Farewell!'

"For a moment there was silence; then the pent-up feeling found expression, and cheer upon cheer burst forth from the ranks of the Valley regiments. Waving his hand in token of farewell, Jackson galloped from the field."

The generals of the South pressed upon Jefferson Davis the importance of concentration of force and advance in the autumn on Washington; but political considerations prevailed, and the autumn passed without another blow being struck by either side. Jackson spent it at Winchester engaged in training his troops and endeavouring to form them to habits of discipline. Even the Stonewall Brigade, which to his delight was sent to him in November, had yet much to learn. He was allowed to select his staff, and in their selection gave no weight to social claims—insisting only upon early rising, industry, intelligence, and reticence, and, for the more technical

posts, on professional qualifications. His chief of the staff was a Presbyterian clergyman, the Rev. Dr Dabney; his chief quartermaster, a farmer and proprietor of a line of stage-coaches; his commissary, a coach-builder; his topographical engineer, a land surveyor. During this time Jackson thought out his plans, which, as ever with him, were boldly offensive.

In a bitter winter he commenced operations on New Year's Day, 1862; drove the Federals across the Potomac; destroyed a railway bridge, thus severing for a time an important line of supply, and returned to Winchester. In the twenty-four days' campaign the men suffered much. Jackson shared all their hardships, and set them an example of untiring energy; but he never showed any sympathy in their sufferings, never humoured them. "A few words of hearty praise, a stirring appeal to their nobler instincts, a touch of sympathy, might have worked wonders. But whatever of personal magnetism existed in Stonewall Jackson found no utterance in words. Whilst his soldiers struggled painfully towards Romney in the teeth of the winter storm, his lips were never opened save for sharp rebuke or peremptory order."

If, indeed, Jackson had that kind heart, that sympathy for suffering, which all those who knew him intimately allege that he possessed, and which he is shown to have possessed by many characteristic incidents told in these volumes, to what are we to attribute this hardness, this apparent want of sympathy with his men? Was it that the conditions of private life and of a general's relations to his troops were so different that he had not feelings of sympathy when engaged in the stern work of war? Or was it rather that the apparent absence of softness was the result of deliberate reasoning? I incline to the latter conclusion, and believe that it was his intention to teach his troops that personal discomforts, personal hardships, sickness, wounds, and death were mere incidents of a soldier's profession, not worthy of a second thought.

When Jackson returned to Winchester, he left a portion of Loring's division to garrison Romney. Loring himself had shown signs of insubordination; his men had become demoralised by the hardships of their march. Not only had they filled the newspapers with their complaints, but they actually sent an official remonstrance, which Loring forwarded, against being kept at Romney, having "the effrontery to record their opinion" that it was a place of no strategical importance, and that unnecessary hardship was being inflicted on the troops. They urged that the men's term of enlistment would expire in less than four months, and that under present conditions none would re-enlist, whereas "with some regard for its comforts, a large portion, if not the whole, may be prevailed upon to do so."

Moved, doubtless, by the complaints that reached his ears, evidently quite ignorant of Jackson's character, and misled by some false reports, Mr Benjamin, the Confederate Secretary of War, telegraphed direct to Jackson, "Our news indicates that a movement is making to cut off General Loring's command; order him back immediately." Jackson's reply, forwarded through his superior, General Johnston, was prompt. He wrote thus:—

"Sir,—Your order, requiring me to direct General Loring to return with his command to Winchester immediately, has been received and promptly complied with.

"With such interference in my command, I cannot expect to be of much service in the field, and, accordingly, respectfully request to be ordered to report for duty to the Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, as has been done in the case of other professors. Should this application not be granted, I respectfully request that the President will accept my resignation from the Army."

At the same time Jackson wrote fully to Mr Letcher, the Governor of Virginia. Colonel Henderson's discussion of Jackson's action and the motives which led to it is deeply interesting. He shows that Jackson was not acting from personal feelings, but for the sake of the discipline of the whole army. Johnston, who did not know of the insubordinate appeal of Loring, wrote to Mr Benjamin: "The discipline of the army cannot be maintained under such circumstances. The direct tendency of such orders is to insulate the commanding general from his troops, to diminish his moral as well as his official control, and to harass him with the constant fear that his most matured plans may be marred by orders from his Government which it is impossible for him to anticipate." At the same time, like a true friend, he detained Jackson's letter of resignation, and made an appeal to his patriotism. Governor Letcher took the Secretary of War to task. He withdrew his order, and Jackson's resignation was withdrawn.

There is nothing in these pages better worth reading than Colonel Henderson's comments on the evils of interference by politicians with the plans and dispositions of commanders in the field. Starting with the axiom, "That the soldier is but the servant of the statesman, as war is but an instrument of diplomacy, no educated soldier will deny," he shows from example the grave danger of interference with commanders in the field, and, dealing with the War of Secession, makes this remarkable comment:—

"It is a significant fact that, during the War of Secession, for the three years the control of the armies of the North remained in the hands of the Cabinet the balance of success lay with the Confederates. But in March 1864 Grant was appointed Commander-in-Chief; Lincoln abdicated his military functions in his favour, and the Secretary of War had nothing more to do than to comply with his requisitions. Then, for the first time, the enormous armies of the Union were manœuvred in harmonious combination, and the superior force was exerted to its full effect. Nor is it less significant that during the most critical period of the 1862 campaign, the most glorious to the Confederacy, Lee was Commander-in-Chief of the Southern armies. But when Lee left Richmond for the Northern border, Davis once more assumed supreme control, retaining it until it was too late to stave off ruin."

Early in March Jackson was isolated in the Shenandoah Valley, with about 4600 men, sixty miles from the nearest friendly troops, and with an enemy eight times his strength—for Banks, one of Lincoln's political generals, had crossed the Potomac with 38,000 men—within two easy marches. His infantry, though now better armed and equipped than in the previous year, still was far from perfect; his artillery was of the old smooth-bore type; but his cavalry, though wanting in discipline, was in respect of knowledge of the country, of being well mounted, and in point of dash and

daring, all that his heart could desire; and it was led by the gallant Ashby, so that in this arm, though inferior in numbers, he had real superiority. Ashby never let the enemy out of his sight, hung upon their every move, and reported it to Jackson, while he presented an impenetrable screen before Jackson's army. Jackson, too, was in his own country among a friendly population, and thus far better served in regard to information than his opponent, and Banks always overrated Jackson's force. Twice did Jackson, in a defensive position, offer battle; twice did Banks refuse to close with him; and then Jackson resolved to attack him, hoping, "by the vigorous use of the bayonet, and the blessing of divine Providence," to win a signal victory. But somebody blundered, the rations for the troops went astray, a council of war summoned by Jackson was against the attack; and it did not come off. "That," said Jackson, "is the last council of war I will ever hold." He fell back from Winchester.

But one pervading idea never left his mind. To attack; to threaten, however remotely, Washington; to play upon the political situation, upon the popular demand for the security of the Northern capital, and upon the dread felt in the North that its fall would bring about the interference of European Powers in favour of the South: for this he was unceasingly watchful. For this he held his troops in readiness to spring upon the foe at the first opportunity. M'Clellan was withdrawing the main Federal army from before Washington to the Peninsula, to threaten Richmond. Banks, with his whole force except one division, was moving to Manassas, to cover Washington, when Jackson sprang upon Shields' isolated division at Kernstown. Tactically Jackson was defeated, for he failed to drive the enemy from the field and had himself to retire; but strategically his success was great. Williams' division was hurried back to Winchester; Blenker's division was diverted from M'Clellan to Western Virginia. M'Dowell's corps was taken from M'Clellan, formed into an independent command, and kept in front of Washington. And so this attack by Jackson's force of 4600 men deprived M'Clellan of 46,000 troops.

Insisting that a more resolute struggle might have won the day, Jackson put Brigadier Garnett, who had behaved with conspicuous personal gallantry, under arrest for ordering his brigade to retire. When, some time after midnight, his chief surgeon, Dr M'Guire, reported that he did not know how to get transport to remove the wounded, and feared they must be abandoned, Jackson ordered him to impress carriages in the neighbourhood. "But," said the surgeon, "that requires time; can you stay till it has been done?" "Make yourself easy, sir," was the reply. "This army stays here till the last man is removed. Before I leave them to the enemy, I will lose many more." Of such uncompromising stuff was Jackson made. But, alas! once again he had been forced to compromise with his convictions about the Sabbath, for Kernstown was fought on Sunday, and his excuses to his wife are most remarkable reading.

Taking up a masterly strategic position, Jackson again bided his time. In vain did M'Clellan first, and then the War Secretary, urge Banks to attack. He had six times Jackson's force, though

Jackson's army by mid-April had reached 6000 in number. At length Banks slowly advanced. But now, on the east, M'Dowell was advancing towards Richmond, and Lee, whom "with unwonted wisdom the Confederate President had charged with the control of all military operations in Virginia," with soldier-like instinct authorised Jackson to draw Ewell's division to him, and use it, if a favourable chance should present itself, to attack Banks. Again he seized his opportunity. Utterly mystifying Banks as to his movements, he rapidly moved westwards, threw himself upon Milroy's detached brigade, defeated it, and blocked all the passes by which Fremont, who had 20,000 men in Western Virginia, could communicate with Banks, thus isolating the latter. Then he hastened back to the Shenandoah.

Once again we have an example of his uncompromising character. On this march some companies, whose time had expired, demanded their discharge. Their colonel referred to Jackson for instructions —"Why," he said, "does he refer to me to learn how to deal with mutineers? He should shoot them where they stand." Instant death or instant submission being offered, the men at once surrendered; and this, says Dabney, was the last attempt at organised disobedience in the Valley army.

And now, without a moment's pause, calling up Ewell's division, Jackson flung his whole force against Banks at Winchester, and drove him back on the Potomac. Heart-breaking incidents interfered with the perfect realisation of his plans. Most of Ashby's cavalry and many of the infantry broke away to plunder. Ashby's remaining force, through an error of judgment on Ashby's part, took the wrong direction to head off the enemy. Steuart's cavalry, with Ewell's division, through an unpardonable piece of pedantry on Steuart's part, had not come up, and so Banks escaped across the river. But the Valley was delivered from the presence of the enemy; and once again there was panic in Washington. In vain Banks reported, with supreme audacity, that he had accomplished a premeditated march in the face of the enemy, defeating his plans, and giving him battle wherever found. Lincoln and his War Secretary, Stanton, issued an urgent call for more troops. It was believed the whole Confederate army was marching on Washington. M'Dowell, on the eve of starting to join M'Clellan for the advance on Richmond, was halted, and told to send half his army to the Valley. Fremont was called up to support Banks. M'Clellan was told he must either attack Richmond at once or fall back to Washington. A reserve corps of 50,000 men was ordered to be organised to defend the capital; the Governors of thirteen States called on their militia to march to its defence, and in one day nearly half a million American citizens offered their services to save the Union. Fredericksburg, threatened by M'Dowell, was saved. M'Clellan's intended advance on Richmond was paralysed. And all this was the result of the operations of about 15,000 ill-disciplined troops, led by one determined man.

In fourteen days "the army of the Valley had marched 170 miles, had routed a force of 12,500 men, had threatened the North with invasion, had seized the hospital and supply depots at Front Royal, Winchester, and Martinsburg, and finally, although surrounded on three sides by 60,000

men, had brought off a huge convoy without losing a single waggon." Such is the summary of the days from the morning of 19th May to the night of 1st June 1862.

We must pass over the final operations in the Valley, and come to the time when on 17th June a letter from Lee arrived bidding Jackson join him before Richmond for combined operations against M'Clellan. So extraordinary was the secrecy with which Jackson contrived to enshroud his movements, that when he had actually been fighting M'Clellan east of Richmond for forty-eight hours, Banks believed him still in the Valley, while Lincoln, Stanton, and M'Clellan were equally in the dark until the very morning of his attack. Lincoln and Stanton were still scattering their troops, and informing M'Clellan of their intention to unite M'Dowell, Banks, and Fremont into one army under Pope, to attack and overcome Jackson and Ewell in a position which they had long since left for one that was to give the North fresh cause for alarm. At this moment, after holding personal consultation with Lee in Richmond, Jackson was bearing down on M'Clellan's flank.

I shall not attempt to describe the military operations of the famous Seven Days, in which the Confederates under Lee forced M'Clellan to retreat to a fortified position on the James River, with a loss of 16,000 men, of whom 10,000 were taken prisoners, 52 guns, 35,000 rifles, and a vast quantity of stores. In these battles the Confederates lost 20,000 killed and wounded. To my mind, in these operations Jackson shines less brilliantly than in any other part of his campaigns. General D. H. Hill has written that "Jackson's genius never shone when he was under the command of another. It seemed then to be shrouded or paralysed. . . . This was the keynote to his whole character. The hooded falcon cannot strike the quarry." This statement Colonel Henderson combats, and appeals to the subsequent battles as proofs that Hill's judgment is erroneous. Taken literally, it seems to me that Hill's statement is too sweeping, but that it contains a certain amount of solid truth. Nor does it seem to me, as Colonel Henderson appears to think, that the statement casts any shadow of blame upon Jackson either as a soldier or a man. His genius for war was essentially original. He was not merely a clever strategist, a good tactician. His genius lay in his boldness of conception, his insight into character, and his marvellous power, not merely of laying strategic plans, and handling troops skilfully in the presence of the enemy, but of moving his troops swiftly, suddenly, and secretly to the right place at the last moment, the place and the moment having been determined by him, and the whole sequence of events being present to his mind. By the intense concentration of his mind upon one object, he attained an irresistible force, and no change of conditions ever found him unprepared. When it rested with him and him alone to decide what should be done at any given moment, there could be neither doubt nor hesitation. But when the force under his command was part of an army combined under the leadership of another, acting upon strategic plans devised by another brain, when any mistake might fatally affect the result of the whole combination which was being carried out not only by his own troops,

but by others of whose movements, owing to distance and perhaps an interposed enemy, he was in ignorance, there was no play for his originality of conception. In the fighting of the Seven Days he was thus acting for the first time, and he seems to have been more or less crippled by these new conditions. At Gaines' Mill, "for the first time and the last, his staff beheld their leader riding restlessly to and fro, and heard his orders given in a tone which betrayed the storm within." And why? because he was in partial ignorance of what was going on. At Frayser's Farm his conduct in not coming to Longstreet's assistance provoked criticism. Had Jackson seen or known the whole situation, there is not a doubt in my mind that he would have marched to Longstreet's aid. But he did not know it: he received a definite order from Lee, and in the absence of amending orders, or clear indications that he should assume the responsibility of varying Lee's order, he adhered to it. Overhearing a discussion on his conduct, he said, "If General Lee had wanted me he could have sent for me." At the council held by President Davis and Lee after the Seven Days, when it was decided that the army should make no advance until further information had been received, "Jackson," says Dabney, "sat silent in his corner. I watched his face. The expression, changing from surprise to dissent, and lastly to intense mortification, showed clearly the tenor of his thoughts." Genius, to shine, needs a free hand, and Jackson had not a free hand. The hooded falcon can *not* strike the quarry.

Once more Lee determined to attempt what Jackson had so successfully attempted before, and to play upon the fears of the Federal Government. Jackson was sent off to the westward, and with some 25,000 men advanced against Pope's army of 47,000, crushed his advanced guard at Cedar Run, and retired unmolested. The attempt succeeded. Pope was forbidden to advance beyond the Rapidan; M'Clellan was ordered to hasten the departure of his troops from the Peninsula. But Lee's plans to crush Pope on the Rapidan failed, for Pope fell back behind the Rapahannock. The situation was critical. M'Clellan was nearer to Richmond than Lee, or he might reinforce Pope, and concentrate 150,000 men on the Rapahannock, and Lee had at most but 75,000. Lee held council with Jackson, and decided on a bold offensive, and at any risk to divide his army, and to throw Jackson upon Pope's communications at Manassas. It was a desperate plan, but Lee held that the disparity of force between the contending armies rendered the risk unavoidable. Should Pope get warning, he could crush the divided forces separately. Secrecy was vitally important. Need I say how such a plan was to Jackson's heart? To him danger counted for nothing, and here was his opportunity again—independent action, secrecy, swiftness.

Colonel Henderson's description of the night march should be read. Jackson surprised the railway junction at Manassas in Pope's rear, seizing immense quantities of stores. General Gordon thus describes the scene, as the troops were let loose on the magazines, when the bakeries had been set working, and the liquor placed under guard.

"Weak and haggard from their diet of green corn and apples, one

can well imagine," says Gordon, "with what surprise their eyes opened upon the contents of the sutler's stores, containing an amount and variety of property such as they had never conceived. Then came a storming charge of men rushing in a tumultuous mob over each other's heads, under each other's feet, anywhere, everywhere, to satisfy a craving stronger than a yearning for fame. There were no laggards in that charge, and there was abundant evidence of the fruits of victory. Men ragged and famished clutched tenaciously at whatever came in their way, whether of clothing or food, of luxury or necessity. Here a long, yellow-haired, barefooted son of the South claimed as prizes a tooth-brush, a box of candles, a barrel of coffee; while another, whose butternut homespun hung round him in tatters, crammed himself with lobster salad, sardines, potted game, and sweetmeats, and washed them down with Rhenish wine. Nor was the outer man neglected. From piles of new clothing the Southerners arrayed themselves in the blue uniforms of the Federals. The naked were clad, the barefooted were shod, and the sick provided with luxuries to which they had long been strangers."

A rude awakening for Pope, whose bombastic orders, issued when he assumed command, had said, "Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of themselves." Pope turned upon Jackson, who again swiftly and secretly slipped past him, and effected a junction with Lee at Groveton.

In spite of all the hardships and fatigues they entailed, these swift and secret marches led by "Old Jack" were the delight of the troops, and furnished material for some of the camp fables.

"'Stonewall died,' ran one of the most popular, 'and two angels came down from heaven to take him back with them. They went to his tent. He was not there. They went to the hospital. He was not there. They went to the outposts. He was not there. They went to the prayer-meeting. He was not there. So they had to return without him; but when they reported that he had disappeared, they found that he had made a flank march and reached heaven before them.'"

We cannot pause to speak of the intervening operations, but must pass to the battle of Sharpsburg, on the Antietam, where Lee with 40,000 men met M'Clellan with 87,000. Colonel Henderson's description of the battle is a masterpiece of military literature. Out of 130,000 men upon the ground, 21,000, more than 16 per cent, had been killed and wounded:—

"Yet as the men sank down to rest on the line of battle, so exhausted that they could not be awakened to eat their rations; as the blood cooled and the tension on the nerves relaxed, and even the officers, faint with hunger and sickened with the awful slaughter, looked forward with apprehension to the morrow, from one indomitable heart the hope of victory had not yet vanished. In the deep silence of the night, more oppressive than the stunning roar of battle, Lee, still mounted, stood on the highroad to the Potomac, and as general after general rode in wearily from the front, he asked quietly of each, 'How is it on your part of the line?' Each told the same tale: their men were worn out; the enemy's numbers were overwhelming; there was nothing left but to retreat across the Potomac before daylight. Even Jackson had no other counsel to offer. His report was not the less impressive for his quiet and respectful tone. He had had to contend, he said, against the heaviest odds he had ever met. Many of his divisional and brigade commanders were dead or wounded, and his loss had been severe. Hood, who came next, was quite unmanned. He exclaimed that he had no men left. 'Great God!' cried Lee, with an ex-

citement he had not yet displayed, 'where is the splendid division you had this morning?' 'They are lying on the field where you sent them,' was the reply, 'for few have straggled. My division has been almost wiped out.'

"After all had given their opinion, there was an appalling silence, which seemed to last for several minutes, and then General Lee, rising erect in his stirrups, said, 'Gentlemen, we will not cross the Potomac to-night. You will go to your respective commands, strengthen your lines; send two officers from each brigade towards the ford to collect your stragglers and get them up. Many have come in. I have had the proper steps taken to collect all the men who are in the rear. If M'Clellan wants to fight in the morning, I will give him battle again. Go!' Without a word of remonstrance the group broke up, leaving their great commander alone with his responsibility.

"So the soldiers' sleep was undisturbed. Through the September night they lay beside their arms, and from the dark spaces beyond came the groans of the wounded and the nameless odours of the battlefield. Not often has the night looked down upon a scene more terrible. The moon, rising above the mountains, revealed the long lines of men and guns, stretching far across hill and valley, waiting for the dawn to shoot each other down, and between the armies their dead lay in such numbers as civilised war has seldom seen. So fearful had been the carnage, and comprised within such narrow limits, that a Federal patrol, it is related, passing into the cornfield where the fighting had been fiercest, believed that they had surprised a whole Confederate brigade. There, in the shadow of the woods, lay the skirmishers, their muskets beside them, and there, in regular ranks, lay the line of battle, sleeping, as it seemed, the profound sleep of utter exhaustion. But the first man that was touched was cold and lifeless, and the next, and the next: it was the bivouac of the dead."

It was in the midst of that terrific carnage, as the shells fell round them and the masses of the enemy melted away like the morning mist, that Jackson said to his companion, "God has been very kind to us this day."

Teeming as Colonel Henderson's second volume is with brilliant and lucid descriptions of battles, with masterly and soldier-like comments, and with amusing and illustrative anecdotes, we must pass them by, and turn to the last sad scene, when at Chancellorsville, on 2nd May 1864, Jackson, the invincible hero of so many fights, received the wounds that caused his death. In the evening of that awful forest fighting he had ridden to the front, and was returning to his own lines, when an officer of the 18th North Carolina regiment, seeing the group of horsemen riding towards him through the darkness, gave the order to fire, and Jackson received three bullets, one in the right hand and two in the left arm, cutting the main artery, and crushing the bone below the shoulder. We will not linger over the painful incidents that followed, as he lay under the fire of case-shot from the enemy's guns at short range, shielded by the bodies of the three young officers who would gladly have given their lives to save his, of his fall from the stretcher, when one of the bearers was shot on the homeward way, of the amputation by Dr M'Guire, his friend and comrade of so many fights. After the amputation, General Stuart sent for instructions, as the situation was critical. Jackson strove to concentrate his thoughts, but, for the first time, the master-mind failed him, and he said very feebly and sadly, "I don't know—I can't tell; say to General Stuart he must do what he thinks best."

Deeply touching, too, is Lee's note:—

"GENERAL,—I have just received your note, informing me that you are wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen for the good of the country to be disabled in your stead.

"I congratulate you upon the victory, which is due to your skill and energy.—Very respectfully your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE, *General.*"

"General Lee," said Jackson, "is very kind, but he should give the praise to God."

Eight days later he died, in the presence of his wife. When told that he had but two hours to live, he answered feebly but firmly, "Very good, it is all right."

"These were almost his last coherent words. For some time he lay unconscious, and then suddenly he cried out, 'Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action! Pass the infantry to the front! Tell Major Hawks——,' then stopped, leaving the sentence unfinished. Once more he was silent; but a little while after he said, very quietly and clearly, 'Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees'; and the soul of the great captain passed into the peace of God."

Of Jackson as a soldier I can give no better description than that contained in the following words by Colonel Henderson: "After Jackson's death Lee never again attempted those great turning movements which had achieved his most brilliant victories. Never again did he divide his army to unite it again on the field of battle. The reason is not far to seek. There was now no general in the Confederate army to whom he dared confide the charge of the detached wing, and in possessing one such general he had been more fortunate than Napoleon."

Of Jackson as a man I can but say that I place him in a temple side by side with the two heroes of my worship—John Nicholson and Charles Gordon.

What his men thought of him—and there are no better judges of character than the comrades who have shared the bivouac and the fight—let the following verses of a song, sung round every camp-fire, say:—

"We see him now—the old slouched hat,
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd dry smile—the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The 'Blue Light Elder' knows them well:
Says he, 'That's Banks—he's fond of shell;
Lord save his soul! we'll give him—' well,
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old Blue Light's going to pray;
Strangle the fool who dares to scoff!
Attention! it's his way!
Appealing for his native sod
In formâ pauperis to God,
'Lay bare Thine arm—stretch forth Thy rod,
Amen!' That's Stonewall's way.

He's in the saddle now! Fall in!
Steady the whole brigade!
Hill's at the Ford, cut off!—we'll win
His way out, ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
Quick step! we're with him before morn!
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning—and, by George!
There's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his columns whipped before—
'Bayonets and grape!' hear Stonewall roar;
'Charge, Stuart! pay off Ashby's score!'
That's Stonewall Jackson's way."

HENRY BRACKENBURY.

FROM BULAWAYO TO THE VICTORIA FALLS:

A MISSION TO KING LEWANIKA.

BY CAPTAIN THE HON. ARTHUR LAWLEY.

THE START.

THE end of last year saw a general inclination among prospectors and traders to explore the country towards the Zambezi, and parties varying in number began to leave Bulawayo for the north.

Hitherto the conditions had not necessitated to any large degree the extension by the Government of its administration in a northerly direction. Such prospecting as had been carried on in that part of the country had shown the existence of coal in many districts; but no goldfields—as those, for example, of the Gwelo and Gwanda districts — had been discovered. Mining north of the Inyati and Sebakwe was, therefore, practically nil. The natives, sparsely scattered over a wide extent, were for the most part peaceably inclined,—an occasional police patrol being quite sufficient to maintain order.

On the banks of the Zambezi, however, at a distance of 200 or 300 miles from Bulawayo, there was a large population of Batoka and other "role" natives living under their own petty chiefs, who since the downfall of Lobengula had been left very much to their own devices, with little cohesion and no uniform mode of government. And beyond the Zambezi river lay the kingdom of Lewanika. The king's court was established at Lialui, the capital of Barotseland, situated on the Zambezi river about 400 hundred miles above the Falls. Here Major Coryndon, with a handful of the B.S.A. Police, acted in the dual capacity of her Majesty's representative and also as the B.S.A. Co.'s agent to exercise the administrative rights conferred upon the Company by the terms of the Lochner Concession.

It appeared to me desirable that these rights should be clearly defined so as to give our representative effective control north of the river, and enable him to prevent any such collision with the natives as would certainly result from the action of unscrupulous white men who considered themselves beyond the reach of the law. I therefore determined, if possible, to meet King Lewanika in person and obtain a more accurate definition of the company's rights, and also readjust certain conditions in the concession which were unpalatable to himself and his people. This would also give me an opportunity of interviewing Wankie and other chiefs in the neighbourhood, and of establishing a representative of the Government in the north-west portion of Matabeleland known as the Sebungwe district. With these intentions I wrote to the king and Coryndon inviting them to meet me at the Victoria Falls on June 1.

I made up my mind to complete the road which had been marked out by Mr F. Lewis at the end of 1896, and part of which had been cut by Mr Frost in 1897. This

road runs from Esibombom's old kraal on the Gwaai river north-west to the Linquazi valley, and thence across the desert country marked as "The Land of the Thousand Vleys" to Thama Setchie on the old road from Palapye to Kazungulu. It was represented to have the advantages of being more direct and better watered than the regular route; moreover, by striking the old road at Thama Setchie one avoids the long stretch of black soil in the neighbourhood of Thama Sanka, which during the rainy season becomes an almost impassable sea of black mud.

About the middle of March I sent off by hired waggons everything that I should require for my party while at the Falls and on my return journey.

On the 18th April Captain Jesser Coope left Bulawayo with two waggons, five mounted police, and thirty natives with instructions to cut the road through the thick bush, clear out and deepen the water-holes, and then to push on with all expedition to the river. A second party with twelve police and one waggon left under Sergeant-Major Norris, B.S.A. Police, on April 25, and on May 3 my own party started, consisting of my brother, Major Lawley (7th Hussars), Mr Valdimir Gielgud (the future native Commissioner of the Sebungwe district), Mr R. A. Blanckenberg (my secretary), Dr Ellis, S. Rodger (my servant), two orderlies B.S.A. Police, fifteen Matabele boys under Sikobokobo (a Government induna of the Inyati district), and two interpreters, John Makunga and Sebakwe, a son of Mphoeng. Two waggons and twenty horses, a Cape cart and six mules, with twelve pack-donkeys, formed my transport train.

I found it impossible to start with my waggons, so I gave instructions to my Cape cart to go straight on to Nyamandhlovo, thirty miles from Bulawayo, and await my arrival there. On May 4 I left Government House at noon with my brother, Gielgud, Blanckenberg, and Rodger, and rode across the veldt to Nyamandhlovo, where I expected to find my Cape cart; but in this I was disappointed, and had it not been my good fortune to find Messrs C. and L. Green at their store at Nyamandhlovo I should have fared badly, as I had neither food nor blankets for myself and horses. We reached their house about an hour after sunset, and they immediately set to work to make every possible arrangement for our comfort, giving up to us their own hut, and making full provision for ourselves and horses. Next morning I sent back a native runner to find my waggons and to tell them to come on at once, but it was not until the following day that any news of them reached me. On Friday morning the 6th Gielgud arrived with the conductor of the waggons, and his report of their progress was not encouraging. Although I had eighteen oxen in each span, it had taken them two and a half days to accomplish twenty-four miles. Evidently if they were to reach the Zambezi some arrangement must be made to lighten the loads, which were certainly heavy, if not excessive. Luckily for me, Messrs Harris and Green came to the rescue with four good oxen and a light waggon, and I was able to break up my spans and go on with three waggons instead of two. I resolved to push on with my Cape cart and a few days' provisions as far as Esibombom's

kraal, where I hoped to get a few days' shooting and to see something of the timber forests on the Gwaai, intending to await the arrival of the waggons there. Accordingly, on the afternoon of May 6, my brother, Gielgud, and I left Nyamandhlovo on horseback, having sent on in advance my Cape cart and mules, and six Matabele boys on foot.

We reached Menu 'Nkoni's kraal at six o'clock, and camped there for the night. The sun had set, but the moon was at the full, and the night was as clear as the day. Otherwise we should have had some difficulty in finding the water, which was three miles away. It was late before we got our mules and horses watered and our evening meal prepared. It was a lovely night. The outlines of the trees and hills, so hard and vivid in the fierce sunlight, were softened under the caressing touch of moonlight to a monotone of ideal beauty. There was not a breath of wind to stir the branches of the trees or sway the straggling bunches of spear-grass. The silence was almost oppressive, and only broken from time to time by the mocking laugh of a hyena or the plaintive note of a bush-owl. Truly a South African night has a fascination all its own. We were travelling as lightly as we could, and therefore dispensed with tents, for in the winter the climate is so wonderfully dry that they are an unnecessary luxury. We slept every night on a bed of dry grass, curled up in a roll of blankets or a big *kaross*,[1] with our toes to a huge log-fire, and above us the everlasting stars. After dinner I had to send Gielgud back eight miles to the waggons to bring on certain necessaries which we had forgotten, and it was one o'clock before he got back to camp. Already we had experienced some of the delays which make waggon travelling in South Africa so exasperating and tedious, but they were nothing to those which we were to encounter later on. Already we had embarked upon the sea of sand through which for over 250 miles we were destined to plough our way — mile after mile of it choking, pitiless, and unending sand.

Leaving Menu 'Nkoni's kraal at daybreak on the 7th, we trekked for twelve miles through a dense belt of forest until we reached the Insezi river, which we followed until its junction with the Gwaai. The Insezi valley is well watered, and there are many natives who cultivate extensively the fertile lands on either side of the river. Guinea-fowl and pheasants abound, and we saw the spoor of various kinds of big game in every direction; but the natives reported that they inhabit the thick timber belts lying above the valley, and are rarely seen in the valley itself, only crossing it by night. Here, and in fact throughout our journey to the river, we lived entirely on guinea-fowl and other birds: without these we should have fared ill, for we relied on our guns to keep our larder supplied, and only carried half-a-dozen pounds of tinned meats to last us for the whole journey from Bulawayo to the Zambezi.

[1] A large rug of sheepskins or fur.

INCIDENTS OF THE MARCH.

On the morning of July 9 we crossed the Gwaai at its junction with the Insezi. At this point the Gwaai is a broad bed of sand with occasional pools of water, many of them several miles apart. This is a very feverish locality, the soil in many places rich black loam, and the vegetation rank and tropical. In every direction I saw clumps of palms, acacias of every kind, and tamarinds festooned with creepers. After proceeding down the western bank of the Gwaai for about six miles one wheel of the Cape cart completely collapsed. I sent back at once for the donkeys and pack-saddles, and improvised a sleigh from the forked trunk of a tree, on which we packed the contents of the cart. Luckily the road was fairly smooth, but our sleigh made very slow progress in the heavy sand, and it took us nearly three hours to accomplish the two miles which intervened between us and the water where we intended to camp for the night. Here I met two Zambezi boys on their road to Bulawayo, and found that they were carrying the Barotse mail. Coryndon, writing from Kazungulu, told me of his intention to meet me with waggons and grain at either Deka or Thama Setchie, and of his having sent back word to Lewanika to meet me at the Falls; but in his (Coryndon's) opinion it was doubtful if the old man would undertake the journey of 400 miles from his capital to the Falls, seeing that he had not been farther than twenty miles from Lialui during the last twelve years. Coryndon strongly advised me not to attempt Lewis's road, but I was so far on the way that I decided not to alter my plans. We were now nearly ninety miles from Bulawayo, and within three miles of Esibombom's old kraal. We camped in a belt of mapane-trees: their trunks, as a rule, are perfectly straight, but here they were warped and twisted into strange fantastic shapes where, as young trees, they had been torn and trampled by the elephants, which not many years ago roamed in herds over all this district. It is sad that in these contortions is the only trace remaining of these splendid beasts. The nights and mornings were now very cold, especially an hour before dawn, at which time the camp was constantly astir, for we made a point of always being under weigh before sunrise. At times we had quite a sharp frost, but by ten or eleven o'clock the sun was very powerful, and we therefore endeavoured to get our long trek over before the heat of the day.

Our sleigh reached Esibombom's with difficulty, and there we spent two days in hunting; but I never got a shot, though I saw a few ostriches and reed-buck and one big herd of sable. Evidently there was not much game about, and such as there was exceedingly wild. Gielgud shot a couple of porcupines, which our boys were glad enough to eat, and also a "ratel," which is not unlike a badger with extraordinarily strong paws like those of a bear, and a very offensive smell like that of a polecat. The Matabeles would not admit this to their larder, but our Bushman guide was only too glad to carry it off into the veldt and gorge himself on its stinking carcass. The result of this unholy meal was very disastrous to himself, and he only recovered after

a severe course of drastic medicine.

While here we got news of both Coope and Sergeant-Major Norris, the latter of whom after many struggles had only got as far as Huilili Vlei just ahead of us. On the second day our donkeys came in with supplies from the waggons, and the following morning we started with our pack-train. We reached Huilili at sundown, where we expected to find Norris; but he had just left, and we overtook him soon afterwards and trekked together until about 8.30 P.M., when his oxen were too tired to get any farther, and we camped for the night.

The waggons inspanned at 3 A.M., and we started at sunrise and soon overtook them, as they could make but little headway in the heavy sand. We pushed on to Inganjana Pan, where there is a good supply of permanent water. The country hereabouts is a dead level, the road heavy sand through thick stretches of "magusu," with occasional belts of open plain.

SPORT BY THE WAY.

At the edge of one of these belts I spied a herd of game. Gielgud and Dick would not at first allow that they were anything but bushes, but my eyes had not deceived me, and when we got nearer to them under cover of some friendly thorn-trees we saw through our glasses a herd of some thirty or forty blue wildebeeste placidly grazing out on the open vlei. It was impossible to stalk them; we could only hope that our horses would be fast enough to bring us within shot of them before they reached the thick bush. Gielgud was riding a big grey stallion of mine that could "make rings" round the two small ponies that Dick and I were on. He was accordingly told off to cut out the work, and away we went—Dick to the right, Gielgud to the left,

> "And between the pair on a chestnut mare
> Was the duffer who writes this lay."

In a moment they had spied us, up went their tails, down went their heads, and in a cloud of dust they were off! Gielgud made straight for the open to which they were pointing, while Dick and I hugged the bush to the right. A big bull was leading the herd, and it was curious to see the fidelity with which the others followed his guidance. At every hundred yards or so he would start to one side with a plunge, twisting and turning as if from some enemy in the grass, and for every twist and turn that he made the others did the same, plunging and racing like mad things over the veldt. I could see Gielgud scudding away to my left, for at the first rush the grey had left me "standing still," though I drove in the spurs and hustled my little pony along as fast as its short legs could carry it, hoping that fortune would be kind and that at some point of the hunt I should get a cut in. The ground was rotten and full of holes, but my pony had an eye for them all. I gave him little credit enough for his sureness of foot; I could only curse him for his want of speed and cry, "My kingdom for a *horse!*"

By this time the last of the herd was a good half mile away from me, but I could see my grey horse was drawing close up to

them, and now they were turning right across my front. Dick was stealing along some hundred yards ahead of me. Would he turn them from the thick bush? Yes! Full in their face he rode straight at their leader, and with a bound and a rush they swung round almost on their tracks. Puzzled for the moment and uncertain where to go, they gave Gielgud his chance. Quick as lightning he was off his horse. Crack from the ·303, followed by a dull thud! "Habet!" but he was wheeling with the others back once more towards the bush. Now it was Dick's turn with the ·256 Mannlicher. Again the unmistakable sob of the bullet as it went home, and we knew that two of the herd were doomed. Away we went once again, and the pace was beginning to tell! Would the ponies last, or would the buck reach the shelter of the bush before we could "cut out" the two wounded beasts? Once in the thick bush it would be almost impossible to follow them. We must keep them to the open while we could.

Bustle as I would I could only keep near enough to *see* the fun, which was now drawing to a close. They had almost reached the thick belt of magusus when one of them wheeled to the left out of the herd. "Stick to him!" yelled Gielgud, as he raced away after the others, and stick to him we did. For another two miles we crammed our ponies across the veldt, lobbing and lurching through the heavy sand and hardly gaining on him by a yard. Then he began to reel and stagger, and with a final plunge he turned to face us. His head was bending low; blood and foam were streaming from his nostrils; his course was run! One more shot from the ·256 and he sank slowly to earth.

Gielgud meanwhile had quickly come up with our other friend, who, finding himself collared, turned with a savage grunt and charged straight at his enemy. The latter was too quick for him, and as he came bowled him over with a "soft-nosed" bullet fair between the eyes. That was a red-letter day for the boys. They chattered and laughed as they cut up the flesh. All night they held high revelry, cooking and eating literally from dark to dawn. I even saw them smearing their hair and their faces with the blood.

From the skins they made themselves sandals. Of these they were in great need, as their feet were a good deal knocked about by thorns and stumps, which they could not avoid in the dark, much of our trekking having to be by night without a moon. On reaching Makololo Pan we were obliged to await the arrival of the waggons, as our supplies were running very short. There was a great deal of old spoor about, principally giraffe, blue wildebeestes, and roan antelope, which evidently frequent this district in the wet weather. While here I killed another blue wildebeeste, a particularly fine bull; but beyond him we saw nothing but a few sable, which were very wild, and none of which we killed. I wounded a fairly good sable one evening, and followed the blood-spoor for a long way, but night came on and I had to give up the pursuit.

"A DRY STRETCH."

On May 17 I heard from Coope at Chekwankie, which he had reached after a hard time, owing to the thickness of the bush to be cut and the scarcity of water. His report was that there was a dry stretch between Ingwershia and Chekwankie of seventy-three miles, with only one point, about halfway, where we should find water, and that in three small pans which were quickly drying up. The boys who brought the letter said that the water would not last more than five days. I thereupon decided to reduce the number of my waggons from four to two, and to send six of the police back to Bulawayo. Even so, it was doubtful if the water would hold out till the waggons reached the pans. Riding back, I repacked the waggons, taking only the barest necessaries, and reducing the weight on each waggon to under 3000 lb. I also sent back the worst of the horses and the weak and sickly bullocks. The cattle were so knocked up by their incessant struggle through the choking sand (which in many places was up to the axle-box of the waggons) that I had great difficulty in picking out two serviceable teams.

I myself decided to push on with my pack-train to the Falls, and to send back from there fresh cattle and provisions for the men to help them out of the difficulties which I anticipated in the dry stretch that I knew lay between Thama Setchie and Deka. Had I known what their difficulties would be, I should have been inclined to send all my waggons back and taken my chance of getting through with only my mules and donkeys. I did not see the waggons again for five weeks, when they reached my camp at the Falls.

We left the waggons in the afternoon and trekked on to a tributary of the Linquazi called Kumbulabaswi, which we reached at 10 P.M. Heavy rain had fallen here, the night was bitterly cold, and all our party were very tired.

Leaving at dawn on the 20th, we reached Ingwershia about 10 A.M., where we found a large vlei of good water. Beside this stood a deserted waggon belonging to Peebles and Scott, two prospectors whose donkeys had all been taken by lions last year. Close to the waggon we met a Bushwoman, one of Indowyoka's people, reduced by starvation to the most emaciated and pitiable condition. Her husband had been killed by lions some days before, though she herself had escaped with her life. On her back and shoulders were the marks where the same lion had ripped away great strips of flesh. Long clots of blood had dried on her body; the wounds had not even been washed. I gave her some meat, which she seized upon and at once ate ravenously. The bones were almost through her filthy skin; her little beady eyes set close together under a low retreating forehead, her flattened nose and large protruding lips, concealing what little chin she possessed, gave her a look most uncanny and repellent. Altogether more like an animal than a human being, she seemed to me the lowest type of womankind that it has ever been my fate to look on. There are numbers of Bushmen and their wives who live in this miserable condition, wandering through the veldt with no other means of subsistence than

such trash as wild roots and berries. Some of the men have guns and ammunition, and they spend their whole time in shooting. When they kill a buck within reach of water—say ten miles—the whole family congregates on the spot, sits round the body, and gorges itself until every scrap of flesh and skin has disappeared. All round Chegwankie we found numbers of old Bushmen's kraals, and in all of them piles of dead bones, including those of elephant and giraffe; and if the game in this country is not to be exterminated some stop must be put to the indiscriminate shooting of game by Bushmen.

Leaving Ingwershia at 3 P.M., we trekked on till about 10.30, and camped for the night. The boys were very tired, and we had great trouble in keeping them moving; in fact we only got about twelve miles from Ingwershia in nearly seven hours.

The sand-belt where we slept was covered with a poisonous weed known as "mkowusan," which grows in great profusion in all the sand-belts along the road, and is very deadly for horses and cattle during the months of December, January, and February. No cattle should be allowed to graze in the sand-belts during this season, when the young shoots are growing with the grass, but should be kept close to the pans, where the weed does not grow.

From day to day our march was most uneventful and monotonous. Every morning we were off at sunrise, stopping at midday to cook and eat the guinea-fowls or pheasants that we shot on the road, resting to graze our animals, and moving on again about 3 or 4 P.M. to trek, as a rule, well into the night. The weather was absolutely perfect. Day after day the sun rode through the heavens without a cloud to dim his glory or subdue the palpitating waves of heat. Ever at dawn there sprang up from the south-east a soft refreshing breeze, which died away as the sun set, and the night fell silent and cool. Each night our camp was laid out with the greatest care to protect our animals from the lions and wolves with which the country is infested. The mules and horses were tethered to a clump of trees. Close around them our party was disposed in five little groups, each in its own "scherm" with an outer ring of fires, which were kept burning briskly through the night till the sun had risen and camp been struck.

Thama Setchie, though marked on every map of Africa, has nothing to distinguish it from the barren veldt which stretches for miles on every side, except a few small holes dug in the sand to indicate the only permanent water-supply of the place. These had to be deepened and cleaned out before we could get enough water for even our small number of men and animals. If this northern route is to be opened up wells will have to be sunk here and elsewhere, and a man put in charge to keep them in order and regulate the traffic. At present the supply at Thama Setchie is exhausted by two spans in a very short space of time. From Thama Setchie to Deka, a distance of over fifty miles, we only found one supply of muddy water at Henry's Vlei, twenty miles north of Thama Setchie, and this was completely dried up before our waggons reached the spot. As we came up to Henry's Vlei I noticed several natives taking water from the vlei along a path leading into the bush, so I sent two Matabeles to bring down some

of these boys to my camp that I might get from them some information about the road and ascertain the possibility of finding any water between the vlei and Deka. In about a quarter of an hour they returned with the headman of the kraal and four other natives. They were all Makalaka Bushmen, and the induna, a young man of about thirty years of age, was literally smothered in beads. His hair was plaited and strung with them. Strings of beads hung from his ears and adorned his neck, arms, and legs. His loin-cloth was thickly embroidered with the same. In a country where beads are the monetary medium he was evidently a man of wealth. The Matabele told me that on the day before this man had killed an eland and a sable, and that the kraal was "red with meat." Both eland and sable are, as every native in the country well knows, "royal game," the killing of which was in the king's time promptly punished by death. After breakfast I proceeded to interrogate the induna, and after making inquiries as to the road, water, &c., I asked him if he and his people had any fields or gardens?

"No," was the answer.

"How do you live?"

"We just drink water and sleep."

"Do you never eat anything?" (They were all remarkably sleek and fat.)

"Sometimes we eat a few roots or berries."

"But never any meat?"

"No, never!"

"Is there any game about here?"

"Yes, but it is far."

"To whom does it belong?"

"It was the king's, but now it all belongs to the Government of the 'Nkose'" (meaning me).

"Do you ever hunt it?"

"Ah! certainly not."

"Yet you killed two bucks yesterday."

"Oh yes! to be sure, but they were only two poor sick ones that would surely have died."

We went with this gentleman to the kraal, where we found the meat of a very large eland and also a sable bull, both remarkably fat, cut up into strips and being dried as biltong. The camp was strewn with skulls and bones of countless buck.

My Matabeles ascertained that this man was making a rich living by shooting the game all round the neighbourhood and selling it to the Zambezis on their way to and from the mines. Those coming from Khama's country supply him with ammunition, and from others he obtains the beads with which he so profusely decorates his person. I confiscated two of his guns and some meat for my boys, of which they were badly in want, and I left him with the assurance that if I ever caught him killing royal game again he would not get off so easily as on this occasion.

The sand here is indescribably deep and heavy, and this is the worst part of the abominable road from Nyamandhlovo to Deka. It is difficult to exaggerate the dreary monotony of the country, mile after mile of flat white sand covered with interminable scrub, and only occasional breaks in the way of grass-covered vleis or glades. The size and number of the large timber trees was sadly disappointing, and anything approaching a really fine tree was rare. The only sign of life was an occasional Bushman's kraal (in every case deserted). There was but little spoor of big game, and only a very rare glimpse of a buck. Luckily guinea-fowl and pheasants, especially the former, were very plentiful, and from

the time we left Bulawayo until we reached the Zambezi we only once had recourse to tinned meat.

At Deka the country is quite different in character from that through which we had been passing. Here we got on to formation and crossed a lot of broken country and rocky kopjes covered with low scrub. The Deka river, on which we camped, was full of beautiful water, and from this its head-water to its junction with the Zambezi the valley is well watered and fertile. About two miles from our camp I found the deserted huts of a white man in which were many fine specimens of various kinds of heads — eland, koodoo, sable, tsessebe, water-buck, &c., — all worm-eaten and decayed. Before the rinderpest this neighbourhood was wonderfully rich in all sorts of game, which seemed to have suffered more here from the plague than in any other part of Matabeleland. The buffalo have entirely disappeared, the koodoo (formerly very plentiful) are almost extinct, and the other varieties have suffered severely, especially the wild pig.

I afterwards learnt from the Barotse that before the Basuto invasion this district was thickly inhabited and rich in cattle. The tsetse fly was not then known between Deka and the Gwaai to the east, and Deka and the Zambezi to the north. After their invasion the natives were either killed by alternate raids from the Barotse and Matabele or else they moved elsewhere, taking their cattle with them. Then the game returned, and with the game came the tsetse fly. Two years ago the fly were very numerous, and the country east of the Pandamatenka road was on this account impassable for cattle and mules. Now that the game has been almost exterminated by rinderpest, the fly also has left the country excepting a few belts of thick bush, and apparently it is gradually disappearing. All of which goes, in my opinion, to prove that the tsetse fly moves with the big game of the country, and that with the latter it is bound to disappear before the advance of civilisation.

Pandamatenka, which we reached next morning, is well watered and fertile; but the water is not wholesome, and the whole place is very unhealthy and feverish. At one time a small white colony was established here, consisting of the Westbeech brothers with several Cape boys and a Jesuit mission station, but the only inhabitant now is a colonial boy named Nicholas Villiers, otherwise "Klaas," who is the last survivor of the Westbeech colony, nearly every member of which is buried in the little cemetery by the river. The Jesuits built substantial huts, but they are all deserted and falling to ruins, which only add to the forlorn look of the station generally. From Klaas, who was very ill, I learnt that Coryndon had met Coope here and gone on with him to the Falls.

On the second morning after leaving this dreary spot we suddenly came to the crown of a hill from which we got a lovely view of the Matetsi river running through wooded hills away to the north-east, and about twenty miles away we saw what at first appeared to be a small white cloud, but was really the spray rising in one great volume from the Victoria Falls. About five miles on we stopped for breakfast, and on climbing to the top of a little kopje we could hear the dull thunder of the river, which at this distance sounded like the

faint boom of a distant threshing-machine. At 4.30 we came within nearer sight and sound of the Falls, and at six o'clock reached Coryndon's camp on the edge of the Zambezi.

It was a great satisfaction to find myself at my journey's end on the very day (June 1) on which three months before I had written and told Coryndon to expect me at the Falls. The animals and the boys were all very much knocked up, but it had been impossible to rest on the road. As it was, the boys had been on short rations the whole way, and when we got to the river we had exhausted all our supplies except a few handfuls of flour and a little tea. I at once arranged to send off one of Coope's waggons at daybreak the following day to meet our waggons and to take provisions for the police and the drivers, who I knew must by this time be very short of provisions. It was as well that I had reached the river soon, and was able to send back at once to relieve the party behind me. In the long stretch of thirst between Thama Setchie and Deka they had had to leave the waggons and to drive the oxen to Deka. Even so six of the poor brutes died of thirst, some of them falling when within actual sight of the water, and it is doubtful if the remainder could have got the waggons out of the sand even after a good rest at Deka. Their supply of flour was exhausted, so that the appearance of my "relief" waggon was very welcome.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH LIONS.

My orderly, a man named Bland, was lying on the waggon in a miserable plight. While at Chekwankie he was on duty as grazing guard when one of the horses strayed and was lost. Taking two horses, one for himself and the other as a pack-horse with two days' rations, he took the road by which we had come, following as he thought the spoor of the missing horse, which, as a matter of fact, turned up in camp just after he had started. After going for two days, he camped on the second night in a small scherm thirty miles from where he had started. All night he could hear two lions prowling round the scherm, and so kept a good fire going; but this was not enough to keep them off, and they kept coming nearer and nearer. At last they got so close that he unluckily thought he would try a shot with his gun and No. 6 shot (!) at close quarters, and went outside his scherm. Here he was at once attacked by one of the lions, and badly scratched and bitten about the arms and thigh. Fortunately for him, horse-flesh was what they were after, so they left him to turn their attention to the two poor brutes that were tethered to a tree. One was badly mauled, the other broke his halter and fled into the veldt, with both lions after him, and it is not difficult to imagine his fate. Wounded as he was, Bland set off at once on foot, leading the other horse, to retrace his steps.

At dusk he reached one of my old camps, where he spent a miserable night. His gun had jammed, and being therefore useless, had been left behind. All through the night he had the same close companionship of two

hungry lions, probably the same two that had visited him the night before. About 3 A.M. the moon went down; his stock of firewood was exhausted, and as the fire died out and all was dark, he was knocked down by a lion jumping over the fence into the scherm. Again the horse was their object, and quickly fell a victim, but luckily Bland was able to reach a tree, up which he scrambled, and there awaited the coming day. As soon as it was light he set off with only a water-bag, which he was fortunately able to keep filled, and for three more days and two more nights he pluckily held on his road to the camp. Each night he was obliged to spend up a tree, owing to the constant presence of lions.

On the evening of the third day he was met by Dr Ellis and the relief party from the waggons, who carried him back in a state of complete exhaustion and delirium to camp, which they reached at 5 A.M. the following day, five days after Bland had started on his luckless search. Thanks to the doctor's unremitting care and attention, he made such good progress that in six weeks' time he had almost entirely recovered. One cannot imagine a more horrible experience, and many a man of less grit would have thrown up the sponge long before help came.

THE VICTORIA FALLS.

At Coryndon's camp I met Mr F. Lewis, who had just returned from a lengthy tour through the Batoka and Mashukulumbwe country. Learning that the king was at Shesheke and could not reach the Falls for ten or twelve days, and knowing that my waggons were a long way back, I determined to cross the Zambezi to a point on the Nquezi river about seventy miles north of the Falls, where Mr Lewis had had his camp while prospecting that district, and where he assured me we should find game of all sorts in abundance.

We could not take horses or mules because of the tsetse fly, so I sent out for carriers from the neighbouring kraals and despatched a messenger to inform the king of my arrival, and intention to go north and return on the 16th June. Having made all preliminary arrangements for our trip, we held a medical parade of our boys, who were all complaining of exhaustion and fatigue, and dosed them all round. Then we set out for the Falls and spent the rest of the day examining them from all points. They have been described so fully by various writers that I will not attempt any elaborate description of their beauty. I will only say that they are in a measure disappointing, for the spray in which the greater part of them is always enveloped is so thick that a great deal of their form and beauty has to be left to the imagination. Here and there I could see a great volume of water hurling itself into the abyss—in itself a beautiful cascade, but only a tiny portion of the mighty mass which for a mile in width is for ever rolling over a wall of rock and falling to a depth of 400 feet into the seething chasm below.

From the chasm itself a dense cloud of spray perpetually rises and hangs like a white curtain above the great cleft of rock into which the waters fall; around and

about the curtain the sunlight is reflected in a thousand flashes of brilliant prismatic colours, and rainbow chases rainbow through the shifting sheets of mist. The roar from the falling waters is deafening, and the whole effect is very grand and very weird. It is like a wet "Walpurgis nacht." But one longs for a mighty broom to sweep away the thick curtain of spray, and catch, if only for a moment, a sight of the river from bank to bank "rolling its slumb'rous sheet of foam below."

Above the Falls the river is nearly two miles in width, and is dotted with numerous islands covered with palm-trees and other tropical vegetation. The following morning I crossed the river to see the camp which was being built for the king on the northern bank. It was a lovely morning, and the views from the boat as we slowly rowed from island to island were enchanting in their constant variety of perfect beauty. It was a veritable glimpse of fairyland. We spent some hours in rowing about the river and visiting the king's camp, returning about 2.30 to find the two Zambezi boys whom we had met at Esibombom's kraal, and who had gone to Bulawayo and returned with our English mail. We hurried through our letters from home, and then walked up the river-bank three miles to Sekute's ferry, where we had to cross our party by detachments in the one canoe at our disposal. I cannot describe the beauty of the river seen at the moment that we crossed. At this point the river runs east and west, and as we slowly glided over the water we had on our left the golden glory of the sunset and on our right the silver splendour of the moonrise. The perfect stillness was only broken by the regular plash of the paddles, and from time to time by the distant bellow of a hippo bull. The night was cold, but we got our carriers under weigh in the grey dawn, though we had some difficulty in inducing the shivering wretches to leave their fires. But by six o'clock the camp was deserted and the line of march formed.

A NATION OF SLAVES.

Our way lay through thick bush, and we passed many small kraals. The kraals of the Batoka are mean and squalid. They consist of a handful of huts built of light poles and reeds. They are not high enough for a man to stand upright in, and are inhabited by men, women, and children, dogs, goats, and sheep, guinea-fowls, chickens, and no doubt vermin innumerable. The fields all around were extensively cultivated, and had just been reaped of abundant crops of Kaffir corn (mabele), mealies, canary-seed (*nyauti*), sweet potatoes, monkey-nuts, and tobacco. The ground is exceedingly fertile.

The Batoka are a nation of slaves. For years their country has been the happy hunting-grounds alternately of the Matabele and the Barotse. Lobengula's impis used from time to time to cross the river either at Wankie's or Sansarri's drift and sweep the country of women and children, who were taken back in droves to a life of slavery, and of every head of cattle. The men were too feeble to offer any resistance. Their only hope of escape was in flight, and every man who was

caught was at once assegaied. I passed one spot where the ground was littered with human skulls, many of them the tiny skulls of little children. One of my Matabele boys told me that one of Lobengula's impis, to which he and another of my boys had belonged, had crossed early in 1893, and were returning with a "mob" of women and children when small-pox broke out among the latter. They were all at once ruthlessly assegaied.

The Barotse rob the Batoka of everything—women and children, cattle, goats, and sheep, grain and blankets—nothing is left to them! From every kraal as we approached black figures could be seen flying into the bush, sad evidence of the state of abject terror in which they live. It is satisfactory to know that at present the white man is the only form of humanity in which they have any confidence.

We travelled hard for four days through much prettier country than that which we had lately traversed, consisting of undulating hills covered with trees and divided by open glades and streams of water. On the fourth evening we reached Lewis's camp on the 'Nquesi river, in which are traces of fine gold, but only in very small quantities. Up till then we had killed no game, but the following day my brother shot two fine eland and also two Lichtenstein hartebeeste, all with a ·256 Mannlicher.

After two days my brother and I moved on with Lewis to Sipatinyana's kraal, which is on the edge of the Batoka Plateau. This plateau extends for nearly 200 miles east and west towards the Kafuwe river, and is from fifty to eighty miles in width. It is a vast rolling plain of grass with hardly a tree on it. For the most part the grass is rank and coarse, but the plain is broken by a series of little valleys, where the grass is short and sweet. There is abundance of water all over the plateau, and standing as it does at a height of from 4000 to 5000 feet, is healthy at all times of the year. It is an ideal country for cattle. We camped about a mile from Sipatinyana's kraal under a huge wild fig-tree standing in the middle of a field of mabele. The mabele stalks were from sixteen to eighteen feet high, with magnificent heads of corn just ripe for harvest, testifying to the extraordinary fertility of the soil. Here we had good sport, though my brother was very disappointed at not getting a fine lion that he wounded through the shoulder with his ·577. He followed him all day, but could never get up to him.

The country hereabouts was full of game, but we had to get back to the river, and it was only by hard trekking that we could cover the distance in four days; so after two days we had to retrace our steps. We reached Coryndon's camp on the evening of the 16th. On my way back I found three white men lying sick and helpless on the veldt outside Sekute's kraal. They belonged to a party of six who left Bulawayo in January with the idea of trading in Barotseland. They reached the river after three months of great hardship, arriving with no European food, and all more or less prostrate with fever. Their three companions had gone on into the Mashukulumbwe country while they remained by the river. For two months they had lain there, and had it not been for our arrival with decent food, must have died of starvation. Their experience is by no means unique, but it is impossible to extinguish the "exploring" spirit that drives

men to the north in search of adventure involving certainly privations and frequently death. I sent my canoe back to bring these men across to my camp, and they were sufficiently recovered by the end of the month to leave with my waggons for Bulawayo, though I regret to say that one of them died on the road.

In four days' actual hunting we (three rifles) had killed nineteen head of big game, including eland, Lichtenstein hartebeeste, roan antelope, zebra, reedbuck, and wild pig. On returning we heard that the king was due on the following day, accompanied by Coryndon, who had gone to meet him at Kazungula.

KING LEWANIKA.

The king's arrival at his camp the next day was made known to us by a general outburst of shouts and songs, and a beating of drums and tom-toms, which was kept up until midnight. The king brought with him his son Letia, who has adopted the Christian faith, and his chief councillors. His retinue included a band, in which the drums played a most conspicuous part, choristers, dancers, and about a thousand followers. The female element was entirely omitted. His having undertaken the (to him) unprecedented journey of 400 miles at my bidding was regarded by the whole nation as an event of the greatest importance. The younger of the councillors were very averse to it, as they regarded it as an act of homage to the white man, whose growing ascendancy with the king they look on with disfavour. So, too, when the question arose as to whether the king should *first* call on me or *vice versâ*, they were strongly opposed to his losing (as they considered it) his prestige by being the first to come and pay his respects. But upon this I insisted.

The etiquette and formality maintained by the king in his court are quite remarkable amongst South African chiefs. The attitude of every one of his subjects, including Letia, is positively servile. No one is allowed to approach his majesty except on bended knees, and even Letia on approaching his father kneels and salutes profoundly. The salutation consists in a soft clapping of the hands, repeated several times, with constant bowings of the head almost to the ground. The king's personal dignity is remarkable; he never unbends nor allows anything approaching familiarity. He is a deft needleman, and even when stitching at a *kaross* or repairing his pantaloons with the assistance of the Commander-in-Chief or the Prime Minister, he retains his dignity and his cane-bottomed chair, while they squat humbly on their hams "below the board."

My waggons having arrived on the 18th, I received the king in state on the 20th. The thirty Matabele boys having spent the morning in sweeping up the camp, were drawn up as a guard of honour facing the entrance to my camp. This consisted of a row of neat huts built with poles and grass laced with stripes of palm-leaf, the whole being surrounded with a reed fence about nine feet high, in which were neatly made doorways south, east, and west. With the small number of canoes at his disposal the king was only

able to bring a small part of his retinue.

The councillors and his band having preceded him across the river, awaited his arrival at Coryndon's camp (which was situated about 300 yards from my own), at the landing stage of which the B.S.A. Police, fourteen in number, were drawn up as a guard of honour. The king's arrival about 10.30 was announced by the band striking up, and a general chorus of "Yosho" from the expectant councillors while the guard presented arms. The guard of honour then formed the advance guard, and, followed by the band, preceded the king, accompanied by Major Coryndon and his suite, to the eastern entrance of my camp, where I met him, and after shaking hands conducted him to my hut.

The king's costume was rather remarkable. On his head he wore a black broad-brimmed felt hat over a scarlet night-cap. A long bright blue dressing-gown much embroidered with scarlet braid in Manchester style, a flannel shirt, tweed waistcoat, trousers, and aggressively new yellow boots, completed his costume. This was evidently his holiday attire, for on other days his scarlet night-cap was replaced by a blue Tam-o'-Shanter, and the dressing-gown by a shoddy ulster.

We seated ourselves opposite the door looking out on the river, while the rest of my party were grouped in a circle round us. It was not etiquette for any but the king and his interpreter to enter the hut, so Letia and the councillors remained outside while we carried on a desultory conversation on the subject of our respective journeys, hunting, &c., enlivened by the gentle tinkling of the piano and the subdued singing of the king's choristers. After about half an hour Letia, his son, was introduced and joined our circle. Both he and his father are remarkably intelligent men, and are exceedingly civil and courteous in their bearing. At first the king was evidently very shy and nervous, but even so, he never appeared awkward or ill at ease.

After an hour or more we walked down to the river to inspect the big boat which I had brought up with me, which was then in course of construction. The king and his son, who is a clever carpenter—thanks to the instructions of the French Protestant missionaries at Kazungula—took the greatest interest in the tools of our carpenters as well as in the boat itself. Then followed the inevitable photograph, and the king departed as he had come.

My return visit to the king was made the occasion of a great reception by the king and his people. We crossed in several canoes, and on arriving at the landing-stage were met by Letia and some of the chief councillors. A wide path had been cleared from the river-edge to the king's *kothla* or council-chamber, and on either side were crowded various detachments of Barotse, who as we passed greeted Letia with a loud and prolonged chorus of "Yosho," a salute only offered to royalty, accompanied by hand-clapping and constant prostration of the body to the ground.

The king's camp consisted of groups of long huts divided and surrounded by a high reed fence, and the whole of the camp was floored with a smooth even surface of sun-dried clay, and kept scrupulously clean swept and garnished. The *kothla* was situated outside the camp itself. At the entrance of the latter we were met by the king in person with his interpreter,

and then proceeded to the *kothla*, where we discussed various ordinary topics for about half an hour, after which, on my suggestion, we adjourned to the king's private audience chamber, a cool shady retreat formed by reed mats hung upon poles. At this point the majority of my party left to view the Falls from the north bank, while Coryndon, Blanckenberg, Worthington, and I remained to discuss the new concession with the king and his councillors, who were formally introduced to me.

After a discussion lasting for several hours we rose to leave, and rode on to join the rest of our party at the Falls, which we reached at about four o'clock ravenously hungry, and there we had luncheon. The sun was sinking fast, and we had to hurry in order to get across the river before it was dark. The views on the river as we returned were exquisitely beautiful.

The following day we again repaired to the king's camp and continued our discussion about the new concession, the king and his councillors entering into every detail, and discussing every point backwards and forwards. Returning about two o'clock, we left after luncheon on horseback for some islands about nine or ten miles up the river to try and get hippo. Our canoes made a parallel journey along the bank, and their progress was so slow that we only got about five miles before dark came on, and we had to camp for the night about four miles short of our intended destination. This was unfortunate, as we had meant to get on to the islands at sunrise next morning; but the canoes could not start before it was light, and it was ten o'clock before we found ourselves on the scene of the hunt, by which time the hippo were all off the land and disporting themselves in the middle of the river.

We could see the heads of eight or nine as they rose to the surface either to breathe or to sun themselves on the top of the water, and we determined to send two rifles across on to a large island whilst Gielgud and I remained on the southern bank, and Coryndon went in a canoe to try and drive the hippo down to within shot of one or other of us. A few moved up towards the island, where my brother Dick and Coope had taken up their stands, but none came within shot of either Gielgud or myself. After waiting some hours, in the course of which Dick had a few long shots, we returned to camp. Hippo-hunting is a poor sport, as there is no excitement such as one gets in galloping or stalking game; and even if a hippo is killed, it sinks for several hours and may not be found for days, so that one never knows the immediate result of one's shooting.

We came back to our standing camp about four o'clock, and the following day I again visited the king, hoping to conclude my business with him and his people. Twelve o'clock came, and we had yet much to discuss; so as the king was to come to lunch, and we intended to have a gymkhana meeting in the afternoon, I postponed the final settlement till the next day. Returning to my camp, we had to wait two and a half hours for his majesty, who arrived at 3.30 instead of one o'clock, so that I put off the sports till the following day, on the morning of which I finally settled all points at issue. The whole of the new concession had been read and interpreted clause by clause to the king and his people, who expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with its terms.

That afternoon we held the first

meeting of the Victoria Falls Turf Club under the patronage of the Royal Family of Barotseland. Coryndon and Coope had laid out a small course and organised an excellent programme. The royal stand consisted of a buck-waggon covered with chairs on which sat the king, Letia, the Gambella, and other members of the court. Nothing could have been more successful, and the king was hugely delighted with the fun. A bending race, steeplechase, V.C. race, postilion race, and several foot-races formed the various events. The foot-race for natives was most amusing. There were nearly a hundred competitors all in the wildest state of excitement. The Barotse, I regret to say, completely defeated the Matabele; but Sikobokobo, my induna, gravely informed me that this was only because I had fed the Matabeles so much better than the king fed the Barotse that they were far too fat to run.

After the meeting I escorted the king to the water's edge and there wished him good-bye. At parting the king handed me a very handsome *kaross* of his own making and two "royal" mats, which he asked me to give to my wife as a present from himself. Letia also presented me with a beautiful rug of evenly matched leopard-skins. In addition to these presents the king had also sent me over seven oxen for slaughter purposes, and his son gave me a cow. The Zambezi cows are very diminutive in size, but good milkers. They are graceful little beasts, some of them not more than thirteen hands high at the wither; but the oxen are much larger, and resemble the Mangwato cattle in the wide spread of the horn.

Each morning a messenger had come over from the king's camp to express the hope that I had slept well. He usually brought with him some present—a basket of some sweet potatoes or some fish; and I invariably returned the compliment by writing a note to inquire after the king's health. He was much pleased at being presented with a double-barrelled rifle and two salted horses, and we parted the best of friends.

In the evening all the police came to my camp for a "sing-song" round a huge wood-fire, and it was nearly midnight when the National Anthem rang out over the waters of the Upper Zambezi.

WANKIE.

My plans for my return journey were: to send my waggons back by the ordinary transport road *viâ* Pandamatenka, while with a small party and a pack-train, I made my way to Wankie's kraal, which is about 110 miles from the Falls, south-west of the junction of the Zambezi and the Gwaai. We had the usual difficulty experienced by travellers in South Africa of obtaining the requisite number of carriers, but two days after my final interview with Lewanika I got a sufficient number to carry my goods as far as Wankie's, and I got away on the 29th of June with fifty carriers, thirty Matabele boys, and my pack-train of six mules and twelve donkeys. I took no police escort, as every additional white man meant more carriers, and it had taken two whole weeks to get only fifty men together. My brother came with me, also Gielgud,

Coope, Dr Ellis, Blanckenberg, and Rodger.

We followed the Pandamatenka road for about twenty miles, as far as "September's" kraal, where we were able to secure a good guide, who took us south-east along a faintly-defined track to Wankie's. The road was very rough and mountainous, and much of it lay through thick bush, where we had to cut a way for the mules and donkeys. In many places riding was an impossibility,—one could only lead one's horse up and down the steep mountain passes and through the dense thickets of thorn scrub covering the hills over which we scrambled. Once, as we were climbing up the side of a high and steep kopje, I saw two of the donkeys roll over and over, taking one of the boys with them into the dry river-bed below; but they all three picked themselves up, and when the dislocated packs were readjusted, went on their way quite unconcernedly.

We were crossing the Sijalila range of mountains, and nothing could be more desolate and dreary than their aspect at this season of the year. At intervals the bush was broken by thick belts of gaunt mapani-trees, with here and there a clump of huge and hideous baobabs. The trees were bare and leafless, and the grass scanty and dry. Not a bird nor a beast was to be seen, save occasionally a vulture soaring overhead, or a lizard scuttling through the rocks. So grim, so silent, it seemed like some enchanted forest—

"Where, as they say, at some hours of the night
Spirits resort."

On July 1 we came to an open glade in the hills, and I caught sight of some half-dozen natives crossing the valley in front of us. As it turned out, they were carrying our mails from Bulawayo to the river. It was great luck to catch them thus, and letters and papers were welcome. At the Deka river we found a few squalid huts, and along the banks of the river were old mealie-fields full of pheasants and guinea-fowl, wherewith we replenished our larder. It took us seven days to reach Wankie's kraal. Here I spent a couple of days trying to obtain carriers and guides to take me to Sansarri's kraal on the Zambezi; but I found it would take me so long to make this detour to the north-east, and the difficulty of getting carriers and grain wherewith to feed them was so great, that I abandoned my intention of visiting Sansarri, and resolved to strike due east to the junction of the Gwaai and the Shangaani. The latter river I might thus follow to the point where it cuts the road along which King Lobengula made his last journey when flying from Jameson's victorious troops in 1893.

Wankie is a feeble induna, and has but slight control over his people. Their kraals are scattered over a wide area at great distances from one another, and they are very shy and disinclined to render any assistance to travellers. Even with Wankie's help we had considerable difficulty in getting the few men that we wanted, and in trading a few pannikins of meal from his people. Yet these had had good crops, and there was abundance of grain at the kraals.

At some of the villages the sight of our horses caused great excitement, especially among the women, as most of them had never seen a horse in all their lives till now. At eight o'clock on the morning of July 10 we came to the top of a high hill, at the foot

of which ran the Gwaai through a narrow gorge in the mountains, and from here we got a beautiful view of the river. Hereabouts it *is* river and not a mere bed of sand. It took us some time to find a crossing, but eventually I struck a game-path running down the hillside, a narrow valley made through the interlaced branches of the trees by the hippos forcing their clumsy frames through the tangled undergrowth. I followed the track to the water's edge, and found a good ford over the rocky bed of the stream, where we were able to cross. It was nearly forty-eight hours since we had been able to give our animals a drink of water, and they were not slow to plunge into the stream and drink their fill. On the eastern bank I selected a delightful spot for a camp in a belt of tall mapanis, and here I resolved to stay while Gielgud went on with a couple of boys to see if he could strike the Shangaani within a reasonable distance.

Since leaving the Zambezi we had been very unfortunate in the matter of killing any big game. We had, it is true, had an occasional glance of a sable antelope or a water-buck flying through the bush as we marched along, but none of us had anything like a fair chance at one of them. Here I hoped to find game, for there was plenty of fresh spoor of lions, hippo, water-buck, 'mpalla, &c., and I thought that if only we could devote a little time to a hunt we must be more lucky. However, it was not to be: I saw a troop or two of 'mpalla, but could not get a shot, and my brother's experience was the same.

We had not parted from Gielgud for twenty-four hours when one of his boys returned with a note to say that he had reached the Shangaani about ten miles ahead; and as soon as we could pack up we started on his tracks, reaching his camp at 8 A.M. the following day. He had killed an 'mpalla and a bush-pig, and there was abundant spoor of zebra and koodoo all round; but I had no wish to linger thereabouts, for the country was covered with dense belts of almost impenetrable scrub, and any chance of a successful hunt seemed remote. We held a council of war here, and settled that Gielgud and my brother, who had no reason for hurrying back to Bulawayo, should stop and hunt along the Kana river from where it runs into the Shangaani, and try their luck to the north, while I followed the Shangaani as far as the Lupani river, where my Matabele boys assured me I should find lots of water and lots of game, and where I intended to spend a few days. My brother was more fortunate than I, for in the next three weeks he and Gielgud bagged about thirty head of big buck. I, less happy, reached the Lupani only to find a small water-hole in the bed of what should have been a running stream, and consequently not a head of game within miles of the spot. There was nothing to be done but push on to my journey's end, though my carriers were beginning to show signs of fatigue. The nights now were bitterly cold, and the Zambezi boys were ill equipped for a temperature of 30° or less, their sole covering a strip of calico hanging from their loins. I gave them as many old sacks as I could collect, and at night two long logs of wood, set about five feet apart, served as pillows for each party of twelve, who lay down "heads and feet" in alternate batches of three, all packed together as closely as possible, with the sacks thrown over the lot and a row of fires on

either side. They were a quaint enough sight.

At times we woke to find the country enveloped in a dense mist called by the natives *magasi*, and then, indeed, it was hard work to keep the boys moving. I have never been colder than on one such morning as we came up the valley of the Gwamba. The grass, through which we passed in Indian file, was seven or eight feet high and dripping wet. A cold wind drove the mist on to our faces, cutting our cheeks like sleet before a north-easter, and it was not till nine o'clock that the sun, merciful in his strength, rolled away the clouds, and we were warm and dry once more. Just here, too, was a miracle of luck, for actually we came across another party of boys making their way to the north with our English mail.

I rested a day or two on the Gwamba, for the boys were quite knocked up. From here we had a long trek through thick bush to the Bembezi river. The day was grilling hot and we travelled slowly —in fact some of the carriers did not reach camp till the following morning. At the river I met Captain Carden, who had come out to meet me with fresh horses and a light waggon-load of supplies. A bottle of foaming lager-beer at the end of a long hot ride was very delicious. On my arrival Queen Losekei came to pay her respects. She is a very tall handsome woman of very ample proportions. She was one of Lobengula's favourite wives, in spite of the constant trouble at court caused by her jealousy and love of intrigue. It was mainly due to her influence that Lobengula condemned to death his favourite sister. A young woman still, her ambition and love of power are a thorn in the side of the Government induna of the district, for she is perpetually finding petty ways of belittling him in the eyes of his people. Four more of Loben's queens live with her, but they are all insignificant personages by the side of Losekei, whose quick intelligence and ready wit make her remarkable among Matabele women.

I knew that with a fresh horse I could easily cover in one day the sixty miles that lay between the Bembezi and Bulawayo. Our nags were stale and leg-weary, and it was a refreshing experience to be on a quick active little horse that I picked from Carden's lot. I off-saddled for a couple of hours at Shiloh Police Fort, and it was nearly 10 P.M. when I rode down the main street of Bulawayo on July 23, after an absence of nearly three months. The brilliant electric lamps reflected in the plate-glass windows reminded me that I was back once more in civilised regions. I realised the fact with a sigh, for I knew that I should often long for the freedom and unconventionality which, with the constant variety of incident and the possibility of excitement and occasionally danger, give a peculiar charm to life on the African veldt.

THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH.

THE primitive Church was the Church of the first and second Christian centuries: that of the days when Christians were few and poor, weak, scorned, persecuted, and slandered; when the power, wealth, and culture of the world were arrayed against them; when men had no worldly reasons for professing a faith for which some even suffered death: an evil age, in which the simple and upright life of the poor slaves and peasants, who first found comfort in Christian teaching, shamed the cruelty, luxury, and selfishness of the great, and won respect and admiration even from bitter enemies. We know with certainty, from the writings of these two centuries, what were the customs and beliefs of the small scattered congregations in Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, Greece, and Rome, and later in Egypt and at Carthage. They may be gleaned from the pages of Justin Martyr in Palestine, of Clement in Rome, of Irenæus in Gaul, of Tertullian in Africa, and of Clement in Alexandria; from the few fragments of inscription remaining in East and West, and from the lately recovered 'Teaching of the Apostles,' which represents apparently the customs of the Ebionite or "poor" congregations of Bashan.

The early fathers were very human, and differed from one another in many beliefs and opinions. Not one of them would have escaped the stake as a heretic in the twelfth century, had he then advocated one or more of his peculiar views. But in the primitive ages they spoke freely and with wonderful boldness, denouncing the evils of paganism, and exhorting their brethren to lead the higher life according to a purely Christian standard. It is strange, at a time when questions of ritual are fiercely argued among us, that so little reference is to be found to the known customs and teaching of the primitive Church.

The Church had two distinctive sacraments, that of communion and that of baptism. Pliny reported, in 112 A.D., that in Pontus the Christians met before dawn and sang hymns to Christ, "as though to God." They gathered afterwards at an "innocent meal," and they taught the simplest human duties, swearing to observe the moral law, against which there is no condemnation. Their crime lay in refusing incense to the deified Cæsar, a scruple leading to suspicions of treason. Their meetings were held on a "stated day," and were apparently secret, because the Christian societies were not enrolled among the licensed clubs of the empire. In Palestine the brethren met on Sunday, to read the Prophets and the teaching of apostles, to sing hymns and offer prayers, and to join in the *agapæ* or social meals, during the course of which wine mingled with water, and bread, were set before the presiding brother, who gave thanks to God "through" Christ and the Spirit, for these blessings; and all the people answered Amen. This ceremony they called eucharist or "thanksgiving," and the president offered these prayers "as well as he could," in memory of that last supper commanded by Him who spoke while yet in the flesh, and while His blood was yet unshed. It was the "figure" or "antitype"

—the emblem, they said—of His passion; the "commemoration," as Cyprian calls it two hundred years after the crucifixion.

In the 'Teaching of the Apostles' we are told that thanks were given for the bread and wine, and for the light and immortality revealed by "Jesus Thy Servant"; while the bread kneaded into one loaf was the emblem of the Church, to be gathered in one before the last day, but now scattered on the mountains. With the exception of this short prayer there was no liturgy, but president or prophet gave thanks as he thought fit. The elements so blessed were given by the deacons (or Levites as they were otherwise called) to every man and woman who was present, and who had been baptised. They were carried to the sick; and even to weakly children or babes who had been baptised the cup was administered. The portions, so received with due reverence, were often taken home by the members, and eaten on week-days before their first meal. The Sunday common meal celebrated at night, or early before the dawn, was a mystery to be guarded against all who were not baptised, and it became the cause of many slanderous accusations, among the furious mobs and angry priests who—rather than the Roman governors—were to be feared as persecutors. The table was supplied by the gifts brought by the brethren according to their means — gifts of meat, fowls, cheese, vegetables, grapes, oil, milk, and honey, salt, and fishes, as well as bread and wine. The kiss of peace was given and received by all after the supper, and before the eucharist; and collections of money were then made for the poor.

The other sacrament, that of baptism, was administered to the converts, and even at times to children and babes, when in danger of death before they had been received into the number of the brethren. It was not necessary or possible that the sponsor, who was to answer for the good life of the neophyte, should be always one of the parents, for such parents might still be heathens. The brethren met at some praying-place by a river or spring, and the baptism was always, if possible, in running water, wherein the new member was to stand, for immersion or for sprinkling. The president or bishop placed his hands on the head of the neophyte in confirmation, when he came out of the water, and henceforth he was received at the table, and admitted to the mystery of the eucharist.

The ordinary dress of these Christians was in no wise distinctive, except in its greater sobriety and modesty, as compared with that of the heathen. They were exhorted to shun luxury and extravagance, the scandalous sights of the theatre, the cruel shows of the public games. They were forbidden the frightful crime of infanticide, then so common in the Roman world, and warned against the superstitious practices and beliefs of wizards and other impostors, who then preyed on the fears of the ignorant. Their communities were directed by "elders" and "overseers," aided by deacons or "ministers"; but such leaders did not claim to be a sacred caste, or a sacrificing hierarchy. Tertullian says that the Christians had no altars; that they never spent a penny on incense, or "exposed useless candles at noonday." The terms bishop, presbyter, and deacon were ordinary civil terms, in use among other societies of the empire which were not Christian. We have even

inscriptions of heathen bishops who administered the revenue of temples in Syria, and elsewhere; of heathen presbyters in an Egyptian temple of the time of Cleopatra; and of heathen deacons in Asia Minor. Bishops were chosen by the congregation, usually from the presbyters; but sometimes, by acclamation, a layman might be so selected — like Cyprian, who was a neophyte, or in later times Ambrose, and Martin of Tours. Being perforce members of secret associations, the brethren were known to one another by secret signs. On their signets were engraved the fish, the anchor, the dove, the ship, the lyre; but never, until the fourth century, was the cross so used as a visible sign. The fathers indignantly deny the heathen accusation that Christians worshipped a cross, and they flung it back on the accusers themselves. Yet it would appear that from about 150 A.D. Christians crossed themselves, either as a token mutually understood, or as a memorial of their faith.

Such, then, were the primitive rites and customs of all churches. Already, however, innumerable sects of so-called Gnostics had arisen, whose Christianity was mingled with paganism; who, feeling the influence of Christian character and conduct, attempted to reconcile the faith with the science and philosophy of the age, or to combine the Christian system with the mysteries of Eleusis, and with the religions of Italy, Greece, Egypt, and Persia, with the Buddhist customs, or with Stoic teaching. The endless disputes of these new teachers brought scandal on the faith, and were among the greatest dangers of the infant Church. Many of her later errors are traceable to the influence of the great Gnostic schools.

After the Decian persecution the Christians, constantly increasing in numbers, were silently tolerated, and their bishops appear to have even attained to a recognised position. Thus in the third century the organisation of the Church became more complete, and the influence of the clergy more powerful. Cyprian is the most clerically minded of the early fathers, and the great advocate for unity among the churches. Yet he stoutly maintained his independence against the pretensions of the Bishop of Rome, when he wrote to Cornelius as *collega nostra*, and claimed equal authority for other apostles besides Peter. In his time, however, the primitive purity of teaching was already decaying; and the word *sacerdos* for priest, with the word *altare* for the table, appear in his writings — a perilous approximation to the language of surrounding heathenism. By 200 A.D. the churches had made such progress that men of even the highest position, persons of all ages and conditions and of both sexes, were joining the ranks, and Christianity was becoming a political power not to be disregarded by wise rulers. The faith, however, still struggled with new religions, which equally attracted popular attention. The seductive rites of Isis-worship seized on the Roman imagination. Its fasts and austerities, its long processions of shaven priests and vestals, its litanies, and its images of the goddess and infant god, its wine-cup and *mest* wafers, its celebration of the resurrection of Osiris, its vestments and incense, and holy water of the Nile,—displaced in Rome itself the older belief in Jove. The mysteries of Mithra, brought home by Pompey's soldiers, equally drew the fancy of the ignorant.

The cave chapels, secret initiations, pretended tortures, and bloody baptisms of Mithra-worship, were known all over the west, and survived even to the fourth century after Christ. The great ceremony of the *haoma* worship was part of the Mithraic system, in which were offered on an altar both cakes and also the sacred *haoma* drink, which was mystically said to be the body of Mithra the sun-god. The early fathers regarded these rites, and the Mithraic baptism and doctrine of a divine resurrection, as diabolic parodies of Christianity; but these two religions long contested with the Christian faith the supremacy, among Roman subjects, of religious belief.

When at length Christianity triumphed, and became not only tolerated but established by Constantine in 325 A.D., a vast and sudden change was wrought, which revolutionised the conditions of society. The imperial sacrifices were abolished, and imperial favour was shown to Christians only. Worldly motives for the first time led men to conversion, and the fashion set by Helena and her son was followed by great numbers, who yet never in their hearts relinquished their old superstitions. The fathers of the fourth and fifth centuries regarded the change with suspicion and dislike, and spoke boldly against the corruption and scandalous practices which invaded the purer faith of the primitive Church. Chrysostom speaks of the Church as a faded beauty adorned with paint. Jerome, detesting the luxury of the Roman Court of Pope Damasus, called the great city the "scarlet lady." Augustine looked on the Church as a "corpse," dead to the old zeal which persecution had nourished. Basil and the two Gregories lamented the scandals of the pilgrimages, and of the *agapæ*, which had become too costly even in the second century, and which were suppressed in churches by the Council of Laodicea, and by Ambrose in North Italy. The kiss of peace was equally abused, and the nocturnal festivals at martyrs' tombs kept alive, under a pretended Christian sanction, many of the worst customs and superstitions of paganism.

The rites of the Church were naturally affected by the sudden influx of so great a number of converts. Sacraments that were possible among the small primitive congregations became impossible, and had to be changed. In the third century there were already small buildings called "synagogues," or *ecclesiæ*, where services were conducted; but Constantine began to build the first basilicas fitted to hold large congregations. In the West the apse was at the west end, but in Asia it was on the east; and curtains divided off the *bema* or choir from the rest of the basilica. Within these stood the wooden table of the eucharistic rite, and behind it, facing the congregation, sat the bishop or presbyter facing east at Rome, but west in Asia. Not until the ordinary service was ended, and the deacons had carefully excluded all among the worshippers who were unbaptised, were the curtains drawn and the mysteries displayed to the faithful. Thus no profanation of the rite could be due to the mocking of unbelievers, though nothing was hidden from the believer. But it was no longer possible among so many to conduct, with the primitive purity, the simple rites of a social meal. The eucharist was thus divorced from its original connection with the *agape*,

which now only celebrated certain events, such as birthdays, weddings, burials, and the dedication of the churches. In the Thebaid, however, the original rite survived among small outlying congregations, being still celebrated on Saturday evenings. In the Church generally the eucharist was celebrated both in the morning and in the evening, on Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday, and sometimes on Saturday also. It was a universal custom to so celebrate in the evening, on the anniversary of the Last Supper every year. In the fifth century daily communion is noticed by Augustine in Africa.

The congregations still brought their gifts and laid them on the table: the deacons still gave to all who were present both the bread and the wine: the carrying away of portions, in caskets and phials, was only forbidden because the new converts came to regard the elements as charms, whereby incantations might be wrought, and even used the holy bread for poultices. The custom of reserving for two or three days (especially in Lent) a portion for the sick thus arose, and on the table was some kind of ark or pyx for its reception. The offering of corn, oil, and grapes on the table also fell into disuse, and first-fruits were presented to the clergy at their homes. But the laity were not as yet excluded from the choir, and men and women alike came up to the table, reverently to receive their portion of both bread and wine.

The baptismal ceremonies were in like manner modified to suit the new conditions, and Cyril of Jerusalem gives us a complete account of the impressive and picturesque rites yearly performed at Jerusalem in the fourth century. The great time of baptism was Easter Eve, and in the dark porch of the new baptisteries the neophytes assembled at dusk, and, facing westwards, renounced the devil and all his works—all the superstitious practices of the age, which they promised never again to use, and all the crimes and sins which disgraced society in those dark times of superstition and social corruption. The baptisteries were only found at the churches proper, in episcopal towns, and not at chapels in the country. They were curtained round, and divided into two basins for the two sexes. The neophytes, usually full-grown persons, — for it was customary among the many to defer baptism even to old age,— were stripped naked and oiled from head to foot. The deacons presided over the rite among the men, and the deaconesses (who were often deacons' wives) over that for the women. The neophyte then stepped into the basin or pool, and was thrice immersed, and confessed his new belief in the Trinity, facing now to the rising sun of the faith, now to the setting sun of the heathenism he had renounced. Coming out of the water, he was wrapped in a white tunic or cowled robe, and received the kiss of peace. He was anointed with the symbol of the chrism, and given milk and honey, as an emblem that he was born again as a child of the Church. The bishop blessed and so confirmed him, and he partook of the Easter communion. But in time, as numbers increased and the bishop had to travel over a larger diocese, the ceremony of confirmation became detached from baptism, until gradually it developed into a separate rite. The infirm, who could not await the seasons of Easter, Pentecost, Epiphany, or

Christmas, which came later to be seasons of baptism, were in the ninth century, and perhaps earlier, christened by affusion in their sick-rooms; and infants in peril of death were similarly baptised: but the usual rite for the adult in good health was presided over by the bishop during the first five centuries, and it was a rite of total immersion. Even when the word "infant" is used, it is not always to be taken in its usual sense in the fourth century, for all neophytes were so called, even when they were old, because they were regarded as the new-born children of the Church.

These, then, were the sacraments of the newly established Catholic Church, and the changes made inevitable by the increase of its numbers. There is no trace of any other purely spiritual rites, for marriage and burial were still civil ceremonies, though the bridal pair might receive a bishop's blessing on their betrothal, and the kiss of peace be given to the dead. Confirmation was not separated from baptism, extreme unction was part of the baptism of the sick, public penance was an occasional and voluntary action, and orders depended still on popular consent, though bishops were appointed by the emperor, and priests approved by the bishop. Nor were liturgies as yet made uniform throughout the churches, though formulated by the fathers of the age, sometimes claiming an origin in an "unwritten tradition" of apostolic times. Italy, Gaul, Greece, Palestine, and Egypt had primitive liturgies by the end of the fourth century, but these differed considerably, and laid the foundation of later peculiarities distinguishing East and West.

Some ritualists have of late gone so far as to say that whatever is taught by the Greek and Roman Churches alike is true. This simple axiom shows much ignorance of Church history; for even supposing that the two imperial Churches were always right, and that Nestorians, Syrians, Armenians, and Copts in the East were as heretical as the Gallic and Irish Churches in the West, or as later Protestants, yet the imperial Churches have often changed their teaching as time went on. Greeks and Romans agreed once in denouncing the theory that the earth moved round the sun. "E pur si muove." A few instances of the practices which were not primitive, but which now exist in East and West alike, will show how unsafe a basis such reasoners have adopted.

Thus, for instance, Christmas Day was unknown to Clement of Alexandria, and only adopted at Antioch from Rome in 376 A.D., according to Chrysostom. The Roman festival coincided with the old *dies natalis Invicti Solis*. Easter in like manner was variously held till 325, when Constantine imposed on the Greek Church the Roman reckoning, which for ever divorced the feast from the Jewish passover. A Lenten fast was no doubt an early Christian custom, and Tertullian speaks of fasting at passover; but Irenæus tells us that some fasted for only "one or two days." They did not fast (in 365 A.D.) on Sunday, and their fasting consisted in eating nothing from sunrise to sunset—like the modern Moslems. Thus on Saturday a fasting communion could be taken in the evening, for many feared to break their fast by the celebration. Fasting was not inculcated till the fourth century, but the Fasting Communion became universal in the time of Augustine. The separation of the

sexes in church was not a primitive custom, but it began to prevail in the third century as congregations increased. Asceticism was not urged by the early fathers, and in the fourth century monasticism was recommended in preference to the hermit's life. The first Christian hermits belong to the third century, though monks had long existed among Jews and Buddhists. Monasteries and convents arose round the hermitages of famous anchorites in the time of Jerome, and monks and nuns were then numerous in Palestine. The movement was one of revolt from the luxury which had then invaded the Church. The custom of mutual confession arose first in the monasteries, and was not generally inculcated till the fifth century. Private confession is scarce noticed by the early fathers, and Chrysostom denounced it, recommending his hearers to confess only to God.

The introduction of pictures and statues into churches was one of the most insidious changes in Christian custom. Tertullian and Clement of Alexandria alike denounced the making of images, as contrary to the second commandment, and as leading to idolatry; and Origen said the same. The early Council of Elvira decreed, in the first years of the fourth century, that "pictures ought not to be in a church, lest what is worshipped and adored be painted on walls." Augustine says, "Who is there who worships an image, or prays looking at it, and is not so affected as to fancy that he is heard by it?" Eusebius says that pictures of Christ were nowhere to be seen, but everywhere driven out of churches. Chrysostom says even as late as 398 A.D. that no images of saints existed. In the fourth century the only adornment allowed was the cross, on the walls or over the entrance-door of house or church. It was not till the fifth century that mosaics and pictures, statues and images, crept into use. In the time of Augustine the representations of Christ differed from each other so greatly as to show that no traditional type existed, and the early fathers had no knowledge of His features. Irenæus denounced the Gnostic portrait said to have been made for Pilate; but Eusebius believed in the authenticity of certain icons of Christ, Peter, and Paul, and in the Virgin's portrait painted by Luke. By the seventh century a picture of the Saviour at Jerusalem was believed to have been painted by His mother. In the fourth century also icons "not made by hands" were adored as wonder-working images; but the types of Christ differed still in the eighth century, when John of Damascus described that now generally accepted. In earlier times the Good Shepherd, as carved on chalices or represented in catacomb frescoes, was indistinguishable from the Roman figure of the lamb-bearing Apollo. In the fifth century martyrs and saints first were represented on the walls of churches, with martyrdom scenes, and Old Testament subjects, and somewhat later the New Testament miracles were added. Peter and Paul were then portrayed, but representations of the Deity were forbidden. The belief in miracles worked by icons immediately arose, and the superstitions of pagan idolatry were transferred to Christian images. The Popes then excused such customs, on the ground that the ignorant could only be taught by aid of pictures, though they still deprecated any actual adoration of images. In the eighth century

Leo the Isaurian attempted to root out such superstition, and was opposed both by John of Damascus (who had once been a Moslem himself) and by the Pope. In 741 A.D. the pictures were scraped from the walls of Eastern churches, the wonder-working statues having been destroyed ten years before. Even picture-books and altar-cloths were then defaced; but what Leo and Constantine V. forbade was re-established by the Empresses Irene and Theodora. How late was the introduction of the icons may be judged by the fact that the Nestorians, who seceded in 451 A.D., have neither pictures nor images to the present day. Yet in the sixth century Pope Gregory reproved the Bishop of Marseilles, who had destroyed the images in Gallic churches as leading to idolatry. The experience of the Church has been that such images inevitably become objects of worship to the ignorant; and the danger is as great now as it was in earlier times. The intercession of saints was prayed for in the liturgy of Jerusalem in the fourth century, but prayers to saints and martyrs were unknown until their pictures came to be set up in churches; and even the precaution of placing these too high on the walls to be kissed was found not to prevent superstitious practices. When this was ordered in 716, John of Damascus demanded the right of "worshipping and kissing and embracing the icon both with lips and heart." The use of such emblems as the lamb, the dove, or the fish, in the earlier centuries, was intended to be a bar to such idolatry; but even these were distasteful to the fathers of the second century.

The use of incense in churches was forbidden as a heathen custom till the fifth century. The use of holy water was equally denounced as a practice of the pagan priests of Rome, and of the ritual of Isis. The asperging of Julian in Gaul, by a priest, is perhaps the earliest instance of the introduction of this corruption, which became a source of superstition in the fifth century. The wonder-working power of the relics of martyrs began to be believed towards the close of the fourth century, and almost immediately after we find complaint made of the sale of forged relics, both in the East and in the West. The sale of relics was forbidden by Theodosius, yet they constantly increased in numbers and in importance, until the holy table was converted into an altar to hold them. In the fifth century also *ex voto* offerings began to be hung on church walls—a custom which was of heathen origin. The use of lights, which, as above said, was forbidden in the second century in the daytime, crept in in the fifth century. The Mithraic altars had much earlier supported candles; but these may have been necessary in underground chapels. Jerome wrote that it was slanderous to say that wax-tapers were burned "in clear light"; but Paulinus of Nola in 407 A.D. so decorated his church on festivals. By the close of the fourth century the laity were excluded from the *bema* or altar inclosure, and the reservation of the eucharist had become usual. Pilgrimages, though common to all heathen religions, only began to be usual in the fourth century among Christians. They were regarded with little favour by most of the great fathers of that age. Processions were equally characteristic of paganism, and were also introduced after the establishment of the Church.

Turning from the practices com-

mon to East and West, we may consider those which were peculiar to Rome. In the sixth century Pope Gregory explained to Augustine of Canterbury a policy which was of very doubtful value, and which contrasts strongly with the bold denunciation of paganism found among all writers of the primitive Church. He held that men must be led gradually to Christianity, and could not at one bound be converted to the truth. Hence though Saxon idols were to be destroyed, their temples were to be re-dedicated as churches, being sprinkled with holy water, and fitted with an altar containing relics. Even the pagan sacrifices of oxen were to be allowed, but to be offered on saints' days. It was easy to condone such practices, but it required the Reformation to root them out. In like manner Constantine had re-dedicated temples; and a faded cross still remains painted on an apse in the great Baalbek inclosure; but the result of such compromise was the increase of superstition in the Eastern Church, when it began to palter with heathen customs.

The dress of the Roman clergy in the second century was only distinguishable from that of the laity by certain garments which had belonged to pagan priests. It came after five hundred years to be distinctive, because it was then archaic—just as many of our official robes have now become. The alb, whence the surplice has descended, was once worn by laymen as well as by priests of Isis. The chasuble was equally a civil dress in the days of Augustine in Africa —a kind of *haik*, such as is worn by the Moors. The Pope checked the tendency of the clergy to wear civil costume in the sixth century, because of the luxury and extravagance of the new fashions. The mitre was not recognised till the ninth century, and was a Persian priestly head-dress, which Clement of Alexandria condemns as connected with the Eleusinian rites. The pastoral crook was equally suggestive of the augur's *lituus*, and is only traced to about 430 A.D. The stole, which was originally a Roman matron's garb, came into ecclesiastical use after 800 A.D., though some such vestment was used by pagan priests, as was also the amice, mentioned by Virgil in connection with prayer. The cope or cape was an outdoor civil dress: the pallium or bishop's band is not known before 514 A.D. Most of these vestments have no counterpart in the East, where bishops wear crowns, and where the original civil dress had differed from that of Italy in the earlier Christian age.

Among other Roman characteristics was the introduction of the word *missa*, or mass, the origin of which is not very certainly explicable. In the fifth century the baldachino took the place of the older curtains, whereas in the East they were converted into a screen called the iconostasis, both being connected with the exclusion of the laity from the table. The Roman tonsure belongs to the sixth century, and the introduction of the crucifix into churches to the seventh century, when also unleavened bread for the Eucharist appeared as a Roman innovation. The eighth century saw the first use of the elevation of the Host, the introduction of the Agnus Dei, the Gregorian Liturgy excluding all others, the use of the maniple, and the commutation of penances by money payment, which was the origin of indulgences. Celibacy of the clergy, which has never prevailed in the East, and which

is clearly contrary to the teaching of the primitive Church, began to be enforced in the tenth century, when also the table had become an altar fixed against the wall, so that the priest now began to turn his face from the congregation. In the eleventh century cardinals appeared, and by the twelfth the Roman Church denied the cup to the laity, and had brought in the sub-order of acolytes, the use of fonts for infant baptism, and the swinging censer for incense. Thus by the time of the Crusades Roman ritual and doctrine had been developed in a manner quite different to that of the Eastern Church. Its vestments, its rites, its churches, its dogmas, were all peculiar to itself, and very similar to those of the present age. But the Greeks and other Orientals had equally departed from the simplicity of the primitive Church, and of the early fathers.

If, then, such practices as are now recommended to us are taught to be those of the earliest ages and of the Catholic Church, it can be only through ignorance, or wilfully, that they are so represented. The use of bells at the communion, the unleavened wafer, the crucifix, the adoration of statues, the vestments noted, the word mass, the altar, the baldachino, are not Catholic but Roman. Incense, holy water, the confessional, orders of monks and nuns, the Fasting Communion, are not primitive features, and are all condemned by various fathers of the Church. Many of these rites and customs are directly of heathen origin, and are as such to be condemned as tending to superstition.

The great Reformation of the sixteenth century aimed at restoring the primitive purity of the Church. It embraced three separate movements: the political, which High Churchmen now seek to discredit; the popular puritan tendency, which resulted from translation of the Bible; and the "new learning," which spread among the cultured and literary. The last feature is specially important in connection with ritual. We are asked to believe that men like Erasmus, Luther, and Calvin knew nothing of the history of that Church of which they denounced the corruption; and that the editors of our Prayer-book were ignorant of that "godly and decent order of the ancient fathers" to which they appeal. If they abolished certain rites and practices, it was because they knew them not to be primitive, and not to be Catholic, but to be later Romanist inventions; for, "what would Augustine have said if he had seen the Ceremonies of late days used among us?" They knew, and they said, that ceremonies must change in time; and they did not attempt to revive any because they were primitive, if they were unsuited to the times, and were not commanded in the Bible. But their intention was to restore purity of teaching and of ritual, and to go back to the early simplicity of the faith. Therefore they rightly said that the "Romish doctrine concerning Purgatory, Pardons, Worshipping and Adoration, as well of Images as of Reliques, and also Invocation of Saints, is a fond thing vainly invented"; and they denounced the sacrifices of masses as "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits." There is no doubt what they meant, or how they arrived at such conclusions.

Protestants have no reason to fear an appeal to the ancient fathers, for the intention of the Reformers was to revive the sim-

plicity of the primitive Church. Are we to forget all that was suffered by Lutherans, and by Huguenots, and by those who

> "kept the Faith so pure of old,
> When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,"

and are we to believe those who ignore the history of the Church, which even men noted for High Church tendencies have acknowledged; who are so little acquainted with history and with oriental rites as to represent things purely Roman in origin as practices of the Catholic Church; who listen to the Jesuitical allurements of men as imperfectly taught as themselves, and so mislead their flocks?

We are not living in the fifth century, when bishops were regarded as "gods on earth"; when the laity had lost their early and just share of Church government, and had been excluded from the chancel. We know now that the very term bishop is of civil origin, and denotes the administrator who was chosen by "popular suffrage," as even Cyprian admits, though by consent of his brother bishops. The Church of England got on without bishops once for a generation, and England revolted against Laud's attempt to lead her Romewards. So it might be again: the laity still claim to be something more in the Church than mere children to be bidden by the priest. The Presbyterian Churches have peace because they recognise this right, which is both primitive and just; and the nation generally will never again consent to take on its neck an ecclesiastical yoke.

Protestantism therefore is the nearest known approach to the primitive Church. It is the religion of freemen, and that of the large class who will not bind themselves to any particular sect. It is the religion not only of the remote past, but of the present and of the near future: the only means whereby the Church may continue to keep touch with the world. But in the words of the English Prayer-book as to Ceremonies—

> "Some have entered into the Church by undiscreet devotion, and such a zeal as was without knowledge; and for because they were winked at in the beginning, they grew daily to more and more abuses, which not only for their unprofitableness, but also because they have much blinded the people, and obscured the glory of God, are worthy to be cut away, and clean rejected. . . . And although the keeping or omitting of a Ceremony, in itself considered, is but a small thing; yet the wilful and contemptuous transgression and breaking of a common order and discipline is no small offence. . . . Therefore no man ought to take in hand, nor presume to appoint or alter any public or common Order in Christ's Church, except he be lawfully called and authorised thereunto."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHILD.[1]

CHAPTER IX.—MY FRIEND MARY ANN.

SEVEN has been described as the age of reason. I am curious to know why, since many of us at fifty can hardly be said to have attained that rare and sublime period. John Stuart Mill, for his misfortune, at seven may have discovered some rudimentary development of sense, but no other child of my acquaintance past or present. But if seven is not marked for me by the dawn of reason, it is important as the start of continuous reminiscence.

Memory is no longer fragmentary and episodic. Life here begins to be a story, ever broken, ever clouded, with radiant hours amid its many sadnesses, quaint and adorable surprises ever coming to dry the tears of blank despair and solitude; an Irish melody of mirth and melancholy, all sorts of unimaginable tempests of passion and tears, soothed as instantaneously as evoked, by the quickening touch of rapture and racial buoyancy. Mine was the loneliest, the most tragic of childhoods, yet I doubt if any little creature has ever been more susceptible to the intoxication of laughter, more vividly responsive to every mirthful and emotional claim of life.

After my singular and enchanting experience of the police-station, where, as a rule, the hardened instruments of justice are not permitted to show themselves in so gracious and hospitable a light, it was decided to expatriate the poor little rebel beyond the strip of sullen sea that divides the shamrock shores from the home of the rose. There, at least, vagrant fancies would be safely sheltered behind high conventual walls, and the most unmerciful ladies of Mercy, in a picturesque midland town of England, were requested to train and guide me in the path I was not destined to adorn, or indeed to persevere in.

Pending the accomplishment of my doom, I was removed from the centre of domestic discord and martyrdom to the suburban quiet of my grandmother's house.

This decision had its unexpected compensation. The cross old cook, whom I had not seen since the day I stole her bowl of damson-jam, had disappeared to make way for Mary Ann, the divine, the mysterious, the sublime, the ever-delicious Mary Ann. Where did she come from, whither has she vanished, the soother of the sorrows of those most lamentable days?

Alas! now I know the secret of her enchantment, of those perishable surprises of mood and imagination that so perpetually lifted me out of my miserable self, diverted me in my tragic gloom, and sent me to bed each night in a state of delightful excitement. Mary Ann drank punch, and on the fiery wings of alcoholism wafted herself and me, her astonished satellite, into the land of revelry and mad movement. How ardently, then, I yearned for the reform of poor humanity through the joyous amenities of punch. Had my grandmother up-stairs consumed punch instead of her embittering

[1] Copyright, 1898, by Dodd, Mead & Co. in the United States of America.

egg-flip! Had the ladies of Mercy, my future persecutors, drank punch, the world might have proved a hilarious playground for me instead of a desperate school of adversity.

Mary Ann possessed a single blemish in a nature fashioned to captivate a lonely and excitable child. She worshipped my uncle Lionel. My uncle Lionel was his mother's favourite—a Glasgow lad, my grandfather contemptuously defined him, without the Cameron nose: a fine, handsome, fair young fellow, the picture of my mother, extremely distinguished in manner and appearance, and reputed to be a genius. He is said to have written quantities of superlative verse which he disdained to publish; but as nobody ever saw even the manuscript, we may regard the achievement as apocryphal. He had finished his studies in Paris, which explained a terrifying habit, whenever he met me—frightening the wits out of me the while by his furious look—of bursting out into what I afterwards learnt to be an old French song: "Corbleu, madame, que faites vous ici?"

I wish grown-up persons could realise the shudder of terror that ran through me and momentarily blurred for me the light of day, when I heard that loud voice, encountered the mock ferocity of that blue glance, and then felt myself roughly captured by strong arms, lifted up, and a shaven chin drawn excruciatingly across my tender small visage. These are trifles to read of, but what is a trifle in childhood? A child feeds greedily upon its own excesses of sensation, thrives upon them, or is consumed by them. To these early terrors, these accumulated emotions, these swift alternations of anguish and rapture, which made opening existence for me a sort of swing, perpetually flying and dropping between tears and laughter, from radiant heights, without transition, to pitch darkness, do I attribute the nervous illnesses that have so remorselessly pursued me in after-years. The wonder is the mind itself did not give way.

Big language for a handsome young man with a blonde moustache and an elegant figure to have provoked, with his *Corbleu, madame!* his theatrical fury, and his shaven chin. He now and then gave me a shilling to console me, which shilling I spontaneously offered to Mary Ann, whose real consolation it was, since it filled the steaming glass for her and my friend Dennis, the red-nosed coachman, and permitted me to sit in front of them, a grave and awed spectator of their aged frolics.

Immoral undoubtedly, yet that evening bumper of punch converted Mary Ann into a charming companion. She and the fire in front of us—for it was on the verge of winter—cheered me as I had not yet been cheered since I had left my kind Kildare folk. The tyrants sat above in state, while I, enthralled below, listened to Mary Ann, as she wandered impartially from legend to reminiscence and anecdote, and not infrequently burst into song and dance.

Her sense of hospitality was warm and unlimited. Dennis she welcomed with a "Troth an' 'tis yourself, Dennis, me boy." For me she placed a chair opposite her own, and sometimes, in the midst of her enjoyment, stopped to help me to a spoonful of the stimulating liquid from her tumbler, remarking with a wink that it brightened my eyes and considerably heightened my beauty. It certainly made me cough, sputter, and smartened my eyelids with

the quick sensation of tears, and then she would meditatively refer to the days when she too was young, and had pink cheeks and eyes the boys thought were never intended for the salvation of her soul. I was a curious child, and was eager for an explanation of the dark saying, on which Dennis would chuck my chin, with the liveliest of sympathetic grimaces across at the irresistible Mary Ann, which made the saying darker still, and Mary Ann would fling herself back in her chair convulsed with laughter.

"Ah, Miss Angela, 'twas the devil of a colleen I was in thim days, most outrageous, with a foot, I tell ye, as light as thim cratures as dances be moonlight. Sure didn't I once dance down Rory Evans in the big barn of Farmer Donoghue's at Clonakilty, when there was that cheering, I tell ye, fit to lift the roof off the house."

At this point she invariably illustrated the tale of her terpsichorean prowess in a legendary past by what she called "illigant step dancing," and endeavoured to teach me the Irish jig. She observed with indulgent contempt that I showed a fine capacity for the stamping and whirling and the triumphant shout, but I failed altogether in the noble science of "step-dancing."

But what I preferred to the dancing, exciting as it was, were the ghost stories, the legends of banshees, the thrilling and beautiful tales of the Colleen Bawn and Feeney the Robber. Those two were for long the hero and heroine of my infancy. Gerald Griffin's romance she, oddly enough, knew by heart. I forget now the names of the persons of the drama, but at seven I knew them all as dear and intimate friends: the forlorn young man who wrote those magic lines, "A place in thy memory, dearest" —did even Shelley later ever stir my bosom with fonder and deeper and less lucid emotions than those provoked by those tinkling lines, breathed from the soul of Mary Ann upon the fumes of punch?—the perfidious hero who once, like Mary Ann, drank too much and danced a jig when he ought to have been otherwise engaged, Miles, Anne Chute, and the lovely betrayed Lily.

I knew them all, wept for them as I had never wept for myself, and was only lifted out of a crushing sense of universal woe when Dennis produced an orange, which was his habit whenever he saw me on the point of succumbing under alien disaster.

Sometimes, to entertain my hosts, I would volunteer to warble my strange symphonies, and was never so ecstatically happy as when I felt the tears of musical rapture roll down my cheeks, when Dennis, by way of applause, always observed lugubriously—

"Ah, 'twas the poor master was proud indeed of her voice. 'She'll be a Catherine Hayes yet, you'll see, Denis,' he used to say, 'or maybe she'll compose illigant operas.'"

Alas! I neither sing nor compose, and listen to the singing and the music of others with unemotional quietude. So many different achievements have been fondly expected of me, that I have preferred the alternative of achieving nothing. Better demolish a multitude of expectations than build one's house of the perishable bricks of a single one!

Preparations for my departure around me must have been going on, but I perceived nothing of them. I vaguely remember daily acquaintance with a dame's school in the neighbourhood, whither Mary Ann conducted me every morning. But remembrance confines itself to the first positive

delights of a slate and pencil. Next to my own operas and Mary Ann's stories, I could conceive nothing on earth more fascinating than a clean slate, after I had arduously polished it, a slate-pencil, and leisure to draw what I liked on the blue-grey square. There were little boys and girls on the benches before and behind me, but I only see myself absorbed with my new pleasure, making strokes and curves and letters, and effacing them with impassioned gravity.

CHAPTER X.—THE GREAT NEWS.

A grown-up young lady, with yellow ringlets, in a black-and-white silk dress, paid a visit to my grandmother one day, when I heard myself described as "bold and saucy,"—heaven knows why, since I never uttered a word in that formidable presence, and felt less than a mouse's courage if I but accidentally encountered those severe black eyes. The young lady offered to show me her dolls. I never cared for dolls, and I went without enthusiasm. It was my first glimpse of young luxury. The room in which her treasures were kept seemed to me as large as a chamber of the palaces of story. There were trains, carriages, perambulators, about two dozen dolls of all sizes, with gorgeous wardrobes; there were beds, bonnets, parasols, kitchen utensils, dear little cups; babies in long clothes, peasants, dancing-girls, and queens with crowns on their heads and long cloaks. The young girl was one of the many extinguishable flames of my uncle Lionel, destined, like Goethe, to sigh for one, and then another in sentimental freedom, and end in bondage of an execrable kind. She is blurred for me, but that palatial doll's chamber and all those undreamed-of splendours remain still a vivid vision, like the lovely pantomime, whither Dennis took me with his pockets full of oranges to suck between the acts. Oh, that bewildering paradisiacal sight of the fairies! the speechless emotions of the transformation scene! the thirst, the yearning, for short muslin skirts, and limelight, and feet twinkling rapturously in fairy-land! To be a fairy by night, and possess all the young girl's toys by day! This was the dream harshly broken by the appearance of my sisters, themselves demure little fairies in green silk dresses and poky green silk bonnets.

They lured me out among the dead branches, where the robins were dolefully hopping in search of crumbs, and exclaimed together: "Oh, Angela, wait till you hear the news!"

What news? Why, I was to go away, across the sea, which was always awfully wet, like the pond, only bigger and deeper. A ship, they said, was like those little paper-boats the boys used to make at Kildare, and you sat in it and rocked up and down, unless a shark came and ate you up. Somebody told them that the English were dreadfully proud, and thought no end of themselves, and looked down on the Irish.

"But you must stand up for yourself, Angela. Tell them your father was king of Ireland lots of hundreds of years ago, and that long ago, when the kings lived, all your cousins and brothers were red-cross knights."

"What were red-cross knights?" I asked, deeply impressed.

"Oh, they were men who wore

long cloaks with red crosses on them, and rode about on steeds."

"What's steeds?" I breathlessly inquired.

"Horses," was the pettish answer; "only you know they go quicker than horses, and knights always preferred steeds. And they took things from the rich and gave them to the poor."

"What things?" I again asked.

"Isn't she stupid? I declare she knows nothing. Why, food and money and clothes, to be sure. They'll say the Irish are dreadful ignorant and stupid when they see Angela, won't they?"

A great deal more was of course said between four passionate and voluble children; but all I remember of that winter afternoon was the stupendous news that I was going away in a ship soon across the sea to a foreign land, where I should be submitted to insult, perhaps torture, because I was Irish, if I were not previously devoured by a shark—a creature the more terrible because of my complete ignorance not only of its existence, but of its general features; and the mention of a new animal was something like the menace of the devil: large, luminous, potent, and indistinct. I already knew through Mary Jane that there was a Queen who put Irish people into prison, and entertained herself by hanging them at her leisure, and that evening I startled Mary Ann out of her senses by asking her if it was likely I should be hanged in England like Robert Emmet. And then, in order that she should have a proper notion of the extent of my acquaintance with Robert Emmet, I stood in the middle of the kitchen, with my arms strenuously folded, my brows gathered in a fearful frown to reproduce the attitude of Robert Emmet in the dock, as depicted in the parlour of Mary Jane's mamma.

"You know the English hanged him 'cause he was Irish," I explained, extremely proud to impart my information. "Mary Jane told me so. When I fell into the pond she cried, 'cause she was afraid the Queen would hang her too."

Mary Ann laughed till she wept, and then drying her eyes, vowed she would like to see "thim English" touch a gould hair of my head. "If thim monsthers as much as lay a hand on ye, darlint, you just send me word, and me and Dennis 'll soon come over and whack them all round."

Perfidious Mary Ann! She failed to keep this large and liberal promise when, in my sore hour of need, I indited an ill-spelt epistle to her from Saxon shores, and urged her to come and save me. I did not insist upon the whacking, I only entreated to be taken back to Erin. Probably the letter never reached her.

I think that it was immediately after this engrossing hour that I found Mary Ann sobbing over an open trunk in the lumber-room. "Your very own, alannah; look at the big white letters," she cried, and wiped her eyes in a new linen garment before pressing it into the box. "Thim monsthers can't say as you haven't chimmies fit for any lady of the land. Ye're to wear a black cashmere o' a Sunday, just as if all your relatives was dead. Did ye ever hear the likes?"

I certainly never did, for strange to say I had not worn a black dress after Stevie's death. I did not, however, dislike the notion. Black was not a hue with which I was familiar. Still musing on all the extraordinary things that were continually happening, and wondering whether the eventual climax

of an uncertain career would prove the shark or the gallows, not, however, using this superb word in my reflections on the end of a little girl precariously balanced on the boards of existence, I found myself confronted with my terrible grandmother in a farewell interview.

She was propped up with pillows, and her eternal egg-flip was beside her on a little table, along with her prayer-book, her spectacles, her rosary, and her favourite novel, which I afterwards learned was 'Adam Bede.' My mind reverted then, and has since often reverted, to an abominable scene in that same chamber I abhorred. I had been noisy or disobedient, — raced down the passage, or refused to go to bed when uncle Lionel shouted to me from above the kitchen-stairs, probably stamping my foot with the air of a little fury, which was my sad way in those untamed days. With a Napoleonic gesture, my uncle caught my ear, and dragged me into the awful presence. Here he was solemnly ordered to fetch the knife-sharpener, which he did; heated it among the flames till it glowed incandescent scarlet; then, my grandmother looking fiendishly on, gathered me between his knees, held my mouth open with one hand, and approached it to my lips. Of course it did not touch me, but memory shrinks, a blank, into the void of terror.

The precise text of my grandmother's address I forget, but the nature of her harangue is unforgettable. She addressed me as might a magistrate a refractory subject about to be discharged from a reformatory. I was exhorted not to be bold, or bad, or saucy, to say my prayers, to tell the truth, not to thieve (oh! that damson-jam and those coppers), not to get caught again by the police; I was warned that I might drop dead in one of my violent fits of rage, and then I would surely go to hell; was adjured to learn my lessons, to respect my superiors, to break none of the Commandments, to avoid the seven deadly sins, learn the Catechism by heart, with the alternative of having my hair cut short and being sent to the poorhouse. She then held out her yellow hand, and placed a sparkling sovereign in my small palm.

"Don't lose it. There are twenty shillings in it, and in each shilling twelve pennies. Good-bye, and don't forget all I've said."

She shook my hand in her loose gentlemanly fashion, as if I were a young man going to college instead of a baby-girl of seven about to be expatriated alone among strangers, in an alien land, for no conceivable reason but the singular caprice of her who had given me so ill a gift as life. It was the last time I saw my grandmother. I heard soon of her death with complete indifference.

"Polly was a jolly Japanese," sang my uncle cheerily, as he caught me up in his arms, and carried me down to the cab, on which Dennis had placed my trunk. Mary Ann was weeping on the steps. She handed me a bag of gingerbread and two apples, and told me I was not to be "down."

"'Tis yourself that's worth all the English that ever was born," she asserted, and I dolorously assured her that whatever happened, even if the Queen came in person to hang me, I would keep "up."

"That's me hearty," roared Dennis, holding the cab-door. "In with you, and do something for your living."

Uncle Lionel lifted me in, gave me a crown-piece, and to my as-

tonishment kissed both my cheeks without hurting me. He stood on the pavement, handsome, smiling, and elegant, as the cab drove off with solitary, bewildered little me as surely a waif as any orphan. And waving his hand, he turned unconcerned on his heel.

CHAPTER XI.—PREPARING TO FACE THE WORLD.

Was it six weeks or six months since I left that big town house, a disgraced and blighted little being? Time to a child is so unequal a matter. A month may seem a century, a year appear vaguer than a dream. Indeed, I have never yet been able to tell myself how long a space of time actually separated my good-bye to Kildare and my departure for England. Multiplied experiences combined to mislead me.

Simultaneously with the opening of the cab-door opened the big door of my stepfather's house, and a group of little golden heads showed in the dark frame. Feet and hands and voluble lips and eyes played together, and for a very brief while I enjoyed the sensations of a heroine.

This small world was excited prospectively at the thought of my coming adventures. I was soon to represent to them the unknown, the elsewhere, the eternal dream of "far fair foreign lands." Things were to happen to me that never yet happened to mortal. I was to be snubbed by and to subdue a haughty people. Perhaps if I did something extremely outrageous I should be put into prison, with chains round my feet and wrists. Pending which, I was to travel for several hours by land and several hours by water.

"She has come already," they shouted gleefully. "Oh, such a dreadful person, Angela! taller than papa, and the skin is quite tight round her eyes and mouth as if she couldn't laugh."

She was, indeed, an odd-looking woman, the jailer to whom my parents so unconcernedly confided me. Not unkind, but austere and grotesque in her black cap and long black veil. She had left a Tipperary village to become a lady of Mercy in the English convent, and to her was intrusted the care of my deported self. In religion her name was Sister Clare, and the impression she has left on me is that of an inoffensive policeman masquerading in woman's attire, with limbs too long for a decorous management of them, honest, cold blue eyes, and, instead of the vivid hues of life upon the lean cheek, discoloured parchment drawn without a wrinkle tightly over the high-boned impassible visage.

I had the bad taste to show fright upon sight of her lugubrious garb of postulant, and like the little savage I was, passionately declined her proffered kiss; but when my stepfather held me on his knees beside her, and spoke to her with his charming affability, I let myself be coaxed into equable endurance of the queer picture. I saw then that she was not dangerous. Indulgence lurked beneath the austere expression, and if the glance was cold, it was neither hard nor cruel.

Up-stairs in the nursery the hours passed tumultuously in a frenzy of discussion. Each little head was busy forging its theory of deportment and action in circumstances so strange and adventurous as those of a baby girl going out alone among the sharks

and foreigners of a cold undreamed-of world. The immediate fear was that I should disgrace my land by my Kildare accent. My eldest sister contemptuously declared that I talked "just like that disgusting little girl with the oily black ringlets"; and the imminence of a shower at the abrupt reference to the dear and absent Mary Jane, so far away, so unconscious of my perils and terrors and importance, averted an outburst of indignation at the wanton insult cast upon her picturesque head.

It was regarded as an aggravation of my imperfections that I could not write, else I might have kept up the lively excitement of my departure by a raw account of my adventures. But by the time I should have mastered the difficult art of writing and spelling, I should probably have forgotten all my wonderful experiences, and they would have lost all interest in the story of my early travels.

If my mother had been an early Christian or a socialist, she could not have shown herself a more inveterate enemy of personal property. Never through infancy, youth, or middle-age has she permitted any of her offspring to preserve relics, gifts, or souvenirs. Treasures of every kind she pounced upon, and either destroyed or gave away,— partly from a love of inflicting pain, partly from an iconoclastic temper, but more than anything from a despotic ferocity of self-assertion. The preserving of relics, of the thousand and one little absurdities sentiment and fancy ever cling to, implied something beyond her power, something she could not hope to touch or destroy, implied above all an inner life existing independent of her harsh authority. The outward signs of this mental independence she ever ruthlessly effaced.

And my desolation was great when I found the old wooden box I had brought up from Kildare empty of all my beloved little relics of a fugitive happiness and of yearned-for friends. Gone the mug with somebody else's name upon it, gone the plate with the little white knobs and the painted black dog, gone my book about cocks and hens, the gift of that vision of romance, my godfather, swallowed up radiantly in Chinese yellow. Gone, alas! Stevie's 'Robinson Crusoe' and his knife, and every tiny possession of a tiny sentimentalist, whose heart was so famished for love and kind words and kisses, and clung the more eagerly for this to these poor trifles.

I sat on the floor beside my empty box, and refused to be comforted. These things were to have softened the rigours of exile, might have gone with me to the scaffold as sustainment and benediction, if I had the misfortune to rouse the ire of that mysterious being, the Queen, whom Mary Jane depicted as sitting on a high throne, with a crown on her head and a knife in her hand for the necks of the unruly Irish.

But I had nothing now to take to bed with me, nothing to hug and weep over, nothing to tell my sorrows to when the society and persecution of big people become intolerable. I stood, or rather sat, alone in a desolate universe, with the violated coffin of my regrets in front of me. Being worn out with all I had gone through that day, I probably fell asleep sobbing against the empty box, and night robbed me of any further sense of misfortune.

CHAPTER XII.—AN EXILE FROM ERIN.

The next day I was too fully conscious of being the heroine of a sensational drama, to shed tears over my lonely and miserable self. The boat left the North Wall early in the morning, so that toilet, breakfast, farewells were a hurry, a scare, the suspension of feeling in stunned senses. I scarcely tasted tea, but I looked forlornly at the lovely red-and-white cups as big as bowls, which I still remember as a comforting joy to the eye.

All the children around me were stamping and shouting, running every minute between mouthfuls to see if the cab had come, if my box were in the hall, and read aloud the label, "Passenger to Lysterby by Birmingham," in awed tones. It seemed so wonderful to them that I should be described as "passenger" to anywhere. Not a tear was shed by anybody. Only war-whoops and joyous voluble chatter and thrilling orders that rang along the passage like the clarion notes of destiny. Elsewhere hearts under such circumstances might break. Here they only palpitated with delight in the unusual, and the whole party was filled with a like impatience to lead me in triumph down to the cab, not from a heartless desire to get rid of me, but for the grand dramatic instant of farewell. They greedily yearned to bundle me into the fatal vehicle, for the intoxicating novelty of waving their handkerchiefs to me from the doorstep as the cab drove off.

What might follow for me they did not take into account, having neither imagination nor tenderness to help them to look beyond a glowing moment. What would follow for them they were already perfectly aware of: a wild race upstairs, and a whole entrancing afternoon devoted to discussing my departure, voyage, and probable experiences.

My stepfather took me up in his arms, kissed me on both cheeks with his cheery careless affection, and carried me down-stairs. My mother followed with a shawl, and a packet containing cold chicken, bread, cake, and milk.

In the hall the terrible postulant stood waiting for me, and met my scared look with a quick nod, meant to assure me that although her aspect might be that of an ogre, she could be trusted not to devour a little girl. My mother gave her the lunch and the shawl, and told her to keep me warm, as I was not yet recovered from the effects of whooping-cough. Through the open door I saw my box on top of the cab, and it seemed as if hundreds of shrill young voices were shouting blithely to me, "Good-bye, Angela." Quantities of soft young lips strove to kiss me at once, and dancing blue eyes sparkled around me, and gave me the sensation of being already cast out of a warm circle where my empty place would not be felt, where no word of regret would ever be uttered for the unwelcome waif that called them sister.

Without a tear or a word, giving back their joyous "Good-bye" without sorrow or revolt, I carried my numbed little heart into the cab, so alone that the companionship of the postulant offered me no promise of protection or sympathy, and I never once looked at my stepfather sitting opposite me.

So I began my life, and so has it continued. Some obscure instinct of pride compelled me to wave my

handkerchief in response to excited waves of white from the pavement. I looked as if I did not care, and this was the start of a subsequent deliberate development of the "don't care" philosophy, which the good ladies of Mercy triumphantly prophesied would eventually lead me to perdition. To perdition it did not lead me, but to many private hours of despair and suffering, for which I could claim no alleviation in the support of my fellows, since I had chosen the attitude of defiance and "don't care."

Heaven knows how much I cared! what salt passionate tears I wept because I always cared a great deal too much. But this nobody knew. My pride was to pass for a hardened reprobate, and such were my iniquities and the ferocity of that same untamable pride, that if I achieved success in nothing else, here my accomplishment could not be disputed.

I can hardly tell now what were my first definite impressions of a ship and the sea, for it is difficult to recall the time when either constituted a novelty for me. If there were truth in the theory of transmigration of the soul, mine ought to be a remnant of a sailor's, or a child's born at sea. The big vessel inspired me with no fears, but an acute sensation of delight. The ropes, the sailors, the shouting, the wonderful file of porters laden with trunks and portmanteaus, cases and boxes dropping into mysterious depths with such an awful suggestion of fatality, the triumphant assertion of our herded insignificance, the captain's air of deity upon the bridge above, the marvels of the cabins below, and the little perilous stairs one rather slid than walked down, and the rapture of climbing up again from the stuffy dimness into the grey brine-tasting air, to laugh aloud in the intoxication of fear as the ship rose and fell upon the swell of a choppy grey sea rushing into the river's mouth.

It was sad to be alone, to be going away at seven from one's land and home among unknown barbarians; but for one strange hour I was not to be pitied, so quivering with pleasure was this first taste of adventure. By-and-by I grew stunned and quiescent, and was glad to sit still, curled up in some pretty lady's lap, where my cheek rested luxuriously against soft, warm fur. But for the moment I was too eager to see everything, follow every curious movement with childhood's wide alert gaze, hear everything, understand everything.

My stepfather, like a big, good natured man, humoured me, and we seemed to travel together hand-in-hand over an entire world, looking at all sorts of odd things, and listening to all sorts of odd noises. It was less beautiful, to be sure, but how much more interesting than the pantomime! I provoked a shout of laughter from a man in a great coat with a tremendous black beard, by clamouring to know where the sharks were. Before the answer could come, a bell rang sharply, and somebody sang out "All ashore!"

"Good-bye, Angy, and God bless you! Be a good child, now, and don't fret," said my stepfather, stooping to gather me to him, and there was a break in his voice I had once before heard, when he found me with dead Stevie in my arms.

I can imagine what a piteous little object I must have looked, so frail and fair and small, standing alone on the big deck, without a hand to clasp, a fond smile to encourage me, lips to kiss away my tears. But he was too much

of the careless, good-tempered Irishman to allow unpleasant emotions to trouble him except in a vague and transient way. Now I know how he would blink away the sad vision, and as he turned from me with a cheery "Don't fret," he waved his hand encouragingly, and his golden beard shone brightly in the subdued morning lights. He was a brave picture at all times, so smiling and handsome, and tall, and big, with the clearest blue eyes I have ever seen and the most winning of gestures.

I was straining to watch the last of him, forcing my passage through skirts and trousers, like an excited mouse, when a lady caught me up in her arms and held me while I frantically shook my handkerchief, and he to the last stood on the wharf, kissing his hand and waving his hat to me, as if I were a grown-up person. I was enchanted with his gallant air and fine courtesy, and flung him kisses with both hands. Then I buried my head in the lady's fur, and sobbed as if my heart would break.

Ireland was receding from me, the ship was rocking, there was a sullen deafening roar of steam, and I could no longer discern the one familiar figure I gazed for in the dim indistinguishable crowd on the thin, dark shore-line. The only world I knew was fading fast before my wet glance, and in terror of another I clasped the strange lady's neck, and shivered into her soothing furs.

CHAPTER XIII.—AT LYSTERBY.

A born traveller, the vagabond's instinct of forming pleasant friendships along the highroads that are buried with the last hand-shake showed itself on this my first voyage, and has never forsaken me throughout an accidented and varied career. I might have treasured sheaves of visiting-cards with names in every language bearing addresses in every possible town of Europe and Asia and numbers of American states. On this occasion no names or cards were exchanged between me and the lady with the sealskin coat. But she adopted me for the hours that passed until we reached Crewe, when I was ejected from the warm home of her lap, and cast out into the cold of a winter's night.

She led me by the hand to look again at the ropes and the sailors, and tumble down and scramble up the companion-stairs, while Sister Clare groaned and prayed in her cabin. Indeed, I may say that I had forgotten all about my veiled jailer, and, my tears once dried, prattled delightedly to this pretty sympathetic creature, whose lovely furs and wide hat of black plumes and black velvet made of her a princess of fairyland. Then when the caprices of the sea distressed us in our wanderings, I fell asleep in her lap, luxurious and happy, being quite at rest now about the sharks, since my new friend had patiently assured me there was nothing to fear from them.

I can now imagine what a quaint picture this motherly young lady, with the softly folding arms and the humid dusky glance, that was in itself the sweetest of caresses, may have made afterwards of our friendship, the tenderness with which she would sketch my portrait and repeat my childish con-

fidences, the pity and indignation with which my forlornness must have filled her. A child with a home, a mother, a family, cast adrift on a grey winter's sea! Travelling from one land to another, like a valueless packet given in charge to a stranger!

I hardly remember our parting. It was late, and I was dreaming, heaven knows of what,—of the chocolate drops she had given me, or of the dear little trays of apples Bessy the apple-woman sold down at Kildare. Hard arms securely caught me, and whisked me out of my delicious nest. Instead of warm fur against my cheek, I felt a blast of black-grey air, and with a howl of dismay I found myself blinking in the noisy glitter of a big station. The lady bent her charming head out of the window, smiling sadly at me from under the heavy shadow of her velvet plumed hat. I felt that she parted from me reluctantly, and knew that she had given me a fugitive shelter in her kind heart.

The night outside seemed bitterly cold without her protecting tenderness, and I made a stoic effort to swallow my tears, and let myself be dragged ferociously by Sister Clare, for whom I was merely baggage, to the Birmingham train. As for impressions, these were stationary, not going beyond the voice and furs of my new friend, and I was far too sorry and sleepy and weary to note anything fresh.

Lysterby, I have since been informed, is an ugly little town; but in those remote, uncritical days it appeared to me the centre of loveliness. Flowers are rare in Ireland, and here roses, red and white, grew wild and luxuriant along the lanes. But to an imaginative and romantic child, a place so peopled with legend and gay and tragic historical figures could not fail to be beautiful. In one of the common streets you looked up and saw the painted bust of a medieval knave, craning his ruffianly neck out of a window-frame, and the fellow, you were told, answered to the name of Peeping Tom. Instantly the street ceased to be real, and you were pitched pell-mell into the heart of romance.

I have not seen the place since childhood; but it remains in memory blurred, fragmentary, picturesque, an old-fashioned little town, with spired churches, rough, clean little streets, rare passers-by, never so hurried that the double file from the Ivies, under the guard of the austere ladies of Mercy, did not attract their attention, and sometimes with discomposing emphasis, as when the little street blackguards would shout after us:—

"Catholics, Catholics, quack, quack, quack,
Go to the devil and never come back!"

I remember the Craven Arms, a medieval inn all hung with roses and ivy, where my parents stayed when they came to see me, and where my sister and I slept in a long low-beamed chamber, with windows made of a surprising pattern of tiny diamond squares and green lattices that excited our enthusiastic admiration. I remember the bowling-green, that appeared to roll like a sea straight to the sky, and the long, long roads with fields on either side, and the great historic ruin that has given its name to one of Scott's novels.

To me it is impossible to recall the leafy lanes, rose-scented; the narrow pavements and sleepy little shops; the great pageant, when the town's legend became for thrilled infants an afternoon of fugitive

and barbaric splendour,—without evoking vague scenes from history, and marshalling before the mind's eye brilliant and memorable figures. Dull enough, I have no doubt, for those outside the convent walls, who had to live its dull life: no discord between the outlying farmsteads and the scarcely competitive shops; the time of day not too eagerly noted, in spite of the fame of its watches; and the vociferations of the newsvendors a thing unknown. But sectarian spirit ran pretty high, if I remember rightly, and Lysterby was represented in Parliament by a fierce anti-Catholic, whose dream, we imagined, it was to hang all Jesuits and deport the nuns. His name was whispered within the convent walls in awed undertones, as a pagan persecutor may have been spoken of in the Catacombs by the early Christians. But except the veiled ladies, romantically conscious of the proximity of persecution, with the joy of a name to pronounce in shuddering alarm, all Lysterby was at peace, and free to go to bed with the lambs, with nothing to disturb it in its morning dreams less melodious than the lark's song. Private wars were of the usual anodyne and eternal character: Smith the baker not on speaking terms with Jones the butcher; Grubb the weaver, in embittered monotony of conviction, supported on unlimited quantities of beer, ready to assert every evening that Collins the miller, who lived on the other side of the common, was a scoundrel.

Of the troubles outside we little ones had no time to think. Our troubles within were abundant and absorbing, and no less absorbing and abundant were our small joys. There were ten of us only —ten queer, curious little girls; and one ragged specimen of the trousered sex—a horrid small boy, the scion of a distinguished house, whom the ladies of Mercy kept, long past the time, quaintly apparelled in black frocks and white pinafores, as an injudicious concession to claustral modesty. A boy of eight in skirts, with long brown curls upon his shoulders!

To suit his raiment, nature made him the greatest little coward and minx of the lot of us. Beside him I felt myself a brave, a gentleman, a hero of adventure. He had all the vices I intuitively abhorred. He was spiteful, a tell-tale, an ignoble whiner; and before I was a month at the Ivies I was for him "that nasty little Irish girl," whose fine furies terrified the wits out of his mean little body, whose frank boxes on a rascally small ear sent him into floods of tears, and whose masterly system of open persecution kept him ever in alarm, ever on the race to Sister This or Mother That. How we loathed that boy Frank!

On the other hand, I was speedily as popular as a creature of legend — not by reason of my virtues, which, by a rare modesty, kept themselves concealed, but because of my high spirits, untamable once let loose; my imagination, which incessantly devised fresh shudders for these timid and unimaginative children; my prodigality in invention, and my general insubordination.

The cowed and suffering baby of Ireland on Saxon shores at once revealed the Irish rebel, the instinctive enemy of law and order. I was commander-in-chief in revolt, with a most surprising gift of the gab; a satanic impulse to hurl my small weak self against authority on all occasions, and an abnormal capacity for flying out

at every one with power to do me harm. Whatever may be said of the value of my courage, its quality even I, the owner (who should be the last to recognise it!), must admit to be admirable. Alas! it was a virtue ever persistently wasted then as now. While it never procured me a single stroke of happiness or fortune, it has boundlessly added to the miseries of an imprudent career.

The start in Lysterby ends my patient martyrdom. Here I became the active and abominable little fiend unkindness and ill-management made of one of the gentlest and most sensitive of natures. The farther I travelled the road of childhood, the more settled became my conviction that grown-up humanity, which I gradually began to loathe more than even I once had feared, was my general implacable enemy. I might have grown sly and slavish in this conviction; but I am glad to say that I took the opposite course. I may be said to have planted myself against a moral wall and furiously defied all the authorities of Church and State "to come on," hitting in blind recklessness out at every one, quite indifferent to blow and defeat.

Little Angela of Kildare and Dublin, over whose sorrows I have invited the sympathetic reader to weep, was a pallid and pathetic figure. But Angela of Lysterby held her own — more even than her own, for she fought for others as well as for herself, and gave back (with a great deal more trouble at least) as much pain and affliction as she endured.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE WHITE LADY OF LYSTERBY.

Do the ladies of Lysterby continue to train atrociously and mismanage children, to starve and thwart them, as they did in those far-off days, so remote that on looking back it seems to me now that somebody else and not I, a pacific and indifferent woman, content with most things round about me, lived those five years of perpetual passion and frantic unhappiness? Or has the old convent vanished, and carried off its long tale of incompetence, ignorance, cruel stupidity, and futile vexation?

For the seeds of many an illness were stored up in young bodies by systematic under-feeding, and hunger turned most of us into wistful little gluttons, gazing longingly into the cake-shops as we marched two by two through the tiny city, dreaming at night of Barmecide feasts, and envying the fate of the happier children at home, who devoured all the sweet things we with our empty little stomachs so bitterly remembered.

Sweet things only! Enough of bread-and-butter would have satisfied our craving. When one of us sickened and rejected the single thin slice of bread-and-butter allowed the children at breakfast, oh, the prayer and expectation of each pair of hungry eyes fixed upon the sufferer, to see to whom she would offer her neglected slice? The slice was cut in two, and usually offered, while the nun was not looking, to the children on either side. This miscarriage of appetite, we noted with regret, more frequently happened at the two tables of the big girls, where such windfalls were constantly amplifying the meagre

breakfasts of somebody or other in long skirts. But we were only ten, and our appetite was pretty steady and never satiated. Now it taxes all my heroism to visit the dentist; but then I knew each visit was a prospective joy, for, if I did not cry, the lay-teacher who conducted me thither always gave me a jam-tart, which I ate as slowly as possible in the confectioner's shop, noting the ravages of my teeth in the cake of delight with melancholy and dismay. I so loved the recompense that I used to watch anxiously for the first sign of a shaky tooth, and the instant it was removed, I was sure to shriek out excitedly—

"You see, Miss Lawson, I didn't cry a bit."

But I would not have it thought that those early school-days were days of untempered bitterness and constant ache. We were a merry lot of little savages as far as we might enjoy ourselves, and life continually revealed its quaint surprises and thrilling terrors. I learnt to read with amazing rapidity, and my favourite books were of a kind liberally supplied by the convent library—Tyburn, wonderful tales of the escapes and underground adventures of Jesuits, double walls, spring-doors, mysterious passages, whitened bones in long-forgotten boxes. Thanks to my ingenuity and vivid imagination, our days became for us all a wild romance. Relegated to the infirmary for a series of abscesses, the result of semi-starvation naturally, I had leisure to read laboriously various volumes of this edifying literature.

The infirmary itself was a chamber of legend. It was a kind of out-building to which led a long corridor behind just the sort of door my mind was fixed upon, a mere panel that in no way differed from the rest of the wainscoted wall, the very door for a Jesuit to vanish through from the pursuit of mailed myrmidons. At the end of the corridor you went down a flight of stairs, then up another flight into a pretty little green-and-white room, low beamed, with cozy cots, and long windows looking out beyond the rose-bushes, and a slip of velvet lawn, where a terrible-looking and most enchanting alley, with the trees meeting overhead, seemed to lead straight into the twilight of ghostland.

It did not take me long to see a white lady slip down that alley, like a white mist swallowed up in sombre night. No power on earth could have convinced me that I had not seen a ghost, and I stood at the window straining my eyes out in waiting for the white lady's return, with both hands frantically clasped upon my heart, which beat as if it projected a spring through my throat. White-faced and appalled, I hurried to the infirmarian who brought me in something hot to take, and screamed out, "Oh, I've seen her, I've seen her! she was all in white, a real ghost!"

That night I was in full fever, and my poor silly little story-books were taken away. But they had done their work, and by the time I was well again my imagination had wrought out the stupendous fiction that was to communicate its thrill even to some of the big girls, and send a dozen of little girls crawling upon their knees and hands, victims of my imagination.

The white lady I conceived to be the ghost of a beautiful Catholic persecuted in the days of Tyburn. She lived in this old manor-house, for we knew that the Ivies had been a manor. In

her terror she had flown through the panel-door leading to the infirmary. The flight of stairs, of course, in those days continued beyond the floor, and the subterranean passage probably led round by the courtyard to the gate at the end of the dark alley. I decided that there must be several whitened bones under the floor of this corridor and the infirmary, and so convinced all my companions, even Frank, that whining little cad whom we all so heartily detested, that on play-days, during the holidays, on Sunday afternoons, every moment we could spend in secrecy, in turn two of us (companionship was necessary to add to the excitement of labour and the terrors of consequences) would crawl away from the rest with penknives and pencils, and assiduously cut away at the wooden floor until we had made a hole large enough to insert our little fists underneath. It must be admitted we always found something hard and white, which proved my theory, and those bits of dry chips we handled in awe.

For some singular months we lived upon this romance, and lived in it so intensely that all else became but a dream. Dream-like we accomplished our tasks, filled our slates with figures, copied headlines, recited verses, the dates of English history, wrought our samplers, and answered the responses of the rosary. But our thoughts, ourselves, were elsewhere, with the next beam to make a hole in, and the assurance I had given them that I had seen through a chink of the infirmary floor a white hand like marble. I was the first victim of my own invention, for I honestly believed all I said. I will not say that vanity was an alien factor in the unconscious invention. I enjoyed my power, my triumph, the fear I had inspired and so thrillingly shared—above all, I enjoyed the popularity it gave me as leader of a band of miscreants.

I do not remember how or why the fever abated. Were we found out and punished for mutilated planks? We so exaggerated the mystery of our conspiracy that it would be strange indeed if it were not discovered. But the end of the romance is completely effaced from memory. It has left no impression whatever. I see myself in turn frozen and fevered with terror, digging at every mortal spot of the convent open to the depredations of my penknife, in a wild hunt for bones and secret passages and forbidden stairs. I see the whole school enthralled by my ardent whim. And that is all.

(*To be continued.*)

BUDDHA'S BIRTHPLACE.

It is strange to see how in our days the republic of letters extends its arms farther and farther, and how the same literary and archæological questions are discussed in the journals of Japan, India, France, England, and Germany, difference of language having long ceased to be a barrier between the scholars of the principal countries of the civilised world. Hardly has a question been asked or a problem connected with oriental literature been started, when answers pour in from East and West, from North and South.

Here is the last number of the 'Hansei Zasshi,' a monthly magazine, published at Tokio in Japan. It is generally written in English, but from time to time it contains articles in Russian and German also. The last number contains one article in French, or rather a speech delivered in French before a learned Society at Tokio by a distinguished French savant, M. Sylvain Lévy. And what is the subject on which he addressed his Japanese audience? It is a pilgrimage which he performed to the newly discovered birthplace of Buddha, Kapilavâstu. In the sixth century B.C. this Kapilavâstu was the residence of the Sâkya princes and of Buddha's father, as we are informed again and again in the sacred canon of the Buddhists. These Sâkya princes were what we should now call small Indian Râjahs, and the father of Buddha was the head of the family, and ruler of their principality. But though the name of the capital, Kapilavâstu, and the name of a large park belonging to it, Lumbinî, were well known to all students of Buddhism, the real situation of that once famous town had hitherto baffled all attempts at identification. General Sir Alex. Cunningham, a high authority on Indian archæology, had indeed placed Kapilavâstu near the village of Bhuila in the Basti district of the N.W. Provinces; but this view was clearly wrong, and has by this time been given up by all competent authorities. The only scholar who long ago had fixed on the right locality was Vivien de Saint Martin, who in his 'Mémoire Analytique' appended to Stan. Julien's translation of 'Hiouen-thsang' placed it rightly between Gorakhpur and the mountains of Nepal.

Little attention, however, was paid to this geographical conjecture, which dates from 1858, and it would perhaps have been impossible to place it altogether beyond the reach of doubt without a renewed examination of the 'Voyages des Pèlerins Bouddhistes'—that is, the descriptions of the pilgrimages performed by Chinese Buddhists, such as Fahian in the fifth, and Hiouen-thsang in the seventh century. These two Chinese Buddhists, and many others like them, travelled from China to India, which was their Holy Land, and to Kapilavâstu, which was their Jerusalem. But even with the help of the minute details which these Buddhist pilgrims have left us of all they did and saw on their journeys, the site of Kapilavâstu, the chief goal of their perilous travels, would probably have long remained uncertain but for the ingenuity of Surgeon-Major Waddell.

I may seem wrong in speaking so positively on this point, for there has been, and there still is, a heated controversy going on, and there are some very competent authorities who claim the merit of having settled the real site of Kapilavâstu, not for Major Waddell, or even for Vivien de St Martin, but exclusively for Dr Führer. To me it seems a case very like the discovery of Uranus. Professor Adams pointed out where that planet must be, and would be sure to be found. Leverrier took the telescope and found it. In much the same way Major Waddell, in the 'Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal,' 1896, p. 275, expressed his conviction that Kapilavâstu would be found not very far from a pillar discovered in 1893 in the Nepal Terai by a Nepalese officer, name unknown. The Major recognised it at once as one of the many pillars erected by King Asoka (third century B.C.) when that famous Buddhist sovereign visited the sacred places through which Buddha himself had passed. These places were commemorated by numerous pillars, monasteries, and other monuments of King Asoka's time. One of them was found buried partially in the earth near the village of Niglîva, about thirty-seven miles north-west of the Uska station on the North Bengal Railway, in the northern portion of the Gorakhpur district of the North-Western Provinces, and it was found in the very locality fixed on by Vivien de St Martin. But this was not all. When the pillar was cleared of the soil and dust which encumbered it, it was found to contain an inscription in the same alphabet and the same language which are well known from many other monuments erected by King Asoka in all parts of his kingdom. A paper impression of this inscription was taken by Dr Führer and sent to Dr Bühler, who published the four lines in the 'Academy' of April 27, 1895. Imperfect as the inscription was, it declared distinctly that King Piyadasi — *i.e.*, Asoka — in the fourteenth year after his consecration enlarged the stûpa of Buddha Konâkamana (Konâgamana) for the second time, and came himself to worship it. Nothing, however, was said as to the geographical position of Kapilavâstu being fixed by that inscribed pillar, and though it may be said that the topographical deductions were inevitable, yet simple fairness compels us to say that Major Waddell was the first to point out in the 'Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal' that this pillar in commemoration of Konâkamana was the same which Fahian[1] mentions in the fifth century, and Hiouenthsang[2] in the seventh, and that, therefore, the site of Kapilavâstu must be in close neighbourhood of it, distant no more than one yo*g*ana, or about seven miles to the west, according to the statement of the Chinese pilgrims. This discovery was no doubt of great value, both geographically and historically, and it was more or less confirmed by a Tibetan book in the possession of Major Waddell, in which the shrines of Kraku*kkh*anda and Konâ-

[1] Fahian, ed. Legge, p. 64, calls the Buddha Kanaka-muni.

[2] Hiouen-thsang (Julien, vol. i. p. 316) calls him Kia-no-kia-meou-ni-fo. "Dans ce stoupa," he says, "on a élevé un colonne, haute d'une vingtaine de pieds. Sur le sommet on a sculpté l'image d'un lion, et, sur le côté, on a gravé l'histoire du Nirvâna de Kanakamoouni."

kamana are mentioned as situated near Kapilavâstu. All this is by no means intended to diminish in any way the credit due to Dr Führer in his subsequent labours on the spot. It is only meant to remind us that the topographical importance of the Konâkamana pillar as an ancient finger-post was pointed out for the first time by Major Waddell, and that it was he who suggested to the Government to send out a deputy (Dr Führer) when his own services were required elsewhere.

After the site of Kapilavâstu had once been securely fixed, it became easy to see that the ground all around was covered by ruins of ancient stûpas, monasteries, villages, and towns. Very soon another of Asoka's pillars was found by Dr Führer, and identified as that of Lumbinî. This Lumbinî was a well-known park close to Kapilavâstu, famous in Buddhist tradition as the garden to which the queen retired, when going to give birth to her first son, who was to become hereafter the founder of the Buddhist religion. That pillar also had been described by Hiouen-thsang, who mentions that in his time already it was broken in two pieces, a statement confirmed by Dr Führer, who tells us that the top part seems to have been shattered by lightning. Hiouen-thsang does not mention that it contained an inscription, probably because the lower part of the pillar was no longer visible in his time. But that inscription, as now laid bare, leaves no doubt that the pillar was the identical pillar which was erected by Asoka, for it declares that "King Piyadasi [Asoka], beloved of the gods, having been anointed twenty years, himself came and worshipped, saying, Here Buddha Sâkya-muni was born, and he caused a stone pillar to be erected, which declares, 'Here the Venerable was born.'" The very name of the park, Lumminî or Lumbinî, occurs in the injured part of the inscription, so that no doubt can remain that this was indeed the spot where Buddha first saw the light of the world, or, at all events, where King Asoka in the third century before Christ, and about three centuries after the birth of Buddha, was told that it was so. According to the Divyâvadâna, the guide who undertook to show the king the spots where Buddha had sojourned was Upagupta.[1] He began by conducting the king to the garden of Lumbinî, and extending his right hand he said, "Here, O great King, was the Venerable [Bhagavat] born, and here should be the first monument in honour of the Buddha."

After all this, scepticism would indeed seem unreasonable. That Asoka erected these commemorative pillars is known from Buddhist books and from the inscriptions on the pillars themselves. That they existed in the fifth and seventh centuries after our era is known from the itineraries of the Chinese pilgrims, Fahian, Hiouen-thsang, and others. Their existence even at a later time is attested by inscriptions left on the upper part of the column by later visitors, and therefore to doubt that they mark the real spots of Buddha's birth and early life would be over-conscientious even for the most critical of historians. It is true that the neighbourhood, as it is at present, is very different from what it is

[1] Waddell, "Upagupta," 'J. A. Soc. Bengal,' 1897, p. 81; quoting Burnouf, Introduction, p. 340.

described to have been in Buddha's time. The Terai of Nepal is the most inhospitable part of India, and if the towns with their Buddhist monuments were not destroyed by warfare, they may well have been submerged and ruined by floods occasioned by the rivers which rise on the northern mountains and debouch on the plains, carrying everything before them and covering the ground with layers of mud, difficult to pierce by the explorer's spade.

That spade has become of late a kind of fetish for archæologists. It is quite right that it should be worshipped, but its worship must not be carried too far. After the stûpas and pillars have been laid bare by the spade, what do they teach us, unless they can be made to speak again by their inscriptions? Nay, we may go a step further, for even when we know from their interpretation that this was the garden into which Mâyâ, the mother of Buddha, retired, and laying hold of the branch of a lofty Asvattha-tree, gave birth to the future Buddha, how does this help us to a proper understanding of Buddha's teaching, its antecedents in the past, and its true objects for the future? It is curious, no doubt, to know as a fact that Aryan life extended, even at that early time, so far east and north as Nepal, and that there was possibly a non-Aryan element among the first converts to Buddhism. But what is all that mere *entourage* compared with the Prince himself, who was to work such a complete revolution in the religious life of India—nay, of the whole East? It is that Prince and his thoughts that we want to know and to understand, and this can be done by a study of manuscripts only, and by psychological analysis, not by digging, however indefatigably, with pick-axe and spade.

It would be narrow-minded to say that the ruins of the Terai teach us nothing. On the contrary, it may be hoped that they will in time teach us a great deal, and reveal to us much of the outward circumstance of Buddhism, at all events at the time of Asoka in the third century. But, after all, the real ruins of that ancient religion must be dug up with the pen from manuscripts, whether in Sanskrit or in Pâli, and what has been dug up there will have to be sifted and arranged by such *piocheurs* as Burnouf, Oldenberg, Sénart, Rhys-Davids, and others. Grateful as we are to such laborious searchers and diggers as General Cunningham, Major Waddell, Dr Führer, and others, we should never forget that after all a spade is a spade, and that other hands and heads are wanted before stones can become monuments, true *monimenta* to remind us of the life that was lived in the ruins of Kapilavâstu and in the garden of Lumbinî.

There has been no lack of such labourers, coming to help from all parts of the world, each contributing his share for the recovery of the birthplace of Buddha. Greek scholars have helped us to prove that Asoka was the grandson of Chandragupta, and that Chandragupta was Sandrokyptos, the contemporary of Alexander the Great. Here is our strong anchor for Indian chronology.

China has given us the heroic pilgrims who found their way across the dangerous mountain-passes and snow-drifts to their Holy Land, who stayed there for years studying the languages and customs of the country, and leaving us careful descriptions of all

they saw from the Himalayan Mountains down to Ceylon.

It is to France that we owe Stanislas Julien, the great Chinese scholar, who translated for the first time the Travels of the Chinese explorers, which had defied the scholarship of all former *sinologues*. To the same country we owe the light that M. Sénart has shed on the inscriptions of Asoka and on Pâli literature in general.

Germany also has contributed most valuable aid in the labours of the late Dr Bühler, whose recent loss is keenly felt by all Sanskrit scholars, and more particularly by Indian archæologists.

But the spark that at last lighted the train that had been so carefully laid by all these scholars came from Surgeon-Major Waddell, who with rare pluck searched the pestilential Terai of Nepal, and was the first to recognise the geographical importance of the pillar of Konâkamana, and to read on it what no one had read before him, "This is the way to Kapilavâstu," while Buddhists all over the world—in Ceylon, Burmah, Siam, and China—have hailed this discovery with rapture. Several Buddhist scholars from France and England have set out on their scientific pilgrimages to the dangerous Nepalese Terai, and it was one of them, M. Sylvain Lévy, who on his return from Kapilavâstu delivered his eloquent discourse before an audience of faithful Buddhists at Tokio in Japan.

Let us hope that the Indian and Nepalese Governments will unite their forces in friendly rivalry, not, as it has been supposed, to dig up hidden treasures, but to lay bare by an army of spades whatever there may still be left of the soil once trodden by the feet of Buddha, and ornamented in the third century B.C. by the monuments erected by the Constantine of Buddhism, by Asoka, the grandson of Sandrokyptos, the ally of Alexander the Great.

F. Max Müller.

A CREELFUL OF CELTIC STORIES.

In the holidays of 1898 there was no water, for fishing purposes, in the districts of Ireland and the Highlands where I happened to be. I was reduced, therefore, to angling for legends among the country-people, and some of my captures I here display. My best informant, in a remote part of the west coast of Ireland, was an old gentleman whom we may call Phelim Mohr, as he might not care to hear of his real name in print, or to find his tales come back to roost.

The region was beautifully undulating, rich in woods, and backed by airy cliffs which looked like the bastions and walls of some undiscovered fairy city, a thousand feet above the plain. The land between cliff and sea was copiously marked with relics of a prehistoric age. Moot-hills stood, each in sight of its neighbour, each with its artificial rounded hump, the purpose of which remains a mystery to myself. Other hills were crowned with the strange subterranean constructions full of low, narrow, winding galleries, which a friend had excavated without finding any light on their original services to their builders. An Ogam-inscribed stone was discovered in one of these galleries, but need not have been of the date of the building. Close by the cabin of Phelim Mohr was another fort (they are all called "forts") resembling a strongly built sheepfold. Now all these forts, of every kind, are dwellings of the fairies to this day, and the peasants deprecate excavation, which is unlucky, and even impious.

Phelim's cottage was comfortable enough; and the aged hero was sitting by the fire when we visited him, accompanied by a fine young woman, his daughter-in-law, her child (who, if he did want Pears' soap, seemed resigned not to get it), and a few hens. On being asked the question, Phelim frankly admitted that he had never seen a fairy himself, though he had seen the fort in front of his door strangely lighted up at night. There the fairies live; there is no doubt on that head. For example, there was a boy, known to Phelim, who lay down and slept in the fort, and presently was taken by the fairies. This does not mean that he vanished away. To all outward appearance he died naturally; but appearances are deceitful. In Phelim's opinion, emphatically stated, "Not half the people that die are taken by the fairies"—in fact, this end of human life, though not uncommon, is rather the exception than the rule. There could be no doubt in the boy's case. One day his father, with several other men, was engaged in the agricultural operation of "shovelling." To his own amazement and that of his comrades, he was doing the work of six labourers, and he declined to rest till the whole task was accomplished. The explanation is, that the boy's father was aided by invisible fairy assistants, as the boy set forth and declared, one winter night, when he returned and conversed with his mother. He also pointed out that a fence needed repairing at a certain point, where he himself was now obliged to pass a good deal of his time in preventing the cattle from escap-

ing. In short, he retained his interest in the farm (though, humanly speaking, dead, and certainly buried), and he made himself useful about the place.

Phelim later explained to myself and a young lady, daughter of his landlord, that "the young woman in the house" (his son's wife) did not believe in his marvels, and thought him a foolish old fellow. We assured him that we entirely shared his beliefs, and he then observed that his daughter herself knew a girl who had been in the service of a neighbour, now dead. The neighbour, it was matter of common knowledge, frequently returned, and walked with the girl in the gloaming. When she emigrated, who should meet her at New York but her dead master, who told her how to get a very good place in an American family. The scepticism of Phelim's daughter-in-law was thus obviously affected, wilful, and contrary to all rational experience. It was by no means unusual for "a woman" to call at a cottage, an unknown woman, and give information as to the whereabouts of a "crock of gould." The money would then be discovered, but it never brought luck to the finder. The woman was a fairy, and, as far as we could ascertain, fairies are not tiny pixies, like Oberon and Titania, but of full human proportions.

Among Phelim's friends was a man who lost his wife in childbed. It was her posthumous habit to return at night to her husband's room, take the child from the cradle, and nurse it. These visits filled her husband with horror, but his brother said, "Let me lie down with you!" So he lay on the outer side of the bed, and when the dead wife appeared he seized her. Instantly the room was full of "the gentry," or "the army"—that is, the fairies—one of whom implored the bold brother to let the woman go. He refused, and the fairy spokesman proposed a compromise. Let the woman go and stay with the fairies till she had nursed her fairy fosterling. Then she would be restored to her family, and meanwhile a satisfactory sum of money would be paid down on the nail. The bargain was struck, the money was handed over, and at the end of the stipulated period the woman came back, lived for many years with her husband, and bore him several children. This is the belief illustrated in a ballad collected by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, "I heard a cow low," in which the sorrows of a mortal nurse in fairyland are pathetically set forth. The superstition, of course, is well known; the curious thing was to find Phelim regarding these adventures as contemporary occurrences. He is a man of about seventy, sorely crippled with rheumatism, shrewd, a good narrator, with very little Gaelic, and probably is no scholar. He illustrates the primitive disbelief in death: the dead, at least the proportion taken by the fairies, still exist, not in heaven, hell, or purgatory, but in "the forts," with "the army." Catholic doctrine has left quite untouched this belief in the *Daoine shie*, survivors from the wreck of Celtic heathendom. This belief made possible the dreadful burning to death of a woman in Ireland, three or four years ago. She was treated (just as in China or India) as a changeling left by some spiritual powers which had stolen herself away. A lady informs me that the mother of a consumptive girl on her estate refused to be-

lieve that the poor faded creature was really her own daughter. The girl piteously protested that she was her child, knowing what horrors would befall her on the opposite theory, and my friend had to visit the cottage every day to assure herself of the safety of the young woman. The clergy do not seem, as far as I can learn, to be of any avail in destroying this cruel heresy, which is only yielding to the general influences of education.

We asked Phelim about the second-sight; but he knew nothing of it, merely telling us about "a common death-bed wraith." A woman met a neighbour in the fields one morning, but presently learned that he had died half an hour before the encounter. Oddly enough, a similar experience had befallen the son of my host in his own house. He saw a servant-boy who had not been in the place for some weeks, and then learned that the lad had died about an hour before. We did not tell this to Phelim, who rather surprised me by his total ignorance of second-sight. As far as he knew, crystal-gazing is not practised in any of its numerous forms.

We asked about "elf-shots," with which Phelim was perfectly familiar. A man—say, himself—would be out of doors on a dark night, and would hear a pattering of elf-shots all around him. He would grope for stones, and make a little cairn to mark the spot. Next morning he would revisit the scene, and find elf-shots in abundance. These are used in the following way: they are put in water, with copper and silver coins, and the water is given to sick cattle. I asked Phelim if he had any elf-shots, and his daughter-in-law, the sceptical young woman, kindly made a search over a shelf near the rafters. She found a pot at last, half full, not of neolithic arrow-heads, as I had hoped, but of "scrapers" and flint-flakes. There is no flint, or very little, in the region, where limestone prevails, and I make no doubt that the scrapers and flakes are of prehistoric importation. I drew a sketch of an arrow-head, and both Phelim and the unbelieving young matron professed to recognise it as a thing which they had seen.

It occurred to me to ask Phelim, as we sat on a stile in the yellow September sunlight, whether there was any talk of an Axe which felled trees in the night, though next day no felled trees were to be seen. This curious phenomenon of "the Midnight Axe" I have found in Ceylon among the Aztecs (described by Sahagun immediately after the conquest), in the Galapagos Islands, in St Helena, Madagascar, and elsewhere. Recently an Anglican missionary in Madagascar communicated to me his own account of how he had heard and been mystified by the Axe in his own house, which is near an old native burial-place. He had in vain attempted to explain the phenomenon, as by birds of the woodpecker species, or by any other of several hypotheses. The natives vaguely ascribed the sounds to a "devil," as in Ceylon and Mexico.[1]

Phelim had not heard of, or could not remember, any local belief about the Axe. Then his venerable face lighted up with a reminiscence, and he told me how, as he once was watching certain cattle at night, near the road, he was disturbed by the perpetual driving of invisible carriages,

[1] See 'Custom and Myth' for the Midnight Axe.

"phantom coaches." He therefore retreated to the edge of a wood; but there he heard the Axe being plied so sturdily that "I thought there would not be a tree standing in the morning, and I would be better where I was before."

I do not think that Phelim was inventing *à plaisir*, for he seemed honest, and admitted his ignorance, when he had no information, as about second-sight. He had not heard of the Midnight Axe as a local belief, and had no theory about his own isolated experience. I have never found the Axe in European folk-lore, except in this solitary case. Phelim had common belief to suggest phantom coaches, but none whereon to base the busy Axe and noise of falling trees.

If Phelim had been pressed for a theory, he would, perhaps, have fallen back on the fairies. They were the heart and substance of his beliefs. Ghosts he did not reck of—a phantom of the dead to him, was only a neighbour on a holiday from fairy-land. He told me a few *Märchen* of the usual Irish type—the dead girl recovered from the fairies, and married to the man who redeemed her, yarns about horses bought from fairy dealers, and so on—but he did not remember these *Märchen* very distinctly, and was more instructive about "strange providences" of recent memory in his own district. The central belief is that the fairies are a "secret commonwealth," as the Rev. Robert Kirk wrote two hundred years ago. Their dwellings are in the forts and raths, which are occasionally lit up at night. The fairies are somewhat akin to mortals, merely another set of earth's inhabitants, and we may one day migrate into their adjacent realms. In Phelim's artless legends was little or nothing to connect the fairies with the fallen gods of Celtic paganism, though such a connection probably exists. I took no notes, and fear that I have mislaid my memory of many yarns of Phelim Mohr.

Leaving Ireland, I came across the fairy-tracks—of all unlikely places—on Flodden field! An intelligent old English Borderer, in whose company I studied that woeful scene—

> "Where broken was fair Scotland's shield,
> And shivered was her spear"—

had seen no fairies, but they were rife in his father's generation. He showed me a spot, a little west of the King's Stone, where phantasms had been viewed within his own knowledge. A woman had come to a brother of his own "in a dream," and had bidden him dig in a certain spot, near Branxton Church, where he should find, under earth, first a standing stone, then below it a horizontal stone, and then—the treasure. So my friend, his father, and his brother had not been disobedient to the vision. They dug secretly by night, and found, first the erect stone, then beneath it the horizontal stone, whereon they conceived that they were within a pickaxe-stroke of fortune. But, when they dug deeper, treasure was there none, nor "crock o' gould." I think that the word "dream" was a softening of the fact, and that the woman was only Phelim Mohr's fairy woman who came to the peasant's door in Ireland. In his 'Souvenirs d'un Vieux Collectioneur,' Monsieur Tyskiewicz mentions two cases in which Italian shepherds plagued him to dig in spots indicated to them by dreams. He dug, and found treasures of an-

tiques, but no silver nor gold. There was just a faint basis of facts in these cases, as at Flodden.[1]

I had expected no sport, as a folk-lorist, in Northumberland, though MS. notes of my grandfather's prove that the fairy belief in his time was not wholly extinct in Ettrick Forest. In Glencoe, on the other hand, I knew that I was in the heart of the region of dreams. The question is, where to begin. I was introduced to perhaps the most gifted of the second-sighted men of the glen, and discoursed with him through an interpreter. He much regretted that his English was not fluent enough for narrative, as the tales were much more striking in his own poetic language. He is a quiet, industrious man, with a dreamy face; and nobody could watch his shy gentle manner, and listen to his soft voice, without seeing that he was quite in earnest. He had recently failed, as he confessed, in the search for the corpse of a drowned man, but he thought that, if he had not been prevented from looking at the hour of the early morning which he selected, he might have been more fortunate. Two or three years ago, when some men were drowned in a regatta on Loch Leven, MacIan (not his real name) had a success. The bodies were recovered, indeed, just where the boat went down; but divers had vainly searched the place, and the strong tide might have dragged the corpses away. MacIan was guided by several visions of lights, descending on the right spot: his advice was acted on, and the poor fellows sleep in holy ground.

I asked MacIan how the faculty first came upon him. He said that he was about fifteen or sixteen when, one night, he saw a woman whom he knew to be dead walking through the village. He lost her whenever she came opposite a light in a cottage-window, and found her again in the shade. Finally she passed into the light from the open door of a cottage. Next day he saw some clothes being removed from the house, asked whose they were, and was told that they had been the property of the dead woman whom he saw. MacIan has since had experiences at intervals: he thinks that he can, occasionally, communicate the vision if a neighbour will touch his shoulder, place his left foot on MacIan's right foot, and look over his shoulder. But he confessed to a recent failure in this experiment; and, indeed, I am not perfectly certain that he himself recorded any success in this very ancient Celtic method.

Like an Australian black seer mentioned by Mr Howitt, MacIan began his career by the view of a phantasm of the dead. His anecdotes were rather vague: he would be watching a dangerous part of the road where drains were being trenched, and would receive warning, by unaccountable sounds and voices, of the approach of a traveller to another part of the dangerous region. He would see a building where there was none, and in a year or two it would be erected. Once he saw a non-existent carriage accident, and three years later beheld the actual occurrence: a relation of my interpreter was in the carriage at the time. When the event actually occurred Flappan was standing beside Mac-

[1] Rankine is the name of the Northumbrian at Flodden field, and persons viewing that historic scene will find him worth a visit.

Ian, and was looking on. Now, who is Flappan? On this head I can only say that he was first mentioned to me by a person of undoubted veracity, who has frequently heard Flappan walking about the room. Flappan's name is onomatopœic; his steps sound like those of a large web-footed bird, or of a man walking in wet "stocking-feet." Could I tell here what I learned, this chapter would be much more interesting, and infinitely more gruesome, than I have any right to make it. *Flappan is not alone*, and his ally is worse than himself; while history, or legend, suggests several exciting theories of Flappan's origin and date. But all this is a Celtic secret, involving members of a loyal and stainless clan. In personal appearance, according to the seer, Flappan is of the stature of a short boy; his face MacIan had never been able to see distinctly. In human memory a Presbyterian minister was invited to do something of a religious nature which should evict Flappan. But the worthy clergyman merely applied common-sense, and Flappan remained undisturbed in his holding.

I asked MacIan if he had ever heard of crystal-gazing as a means of descrying the distant or the future. He had no knowledge of the art,—indeed the Highlanders employ for this purpose the shoulder-blade of a sheep. The Rev. Dr Stewart, author of 'Nether Lochaber,' informs me that he once knew a man who was anxious about his son, then absent on a ship considerably overdue. The man said that he was about to consult a seer, and Dr Stewart accompanied him, in the interests of folk-lore. The seer boiled a shoulder of mutton, and tore off the flesh without using a knife or scraper. After pondering for a few minutes over the bone, he announced that the ship was safe, and the lad would arrive in Oban next day. The prediction was fulfilled. I am not certain whether the seers decide by arbitrary marks on the bone, or whether they use it, like water, ink, glass, and so on, as a *point de repère* for hallucinations. Unluckily I forgot to ask MacIan about this. He knew nothing of the old way of acquiring second-sight, by being tied up with a hair tether which had bound a corpse to the bier.

Premonitions, of course, are frequent. A friend of my own, an accomplished scholar, told me how, when he was a boy, one of his family, with a guest, was walking to the Glen from Tyndrum in midwinter. The household was awakened by violent and repeated knocks on the door. Nobody was there, nor were there any foot-marks in the snow. The mother of the family thought this an ill omen; but the father said, "They are coming; they have only sent a messenger." He therefore set about preparing a meal, which the travellers arrived in time to eat. Premonitory knockings also occur in carpenters' shops before a coffin is needed. An acquaintance found this to be the case in two or three such workshops where he happened to be tarrying. In another case the carpenter told a friend, already cited, that before a death he always found the proper wood and tools for coffin-making laid out for him, no matter what tools and wood he had left lying out on the previous evening. Lavaterus gives instances of this kind in his work 'De Spectris' (Geneva, 1580).

It is worth noting that whatever the "spirits of the dead" can do, either by way of knocks or apparitions, can also be done by the

"spirits of the living." Alexandre Dumas attests the raps made in one house while his father was dying in another; and raps heralded the arrival of the pedestrians through the snow. These effects are not *consciously* produced by what the Highlanders call "the spirits of the living," and probably the spirits of the dead, when they are credited with similar feats, know no more about the matter. In the Highlands, indeed, "the spirits of the living" are much more prominent than those of the departed. I heard of very few ghosts (for Flappan & Co. seem never to have been human) except the Dhuine Môr, a Viking ghost, who walks near Ballachulish ferry. He has been described, from the account of an eye-witness, by Lady Archibald Campbell. He is a tall man in shining armour, and has been viewed by superior persons in our own time. But, on the whole, a phantasm in the Highlands is usually regarded, *prima facie*, as the spectre of a living mortal. The burden of proof that he is something else lies on the appearance. One woman I heard of who frequently laid more plates for dinner than sufficed for the family. She knew when an unexpected stranger was on his way to the house. On all this subject the clergymen of more than one denomination, who gave me instances, regarded the old belief in a mood of scientific curiosity. They had met far too many cases to regard the thing as a mere foolish old fancy, but had no theory as to the nature of experiences which one of them at least had shared. Lochaber, Glencoe, and Appin are much where they have always been as regards the Second Sight; and it is odd that, among the less educated Catholic peasantry of the western coast of Ireland this peculiarity should be, if not unknown, certainly most unfamiliar.

In fairies the Highlands hold their own, also in the Evil Eye. When persons or cattle seem to have been "overlooked," the effect of the Evil Eye is first tested by throwing coins into a pail. If they adhere to the bottom of the vessel when it is turned upside-down, then it is *chose jugée*. By intention or accident, the sufferer has been overlooked. In one case a child was ill, and the wise woman, with incantations, placed an elf-shot in a bowl of water, carried it under a bridge, and then showed the bowl to the child at a certain angle. If she *saw* the elf-shot, she would recover. See it she did—and was cured next day, of whooping-cough. Here we may detect "suggestion," of which a curious case was told to me by a clergyman. A man of the middle classes was living in a new house near my friend's manse. One day the man's daughter called to see the minister, and ask him to visit her father. The minister found him in very low spirits. "I shall die to-morrow at eleven in the forenoon," he said. My friend asked him what put such nonsense into his head? "Do you see that glass?" said the other, pointing to a cracked pane; "it broke just now of itself. The same thing happened twenty-four hours before my grandmother's death, and twenty-four hours before my mother's death. I shall die at eleven." My friend pointed out that in a new house the contraction of the wood of the window-frame had caused the accident. He bade the man to his manse, entertained him hospitably, and let him go in better spirits. But a little after eleven on the following day the daughter rushed to

the man with news of her father's death. He had died at eleven; it was about half-past when my friend entered the house. This kind of decease, caused purely by "suggestion," is currently reported of the Maoris and other savages, and the decease by expectation lends vigour to the magic of wizards among the lower races. A man expires merely because he believes that he has been bewitched, or has broken a taboo.

My friend found his commonsense equally unavailing in another case. A woman called at the manse one night and asked him to come to the door. "Do you see that?" she asked, pointing to a rock above the sea, near the house. My friend saw a lambent light coming and going over the rock. "It is phosphorescence from decaying sea-ware," he said—"in the mad pride of intellectuality." "It is not that; a corpse will be laid there to-morrow," replied the woman, and, sure enough, a corpse *was* laid in the shelter of the rock, whence, in a howling day of wind, it was shipped for the burial Isle of St Mun, an isle where lights of unknown cause are certainly seen by people neither Celtic nor superstitious. "But *was* there sea-ware under the rock?" I asked. "No, there was none," said my friend, who had satisfied himself on that head.

The second-sight has intruded itself again among remarks on fairies. I have only one first-hand account of a fairy from a Highlander who has seen one. It was "a little lassie in green," frequently observed on the banks of the Lochy. The following tale, though far indeed from "evidential," deserves notice as folk-lore. The legend was collected and reported by a clergyman. There lately died — say, in 1894 — a woman who had passed her hundredth year. There had been a fairy in her family. He came to the house one night, looking like a poor wandering boy. He was taken in, and lived with the household; every night he went into a dusky corner and vanished. He had much to tell of fairies; their chief habitation in Scotland (he said) was under the pier of Leith! Of course this reminds us of the Fairy Boy of Leith, in Bovet's 'Pandemonium,' a work of about 1680, quoted by Scott. The legend may thus have originated in a note of Sir Walter's, but now it is rooted in Glencoe. Or the fairy boy of Bovet may have wandered to Glencoe, a less plausible theory. To return to the centenarian. Her grandfather (or great-grandfather), she used to say, lost his wife in childbed. One night her voice at the window was heard, saying that she was not dead, but in fairyland. If her husband wanted to recapture her, he must go to a certain place at a certain hour, where he would see a flock of birds. Over these birds he must throw a key (anything of iron, usually a dirk, will serve the purpose), and his wife would resume human shape. The husband, however, had a new love in his eye, and neglected the opportunity. Hence a song in Gaelic, reproaching and threatening him. It is by his fairy wife,—

"Along with the cattle I will not sleep,
Tending the cattle I will not be,
Along with the cattle I will not sleep,
While my bed this night is in the fairy hill.

Thou who hast closed on me the door
Shalt not be without my malison;
Without cattle, luck, or children,
Shalt thou be by my malison."

His granddaughter, or great-grand-

daughter, reproached his memory as a cruel *bodach.*

Now here, obviously, is the world-wide legend of the Bird Bride, known in Sanskrit as in Eskimo, located in Glencoe, and attributed to a family but recently extinct. The old woman, the granddaughter, believed in the tale as an actual domestic fact. Such is the vitality of tradition in a country where the murder of Campbell of Glenure is spoken of, with lively detail, as a recent occurrence. Indeed all that I heard of the Appin murder would make an article by itself. How innocent must be the region where so old a circumstance of crime is so vividly remembered! We may talk of "superstition," but it has not vitiated the morals of the Macdonalds and MacColls, MacIans and MacInneses of Glencoe. The belief in fairy changelings, still capable of working practical mischief in Ireland, is in the Highlands now no more than a tradition.

The belief in second-sight is easily accounted for, without accepting a theory of supernormal and veridical experience. Mankind is, undeniably, subject to hallucinations, and fancy may, conceivably, add their fulfilment, or find it by dwelling on chance coincidences. But how did the fairy belief arise, and whence comes its extraordinary tenacity of hold on a modern population? The science of folk-lore has not yet explained either the origin or the duration of the superstition.

A. Lang.

PENNY FICTION.

THERE are few phenomena so pregnant with instruction for the cool-headed and impartial student of history as the regularity with which the sanguine predictions of Liberal thinkers have been falsified. The French Revolution was to have regenerated France, and, through France, the human race. It has regenerated nobody in particular. The great Exhibition of 1851 was to have ushered in an era of universal peace. It proved to be the precursor of a series of momentous wars. The adoption of Free Trade principles by Great Britain was to have inaugurated a day in which all nations were to be uniformly prosperous, and the rivalry of commerce was to be a sort of amicable emulation in good works. As a matter of fact, for all the rest of the civilised world, including our own dependencies, the past fifty years have been a period of rigid protection, while the struggle for national existence and expansion has become keener than ever. The expulsion of the Austrians from Italy and the unification of that country under the royal house of Savoy were to have meant the substitution of constitutional freedom for arbitrary oppression, and of prosperity for starvation. In truth, they have driven Italy to the verge of bankruptcy and ruin. Her political life is, perhaps, more petty and contemptible than that of any of her neighbours, with the exception always of Greece, while want and misery stalk undisguised through all her towns and villages. And that is not the worst of it. The justly discredited prophet—confronted with the failure of his pet vaticinations, his "dead snips," so to speak—used always to have something to fall back upon. Disgusted at the persistency with which the effete populations of Europe clung to their bad old instincts and traditions, he had only to cast his rolling eye to the West in order to behold a mighty nation, which, disfigured though it might be by a few trifling faults such as unrivalled political corruption and unheard-of commercial dishonesty, was certain to abstain from meddling with external affairs, was certain to refrain from such abominations as a large army and an efficient navy. Alas! less than twelve months has sufficed to rob our poor friend of this last source of consolation, and to display his darling democracy embarking on an ambitious career of foreign conquest. To be plain, the game of optimist prophecy of the Locksley Hall variety is played out. It may linger in a coterie or two of academic Radicals. A few very young men, here and there, may pretend to take a hand. But as the nineteenth century draws to its close, no sane man believes (whatever he may try to hope) that mankind will be very much better or very much wiser a hundred years hence. Even Mr William Watson can only take exception to the symbol of poor old John Bull, and relieve himself occasionally by "cussing and swearing like hanythink."

In no instance has the event more signally belied the expectation than in that of education. What boundless blessings, we were assured, would flow from it, and from the Act of 1870! The prevailing extravagance of prediction

was almost enough to justify a resort to the paradox that many men are better without learning to read or write at all—a view which we should be sorry to maintain. It was foretold that, with instruction widely diffused, the mass of the community would become infinitely more intelligent and enlightened. The artisan would spend his days in honest toil, his nights in the study of Adam Smith, with a dip into Mr John Mill for a change. The latter philosopher "looked in vain among the working classes in general for the just pride which will choose to give good work for good wages: for the most part, their sole endeavour is to receive as much, and return as little, in the shape of service, as possible" ('Political Economy,' iv. 7. 4). Education was to put that, among other matters, to rights. 'Twas a rosy forecast enough; but as for its realisation —that is quite a different story. A quarter of a century of prosperity in every industry except, indeed, agriculture, the most important of all—unbroken save by mischievous and idiotic strikes—has not been without its effect. It has immensely sharpened the appetite, as it has multiplied the opportunities, of all classes for pleasure and recreation of every description. The taste for athletics (which means the taste for seeing athletes perform and having "a bit on" oneself) has displaced the liking for more serious affairs. Football flourishes, but Mechanics' Institutes decay. Our "horny-handed" friend, as he sits over his evening pipe and glass of ale, is diligently perusing, not 'The Wealth of Nations,' nor 'A System of Logic Ratiocinative and Inductive,' but the selections of "Autolycus" or "Major Mug-hunter" for the forthcoming spring or autumn handicap. The myopic message-boy, his son, is perusing 'The Bold Buccaneers' when he comes into collision with your waistcoat. Ask what work it is in which the seamstress, the shop-girl, the domestic servant is plunged when the labours of the day are over, and you shall find that it is not 'Helbeck of Bannisdale,' nor 'Literature and Dogma,' but 'Betrayed at the Altar,' or 'Betrothed to a Brigand.' The unending succession of reprints of good literature is, indeed, a gratifying proof that a section of the new reading public is not without good taste, or at least good guidance. But for one reader who goes to Scott and Dickens, we suspect that a score seek their literary sustenance in very different quarters. There be few who, like Mr Henley's barmaid, try "from penny novels to amend their taste."

That the demand for fiction is enormous may safely be inferred from the quantity of the supply. There lie before us no fewer than thirty weekly publications—'Golden Stories,' 'The Heartsease Library,' 'Short Stories,' 'The Princess's Novelette,' 'The Duchess Novelette,' 'The Family Herald Supplement,' and others—which exist solely for the purpose of ministering to this appetite; and very likely there are some besides which have not come under our notice. Not one of them, we should suppose, contains less than 20,000 words, and not one of them costs more than a penny, though some cost less. Many of them seem to have been long in existence. Others are creatures of yesterday. But there is evidently money in such publications for some one, or else we should not find several emanating from the same source.

One conductor and publisher, for example, is responsible for at least six such story-papers. Nor do we imagine that Miss Annie S. Swan and her extremely shrewd literary advisers would have entered into this branch of the business unless they had, as the saying goes, *smelt roast meat.* It should be observed, moreover, that in the following remarks we have purposely left out of account papers such as 'Tit-Bits,' 'Pearson's Weekly,' 'Answers,' and papers of a different type, such as 'Home Chat,' 'Woman's Life,' and 'Home Notes,' in which fiction occupies a prominent, though by no means an exclusive, place.

Penny novelettes differ from one another in externals rather than in internals. The get-up of the better sort is neat and attractive. The type is clear; and the covers might even be called "artistic," in the catholic sense of the term. The inferior kind are indifferently printed "on grey paper with blunt type"; and there are many degrees of excellence between the two extremes. All, except one, have illustrations ranging from the rudest of woodcuts to the smudgiest of "process"-plates. Of course, the artist selects the most sensational incidents for his pencil to adorn. The stabbing of the heroine's father by the villain disguised as the hero, the kidnapping of the heroine by Black Tom and his gang of gypsies at the instigation of her jealous rival, the horse-whipping of the villain by the hero in "faultless" evening dress —these and their like naturally present themselves as thoroughly suitable and congenial subjects. In only one of the periodicals before us have we found pictures of real merit. The artist who illustrated "Horner's Penny Stories," No. 267, had not studied the earlier manner of Charles Keene for nothing. 'The Family Herald Supplement' alone among periodicals of this class resolutely declines to have anything to do with pictorial embellishment.

Before proceeding to investigate the contents of our collection, it may be worth while to glance at the advertisements. The advertising columns of a newspaper often furnish the practised eye with a strong indication as to what section of the public it caters for. But we glean no definite information here, beyond a strong hint (borne out by our observation at railway-bookstalls and in railway trains) that the vast majority of penny-novel readers are women. If this be so, it is doubly regrettable that a large portion of the advertising space of a certain number of these novelettes is regularly devoted to the announcements of the most infamous quacks. We cannot more particularly describe the advertisements to which we allude; but their purport is unmistakable, and it is heartily to be wished that the arm of the law were long enough and strong enough to suppress them. For the rest, the ordinary run of the advertisements is harmless enough. There are the inevitable cocoas—all so fragrant, so nutritious, and so economical. There are the wonderful preparations of sawdust which make such delicious home-made bread and tea-cakes. There are the infallible patent medicines, whose proprietors button-hole you and communicate the startling intelligence that "after middle age we turn fast from india-rubber into baked clay," a transition against which their nostrum is a sovereign prophylactic. There is, besides, another class of advertisement from which we somehow augur no great good to the pockets

of the lieges, but which is a very marked feature of the species of print with which we are dealing. The advertiser, it seems, has an article to sell, in pushing which he is prepared to spend thousands of pounds. He therefore proposes to award a prize worth £50 to *every one* who succeeds in correctly filling up the blanks in the following three words, which are the names, say, of three celebrated publishers: 1. Bl * ckw * * d. 2. M * rr * y. 3. L * ngm * n. The only conditions of entering the competition are the remittance of P.O. for five shillings, and the purchase of what the advertiser wishes to sell. The "Free Watch" and "Free Portrait" offers seem to be merely varieties of this generic type of advertisement. Ill as we can afford to go without anything worth £50, we confess to never having tried our luck, and that, as Rob Roy said, for three sufficient reasons. In the first place, as the reader must have gathered, the puzzles set are of an extreme difficulty, and would take up too much time. In the second place, we would not for worlds involve the generous benefactor who offers such rewards for well-applied ingenuity in serious pecuniary loss. And, in the third place, we never by any chance desire to possess the chattel or commodity to whose merits the advertisement professes to draw attention. But we cannot help thinking that the experiences of a successful competitor would make highly exhilarating reading.

The starting of competitions and the giving of prizes is by no means confined to the advertisers. A number of these novelettes themselves seek to enhance their charms by similar expedients. "Fifty golden sovereigns" are weekly distributed from one publishing office to certain fortunate applicants, while elsewhere the largest collection of old postage-stamps will triumphantly carry off a £60 piano. Teapots, fur collars, and rings set with precious stones are among the rewards to be obtained—on terms. The prize-list of a latter-day golf club, with its claret-jugs, aneroids, and inkstands, is scarce more comprehensive than the catalogue of inducements to would-be subscribers. It may be presumed that their potency is sufficiently proved to justify their continuance, for it must be clearly understood that no want of confidence in the attractiveness of his periodical proper drives the proprietor to make use of them. On the contrary, he has no scruple in assuring you that this tale is "enthralling" and that one "splendid," though, of course, neither so enthralling nor so splendid as the one which is to commence in our next. Now is the time, in fact, to subscribe! 'Sister Clare' (which is No. 174 of "Thrilling Life Stories for the Masses," and is the offspring of Mrs J. B. Horton's muse) announces the name of her successor, and adds a word of exhortation: "Be sure to secure and read the above-mentioned story, and also its former sequels, for you will find that every chapter abounds with absorbing interest." 'Sister Clare' is right. Any chapter of so comparatively rare a thing as a former sequel must be well worth seeing. But there is a plainness of speech —a majestic candour—about 'The London Story Paper" which none of its would-be rivals need hope to match. It bids us "please remember that Miss Laura Jean Libbey writes exclusively for this paper," and on turning feverishly to 'Madcap Laddy the Flirt; or, the Favourite of the Beaux,' which proceeds from her pen, we find

that lady described as "the greatest living novelist, whose stories no author has ever been able to equal, and whose fame, as the favourite writer of the people, has never been surpassed." Whaur's your Mavis Clare noo? And is it possible that the Isle of Man stands where it did? There is no resisting such trenchant simplicity of utterance. Compared with it, the most solemn warnings against the machinations of newsagents and bookstall clerks seem poor and humdrum devices for attracting public patronage.

To "elevate" other people "in the social scale" (one of the most pleasing phrases in our language) is an aim and an ideal with which we are all familiar. The process of elevation has been applied indifferently to the actor and the artisan. Perhaps some day it will be applied to the author, though 'tis a herculean task which even Sir Walter Besant might shrink from. But, in the meantime, we may secretly congratulate ourselves upon the certainty that, on entering the world of the novelette, we shall be introduced to the finest of fine company. Peers, even dukes, are not uncommon; baronets may be met with in abundance; while there is a rich profusion of the landed gentry and her Majesty's officers. With those exalted beings and their womankind the inhabitants of "the Vicarage" are permitted to associate on a footing of practical equality; but below them there yawns a vast gulf, inhabited only by a few stray family solicitors, the further side of which is bounded by the abodes of horse-copers and other gangrel bodies, who are up to every sort of villany. It is true that in the number of "Horner's Penny Stories" to which we have already referred we dwell with artisans, of whom one is "a study and type in himself—the ideal of the true-hearted British workman." But that is an exception to the general rule, and in the rare cases in which the heroine's female friend has been cradled in poverty, she invariably marries some one whose wealth and influence make it possible for her "to mix with the most exclusive people, and to enter the sacred inner circle of the world of fashion." "Stay, Phyllis," peremptorily exclaims one such desirable husband to his spouse, "not a word. If you ever wish to grieve me, make mention of your humble birth." Generally speaking, the good characters are born in the purple, though for a brief space they may be "kep' out of their rights," like the Tichborne claimant. The appropriate residence for them is a palatial mansion standing in a handsome park; a house with broad, tesselated halls, "the home of old oak and the warlike relics of medieval ages"; a house with "embattled brick walls and white stone battlements," and with square towers at several points to add to the strength of the place. They possess, or are entitled to possess, fine family estates, and probably an obliging uncle will leave them a half share in a flourishing private bank—"another Coutts's, in fact." With so many "accumulated doubloons' at command (we should have thought sovereigns the more convenient currency on the whole), they not unnaturally find "habiliments" preferable to mere clothes, and "vacate this sphere" instead of dying. Their standard of refinement in speech is singularly lofty. Granted that every one of them says, "Whatever is the matter?" Granted that one hero, when his health is inquired after, replies carelessly, "I haven't been over special the past month."

Such relapses into the plebeian idiom are more than atoned for by the writer in the "Family Herald Supplement" who attributes to one of her characters "unconscious vulgarity" because the poor fellow had opined that two hundred a-year was "not to be sneezed at." High-born as these personages are, they are not incapable of the most liberal sentiments. "In my short life," exclaims one young lady, "I have met with people who had not a drop of what we call blue blood in their veins, yet who were as refined and well-bred as many a descendant of a noble line." The generosity of this admission is considerably heightened by the preceding words: "Yes, like yourself, I am of a good old family." Perhaps the most insufferably genteel story of the whole bunch is 'Aunt Lizzie's Matchmaking' in Miss Swan's penny series. We pause to congratulate its author, Miss G. B. Stuart, on the success with which she has caught the exact tone of Miss Swan's writings. The pupil has reproduced her mistress's unique combination of well-to-do piety and worldly prudence with astonishing fidelity. "As she is a lady by birth, she will always be held a lady by her equals;" "the young lady evidently recognised from my voice that I was of her own class;" and so forth. Is not the inspiration unmistakable? "D—n anything that's low" is a capital motto. Though one be obligated, like Tony Lumpkin's friend, to dance a bear, the animal may legitimately be restricted to 'Water Parted' or 'The Minuet in Ariadne.' But the thing may be overdone, and even the word "lady" is apt to pall with repetition.

The heroines of the class of fiction we are discussing may be divided into two sections. There are the schoolgirls in short skirts and with hair hanging down their backs. Very little will presently transform them into "imperious" women. But the majority are fully grown up from the very start. You may recognise them for what they are by their shapely or well-poised heads, with little tendrils of hair waving about the forehead; by their firmly chiselled lips, their mobile mouths, their sweeping eyelashes, their creamy complexions, and their willowy figures. They are, in short, "the divinest creatures that ever came fresh from Nature's choicest mould," and we cannot wonder that they become "leaders in County Society." They speak dreamily, and every now and then a little wistfulness creeps into their voices, what time the lids droop wearily over the soft grey eyes. They are "as innocent and good as they are winsome," but they can take uncommonly good care of themselves. For nearly every one of them has a decided touch of hauteur, and can gaze at a presumptuous person with that "calm scrutiny" which has "so often nonplussed impressionable youth." If this species of glance fails to wither, it can be followed up by tones that are coldly cutting or have a ring of defiance. A notable race of women, in good sooth. Their principal shortcoming is a strong tendency to suspect their *fiancés* of the blackest treachery or the foulest crime, on grounds that would not justify the drowning of a mouse. To be sure, were it not for this foible, where would our penny novelette be? Yet, if only for the change, we welcome the lady who is "true to the core," and who thus receives the news that her lover has been arrested on a charge of murder: "Peace,

sir! Speak not of Edward Harris thus to me! I know his faults, and I know his virtues. I know, for my heart tells me, that he is innocent!" Encore, encore! Good old Edward Harris!

It is distressing to turn from such a model of constancy and virtue to the female villains, who, we can promise our readers, are the most abandoned hussies. You can tell them from a distance by their hair of raven blackness, and by their dusky cheeks tinted with vivid carmine. They look like beautiful demons, and their speech bewrayeth them, for, depend upon it, no really good woman habitually uses the expletive "Bah!" Jealousy is the one characteristic they have in common with the heroines. They think nothing of making love to the hero in the most brazen-faced manner, and when he coolly rejects their proffered affection, this sort of thing happens: "Slowly she raised herself until she stood before him in all her majestic beauty; then she hissed rather than spoke, 'You have despised my love: henceforth you shall know what my hatred means.'" In spite of the march of intellect, the *spretæ injuria formæ* seems still to be a recognised spring of conduct.

Turn we now to the heroes who, it is good to be able to record, are in every respect worthy of the heroines. They are not, it may be, so radiantly beautiful. Nevertheless, they are "pleasant and presentable specimens of English manhood," and "splendid types of the true-born English gentleman." What more could the most exacting demand? Their eyes are full of lazy good-humour, and they have a sort of quiet devil-may-care expression about the lines of the mouth and chin. But we should not care to take a liberty with them, for, as the following fragment of conversation will indicate, they can be very stiff and haughty upon occasion. The hero, it must be premised, has just announced the death of Lord Staithland to Captain Carton.

"'Then you are his heir?' asked Captain Carton.

"'As far as I know.'

"'Permit me, my lord, to shake hands with you.'

"'Wait,' said Philip Berainger, 'until I am sure of my position. If I am the undisputed heir, I shall certainly sociably wake up the old castle, and I hope to receive you as my guest.'

"Captain Carton was very effusive in his answer, but he ventured no longer to be familiar. There was the peculiar, indefinite stand-offishness of the aristocrat visible in the bearing of Philip Berainger. It was not that he was less genial, but he had fallen back into the position of a casual acquaintance of superior birth."

We must give our gallant friends the credit of carrying their *nonchalance* to great lengths. "You are not, perhaps, aware," Sir Devereux Drumstick, the wicked guardian, will hiss, "that her [the heroine's] mother, after drowning her eldest son and poisoning her first husband, was married to her own grandfather, thereby forfeiting all her rights as next of kin of her husband." "I had heard something of the sort," will be the placid rejoinder of Pierrepoint Pynion, or Herbert Hardress, or Rosslyn Cheyne, or Herbert Dering ("or, to cede him his proper title, Sir Herbert Dering"). Why his proper title should be withheld we cannot imagine. Fortified by this *sangfroid*, our heroes boldly proceed upon their way, and, after vanquishing unheard-of obstacles, and running unheard-of risks, finally achieve the object for which they were created. That object is

twofold. In the first place, they have to "win" the heroine: "win" is the technical word. In the second place, they have to "claim" her from her parents or guardians—"claim," also, being a term of art. Sometimes the order is reversed, and the first step is to approach the parent or guardian with a request for "permission to seek So-and-so's hand in marriage." The winning in such a case comes after the claiming. But, whatever the course of procedure, great and permanent happiness is the result of the union. It should in justice be added that all parties display an almost excessive delicacy in regard to money matters. They detest all paltriness, and plight their troth to one another readily enough when neither has a farthing in the world. It is the subsequent accession of either or both to a princely fortune which alone threatens to break off the engagement. Luckily, these nice scruples are overcome in the long-run, and two meritorious and charming creatures are rendered happy.

Life would be comparatively plain sailing if it were as easy to detect villains in reality as it is in fiction. Their very manner of speaking would furnish a clue. "Hissing" and "muttering" would be much more popular with them than the more generally accepted methods of bringing out the voice. If you heard a man at a ball or anywhere else apostrophising a lady as "my beautiful one, my queen, my goddess," or the like, you would know that he was all right. But if, on the other hand, you overheard him addressing her as "my proud dainty lady," or exclaiming with a bitter curse upon his lips, "I have caged you at last, my lady bird," you would have a shrewd suspicion that he was emphatically a "wrong 'un." Suspicion would grow stronger if he called his rival a "miserable, under-handed serpent," or showed any signs of possessing the instinct of a sleuth-hound. Suspicion would become certainty if you happened to discover that he "held a leading position in a fast set," and further confirmation would be supplied by a glance at his handsome evil face and the cruel gleam in his splendid dark eyes. A villain may be a foreigner answering to some such highly characteristic and euphonious name as "Count Achard Bungener," but he is very seldom allowed blue eyes. That agreeable hue seems to lend itself less readily than any other to the manifestation of concentrated hatred and malignity, and to be much less capable of assuming an absolutely murderous expression. Perhaps the most fearsome thing about the villains is their diabolical sneers. He must be brave indeed who could face an interview with the gentleman of whom we read that "his dark eye beamed with haughty and passionate fire, mingled with a sinister gleam which, added to the disdainful curl of the lip, gave to his face an expression akin to treachery." A little more than kin, we should have thought, as well as a good deal less than kind. It is in vain that the villains dissemble. We know that, despite their pretended benevolence, they are hatching the most preposterous plots ever dreamt of outside Bedlam, to pay off scores of thirty years' standing. "I believe," says one villain to the girl destined, by no wish of her own, for his bride—"I believe that engaged people indulge in little pleasantries which I confess would be very agreeable to me, but I will exact absolutely nothing until you are my wife." We feel in-

stinctively that this affected mod eration is but a cloak to cover the most dastardly designs, and we dread him all the more for his hypocrisy. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*, if we may poach on Mr Birrell's preserves. Happily, even villany must have a period, and conscience must reassert its prerogatives. At some random word or chance allusion, our scoundrel's face blanches, or even turns a ghastly greenish white. He will brazen it out for a moment, but the evidence instantly forthcoming will be overwhelming. His accomplices will blow the gaff (our readers will please excuse the vulgarity of the expression). "Here is your revolver," they will say; "the cartridge, &c., is the same number as those not discharged." If he be well-advised the villain will anticipate the gallows, and will forthwith drop down dead—a victim not, like the Templar, to the violence of his own contending passions, but to heart-disease. So, at all events, will the symptoms be diagnosed, without the slightest examination, by a doctor, who will opportunely appear upon the scene with all the appetite of a Greek chorus for imparting superfluous information.

Love is an element which is never missing from the pages of the novelette. 'Tis love that makes the world go round, as everybody is aware; and 'tis love that assists the circulation of cheap fiction as well. Sensation is an equally essential ingredient. Titles like 'The Voice of Blood,' 'The Kiss of Judas,' 'The Bracelet of Death,' tell their own tale; and, though they are the exception rather than the rule, a strong spice of crime seems to be regarded as a *sine quâ non*. We cannot truthfully assert that there is much variety in the plots. They might, perhaps, delight the rigid Aristotelian, for they have plenty of ἀναγνώρισις and plenty of περιπέτεια (we can be as pedantic as another, when we choose). But there is a good deal of sameness in the devices by which the knot is disentangled and the catastrophe finally brought about. Nine times out of ten the schemes of the villain are frustrated by making some well-conditioned character play the eavesdropper. "Never postpone business" was the maxim which Mr Squeers sought to impress upon Master Belling; and villains would do well to take it to heart. If they would only strike while the iron is hot, matters would go hard with the heroine and her lover. But, instead of settling the matter out of hand, they bid the partners of their wickedness meet them tomorrow night at the wicket-gate which leads into the coppice; and, sure enough, when to-morrow night comes, some sharp-eared third party happens to be in the vicinity of the trysting-place, and learns everything. Disguises are freely worn; wigs, masks, and false noses are not despised. Letters and other documents are forged with marvellous ease, and with at least temporary success. Blackmail is levied with punctuality and despatch. *N.B.*—Accounts rendered quarterly. The interest of the fable, moreover, depends in large measure upon the peculiar system of jurisprudence which prevails in this department of the realm of fiction. The law of the domestic relations is one with which civilised nations are unfamiliar. One old and respected friend among the legal doctrines of the novelist is sure to turn up. "A few careless words made us unwittingly husband and wife according to Scottish law." What says the "Old Contributor" in his

inimitable 'Tourists' Matrimonial Guide through Scotland'?—

"This maxim itself might content ye,
That marriage is made—by consent;
Provided it's done *de præsenti*,
And marriage is really what's meant."

The law of guardian and ward also presents some highly novel and startling features. Probably it is in questions of succession, however, that the knowledge and resource of the penny novel-writer shine most brilliantly. He is conversant with principles which would have come with something of a shock to Mr Jarman, and of which Lord M'Laren would appear to be wholly ignorant. In interpreting a will, for example, the testator's intention is the last and least consideration, and what ultimately rules is the intention of the beneficiary's guardian, especially if he be a baronet. This is less surprising in view of the absolutely imbecile testamentary dispositions which the testators are in the habit of making, and of their fondness for imposing upon a bequest impossible conditions which they provide no machinery for making effectual. When people leave no will, the law distributes their estates in a manner fully as eccentric as any private individual could desire. Let a committee of authors at once be elected to draw up "A Treatise on the Law of intestate succession in Heritage and Moveables, with a Glance at the various meanings of the words 'heir' and 'next-of-kin.'" We confidently predict that it would awaken feelings of the liveliest curiosity throughout the legal profession.

We have endeavoured to reap a little innocent, and, we trust, not ill-natured diversion from a class of publication which, to the vast majority of 'Maga's' readers, must hitherto have been no more than a name. But the subject has its serious side, and after a protracted study of two-and-a-half dozen specimens of this kind of writing we feel as heavily depressed and as much in tune for solemn and gloomy reflection as if we had just read the last number of 'L*t*r*t*re' from beginning to end. The very bulk of the penny novels is appalling. The thought that, week after week, this mass of printed matter is poured forth from the press and greedily absorbed by the public takes away one's breath. Do readers never weary? Can the taste for trash never be sated? It is of no use to pretend that it is *not* trash. In all these performances we have detected not one touch of originality, not one spark of genuine humour, not one trace of observation, not one attempt at drawing character. Of the best of them—'The Family Herald Supplement,' to wit—no more can be said than that it is commendably free from bad taste, absurdity, and extravagance. It excels because of negative, rather than of positive, virtues. The writers, too — what of them? Would not the treadmill or the galleys be preferable to the task of regularly turning out a given quantity of the same tedious stuff without intermission and without relief? *They*, poor people, are not interviewed; *their* portraits do not glare at you from the literary journals; *they* are not clients of the prosperous literary agent; *they* do not entertain one another at public feasts. Grub Street depopulated, or pulled down? Not a bit of it; only, the most irascible even of our geniuses have learned to ignore its existence.

Yet, inevitable as are such sombre thoughts, they yield before

long to more cheerful considerations. The plain English of it is that these penny novelettes are not, by a long way, so bad as they might be. Objections may be urged against them by the score. It may be said that, like contemporary melodrama, they perpetuate an unwholesome and now threadbare tradition inherited from the Byron of "The Giaour" and "Lara" through Lord Lytton at his very worst and Ouida at her second best. It may be said that their "outlook upon life" (in the cant phrase) is distorted and *borné*. It may be said that they deal with aspirations that grovel rather than soar, and that the ideals they disclose are very far from being elevated. Doubtless they reflect with tolerable accuracy the philosophy of their *clientèle*. To marry the man you love and to have plenty of money, honestly come by, *bien entendu*, are the capital ends of human existence which that philosophy implies. Are they widely dissimilar from the ends consciously or unconsciously aimed at by those who procure their novels from the circulating libraries? Here, at all events, is no palliation of guilty passion. Here are no polite sophistries to extenuate conjugal infidelity. On the contrary, the libertine is held up to just reprobation and odium. The family is, after all, the basis of society as at present constituted. Without its support private property would lack its surest foundation. And as long as to be happily married and to "get on in the world" are the secret or avowed ideals of what are called, for convenience' sake, the working classes, so long will any dangerous and far-reaching scheme of communism remain an impossibility. The penny stories are wretched things enough, absolutely speaking. But it is infinitely better that the wives and sisters and daughters of our shopmen and our mechanics should spend their spare coppers upon them than that, like their "betters," they should dabble in, and profess to admire, the pedantic obscenities of an Ibsen, the unintelligible nonsense of a Maeterlinck, or the dubious rodomontade of a Ruskin. Let us be thankful for small mercies; let us remember the cheap, popular literature of France and its abominations; and if the kirk be ower muckle, let us e'en be content with a good grace to sing mass in the quire.

THE B.A. AND THE BELLS.

In one of the smaller towns of this learned island there is a public school which of late years has won particular renown. The head-master is an Honorary Canon, a D.D., an LL.D., and several other things besides. The assistant masters are also men of letters, though not of so many, and, like the reverend head, they wear gowns and other scholastic insignia. This lends an air of academic refinement to the school, the lawns, and the precincts generally.

The school rests, both figuratively and physically, on ancient foundations. It had its origin in the benefaction of a medieval bishop, and the lower masonry of the old building—*par excellence* the *school*—is of coeval date. The building itself—a handsome grey-stone edifice with battlements and a clock-tower—is Elizabethan. The grounds are very large, including other school buildings, with pleasant residences for the masters and their families. Altogether it is a most desirable school.

The town is ancient, agricultural, and flat, and half-encircled by a sluggish river. It is famed for its many fine towers and steeples, and for the number and activity of its bells. They are clear and musical, sounding out over the wide plain to the purple hills at its rim—to welcome the coming or speed the parting guest, as the case may be. Unfortunately they are also a little confusing, most of them being started by clocks which synchronise badly, so to speak. When, however, they all go off at once, the effect is even more bewildering.

The two most noted are the school bell, called the "Don," and the Town Hall bell, popularly known as "Timmins' Tinkler." The latter has a brief history. It was the gift of the late Evan Timmins, Esq., draper and alderman of the town, who wished to benefit the place of his birth and business success and at the same perpetuate his own memory. The founding of another scholarship for the bishop's school at one of the universities was suggested to him, but the idea was rejected with asperity. He owed nothing, he said, to "cemeteries of learning" (his English was always peculiar), and he did not believe in them. It might have been his dislike to academies, but, either from accident or design, the new town bell almost exactly echoed the deep notes of the Don, thereafter becoming its rival and adding greatly to the prevailing horological chaos.

The B.A. was a good-looking, clean-shaved, rather pale young man of about five-and-twenty, and what is called a sound scholar. He was also, both in mind and body, a person of a certain solidity: some people said he was stolid, but of this the reader must judge. He dressed in black, wore gold-rimmed spectacles, and was the only son of a cousin of the head-master's wife.

One morning in June he received a letter from the head-master which gave him an agreeable start. Though not exactly a blighted being, he had begun to think he had not had quite his deserts. He had done so very well at his university, and had been so exemplary in regard to his mother, that it seemed a little anomalous, if not unjust, that after three years he should be nothing more

than tutor to a manufacturer's sons in a town full of chimneys.

The head-master's letter was formal, condescending, and guarded. It intimated that the post of first classical master in the school was vacant, and if he, the B.A., would like to have it, his application would at least be considered. "You might come down to our Commemoration," the letter said, "and meet some of the governors. Perhaps it would be well not to mention our family connection, such as it is."

"Commemoration!" reflected the B.A. "It sounds almost like a university. What swells they must be!"

He had not met the head-master five times in his life, and had never seen the school; but he had heard a good deal about both. Though not particularly sanguine, he decided to go; yet did not make up his mind immediately, being, to say truth, a little deliberate in his mental movements.

He arrived late in the day, after a slow journey in dull weather. The evening, however, was remarkably fine; and the little town, with its steeples, towers, and quaint red-brick houses,—and even the flat expanse around it,—seemed glorified in the clear sunlight into something not quite like a fragment of this common earth. The young man was curiously unobservant; but now, so great was the change from his late environment, he seemed to be endowed with sight and sensibility all at once. It reminded him of the city of his university, which, now that he came to recall it, was really a very charming place. At the railway station he was met by the Demonstrator in Physical Science and his wife, both of whom he thought remarkably cordial. They showed him over the schools, the grounds, and the town generally. They even took him out to the bridge, where one sees the two principal spires—St Catherine's and St John's—inverted in the water, and hears the music of the various bells of the community. They took him to the head-master, who introduced him to the other masters in conclave, who in their turn were surprisingly friendly. So that the young man began to think his invitation had meant more than he supposed, and to be elated accordingly.

In the evening there was a mildly festive function such as are common at Commemorations, Commencements, and other school occasions. It was held in the schoolroom, and a good many ladies were present, several of them belonging to the families of the resident pedagogues. The B.A. was treated with much consideration, and quite as if one of the scholastic household. This made him still more elated, and nearer to excitement than ever before in his life. Then another thing happened. He found himself becoming deeply interested in a young lady with dark eyes and a rather brilliant colour, who was soon introduced to him as a Miss Georgiana Smith, and whom he at length recalled as a slight acquaintance of his undergraduate days. He had not been greatly impressed with her then, he remembered, but now she seemed really a very vivacious and striking girl; and in a short time he fell victim to another set of emotions, which, however, harmonised completely with those already exercising him. Her image, or the idea of her, seemed to unite itself to the vision of his prospective post and to brighten it like a nimbus or halo—in such a manner, indeed, that he could not think of the two

things separately. This, at least, was something like the way it affected him. It is true he did not speak with her more than once or twice, and she was closely attended by a large and rather objectionable male cousin; but the B.A. felt that the subtle bond with which fate had linked them together could not be affected by any male relative, however large or obnoxious. His conviction, though not resting on a very solid basis, was strengthened when she expressed regret at not seeing him again for some time. "We are going away to-morrow for a month," she said at parting. "So very early, too,—the 8.35,—I don't know how we shall manage it."

After the public function there was another, even more festive, and confined to members of the school staff. "We shall be glad to see you in the study to-morrow at ten," the head-master said to him, benevolently. "It's a little early, but one of the governors has an appointment at eleven. I like them to see the new—er—applicants personally, and I daresay it will be convenient for you." "Of course," said the B.A.

At a quarter to twelve that night he sat before the open window of a deliciously curtained old bedroom facing the schools. Below him was the smooth-rolled lawn glistening in the moonlight, and opposite rose the clock-tower containing the Don, whose voice had sounded out regularly through the evening. How like it all was to his college! he thought. He had resorted to a pipe of mild tobacco (he hoped it wouldn't scent the curtains) to calm himself for sleep; but at the moment he was extremely wide awake. "There is a tide in the affairs of men and tutors," he said, "which taken at the flood leads on to an establishment in life; and I believe it's my turn now." In his case a twofold destiny seemed to be involved; but he recalled several precedents, classical and modern, where even tutors had won wife and fortune at the same stroke. He outlined a plan of action on the spot with a quickness which, six hours before, would have been abnormal. The first thing would be to see Miss Smith off by the 8.35 train—he felt sure it would be the proper course, and he could do it gracefully under the circumstances. There were infinite possibilities, he believed, in seeing people off by trains, and he would have plenty of time to keep his appointment with the governors at ten.

To allow an ample margin he set his alarm very carefully at seven, going to bed immediately afterwards to secure what sleep he could. As he did so the clocks of the neighbourhood jangled midnight confusedly. "What a row they make, to be sure," he said; "but I daresay I should get used to it."

He slept almost at once, lulled by the sense that filial piety and sound scholarship were now to be rewarded. Naturally his slumber was light and not dreamless. Little colour-photographs floated before his eyes, made up of steeples, lawns, boathouses, gowns, ladies, swarms of pupils, and solemn school assemblies—himself in a head-master's robe presiding; the lovely Thais by his side (in the person of Georgiana); and all attended with a great deal of bell-ringing. He was just administering magisterial punishment to a large boy (it was the male cousin) when he awoke.

The room was full of light, and he could see the sun shining on the houses opposite. Being anxious

to discover whether the charm of the place had vanished overnight, he rose and went to the window, but found it even more delightful in the freshness of the morning. "It must be early," he thought; "not more than four or five"; and wishing to save himself for his double ordeal, he returned to bed. He had only just done so, however, when he noticed that his alarm-clock had stopped; or rather it had never started, as he had forgotten (for the first time in five years) to give it the necessary jog after winding. It stood stolidly at twelve, and he had now no means whatever of telling the time,—the school clock was not visible from his window, and his watch, a family heirloom, invariably suspended operations when he slept. But reflecting that it really could not be late, and he should presently hear some clock or other, —there were enough of them about, —he prepared for a few moments' more rest, when the Don's booming voice broke upon the silence. One! Two! Three! Four!—the strokes were very deliberate, and he had no difficulty in counting—Five! Six!—he raised his head from the pillow uneasily—Seven!—he jumped up with an exclamation of surprise at the coincidence, when still another stroke rang out and went vibrating through the close. Eight o'clock! He was done for now. Thirty-five minutes to dress, find a strange railway station, and put in motion the most delicate and important machinery of human life! The attempt, however, was worth making; and although he never knew how it was done, he was dressed and standing on the pavement at twelve minutes past the hour. He had on his old college cap and carried the gown under his arm: he had brought them both for effect.

The first thing was to find the station—there were two in the town, he knew. Some men with a dust-cart were the only persons visible, and he called out sharply to the nearest—

"Hi! there. Which is the way to the eight thirty-five train?"

The man, who was blear-eyed and dirty, turned on his shovel and stood staring.

"Wotever do yer want er the 'ight thutty-foive train," he asked in a husky voice, "at this toime er——"

The B.A. reddened deeply.

"What I want it for is really no concern of yours," he said, snappishly. "Be quick! where is it? The station, I mean."

"O-a," said the dustman slowly, eyeing him with suspicion. "If yer meant the Lon' Nor'-West'n Station, w'y didn't yer say so? But wotever do yer want it for *now?*"

"Zounds!" the B.A. almost shouted (his expressions were all classical and time-honoured); "never mind that! Where *is* it? Here's a shilling for you, if that's what you're after?"

The dustman looked furtively up and down the street and at the houses—they were the quaint red-brick mansions referred to—and then extended his hand, putting the coin instantly into his pocket.

"Over the bridge, 'arf a moile. Keep on as y'are; fust tu'n left, then roight," he said in a rough whisper, and added, "Yer don't look like one of 'em; but if yer've bin crib-crackin', and Oi gets inter any trouble er this, domn'd if Oi don't t——"

The B.A. happily missed the last scandalous remark—he had bolted off down the street. It led out into the flat country beyond the town, and before him were fields, market-

gardens, and a low bridge. He made for the bridge, thinking it best to follow his directions literally, though he passed one or two turnings on the way. Once beyond the houses, as there was no one about, he started to run—he had lost a full minute undoing his front door (they seemed very late people), and two more with the dustman. As he crossed the bridge the quarter struck behind him: there were twenty minutes left. He was now in a straight country road between hedges, and running swiftly, his gown, which he had slipped on, streaming back from his shoulders and fluttering in the wind. Under other circumstances it would have been an exhilarating race, the air was so fresh, the sky so pure, the hedges so fragrant—indeed he felt it so even as it was. But no turning appeared, and he had lost another five minutes: he vaulted a gate and scrambled up a high mound to find his bearings if possible. Yes, there was the station, or what looked like it, across some low fields to the right. He was about to jump down on the other side, when he heard the footfalls of a heavy man running, and looking back, saw over the hedge a constable's helmet bobbing along the road he had travelled. Presently the constable himself, red-faced and panting, shot into view and essayed to leap the gate; but being heavy and exhausted, he managed to tumble over on his head. The B.A.'s case was urgent, but being essentially humane he hastened to render assistance, only to be roughly grasped by the half-prostrate man.

"Now then! are you comin' quiet, or will I 'ave to use force?" the officer sputtered, clinging to his arm and trying to rise. His eyes were full of water and dust, and his nose was bleeding.

The young man reflected. He could easily have shaken him off, but to be pursued into the station by an excited constable formed no part of his programme. He would try to conciliate him instead.

"Go where with you?" he asked, mildly.

"To the station-'ouse, you fool," the policeman answered, angrily, getting on to his legs. "Where else do you s'pose?"

"I shall be only too delighted, my good fellow," the B.A. responded with great politeness. "I've been trying to find the station-'ouse this last half-hour." The joke was a feeble one, but he could not resist it.

"You'll find it fast enough," the man answered, a good deal astonished: he drew his sleeve across his eyes and suddenly released his hold. The expected house-breaker resolved himself (apparently) into one of the grammar-school masters in full costume.

"Perhaps you can explain all this?" the B.A. remarked, a little severely.

The man looked sheepish.

"'Ow was I to know, sir?" he said, in a tone of plaintive apology. "A lad as 'ad been sent for a doctor told me he see some one come out of a 'ouse with clo'es under 'is arm, and then run off. So I gives chase, as is my dooty to. It's only my horders, sir; and a pretty fool I'll look, goin' back all dirt and my 'elmet broke!" He spoke feelingly.

He must be got rid of at any cost. The young man gave him half-a-crown towards the helmet, and waited till he had started back, mopping and muttering. Then he was off across country like a greyhound.

One daisy-starred field, then another, slipped away under his

feet. Before him was a low hedge, which he was about to break through when the gleam of water caught his eye. He stopped with difficulty on the edge of a muddy stream, twenty feet or more across.

It was too bad! The goal in sight, yet absolutely unattainable! He took out his watch—the family heirloom (he had had the presence of mind to set the hands before starting—it always went when he did). Just half-past eight—in five minutes the train would start. He might get through by wading or swimming, but the plight he would be in would effectually frustrate his mission; besides, he must be presentable to meet the governors at ten. The first stage of his carefully-laid plan had failed ignominiously.

He was deeply dejected, partly from the physical reaction, but chiefly because he read his failure as an omen of the final doom of his hopes. The male cousin (doubtless a second cousin) would now have a whole month to ply his hateful batteries, and the end was already foreshadowed. Robbed of its halo, the head-master's gift seemed hardly worth taking. The river of his thoughts, which had been full of flashing ripples and rainbows during his race, became like the sullen ditch beside him. He had never been so miserable. Presently, as he walked slowly on, he saw—but without emotion, for it was now too late—an old plank laid across the stream at a narrow point. It suddenly occurred to him that, as he had heard no sound, the train might be delayed; anyway he would cross and see. In doing so he nearly came to grief, the plank sinking under his last footstep and floating off down the stream. The station was now in view, and he scrutinised it curiously as he approached; it was not like an ordinary station. At length, adjusting his spectacles,—his eyes had suffered somewhat from the study of Greek,—he was able to read the sign, "George Dobson, dealer in cement, slates, tiles, &c." The yard and warehouse of a builder's merchant, then, had been the real objective of his morning's chase. What a fool he was, no doubt! but philosophy—the philosophy of grief—came to his aid, and if sorrowful, he was at least calm.

He had now a little over an hour in which to keep his appointment. The bridge was down by the way he had come, but doubtless there were others. He knocked at the warehouse door; but no one seeming to be about, he started off up the stream, hoping to find some means of crossing or some one to direct him. It soon became evident that he could hardly keep the school appointment: he called himself by a few mildly opprobrious names, but accepted it as the dictum of fate—his spirits could not possibly sink lower.

The task of finding a bridge seemed one of remarkable difficulty. After long wandering, much misdirection, and several adventures—some of them unpleasant—with dogs, cowkeepers, milkmaids, and washerwomen, most of whom appeared to regard him as an escaped lunatic, he found himself again by the stream (on the wrong side, of course) and near the cement warehouse. The heirloom pointed to half-past ten, and his only wish was to get back to his rooms and leave the town as soon as possible. The head-master, he knew, was a martinet; and although an explanation might satisfy him, this was exactly what he did not propose to make. He

started off, — this time down stream, — and was absorbed in the composition of a letter of farewell and regrets, when the most appalling sounds suddenly broke on his ears — the bellowing of an angry bull and the unmistakable cry of a woman. The humane instinct which had led him to help the fallen constable again asserted itself: he rushed forward, and turning a clump of trees, beheld a sight which filled him, first with deadly affright, and next with the liveliest exultation. On the opposite bank an enormous bull, seemingly a prize animal, was pawing up the earth in large clods and bellowing with the throat of a bovine Stentor; while on a little island in mid-stream the lady of his morning's quest stood trembling but safe! Her scarlet jacket was under the animal's hoofs, fast returning to its textile elements, and a small basket of wild-flowers, half overturned, lay near the single plank by which she had escaped. It was a picture and a promise — an opportunity worth a hundred railway stations. He was at once himself.

"Don't be alarmed!" he called out, reassuringly. "He can't hurt you." She was terribly frightened he saw.

"Oh dear!" she sobbed; "he'll come over the bridge after me when he's done with my jacket!" (The plank was six inches wide.)

"Oh no, he won't," the B.A. answered, cheerfully. "He'd never think of it, and besides he couldn't, you know."

"What shall I do?" moaned the maiden.

"Be calm!" said the B.A.

What to do, however, was for the moment a puzzle. The case of Leander and the Hellespont inevitably occurred to him, but this particular gulf was largely mud. He was just deliberating whether to attempt it, when to his delight he saw among the rushes the plank he had crossed on two hours before: evidently it had floated down. In a moment he had it out of the water and spanning the half of the stream between him and the island. The task of supporting the trembling damsel to the bank was safely, and, he flattered himself, gracefully performed. Then followed an exploit worthy of a Spanish matador. He crossed *both* planks, and with great agility rescued the basket of wild-flowers from under the very nose of the bull. This was the cream of the adventure, a fragment of his gown left on one of the beast's horns showing the degree of his intrepidity. He was rewarded with agitation, thanks, and blushes.

They set off towards the town at once, first, however, pulling in the B.A.'s plank (the creature *might* follow them — he looked capable of anything). The young lady showed him the way, but was still frightened and so weak as to be obliged to take his arm, which she did, he thought, very unwillingly. In fact she seemed unaccountably shy.

Nevertheless he was charmed with her. If the morning light had improved the school close, in the lady it had worked transformation. To say truth, but for her dark hair and eyes, and the place she obviously filled in the scheme of his destiny, he would not have known her. Her voice even had changed, and she was also much prettier. But she was so timid, he thought, and reserved — so unlike the vivacious person of last night. Perhaps, however, her morning dress, the late adventure, and his defective vision explained it.

As they walked slowly on through the field-paths, melodious birds singing madrigals the while, she confided to him (he looked almost like a clergyman) that she belonged to a society of young ladies founded to promote early rising, habits of devotion, and the study of wild and domesticated flowers. They had come out very early—it was such a lovely morning (people had queer notions of early hours here, the B.A. thought), and being an enthusiast she had remained after the others. Unfortunately she had strayed into the river-field — the rest of the adventure he knew. "I should never have gone near it," she said, "if I had imagined the dreadful thing was about." He did not care to ask her why she had given up her intended journey; and as for the male cousin, he had completly faded from his thoughts.

They were now in the town, passing up a wide avenue facing the schools. The young lady had recovered herself, and was walking without his aid: he still carried her basket, but she held a few of the flowers in her hand. As the long façade of the schools came in sight through the trees, with a figure in cap and gown crossing the lawn, a slight pang visited him, but passed away at once: he felt instinctively that he had gained something of more value than even a head-mastership. In fact he was supremely happy. It must be almost noon, he thought, though the air was still wonderfully cool, when the hour began to be struck. The B.A. had for the present lost all interest in times and seasons, but happening to glance at the school clock, he was immediately transfixed: the gilded hands, with the sun full upon them, stood at eight! He settled his spectacles and looked long and hard, but there could be no mistake—it was the hour at which his strange experiences had begun.

"I think something must be wrong with the school clock," he said at last, in a rather weak voice.

"I only wish there was," the young lady answered, lightly. "I shall be dreadfully late; but I'm afraid it's right—it always is."

The young man appeared dazed: it seemed as if the eight strokes he had counted so carefully that morning were even then ringing in his head. Then his eyes wandered from the dial and encountered something more astonishing if possible than the miracle of time set back—or stopped, he did not know which it was. On the opposite footpath, coming quickly towards them, were the male cousin, as large as ever, and — heaven save his wits!—the Georgiana Smith of the previous evening! There was no question of identity. They both carried travelling wraps, and were talking and laughing—rather too loudly, he thought—and so much absorbed in each other as not to notice him in passing.

The B.A. remained standing for some moments, his features relaxed into an expression of vacuity not uncommon with people at sea in rough weather. There was some excuse for him. He had had a great deal to try him that morning—crazy clocks, dishonest dustmen, stupid constables, insecure bridges, prize bulls on the war-path, and now the phenomenon of duplicate damsels. Only he had the sense to perceive that they were not duplicates, by any means.

"I hope you are not ill, Mr Brown," his companion said in alarm. She feared he had been injured while rescuing her.

"Er—no, not exactly," he gasped out, recovering himself in a sur-

prising manner and walking on, — he had a good constitution and was getting used to shocks, — "I must have been up very early this morning, that's all. Then you're not Miss——" he was beginning, when he checked himself. "I didn't know you knew my name," he said instead.

"I think you are going to be the new master at the school," she answered, diffidently. "I hope you'll like it: they've such nice houses, some of them."

He was again completely himself, and replied with emphasis that it was now extremely probable that he *should* be the new master, but how he should like it would depend on circumstances—he did not say what, but looked many things. In return she told him that her name was Julia Marston, that her father was a solicitor, and her brother was at Oxford. They lived at Elmhurst, in Church Street, and he must call, as her father would wish to thank him. He promised to do so at an early date — that very day, in fact.

"There's just one thing I should like to know," he said as they were about to part. "Doesn't your school clock strike double sometimes—eight, for instance, instead of four?"

She laughed—for the first time —very prettily, he thought.

"It's that horrid town clock," she said. "It's always striking just before or after the Don—out of spite. We have 'Town and Gown' here, you know. I *hope* it didn't get you up at four o'clock."

"I'm afraid it did," he answered, smiling himself as he raised his cap. "But I'm not at all sorry."

A. G. Hyde.

A MAKER OF COLONIES.[1]

It is not surprising that Edward Gibbon Wakefield has been neglected for nearly half a century, for Edward Gibbon Wakefield was a prophet, and prophets are commonly without honour not only in their own but in every other country. Moreover, he had (so to say) a practical knowledge of the future; he knew the means whereby his fancies would be turned into facts; and when the event proved the clearness of his vision, envious ones were not wanting to resent his accurate judgment. But the old animosities are falling into forgetfulness; the opposition evoked by Wakefield's sincerity perished long ago; and at last a generation of imperial enthusiasts has arisen, which honourably believes that our colonies are our greatest glory, and which sees in Wakefield the far-sighted theorist, whose clairvoyance made possible the prosperity of the many kingdoms over-sea. So at last a tardy justice is done; and in his loyal and workmanlike biography Dr Garnett has raised a worthy monument to long-neglected genius.

But Wakefield was no mere politician. He was a natural prey to the manifold contrasts and contradictions which make for romance. An economist with a taste for splendour, a Quaker beset with a reckless levity, a hereditary philanthropist determined before all things to better his own fortune, he ran upon such shoals of adventure and disgrace as would have foundered a less buoyant and courageous bark than his own. Born in 1796 of a family given over to the practice of benevolence, he was guided in his early steps by the hardest, flattest-footed pedants who ever worshipped the ideal of misery—Francis Place and James Mill; but their influence was light upon him, since his first employment was in the diplomatic service, where he speedily learned the charm of fashion and extravagance. He followed the tradition of his family in making a youthful and surreptitious marriage. His father was first married at seventeen, and afterwards contracted a secret alliance in Paris. One of his brothers ran off with an Indian princess. But of all the Wakefields it was Edward Gibbon who most notoriously distinguished himself in the field of matrimony. He eloped with Eliza Susan Pattle, a wealthy ward of Chancery, before he was of full age, and he carried through the enterprise with considerable dash and ingenuity. The lady was guarded not only by a vigilant mother, but by two jealous uncles, so that flight was difficult and dangerous. However, Wakefield overcame all obstacles; he pursued his sweetheart to Tunbridge Wells, lulled the uncles' suspicions by a feigned interest in cock-fighting, and on a summer morning hired two carriages, in one of which he drove off with the lady, while a pair of dummies seated in the other diverted the pursuit. Of course he escaped clear away, married his Eliza, overpersuaded the Lord Chancellor, and at last won the enduring affection of his mother-in-law. That his conduct was influenced by greed and ambition is certain; it is also certain that he made whatever amend was

[1] Edward Gibbon Wakefield. By R. Garnett, C.B., LL.D. London: Unwin.

possible to fidelity and affection; indeed, it was but the premature death of his wife that drove Wakefield back upon a career of bustle and intrigue; and his subsequent offence may be easily condoned, since the most poignant grief cannot tame a high-spirited boy of twenty-four.

At twenty-four, then, Edward Gibbon Wakefield was dividing his time between Genoa and Paris, an irresponsible *attaché*, enjoying, according to his own phrase, the most cultivated society in Europe. He was gay, handsome, careless, and witty; exquisite in his dress, eager in his pleasures, yet withal untiring in ambition. His purpose was Parliament and a political career. He would enter the House, give a loyal support to Mr Canning, and prove that the rising generation was neither venal nor treasonable. There is something in his youthful spirit which recalls, as Dr Garnett points out, the more dazzling brilliance of Disraeli. "We are enthusiasts," he cries out, with a confidence which the author of 'Vivian Grey' echoed a few years later; "to be sure we are! We commenced writing on politics because we are political enthusiasts; because we are sick of the dull, calculating, measured trash of one set of newspapers, and the prejudiced, senseless, savage violence of others. . . . Enthusiasts indeed! And is it not high time that enthusiasts should appear in the only cause that is worthy enthusiasm? We spurn the mawkish affectation which supposes that England has seen her brightest days of civilisation, prosperity, and glory." How young it is — young with the eternal justice and generosity of youth! So, his head packed with dreams of patriotism, he believed that all things were possible to him; and even the Treasury bench seemed but a saunter to his courageous energy.

One thing only was lacking—money. And by hook or by crook money must be found, not so much to gratify personal vanity, as to give a patriot the chance of serving his country. Already he had proved the ease and profit of elopement, and with the aid of his family he resolved once more upon a runaway match. History does not contain a stranger episode than Wakefield's second flight, and it is the stranger because not merely did his step-mother—as yet unacknowledged by her husband, after the custom of the family—herself select the victim, but his brother William was an actual accomplice in the crime. The plot was laid with deliberate cunning; nothing was left to chance; and it was only the harsh interference of the law which baulked the reckless Wakefield of his prey.

Now, on a certain March morning in 1826, a post-chaise drew up at the door of a girls' school near Liverpool. A letter was presented to the mistress declaring that the mother of Miss Ellen Turner was dying, and that she requested her daughter's instant presence. The schoolmistress, suspecting nothing, bade the girl depart, and, in accordance with the letter's behest, gave no reason for the hurried journey. A few miles from Liverpool the chaise was met by Wakefield and his brother, who accompanied the girl to Carlisle, and there told her that her father, being on the brink of ruin, could only be saved by her speedy marriage with her adventurous companion. With no resource but compliance, she crossed the frontier to Gretna Green, where

the ceremony was hastily gone through, and whence Wakefield and his stolen bride fled to Calais. Once his purpose effected, Wakefield behaved with astounding moderation. He surrendered his captive to her friends without complaint; he made a solemn declaration that "she and he had been but as brother and sister," and he was so far penitent as to confess that had another behaved so monstrously to his daughter he would have shot him. Nor was the incident without a touch of pathos. "I would have made her love me," said the greedy adventurer in perfect truth; and when the ring, taken from her finger, was returned to him, "I shall always keep it," he replied; "they should have thrown it away."

But a monstrous outrage had been committed, and Wakefield, declining an opportunity of flight to America, returned to stand his trial with his brother and stepmother. A strange trial it was, indeed, and one which puzzled the ablest lawyers of the time. As Wakefield lifted every enterprise above the commonplace, so this squalid theft of a schoolgirl could not be punished without an Act of Parliament. Miss Turner was an essential witness, yet, if the marriage was legal, she could not give evidence against her husband. The difficulty might have proved insoluble without the aid of the Commons; but once the marriage was annulled there was no vestige of hope for Wakefield, and he was condemned to three years' imprisonment in Newgate. And now were made manifest the true strength and nobility of his character. Never once did he think of ruin or defeat. He would expiate the wrong, and pick up a brilliant career from the gutter where he had thrown it. More than that, he would turn his disgrace to practical advantage: he would leave Newgate a sound statesman, upon whose word the whole country must rely.

At the outset he meditated a history of Newgate, and devoted himself with all his lively enthusiasm to the study of the prison whose door was closed upon him. The history was never written, but the fragment which actually got into print is among the most amazing pamphlets in the language. Whether you estimate its own merit or its ultimate effect, you cannot read 'Punishment by Death in the Metropolis' without a surprised admiration. One thing is certain: had Wakefield chosen, he might have proved an accomplished man of letters. There are passages of melodrama, even of tragedy, in this shapeless pamphlet, which you can hardly match elsewhere in literature. Yes, and pages of ironic humour, too, which force a smile, even in the shadow of the tree. Who can forget the school of crime, and the villanous instructor, who may have given Dickens a hint of Fagin? Or the poor boys, condemned to the gallows, from which their escape is certain, and none the less proud of their rarely dignified position? "They have just the same air of agreeable excitement and self-importance," writes Wakefield, "for days before the scene of respite takes place, as marks a Westminster boy when he is about to be distinguished by acting in public." It is hard, no doubt, upon the Westminster boy, but then Wakefield had no love of his old school, and at any rate the comparison is as apt as it is unexpected. Then with what an admirable sense of fun he describes the mock trials, enacted by the prisoners, who

imitate with real gusto the oddities of the counsel whom they love and the judges whom they fear! And above all, who shall exaggerate the splendid horror of the condemned pew, tenanted on Black Sunday by a returned convict, a mad sheep-stealer, a clergyman of the Church of England, "a miserable old man in a tattered suit of black," and a poor youth, whose theft just passes the boundary of five pounds, and whose "hands tremble as they hold the book upside down"? These passages are burned into the memory, and prove by their very persistence their author's rare and brilliant talent.

But Wakefield preferred action to words, and he purposely laid aside an artistic ambition, which he might have gratified, for the inherited love of influence and reform. It is not for nothing that he was the cousin of Elizabeth Fry; and he doubtless forgot the eloquence of his pamphlet in the pride of its practical success. And well might he be proud, for few pieces of writing ever met with a speedier and more striking result. The evils which Wakefield's eloquence had exposed were immediately reformed — the Draconian severity, which punished all crimes by death, and so brought the capital sentence into contempt; the trivial habit of putting on the black cap before children, whose respite was assured, and who laughed in the dock at the judge's solemn jargon; the infamous law which left the prosecution of criminals to private malice, and so contrived that a criminal might buy back his life from his victim. These evils are long since reformed and forgotten. Thus it is that we owe our system of public prosecutions to Wakefield's argument, and thus it is that a term of imprisonment suffered by a man of genius availed to reshape the code of England.

Yet by his 'Letter from Sydney' Wakefield revealed a more striking talent, and did his country a yet more lasting service. From an artistic point of view, this pamphlet is an absolute *tour de force*. Wakefield, of course, had never visited Australia, and his material was drawn from the conversation of convicts, and from the files of antiquated newspapers. But all who were familiar with our unhappy colony declared the 'Letter from Sydney' a masterpiece of verisimilitude. It was written, said they, not within the dull dark walls of Newgate, but in the full sunshine of the Antipodes. The country, the life, the settlers, were all described with a light, convincing touch; and the author forgets neither the laziness of the men nor the beauty of the women. However, a picturesque presentation was not the object of Wakefield's masterpiece. He wrote the famous 'Letter' from his cell in Newgate with the avowed purpose of reform. Our Australian colonies profited us nothing, and Wakefield set himself to discover the cause of failure. Nor was the cause far to seek. It was a magnificent country, where all men might take up a free, unbounded grant of land. There was no need of servitude, since every man was a landowner, and no man owed allegiance to anything or to anybody. Why then was prosperity withheld? Why was this golden age besmirched with ruin and starvation? Because where all men are masters the labourer exists not. Other young colonies had grown rich by the aid of slavery. But in 1830 slavery was impossible, and Australia pined from excess of free-

dom. "Capital without labour," said Wakefield, "is even more powerless than labour without capital." Will you hew down trees with bank-notes, he asked in effect, or cleave the soil with sovereigns? To the short-sighted rulers who had encouraged settlers by free grants of land one hope remained. The convict might be compelled to discharge the duties of a slave; he too might be chained to the soil when he had laid aside his more irksome fetters. But for this subterfuge Wakefield had a ready answer. "If for every acre that may be appropriated here," wrote the imagined colonist, "there should be a conviction for felony in England, our prosperity would rest on a solid basis; but, however earnestly we may desire it, we cannot expect that the increase of crime will keep pace with the spread of colonisation." This admirable irony conveys a solid truth. Not even crime could take the place of slavery, and Australia became a Tom Tiddler's ground, where no labourer would condescend to pick up the gold.

The intelligence of the untravelled Wakefield discovered a perfect remedy. He suggested first that a payment of money should be required in future for every grant of land, and second, that every acre of land thus granted should be liable to a tax, and that this tax should be employed in the free conveyance of British labourers to the colony. In these provisions we find the essence of the Wakefield system, which, devised in Newgate, changed the whole history of Australia; and which made a prosperous country of what would otherwise have relapsed into savagery from the mere impossibility of gathering wealth. That the new projects should have encountered opposition was inevitable. The old method of colonisation, pursued by British officialism, was still supreme, though it had lost us America; and the Government's first anxiety was always to equip a fresh colony with governors, and clergy, and police. England, in fact, when Wakefield came to her rescue, was no more intelligent than the France of to-day. But Wakefield, despite his stormy past, despite the fury of politicians, argued and intrigued until he had carried his point. And so it was that a casual breach of the law not only reformed our criminal code, but also inaugurated a wise and equitable system of colonisation.

Henceforth it was Edward Gibbon Wakefield who pulled the wires of every colonial enterprise. The worst was that a certain hypocrisy prevented the advertisement of his tarnished name, so that for many years this eminent statesman was forced to work in secret. But he received encouragement both from such responsible journals as the 'Spectator' and from such politicians as Molesworth, Mill, and Lord Durham. Immediately on his enlargement he established the Colonisation Society, through which for some fifteen years he exercised a conspicuous influence, and with whose aid he ultimately founded South Australia. This was Wakefield's first great achievement, as its success was the first noble tribute to his memorable system. But the real founder reaped from the enterprise neither glory nor profit, and doubtless he was glad enough to turn his untiring energy to the new project for the colonisation of New Zealand. Of this project, too, Wakefield was the unseen yet potent inspiration. His in-

genuity it was which overcame the intrigues of Parliament and the criminal negligence of the Colonial Office. With Lord Durham's aid he formed the company which ultimately snatched New Zealand from the French, and which gave to England one of the most valuable among her colonies. But a graceless opposition dogged every step of the new company. If Lord Glenelg was supine, Lord Normanby was actively hostile, and but for a brilliant stroke New Zealand would probably have been lost for ever. The company held a sudden meeting, declared a capital of £100,000, equipped the Tory, which set sail with Wakefield's son and brother William on board, and so forced the Government to accept the sovereignty of New Zealand. Nor was all secure, even when the Tory had left London with her guns, and her colonists, and her money. A rumour went abroad that she would be stopped at Plymouth, and then Wakefield performed another signal service to New Zealand: he rode post-haste to the west, warned the Tory against the machinations of the Government, and the ship sailed to the glory of England without giving a mean-souled minister the opportunity of a veto.

Indeed it is a strange and ungrateful history, this history of the British colonies. Pedant arose after pedant on the Treasury bench, to declare that our colonies were sufficient; and hero after hero strove in obscurity to extend the borders of his country's empire. Such patriotism as Wakefield's shows no flaw. It was disinterested, because his name might not be uttered; it was generously displayed, because without reward Wakefield achieved what no highly flattered and highly paid official could achieve without his counsel and inspiration. Nor did he ever complain of his suppression or grudge his service. When Lord Durham set sail for Canada on his triumphant mission, it was to Wakefield he looked for guidance, and it was Wakefield's name which might never be spoken in report or state-paper. "Oh no, we never mention him," says Lord Durham, in writing to his Minister, "his name is never heard." And in all sincerity he adds: "Really, if it were not very inconvenient, all this would be very ludicrous." But the Colonial Office, at that moment a branch of the Missionary Society, was deaf alike to wisdom and loyalty, and thought it no shame to take advantage of an unnamed, unrewarded talent. But though they never mentioned him, Wakefield's part in the mission to Canada was eminent, and acknowledged, at least, by the chief himself. "I have never erred," wrote Lord Durham, "except when I rejected Wakefield's advice." Where shall you find a nobler tribute than that to unrecognised merit? What part Wakefield had in the famous Durham report is unknown and seems unknowable. "Wakefield thought it; Buller wrote it; Durham signed it." Thus runs the epigram, and perhaps its concision interferes not with its truth.

Wakefield, meanwhile, never slackened his energy. Invincible in toil, he wore himself out in the persuasion of his enemies and in the enlightenment of his friends. Now it was the system of transportation which engrossed him, an odious system which his eloquence and determination brought to an end. Now it was the Canterbury Settlement which demanded all his courage and resource, and which more than any enterprise

quickened his generous enthusiasm. If he was not a sound churchman, he was none the less an aristocrat in sympathy, and he saw in this exclusive colony a revival of the Elizabethan ideal. Here at least there should be no meanness, and no intrigue. All the colonists should be gentlemen, loyal to their Queen and their Church, while all the labourers should toil enthusiastically for the glory of the settlement. But the demands of the Church were heavy, and one-third of the colony's capital was unproductive, so that its prosperity was doubtful for a while; and had it not been for the faith of Wakefield, and the tactful energy of Godley, Canterbury, the most romantic of our colonies, would hardly have survived the opposition of Sir George Grey. However, the Pilgrims, as they called themselves, persevered, and once more Wakefield had reason to be proud of his experiment.

But, meanwhile, the New Zealand Company had fallen upon evil days, and Wakefield, broken in health, was compelled to retire from its direction. But he never lost confidence in the future, and it was with a good heart that he set sail—in 1853—to visit the colony over whose foundation he had watched so tenderly. He was now nearing sixty, and though he had devoted his whole life to our distant possessions, he knew them only by study and hearsay. It was a strange confrontation between Wakefield and the colonists, whose prosperity had been assured by his energy and wisdom. And though Wakefield was enthusiastic in praise of the country, he never understood and never tolerated the narrow provincialism of the inhabitants. He declared that no single New Zealander possessed so wide and general a knowledge of the place as himself, and he shrank in disgust from the jealousy which assailed him on all sides. "There is an intense jealousy of new-comers," he wrote, "a state of feeling which always takes possession of young colonies, and holds them till they begin to be old." But despite the common opposition, Wakefield threw himself into the politics of the place, was elected to the first parliament of New Zealand, and speedily became the governor's confidential adviser. His opponents, however, were too strong for him: they cared not for his past services; and, regarding him less as a benefactor than as a rival, they compelled his resignation. His active life was now at an end: rejected by the colony which with Lord Durham's aid he had created, he went into retirement, and died in 1862—neglected even by those whose prosperity he had assured.

His disastrous visit to New Zealand gives us a key to Wakefield's talent. He never was and never could have been a practical colonist. He was a man of large ideas, who could devise a policy, but who could not fight the hard superstitions and pitiful jealousies of provincial vestrymen. He was a theorist, a prophet, a clairvoyant, whose power of persuasion might always gain him the ear of other prophets and theorists. But his vivid temperament, his impatient enthusiasm, unfitted him for the dull routine of a colonial assembly. It was his business to dream colonies, not to govern them, and so it came about that the New Zealanders scorned him when he came among them, and forgot him long before he was dead.

Now at last he is set upon the pedestal of honour, and with Dr Garnett's aid we may contemplate impartially his character and

achievement. If his faults need any palliation at this day, palliation may easily be found. So eagerly was he set upon accomplishing whatever end was in view, that he was not always too careful of the means. Even when he carried off Miss Turner, he was influenced by the fact that she came from Macclesfield, and that after marriage he might have represented that place in the interest of the silk-weavers. In another man so fantastic an excuse might have seemed hypocrisy. In Wakefield it was no hypocrisy, but merely a confession that in his brain the means and the end were inextricably mixed. For the rest he was a simple, dignified gentleman, devoted to his daughter, whose death he never ceased to deplore, and always loyal to the call of friendship. Sir Frederick Young pictures him as "stout and burly in figure, with a smooth, round, fair face, looking very like a prosperous English farmer." He walked abroad accompanied by two talbot hounds; and even when his counsel was most eagerly sought by statesmen, he lived a plain, secluded life, and indignantly declined the patronage of the great.

But his life is most interesting, because it illustrates clearly the real grandeur of Britain. Whatever has been worthily achieved for our country has been achieved by private magnanimity. The best of governments can do but little else than sanction the pluck and patriotism of the adventurer. And it is because we have recognised this plain truth that we are the greatest colonists the world has ever seen. If France plants a province over-sea, she perverts the experience she has gained at home. She insists on the supremacy of Paris, which knows no geography; and she packs her colony so full with officials, government buildings, and restrictions, that no room is left for the enterprise of colonists. We, on the other hand, leave our colonists free to find their own prosperity; and in the past we have either thwarted their courage or withheld our aid. But private energy has always triumphed over the lassitude of governments; and while in France the lassitude of governments is supreme, in England private energy is ultimately triumphant. In fact, the colonial war engaged in between ourselves and France is a war not of peoples but of systems, and the end is certain before a blow has been struck. And to this victory no man has contributed more generously than Edward Gibbon Wakefield, who richly deserves whatever honour can be paid him. A tardy bust has been set up in the Colonial Office, but this is not enough; and we can imagine no worthier monument to his memory than a fair reprint of the half-forgotten works, with the writing of which he expiated a crime and helped to found a colonial empire.

THE PRICE OF THE HARNESS.

I.

TWENTY-FIVE men were making a road out of a path up the hillside. The light batteries in the rear were impatient to advance, but first must be done all that digging and smoothing which gains no encrusted medals from war. The men worked like gardeners, and a road was growing from the old pack-animal trail.

Trees arched from a field of guinea-grass which resembled young wild corn. The day was still and dry. The men working were dressed in the consistent blue of United States regulars. They looked indifferent, almost stolid, despite the heat and the labour. There was little talking. From time to time a Government pack-train, led by a sleek-sided tender bell-mare, came from one way or the other way, and the men stood aside as the strong, hard, black-and-tan animals crowded eagerly after their curious little feminine leader.

A volunteer staff-officer appeared, and, sitting on his horse in the middle of the work, asked the sergeant in command some questions which were apparently not relevant to any military business. Men straggling along on various duties almost invariably spun some kind of a joke as they passed.

A corporal and four men were guarding boxes of spare ammunition at the top of the hill, and one of the number often went to the foot of the hill swinging canteens.

The day wore down to the Cuban dusk, in which the shadows are all grim and of ghostly shape. The men began to lift their eyes from the shovels and picks, and glance in the direction of their camp. The sun threw his last lance through the foliage. The steep mountain-range on the right turned blue and as without detail as a curtain. The tiny ruby of light ahead meant that the ammunition-guard were cooking their supper. From somewhere in the world came a single rifle-shot.

Figures appeared, dim in the shadow of the trees. A murmur, a sigh of quiet relief, arose from the working party. Later, they swung up the hill in an unformed formation, being always like soldiers, and unable even to carry a spade save like United States regular soldiers. As they passed through some fields, the bland white light of the end of the day feebly touched each hard bronze profile.

"Wonder if we'll git anythin' to eat," said Watkins, in a low voice.

"Should think so," said Nolan, in the same tone. They betrayed no impatience; they seemed to feel a kind of awe of the situation.

The sergeant turned. One could see the cool grey eye flashing under the brim of the campaign hat. "What in hell you fellers kickin' about?" he asked. They made no reply, understanding that they were being suppressed.

As they moved on, a murmur arose from the tall grass on either hand. It was the noise from the bivouac of ten thousand men, although one saw practically nothing from the low-cart roadway. The sergeant led his party up a wet

clay bank and into a trampled field. Here were scattered tiny white shelter-tents, and in the darkness they were luminous like the rearing stones in a graveyard. A few fires burned blood-red, and the shadowy figures of men moved with no more expression of detail than there is in the swaying of foliage on a windy night.

The working party felt their way to where their tents were pitched. A man suddenly cursed; he had mislaid something, and he knew he was not going to find it that night. Watkins spoke again with the monotony of a clock, "Wonder if we'll git anythin' to eat."

Martin, with eyes turned pensively to the stars, began a treatise. "Them Spaniards——"

"Oh, quit it," cried Nolan. "What th' piper do you know about th' Spaniards, you fat-headed Dutchman? Better think of your belly, you blunderin' swine, an' what you're goin' to put in it, grass or dirt."

A laugh, a sort of a deep growl, arose from the prostrate men. In the meantime the sergeant had reappeared and was standing over them. "No rations to-night," he said gruffly, and turning on his heel, walked away.

This announcement was received in silence. But Watkins had flung himself face downward, and putting his lips close to a tuft of grass, he formulated oaths. Martin arose and, going to his shelter, crawled in sulkily. After a long interval Nolan said aloud, "Hell!" Grierson, enlisted for the war, raised a querulous voice. "Well, I wonder when we *will* git fed?"

From the ground about him came a low chuckle, full of ironical comment upon Grierson's lack of certain qualities which the other men felt themselves to possess.

II.

In the cold light of dawn the men were on their knees, packing, strapping, and buckling. The comic toy hamlet of shelter-tents had been wiped out as if by a cyclone. Through the trees could be seen the crimson of a light battery's blankets, and the wheels creaked like the sound of a musketry fight. Nolan, well gripped by his shelter tent, his blanket, and his cartridge-belt, and bearing his rifle, advanced upon a small group of men who were hastily finishing a can of coffee.

"Say, give us a drink, will yeh?" he asked, wistfully. He was as sad-eyed as an orphan beggar.

Every man in the group turned to look him straight in the face. He had asked for the principal ruby out of each one's crown. There was a grim silence. Then one said, "What fer?" Nolan cast his glance to the ground, and went away abashed.

But he espied Watkins and Martin surrounding Grierson, who had gained three pieces of hard-tack by mere force of his audacious inexperience. Grierson was fending his comrades off tearfully. "Now, don't be dam pigs," he cried. "Hold on a minute." Here Nolan asserted a claim. Grierson groaned. Kneeling piously, he divided the hard-tack with minute care into four portions. The men, who had had their heads together like players watching a wheel of fortune, arose suddenly, each chewing. Nolan interpolated a drink of water, and sighed contentedly.

The whole forest seemed to be moving. From the field on the

other side of the road a column of men in blue was slowly pouring; the battery had creaked on ahead; from the rear came a hum of advancing regiments. Then from a mile away rang the noise of a shot; then another shot; in a moment the rifles there were drumming, drumming, drumming. The artillery boomed out suddenly. A day of battle was begun.

The men made no exclamations. They rolled their eyes in the direction of the sound, and then swept with a calm glance the forests and the hills which surrounded them, implacably mysterious forests and hills which lent to every rifle-shot the ominous quality which belongs to secret assassination. The whole scene would have spoken to the private soldiers of ambushes, sudden flank attacks, terrible disasters, if it were not for those cool gentlemen with shoulder-straps and swords who, the private soldiers knew, were of another world and omnipotent for the business.

The battalions moved out into the mud and began a leisurely march in the damp shade of the trees. The advance of two batteries had churned the black soil into a formidable paste. The brown leggings of the men, stained with the mud of other days, took on a deeper colour. Perspiration broke gently out on the reddish faces. With his heavy roll of blanket and the half of a shelter-tent crossing his right shoulder and under his left arm, each man presented the appearance of being clasped from behind, wrestler fashion, by a pair of thick white arms.

There was something distinctive in the way they carried their rifles. There was the grace of an old hunter somewhere in it, the grace of a man whose rifle has become absolutely a part of himself. Furthermore, almost every blue shirt sleeve was rolled to the elbow, disclosing fore-arms of almost incredible brawn. The rifles seemed light, almost fragile, in the hands that were at the end of these arms, never fat but always with rolling muscles and veins that seemed on the point of bursting. And another thing was the silence and the marvellous impassivity of the faces as the column made its slow way toward where the whole forest spluttered and fluttered with battle.

Opportunely, the battalion was halted a-straddle of a stream, and before it again moved, most of the men had filled their canteens. The firing increased. Ahead and to the left a battery was booming at methodical intervals, while the infantry racket was that continual drumming which, after all, often sounds like rain on a roof. Directly ahead one could hear the deep voices of field-pieces.

Some wounded Cubans were carried by in litters improvised from hammocks swung on poles. One had a ghastly cut in the throat, probably from a fragment of shell, and his head was turned as if Providence particularly wished to display this wide and lapping gash to the long column that was winding toward the front. And another Cuban, shot through the groin, kept up a continual wail as he swung from the tread of his bearers. "Ay—ee! Ay—ee! Madre mia! Madre mia!" He sang this bitter ballad into the ears of at least three thousand men as they slowly made way for his bearers on the narrow wood-path. These wounded insurgents were, then, to a large part of the advancing army, the visible messengers of bloodshed and death,

and the men regarded them with thoughtful awe. This doleful sobbing cry—"Madre mia"—was a tangible consequent misery of all that firing on in front into which the men knew they were soon to be plunged. Some of them wished to inquire of the bearers the details of what had happened; but they could not speak Spanish, and so it was as if fate had intentionally sealed the lips of all in order that even meagre information might not leak out concerning this mystery—battle. On the other hand, many unversed private soldiers looked upon the unfortunate as men who had seen thousands maimed and bleeding, and absolutely could not conjure any further interest in such scenes.

A young staff-officer passed on horseback. The vocal Cuban was always wailing, but the officer wheeled past the bearers without heeding anything. And yet he never before had seen such a sight. His case was different from that of the private soldiers. He heeded nothing because he was busy — immensely busy and hurried with a multitude of reasons and desires for doing his duty perfectly. His whole life had been a mere period of preliminary reflection for this situation, and he had no clear idea of anything save his obligation as an officer. A man of this kind might be stupid; it is conceivable that in remote cases certain bumps on his head might be composed entirely of wood; but those traditions of fidelity and courage which have been handed to him from generation to generation, and which he has tenaciously preserved despite the persecution of legislators and the indifference of his country, make it incredible that in battle he should ever fail to give his best blood and his best thought for his general, for his men, and for himself. And so this young officer in the shapeless hat and the torn and dirty shirt failed to heed the wails of the wounded man, even as the pilgrim fails to heed the world as he raises his illumined face toward his purpose —rightly or wrongly, his purpose —his sky of the ideal of duty; and the wonderful part of it is, that he is guided by an ideal which he has himself created, and has alone protected from attack. The young man was merely an officer in the United States regular army.

The column swung across a shallow ford and took a road which passed the right flank of one of the American batteries. On a hill it was booming and belching great clouds of white smoke. The infantry looked up with interest. Arrayed below the hill and behind the battery were the horses and limbers, the riders checking their pawing mounts, and behind each rider a red blanket flamed against the fervent green of the bushes. As the infantry moved along the road, some of the battery horses turned at the noise of the trampling feet and surveyed the men with eyes as deep as wells, serene, mournful, generous eyes, lit heartbreakingly with something that was akin to a philosophy, a religion of self-sacrifice—oh, gallant, gallant horses!

"I know a feller in that battery," said Nolan, musingly. "A driver."

"Dam sight rather be a gunner," said Martin.

"Why would ye?" said Nolan, opposingly.

"Well, I'd take my chances as a gunner b'fore I'd sit way up in th' air on a raw-boned plug an' git shot at."

"Aw——" began Nolan.

"They've had some losses t'-day all right," interrupted Grierson.

"Horses?" asked Watkins.

"Horses and men too," said Grierson.

"How d'yeh knew?"

"A feller told me there by the ford."

They kept only a part of their minds bearing on this discussion because they could already hear high in the air the wire-string note of the enemy's bullets.

III.

The road taken by this battalion as it followed other battalions is something less than a mile long in its journey across a heavily wooded plain. It is greatly changed now, —in fact it was metamorphosed in two days; but at that time it was a mere track through dense shrubbery from which rose great dignified arching trees. It was, in fact, a path through a jungle.

The battalion had no sooner left the battery in rear when bullets began to drive overhead. They made several different sounds, but as these were mainly high shots it was usual for them to make the faint note of a vibrant string, touched elusively, half-dreamily.

The military balloon, a fat, wavering, yellow thing, was leading the advance like some new conception of war-god. Its bloated mass shone above the trees, and served incidentally to indicate to the men at the rear that comrades were in advance. The track itself exhibited for all its visible length a closely-knit procession of soldiers in blue with breasts crossed with white shelter-tents. The first ominous order of battle came down the line. "Use the cut off. Don't use the magazine until you're ordered." Non-commissioned officers repeated the command gruffly. A sound of clicking locks rattled along the columns. All men knew that the time had come.

The front had burst out with a roar like a brush-fire. The balloon was dying, dying a gigantic and public death before the eyes of two armies. It quivered, sank, faded into the trees amid the flurry of a battle that was suddenly and tremendously like a storm.

The American battery thundered behind the men with a shock that seemed likely to tear the backs of their heads off. The Spanish shrapnel fled on a line to their left, swirling and swishing in supernatural velocity. The noise of the rifle bullets broke in their faces like the noise of so many lamp-chimneys or sped overhead in swift cruel spitting. And at the front the battle-sound, as if it were simply music, was beginning to swell and swell until the volleys rolled like a surf.

The officers shouted hoarsely. "Come on, men! Hurry up, boys! Come on now! Hurry up!" The soldiers, running heavily in their accoutrements, dashed forward. A baggage guard was swiftly detailed; the men tore their rolls from their shoulders as if the things were afire. The battalion, stripped for action, again dashed forward.

"Come on, men! Come on!" To them the battle was as yet merely a road through the woods crowded with troops, who lowered their heads anxiously as the bullets fled high. But a moment later the column wheeled abruptly to the left and entered a field of tall green grass. The line scattered to a skirmish formation. In front

was a series of knolls treed sparsely like orchards; and although no enemy was visible, these knolls were all popping and spitting with rifle-fire. In some places there were to be seen long grey lines of dirt, intrenchments. The American shells were kicking up reddish clouds of dust from the brow of one of the knolls, where stood a pagoda-like house. It was not much like a battle with men; it was a battle with a bit of charming scenery, enigmatically potent for death.

Nolan knew that Martin had suddenly fallen. "What——" he began.

"They've hit me," said Martin.

"Jesus!" said Nolan.

Martin lay on the ground, clutching his left fore-arm just below the elbow with all the strength of his right hand. His lips were pursed ruefully. He did not seem to know what to do. He continued to stare at his arm.

Then suddenly the bullets drove at them low and hard. The men flung themselves face downward in the grass. Nolan lost all thought of his friend. Oddly enough, he felt somewhat like a man hiding under a bed, and he was just as sure that he could not raise his head high without being shot as a man hiding under a bed is sure that he cannot raise his head without bumping it.

A lieutenant was seated in the grass just behind him. He was in the careless and yet rigid pose of a man balancing a loaded plate on his knee at a picnic. He was talking in soothing paternal tones.

"Now, don't get rattled. We're all right here. Just as safe as being in church. . . . They're all going high. Don't mind them. . . . Don't mind them. . . . They're all going high. We've got them rattled and they can't shoot straight. Don't mind them."

The sun burned down steadily from a pale blue sky upon the crackling woods and knolls and fields. From the roar of musketry it might have been that the celestial heat was frying this part of the world.

Nolan snuggled close to the grass. He watched a grey line of intrenchments, above which floated the veriest gossamer of smoke. A flag lolled on a staff behind it. The men in the trench volleyed whenever an American shell exploded near them. It was some kind of infantile defiance. Frequently a bullet came from the woods directly behind Nolan and his comrades. They thought at the time that these bullets were from the rifle of some incompetent soldier of their own side.

There was no cheering. The men would have looked about them, wondering where was the army, if it were not that the crash of the fighting for the distance of a mile denoted plainly enough where was the army.

Officially, the battalion had not yet fired a shot; there had been merely some irresponsible popping by men on the extreme left flank. But it was known that the lieutenant-colonel who had been in command was dead—shot through the heart—and that the captains were thinned down to two. At the rear went on a long tragedy, in which men, bent and hasty, hurried to shelter with other men, helpless, dazed, and bloody. Nolan knew of it all from the hoarse and affrighted voices which he heard as he lay flattened in the grass. There came to him a sense of exultation. Here, then, was one of those dread and lurid situations which in a nation's history stand out in crimson letters, be-

coming a tale of blood to stir generation after generation. And he was in it, and unharmed. If he lived through the battle, he would be a hero of the desperate fight at——; and here he wondered for a second what fate would be pleased to bestow as a name for this battle.

But it is quite sure that hardly another man in the battalion was engaged in any thoughts concerning the historic. On the contrary, they deemed it ill that they were being badly cut up on a most unimportant occasion. It would have benefited the conduct of whoever were weak if they had known that they were engaged in a battle that would be famous for ever.

IV.

Martin had picked himself up from where the bullet had knocked him and addressed the lieutenant. "I'm hit, sir," he said.

The lieutenant was very busy. "All right, all right," he said, just heeding the man enough to learn where he was wounded. "Go over that way. You ought to see a dressing-station under those trees."

Martin found himself dizzy and sick. The sensation in his arm was distinctly galvanic. The feeling was so strange that he could wonder at times if a wound was really what ailed him. Once, in this dazed way, he examined his arm; he saw the hole. Yes, he was shot; that was it. And more than in any other way it affected him with a profound sadness.

As directed by the lieutenant, he went to the clump of trees, but he found no dressing-station there. He found only a dead soldier lying with his face buried in his arms and with his shoulders humped high as if he were convulsively sobbing. Martin decided to make his way to the road, deeming that he thus would better his chances of getting to a surgeon. But he suddenly found his way blocked by a fence of barbed wire. Such was his mental condition that he brought up at a rigid halt before this fence, and stared stupidly at it. It did not seem to him possible that this obstacle could be defeated by any means. The fence was there, and it stopped his progress. He could not go in that direction.

But as he turned he espied that procession of wounded men, strange pilgrims, that had already worn a path in the tall grass. They were passing through a gap in the fence. Martin joined them. The bullets were flying over them in sheets, but many of them bore themselves as men who had now exacted from fate a singular immunity. Generally there were no outcries, no kicking, no talk at all. They too, like Martin, seemed buried in a vague but profound melancholy.

But there was one who cried out loudly. A man shot in the head was being carried arduously by four comrades, and he continually yelled one word that was terrible in its primitive strength, —"Bread! Bread! Bread!" Following him and his bearers were a limping crowd of men less cruelly wounded, who kept their eyes always fixed on him, as if they gained from his extreme agony some balm for their own sufferings.

"Bread! Give me bread!"

Martin plucked a man by the sleeve. The man had been shot in the foot, and was making his way with the help of a curved, incompetent stick. It is an axiom of war that wounded men can never find straight sticks.

"What's the matter with that feller?" asked Martin.

"Nutty," said the man.

"Why is he?"

"Shot in th' head," answered the other, impatiently.

The wail of the sufferer arose in the field amid the swift rasp of bullets and the boom and shatter of shrapnel. "Bread! Bread! Oh, God, can't you give me bread? Bread!" The bearers of him were suffering exquisite agony, and often they exchanged glances which exhibited their despair of ever getting free of this tragedy. It seemed endless.

"Bread! Bread! Bread!"

But despite the fact that there was always in the way of this crowd a wistful melancholy, one must know that there were plenty of men who laughed, laughed at their wounds whimsically, quaintly inventing odd humours concerning bicycles and cabs, extracting from this shedding of their blood a wonderful amount of material for cheerful badinage, and, with their faces twisted from pain as they stepped, they often joked like music-hall stars. And perhaps this was the most tearful part of all.

They trudged along a road until they reached a ford. Here under the eave of the bank lay a dismal company. In the mud and in the damp shade of some bushes were a half-hundred pale-faced men prostrate. Two or three surgeons were working there. Also, there was a chaplain, grim-mouthed, resolute, his surtout discarded. Overhead always was that incessant maddening wail of bullets.

Martin was standing gazing drowsily at the scene when a surgeon grabbed him. "Here, what's the matter with you?" Martin was daunted. He wondered what he had done that the surgeon should be so angry with him.

"In the arm," he muttered, half-shamefacedly.

After the surgeon had hastily and irritably bandaged the injured member he glared at Martin and said, "You can walk all right, can't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Martin.

"Well, now, you just make tracks down that road."

"Yes, sir." Martin went meekly off. The doctor had seemed exasperated almost to the point of madness.

The road was at this time swept with the fire of a body of Spanish sharpshooters who had come cunningly around the flanks of the American army, and were now hidden in the dense foliage that lined both sides of the road. They were shooting at everything. The road was as crowded as a street in a city, and at an absurdly short range they emptied their rifles at the passing people. They were aided always by the over-sweep from the regular Spanish line of battle.

Martin was sleepy from his wound. He saw tragedy follow tragedy, but they created in him no feeling of horror.

A man with a red cross on his arm was leaning against a great tree. Suddenly he tumbled to the ground, and writhed for a moment in the way of a child oppressed with colic. A comrade immediately began to bustle importantly. "Here," he called to Martin, "help me carry this man, will you?"

Martin looked at him with dull scorn. "I'll be damned if I do," he said. "Can't carry myself, let alone somebody else."

This answer, which rings now so inhuman, pitiless, did not affect the other man. "Well, all right," he said. "Here comes some other

fellers." The wounded man had now turned blue-grey; his eyes were closed; his body shook in a gentle, persistent chill.

Occasionally Martin came upon dead horses, their limbs sticking out and up like stakes. One beast, mortally shot, was besieged by three or four men who were trying to push it into the bushes, where it could live its brief time of anguish without thrashing to death any of the wounded men in the gloomy procession.

The mule train, with extra ammunition, charged toward the front, still led by the tinkling bell-mare.

An ambulance was stuck momentarily in the mud, and above the crack of battle one could hear the familiar objurgations of the driver as he whirled his lash.

Two privates were having a hard time with a wounded captain whom they were supporting to the rear. He was half cursing, half wailing out the information that he not only would not go another step toward the rear, but that he was certainly going to return at once to the front. They begged, pleaded at great length as they continually headed him off. They were not unlike two nurses with an exceptionally bad and headstrong little duke.

The wounded soldiers paused to look impassively upon this struggle. They were always like men who could not be aroused by anything further.

The visible hospital was mainly straggling thickets intersected with narrow paths, the ground being covered with men. Martin saw a busy person with a book and a pencil, but he did not approach him to become officially a member of the hospital. All he desired was rest and immunity from nagging. He took seat painfully under a bush and leaned his back upon the trunk. There he remained thinking, his face wooden.

V.

"My Gawd," said Nolan, squirming on his belly in the grass, "I can't stand this much longer."

Then suddenly every rifle in the firing line seemed to go off of its own accord. It was the result of an order, but few men heard the order; in the main they had fired because they heard others fire, and their sense was so quick that the volley did not sound too ragged. These marksmen had been lying for nearly an hour in stony silence, their sights adjusted, their fingers fondling their rifles, their eyes staring at the intrenchments of the enemy. The battalion had suffered heavy losses, and these losses had been hard to bear, for a soldier always reasons that men lost during a period of inaction are men badly lost.

The line now sounded like a great machine set to running frantically in the open air, the bright sunshine of a green field. To the prut of the magazine rifles was added the under-chorus of the clicking mechanism, steady and swift, as if the hand of one operator was controlling it all. It reminds one always of a loom, a great grand steel loom, clinking, clanking, plunking, plinking, to weave a woof of thin red threads, the cloth of death. By the men's shoulders under their eager hands dropped continually the yellow empty shells, spinning into the crushed grass blades to remain there and mark for the belated

eye the line of a battalion's fight.

All impatience, all rebellious feeling, had passed out of the men as soon as they had been allowed to use their weapons against the enemy. They now were absorbed in this business of hitting something, and all the long training at the rifle ranges, all the pride of the marksman which had been so long alive in them, made them forget for the time everything but shooting. They were as deliberate and exact as so many watchmakers.

A new sense of safety was rightfully upon them. They knew that those mysterious men in the high far trenches in front were having the bullets sping in their faces with relentless and remarkable precision; they knew, in fact, that they were now doing the thing which they had been trained endlessly to do, and they knew they were doing it well. Nolan, for instance, was overjoyed. "Plug 'em," he said. "Plug 'em." He laid his face to his rifle as if it were his mistress. He was aiming under the shadow of a certain portico of a fortified house: there he could faintly see a long black line which he knew to be a loop-hole cut for riflemen, and he knew that every shot of his was going there under the portico, mayhap through the loop-hole to the brain of another man like himself. He loaded the awkward magazine of his rifle again and again. He was so intent that he did not know of new orders until he saw the men about him scrambling to their feet and running forward, crouching low as they ran.

He heard a shout. "Come on, boys! We can't be last! We're going up! We're going up!" He sprang to his feet and, stooping, ran with the others. Something fine, soft, gentle, touched his heart as he ran. He had loved the regiment, the army, because the regiment, the army, was his life,—he had no other outlook; and now these men, his comrades, were performing his dream-scenes for him; they were doing as he had ordained in his visions. It is curious that in this charge he considered himself as rather unworthy. Although he himself was in the assault with the rest of them, it seemed to him that his comrades were dazzlingly courageous. His part, to his mind, was merely that of a man who was going along with the crowd.

He saw Grierson biting madly with his pincers at a barbed-wire fence. They were half-way up the beautiful sylvan slope; there was no enemy to be seen, and yet the landscape rained bullets. Somebody punched him violently in the stomach. He thought dully to lie down and rest, but instead he fell with a crash.

The sparse line of men in blue shirts and dirty slouch hats swept on up the hill. He decided to shut his eyes for a moment because he felt very dreamy and peaceful. It seemed only a minute before he heard a voice say, "There he is." Grierson and Watkins had come to look for him. He searched their faces at once and keenly, for he had a thought that the line might be driven down the hill and leave him in Spanish hands. But he saw that everything was secure, and he prepared no questions.

"Nolan," said Grierson clumsily, "do you know me?"

The man on the ground smiled softly. "Of course I know you, you chowder-faced monkey. Why wouldn't I know you?"

Watkins knelt beside him. "Where did they plug you, old boy?"

Nolan was somewhat dubious. "It ain't much. I don't think but it's somewheres there." He laid a finger on the pit of his stomach. They lifted his shirt, and then privately they exchanged a glance of horror.

"Does it hurt, Jimmie?" said Grierson, hoarsely.

"No," said Nolan, "it don't hurt any, but I feel sort of dead-to-the-world and numb all over. I don't think it's very bad."

"Oh, it's all right," said Watkins.

"What I need is a drink," said Nolan, grinning at them. "I'm chilly—lying on this damp ground."

"It ain't very damp, Jimmie," said Grierson.

"Well, it is damp," said Nolan, with sudden irritability. "I can feel it. I'm wet, I tell you—wet through—just from lying here."

They answered hastily. "Yes, that's so, Jimmie. It *is* damp. That's so."

"Just put your hand under my back and see how wet the ground is," he said.

"No," they answered. "That's all right, Jimmie. We know it's wet."

"Well, put your hand under and see," he cried, stubbornly.

"Oh, never mind, Jimmie."

"No," he said, in a temper. "See for yourself." Grierson seemed to be afraid of Nolan's agitation, and so he slipped a hand under the prostrate man, and presently withdrew it covered with blood. "Yes," he said, hiding his hand carefully from Nolan's eyes, "you were right, Jimmie."

"Of course I was," said Nolan, contentedly closing his eyes. "This hillside holds water like a swamp." After a moment he said, "Guess I ought to know. I'm flat here on it, and you fellers are standing up."

He did not know he was dying. He thought he was holding an argument on the condition of the turf.

VI.

"Cover his face," said Grierson, in a low and husky voice afterwards.

"What'll I cover it with?" said Watkins.

They looked at themselves. They stood in their shirts, trousers, leggings, shoes; they had nothing.

"Oh," said Grierson, "here's his hat." He brought it and laid it on the face of the dead man. They stood for a time. It was apparent that they thought it essential and decent to say or do something. Finally Watkins said in a broken voice, "Aw, it's a dam shame." They moved slowly off toward the firing line.

. . . . . .

In the blue gloom of evening, in one of the fever-tents, the two rows of still figures became hideous, charnel. The languid movement of a hand was surrounded with spectral mystery, and the occasional painful twisting of a body under a blanket was terrifying, as if dead men were moving in their graves under the sod. A heavy odour of sickness and medicine hung in the air.

"What regiment are you in?" said a feeble voice.

"Twenty-ninth Infantry," answered another voice.

"Twenty-ninth! Why, the man on the other side of me is in the Twenty-ninth."

"He is? . . . Hey, there, partner, are you in the Twenty-ninth!"

A third voice merely answered

wearily, "Martin of C Company."

"What? Jack, is that you?"

"It's part of me. . . . Who are you?"

"Grierson, you fat-head. I thought you were wounded."

There was the noise of a man gulping a great drink of water, and at its conclusion Martin said, "I am."

"Well, what you doin' in the fever-place, then?"

Martin replied with drowsy impatience. "Got the fever too."

"Gee!" said Grierson.

Thereafter there was silence in the fever-tent, save for the noise made by a man over in a corner—a kind of man always found in an American crowd—a heroic, implacable comedian and patriot, of a humour that has bitterness and ferocity and love in it, and he was wringing from the situation a grim meaning by singing the "Star-Spangled Banner" with all the ardour which could be procured from his fever-stricken body.

"Billie," called Martin in a low voice, "where's Jimmy Nolan?"

"He's dead," said Grierson.

A triangle of raw gold light shone on a side of the tent. Somewhere in the valley an engine's bell was ringing, and it sounded of peace and home as if it hung on a cow's neck.

"An' where's Ike Watkins?"

"Well, he ain't dead, but he got shot through the lungs. They say he ain't got much show."

Through the clouded odours of sickness and medicine rang the dauntless voice of the man in the corner.

STEPHEN CRANE.

THE ETHICS OF CONQUEST.

It is only by slow degrees that ethical ideas have come to be a potent factor in regulating the conduct of nation to nation. Public morality has always lagged behind the morality of private relations. Nor need this occasion surprise. There was no Decalogue for Nations; and statesmen have declared that the Sermon on the Mount was not addressed to them in their public capacity. With individuals it is different. Even the rudest form of society could not hold together without certain customs which are of the nature of morality. The necessities of common intercourse entail rules of conduct; and private selfishness has, from the beginning, been modified by co-operation for common ends, and tempered by the sentiments which almost any form of family life will foster. The conditions of intercourse with one another, which have modified the enmity of peoples, have been of much later growth. A State, however small, has always a certain independence and life of its own; and it has taken time for the idea to grow up that other States have rights as against it, or any claim to its goodwill or even forbearance. The "brotherhood of nations," still little better than a dream—though a dream which may be prophetic of its own fulfilment—would have seemed an absurdity to the races in which Western civilisation had its origin. It is the warlike races of the world that have left their mark upon modern life, and determined its national divisions. And their moralists have reflected the conduct of the times. Plato never recognised rights on the part of the barbarian; and Aristotle, the most sober and comprehensive thinker of antiquity, classes war with the chase as two species of the Art of Acquisition, and speaks of the conquest of an enemy as if it were the pursuit of a superior kind of quarry. The sentiment of cosmopolitanism appears in the Stoics, but it is a symptom of national decadence. It was by conquest that the Romans extended the arts of civilisation over the world. Their special genius was never obscured, nor its issues retarded, by the idea that the peoples they subdued had rights to an independent national existence. And war was equally the business and the pastime of life to the Northern races by whom the Romans were at last overcome.

Terrible as are the calamities which war brings with it at the present day — especially war between two great civilised Powers —and grievous as are the burdens which preparedness for war lays upon a country's industry, it would be a profound mistake to overlook the moral progress that has been made. War is no longer the habitual trade of nations, but only the *ultima ratio* in their disputes; and the questions as to the justice of particular wars, and the rights and duties of States to one another — difficult as they may still be to answer — were at one time never put, because they could not have been understood.

Various causes have contributed to this expanded application of morality. In the first place, there was the influence of Rome herself, both in her greatness and in her fall. Had the Roman empire been able to maintain its control over

the civilised world, international ethics would have taken a different form; but the downfall of the empire made independent nations of the States previously organised under its rule. In the second place, the influence of the Church can hardly be overestimated. It accustomed nations and their rulers to a power which claimed authority over the nation, not from mere physical force, but on spiritual and moral grounds. And, in the third place, the structure of international law gave definite form to the conception that the relation of State to State was not altogether lawless—however weak might be the legal sanction. Owing to these causes, and others, there grew up, especially in Western Europe, the idea of a certain polity of nations. This polity was based upon a common Christianity, the strength of which was weakened, but not entirely destroyed, by the Reformation. And it paid respect to the international jurists — being, fortunately, incurious as to the basis of their science. Even in its most lawless periods, when national rights were most wantonly violated, these were never regarded with quite the same incredulous contempt as the rights of barbarian nations were by Greeks or Romans.

This idea of a polity of Western nations was certainly far from representing any real organisation. Indeed it is to exaggerate its strength to speak of it as a polity; and its existence is best shown by considering its limits. It did not extend beyond the pale of Christianity. Non-Christian nations were commonly regarded as without the rights ascribed to Christian nations. Their conquest was permissible; their creed a sufficient *casus belli*. Even in the end of the seventeenth century Leibniz wrote a memorandum intended for presentation to Louis XIV., urging him to undertake the conquest of Egypt. He did not think it necessary to argue that Louis had any claim of right or law to that country, but only that its possession would be highly advantageous.

It is no longer openly contended that difference of creed is itself a ground for aggression. The idea has died out slowly, but it is dead. It is, however, true that any great difference either in religion or in the stage of civilisation reached makes a country more apt to overlook the rights of its neighbour. Colonists, in particular, are seldom over-scrupulous about the territorial rights of the aborigines—often they do not understand them. But the claim to occupy territory which is *res nullius* is itself a recognition that, if it could be shown to belong to any one, the right of appropriation would not exist. For war, or for aggression which may lead to war, every civilised country now thinks it necessary to put forward reasons, sufficient to justify its action on grounds which may be roughly described as moral grounds.

This appeal to some moral justification has accompanied the succession of international changes which have followed one another with startling rapidity during the past year. Even for the settlement of the European Powers in China, appeal is made not merely to their own interests, but to the rights which China has accorded them by treaty, and to the need for securing these rights. Perhaps this statement needs qualification as regards Russia. Its action follows the antique model, without much regard to modern ideas: it has obeyed what would seem to be

the natural law of its expansion, and pursued its untiring march seaward. On the other hand, reasons of a very different kind were put forward by the United States as justifying their conquest of Cuba; and there seems no good ground for doubt that the humanitarian or purely moral motive which they professed was also that which influenced them most strongly. In Crete—as in Cuba—the ground for interference may be said to have been humanitarian; while the method has been less violent, resembling the settled procedure of legal action. And the reconquest of the Sudan was due to a multitude of motives, in which sympathy with the sufferings of its former inhabitants, horror at the cruelty of its Dervish rulers, regard for the territorial claims of Egypt, and the idea of a through-route from Cairo to the Cape, were all swallowed up in an overpowering conviction that national honour would not be satisfied until the Pax Britannica had been extended to the country for which Gordon died.

These grounds are not set forth here as either good or bad. Their importance for our present purpose is that they all admit the applicability of some ethical standard to international relations. The nations appeal to the moral law; and, although its decision is neither as swift nor as undisputed as Cæsar's judgment, something may be done to facilitate the hearing of the appeal. On the question of the morality of war and conquest, the moralists are at variance with one another: some maintain that all war is immoral; others that self-defence is its only just occasion; others, again, approve wars not directly connected with self-defence—as those undertaken for the punishment of grave crimes against humanity, or in vindication of the national honour, or even for the consolidation and expansion of the State. Among these views three opposed principles may be distinguished. The first is the doctrine that, in the relations of nations to one another, force is the final arbiter of right as well as fact. This is the theory of Superior Force. It places the moral idea in complete subservience to the external facts of history. According to the second doctrine, war can only be justified (if at all) when it is waged in self-defence against hostile attack; aggression and the annexation of territory by conquest are always wrong. This may be called the Non-Intervention theory. It exhibits the historical formation and development of States as due, almost exclusively, to immoral causes. According to the third view—a view still in need of definite statement and defence—the ultimate justification of war (whether defensive or offensive) can only be the repression of evil and the promotion of good in human life. Perhaps this theory may for the present be called the Higher Civilisation theory: although that name describes it but inadequately.

The theory that might is right, and the law of the stronger the only law for States, can hardly be regarded as a moral theory at all, great as is its historical importance. But it has been seldom held in this crude form. The Superior Force is commonly regarded as backed up in some way or another by a moral force behind it: the distinct command of the Deity, perhaps, or, in vaguer fashion, some consciousness of the "manifest destiny" of the nation. In early times, at any rate, conquests were usually carried out in the belief that they were decreed of God.

It was in obedience to the will of God that the Jews exterminated the Canaanites and took possession of their land. It was in the name of Allah and his Prophet that the Turks overran half of Europe. The Crusaders invaded Palestine under the banner of the Cross. Attila called himself the "scourge of God." The Greeks fought under the protection of their deities. Even the Romans would not set out upon an expedition until the auspices were favourable. And in modern times the Church is called upon to bless the country's arms, and thanks are rendered to God for victory: in the case of defeat, the *Te Deum* is still sung, but by the other side.

It is quite in harmony with this that it is the vanquished who most often speak of Superior Force. They yield to *force majeure;* while the conquerors assert the justice of their cause, and say that God has defended the right. Both sides seem to agree that in affairs international, as in other affairs, "force is no argument."

The most famous apology for the theory of Superior Force is Carlyle's long-drawn-out panegyric on Frederick the Great. Considering his strong hold on the essential moralities of human life, Carlyle's own attitude needs elucidation. He had certainly in Frederick a hero who was free both from the hypocrisy and from the personal selfishness which were the chief characteristics of his contemporary rulers. Behind Frederick's power lay the animating idea of a great purpose. And it is this in particular that has influenced Carlyle. He applauds not because he regards the physical force as constituting the moral justification; but because he looks upon it as revealing a moral power, and therefore having a moral justification behind it. Is not God omnipotent? and the strongest, therefore, most divine?

The late Professor Lorimer of Edinburgh maintained a similar view—one which is indeed the philosophical counterpart of Carlyle's. "If God be the source of life," he argues, "and life be the source of rights, life in every form warrants the amount of aggression that is requisite for its preservation and development, and the higher the life the greater the amount of aggression which it warrants." Accordingly he formulates the dogma: "Aggression is a natural right, the extent of which is measured by the power which God has bestowed on the aggressor, or permitted him to develop."

Here, again, right is identified with might, only because the might is regarded as having a divine and presumably moral origin; and it is pointed out that the various factors which make up a nation's power include what are called moral qualities, foresight, self-restraint, obedience, sympathy, on the part of rulers and people. But, on this theory, these qualities are moral only as elements of power, for power is the measure of right. They indicate that temporary success may not imply permanent success; that the "glorious victory" may not be consolidated into the stable conquest. But when we ask whether any particular conquest was morally justifiable, the test of permanent success is the only one which the theory is able to bring forward. The conquests of Louis XIV. or those of Napoleon are condemned by it because they have lacked permanence, and therefore were lacking in power. But we cannot tell whether the conquest (or reconquest) of Alsace-Lorraine by Germany was or was

not a just conquest until we know whether France will ever win the lost provinces back. "Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht;" and, until the day of judgment, the moral question is left undetermined, or guided only by the consciousness of power which each nation may possess. This is the Egoism of International Ethics.

Extremes meet; and the transcendental Egoism of Professor Lorimer is in practical agreement with the empirical Egoism more familiar to the statesman. That a State has only to regard and follow its own interests is a position which some publicists have supported by argument, and which many have held too obvious to stand in need of argument. Justice as between States, the late Lord Lytton contended in his Glasgow Rectorial Address, consists entirely in "prudence," or "prudent moderation." In other words, it is not justice at all, but only a disinclination towards acts of aggression which will bring suffering to one's own country: a view which denies that there can be any other than selfish reasons to restrain a State from oppressing its neighbours. "But" —Lord Lytton may be quoted for a reply — "look upon nations as what they really are—aggregates of citizens holding each other's interests in mutual trust—and then the moral significance of what is called national selfishness is wholly changed. It ceases to be selfishness in any proper sense of the word. It becomes patriotism." Again, it must be answered, this is to miss the point. Patriotism is a regard for one's country's interests and honour: it does not consist in readiness to attack the interests and the honour of other nations. The patriot who is conscious of no moral laws beyond the circle of private intercourse, and admits the rights of no country but his own, is more likely to be a disturber of the public peace than a safe guardian of the national honour. Statesmen are trustees of the nation's interests; but it is a strange perversion of the law of trusts to say that trustees may disregard the rights of other corporations in protecting the interests of their own. The selfish theory of public morals is simply a denial that the conception of rights and duties—that is to say, that morality—has any application to the relation of States to one another. The absence from international relations of the sanctions which enforce morality within a State, and determine the relative rights and duties of individuals, has led many writers to a conclusion which overlooks the universality of the moral ideas of which civic duty is only one application.

It does not follow from the above that our moral judgments about individuals can be transferred without qualification to the conduct of States; and that the whole Duty of Nations is contained in the simple reflection that conquest is theft, and that war is either homicide justifiable by the right of self-defence, or else — murder. This is the position taken up in the theory of Non-Intervention. This theory has the credit of maintaining that political activity is not outside the cognisance of morality. But it has two defects,—to which defects, indeed, its popularity is largely due. It overlooks the differences between men and nations; and it applies to the latter an ethical system which is narrow and misleading even in reference to individuals.

The theory of Non-Intervention is closely connected, in its origin, with the body of doctrine known

as international law—or at least with one of its main sources. The "Law of Nations," as it has come down to us from the earlier European jurists, and been modified by modern writers, was due, in the main, to two very different causes. One of these is the customs which have actually obtained in the mutual relations of States, and the agreements between civilised States which have recognised these customs as principles regulative of international relations. So far as recognised in this way, the precepts of international law come to have some share of the binding force which belongs to the positive law of any particular country. There is, it is true, no definite power charged with the duty of enforcing obedience to the precepts of the "Law of Nations"; but the constant intercourse of civilised countries with one another has produced a certain international public opinion: and States, like individuals, are sensitive to the public opinion of their neighbours, though in an inferior degree. This is not merely dread of armed opposition—though that may often lie behind the feeling. States also feel concern for their national good name or reputation. It was a feeling of this sort that of late so swiftly changed American sentiment towards Great Britain. We may, or may not, have prevented an intervention in favour of Spain, on the part of the Continental Powers; but, at any rate, we saved the national self-respect of the United States by showing that at least one European Power understood and approved their action.

The other source of the traditional international law is purely ethical. It is based not on the actual conduct of States and on their conventions with one another, but on a certain theory as to what these relations should be. No doubt these ethical considerations were to some extent operative in determining the conduct of States; and, in so far, the two sources of international law cannot be completely separated from one another. Yet it is possible to distinguish the cause which started from the matter of fact, from that which had its origin in an ethical idea. Now this ethical system which was connected with the origin of modern international law, and which made it possible for the "Law of Nature" to be regarded as the basis of the "Law of Nations," started from and emphasised the natural equality and freedom of all men. From this source is derived an assumption which underlies a great portion of what has been handed down as international law—the assumption, namely, that all sovereign States—*i.e.*, all States which do not recognise allegiance to another State—are to be regarded as equal and independent. As the so-called "Law of Nature" was supposed to assert the freedom and equality of all men, so the Law of Nations has tended to postulate the freedom and equality of all sovereign States. Such States are independent; there is none over them but God; and no State therefore can have a moral right to interfere with the freedom of action of any other State, except for the purpose of warding off attack upon its own independence or freedom of action.

This is the theory of Non-Intervention. It goes without saying that it is not the doctrine of the international jurists, who have too much regard for the actual facts of international relation. But it was not without effect upon the earlier publicists, who were more under the influence of the philosophical ideas of freedom and equality, and

it led to much hesitation and uncertainty on their part in dealing with punitive wars—of which the purpose is the punishment or mitigation of misgovernment — and with wars of conquest.

It is not necessary to inquire whether the ideas of freedom and equality can be so manipulated as to determine satisfactorily the scope of justice as between individuals within the same society. But a protest must be made against the way in which ethical principles are applied, now to the individual, now to the State, as convenience may dictate. There are, in particular, two points of difference between men and nations which should not be overlooked—as they almost always are. In the first place, the actions of individuals are controlled and judged by the positive law of the State to which they belong, so that offences may be punished without either the injured man or his neighbour having to take the law into his own hands. But over States there is no such controlling power. International public opinion is but a weak substitute for the criminal law ; and it has least effect upon the States which, from greater difference of history and race, live more or less outside the polity of Western nations. In the second place, we must bear in mind the complexity of the State as compared with the individual, and the great diversity of interests it contains within itself. Even if we assume, for the sake of argument, that the individual is the best judge of his own interests, and cannot injure or oppress himself, all that follows is that his freedom should be respected so long as he respects the freedom of others. But the case of the State is different. It consists of a vast number of people ; and, in its administration of government, may very easily oppress the citizens. It is clear that it often does so grievously. And it is at least probable that many States would rule still more oppressively did history and experience present them with no warnings of the retribution which may come, not only from a population goaded to revolt, but from the outraged sentiments of neighbouring nations.

These distinctions are often forgotten both by writers and speakers who are anxious to maintain that State action is not outside the scope of morality. In itself this is a laudable endeavour. But to overlook the differences between personal and national ethics is only to darken counsel for the sake, perhaps, of a cheap epigram. Thus Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who has a pleasant way of stating fallacies in their crudest form, referred, in a recent speech, to an important incident in the expansion of nations, and said "it was like one burglar setting out to get into a house and finding another burglar had got there before him." Even were his illustration permissible at all, he has failed to bring out the real point of the incident. For, if the one burglar has first put to flight the strong man of the house, and defeated and driven off his servants, surely he may have a grievance against the other burglar, who has slipped in—perhaps by the backdoor—and claims a share of the spoil. And he will be justified in refusing to take him into partnership, though he will, of course, receive him, and speed him on his way, with the courtesy due to a professional brother. He has himself, it is true, to answer for his conduct to the law of the land; and the law will decide whether he is really a burglar, or a sheriff's officer acting under a warrant.

In the relation of States to one another there is no positive law capable of deciding this question; and it is mere prejudice to assume that the house—or country—was entered "burglariously," and not on just and sufficient grounds.

Men and nations have a common interest in morality; but they have to apply it under different conditions and to different circumstances; and the laws which forbid the interference of one man with his neighbour have nothing to correspond with them in the mutual relations of States. Force, as has been seen, gives no moral right; and *laissez faire* is only a maxim of convenience under which misrule has no good claim to seek shelter. The third theory alone remains—that the ultimate justification of war and conquest must, in all cases, be the moral purpose they pursue and achieve. This has been called the higher-civilisation theory—partly for want of a better name, partly to emphasise the view that what is of highest value in civilisation is the moral elements it contains, and the opportunities it gives for the realisation of moral ideals.

It is easy, of course, to see that the notion of higher civilisation is vague and variable; that almost every country thinks its own civilisation the highest, and its own religion necessarily bound up with it: so that every aggressive war, and every war of religion, might be defended by some one as instruments of higher civilisation. Yet a doctrine is not necessarily wrong because liable to false interpretation; and here, at any rate, the phrase higher civilisation is simply meant to imply the repression of evil and the cultivation of what is good in human life. These two factors may be considered separately.

In the first place war, and, if necessary, the conquest of a country, may be rightly undertaken for the repression of evil which is gross and seems otherwise incurable. The qualifications are necessary, on account of the admitted evils which war itself brings with it. But when a country is so grossly misgoverned that peaceful life and industry are impossible or highly insecure within its borders, the evils of war may be short, and even slight, compared with those to which they put an end, and conquest may be the only practicable means of reform. In such a case the question, Has any other State a right to interfere? may best be answered by the other question, Has any Government a right so to misuse its powers? The first and most important function of Government is to restrain and punish evil; and there is no "law of nature" restricting this function to the Government of each territory assumed to have a separate existence. The question, Who is to interfere? is certainly a pertinent and difficult one; and a fully satisfactory answer to it will be possible only when an organised polity of nations has arisen out of our present national divisions.

In present circumstances the question of the right of interference must be decided in each particular case upon its merits. If we look at the recent examples of interference, — those of the European Powers in Crete, of Great Britain in the Sudan, and of the United States in Cuba,— all of them may be said to have had the same purpose in view, the restraining or terminating a cruel tyranny. In the two former cases there was also a legal or quasi-legal right of interference,

in the position of practical dependence which the Porte occupies towards the European Powers, and in the British administration of Egypt, and Egypt's claim to the Sudan. The absence of any such technical ground—*i.e.*, of any ground in international law—for their interference in Cuba was connected with the disfavour with which most of the Continental Powers regarded the action of the United States. Yet the American Power, if it had no technical, had yet a very real, interest in putting an end to misrule so near its own borders. Its moral position is not essentially weakened because it cannot quote the international jurists on its side. It is true that an awkward problem has grown out of the intervention; that what was begun as a war of liberation has ended as a war of conquest; that the Cubans have been found incapable of self-government; that the province cannot be handed back to Spain; and that it will have to be administered by the United States in a manner not contemplated in their Constitution. But this awkward problem does not affect international ethics.

Other considerations enter when a country is not grossly cruel in its government or customs, but simply backward and unprogressive. For it is by no means obvious that a backward State is likely to attain the best development it is capable of if it be put under the rule of a foreign Government. The world gains instead of loses by having different national types, in so far as each strives after its highest development. Europe would be poorer to-day if English, French, and Germans had all been reduced to a common level of uniformity in respect of education, pursuits, and government. And we have no good ground for attempting to refashion the whole world even after the model of modern Europe. Forcible expropriation of a tribe from its territory simply on the plea that its supplanters will teach its members a more convenient manner of living, or that they will put its soil to more productive use, has been common enough. Yet it would be difficult to justify it on moral grounds; nor do we, in this country, any longer claim the right of such forcible expropriation.

At the same time, it would seem as if it were the destiny of backward races either to die out in face of the competition of European colonists, or else to be taken in hand and trained in the arts of war and peace by some more advanced Power. Such control is itself a responsibility no less serious than war; and unless the nation which undertakes it governs in the interests of the subject-race, it sins grievously against humanity; for it turns to its own purposes a people which might in time have filled a useful place in human progress. Perhaps such sins may be laid to the charge of English explorers, English companies, and even the English Government. But if so, England has made a noble atonement for her sins, for no country has been the loser by her rule. In India, in Egypt, in Central Africa —perhaps South Africa may soon be added to the list—she has shown herself the greatest educator of the human race since the days of Imperial Rome. She has given peace where there was formerly constant bloodshed; she has brought order, industry, and education to millions who without her aid would have known no security; she has gathered up the flotsam and jetsam from the shipwreck of ancient dynasties, and made of them a people.

In this article it is impossible to carry into detail the positive doctrines of the Ethics of War and Conquest. Its chief purpose has been to criticise two theories, both of which are really selfish theories of national ethics: the "offensive" selfish theory, that force is its own right; and the "defensive" selfish theory, that intervention can only be justified for the purpose of defending a nation's own selfish interests. It is not from sympathy with any national quixotry that this latter view is rejected. That States should be left to manage their own affairs, unless there are grave reasons for interference, is not a matter in dispute. What is disputed is the assumption that self-defence is the only just ground for interference. Were this principle accepted, it would have been the duty of the "Concert of Europe" to allow Crete to remain the scene of intermittent massacres, and of America to leave Cuba a continual prey to the horrors of civil war. Grave as are the responsibilities of interference, it may yet become a duty in the interests of humanity. The State is a moral organism; but it is differently constituted and differently circumstanced from the individual man, and, on this account, it may be called upon to vindicate morality in a way which does not apply to individuals.

Using, for a moment, the language of some of the older moralists (Locke, for example), it may be said that while the "law of nature," or moral law, is binding upon nations, they are yet in the "state of nature" in which there is no "common executor" of that law; so that when one State offends, it is open to any other State to execute the law and inflict the penalty. Civil government takes away from the individuals which compose it this duty or liberty of punishing offences, and appoints special officers of its own for the purpose. There is no similar control in affairs international. It is, of course, possible that the "Concert of Europe" may one day develop into an authority with power to wield the sword of justice over offending States; but the day has not yet dawned. Only when it has come, and the combination of civilised Governments is backed by force sufficient to restrain the aggression or misgovernment of any State, will it be possible to maintain the thesis that non-intervention is in all cases the duty of individual nations. Only then will it be reasonable to expect the separate Powers to dispense with their mighty armaments. The Czar's rescript is not yet a practical proposal. Everybody says polite things about it, but no nation takes it seriously. "The man who is in advance of his time," it has been said, "is already on the threshold of immorality." And the nation so far in advance of its time as to divest itself now of its means of defence, would be on the verge of annihilation.

THE LOOKER-ON.

THE DOUCHE UNDESERVED — MINISTERIAL OBLIGATIONS TO THE COUNTRY — RESURRECTION OF ITS DIPLOMACY — FRANCE, AND "PRETTY FANNY'S WAY" — WHAT IF ANOTHER TRAFALGAR? — THE NEW WORLD'S DISTURBANCE OF THE OLD.

Two days before Lord Salisbury spoke to the country from the Lord Mayor's banqueting-table, an obliging foreign diplomat supplied the readers of the 'Daily Telegraph' with a fuller, clearer, and more accurate view of our relations with France on the Nile than any newspaper had by that time published. "It is a mistake," said the courteous exponent of our affairs, "to consider only the last phases of the question:" and if that was true, as it certainly was, before Lord Salisbury delivered his Guildhall speech, it became rather more than less true after he had spoken. The last phases of the question were quite unimportant, and they were already disposed of (by the simple fact that Marchand could no more exist in Fashoda than a fly in a bottle) when Lord Salisbury made his address. To form a near judgment of his meanings it was necessary to remember the essentials which had not been disposed of but remained over.

At a time when England seemed utterly friendless and helplessly yielding, the plan was formed which we have known of dimly for some time, though it has never yet been officially acknowledged in England. By this scheme the French, making the Congo their base, were to push forward to the Nile from the west, while Abyssinia was to serve as the base for the Russo-Franco-Abyssinian expedition from the east. The object, of course, was to plant a throttling hand upon the upper waters of the Nile, and so obtain command of the Egyptian Soudan. As to the question of right, the allies did not trouble themselves much about England's presumable line of action in case the scheme succeeded. For in the first place, "England's diplomatic history for a period of fifteen years had been a continuous series of retreats—sometimes, indeed, of retreats sounded by the very trumpets that were to have summoned her armies to war." In the second place, the position of Russia at that time permitted her to give full support to France; and it was not doubted that England would concede her way out of the difficulty raised against her by so formidable a combination. "Russia's territorial advantage in the matter," says our foreign diplomatist, "would have been the port near Raheita, which, I am assured, is already bought and paid for, but whether it will be delivered just now has become problematical."

For various reasons, however—one of which was the absorption of Russian attention and resource in the Far East, another the weakening of Menelek's enthusiasm for the plan, another the quieter relations between England and Germany—the project took by degrees a less hopeful and more premature aspect; and then came the conquest of the Soudan and the unexpected appearance of a resolute England, determined

upon war rather than tolerate—what? Something more, it may be supposed, than the presence of an armed French force at Fashoda—a swamp on the Nile above the Soudan. That, however, was the designated offence, and accordingly Fashoda was abandoned by the French Government just before Lord Salisbury set out to dine with the new Lord Mayor.

"But," said the foreign diplomatist, speaking so much like a sensible Englishman, "the evacuation of Fashoda leaves the essence of the question untouched, and from the first the French made no pretence of keeping it. But that which they did want they still insist upon having; and it was to give force to its refusal that your Government prepared for war." The Bahr-el-Gazal and ingress to the Nile—that is what France desires for the purposes aforesaid. And now, our obliging foreign diplomatist went on to say—

"There is but one way for England out of this chronic difficulty. It is to 'expropriate,' once for all, the territory needed for her African empire, to clear the ground in the Bahr-el-Ghazal valley, and to proclaim that protectorate over Egypt in theory which she has for years been exercising in fact. There is but one opportunity, and that is the present. France is at least as weak now as she was a quarter of a century ago, morally and materially. Russia has her hands full—so full that she dare not risk a war for anything less urgent than self-defence. Confronted with Japanese influence in the Korea, with German colonisation in Africa, with heavy bills to pay in Manchuria and Siberia, as well as for her navy, she is more than willing to disband half her soldiers if only other nations will undertake to do the same—with promise to give her breathing-time, and not to break the peace. . . . The means which have obtained for you [English] the bloodless victory of Fashoda will suffice, if they be properly utilised, to clear out the valley of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and to have the British protectorate of Egypt once for all recognised. This is my view of the matter. If it happens to be Lord Salisbury's as well, you will see it amply justified by events; but if France's withdrawal from Fashoda be considered a sufficient result for the large sums of money your Government has expended in war preparations, then, of course, the French newspapers are correct, and it would have been infinitely better to discuss the rights of the Republic to Fashoda and to give it a *quid pro quo*. For the same eternal questions will be raised again and again by France. If the settlement of the Egyptian—nay, the whole African—question be the object which England's naval preparations have in view, then the efforts made are proportioned to the result, but not otherwise."

Now these were precisely the views with which the people of this island awaited Lord Salisbury's speech on the 9th of November. By that time a pretty general suspicion of the facts had been diffused, and the better known they became, the stronger grew the feeling that a positive stop should be put to the garotting process which Major Marchand was so soon to confess to—with tears at its arrest. At first, the full signification of "the Fashoda incident" being still dark to most of us, the common feeling was milder and shallower. Mr Bryce expressed it pretty completely when he said, "Our people are convinced that the habit of making concessions to France has not tended to improve the relations of the two countries"—in plain English, does not answer—"and that good relations will be best promoted by taking a firm stand upon definite and incontestable rights. The assertion of these rights," the Radical statesman went on to say, "would have been

easier now had we not so often yielded for the sake of peace and quiet." "No more of such yielding" had been fretting in the heart of England long before Mr Bryce or any other known statesman thought well of the sentiment. Of late days it had been burning through, with some promise of setting fire to the Foreign Office. Therefore the next occasion *had to be* an occasion of definite resistance — so convinced were our people that the habit of making concessions does not answer. To break the habit, no matter about what, was the first desire; but as the Franco-Russo-Abyssinian design came out of its obscurity, the desire took a more particular and more determined shape. Then "our people" began to understand for themselves (I am only recalling what happened) that if our great war-preparations were meant to enforce a needless demand—needless because the Marchand expedition was extinguished on the day when Kitchener landed his garrison at Fashoda—the cost of them and the risk of war might as well have been spared. To incur the cost and the hazard for that purpose, and still to "leave the same eternal questions to be raised again and again by France," seemed an impossible intention. Agreement was universal on this point: that if the object of England's naval preparations was to declare and defend a determination not to be worried out of Egypt, to resist all interference with her enlarged authority there, and to repel every attempt to endanger Egyptian territory, then these preparations were proportioned to the result, but not otherwise. Upon this understanding of the matter an expectation arose that a protectorate would be formally declared. And that is not all the truth about the state of public opinion in the earlier days of November. Whenever at that time an open declaration of protectorate was objected to as most likely to bring on a war forthwith, rarely was there a lack of voices to ask "Why not? Why not sooner than later if sooner is our better time?" And then followed the opportunity argument, pretty much as it is stated by our foreign diplomatist in the passage quoted above. These voices were a considerable minority, no doubt; but their numbers and their confidence were growing at a remarkably rapid rate when the douche fell at the Guildhall.

It was immediately argued by all the newspapers that the Prime Minister's speech was no douche in the sense intended. Rightly understood, it was exhilarating; and this is what I say myself when I am reasonable. No one who judicially examined Lord Salisbury's words when he spoke of Egypt could deny the newspapers' interpretation of them; but yet no one could deny the actual effect of the speech either. Without knowing how they had deserved their punishment, or whether they had really brought it on themselves, Lord Salisbury's audience moved out of the hall rebuked and disappointed. And so it was with the readers of the speech next day — four out of five, at least. Of course we know that a moderately careful study of the Minister's language should have lifted up their hearts; but, somehow, that was not its effect. Its effect was chilling, and chilling without reaction.

For reasons supplied by Lord Salisbury himself in the latter part of his address, this consequence was unfortunate. It was an untoward consequence which ought to have been avoided by

every possible means. In saying this, I speak not as one who thought the proclamation of protectorate either necessary or judicious at the moment, nor as the foreign diplomatist and other wise men who believe that England may never again be allowed such a chance as now offers for forcing occasion by the sword. It seems likely; but to come to that conclusion (which could not have been far from the mind of the Foreign Office the other day), one should know all that can be known. As to protectorate, that seemed to me a word eminently avoidable: not a word for use till after the adoption, to no purpose, of a firm, precise, but less irritating equivalent. But to withhold the equivalent — no. The whole country expected as much as that, at the least; had been taught to expect it by every word and deed of the Government in these days; longed to hear it pronounced, as putting an end to the uncertainty, dubiety, and what may even be called the hypocrisy, of our position in Egypt, and also as definitely closing back-doors in that country to weak British Governments.

"But cannot you find your polite equivalent in Lord Salisbury's speech?" Why, certainly. Analysis shows that it is there. It is yielded by such words as these, which were coupled with the Minister's contentment with things as they are: "I do not say that if we were forced by others into a position which we do not now occupy—I do not venture to prophesy what would take place." And again, more clearly: "I earnestly hope that no circumstances will arise which will make it necessary to modify in any degree our position in Egypt; for I am convinced the world would not get on so peaceably as it does now if such a necessity should be imposed upon us." What can these sentences mean if they do not signify to all concerned that any attempt to abolish, to shackle, to shear or share our authority in Egypt, will be resisted by force and arms? Nothing. And when Lord Salisbury spoke of the altered position of England in Egypt after the battle of Omdurman, what was that but a diplomatic assertion of enlarged authority by right of conquest? Clearly, it was nothing else. No other meaning but the meaning desired can be extracted from these hints. But yet—but yet the speech that embodied them was a disappointment, and administered a chill.

Then why? The question is an important one, for, according to what our illustrious Foreign Minister said afterwards, and even according to the common view of affairs previously formed, these are times when the warm and loyal union of the whole people in fighting trim is a force which their Government cannot do without. Why, then, let us ask, did this unimpeachable address to the country lower its pulses and damp its spirit?

Perhaps because no one likes to hear, with whatever justice and civility, that he had better mind his own business. Perhaps because the preference for a declared and challenging rather than a covert and much challenged domination in Egypt was associated in the speech with proposals of the utmost absurdity. Perhaps because of a fancy that the lumping of those absurdities with the idea of a declared protectorate was intended to make it ridiculous; which of course could hardly be, since a *de facto* protectorate is asserted—but there it is: a speech strangely muddling to average minds, and

considered "enigmatical" by the *élite* of the diplomatic profession itself. It remains true, however, that, as we have said, the passages most eagerly listened for yield a plain meaning upon light pressure; and how is it that they did not quite relieve the sense of disappointment? It may be that Lord Salisbury's audience — which in England included everybody — hoped and expected to hear on this occasion a tale more than usually plain. They expected it because no mouth speaks with less reserve than the cannon's mouth; and as the Government had already put forward a thousand guns to utter all that a Government could say on the subject, there seemed no offence in being less explicit at a dinner-party. As for their hopes, they hoped for a plain tale not for the sake of its meaning but for the sake of its plainness. There were objections to hints and wrappages as wrappages and hints. It was thought to be part of the very evil of the time that definite assertion of England's rights and determinations had been out of use too long; from the Government itself the idea had been caught that plain speaking was again to be resorted to a little; and Englishmen who were disappointed on the 9th of November were not so because they could not readily receive Lord Salisbury's meaning as to Egypt, but because it was once more passed to them under the table instead of across the top of it. In that, perhaps, they were unreasonable considering all things; but let every man judge for himself. I only seek the explanations of a state of feeling which, however accounted for, might have been improved upon, and could not exist at such a time as this without positive disadvantage.

Therefore, and although a little while afterwards Mr Chamberlain did a great deal to remedy a somewhat blighting mistake, it will be no waste of time to dwell upon the point a few minutes longer for the purpose of considering this: If the country has much to thank the Government for in a perilous state of affairs, the Government has far more reason to be grateful to the spirit of the country, its timely intelligence, its provident foresight. For though the obligations of its governing men to the people may be described as enormous, or even as the salvation of them in their high places, they seem to be quite unaware of the debt. On all accounts this is to be regretted. It is an unconsciousness better dispelled.

The general belief is that England has lately made a great diplomatic success: played a bold game, won it, and now stands before the world a nation much more respected, much more feared, and therefore much more likely to be let alone. As to these results themselves there can be little doubt of their achievement. But why are they described as a diplomatic success? If the idea of them is a success gained by official management working by diplomatic methods, it is an erroneous idea. Such triumphs can be and have been gained by diplomacy, no doubt, but this is not one of them. England had not the wherewithal for any such success. It was lost. By common acknowledgment — the kind of acknowledgment that cannot be refused to unvarying experience—British diplomacy had become an entirely ineffective instrument years before M. Marchand found his way to Fashoda. By long habit of giving in for the sake of peace (in our time) its authority had sunk to such a point that when it protested nobody

cared, when it ventured to threaten no one felt afraid. It would seem as if that *must* be an exaggerated statement; but most of us have memories, and what if the truth is that grave remonstrance, well grounded on legality, remained quite unnoticed by Foreign Governments?—shared the begging-letter's fate, and was thrown unanswered into the waste-paper basket? Even that could happen; but it is more pertinent to recall the crowning case of unheeded unavailing diplomatic vigour. When Lord Rosebery told the French Government that the presence of France on the Nile could not be allowed, the warning passed for nothing. When Lord Salisbury repeated it, plainly threatening war, the result was the same—absolute indifference. Now, when a diplomacy is no more effective than that, it has ceased to exist.

But by this time the humiliation, even the danger, of having a diplomacy in that condition had stirred the country so deeply, party newspapers and all, that one thing became quite clear—no additional failure of any moment would be tolerated. Yet, evidently, no additional attempt was likely to succeed. In this strait it is hard to tell what would have become of the Government, or of any Government in its place, but for the superior wisdom and forethought of the country. For some years before, though only just in time, the nation had insisted upon providing itself and its rulers with an adequate navy. That mighty engine is its own creation — the building of it forced upon Governments which could not see as yet the need it was meant to meet, or even denied the need with loftiness. Lucky for them—lucky for us all, but for them particularly—were the finer political instinct, the keener circumspection, the resolute insistence of the country. The result was such a force as could compel attention when diplomacy was in its shroud; and to that an otherwise resourceless Government was able to turn. Without more words the ships were called out, armed, manned, equipped "to the nines." But on some occasions that is also a sort of diplomacy—a kind known in the profession as "bluff"; and (considering what lately happened when the scene of trouble was China) heaven only knows whether these war preparations would not have been so considered but again for the sense and spirit of the country. That decided the matter, inasmuch as anything was decided by a so-called diplomatic success of which this is the reckoning: the despatches counted for next to nothing; the arming of the fleet suggested grave possibilities of an England in earnest; the instant uprising of the whole country—a wave to advance upon, a wall against retreat — turned possibilities into certainties; and with that the Fashoda incident terminated.

Further to show how much the Government has to thank the country for, we might point to the conduct of the rank-and-file Radical opponents of the Government, who presented such a front to their own leaders that not one of them could have stood in the way of the decisive policy which some hated and would gladly have denounced. As it was, with the illustrious exception of Lord Rosebery, the leaders followed the led. Amongst ourselves that may not seem very much; but we may depend upon it that no message from the Foreign Office, short of formal ultimatum, could have had so much effect upon French counsels

as the spontaneous swarming of the two political parties into one host. Look, then, to the means which Britain had, and has, wherewith to meet a threatening future, and it will be found that the most and the best is the contribution of the country of its own will and motion. Yes, and of its own clearer senses and its firmer wisdom. It would be enough to establish this claim to point once more to the navy, since it is so clear that at this hour we depend entirely on that long-resisted provision of strength for all our hope of living in peace. But where in these deeper affairs has not the country shown superiority of judgment? Here are the best professional statesmen of all parties agreeing, and announcing as if it were news, that England would never have got herself into her present predicament but for a fatal consistency in giving way to unjust and menacing pretensions. That, they say — Tory chiming with Radical, Radical with Tory — is the chief cause of our troubles. Fatal consistency among the professionals, no doubt; but when did public opinion favour it as a sagacious or a likely policy? Never for an hour. Exactly what has come of it is precisely what the political instinct of the country predicted; and no such policy would have been endured so long but for the idea that there must be some tremendous incommunicable reasons for continuing it. Therefore the case stands thus: while the country had all to do with providing the means of wearing through a period of danger, it had nothing to do with a very grave aggravation of the danger itself.

Well, then, if that be so, this is a country which deserves to be handsomely treated when it meets its Government at Guildhall banquets and such-like occasions. For not only its equal wisdom (for that it seems to be in this high range of affairs), but its modesty, should be considered. Its readiness to humble its judgment before other no surer than its own should have a certain recognition, as also might the good-nature with which it makes light of unshared error that may possibly "dip" its whole estate. Should it express a preference for a certain line of conduct, it does so in readiness to be told that it is wrong; but with a right of exemption—not by privilege merely, but well earned — from hearing that it is ridiculously wrong. If in times of deep anxiety, which are also times which have proved that plain speaking may be their best medicine—if in such times the country would like to be taken into confidence a little, the disappointment of denial should be enough, if it must needs be inflicted: better to be sent empty away than filled with confusion. That, however, has been done; and, I must say, rather ungratefully, now that I remember the greatest of all the great services which the Government has to thank the country for. Its magic wand (I speak now of the Government — meaning by that no particular Administration) — its magic wand, which was quite broken, is now so well mended that it is stronger than ever. Its sword of persuasion, which was a shadow, has something of the weight and edge that distinguished it when worn by Lord Palmerston. In plainer figures, its diplomacy, which had expired, is brought to life again. Rescued from the dead and restored in full strength to the Government by the Country, it only awaits the

wise and vigorous employment it is sure to be put to now.

The immense importance of this benefaction deserves to be well understood. An efficient diplomacy is the means by which the rulers of a nation maintain its prosperity in peace. In the hands of our rulers this indispensable instrument had perished. It was done for because what makes diplomacy effective—namely, a visible store of fighting determination —could no longer be detected in it, or was believed to have died out. That gone, or believed to be gone, the rest was a farrago of vain words. The mere *possession* of great fleets and armies by such a Government goes for nothing, of course, in diplomacy. To point to them is no argument. The threat of using them is no menace. How desperate the position may become, therefore, is easily seen ; and it was the position of the Government of this country a few weeks ago. What could it do? Left to its own resources, intellectual and constitutional, the one way of retrieving what it had lost and could not work without was by a convincing European war. And it is extremely probable that that would have been the cost of restoring life and meaning to British diplomacy had unofficial England been either dull or indifferent to the situation. In that case French confidence in the retiring character of British statesmanship would have brought on the war. But by good luck for all concerned, unofficial England was neither indifferent nor dull, but quick to feel the occasion and keen to act upon it. With no loss of time the necessary conviction was conveyed to the French by the "spirit of the country," and next day the diplomatic authority of the British Government was quite set up again. That priceless object was achieved without the expenditure of an ounce of powder.

* * *

One great good will come of this at once — has come already. By all the signs, we are not at the end but at the beginning of our contention with France; and there is no longer any need on our part to write imperious despatches. The French will not allow that there was ever such need ; but that is a mistake. Our too indulgent dealing with them, their too arrogating treatment of us, had brought affairs to such a pass that the peremptory word was unavoidable. But now that we have gained their serious attention, and they understand that disagreement on certain matters will be followed by the usual consequences, all the obligations of courtesy return. On the foremost question between ourselves and France the sharpest word was said when Mr Chamberlain spoke at Manchester ; and his judicious or even necessary plain-speaking did not go beyond the British despatch of the 10th of December : "Her Majesty's Government must not be understood to admit that any other Power than Great Britain has any claim to occupy any part of the valley of the Nile." Before Mr Chamberlain spoke it had already been intimated that what her Majesty's Government do not admit they mean to oppose. Remembering, of course, that the Bahr-el-Gazal is as much Egyptian as any territory approached from the Nile, the Colonial Secretary confirmed this intimation with as much civility as comports with candour ; and as it is not a matter for discussion it need not be repeated.

If action is forced, it will be forced; but in obedience to every consideration of comfort and expediency, the Foreign Office will studiously avoid henceforth a peremptoriness of tone which was never adopted from choice and was certainly not meant to wound.

As for the public press, is not the Dreyfus case nearing a conclusion, and is there any abuse of France in English newspapers unconnected with that affair? I think not; and also think it safe to say that much that is published here on this subject is more enjoyed by its writers than its readers. The true as well as the most generous account of that affair is, that it is an enormous misfortune for France, and the worse because it happens at a time when that nation — apparently destitute of strong guidance, and sapped within and surrounded without by weakness and anxiety — has every look of approaching collapse. The other account of the matter is that it is a crime: not the crime of a few, but a national crime, calling aloud for the corresponding vengeance which all good men must crave. Or not so much a crime, perhaps, as a hideous wen, to which every class in the community, every department and function of State almost, contributes its unquenchable corruptions. Extravagant as it is, and positively venomous with excess of virtue and other things, this is the only version of the story that is ever admitted into our newspapers; and if it do not improve the relations of the two peoples, who can wonder?

Considering how we stand at present with a country whose misfortunes are not diminished by getting into a fixed quarrel with England, it seems to me that a little less of Dreyfusian gloating over a "rotten" French army and a "rotten" French republic would take nothing from the grace of British journalism. It is true that most of that kind of matter comes from abroad, and true that Englishmen of good feeling and good sense have no sympathy with the Old Testament state of mind that breeds it. In spite of the Fashoda quarrel, they could not rejoice were the condition of things in France as infamous and as desperate as some reporters make out whenever they have M. Dreyfus in hand. Not long ago these authorities used to tell of a France so besotted with militarism as to make an absolute fetish of her army: "fetish" was the word. ("Fond mother of her martial youth," Meredith called her—being about right, probably.) But now, it seems, France most naturally and most properly loathes the army, not only for M. Dreyfus' sake but for her own. Soon we shall see "in hostile juxtaposition the liberal and civil element and the domineering military element, revealing afresh the permanent antagonism between these two elements in the nation. It will arouse in the streets and the press the same excitement that we have seen in the Chamber." Revolution, in short, and revolution starting from popular detestation of the military.

"I come back always to the contradiction implied in the *régime* which makes a barrack of an entire country —a barrack which the French youth enter with repugnance, and whence they issue with a hatred of the brutal authority experienced there. This authority is exercised, not in the name of a unique and supreme power, as in a Monarchy, but in the name of all—a misleading pretence; for the masses feel an antipathy, not against the army, but against the *corvée* which it imposes, against the obedience which

it exacts, and against the disastrous loss of time which is involved in it. And the result of this smouldering temper of resistance to military service is, that an execrated oligarchy is slowly formed, composed of professional soldiers who dominate, brutalise, and humiliate the man who merely passes under the flag to carry away disgust of the military profession and hatred of those whose brutality he has had to endure. And this state of things will go steadily on, for the civilian will never make up his mind to be thus crushed down to no purpose by the most terrible of imposts. In reality, he works only for those who brutalise him and whom he detests. The Republic inspires no enthusiasm in the man who passes through his short period of compulsory service. It is a form of Government which is comprehensible and acceptable only when it exists without a standing army."

This was written a few days ago by the Paris correspondent of the most important newspaper in the kingdom: an experienced caterer, but vastly mistaken if he fancied that the revolt of the French people against the French army would be as credible and agreeable to the readers of a journal like the 'Times' as it was to himself. Since the Republic is in so bad a way—though not because it is a republic—no one would be surprised were it in ruins to-morrow; but to suppose that its dissolution would please any number of men in this country is an error yet worse. The imputation is rejected from both heart and head. France may believe that all the hostility of which Fashoda was a symbol leaves us more sane and considerate than that. And as a personal opinion this I will add: that supposing the wrongs of M. Dreyfus as unexaggerated as I fear they are, a revenge less magnificent than the ruin of the French Republic might be considered adequate.

Were France to be assured of the bare fact that there is no enmity against her in England even while we are preparing the means of destroying her navy once more (if we must), she would say, "That only proves you the cold-blooded arrogants you have always been taken for since you lost the excuse of being mad." Could she further believe, what is equally true, that her present troubles are viewed by many thousands of Englishmen with the strongest sympathy, she would be less pleased and more troubled for an answer. When found, it would most likely prove a compound of indignation and complacency; pain at pity from such a source mingling with a precious sense of compulsory homage. But whether intelligible, whether agreeable to her or otherwise, there is in England a very common feeling of half-angry pity for France—a feeling very like that evoked for a brilliant, beautiful, wilful, luckless woman who throws herself away. Were the country less unfortunate than it seems to all eyes just now, there would be no such feeling, I daresay; for even where it exists most consciously, it goes with a determination to put up with no more naughtiness. Homage to certain great qualities in the nation—qualities irreplaceable by any known people on the face of the earth—is an ever-increasing quantity in brutal Angleterre. The admiration, adoration almost, that burns in Meredith's verse, and yet with anger too, was no common sentiment when he wrote his magnificent "France"; but in the later birth-time of his Napoleon odes there is always some one to give voice to it wherever men of thought and skill are gathered together. In such coteries—and there are many

of them and well populated—the prospect of a broken and distracted France is no delight at all. Sometimes, indeed—as when the probability of a war between that country and our own is followed out, and where there is enough imagination to discern that Trafalgar was no such blow to France as the destruction of her navy would be now—a feeling comparable with distress sets in. Yet as all the while the thought of drawing back from "having it out" with France is nowhere tolerable, the whole result is a complication of sentiment like that provoked by "pretty Fanny's way" at the worst. That is a compliment which no one is so capable of appreciating as herself. It will be well for the lady to remember, however, that only the susceptibles have any patience at all with Fanny's way, or even any perception of redeeming charm; moreover, that though they are the flower of the population here, they number no more than three in a thousand perhaps; and, lastly, that even our susceptibles are so hardened by repeated outrage that they will stand no more of it.

* * *

"Trafalgar no such blow to France as the destruction of her navy would be to-day." Supposing that true or nearly true, it is a safe starting-point for many considerations of deep importance; such considerations as will probably determine the course of more than one Continental State at the present time.

That a speedy result of war between this country and the French would be the ruin of France as a naval Power is no certainty, of course; but the likelihood of it is so considerable, and it would be so transforming an event, that it must needs stand foremost in every calculation of probable outcome. The Frenchman, the German, the Russian must all take it into account: the Englishman also, for a particular reason which we may find too delicate to mention. Putting the contingency before his eyes, the Frenchman asks, "What then?" and supposing him possessed of an informing imagination, he beholds at once a procession of ill consequences of which he cannot see the end nor any near remedy. Some are doubtful, but the worst are not. Even the very first of them, and that unsubstantial, might take a disastrous turn; for in anything like the present state of things in France, news of the destruction of her fleets—sudden destruction, mayhap—would not improbably demoralise the whole country. Or though her people stood bravely against so dire a blow to pride, to confidence, to the security of her colonies (or such of them as remained to her at the time), its effects could not be cured that way: they would still be irreparable within any period to which a people can look hopefully. But as to that, a word is enough. After all the late debate on sea-power, colonies, commerce, and the dependence upon them of any nation that would live in greatness and prosperity, no more need be said of the material loss to France by the sinking or surrender of her ships.

But something else would be lost, of concern to other Powers beside herself. By the ruin of her navy France would lose the chief part of her value as an ally. As matters stand, her ships give her a means of lending and borrowing protection which no other Continental State possesses. It is the

means most coveted by them all; and, to open another door to speculation, its existence is so important for one great State that whether its destruction by England could be quietly allowed seems very doubtful indeed. Look to the natural relations (perhaps they should also be called immoral—I do not reject the word)—look to the natural relations of Russia and England, and the scope and the scene of their rivalries, and where the value of the French alliance to Russia lies is glaringly apparent: the French fleets. The cash facilities of the *entente* were seductive to Russia, no doubt; but, obviously, its grand advantage was the standing menace of a naval combination strong enough to forbid British interference upon any provocation short of the highest.

Therefore, while the cogitative Frenchman, answering the question, "What follows should our navy be broken up by that tremendous British force?" sees France stripped to her home frontiers and no longer an invaluable ally for anti-English Powers, Russian thought fixes on the same consequence. Gone at a stroke would be a precious means of keeping British Governments quiet while Russian acquisition enlarged its borders, fortified its every port and citadel, and provided itself in due course with a navy sufficient for the purposes of a vast continuous land Power. It would disappear at least ten years too soon, this one great Continental navy; and in its absence the sea-power of England, whether Russia remained in alliance with France or not, would rise to new and prodigious heights of domination, even though not another ship were added to the number that now ride under the British flag. Meanwhile another navy would be growing up in the West, no doubt, and one in the hands of a people *not* by nature friendly to England. But what of that if their interest bids them rise in association with her to the point where another contest for maritime supremacy will begin? Inevitable certainly; but years and years must pass before that happens, and the future of Russia is in the oven to-day.

These must be the Russian's reflections, I think; and, taken with other considerations of nearly equal moment, they suggest that a Trafalgar or two would be a considerable upset to the Czar's Government while ruining France. What expectations the German may build upon such events, supposing them accomplished, is more dubious matter. I leave it in its doubtfulness, and come home to what an Englishman should think perhaps.

Modesty, and an overheard whisper from the Ironic Fate, bid us remember once more that crushing the French navy cannot be absolutely counted upon in an immediate war with France. We cross ourselves, and say again that we are only talking of probabilities; but of probabilities so probable that a good man of business would steer his fortunes by them. In great affairs the Russians are good men of business; and bearing that in mind, what can our conclusions be—*so far*—but these? That Russia is deeply concerned to prevent an Anglo-French war, and must be disposed to attempt prevention by every possible means. That making known to the French a decision to take part in such a war, should it actually break out, would

be an unlikely means of prevention—not being dissuasive with a people whose pride is wounded, and who are otherwise in a condition for which war is supposed to be remedial. That therefore, and notwithstanding what some half-official French newspapers have said to the contrary, the Russian pledge of assistance is probably held in suspense. *But*, that there is little likelihood of the Czar holding back if war does break out between England and France. For to do so would look like base desertion, which is much; and one result of an Anglo-French duel would probably be the result above mentioned, which is more. In the history of such crises as we are now passing through, nothing is more common than a sudden turn, a sharp surprise, confounding even to close players of the game. Something of this kind may lie in wait for distant observers of the game; but judging by all visible facts and signs, the Russian policy would suffer too much for endurance by the destruction of the French fleets, and the consequent exaltation of Britain's maritime supremacy. Naval power is said to be everything; and in that event there would be no great navy in the world but her own.

And so, grouping the more evidential considerations, and those that have the most substantiality, no better general conclusion can be drawn from them, it seems, than this: To be wise, France will carefully avoid war with England in present conditions, and Russia cannot wish to see her ally so engaged. But should the still doubtful fight be forced on, either by accident or otherwise, the Russian Government must be expected to take the field with France, using her whole available strength and employing all the advantages prepared for such an occasion. They are not small.

* * *

That, however, is not the last word. Besides what we have called the more evidential considerations in the matter, there are others much more obscure; for they are new, undeveloped, and the working and effects of them on the minds of statesmen everywhere throughout the world must remain imperfect and uncertain. With the appearance of the United States as a competitor for empire, all calculation of policy and event in that broad field of contention was disturbed. English, Russian, French, German, Turkish, Japanese, Chinese—every calculation was affected, while some were even effaced; and these are not yet reconstructed, unless provisionally. Not till a few weeks ago, indeed, was the American Republic definitively launched upon an imperial career, nor was it seen till later how thoroughgoing the new empire is to be. However, there it stands: imperfectly equipped, much hampered, but soon to be one of the most formidable fighting nations in the world. By "soon" I mean within years so few that no other great country can settle its plans to-day without regard to the august intruder. Who will tell us, then, how much and in what direction the calculations and counsels of the greater European Powers have been deflected by the intrusion? What effect has it, if any, on the immediate question of peace or war?

It would be easy to give good reasons for assuming the pressure

of either of two opposite influences on the Russo-French combination, on the German opportunist, and even on the mind of our own Government. All depends upon a question of probability — to wit, whether the American Republic, *when* it has a large trained army and a great fleet, will side with England against Europe in a general way: the "Anglo-Saxon confederation," in short. A month or two ago there was in this country a large amount of positive belief in such an alliance,—not treaty-made, no marriage in church, perhaps, but a union held fast by the stronger bond of mutual affection plus common interest. Now it happens that long ago Continental statesmen began to think that Europe would have to combine some day against what *they* called an Anglo-Saxon conspiracy, with trade monopoly for its object. If, then, these statesmen, or certain of them, share the British anticipation aforesaid, it would be an argument for risking immediate war. "Is there so little doubt that the young lion will hunt with the old lion? Then why not dare a stroke to lame the old lion while the young one is still teething?" For, beyond doubt, the American Republic is in no condition yet to help the British, finds more than enough upon its hands already, and has no moral call to hazard an imperial future at birth for the sake of England on the Nile. But whether this is thought a sufficient argument for closing with England offhand, that is another thing. We do not know. It seems just as likely — perhaps more so — that the Continental Governments are unimpressed by the prospect of an Anglo-American *entente*, conceiving that the Republic will hold its foreign policy free, applying it strictly to American interests as they arise or may vary. If those interests run most often with the British and against others, what is diplomacy for but to contrive ingenious remedies for such misfortunes?

These may be the guiding arguments in Continental Europe; and certainly, the eye of Sentiment itself can find no contradiction of them in the news that America despises the "open door" policy, which was to be the first grand object of the alliance! The door has been shut in Porto Rico with the utmost promptitude; and, according to report, it is to be shut in the Philippines also. In that case, we should be in hostilities with the United States at once; but the report is incredible. Nor is it beyond expectation that, on second thoughts, Porto Rico will be opened again. Yet in any and every case, the one trustworthy view of the transformed policy of the great Republic is (to use Lord Salisbury's phrase) that it is "a grave and serious event, which may conduce to the interests of peace." In one way or another, it may conduce before long to war; and this brings us to the practical conclusion, the Government conclusion, which Mr Chamberlain announced at Manchester. Just as there is no idea in Russia, despite the Czar's encyclical, of suspending warlike operations, so Britain's armaments will continue beyond the time when they might slacken to a stop. Look where we may, nothing seems assured; and when they speak who see from their high places farther than our vision carries, they tell of toppling States and such-like portents, against which there is at least one unsuspected means of provision: to arm to the utmost, and remain so armed.

INDEX TO VOL. CLXIV.

'A Woman-Hater,' defence of medical women in, 95 *et seq.*

Advertisements in penny story-books, character of, 803.

Amateur Farming, Some Experiments in, 661.

Amusements of the Spanish aristocracy, the, 357.

Angling, a seventeenth-century book on, 261 *et seq.*—the special attractions of, 629 *et seq.*

Anglo-American alliance, some difficulties in an, 299.

Arezzo, the ancient Aretium, description of, 411 *et seq.*

Astor, Jacob, establishment of the Canadian fur trade by, 502 *et seq.*

At the Fall of the Curtain, 131.

'Audubon and his Journals,' review of, 58 *et seq.*

Audubon, John James, early life of, 58—gifts of, as an animal-artist, 60—wanderings of, 61 *et seq.*—arrival of, in England, 64—residence of, in Edinburgh, 66—death of, 69.

Australia, early condition of, 824 Wakefield's remedy for, 825.

Autobiography of a Child, Chapters I.-V., 453 — VI.-VIII., 603 — IX.-XIV., 771.

B.A. and the Bells, the, 812.

Barrie, J. M., the novels of, 599.

Bear-shooting in India, description of, 92.

Bells, the B.A. and the, 812.

Benefice Bill, passing of the, 301.

Between Two Stools, 567.

Bewick, friendship of Audubon with, 68.

Birrell, Mr Augustus, as biographer of Sir Frank Lockwood, 690.

Broughton, Murray of, 220.

Brown, Sir Thomas, on friendship, 364.

Buddha's Birthplace, 787.

Bulawayo to the Victoria Falls, from: a Mission to King Lewanika, 739.

Bull-fights, place of, amongst the Spanish aristocracy, 354, 545.

Camoens, romantic career of, 174.

Canadian fur trade, establishment of the, by France, 495.

Carleton, Sir Dudley, letters of John Chamberlain to, 655 *et seq.*

Caucasia, the mountain-system of, 524—the railways of, 525—Russian advances in, 526—travelling in, *ib. et seq.*—the prisons of, 533.

Caucasus, Travel Pictures in the, 524.

Celtic Stories, a Creelful of, 792.

Chamberlain, John, family history of, 651—education of, 653—career of, 654—the letters of, 655 *et seq.*

Chamberlain, John, Letter-writer, 651.

Chatterton, the tragic history of, 178.

Checkmated: A Linnæus of the Hindu Kush, 40.

Child, Autobiography of a, Chapters I.-V., 453 — VI.-VIII., 603 — IX.-XIV., 771.

China, development of commerce in, by Britain, 133 *et seq.*—the "treaty ports" of, 136 *et seq.*—proposed extension of trade in the interior of, 141—Russian movements in, 568 *et seq.*—German claim on territory of, 571—British acquisitions in, 574—the Empress-Regent of, 698 *et seq.*

China, the Empress-Regent of, 698.

Chinee, a Heathen, 617.

Church, the Primitive, 760.

City editor, the, modern institution of, 641—popular reputation of, 643—corruptibility of, 644—responsibilities of, 647—special temptations of, 649.

Clarissa, to, 230.

Coaching system, triumphs of the, 269.

'Colonel Alexander Gardner: Soldier and Traveller,' review of, 116 *et seq.*

Colonies, a Maker of, 821.
Colonisation Society, founding of the, 825.
Commerce, Pioneers of, 132.
Companies, limited liability, revelations regarding, 639—assumed functions of the newspaper press as to, *ib. et seq.*—position of the City editor in relation to, 641 *et seq.*
Company and the Individual, the, 331.
Company-promoting principle, the, 331 *et seq.*—working out of the, 338 *et seq.*—effect of, on commerce, 343 *et seq.*
Conquest, the Ethics of, 841.
Contemporary authors, critical estimates of, 593 *et seq.*
Courtier, Velasquez the, 542.
Covent Garden, "The Ring" at, 110.
Cowper, the nature poetry of, 671.
Craigie, Mrs, the novels of, 597.
Creelful of Celtic Stories, a, 792.
Cricket, the chief attraction in, 52.
Crimean War, debates on the, in Parliament, 17 *et seq.*
Cuba, government of, by General Polavieja, 425 *et seq.*—hatred of Spanish rule in, 427—native rule in, 428—freedom of the press in, 429—administration of justice in, 431—probable future of, 434.
Cuban Governor, Confessions of a: the End of an Old Song, 422.
Curtain, at the Fall of the, 131.
Darial Pass, description of the, 536 *et seq.*
De Reszki brothers, singing of the, in "The Ring" at Covent Garden, 111.
Death-March of Kûlop Sûmbing, the, 483.
Devdorak Glacier, description of the, 538.
'Doctor Victoria' by Major-General Alexander, notice of, 100.
'Don Quixote,' the New, 274.
'Don Quixote,' translations of, 274—editions of Spanish text of, *ib.*—the latest edition of, 275 *et seq.*
'Dr Edith Romney' by Anne Elliot, notice of, 101.
'Dr Hermione' by the author of 'Lady Bluebeard,' notice of, 103.
'Dr Janet, of Harley Street,' by Arabella Kenealy, the lady doctor in, 107.
Dugald Dalgetty, source whence Scott drew the character of, 509 *et seq.*
Dugald Dalgetty, the Real, 509.
East, a Soldier of Fortune in the, 116.
'Edinburgh Review,' editorship of the, by Henry Reeve, 689.
Education Act, disappointed hopes as to results of the, 801.
'Edward Gibbon Wakefield' by R. Garnett, C.B., LL.D., notice of, 821 *et seq.*
Elk of Grönvand, the Great, 403.
Emerson, teaching of, on friendship, 364.
Empress-dowager of China, the, regency of, 698 *et seq.*—character of, 700—rule of, *ib.*—the present Emperor chosen by, 702—resignation of, 704—subsequent career of, *ib. et seq.*—Li Hung-chang sent to Moscow by, 707—sovereignty still virtually in hands of, *ib.*
Empress-Regent of China, the, 698.
End of an Old Song, the: Confessions of a Cuban Governor, 422.
English-made goods, former renown of, abroad, 335.
Ethics of Conquest, the, 841.
Evil Eye, testing for the, in the Highlands, 798.
'Expedition with the Scots Regiment, the,' by Major-General Munro, 509—character of Dugald Dalgetty drawn from, *ib. et seq.*—narrative of, 520 *et seq.*
Fairies, lingering beliefs regarding, on the west coast of Ireland, 792 *et seq.*
"Fair Quaker of Deal, the; or, The Humours of the Navy," by Charles Shadwell, description of, 234 *et seq.*
Faroes, the, 244.
Faroes, the, description of, 244—government of, *ib.*—the inhabitants of, 245 *et seq.*—superstitions of, 250—daily life in, 252 *et seq.*—whale-hunting in, 256—amusements in, 259.
Festival of St Peter, celebration of the, at Rome, 12.
Fiction, Penny, 801.
Fiction, the Medical Woman in, 94.
Fiction, the present-day demand for, 802—features of the cheap supplies of, *ib. et seq.*
Finance, the Press and, 639.
Foray, an Orkney, 375.
Forgotten, the One, 374.
Franck, Richard, the 'Northern Memoirs' of, description of, 261 *et seq.*
Fricker, Edith, Southey's marriage with, 168—insanity of, 183—death of, 185.
Friendships, on, 364.
Fur Trade, Romance of the: The Companies, 495.
Fur trade, the, early days of, 495—rival companies in, 497 *et seq.*
Game-Law for Norway, a New, 558.
Gardner, Colonel Alexander, early life of, 116—adventures of, in Central Asia, 117 *et seq.*—enters the service of Dost Muhammad Khan, 118 *et seq.*—appointed Colonel of Artillery in the Sikh army, 125—latter years of, 130.

GLADSTONE, MR, 146.
Gladstone, Mr, early public life of, 147, 150 *et seq.*—Irish policy of, 148, 158 *et seq.*—enters the Cabinet, 151—hostility of, to Lord Palmerston, 154—his first Ministry, 155—his second return to power, 157—alliance of, with Parnellite faction, 160—last session of, 165—summing up of character of, 166.
Glencoe, lingering superstitions in the district of, 796 *et seq.*
Golf, the growing popularity of, 52—bodily exercise in, 53—striking the ball in, 54—reason for the fascination of, 55 *et seq.*
GOLF, THE SPECIAL ATTRACTION OF, 52.
GOOD TURN, A, 393.
GREAT NATURALIST, A, 58.
Greek and Roman Churches, practices in the, not found in the primitive Church, 765 *et seq.*
GRÖNVAND, THE GREAT ELK OF, 403.
HARNESS, THE PRICE OF THE, 829.
HEATHEN CHINEE, A, 617.
'Helen Brent, M.D.: A Social Study,' notice of, 105.
Henley, Mr, the poems of, 601.
HINDU KUSH, CHECKMATED: A LINNÆUS OF THE, 40.
HOME, THE SPANIARD AT, 349.
House of Commons, varying character of the, 20—Speakers of the, 21.
Houses of Parliament, destruction of the, by fire, 5.
Hudson Bay Company, the, prosecution of the fur trade by, 497—growth of, 498 *et seq.*—a formidable rival to, 501.
INDIAN SENSATION, AN, 206.
Indian stories, Rudyard Kipling's, 475 *et seq.*
INDIVIDUAL, THE COMPANY AND THE, 331.
JACKSON, STONEWALL, 721.
Jackson, Thomas Jonathan ("Stonewall Jackson"), early life of, 722—joins the Mexican expedition, 723—becomes a professor at Virginia Military Institute, *ib.*—appointed to command in the Confederate army, 726—at the battle of Bull Run, 727 — assumes command of the Shenandoah Valley District, 729—joins General Lee, 734—receives his death-wound at Chancellorsville, 737.
Jacobite party, divisions in the, 222 *et seq.*
James, Henry, the novels of, 598.
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, LETTER-WRITER, 651.
JOHN SPLENDID: THE TALE OF A POOR GENTLEMAN, AND THE LITTLE WARS OF LORN, Chapters XXIX.-XXXI., 70—XXXII.-XXXV. (Conclusion), 186.
Johnson, Dr, friendship between Mrs Thrale and, 370.
Jubilee Ode, Rudyard Kipling's, 474.
Kapilavâstu, the newly discovered birthplace of Buddha, 787 *et seq.*—ancient pilgrimages to, 787—Major Waddell's identification of, 788, 791 — ruins around the site of, 789.
KARIM: A MODEL SHIKARI, 89.
KIPLING, MR, THE WORKS OF, 470.
'Kipling, Rudyard, the Writings in Prose and Verse of,' notice of, 470 *et seq.*
Kipling, Rudyard, versatility of, as an author, 471 *et seq.*—Jubilee Ode of, 474—attacks on Liberalism by, *ib.*—Indian stories of, 475 *et seq.*—military stories of, 478—literary characteristics of, 480—the poems of, 601.
KÛLOP SÛMBING, THE DEATH-MARCH OF, 483.
LA VERNA, A PILGRIMAGE TO, 410.
LAST SIX MONTHS, THE, 296.
LAUREATE OF LINCOLNSHIRE, THE, 670.
Legal questions, treatment of, in penny fiction, 809.
'Letter from Sydney' by Edward Gibbon Wakefield, writing of the, 824—effects of the, on our Australian colonies, *ib. et seq.*
LETTERS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY, SOME UNPUBLISHED, 167.
Lewanika, King, a mission to, 739 *et seq.*—the start, 739—incidents of the march, 742—sport by the way, 743—"a dry stretch," 745—an encounter with lions, 749—the Victoria Falls, 750—a nation of slaves, 751—meeting with the king, 753.
LEWANIKA, KING, FROM BULAWAYO TO THE VICTORIA FALLS: A MISSION TO, 739.
Li Hung-chang, mission to Moscow of, 707.
Limited liability theory, the, 337 *et seq.*—allurements of, 345 *et seq.*—revelations as to practical working out of, 639.
Lincolnshire, connection of Lord Tennyson with, 670—references to, in Tennyson's poems, 672 *et seq.*
LINCOLNSHIRE, THE LAUREATE OF, 670.
Lions, an encounter with, 749.
Literary critics, some present-day, 595.
Living novelists, critical estimate of, 596 *et seq.*
Lockwood, Sir Frank, Biographical Sketch of, notice of, 690—Mr Augustus Birrell's method as biographer of, *ib.*—political leanings of, 691.
LOOKER-ON, THE:—
August: The Spanish-American War, its Illusions and their Explanation, 283—The Duty and the Beauty

of giving in, 285—Unveiling of the Cuban Patriot, 288—Mr Winterley's Communication: His Views on the Morals of Society, 291.

September: The U.S. War of Awakening, 436—Our own Conflicts Abroad, 439—A Hint to Evolution, 440—Bismarck in his Last Days, 442—Great Names in City Shames, 447—Delicate Debate by Gentlefolk for Gentlefolk, 450—Poor Gluck's Case, 452.

October: Our Second Battle of the Nile, 575—Kitchener Portrayed, 579—The Russian Circular, 582—The Appliances of War, 586—The Romish Invasion of the Church, 588.

November: Our Fashoda Despatches: Their considerate Brutality, 708—The Inner Purpose of Kitchener's Expedition, and how provoked, 709—Royal and Imperial Treatment of the West Indies, 713—Medicamental Literature, 716.

December: The Douche undeserved, 851—Ministerial Obligations to the Country, 854—Resurrection of its Diplomacy, 857—France, and "pretty Fanny's way," 858—What if another Trafalgar? 861—The New World's disturbance of the Old, 863.

Louise-Ulrique, Queen of Sweden, 383.

Louise-Ulrique, sister of Frederick the Great, parentage of, 383—marriage of, to the Prince Royal of Sweden, 385—becomes Queen of Sweden, 390—death of the husband of, 391—exile of, *ib. et seq.*

Lowe, Dr John, 'The Yew-trees of Great Britain and Ireland' by, notice of, 272.

Madeira, description of, 550—the water-system of, 551 *et seq.*

Madeira Waterways, 550.

Maker of Colonies, a, 821.

Mallarmé, Stéphane, 692.

Mallarmé, Stéphane, literary career of, 692—character of the writings of, 693—work of, as a critic, 694—personal characteristics of, 695—influence of, 696—loyalty of, to literature, 697.

Manœuvres, the Salisbury, 676.

May, John, friendship of Southey with, 167, 179.

Medical Woman in Fiction, the, 94.

'Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Henry Reeve, C.B., D.C.L.,' notice of, 682 *et seq.*

'Memorials of Murray of Broughton,' notice of, 220 *et seq.*

Meredith, Mr, the novels of, 593, 596.

Military manœuvres, development of, the practice of, 676, 680—passing of Military Manœuvres Act to regulate, 676—carrying out of the, in 1898, 677—press criticisms of, 678 *et seq.*—part taken by the militia battalions in, 681.

Modern poetry, the quality of, 595.

'Mona Maclean, Medical Student,' by Graham Travers, career of the medical woman in, 108.

Monastery of La Verna, the, visit to, 413 *et seq.*—connection of, with St Francis, 415, 421—life at, 418 *et seq.*

Monro, Major-General Robert, early life of, 510—the 'Expedition with the Scots Regiment' by, 511 *et seq.*

Moore, George, the novels of, 599.

Mowbray, Sir John R., some reminiscences of, 1 *et seq.*

Mr Gladstone, 146.

Murray of Broughton, 220.

Murray of Broughton, early Jacobitism of, 221 *et seq.*—preparations by, for landing of Prince Charles, 225—arrestment of, 228—character of, 229.

Naturalist, a Great, 58.

New 'Don Quixote,' the, 274.

Newspaper press, tripartite nature of the modern, 639 *et seq.*—educative character of the, 644.

New Zealand, the colonisation of, 825.

Nibelungen Ring, the, performance of, at Covent Garden, 110 *et seq.*—music of, 110—setting of, 112 *et seq.*

"Nimrod," letters of, to the 'Sporting Magazine,' 265 *et seq.*

Non-Intervention, the theory of, 845 *et seq.*

'Northern Memoirs' of Richard Franck, description of the, 261 *et seq.*

North-West Company, prosecution of the fur trade by the, 501 *et seq.*

Norway, a New Game-Law for, 558.

Norway, a Troll in, 629.

Norway, trolling in the lakes of, 631 *et seq.*—the labouring classes in, 634—need for fishery legislation in, 636 natural scenery of, 637.

Novelettes, penny, great abundance of, 802, 810—differences in, 803—advertisements in, *ib.*—prize-competitions in, 804—literary characteristics of, 805—the heroines of, 806—the heroes of, 807—love as an element in, 809—legal questions in, *ib.*—harmless tendency of, 811.

Odd Volumes: II., 261.

Old Sea-Dogs, Smollett and the, 231.

Old Whig and New, 682.

On Friendships, 364.

One Forgotten, the, 374.

Opinions, Some, 591.

Orkney Foray, an, 375.

Oxford Union, early recollections of the, 5 *et seq.*

Palmerston, Lord, Mr Gladstone's hostility to, 154.
Parnellite faction, Mr Gladstone's alliance with the, 160.
'Peace with Honour' by Sydney C. Grier, career of a medical woman in the East described in, 106.
Penny Fiction, 801.
Pictures and statues, introduction of, into churches, 766.
Pilgrimage to La Verna, a, 410.
Pioneers of Commerce, 132.
Poets, the friendships of, 372.
Polavieja, General, administration of, in Cuba, 425 *et seq.*
Polity of nations, the old idea of a, 842.
Port Arthur, Russian policy regarding, 568 *et seq.*
Predictions of Liberal thinkers, falsification of, 801.
Premonitions, the belief in, 797.
Press and Finance, the, 639.
Press, freedom of the, inconveniences of, 297.
Price of the Harness, the, 829.
Primitive Church, the, 760.
Primitive Church, the, rites and customs of, 760 *et seq.*—changes in, under Constantine, 763 *et seq.*—gradual innovations in the worship of, 766 *et seq.*
Prize-competitions in penny fiction, variety of, 804.
'Punishment by Death in the Metropolis' written in Newgate, 823—description of, *ib.*
Reade, Charles, defence of medical women by, 95 *et seq.*
Real Dugald Dalgetty, the, 509.
Reeve, Henry, notice of the Memoirs and Correspondence of, 682 *et seq.*—connection of, with the 'Times,' 683—political opinions of, 685, 686 *et seq.*—literary tastes of, 685—conduct of the 'Edinburgh Review' by, 689—anecdotes of, *ib.*
Reform Bill, the first, passing of, 4.
Religious teaching, character of, in board schools, 305.
'Report of a Journey to North Ssuch'uan' by J. G. L. Litton, notice of, 134.
'Report on the Trade of Central and Southern China' by Consul F. S. A. Bourne, notice of, 133.
Ritualism, charges of, the cry of a political party, 303.
Romance of the Fur Trade: The Companies, 495.
Rubens, visit of, to Velasquez, 547.
'Rudyard Kipling, the Writings in Prose and Verse of,' notice of, 470 *et seq.*
Runaway marriages, a couple of, 821, 822.
Sacraments of the primitive Church, the, 760.
Salisbury Manœuvres, the, 676.
Scott, Sir Walter, meeting of Audubon with, 68—the original of his character of Dugald Dalgetty, 509 *et seq.*
Sea life, Smollett's descriptions of, 231 *et seq.*
Second-sight, modern instances of, in Glencoe, 796 *et seq.*
Sensation, an Indian, 206.
Seventy Years at Westminster, 1.
Shelley, the friendships of, 367.
Shikari, Karim: a Model, 89.
Siena, 23.
Siena, situation of, 23—the cathedral of, 24—the public square of, 26—the Croce del Travaglio at, 28—early history of, 29 *et seq.*
'Sir Frank Lockwood: A Biographical Sketch,' notice of, 690 *et seq.*
Sister, to My, 566.
Six Months, the Last, 296.
Slaves, a nation of, 751.
Smollett and the old Sea-Dogs, 231.
Soldier of Fortune in the East, a, 116.
Some Experiments in Amateur Farming, 661.
Some Opinions, 591.
Southey, Robert, marriage of, to Edith Fricker, 168—letters of, from Lisbon, 171 *et seq.*—return of, to England, 176—insanity of his wife, 183—death of, 185.
Southey, Robert, some Unpublished Letters of, 167.
Spaniard at Home, the, 349.
Spanish aristocracy, the, anomalous character of, 349—footing of dependants with, 351—domestic characteristics of, 352, 360—place of the bull-fight amongst, 354, 545—ignorance of literature amongst, 356—amusements of, 357—social relations of, *ib.*
Spanish colonisation, character of, 422 *et seq.*
Spanish courtesy, hollowness of, 358.
Special Attraction of Golf, the, 52.
Splendid, John: the Tale of a Poor Gentleman, and the Little Wars of Lorn, Chapters xxix.-xxxi., 70—xxxii.-xxxv. (Conclusion), 186.
Sport in Norway, new enactments regarding, 558 *et seq.*, 636.
'Sporting Magazine,' "Nimrod's" letters to the, 265 *et seq.*
Stéphane Mallarmé, 692.
Stonewall Jackson, 721.
'Stonewall Jackson and the American Civil War' by Lieut.-Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, notice of, 721 *et seq.*
Stools, Between Two, 567.

Stories, a Creelful of Celtic, 792.
Subject-races, Britain's enlightened treatment of, 849.
Superior Force, the doctrine of the, amongst nations, 843—Carlyle's apology for, 844—Professor Lorimer's view of, *ib.*
Sweden, Louise-Ulrique, Queen of, 383.
'Sweethearts and Friends' by Maxwell Gray, the medical woman in, 98.
Swinburne, Mr, value of the poems of, 593.
Tait, Archbishop, anecdote of, 9.
Tennyson, Lord, connection of, with Lincolnshire, 670—references to Lincolnshire in poems of, 672 *et seq.*
The Faroes, 244.
"The Ring" at Covent Garden, 110.
Thompson, Poet, new version of Shadwell's "Fair Quaker" by, 234 *et seq.*
Tiger-shooting in India, description of, 90 *et seq.*
'Times,' connection of Henry Reeve with the, 683.
To Clarissa, 230.
To my Sister, 566.
Travel Pictures in the Caucasus, 524.
Troll in Norway, a, 629.
Trolling, the pleasures of, 630—pursuit of, in Norway, 631 *et seq.*
Turn, a Good, 393.
'Une Sœur du Grand Frederic, Louise-Ulrique, Reine de Suède,' par O. G. Von Heidenstam, notice of, 383 *et seq.*
United States, interference of, in Cuba, 849.
'Velasquez' by A. de Beruete, notice of, 542 *et seq.*
Velasquez, life of, at the Court of Madrid, 543 *et seq.*—meeting of Rubens with, 547—visit to Italy of, 548—relations of, with the King of Spain, 549.
Velasquez the Courtier, 542.
Victoria Falls, from Bulawayo to the: a Mission to King Lewanika, 739.
Victoria Falls, description of the, 750.
Volumes, Odd: II., 261.
Waddell, Surgeon-Major, discovery of Buddha's birthplace by, 788, 791.
Wakefield, Edward Gibbon, matrimonial achievements of, 821—imprisonment of, in Newgate, 823—production of 'Punishment by Death in the Metropolis' by, *ib.*—the 'Letter from Sydney' by, 824—value of his ideas on colonisation, 825—visit of, to New Zealand, 827—results of lifework of, 828.
War, moral progress as a result of, 841 *et seq.*, 848.
Ward, Mrs Humphry, the novels of, 598.
Waterways, Madeira, 550.
Wellington, Duke of, installation of, as Chancellor of Oxford, 10—domestic life of, 13.
Western China, development of commerce in, 135.
Westminster School, recollections of, 3.
Westminster, Seventy Years at, 1.
Whig, Old, and New, 682.
William IV., the coronation of, 2.
'Winds of March' by George Knight, the lady doctor in, 105.
'Wooden World Dissected, the,' by Ned Ward, description of, 232.
Works of Mr Kipling, the, 470.
Yangtsze Valley, British sphere of influence in the, 571 *et seq.*
'Yew-trees of Great Britain and Ireland, the,' by Dr John Lowe, notice of, 272.
Youth: a Narrative, 309.

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