

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A BOARD SCHOOL TEACHER

**T**HE interminable discussion of a series of Education Bills makes it difficult for a practical teacher to believe that the interior of a public elementary school is yet known to political geographers. With astonishingly few exceptions, the speeches and debates on the subject of education are marked by a single characteristic, ignorance of the facts of elementary teaching. The expert authorities in the House, such as Dr. Macnamara, appear to have lost their way and fallen into the pits of diplomacy. Dr. Macnamara, at least, does know what goes on in the four walls of a school, and if he seldom reveals the facts, perhaps his reasons satisfy him. The Labour Party, generally so well informed on subjects of the kind, appear as ignorant as the ordinary politician of the real issues, and move resolutions in favour of secular education as if they were back in the eighteen-seventies.

It is not my business to set the education muddle straight. As Confucius says: "When not in office, devise not the policy." But a few recollections of a dozen or so years spent in various Board schools as an assistant teacher may interest those who feel that the present education discussion is remote from the practical issues. For when all is said and done, the two factors to be taken into account are the child and the teacher. It is these two who come into the most close and influential relations, namely, personal relations; and every

code, syllabus, and instruction has finally to be administered to the child through the teacher. To a practical mind, the question of education resolves itself into a series of problems, the very first of which is the type of teacher to be employed. In the popular discussion of the day, we may suppose that this problem will be the last to be considered. So far, at any rate, it has not risen above the horizon.

As a pupil teacher and Queen's scholar I served my apprenticeship to the profession of teaching, and was finally let loose on juvenile humanity in the year 1894, registered, and approved as trained and qualified to instruct pupil teachers. I got an appointment under the School Board of one of the large manufacturing cities of the North, and was sent one morning in January to assist in one of the schools of the Board.

The school was what is known as a slum school, that is, it was down in the slums and was attended by slum children. (Dear boys, I afterwards came to love them above all others!) It was not a large school, the boys' department in which I was to teach having accommodation for no more than two hundred and fifty. The headmaster was a kindly old gentleman, who had been taken over by the Board from a Church School. He was singularly incompetent and ignorant, but very lovable when one got to know him. After prayers and a hymn sung by the school in unison, I was put into a class-room with fifty or sixty boys, ranging in age from eleven to fourteen years. The headmaster introduced me by name to the boys, and then left me to my own devices.

The facts to realise are these. As a pupil teacher I had served my time in a little village school in the South of England, under almost ideal conditions of work and friendly relationships. There I had known all the children from babyhood, and the classes given me to teach were small and most amenable to what is called discipline. I had never punished children in any way, for the simple reason that I had never needed to do more than be a little cross in order to distress them. From that school I passed to a training college, where



two happy years were spent in reading for examinations. From there to a slum school.

The first lesson on the time-table was Biblical Instruction ; and if I remember rightly was the life of Moses. Conceive me, therefore, standing before fifty or sixty boys (most of them being newspaper boys and street urchins in their spare time), charged with the duty of impressing their immortal souls with the moralities of Moses. I did know something of Moses, too ; for I had an Archbishop's Diploma certifying my excellence in Scriptural knowledge. And, moreover, I had read a good deal of general literature, and flattered myself I could tell stories rather vividly. So I began to talk. One thing speedily became obvious. If the majority of the boys in the class were ready to listen to a new teacher, there was a considerable minority that had no such intention. Several of the bigger lads, in fact, began making observations on my personal appearance, on my southern accent, on the incidents of the life of Moses, and on general topics. I appealed to them by all the things educational experts and masters of educational method had taught me to hold dear, by enlisting their sympathy, by arousing their interest, by appealing to their nobler natures, by urging them to consider the good name of the school, the class, their mothers and fathers, and their descendants to the third and fourth generation. I was really eloquent. All in vain.

The uproar began when I called a boy, who was a ring-leader, to come to me. He would not budge. And when I insisted, he began to explain that he was the most innocent cherub in the class, and that so-and-so and so-and-so (naming other boys) were the prime culprits. Perhaps they were, for I had been too intent upon doing justice to Moses to notice very minutely the origins of the disturbance ; but all the same, the interests of dogmatic discipline demanded that a teacher should never be wrong. So I continued to insist and the boy continued to refuse. What was I to do ? For, by this time, the rest of the class, with the inborn love of a row, had taken sides.

Some urged him to go out and see what I would do. Others urged him to stay and see what would happen. I then made a move, which by all the rules of educational theory was wrong. I went up to the boy and took him by the arm to lead him out. He resisted, and I began to apply force. He struggled, and I had to apply more force. He began to kick and to shout, and some of the other boys joined in. In a few moments the class-room was a pandemonium, and presented a scene of whirling arms and legs and rain of Bibles blown sideways by a great wind. The din was that of a battle charge or a fishmarket on a Saturday night.

In the midst of it all the head-master came in. He had a long thick cane in his hand, and his appearance was the signal for silence. "What is all this noise about?" he asked. I explained as well as I could, and he talked to the boys and finally took out one or two of them to give them a sermon. They came back from the sermon blowing on their hands. The effect, so far as I was concerned however, was to make matters worse; for the boys were now doubly angry with me. In a few minutes the uproar began again, and once more the head-master came in.

This time he applied himself to me. "It won't do," he said, "to let these boys master you. If you don't get top-side of them they will get top-side of you. Send out for a good thick cane, and lay it on the back of any boy who says a word." He sent a boy to the nearest shop for a cane (to my surprise every boy in the class was willing to go), and stayed in the class-room with me for a quarter of an hour or so. By this time the Scripture lesson was over, and a lesson in English grammar was supposed to begin. Having seen it started, and the boys apparently attentive and the new cane conspicuously placed on the desk, he once more left the room and me to my single-handed fate.

It is over a dozen years ago now, and I have taught in schools of all kinds, and had the single control of classes numbering a hundred and more. My views on corporal punishment

have been formulated in the hard school of experience; and knowing all I know, I would have it abolished entirely. But on that morning at least my views were as yet unformed. Like most teachers, trained as I had been, I regarded corporal punishment as a confession of failure, and a declension from educational methods. But in face of the practical difficulties I had no alternative but to employ it. I think I must have caned more than half the class before playtime. The effect, however, was as unsatisfactory as could be. Absolutely no work was done; the boys were in open revolt, and only physical assault and battery availed to keep the class quiet and in their places for more than a few minutes at a time.

At play-time, when I met the other teachers to compare notes, I heard some advice which astounded me. Every teacher, it seemed, had passed through the same mill. Several of them had been in the school for years, and were still subject to outbreaks of the kind I had experienced. They gave me instructions how to cane, and whom and when to cane, and encouraged me to stick to my guns and come out "top-side." The last lesson of the morning was arithmetic, which was held in the central hall along with other classes and under the head master's supervision. The boys were quieter, but their work was shocking. They refused to take any pains, and I had to report several of them to the head-master. He methodically caned every boy so reported, and asked for more. At twelve o'clock, when school was over, I had to walk home to dinner alone through the streets of the slum. The teachers had warned me that the boys might be waiting for me, but I had scarcely expected to be met a few hundred yards from school by a crowd of lads with stones in their hands. Richly as somebody or something (call it the system if you like) had deserved the fate, I felt myself a victim, and an innocent victim. Why had I been sent to such a school with all my inexperience thick upon me? I had been trained as a teacher not as a drill-sergeant. Nobody had prepared me for what I had met. As stone after stone came near to hitting me, and

the crowd of hooting, shouting boys followed me down the street, I cursed the day schools were invented, the whole profession of teaching, and, above all, the idiocy of a Board that had sent me to my doom. Incidentally I sympathised with the feelings of the boys. We were both victims.

The sequel of the incidents of that morning need not be related; suffice it to say that by means known to every experienced teacher I finally got "top-side," and only then began to be able to discover the true causes of failure and the right means of success.

A word or two on discipline in elementary schools in general may be in place here. Roughly speaking, there are only two kinds of discipline, the natural and the martinet. Natural discipline depends on the attractiveness a teacher can give to his subject by reason of his personality. Martinet discipline depends on the degree to which a teacher can numb the activities of his pupils by uniform or long-sustained physical postures, and by playing on the emotions of fear and greed. Of the two kinds, the natural is obviously the more difficult, for it demands both personality and art. I believe that the most commanding personality might go into an elementary school and fail to keep discipline among fifty boys unless he possessed also the art of teaching. Napoleon, I am sure, would be defeated by a class of boys such as I had. On the other hand, an insignificant personality with a considerable amount of teaching art might be successful. But in either case a certain personal magnetism is indispensable. The successful teacher of this type must have about him some air of mystery, reserve, or what not. It need not be charm, but it must be something that inspires confidence in him. Only to an obvious superior will boys submit willingly.

Now it unfortunately happens that this kind of personality seldom finds its way into the elementary teaching profession, or finding its way in speedily endeavours to find its way out. The result is that the second method of discipline—martinet discipline—is the one generally practised. It is discipline by

what I do not hesitate to name hypnotic artifice. Combined with corporal punishment, it is extremely effective for the purpose of keeping children quiet, and for cramming them for examinations. And since these two results satisfy the demands of the authorities, the methods by which alone they can be obtained are almost universally employed.

I will describe a few that I have seen. In one school over which reigned a particularly successful head-master, since raised to high honour for distinguished services, the martinet discipline was carried out on a majestic scale. From the moment of assembling in lines in the school-yard to dismissal at twelve and four o'clock, the physical postures of the child had been planned. The exact number of paces apart in the lines, the order of procession up the stairs, the exact position in the desks, the exact number of movements for sitting in the right position, the exact movements for the passing of books and pens, the exact posture for writing, the exact position of the head, arms, legs and body, the exact angle of direction of the eyes, all these things had been calculated according to a system, and were rigidly enforced. If by chance any signs of slackness appeared the lesson was stopped, and five, ten, fifteen minutes were given to exercises in sitting motionless, or in what was termed eyelash drill. This consisted in making the children obey such orders as the following: "Heads up," "Eyes on ceiling," "Eyes close," "Eyes open," "Eyes right," "Eyes left," *ad nauseam*. After some minutes of this the children were undoubtedly quiet, and the rest of the lesson proceeded as merrily as a funeral bell. Any divergence from the uniformity was visited with corporal punishment. I have seen a teacher, stick in hand, running up and down the lines of a class and striking the shoulders of any child out of the exact position, with the head-master watching approvingly.

In the same school, elaborate preparations were made for possible visitors. As a school with a reputation for discipline, it was often chosen by the Board as a model school to exhibit to visitors. By the rules of the Board, corporal punishment

was forbidden to anybody but the head-master, and he was instructed to enter in an official book all cases. Had such a rule been kept he would have had time for nothing else, and the book would have been filled in a very short time. Moreover, he would have forfeited the respect of the Board. In practice, therefore, he seldom punished, and still more seldom recorded his punishments. He had no illusions, and used to tell us: "Any teacher who thinks he can teach without a cane is a fool; but any teacher who lets a visitor see a cane is a bigger fool." So when visitors were expected or were sighted word was sent round the school, canes were put away, and all was smiles and peacefulness. Afterwards the head-master came round to punish personally any child who had "disgraced" the school by daring to speak or alter his position during the visitation. One lady-visitor went away enthusiastic, and reported that the miracle of the whole thing was that it had been done "all by love." The phrase was repeated for years in the profession with a variety of intonations.

Of the other means to martinet discipline, that of appealing to greed, the most notable instances occur (at least occurred until recently) in the evening schools. There was an almost unblushing appeal to the purely selfish instincts, and a colossal system of bribery. Quite half the attendance at an evening school was due to the rewards promised. These took the form of trips to the seaside or books or tea-parties. So many attendances with so much good behaviour qualified for the reward, and in some instances I have known boys bribed with money. In the day-schools, where attendance is compulsory, the rewards for attendance are small; but systems of prizes and little rewards of extra playtime, special banners for successful classes, &c., are common. I have nothing to say against them except that they are fatal to education. They do secure discipline, but at too great a cost in emotional life.

The mention of evening schools reminds me of my first experience in one. The head-master of the previous session had promised, it seems, the usual extravagant rewards, and



had failed to keep his promise. The result was that when the new teachers arrived they were met at the doors by a crowd of angry boys who had brought, as we found afterwards, stores of wet clay in their pockets. The first thing they did on entering the school was to put out all the lights. The four teachers were then left in the dark to quell a mutiny of a hundred or so of hobbledehoyes. We heard desks moving, chairs thrown about, and clay whizzing about the room and about our heads. At last we got the gas in one room relit, and two of us were left to cope with about fifty boys while the other two teachers went in search of the rest. We locked the class-room door, put the blackboard against the glass, and then began to obtain discipline. To be brief, it ended in a free fight, in which most of us got bruises of one sort or another. After having heiped down stairs a dozen or so lads, we secured so much discipline as enabled us to spend the rest of the evening in entertaining the boys with songs and recitations. The other teachers had done the same with their section of boys, and henceforward, with occasional breaks, the school progressed fairly quietly. Of the work done in the evening schools, no teachers in those days could speak with a straight face. Farce was the mildest name applied to it. Doubtless it is better now, but the attendance is less.

Some years ago one of her late Majesty's inspectors called down the wrath of educational experts by recommending that only the three R's should be taught in elementary schools. It was a bold proposition to make in the face of the pathetic public belief in education. The blunt assumption that geese could not be made into swans and had much better be made into good geese naturally aroused a storm of opposition. But scores of thoroughly practical teachers privately said "Amen" to the proposal; and it is certain that scores of intelligent parents would, if they dared, say "Amen" to it too. For what is the present condition of the time-table? I am confident that nine out of ten teachers will support me when I say that nine out of ten subjects taught in the elementary schools



are so superficially taught as to be practically useless. Who would believe, for instance, that physical drill in many schools, though by law obligatory, and by every reasoning necessary, is almost entirely neglected, so much so that I remember in one school physical exercises being taken for no more than half an hour a month? In such case the public is simply deceived; for physical instruction would appear on the syllabus and physical instruction would be paraded on the platform at election times; but the public would get the benefit of an illusion and the children no benefit at all.

But what could a head-master do with a syllabus of twenty and more subjects, each to be got into every week of five days and ten attendances? Excellent reasons, no doubt, exist for teaching every subject; and popular movements in favour of this or that subject get themselves interpreted into a syllabus of instruction and wedged into a school time-table. But the sufficient reason against many excellent subjects is that time is as short as these subjects are long. We cannot teach everything; we cannot even teach many things; we can at the very best only teach a few things. (I refrain from examining the fallacy of confusing education with instruction, a fallacy which underlies every proposal to teach any subject at all.) As it is, however, a good case is made out for, let us say, History; so History goes on to the time-table. Then somebody suggests that the children of this country are deficient in grammar, they do not speak nicely, and cannot write a letter; so Grammar and Composition go on the time-table. Then a mathematical reformer desires to see the metric system adopted, or concrete arithmetic taught, or the principles of Euclid inculcated; and the Metric System, Concrete Arithmetic and Mensuration are labelled as proper and necessary to be taught. Somebody invented the Tonic Sol-fa notation of music, and everybody feels that music and singing are quite indispensable in education; so instruction must be given in Tonic Sol-fa and the old notation as well. Business men rise in arms and declare that boys cannot count nowadays; so

elaborate systems of Mental Arithmetic are devised and made obligatory. Art is dying in this country, and the only means of restoring it is to teach it in the schools; so Drawing, Painting, Designing, &c., are squeezed into the time-table. But all this time the fingers of the children are being sadly neglected. Froebel says so, Herbert says so. And see what they do in Germany, America, France, Kamschatka! So Hand and Eye exercises in paper-mounting and clay modelling are introduced. Then what a shocking thing it is that our children should grow up ignorant of the beauties of literature, especially of poetry. Poor Matthew Arnold aroused England on the subject. He must turn in his grave to hear the sins committed in his name. Casabianca and Little Jim! And the list of subjects goes on increasing, and the time for teaching them keeps on, like Brer Fox, lying low and saying nuffin'. Will the list stretch out to the crack of doom? I know teachers well enough to know they will not protest—very loudly. They are engaged in a purely trade-union effort to ameliorate their economic conditions. Like many other trade-unionists they know they are turning out shoddy, but they rightly object to being sweated all the same. Unless, therefore, public opinion intervenes to stem the tide of new subjects, and even to clean the slate of many of the present subjects, the work in our elementary schools must continue to be superficial and useless. The mere idea of an elementary teacher being expert at twenty or thirty subjects is ludicrous. We are not all heaven-endowed geniuses or even walking encyclopædias. The effect on children's minds of this debauch of subjects is written in the chronicles of penny periodicals.

A word as to the sizes of the classes. Thirty children is the number officially recommended for a single teacher, and probably the public rests content that the number only rarely exceeds thirty. But I have seen classes managed by a single teacher, without even the aid of a pupil teacher, numbering a hundred, and even more. There are at this moment plenty of men and women teachers wrestling with the titanic,

*i.e.*, impossible, task of educating ninety and a hundred children at once. For special lessons (science, if you please) I have had myself as many as a hundred and twenty children. Again, the conclusions are simple. No education is possible under such conditions ; no discipline of the personal kind is possible under such conditions. All that is possible is instruction and martinet discipline.

My experience of inspectors is that the Government inspectors are, as a rule, humane and intelligent men, and the Board inspectors the reverse. The public did not realise, I think, when they acclaimed the abolition of examinations by the Government that their children were exchanging Jeroboam for Rehoboam. Yet so it came to pass, for the School Boards, fearing that with the relaxation of the examination methods there would be a relaxation of work on the part of the teachers, instituted periodical examinations of a far more severe character. As they were conducted by Board inspectors, who held the power of the purse over each individual teacher, the results to the children were shocking. It is in fact one of the anomalies of the present education system that the teachers of a school should be subject to a dual control, to the financial control of the local authority, and the educational control of the Government. In many cases, the educational advice of the latter comes into distinct collision with the former; and the result is that the teacher is between two fires. If he obeys the Government inspector as, educationally speaking, he generally should, he offends the Board inspector. And the penalty for such an offence is loss or increase of his salary at the annual revision. I do not exaggerate when I say that the hopes and fears clustering round this annual increase of salary make hundreds of teachers and thousands of children wretched. If, as is usually the case, he obeys the Board official (who, be it remembered, is not chosen for his educational ability, but for his power of organisation), he does so at the expense of his educational conscience. The recommendations of the Board inspectors are necessary to promotion ; hence their approval is

the matter of the greatest concern to teachers. For as the system of large factory schools makes the number of head-masterships few, and the number of assistants many, and, further, as head-masters inconveniently fail to die or retire except after many years, the applicants are out of all proportion to the vacancies. In my own town there might be in a year three or four vacancies for headships; and for these vacancies there would be a hundred or so qualified applicants. I appreciate the difficulty of making a choice; and the fatal ease of adopting the political device, namely, that of accepting the nomination of a member of the Board or Education Authority. But this involved a good deal of backstairs influence and what teachers called unprofessional conduct.

Some teachers made no disguise of their intentions. Meaning to get on, they frankly adopted the methods necessary. They sought out the powerful individual Board inspector, or political magnate, and unblushingly importuned him for favours. Canvassing disqualifies, technically, and, of course, such a teacher would know better than ask openly for promotion. But he would find out the favourite church or society or weakness of his victim, and then play upon it. Perhaps the political magnate thought of himself as an educational expert, then our teacher would submit his difficulties to him for advice. Or he was an enthusiastic football patron, and then the method of procedure was different. In any case, by reason of insistency, by constantly hearing the name, or by constantly seeing the person, the man in power came to be habituated to the existence of such a teacher. And when the next appointment came to be made, as surely as one asks for such and such a soap, or for so-and-so's matches, the magnate suggested the name that had been so well advertised.

Now the point is that such a teacher might be, probably would be, the worst and not the best of his class. I am not supposing that many other teachers would not willingly adopt the same means, if they dared. But among the hundred or so qualified applicants, at least a few would be too honourable,

too considerate of their profession, to advertise in this way ; and, educationally speaking, they would probably be better teachers for it, at least in their relations with children. But for this they would pay the penalty of obscurity. I confess that the question of promotion is difficult ; and sometimes I have been driven out of pity for the authorities to suggest that the teachers should appoint their own heads. Of one thing I am certain, that they would choose more wisely than the authorities possibly could. For, let it be repeated, the practical art of teaching is a "mystery" in the mediæval sense ; it is a craft known only to craftsmen. And nobody can judge so well as the craftsman who is and who is not qualified to be a master craftsman.

The policy of building large schools is probably due to the causes that have established the factory system in manufacture. Apparently even the Socialists of the day are in favour of them, though they inveigh against the factory system in trade. All the arguments against the factory system in trade are applicable to the factory system in education, together with many more. The head-master of a school of four or five hundred children is not an educator or even a teacher. He is simply an organiser, a kind of clerk of the works. His personal relations with the children are small and ineffective. He must deal with them in companies and classes.

The alternatives of small schools are, I am told, too expensive to be thought of. Then let us not pretend that education is possible, but frankly say that the modern schools are bad. So many people are willing to admit that this part of the system is radically wrong, and that part of the system is radically wrong ; and yet to object loudly if one says that the education given is bad. The tree, they admit, is thorn, but the fruit is grape. Surely this is not so. If almost every detail of the system is bad, the outcome is bad too. It will be a great step towards reform when we admit it.

I may be allowed to say a few words about Scriptural instruction from a practical standpoint. Properly speaking, I

have never seen any Scriptural instruction that was different from ordinary instruction. The Scripture syllabus was on the same plane as the geography syllabus. There were so many statements to be taught, so many words to be explained, so many verses to be learned. That was all. And very dull and difficult work I found it. My last experience was with a class of boys, aged between six and seven, and numbering fifty or sixty. The syllabus of instruction for the first two months of the school year was the Lord's Prayer and the first three Commandments, with examples of their breach. I put it to any rational being whether he could explain to boys of that age the theological niceties of the Lord's Prayer and the first three Commandments. The vocabulary alone might have been Sanscrit in some respects, so unintelligible was it to the boys. Had there been no examination at the end of it all one might have done one's best to open the minds of the children to something like religious feeling. But what was expected as the result of the instruction was not a dawning spiritual faculty but the repetition of the Commandments, and a dictionary acquaintance with the meanings of the words. For all the religion in it the lesson might have been history. If that is what the present educational dispute turns on, then the present dispute is much ado about next to nothing. Of religious teaching, I repeat, I have seen none in any Board school, or, for the matter of that, in any elementary school at all.

But, what is your remedy? it may be asked. I have no immediate remedy. It is not my business to have remedies, at least from the popular standpoint. I have already said that the two vital factors of education are the teacher and the child. To my mind all discussions that do not realise this are beside the mark. So far as the child is concerned the teacher is at the mercy of the State. He cannot control the sources of supply; he must simply accept what the State puts into his hands. But once there, it is the business of the teacher to say not what shall be done to the child but how it shall be



done. As a teacher, I admit the right and obligation of the State to define the objects and even the subjects of education ; but I deny entirely the right or capacity of the State to define the methods of education. That is an art, and the collective control of methods of art is fatal. At the same time, I see also the difficulty of the State in this respect. So many teachers are below even the average intelligence of a State official. Hence some direction and control seem to be necessary. Yet, in so far as they are exercised, the teacher degenerates.

Here we get into a vicious circle, the traversing of which makes the head giddy. What is the way out? I suggest that the only way out now and at any time from the educational muddle is to raise the standard of the teacher. Only by infinitely slow degrees can we raise the standard of the child. By rapid degrees we can raise, and have raised, the standard of school buildings and such material ; but the work of raising the second vital factor of education, namely, the teacher, has scarcely begun. And the method of raising that standard is not difficult. As Cromwell raised a splendid army by the simple device of paying high wages, thereby commanding the services of the efficient, so the modern educational system could command superior teachers simply by paying for them. Loudly as the Union of Teachers has complained of the economic position of teachers, the general public does not yet realise the facts.

As a concrete instance, I may cite my own case. In my five years' apprenticeship as candidate and pupil-teacher I received the total sum of £30, an average of £6 a year. Out of this I had to find my books. My two years in a training college cost me an entrance fee of £18, my clothes, books, expenses, and keep during holidays. At twenty-one, therefore, after seven years of teaching and training, my financial account with the nation was this: Received, £30 ; spent, considerably over £100. From such a Spartan training one would naturally expect a fairly large



salary. I received in my first year £80. By annual increments of £5, promised but not always given, I arrived, after seventeen years of teaching, at the magnificent annual salary of £120, with the chances of a hundred or so to three against a head-mastership. Of course my case is far from being singular. In the next class-room to my own taught a man aged nearly sixty. He had been a head-master in a country school, and was a most conscientious and painstaking teacher. His salary was less than mine.

People to whom I have told these facts have said, "Surely, the case must be exceptional." Yet when I first went to the city where I have taught for twelve years, there was not a single assistant teacher who was receiving £120 a year. Things have, in fact, improved, but my own case is still exceedingly common. Others have said: "Oh, but teaching is such a noble profession that teachers ought not to want high salaries. See what a privilege it is to mould the minds of the young." To this the obvious reply is that man cannot live by teaching alone. Teachers are like other people; they desire to marry and to set up a home; now and then also, however incredible it may sound, they like to go away for holidays, to have friends and pleasures; even, most extraordinarily, to buy books and to see the world. How much of this can be done on one hundred and twenty pounds a year? If the ideal teacher were a recluse, an ascetic, a person to whom all knowledge and experience came by nature, this sum might suffice. But the very opposite qualities are demanded. Above all, he should be a traveller, if he is to know the world he teaches; a frequenter of the society of many minds, if he is to have insight; a learner from things and books always, if he is to keep his fount of knowledge fresh and everflowing. And for these things money is necessary.

The result of the present scale of salary is obvious enough. The most sympathetic of managers whisper in private that the teachers are a poor set of creatures, more in need of education than capable of giving it. *We are a poor lot.* I do not deny

it. And so long as parents hesitate between sending a lad into teaching or into drapery, or a girl into teaching or domestic service, the elementary teaching staff will remain what it is, poor, incompetent, mean and dull. I am told that the fool of the family is now made a teacher. I can well believe it. If, like Solomon, I had a thousand children I would only make them teachers who were fit for nothing else. And how many times have I heard teachers say the same! Indeed, of the hundreds of elementary assistant teachers I have known, I have never known a single one who did not bitterly regret having been a teacher. This, of course, applies doubly to men. Women teachers, as a rule, exchange the profession of teaching for a noble profession; but men must remain. Thus it is that boy pupil teachers are so hard to obtain, and girl pupil teachers so easy. For girls it is a hard life, but, with luck, a comparatively short one. For boys, it is not much better than penal servitude for life.

But what would raising the standard of payment do? In the first place, it would considerably reduce the bitterness now so common in teachers' councils; no small thing, considering the fact that that bitterness is imported into the schools. Secondly, it would gradually attract to the profession men of a superior type, who now find scope for themselves in journalism, private teaching, law, engineering, secretarial work, and the like. The leaven of even a little culture would serve to raise the average teacher's estimate of his profession. Thirdly, the mere granting of the raised wages would be an earnest of the State's belief in education, and in the nobility of teaching; a belief which, so far, in practical issue, may be regarded as little more than a pious opinion. I repeat still again, that the problem of education is the problem of the teacher. Of all Acts, and proposals for Acts, the genuine educationist asks only one thing—does it make for the improvement of the teacher? If yes, it is well. If no, then let the country rave as it will, no improvement will come of it.

BOARD SCHOOL TEACHER.

## AFTER CAPITALISM

**S**Ocialism has been hitherto the Red Spectre ; it is fast becoming, even among those who have felt the terror of of the Spectre, cherished as a household god. A paradox, if you will, but of the truth of the new development which has created the paradox you can convince yourself by glancing at the municipality in which you live. County Council trams and steamboats, Borough Council electric light—these things, and they are multiplying every day, are true instances of Collectivist Socialism in practice : and the public receives them as a matter of course.

It is only when some striking political event shows like a flashlight the progress which the forces of Collectivism are making that the public generally becomes conscious of that progress, and even then the middle and upper class sections of the public, and all who dislike, or think they dislike, Socialism, after a murmur of apprehension, betake themselves to ostrich tactics, or at least tell each other that the danger is not imminent. An apt example, alike of the sort of political event to which I am referring, and of the attitude towards it of the greater part of the public, is at hand in the sudden appearance in Parliament of the Independent Labour Party. Quite pathetic, indeed, has been the demeanour towards the phenomenon of the older school of politicians and the classes which they represent. First was ignorance of the development which the General Election of last winter had in store. Then

came mingled exclamations of horror and contempt. These were quickly hushed. "Now they are here let us treat them like gentlemen," said some. "They don't mean any harm, and they will soon sober down like the Labour men we have had in Parliament before," said others. "You are really only Radicals in a hurry and belong to us," said the Liberal politician, addressing the new Members. "In point of fact, as your breaking with the Liberal Party shows, you are an advanced wing of Tory Democracy," said the Conservatives; "and we shall get on excellently well together." And then everybody agreed to ignore the apparition, and to refuse to regard it as the herald of Revolution. It is not a little significant, however, that both Liberals and Conservatives have throughout the present Session displayed a nervous anxiety to conciliate the Labour Party. Indeed, the whole business of the reception by the older schools of politics of the new *enfant terrible* has closely resembled the attitude of one who has occasion to pass a savage-looking dog. The muttered swear words and apprehensive looks, the half-proffered hand, the smile meant to express a winning advance, the courteous "Good old doggie!" and the *sotto voce* "You brute!" have been well reflected in recent politics.

And if it be said that this apprehensive attitude and nervous anxiety to conciliate hardly bear out the existence of the ostrich method to which I have before referred, let it be replied that the two attitudes may and do exist together. It is chiefly the politician who displays the nervousness, the general public which ignores. And the politicians also for the most part ignore the real meaning of the Labour Party's advent; they appreciate the difficulties and the uncertainties attaching to the presence of this Party in a professional political point of view, but they, no more than the general public, give evidence of appreciating that these Independent Labour representatives are the advance guard of a Party which, if successful, will engineer the Social Revolution.

But that is the real content of the new phenomenon, and

the sooner it is generally recognised the better. To regard the Labour Members merely as a species of Radical more frothy than the average, or simply as representatives of a class in the sense that the railway directors in Parliament represent a class interest, is dangerously to misconceive the situation. These Labour Members come to Parliament to begin, or, rather, in view of what municipalism has already done, to carry forward by stages the political and economic process on the completion of which the capitalist society which we know to-day will have been destroyed, and superseded by a Collectivist commonwealth. The fact that not all the Labour Members trouble their heads much at the moment about the ultimate developments of their programme is of no moment.

*A Time for Decision.*

Now this latest sign of the times is surely important enough to set Englishmen thinking. It is time for us to get our bearings, time to decide whether the economic doctrines which are making such sensible headway are good or bad doctrines, whether they should be supported or opposed, or modified, and, if the last, how. For it is clear, both by the entry of the Labour Party into Parliament and by the large instalments of Collectivist Socialism already with us in the form of municipal trading, and, also, it may be added, by the formidable growth of Collectivist experiments in the daughter States of the British Empire, and of Socialist propaganda the world over, that if we make no conscious and thought-out effort to combat Collectivism, and to do it by some more effective method than mere conservative opposition to change, we shall inevitably drift so far into Collectivism that the thing will soon be either actively established in our midst, or will have so permeated our national polity as to be regarded as the natural and only solution of the social and economic problems awaiting disposal. Let us appreciate clearly that, be it a right or be it a wrong solution, Collectivist Socialism is at least a solution

of an unsatisfactory situation ; and it is the solution which at present holds the field without serious competitor. It is all very well to abuse Socialism, but it is not well simply to abuse. Socialists do put before the world an alternative to the present economic organisation of society—a reasoned, homogeneous system, and one which, whatever other evils it might bring in its train, would, at any rate, destroy some of the glaring evils which exist in the present society. Collectivism has the further merit of being a constructive system. However iconoclastic the diatribes of Socialist orators may sound, their propaganda is fundamentally differentiated from that of the older Radicals and other extreme advocates of democracy : the Socialist would build up a new organisation contemporaneously with the shattering of that which at present exists. Such a propaganda, in the circumstances of the present time, merits at least the courtesy of consideration. But I submit it does more. Upon an impartial analysis of the existing form of economic society we are not even justified in opposing Collectivist Socialism unless we have something to offer in its place beyond simple adherence to the existing *régime* of unrestrained capitalism.

*Individualism in Solution.*

This may sound a somewhat revolutionary statement. It is not more revolutionary than the facts themselves. It is not possible to study the existing state of economic society and the forces which have made it what it is, and to read back into the earlier forms into which economic society was cast, and then, looking forward, to imagine that no change is going to be made within any measurable future. The life of the community, as the life of the individual, is a record of constant change. Every middle-aged man can in a few minutes draw up a list of changes, and many of them important changes, which have taken place within his own memory. Take the great growth of joint-stock companies within recent years.



The old-time "firm" in manufacturing and mercantile business of importance has practically disappeared. No longer is a business the property of one man or of one man and his brother and a couple of friends; it has become a soulless joint-stock corporation, a thing of preference shares and debentures, a board of directors and a salaried manager. This alone is an enormous change in our industrial organisation. Or regard the growth of the giant emporia in the retail trade. The old-time owner of a shop is being squeezed rapidly out of existence; he has died or retired or become a shopman, or a manager in some huge business, and he is leaving fewer and fewer successors. Not only in the metropolis and the great towns but in the villages also the goods of the universal providers are penetrating and destroying the former organisation of retail trade. These instances are enough to impress upon the observer the extreme mutability of forms of industrial organisation, and should be enough to prepare the public to contemplate still further and greater changes.

That however only carries us to the point of acknowledging the possibility of big changes and the facility with which they may come about. It does not demonstrate or even indicate, at least on the surface, that the whole mould of our existing economic society—a mould whose material is private property, hardened in the furnace of individual freedom and pressed into its existing form by the mechanical and scientific developments which have ensued in the great industry—is about to break up and give place to something radically different. But even that position shows as reasonable when closely examined.

To look back upon economic history and the vast changes which have been wrought in society during the centuries of which we have record, and then to suppose that the existing era of unrestrained capitalism is immortal, is to make an assumption which is so strangely at variance with experience that it would need a most imposing array of



arguments to justify its acceptance even as probable. The burden of proof lies not upon those who allege the evanescence of the present system and its more or less imminent destruction or transmutation, but upon those who maintain the contrary position. Indeed, the only argument in favour of the likelihood that economic society will remain in its existing shape for some time to come, is that the existing form is itself so new. To step back so short a way in the world's history as two centuries is to find oneself in an economic society which bears no closer relation to the capitalistic *régime* of to-day than does an embryo to a full-grown man—hardly so much indeed. Except for the common ground of private property in the means of production and an unlimited power of private profit-making, economic society at the beginning of the eighteenth century was entirely distinct, and in many essentials radically different, from the economic organisation which obtains in England and all civilised countries in the opening decade of the twentieth century. It may almost be said that change from the present form to Collectivist Socialism would not be very much greater. Then again, as history goes, it is not a very far cry back to the feudal age which preceded the individualism of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. And how different was that from the present capitalistic era! Feudalism, with its manorial communities, its communal land system, its close interdependence of lord and vassal, was but Socialism based on status and cast in a mediæval mould. It is hardly worth while to pursue the matter into more remote organisations, back to the village community and to the communistic tribe; enough has surely been said to show what a burden those take upon themselves who assume the permanence of the existing capitalistic organisation of society.

Really the only practical question in this department of our subject is—How long? And in endeavouring to answer that question, we find the value of such phenomena as those to which I have already referred—the rise into sudden prominence

of a Labour Party, borne into Parliament on the shoulders of Socialist agitators; the more silent and gradual, though swift and equally significant growth of Collectivism and Communism in our municipalities; and the engulfing of small individual enterprise in what may be called the communal enterprise of joint-stock companies and wide-reaching commercial organisation.

In endeavouring to arrive at some conclusion regarding the imminence of change, it will not be unprofitable to pause a moment upon the last-named of these signs of dissolution in the existing order. The Collectivist is apt to echo the wish of Caligula and to desire that the various capitalistic organisms had but one head for convenience of decapitation. And it is a truth that with every fresh development of joint-stock enterprise the capitalists concerned, instead of, as it seems, cementing their power, are rendering it the more easy for Collectivists to lay hands upon their wealth and industrial organisation. The ordinary man views with alarm the uprising of giant "trusts" and "combines"; the Collectivist who knows his business regards the same phenomenon with cheerful equanimity. In each new amalgamation of hitherto scattered industries he sees his dreams advancing a stage nearer realisation, just as effectively as when an avowed Socialist gets a seat in the House of Commons or a Borough Council embarks in a milk-selling business.

Dissolution as the final process of development is the law of life. The sooner the blossom swells into fruit, the more quickly it ripens, the sooner does it decay. And capitalism has been ripening very quickly of late. A generation ago almost the only industry organised upon a big scale was railway transport. And there was an obviously compelling reason in the nature of the service why this should be so—the same reason why, back in the forties, when railways were beginning to cast their mesh of steel over the country, a Committee of Parliament was appointed to inquire into the desirability of State acquisition of an industry deemed too

unwieldy for the purposes of private exploitation. But for the saturation of the country at that time in individualist principles the State would have acquired the country's railways at the outset of their career; and it is particularly worth noting that, in spite of the determination to let private companies control the railway service, and notwithstanding the dislike on principle of interference with private business and freedom of contract, Parliament promptly set to work to control the railway companies, to regulate their dealings with their customers and their methods of working generally, and that control has been made more complete in the intervening years, until now it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that, without any attempt at State purchase, the railways of this country are a quarter nationalised. But to-day the most ordinary manufacturing and mercantile businesses have become organised upon a scale rivalling that of the railway companies. The working man buys his half-ounce of tobacco and the clerk his packet of cigarettes from a company with an authorised capital, including loans, of over £20,000,000 sterling—yet the other day a tobacconist's shop, with lollipops at the adjoining counter, was the special commercial perquisite of the poor widow with £50 or £100 of capital. Even such an essentially individual enterprise as that of journalism has fallen a victim (the expression may surely be used here) to the joint-stock company; and organs of public opinion—an intimately personal affair—are thrown together in a heap as the assets of a limited liability company, with an authorised capital of £1,300,000. Thus has private enterprise, the individual control of industry, worked out its own negation. In the very act of the union of individuals for the purpose of better prosecuting their private enterprise, a divorce has been effected between the individual as *entrepreneur* and the individual as the owner of the means of production. The men who own the country's railways for the most part don't know a fish-plate from a sleeper; the proprietors of the tobacco trade only know the difference between "perique" and "honeydew" (if they know it at all) as smokers,

and not as tobaccoists. The proprietors of our modern newspapers would be dumb if asked to explain the difference between case and linotype, and impotent if told to sub-edit a foreign cablegram. To revert to our former simile, the fruit is full ripe, and the pulp is parting from the kernel.

*Unrestrained Capitalism in its Results.*

So, if what I have said commends itself to my readers' judgment, we arrive at this position: that the economic organisation of society, as we know it now under the name of capitalism, has reached its final development, and is ripe for giving place to some other method of organisation, or at least to some modification of the existing form; and a school of economic thought and a political party are in the field with an alternative form of economic society, and one towards which we are rapidly drifting, not because it is the inevitable development, but because it is an easy development, and none other is seriously put forward. Our next inquiry is as to the attitude which we should assume towards this Collectivist programme; and here our first question is, whether it would not be worth while to struggle for the preservation of capitalistic society in its existing form. The answer seems to me to be, No. And to fortify that answer it appears sufficient, without discussing the usefulness of ever struggling to preserve an outworn framework of society, to ask simply whether the fruits of modern unrestrained capitalism are such as to make us desire its permanence. True, capitalism has done one good thing: it has increased vastly the amount and the refinements of material wealth. But it is difficult to discover that it has effected much else of value. It has made millionaires, often out of men of humble origin, and has endued them with what practically amounts to the power of life or death over the mass of their fellow men; for, as Shylock has said, you take a man's life away when you take away the means whereby he lives; and the millionaire capitalist is able to do the latter and to exercise this awful power in sheer caprice. At the same

time, it is often only a mockery of power which he wields, for he himself is in the grip of competition and speculation and obscure and unmanageable commercial influences which at times rob him of his wealth and power. And as to the masses who are depending more and more upon his employment of them for their daily bread, their condition may not be worse than it was in previous ages: in most respects it is better; but the betterment is not adequate to the increase in wealth production and in the potentiality of wealth production. There is frightful inequality of distribution, frightful waste of wealth and energy in the war of competition; the spectre of unemployment is never far away from the manual labour classes in spite of the continual opening of new markets, and it has its counterpart through all the professional and commercial classes, among whom the difficulty of obtaining work or profit upon business enterprise increases and makes of life a painful tension and an inhuman struggle for place. Nor are the great inequalities of fortune produced by the present system a reflection of respective personal merits. The abolition of status has not much improved matters, and the man who makes most money is not always the man who, in a social or any other point of view, deserves wealth above his fellows. One might go on instancing further disappointing results of the system which, in its inception, was thought to promise equality of opportunity and the prize to the best, with the greatest good of the community at large thrown in; but probably enough has been said to remind the reader that the unrestrained capitalist *régime* has been far from an unqualified success—though it is only fair to add that all other systems in the past, and probably all other systems which we shall have in the future, will also fall short of perfection. The sane conclusion appears to be that unrestrained capitalism falls sufficiently far short of perfection to justify one in contemplating its disappearance or transmutation without keen regret, if only we have reasonable ground for anticipating something less imperfect to follow.

*The Collectivist Doctrine.*

We come thus to a contemplation of the alternative method of organising society which the Collectivist-Socialist advocates, and into which, *faute de mieux*, we are rapidly drifting. Let us first find out the principles underlying the Collectivists' programme. The main principles are as follows: in the economic sphere the doctrine of "surplus value"; in the political sphere, the doctrine of democratic equality; in the social sphere, the doctrine of solidarity. Treating them in reverse order, I need say no more about the third principle than that it is in essence one with the Christian doctrine that we are all members of one body, and that it therefore behoves Christians not to let one party, and that for the most part a blatantly anti-Christian party, filch from them and monopolise the practical application of the great doctrine. Regarding the second-named principle, there is no particular point in touching upon it here at greater length than to acknowledge that, for good or for ill, the old ideas of social station have disappeared or are disappearing, and that democratic notions are with us, and are likely to remain with us for an indefinite period to come. It may just be added, however; that plutocracy has helped to reconcile us to democracy. Contemplation of many of the men who in modern times have obtained great wealth and high station makes one less averse to a doctrine which frankly breaks down the barriers of station, and in economic practice would get rid of great inequalities in the apportionment of wealth.

A little more time must be spent upon the economic doctrine of Surplus Value. That doctrine was first elaborated by the great German Social Democrat, Karl Marx. He pointed out that capitalism is based upon the ability of the owner of the means of production to extract from the labourer the surplus value of his production. Suppose two men, one without land or other means of producing wealth, but possessing solely the power of his arm and the skill of his eye and his



brain; the other possessing land or some industrial plant. The latter goes to the former and says, "You want the means to live; those you can only obtain by working on the raw material of wealth; that I own: come and work for me. I will not give you the full amount of your production; I will give you a portion of it, an agreed wage, sufficient for the subsistence of yourself and your family. The rest of your production (the whole having been converted by a commercial process into money) I keep for myself, and call it the profit upon my capital." That remaining portion is the surplus value. The Collectivist contends it should be given, not to the worker, for it would be impracticable to distribute it individually among the workers, and to attempt such a distribution would be injurious to social solidarity, but to the worker indirectly, in his capacity as one of the community, the community itself obtaining the surplus value. And Collectivists justify this position by asserting that capital itself is social, being the creation of the labour of many men, acting upon the raw material of the earth, which is the property of all. Its appropriation for their own exclusive use by individuals is, they say, merely the result of bad laws, and therefore Collectivists advocate expropriation.

*Where the Collectivist Analysis fails.*

The truth of very much of this Collectivist analysis cannot be controverted; yet the analysis is subject to one important criticism. Because capital is "social" in its origin it does not necessarily follow that the individual possessors of that capital should be expropriated. The force of this criticism may be brought home to the mind by a simple illustration. Capital is not the only "social" product. Everything we possess—even life itself—has a like origin. A man's own existence is a "social" product. It is the work of persons other than himself. Countless ancestors have contributed to its creation; society in general has helped to mould it into what it is, to



make it possible. Are we, therefore, to say that a man's life—his body, his mind, his soul—are not to be his own property; that he is to have no personal rights and possession over them? Socialists, who loudly publish a claim for the individual to have "freedom to live his own life," would be the first to exclaim in horror against such a proposition. But the necessary denial of individual property in capital has not a much more logical basis.

And the basis is shaken still further when the needful definition of what is capital comes to be made. It is not proposed by Collectivists—save by the most impractical communists—to abolish all individual possession of articles of material wealth. Things of intimate personal use, at least—a man's clothes and toilet requisites, to take extreme examples—would not be "socialised" in a Collectivist commonwealth. But where will you draw the line? A silk hat is capital as well as headgear to a clerk, a typewriter and a telephone capital to his employer. Yet is not personal possession and usufruct to be allowed in them? Take a yet more apposite instance. Land is by general admission undoubtedly capital. But what of the suburban resident's little garden in which, for his own amusement, he tries to grow roses? "Oh! that would not be considered capital," I suppose the Collectivist will reply. But our suburban resident's next-door neighbour uses his patch for growing vegetables, and he sells the surplus beyond his own consumption, when the weather will permit of a surplus. There you have the use of the land as capital.

Now is it not the reasonable solution of such an essentially tangled matter to let expropriation on the ground of justice drop out of the programme, and to use the justice argument as a guiding principle, while for the rest confining one's attention to expediency?

What I mean is this. In a very large and real sense everything a man has he holds in trust for the benefit of those around him. His talents, his knowledge, his powers in a hundred different ways to make the lives of his neighbours

happier, is at once a personal possession and a trust for others. And it is not necessary in order that the power may be used to increase the wellbeing of others, that the direction of it shall be taken away from the man himself. Capital is in the same position. If it is used in a purely selfish and unsocial way the control over it may rightfully be taken from the possessor, who has thus become a defaulting trustee, just as, if a man misuses his personal powers of brain and muscle—employs the one in forging cheques and the other in garrotting strangers—he is deprived for some years of his unfettered direction of those powers. But that is the extent to which it is necessary in the interests of communal justice to expropriate capital. For the rest, it is a matter of expediency. “Yes,” says the Collectivist, “it is; but expediency demands that the era of commercialism and private profit-making out of capital shall be destroyed, and superseded by the socialisation of capital and its direction by the community in the interests of the community, for the manufacture of wealth for the use of all and not for commercial exploitation by a class.” It is here that I suggest we should part company with the Collectivist. We may agree with him that unrestrained capitalism is nearing the end of its tether; we may agree with him that the departure of unrestrained capitalism need not be lamented; we may for the most part agree with him in his analysis of capitalism and the rights of labour; but let us disagree in the method of realising the Socialist principles—and in disagreeing let us put forward a constructive alternative policy.

*The Mischief of Collectivism.*

We may adduce two reasons for our disagreement: (1) That the amount of wealth created under the Collectivist system would be less and not greater than at present; (2) that Collectivism would mean the crushing of individual freedom and therewith of those things (including the best in life) which are dependent upon the maintenance of reasonable individual freedom.

Apart from the fact that in all probability men would not work such long hours in a Collectivist State as they do at present, thereby diminishing the output of wealth, there is the further circumstance to be regarded, that they would not work so hard during the hours in which they were employed. This is not mere surmise. The instalments of Collectivism already to hand in our new municipal trading show clearly enough how already men work slackly when their employer is a democratic municipal body of which the workmen themselves are electors. The bricklaying performance of London County Council servants is a notorious case which will serve for illustration. With all industry socialised this slackness would become enormously intensified, and the greatest possible difficulty would be found in getting men to work at all in the more disagreeable pursuits. Compulsion would have to be applied, but compulsion would at once be exceedingly difficult to carry into effect, and be a practical negation of the free commonwealth which Collectivists bid us anticipate when they get their way. Further, by withdrawing the spur of competition you would withdraw at the same time the principal motive-power of industrial progress and enhanced wealth production. If County Council tramways had been running on every London street the County Council would not have introduced the motor 'bus, and, with all the means of production in communal hands, no one else would have had the opportunity. True, there is great waste in competition, waste in advertising and the unnecessary multiplication of independent businesses, and so forth ; but much of this waste is disappearing under the modern movements of industrial organisation to which I have already referred ; more could be got rid of, apart from the alternative of Collectivism ; and what remains would not be enough to outweigh the factors, to which I have briefly alluded, which would make for a greatly decreased wealth production under the Collectivist system.

Of even, and greatly more, importance is the second reason against Collectivism. Such a system, by destroying all private

possession of, and control over, property (apart from articles of personal use), would destroy all individual initiative and enterprise of an industrial character: that is intended; but it must destroy individual freedom in much else that is unintended. To follow out this consideration into detailed illustration would occupy more space than I have room left for. Let one illustration suffice. Take religious observance. An association of persons of like mind in religious matters could not build a church, for the land and the building materials would be the property of the State, and the labour necessary would be under the State, the sole employer. These persons again could not appoint their own observances, for the time of each individual would be the State's, and inevitably the State would encroach upon the manner in which a man's time was employed. They could not employ a body of clergy, for every one would be a servant of the State, and in a fully collectivised commonwealth would have his labour apportioned to him, and it is unlikely that he would be apportioned the ministering to some religion which was not the State's religion (assuming the State to have a religion at all). Nor is it likely that the persons aforesaid would be able, out of their own means, supposing the State allowed them to do so, to pay for their own churches and other institutions, and defray the subsistence of clergy withdrawn from State labour; for every effort would be put forward so to apportion each man's remuneration as that he should have no appreciable wealth of his own peculiar possession beyond what might be necessary to satisfy his own requirements. This instance, drawn from one department of life, might be extended indefinitely—through the whole range of human activities. Iron tyranny and the stifling of all individual development and of all individual freedom must result from such a system.

*The Alternative.*

Then, it may be questioned, you have no alternative to offer to the existing form of economic society, which you

admit to be gravely unsatisfactory in its results and tending rapidly to dissolution? There is an alternative, and one founded upon the socialistic principles themselves. It is this. Let us recognise the doctrine of human solidarity, that is to say of real fundamental socialism, apart from methods of carrying it into effect. Let us also bow to democracy to the extent of not endeavouring to build up the new social commonwealth upon the old basis of status and great inequality. Let us recognise the social origin of capital, and that its proper employment is in ministering to the necessities and luxuries of the society whose collective action has brought it into being. Let us go yet one step further with the Collectivist Socialists, and say that some conscious legislative effort should be put forth in order to socialise the fruits of capital. And then let us part company with the Collectivist.

What does it matter if one man calls himself a landlord and another exercises control and direction over factories and shops so long as they exercise their functions for the benefit of the community? Let them, stimulated by the hope of profit, continue to exercise control over the means of production, but let the community also ordain that the greater part of their profits shall go back to the community. We do this now to a small extent; the landowner and the capitalist, when they pay income tax upon their rents and profits, give back to the community part of the fruits of their capital. They will not cease their efforts to produce the maximum quantity of wealth if a larger share is taken. So long as they are left a share for themselves, and a share of indefinite amount, varying according to the success of their efforts, so long will they continue to serve the community by striving their hardest to increase the output of wealth, the greater part of which will go to the community. And does the Collectivist ask: Why let these men retain any profit at all out of capital which in justice should not be theirs? I answer, without arguing the justice of the arrangement, that simply as a matter of expediency such an arrangement is best for the community. It is simply a matter

of paying commission, and the commission will be well earned, because even after paying it the total output of wealth for the community's use will be greater than were the State to appropriate the means of production and itself employ labour upon those means of production; and in addition the destruction of individual freedom and all the insupportable tyrannies of a Collectivist *régime* will be avoided. We should change from an era of unrestrained capitalism to an era of restrained social individualism.

There is nothing impracticable in this suggestion. It is even now in operation on a small, but growing, scale, and it is a most encouraging sign of the times that this alternative to the present era is developing side by side with the Collectivist alternative displayed in municipal trading.

*We have the Choice before our Eyes.*

In making our choice we have samples of each method before our eyes. Let me give a few examples of the actual existence of the method I am advocating. By statute a gas company cannot charge what it likes. A certain standard price and a certain standard dividend are fixed. The company can pay itself a higher dividend, but only by making a corresponding diminution in the price it charges to consumers. The electric power companies seeking permission to cater for London's wants against the monopolist Collectivist scheme of the London County Council offer like terms. They themselves propose in their Bills that they shall not be allowed to pay more than a certain dividend without reducing, according to a scheduled scale, the standard price for current also fixed in the Bill. In Canada the Montreal Street Railway Company has to pay a proportion of its gross receipts to the city, and the City Council has power to inspect its accounts. In India the Mysore Government takes to itself from the companies concerned a substantial proportion of the value of the output of the gold mines in its territory. In Europe the Imperial



and Continental Gas Association (an English company which supplies gas to a number of continental towns) has to pay the communities where it does business substantial sums for the franchise, such as a fifth of its gross earnings, and even in addition, I believe, light the streets of a town for nothing. Here is a quotation from the *Berliner Morgenpost* of March 17 last :

The sum to be paid by the Imperial Continental Gas Association of London, during the period 1905-8, for the permission to lay connecting mains, has been fixed at M.566,682 per annum, and included by the towns in their estimates. The contributions payable by the Berlin Tramways Company and the Berlin Electricity Works figure in the estimates for M.2,689,789 and M.3,750,000 respectively. To these must be added the contribution received by the town from the Berlin Charlottenburg Tramways Co., the Berlin Electric Tramways Co., the Southern and Western Suburban Tramways Co., the Continental Electric Co. of Nuremberg, the Elevated Railways Co., &c., amounting altogether to some M.280,000. Another item which must not be overlooked is the sum of M.400,000 rent for public advertising hoardings.

Now this method of obtaining for the community a large share of the profits of industry might be extended indefinitely. I have not the slightest doubt, for instance, but that the electric supply companies which are trying to get into London would be willing to light the streets of London for nothing in return for the franchise, for that would pay them much better than being deprived altogether of the opportunity of working in London, and it would certainly pay the citizens of the metropolis much better than the alternative Collectivist scheme of a rate-supported and financed, and probably expensively run and mismanaged County Council undertaking. Indeed, you have here an apt contrast in one matter of the alternative methods. Both would be socialistic in the proper sense of the term, but I submit that the non-Collectivist method would be the more advantageous to society.

Finally, if it be objected that the method I have ventured to outline is not applicable all round owing to the different circumstances of different industries I would reply that neither is Collectivism easily applicable all round—to the journalistic industry for example; but that the method can be applied

much more extensively than might be thought. Not only can all the big industries, such as railways and mines, be brought easily within its scope, but a great number of the smaller industries—shop-keeping for example—could also be included in the net. Municipalities might be given power to grant franchises (on adequate terms) to any company or individual seeking to do business within their area. Thus our economic society might change to another form which would have nearly all the advantages claimed by Collectivists for their system, but which would not be weighted with the forbidding disadvantages inevitable to Collectivism. But it is important that we should consciously and actively adopt the programme, so that we may put it before the country as a constructive policy, alternative to the Collectivist solution, which will otherwise get judgment by default.

ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.

## THE COMING OF THE TURBINE

**S**PEED and low consumption of coal must play an increasingly important part in the efficiency of the Navies of the Powers. Had the advantages possessed by the steam turbine over the ordinary reciprocating engine been appreciated by either of the combatants in Far Eastern waters, the employment of cruiser scouts of the type of H.M.S. *Amethyst* must have materially affected the order of operations and their issue. This turbine-propelled cruiser, with her 750 tons of coal on board, can steam 3160 miles at 20 knots, whilst her sister ships of the *Topaz* class, fitted with the ordinary machinery, but alike in other respects, can make but 2140 miles on the same consumption and at the same speed. By how much the problem which presented itself to Admiral Rojestvenski would have been simplified had the whole of his fleet been turbine-engined one may gauge from the extent to which his every movement was obviously hampered by the necessity of maintaining another fleet, and that one of steam colliers, continually in the wake of the war-vessels. The material superiority thus broadly indicated has evidently appealed to the Construction Board of the American Navy, since it was determined, late in April 1905, to fit one of two of the United States scout cruisers just ordered with British turbines, and engine the other with turbines of an American type. And

now the launch of the Cunard liner, *Lusitania*, has crowned and consummated the triumph of the new marine motor.

But it does not lie in our mouths to upbraid the heads of any foreign navy for their lack of foresight and neglect of manifest aids to efficiency. The association of our own Admiralty with the turbine is not of such a completely creditable character that we can afford to rally other Powers upon their strange reluctance to avail themselves of the ideal rotary motor once its merits were conclusively demonstrated. At the launch of the turbine steamer *King Edward*, for the Clyde pleasure service, on May 16, 1901, Captain Leyland, Chairman of the Parsons Marine Steam Turbine Company, said it was many years since Mr. James Denny (William Denny and Brothers, shipbuilders, Dumbarton, from whose yard the first turbine steamers were launched) and himself had been associated in hatching the idea of the *Turbinia* (the experimental turbine boat). He remembered mentioning to a Lord of the Admiralty the idea of adapting the turbine to steamships, and said if they could only drive smaller propellers at a higher speed they would increase largely the speed of ships. The Lord of the Admiralty replied that if this were done one of three things would happen. The boat would either stand on its tail, dive by its head and never come up again, or begin to revolve round its propellers! In spite of these terrible forecasts Captain Leyland had stood on the bridge of the *Viper* when they were doing 37 knots, and had felt no nervousness.

It is unnecessary to ascribe the scepticism thus picturesquely expressed to every other Lord of the Admiralty in order to account for the very deliberate fashion in which the British Navy was permitted to profit by advantages which were demonstrated to the complete satisfaction of its engineering experts as long ago as the spring of 1897. It was then that the Hon. C. A. Parsons (fourth son of the third Earl of Rosse of giant telescope celebrity), after three years' work on the *Turbinia*, the first vessel fitted with steam turbine machinery,

succeeded in raising the speed of torpedo-destroyers from 32 to 37 knots, attaining this record velocity under a condition that was especially desirable in war-vessels, namely without perceptible vibration. The report on the official tests of the *Turbinia*, in which she reached the speed of  $34\frac{1}{2}$  knots, was that she was the fastest vessel afloat, and an excellent sea boat, with an almost complete absence of vibration at all speeds.

In this instance there was little or no hesitation on the part of the Admiralty. The Government torpedo-boat destroyer *Viper* was promptly ordered to be fitted with steam turbine machinery, and when the *Cobra*, a destroyer of the same type, was completed at the Elswick Works, and similarly engaged, the British Government at once became its purchaser. These vessels were of approximately the same dimensions as the 30-knot destroyers already in Her Majesty's service, but with a slightly greater displacement. The engines of the *Viper* and the *Cobra* were in duplicate. Two screw shafts were placed on each side of the vessel, and driven respectively by a high and a low pressure turbine; to each of the low-pressure turbine shafts a small reversing turbine shaft was permanently coupled for going astern. Two propellers were placed on each shaft. The estimated speed ahead was 35 knots and astern  $15\frac{1}{2}$  knots. The *Viper* actually attained an ahead speed of 37 knots—the as yet unexcelled rate of  $42\frac{1}{2}$  land miles per hour.

It may have been that the Lord of the Admiralty, whose lurid prophecies Captain Leyland cited at the launching of the *King Edward*, saw in the deplorable fate of the *Viper* and the *Cobra* some justification of his dismal vaticinations. The Parliamentary mouthpiece of the Board, the Earl of Selborne, said, in his "Statement Explanatory of the Navy Estimates, 1902-3":

The country has had to deplore the wrecks of H.M.S. *Viper* and *Cobra* during the past year, accompanied in the latter case by a lamentable loss of life. The result has been to put a stop for the present to our experiments

with the turbine system of machinery; but the Board are negotiating for a renewal of the experiments in two more destroyers, and in one third-class cruiser.

Confidence is clearly a plant of slow growth with "My Lords." But, however that may be, it is no secret that the hopes and natural expectations of the inventor and his supporting syndicate were bitterly disappointed by their failure immediately to secure further commissions for the British Navy, and these on a considerable scale. The prejudice against the turbine created by the loss of the two destroyers, however irrational it may have been, seeing that the engines were in no wise responsible for the disasters, was by no means inexplicable, human nature being what it is. Nor was the delay in applying the new marine engine to the types of war-vessels for which it was conspicuously adapted altogether an unmixed evil. It led to the company formed for the exploitation of the original patents turning its attention to the development of the vibrationless engine for the mercantile marine, and more particularly for passenger steamers. The Cunard liners, which outdistance everything the world has seen in shipbuilding dimensions, will also say the last word in steam turbine efficiency.

And here we may conveniently pause for a moment, to explain precisely what the marine steam turbine is and how it originated. It is the invention of the Hon. Charles Algernon Parsons, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S., who was Eleventh Wrangler of his year at Cambridge, and, in his distinguished career as a marine engineer, has presented an interesting instance of inherited inventive genius as well as supplied the exception which proves the rule, that a brilliant University mathematician seldom realises early promise in the practical workaday world. Mr. Parsons has told us the circumstances under which he was led to investigate the improvement of the turbine some twenty-one years ago. Several attempts had been made to apply steam turbine wheels of the *Hero* and *Bianca* types to the driving of circular saws and fans. The velocity of



rotations with either of these types must necessarily be very high in order to obtain a reasonable efficiency from the steam, a velocity, in fact, much in excess of that suitable for the direct driving of all classes of machinery. Gearing was considered objectionable, and it therefore appeared desirable to adopt some form of turbine in which the steam should be gradually expanded in small steps, or drops, in pressure, so as to keep the velocity sufficiently low to allow of a comparatively moderate speed of rotation of the turbine engine.

To the solution of this problem of motion Mr. Parsons brought a scientist's enthusiasm, superadded to his original bent in the direction of practical invention. The result of his investigations is best given in the terms of a lucid descriptive paragraph in his Presidential address to the Institution of Junior Engineers on November 3, 1899, which is agreeably free from technical phraseology. The method adopted, the inventor explained, was to gather a number of turbines of the parallel flow type on to one shaft and contained in one case, the turbines each consisting of a ring of guide and a ring of moving blades, successive rings of blades or turbines being graduated in size, those nearer the exhaust end being larger than those near the steam inlet, so as to allow of a gradual expansion of the steam during its passage through the turbines. The form of the turbine was that of a rotating drum with outwardly-projecting rings of blades which nearly touched the containing cylindrical case, and on the case inwardly-projecting rings of guide blades which nearly touched the drum. The steam entering the annular (ring) space between the shaft and the case passes, firstly, through a ring of guide blades attached to the case and is given a rotational direction of flow; it then passes to the succeeding ring of blades attached to the shaft, by which its direction of rotation is reversed, thereby impressing the difference of its rotational momentum in torque (twisting or turning) to the shaft. The steam next passes to the second ring of guide blades and the process is repeated, and so on, gradually expanding by small increments at each

ring of blades. The succeeding rings of blades get longer and wider, and at intervals the diameter of the turbine drums, cylinders, and rings are also increased. In condensing turbine engines of the larger size an expansion ratio in the turbines of 100-fold and upwards is attained before the steam passes to the exhaust-pipe and condenser.

At this point we detect the difference which gives the initial advantage of the steam turbine engine over engines of the ordinary type. The loss of power present in engines of the piston class, due to cylinder condensation arising from the variation of steam pressure in the cylinder, is not present in the steam turbine, as the steam pressure remains constant at each turbine ring and each part of the cylinder and barrel; and the numerous tests of steam consumption that have been made have shown that compound steam turbine engines of moderate sizes, when working with a condenser, are comparable in steam consumption per effective horse-power with the best compound or triple condensing steam-engines of the piston type. They have been constructed in sizes up to about 1000 horse-power for driving alternators and dynamos. The first steam turbine which Mr. Parsons constructed—for a dynamo electric machine—may be seen at the South Kensington Museum, to which the inventor presented it.

Perhaps the most exhaustive test to which the land steam turbine has yet been subjected was that applied to the 600 horse-power engine of the Westinghouse-Parsons type, which was at work day and night at the St. Louis Exhibition for  $5\frac{1}{2}$  months at a speed of 3600 revolutions per minute. Engineers examined it with the greatest interest when the turbine was brought to rest. It was in perfect condition, without the least sign of wear, the tool-marks being still distinctly visible. The load carried had constantly varied, and the total number of revolutions of the shaft fell little short of one billion.

As a Cambridge oarsman of some distinction, and a capable waterman, Mr. Parsons had, from the outset of his career as a practical engineer, displayed the keenest interest in marine

engineering; and the application of the compound steam turbine to the propulsion of vessels was held in view from the moment he had established the accuracy and practicality of the principle upon which he had based his design of an ideal rotary motor. In the turbine he had found an engine of extremely light weight, with a perfectly uniform turning movement, which was very economical in steam in proportion to the power developed, and could, further, be perfectly balanced, so that no perceptible vibration was imparted to the ship. With complete confidence in the scientific possibility of his plans, Mr. Parsons applied himself to a series of costly experiments, extending over several years, designed to solve the problem of proportioning the engine to the screw propellers and to the ship to be driven. In the end his enthusiasm was rewarded, and his scientific calculations completely verified, by a satisfactory solution which gave the most economical results in the important particular of the pounds of steam consumed in the engines per effective horse power developed in propelling the vessel. Those results, when subjected to independent and official test, proved distinctly superior to others obtained with triple expansion engines of ordinary type in torpedo-boats or torpedo-boat destroyers.

The arrangement which obtains in the dwarfed engine-room of the turbine-driven vessel is that, instead of the customary placing of one engine to drive one screw shaft, the turbine engine is divided into two, three, or sometimes more, separate turbines, each driving a separate shaft, the steam passing successively through these turbines; thus, when there are three turbines driving three shafts, the steam from the boiler passes through the high pressure turbine, thence through the intermediate, and lastly through the low pressure turbine and thence to the condenser. The propellers approach closely to the usual form. The inventor found it best, however, to place two propellers of approximately the same pitch on each shaft at some considerable distance apart, so that the after one should not be seriously affected by the wash of the one

in front. The advantage of this arrangement is that a sufficient blade area is obtained to carry the thrust necessary to drive the vessel with a lesser diameter of propeller, so permitting of a higher speed of revolution of the engines.

The coming of the marine turbine was preceded by the most elaborate experiments imaginable, those incidental to the determination of the difficult question of cavitation (or the hollowing out of the water into vacuous spaces by the blades of the propeller) being as interesting to the scientific photographer as to the marine engineering world. But it must here suffice that we pay a tribute to the patient industry and indomitable spirit of the true scientist which Mr. Parsons displayed in solving the complicated problem which he had set himself to master. The brief excursion which has been made into the simpler technicalities of the turbine will facilitate appreciation of those practical proofs of the importance and value of Mr. Parsons' discoveries which shortly followed.

In 1894 the *Turbinia* was commenced, and three years were occupied with her construction, alteration and preliminary trials. Her exceptional speed was traceable, principally, to two causes—her engines, screws and shafting were abnormally light, and the economy of steam in the main engine was greater than usual. Arguing from these premises, it was held, in regard to the general application of turbine machinery to larger ships, that the conditions appeared to be more favourable to its use in the faster class of vessels, such as cross-Channel boats, fast passenger vessels, cruisers and liners. In such vessels, it was pointed out, reduction in weight of machinery, as well as economy in the consumption of coal per horse-power, are important factors; in the liners, the absence of vibration would materially contribute to the comfort of passengers; whilst this same steadiness would, in ships of war, admit of greater accuracy in the sighting of the guns—a matter of the very first importance in actual naval warfare.

Awaiting that encouragement from the Admiralty which seemed to them unaccountably delayed after the practical

success achieved with the torpedo destroyers, the turbine syndicate turned their attention to the mercantile marine; and passengers by the Clyde steamers, the cross-Channel service, and the Allan liners already have the best of good reasons for regarding the check given to the anticipated naval programme of the promoters of the new marine engine as anything but an undiluted misfortune.

The *King Edward* was the first mercantile steamer to be fitted with the Parsons steam turbine. The vessel itself was built on the lines of a sister ship already running in the Clyde pleasure-steamer service. The means of a practical examination of the claims made for the ideal rotary motor were, therefore, ready at hand. Experts sought for further evidence of the efficiency of the turbine engines as consumers of steam, and the relative advantage of small screws running at a high number of revolutions as compared with large screws running at a lesser number of revolutions. The paddle steamer *Duchess of Hamilton*, already on the service, and engined in the ordinary way, had a speed of 18·1 knots per hour. On the trial trip the *King Edward* exceeded expectations, attaining and maintaining a speed of 20·48 knots. Off Loch Ranza there was an immediate test of the relative speed of the two boats. The *Duchess* was allowed to get some lengths ahead, and the black smoke which rolled from her funnel showed she was being pressed with every pound of speed. The *King Edward* followed suit. Valves were opened, as the signal "Full speed ahead" was given, and the two steamers went forward at a rare pace. Soon, however, the *King Edward* narrowed the gap and drew level, and as she forged ahead cheers resounded across the water from both steamers.

More important still, from the passengers' point of view, this comparatively high speed was associated, in the *King Edward*, with remarkably smooth running. Mr. Nathaniel Dunlop, of the Allan line, spoke of the new vessel as a steamer of singular beauty and surpassing speed. He had, he said, been very much impressed with the engine-room of the vessel.

The peculiarity about it was that there were no engines. He came on the trip desirous of seeing in actual practice something of what they had all been reading about in connection with boats for the Navy. The torpedo destroyers had undoubtedly been successful, but the true triumph of engineering discovery was a commercial triumph. If Mr. Parsons' invention could be proved to be a commercial success, the world would be benefited and the trade of Great Britain would still lead, as it had always led. He had been impressed with the machinery, but he had been more impressed with the speed of the boat, the result of that invisible propelling power. In the season which followed the turbine-driven boat steamed 8.47 miles per ton of coal consumed, at an average rate of  $18\frac{1}{2}$  knots, whilst the paddle steamer steamed 8.87 miles per ton, at  $16\frac{1}{2}$  knots, the increased earnings of the former, to which her greater speed conduced, more than balancing the slight difference in consumption. In other respects the *King Edward* confused her conservative critics. They had feared that she would not go fast, that she would not turn, nor go astern, nor take the piers. As a matter of experience, she proved herself as capable of all round work as any of the Clyde steamers. In the first-class dining-saloon the noise of the propellers in the water was noticeable, and it was suggested that in future boats the first-class accommodation should be placed forward. The *Queen Alexandra*, similar in design but of generally larger dimensions than her pioneer sister ship, was built and launched in less than a year. The new boat embodied a number of improvements suggested by experience of the preceding vessel. She attained a speed of 21.63 knots per hour on her trial trip. Everything that Mr. Parsons had promised in the way of turbine efficiency was fulfilled, and the verdict of marine engineering experts was that the turbine system was now on a sound basis, and could be adopted in the mercantile marine with definite knowledge of what it was capable of accomplishing. Perhaps the feature most remarked by the experts was the ease with which the higher speeds were got in the



turbine as compared with the ordinary type of engine. This was due to the increasing efficiency of the turbine the faster it was driven. In trials with ordinary engines the harassed engineer in charge had often great difficulty in getting steam for his last half or quarter knot. But, in the case of the turbine, the reverse happened, and it was surprising how much extra speed could be got by a very slight increase of air pressure in the stokehold.

The eminently practical success of the two Clyde steamers had removed the turbine principle of marine propulsion entirely out of the region of experiment, and in this connection it only remains to summarise its wider adoption in the cross-Channel service and on the Atlantic liners. But another year had elapsed when the *Queen*, launched from the same shipyard, brought the Dover-Calais passage within the hour, and, in a gale which generally dislocated Channel traffic, ran a wonderfully smooth passage and made Calais Port with a dry upper deck. At full speed she had developed a mean of 21.76 knots per hour. Going astern, steered by the bow rudder, the speed attained was about 13 knots. A significant part of her trials was the dead-stop test. She was driven at a speed of 20 knots, the engines were then put full speed astern, and the steamer stopped dead in 1 min. 7 sec., in 775 ft., or exactly two and a half times her own length. Witnessed by the foremost men in the engineering world, these trials substantiated the conclusion that the adoption of the turbine principle of propulsion not only gives a substantial increase of speed, but, by its freedom from reciprocating parts and the associated friction, completely obviates those very real troubles which vibration causes to sensitive passengers whose fortune it is to travel by the speedy vessels demanded by a hurrying age. We may take it that the unqualified success of the *Queen* led directly to the fitting of the new Allan liners, *Victorian* and *Virginian*, with turbine engines. Their record voyages from Liverpool to Halifax, N.S., the unanimous testimony of passengers and officers to the steadiness of each boat in the roughest seas, and

the practical absence of that sickness and loss of sleep which had previously made such a voyage a nightmare of anticipation and an unpleasant reflection, are matters of recent history, and as such only require bare mention. The advent of turbine steamers on the Irish Channel and Isle of Man services may also be taken very much as a matter of course. They have served to bring out in plainer characters the peculiar virtues of the turbine in its application to this class of vessel—the absence of vibration, giving greater comfort to passengers; increased cabin accommodation, due to smaller machinery space; less up-keep in machinery and smaller engine-room staff.

Luxurious comfort is demanded by the yacht owner who builds for pleasure rather than for racing purposes. But it was the speed-producing qualities of the steam turbine—of course, in their alliance with its vibrationless driving—that led to its first application to yacht propulsion. The *Tarantula*, built for the late Colonel McCalmont, M.P., on exceptional lines closely approximating to those of the torpedo-boat class, attained the extraordinary speed, for a yacht, of 26.745 knots. The *Emerald* and the *Lorena*, on the other hand, were examples of the remarkable increase of comfort and convenience secured by the turbine.

It remains to record those later developments of the turbine principle in British war-vessels which may be fraught with considerable consequences in future additions to the Navies of the Powers. In H.M.S. *Velox* it was sought to remedy three weaknesses which had been detected in the *Viper* and *Cobra*. First of all, the hull was strengthened, until the builders claimed that the *Velox* was the strongest destroyer in the Navy. Then, to secure greater economy at cruising speeds, there was a sort of compromise between the steam turbine and the reciprocating engine, the former being used for high, and the latter for low speeds. This was scarcely a satisfactory arrangement, and, as far as Mr. Parsons was concerned, was but a temporary expedient, awaiting the

completion of his experiments for the adaptation of the steam turbines to low-speed coal consumption. At this stage of development, the new marine engine, like its predecessors, could not give high efficiency when driving at a speed much below its normal. But, by the time the *Eden* and the *Amethyst* were ready for engining, cruising turbines were completed for them and permanently coupled to the shafts of the main low-pressure turbines. The *Veloax*, in her preliminary sea trials, attained a mean speed of 33.12 knots with ease, but scarcely realised expectations with her maximum speed of 33.64 knots.

It was left to H.M.S. *Amethyst* to demonstrate in most convincing fashion the economy of the steam turbine, especially at high speeds. The Admiralty had provided a test, about the fairness and exhaustive nature of which there could be no two opinions. The *Amethyst* is one of four vessels of the *Topaz* class, which are all of 3000 tons displacement and designed for a speed of  $21\frac{3}{4}$  knots, with 9000 indicated horse-power. Of the four she alone was engined with the steam turbine. The *Topaz*, the *Sapphire* and the *Diamond* were fitted with ordinary reciprocating engines. The hulls of all four cruisers are precisely similar and their armament is also alike. The *Amethyst* lacked the arrangement by which the exhaust steam is passed into the low-pressure turbine receiver instead of into the condenser; hence the one element of superiority possessed by her rivals in the series of trials to which the four vessels were subjected in common was a 23 per cent. low water consumption. But, generally and, indeed, in all other respects, the turbine cruiser conclusively proved her vastly superior economy.

Steaming well within her capacity, and attaining her maximum speed in the trials with surprising ease and quickness, she attained 23.63 knots, the highest recorded speed of the sister ships being 22.34 knots, giving the *Amethyst* an advantage of 1.29 knots per hour. The conditions under which the turbine cruiser established her superiority enhanced its significance.

She consumed 10 per cent. less coal per hour, and consequently gave a materially greater radius of action; there was no vibration of the hull, no tremor of the vessel, so that accuracy of gun-fire became much more easily attainable; easier steaming of the boiler and a rapid achievement of high speed was observed, but a few minutes being occupied in raising it from 10 knots to 22 knots. The tactical importance of these advantages needs no elucidation. But for the carefully conducted nature of the trials and their exhaustive nature, even experts would have accepted with some dubiety the very exceptional figure of 13.8 lb. steam consumption by the turbines (including the auxiliary machinery) at 20 knots. Once and for all these careful official tests established the fact that marine steam turbines, like the stationary turbines on land, when running at their full designed speed are capable of materially greater economy than ordinary reciprocating engines; whilst the subsidiary gains of lessened engine-room space and decreased staff, and absence of vibration, place the new method of propulsion beyond comparison.

It follows, from what has already been accomplished, that, although the turbine is now rapidly coming into its own, the ideal rotary motor is still capable of improvement and extended use. Its inventor is sufficient of a disinterested scientist to anticipate the day when gas and oil shall have ousted steam in marine propulsion, and the turbine itself shall be cast upon the scrap-heap of antiquated machinery. But he has also dreamed dreams of greater conquest still for his invention, ere it is added to the list of the outrivalled and outworn, and doubtless, like another Alexander, has sighed for fresh fields to conquer. As an interesting speculation on a remarkable addition which may yet be made to our Navy, this last quotation may be made from Mr. Parsons' own deliverance on the possibilities of the new propelling power of which he made the original discovery :

It is, perhaps, interesting to examine the possibilities of speed that might be attained in a special unarmoured cruiser, a magnified torpedo-boat destroyer of light build with scanty accommodation for her large crew, but equipped

with an armament of light guns and torpedoes. Let us assume that her dimensions are about double those of the 30-knot destroyers, with plates of double the thickness, and specially strengthened to correspond with the increased size: length 430 ft., beam 42 ft., maximum draft 14 ft., displacement 2800 tons, indicated horse-power 80,000. There would be two pairs of water-tube boilers. These, with the engine space, coal bunkers, &c., would occupy the whole of the lower portion of the vessel. The crew's quarters and guns would be on the upper decks. There would be eight propellers of 9 ft. in diameter, revolving at about 420 revolutions per minute, and her speed would be about 44 knots (over 53 land miles an hour). She could carry coal at this speed for about eight hours, but she would be able to steam at from 10 to 14 knots with a small section of the boilers more economically than other vessels of ordinary type and power, and, when required, all the boilers could be used, and full power exerted in about half an hour.

This is a far cry even from the 25 knots of the Cunard leviathans of 40,000 tonnage. But we must not dismiss it as a mere marine engineer's dream of ideal possibilities. Experience has taught us that for Mr. Parsons to indulge in speculations is to air the results of elaborate and thoroughly tested calculations, which have led to conclusions on his own part that are, however, too novel and startling for immediate general acceptance. The Admiralty, who, perhaps, are a little lacking in imagination, have scarcely made sufficient allowance, in their dealings with the turbine, for this modest characteristic of the inventor which proves him to be a true son of science. He speaks of that which he knows—no more, no less. The chiefs of the mercantile marine have displayed greater intuition. They have provided Mr. Parsons with the fullest opportunity for developing the resources of the new marine engine. As the result, we have recently seen still more remarkable achievements than those recorded above. The Allan liners have gone on consistently "cutting" the Atlantic record from Liverpool to Halifax, N.S. The cross-Channel steamer *Onward*, early in May 1905, with His Majesty the King among her pleased passengers, affected a further material reduction in the passage from Dover to Calais, crossing in forty-five minutes. In the last stormy days of April she had made a record run from

Greenock to Dover. Her sister ship, the *Invicta*, also embodying all the latest turbine improvements, has since won Royal compliments to her speed and steadiness. In November 1905, the Cunard *Carmania*, attained a speed of 20 knots. East, West, North and South, the more luxurious passenger boats are now turbine-engined. Had a similar measure of encouragement been meted out to the inventor by the Admiralty, the class of turbine cruiser scouts at least might have brought such distinction to the British Navy as now belongs to the fastest, safest and steadiest cross-Channel steamers. Yet we must not deny to the British Government the credit of an important—though possibly neither a conscious nor a deliberate—contribution to the crowning triumph of the turbine, which must no longer be regarded as an invention upon its trial. A generous Government subsidy has made possible the recapture of the Blue Riband of the Atlantic for Great Britain by the Cunard liners, *Lusitania* and *Mauritania*. An expert council, composed of the foremost naval engineers of the day, elected to engine these Atlantic greyhounds with turbines. There we have the apotheosis of the new marine motor. An invention which, in its simplicity, is little more than the old mill-wheel and its water turned to steel and steam, has established itself by conclusive tests. The turbine has come—and conquered!

HUGH W. STRONG.



## THE AGE OF PRETENCE

**T**HE Reverend Father Bernard Vaughan recently held up to odium the section of the community that has come to be spoken of as the "smart set." He accused it of idleness, of criminal extravagance, of love of luxury, gambling and immorality, and he proved the truth of his assertions more or less conclusively. He might with advantage have alluded to the extraordinary development in the art of pretence, as hypocrisy is sometimes called, that has taken place of late years among many classes of the community or general public.

A cursory survey of the history of this country during the past few centuries bears out thoroughly the statement uttered the other day by a clergyman almost as distinguished as the famous priest just mentioned, that the period in which we now live is likely to be referred to in generations to come as "England's age of pretence." For we have had within the last six hundred years an age of religious intolerance, an age of bigotry and religious persecution, an age of cruelty, an age of lust and luxury quite as great as we are having now, and an age of prudery. During each and all of those periods "the snobbery of pretence," as Thackeray called it, was more or less in evidence, though at no time was it in evidence to a degree in any way approaching that which marks the opening of this twentieth century. And to-day, far from showing signs of

decreasing, it has every appearance of increasing still more and of continuing to flourish exceedingly.

A witty Frenchman observed in one of the Paris newspapers last month that "the English would be a better nation of pretenders if they pretended less badly." That Frenchman knew not merely what he was talking about; he had an eye for "artistic effect," and he knew the influence that artistic effect indirectly exerts. A lie told bluntly is no lie at all, for the simple reason that nobody believes it and it consequently becomes *ipso facto* impotent. It is the lie let loose and set in motion by the "artist" who merely walks round about the truth without in any way compromising himself, the man or woman who insinuates, hints at and "looks" the lie without actually uttering it, who is really dangerous; and perhaps we ought to feel thankful that though in this country the proportion of "artistic" to "inartistic" pretenders is undoubtedly growing, the former are still quite in the minority. If my memory serves, it was La Bruyère who remarked upon a famous occasion that it was "une grande misère que de n'avoir pas assez d'esprit pour bien parler, ni assez de jugement pour se taire." The average Englishman, if we take one class with another, will be found to be lacking in both "esprit" and "jugement" in this particular connection.

When jesting Pilate asked what truth was, he probably intended, if we can judge from the events that followed, to ask the meaning of the word "pretence" rather than truth. And now for the same reason we naturally ask ourselves what this wave of pretence, of hypocrisy, is, that is rolling slowly over England, until, at the present time, it looks as if it might well end by submerging us entirely. Little Englanders would have us believe it to be a sort of tidal wave that has come across from America, but we can have no valid reason for thinking that this actually is so. The inference is true only in so far that the inordinate worship of wealth that forms one of the distinctive characteristics of the existing passion for pretence undoubtedly had its origin in the United States.

Oddly enough this worship of wealth, according to contemporary political economists, is now upon the wane in America, while in England it is in the ascendant. This, they insinuate, is in a great measure due to the fact that millionaires have of recent years multiplied so rapidly in the United States as to be no longer looked upon with either wonderment or awe; whereas in this country one-third at least of the leisured class that is supposed to be well-to-do is in reality very poor. And being poor, it pretends that it is not, and worships wealth accordingly. Emerson told us that the outward appearance of wealth was the next most valuable asset to actual wealth; Lord Chesterfield in his letters to his son strongly advised that priggish young man to be a hypocrite in every way that lay within his power; while Thackeray himself whimsically observed that "matchless boots and spurs and a happy fierceness of manner" often helped a man as much as a good balance at his bankers. These rather obvious truths our Englishmen and women of the twentieth century would appear to have become alive to quite suddenly, with the result that pretence in many forms is the order of the day, or rather of the age.

Look about and observe for yourself. There never has been a time, if history is to be trusted, when so many persons—men as well as women—wished it to be supposed that they not merely move among the set that has come to be spoken of as "the best people," but that they were and are upon very intimate terms with the more prominent members of that alleged exclusive coterie. In hotels, at foreign watering-places, in railway carriages, in some country houses even, you come across these pretenders and sycophants. It is almost impossible not to notice them, for they insist upon revealing their identity in one way or another, perhaps more particularly by their conversation. They talk for effect and to impress all who may be within hearing; and yet, if they but knew, they generally fail to impress any but the more obtuse among their listeners. In one hotel in London, to my knowledge, so possibly in many hotels besides, the visitor who hires a

carriage by the week from the hotel company has the option of having his or her crest painted upon it free of extra charge. Recently curiosity prompted me, and I asked the manager if many of his hotel visitors availed themselves of this privilege. He replied in a tone of some surprise that "of course quite a number did." "Mostly ladies?" I hazarded, anxious for further first-hand information. He looked annoyed. "No, quite as many gentlemen as ladies ask to have their crest painted on," he answered; and, as an after-thought, he added, "and why in the world shouldn't they?"

And as a demand of any sort creates a supply, so has this feverish anxiety to be considered better than one really is led to the formation and development of a new kind of industry, namely, the press agency business for helping to thrust prominently before the public the individual who is metaphorically panting for what these agents call in their bald language "social distinction." Several such pamphlets have recently been sent to me gratuitously by these "social press agents," as they call themselves, and two reached me some months ago. The class of business these five agencies transact is identical in every respect. To speak plainly, in return for certain preliminary fees, they engage to aid, abet and indulge their clients' "social aspirations" by "bringing the agency's influence to bear upon editors of many influential journals"—I quote from the preface of one of the prospectuses—" . . . in such manner that any information as to your movements that you may favour us with will appear simultaneously in different journals, either condensed or in its entirety." Was there ever before in this country a period when no less than five distinct and separate organisations of this class could have thought or found it worth their while to attempt to thrive mainly by encouraging Pretence and advancing the interests of the Pretenders? And if five such agencies are known to be in existence, how many more may there not be of which one has not chanced to hear?

A different class of pretender that has multiplied very rapidly of recent years, and is multiplying still, is the collector

and "connoisseur" of antiques, Generally "well-to-do," as it is termed, sometimes very wealthy, and almost always obtuse, he pretends that he is truly fond of antique silver, antique furniture, antique china, antique pictures, antique arms, antique armour, or whatever branch of the antique he may have decided to choose for his forte, and in consequence he poses as an authority upon antiques. Why? Because it is the vogue of the hour; because the Earl of So-and-So has set the fashion, and a well-known American millionaire, not to mention several much-talked-of City magnates, have bought recently at a sale by public auction, held in a fashionable west-end sale-room, classic antiques at immense and wholly disproportionate figures. I have it upon indisputable authority that there never has been anything approaching the number of "art collectors" in England that there is to-day, and that never, so far back as my informant can recollect, has so much "imitation antique," so admirably executed as to deceive from time to time even very clever *bonâ-fide* experts, been placed upon the market. And in connection with this the following incident related to me by the senior partner of a distinguished firm of London solicitors is interesting. A well-known picture dealer, while calling upon a lady one day, noticed hanging upon the wall an excellent copy of, let us call it, a Greuze—though that was not the name. After examining it closely, he offered her a very big price for it. "But," the lady exclaimed in amazement, "it is not a Greuze, it is only a copy; So-and-So did it. I was with him when he painted it, and I bought it from him." But the dealer was obdurate. He assured her she must be mistaken, that it was an original and genuine Greuze, and eventually he bought it from her and paid the big price he had offered at the outset. A few days later this picture was sold for a very much bigger sum to a modern "art collector." I state this as a fact. The inference is obvious.

Recently I had a long conversation with a man who for many years has earned a more or less precarious livelihood by copying old masters. During the last seven years he has

turned his attention more particularly to the creation of "ancestors." From what he tells me, the business of painting "ancestors" is among the few branches of the painter's profession that are not experiencing a "slump." "I have painted within the last twenty months"—I quote his words—"several sets of ancestors for different individuals," and he went on to give the prices some of the members of this new-old aristocracy had paid him—low prices enough, taking into consideration the wealth of the gentlemen who were thus anxious to disillusion their new and smart circle of acquaintance of the supposition that their pedigree dated back only to their grandfathers; but prices that satisfied my friend's modest needs. To some this may seem a contemptible form of pretence, but it has at least the advantage of being harmless, which is more than can be said of the almost equally common form of pretence—one ought perhaps to call it ambition—that consists in endeavouring to pose as a philanthropist. Statistics show that there are more warm-hearted, broad-minded, in a word genuine philanthropists in our midst to-day than there have been during any previous period in history; but similar statistics, combined with a general knowledge of what goes on behind the scenes, reveals indisputable truths that are far from pleasant to contemplate. Plenty of our musical and dramatic artists could give interesting details of the way in which their services have been deliberately exploited by "philanthropists" whose "philanthropy" was an inordinate desire to acquire a reputation for liberality in the cause of charity, though without themselves expending even a small sum. A dozen instances of this I can myself vouch for, though to give details in print would hardly be judicious, the principal personages being too well-known in London society.

Clergymen with whom I have discussed this interesting topic spoke very strongly indeed upon the subject of latter-day pretence—some of them called it by a much stronger name—and without exception they declared that it is spreading rapidly in the provinces.



Ten years ago [a venerable Canon observed to me] the modern wealthy, well-dressed woman—I speak, of course, of “woman” in the concrete—either went to church and did not go to church; she had, at least, the courage of her convictions, though I must in justice add that she went to church a great deal oftener than she goes now. To day she “patronises” church—that is the only word that exactly sums up her attitude towards the Almighty—in town or country, if her hostess or those among her friends whose good opinion she values are addicted to church-going; if they are not addicted to it she pretends that she too never prays, and by many a significant little smile and meaning glance transfers to those friends the impression that she looks upon church-going people with but thinly-veiled contempt. Indeed, the habit of church-going is degenerating into a sort of farce among the wealthy class of this country; in the big towns it is degenerating quickly, in the provincial towns less quickly. In a clever book called “The House of Mirth,” that I read the other day, I came upon this sentence: “The (So-and So’s) circle of acquaintance was so large that God was included in their visiting list.” Perhaps you think that profane. I am a clergyman—a clergyman of the old school and not abreast of the times, they call me—yet I do not deem it profane. In my opinion that observation exactly reveals the attitude in which a vast proportion of our present-day population regard their Maker. It is fashion, and nothing else, that prompts the bulk of the opulent people of to-day to go to church or to stay away from church.

One of the most strikingly-prominent forms of pretence at the present day is the pretence of dress. If I were in search of an appointment, or even of ordinary office work, in a big city in America, and I presented myself smartly dressed and wearing a glossy silk hat, shiny patent-leather boots, and kid gloves, my possible employer would look me up and down and at once set me down as a “dude,” and on that ground probably refuse to employ me. Here in England it is just the reverse. Look shabby—“badly groomed” is, I believe, the modern phrase—and nobody will glance twice at you, more especially if it is in London that you are seeking work. “I believe that here in London most of the social people, as they are called, unconsciously sum up a man’s fitness by the fit of his clothes and the cleanliness of his collar and cuffs,” the manager of a high-class employment bureau said to me the other day; and those of us who move about with our eyes open cannot fail to have noticed that this is so in a modified degree. In a conversation last

month with a gentleman connected with the Scotland Yard Criminal Investigation Department I elicited the following information :

Almost all of the most expert criminals with whom Scotland Yard has to deal [these were, I think, his exact words, though I quote from memory] are men and women of good appearance and good address, and their clothes are usually irreproachable. They talk and conduct themselves like gentlemen and ladies; and it is in a great measure because it is the custom in England and in some Continental countries to judge strangers by their outward appearance and their manner of talking that the public—tradesmen, hotel managers, and people in society—are so frequently deceived and ultimately robbed. Dress like a gentleman, talk like one, cultivate an attractive and above all a plausible manner—if there is little likelihood of your *bonâ fides* being inquired into, adopt a title, spurious or otherwise—and the task your swell mobsmen has set himself is already half accomplished. It is pretence and cunning more than brains that constitute the stock-in-trade, so to speak, of the expert city criminal of to-day. Ten or fifteen years ago this was much less apparent.

A simulated love for music has sprung up among and been cultivated by a great section of the social set in London within the last few years, and more recently it has crept into many of the provinces. One has only to note the intensely bored expression on the faces of the bulk of the audience in the stalls and boxes at the opera and at concerts where music, in contradistinction to tuneful rubbish, is to be heard, to satisfy one's self that a vast proportion of the listeners in their heart of hearts actively dislike music. It has been said that if there were no diamond mines in the Transvaal there would have been no Boer War. It would be no great exaggeration to say that if there were no diamond tiaras and necklaces in the opera house there would be no opera; for to-day the display of gems in the stalls and boxes proves a greater attraction to some than the music. But just now it is the thing to be considered a lover of music, and so we all flock to hear good music and enrol ourselves in the great army of Pretenders, lest those of our friends, whose opinions we value conclude and conclude aright, that we do not really care for music, and that the balderdash of the comic opera and the mawkishness of the sentimental ballad are really more to our liking. The very great majority

of the true music-lovers of to-day are to be found among the middle classes and even among the very poor, among whom, in this respect, there is no pretence to speak of. Hence the reason that the concerts given in towns of the stamp of, let us say, Manchester, almost invariably draw very big audiences composed of men and women with the gift of discrimination, and who are truly appreciative.

In the realm of sport it is just the same. Never were so many men and women to be seen in the hunting-field as now, and in saying this I refer mainly to what have come to be called the "fashionable" hunting-countries; yet never before have hunting-fields consisted so largely of men who know nothing whatever about the sport, though they pretend to know a great deal about it. In like manner there is a big proportion of the leisured class that has the happy or unhappy faculty of talking ostensibly with knowledge of racing when attending a race meeting; of boats and boating when present at a regatta; of cricket and "public form" when at Lord's or at the Oval; and of horses, cattle and so forth when an agricultural show is in progress, who yet have no first-hand knowledge of any one of these subjects, as a few fundamental questions put to them suddenly would at once show. Dread of being considered not abreast of their friends in general knowledge of what is for the moment on the tapis, however, prompts them to feign familiarity with the prevailing topic, with the result that from time to time the less prudent, or perhaps the more daring, get hoist with their own petard. Indeed, there would seem to be but one topic upon which these modern pretenders at present dare not tread, namely, the subject of the mechanism of automobiles. They no doubt feel instinctively that to endeavour to talk learnedly about the inside of a Daimler when they don't know the difference between a cotter-pin and a sparking-plug might entangle them in controversy from which they would emerge with a reputation for either insobriety or attacks of temporary insanity.

BASIL TOZER.

## A MOORLAND SANCTUARY

A WINTER night was stealing slowly over a wilderness of moor and marsh among the hills. A gentle wind had scattered the day mist and then had given place to a brooding calm. Above a solitary farmhouse on the northern slope of the moor, dark grey clouds had gathered in the sky, while down towards a part of the horizon discernible between a few scattered pine-trees sheltering the lonely dwelling, gleamed a thin line of steely light. Towards the west, the outlook changed to the splendour of the afterglow. There, nothing was suggestive, like the white line among the pines, of desolation. Beyond the range of hills seemed to stretch a land of summer, with mountains and lakes and rivers, beside an island-studded sea—a paradise of lovely colour seen through the golden haze of a perfect noon. This glorious light, spreading across the waste, transformed the withered grass and heather into masses of flame, and was reflected in the reed-fringed pools and rivulets among the hollows of the peat. Gradually, the splendour sank into the west, till nothing but a dazzling yellow bar, against which stood out in relief an ancient burial-mound, remained above the horizon.

Then, breaking the silence, a hollow booming cry rang out over the waste, and echoed drearily among the hills. It was the cry of a bittern.

Hidden completely by the lower slopes of the moor from view of the farmstead and the winding road across the hills,

was a deep and narrow gorge. At its upper end, a torrent leaped a sheer precipice of rock into a cup-shaped pool. Past the shallows at the margin of the pool, the brook flowed between steep banks clothed with fern and heather and strewn with rugged boulders, then gradually broadened, and at the outlet of the gorge was lost amid the tangled vegetation of an almost impassable morass.

From this sanctuary in the wilderness came the loud, weird cry that disturbed the stillness of the gloom. The gorge lay in dense shadow. None of the beauty of the afterglow was mirrored in the pool beneath the waterfall, or in the clouds of spray that wreathed the precipice. But the last golden light from the western sky, slanting across the entrance to the gorge, shone on the lingering vapours above the surface of the brook, and caused them to appear like phantoms rising, one by one, from the narrow mouth of some deep tomb, and gliding away, in long procession, to begin a night's fantastic revels on the marsh.

Suddenly, in the half-transparent haze, the bittern appeared flying from the direction of the marsh, and alighted by the stream. For a few moments he paused, as if intently listening, then stalked into the darkness of the gorge. Till midnight the bird continued to search for food beside the brook. But when the moon ascended, and hung like a clear lamp above the waterfall, he stretched his wings, flew up and around the gorge, and up again and further and still further into the heights of the sky; and, uttering a discordant cry, headed south towards a river, followed its course to the estuary, and crossed a headland to another marsh far off on the fringe of the sea.

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Spring had come; and the marsh on the coast was the scene of restless activity. By day, the thick reed-beds at high-water mark were thronged with migrant birds on their way to the north and here awaiting the coming of night. During the darkness, the air seemed filled with the noise of

beating wings, as flock after flock swept northward. If the night was calm, the noise was faint and continuous, and indicated that the birds were passing high over the marsh; but when storm prevailed, the sounds seem to show that the birds were skimming the waves, rising gradually as they neared the land, and then flying a hundred feet or so above the reeds.

The bittern's favourite hiding-place was a wide hollow, between sand-banks overgrown with rushes and fringed with stunted trees, in the middle of the marsh. There, from dawn to dusk, he slept secure, his long stilt-like legs out of sight in the coarse herbage growing among the rushes, his head turned back beneath his wings, and the delicately mottled feathers of his breast rising and falling as he breathed. And thence, after sunset, he wandered in quest of food, by bank and ditch and across the open waste. And even as he thus wandered he often felt an intense longing to join the ranks of the great bird-armies.

During the previous autumn that desire had been strong within him while the birds were departing for the south; then, however, he was suffering from an injury, and so was unable to venture on the long journey oversea. One night, he had flown far from the gorge to a sheltered valley, where, among woods and cornfields and meadows, the wide river he had recently followed on his way to the sea glistened in the moonlight. The call of the water rippling over the fords could not be resisted, so, descending, he hid among the thickets of a little island in mid-stream. Presently, he emerged from his retreat and stole out into the shallows by the side of the island. He had just begun to fish when suddenly the alarm note of a wild duck to her young came from beyond the thickets. This unmistakable sound was followed by a loud whirr as the duck and her brood rose swiftly over the top of the alders by the bank. Too timid to disregard such signs of danger, the bittern waded back to the island, lowered his head, spread his wings, and launched himself into the air. Instantly he heard an almost deafening noise, and felt a



stinging pain. Luckily, however, the poacher's gun had not been held quite straight, and the bird, though distressed, was able to continue his flight. With desperate and continuous effort he soared high above the valley, till the wide sweep of the dim moorland, dotted with shining pools and divided by the shining brook, lay before him towards the horizon. On and on he flew, and at last, in the grey light of dawn, reached the gorge once more. For days he languished, stiff and sore from his wound. Fortunately, however, food was easily obtained, and he was free from disturbance. When at last he recovered, the autumn migration had ended.

But it was now the time of the spring migration. Night after night the birds passed over the marsh by the sea; night after night the bittern impatiently longed to depart. Why did he not fly to the near estuary, and thence, by way of the river valley, to his haunts on the moor? The reason was that the time for his departure had not fully come; he was waiting. On stormy nights, especially, he was restless and anxious, ate only sufficient food to stay his appetite, gazed out to sea, and listened for the signal that should cause him to journey back towards the hills.

One evening, a cold north-east wind arose, and, as the darkness gathered, a storm of rain and hail beat mercilessly on the marsh. The migrant birds arrived unusually late, and flew so low that they almost touched the tops of the reeds with their wings as they moved slowly in from the edge of the tide, and, slightly altering their course, crossed the wind in the direction of the estuary. At midnight, during a break in the storm, the bittern, standing in the shelter of a rough, reed-grown bank, with his breast to the wind and his head turned sideways to the sea, suddenly recognised, among a small flock of herons and plovers, the familiar shape of a bird of his own kind. His keen sight and hearing could not be deceived; the form of the approaching bird could be easily distinguished, and its beating wings produced a peculiar sound that could not be mistaken. Rising at once, and facing the wind, the

bittern uttered a harsh call, which to his delight was quickly answered. His waiting and watching were over; the newcomer was the bird that had shared his last summer's home in the mere beyond the lonely gorge. With her he journeyed through the gloom to the estuary, and, again, past villages and farms by the river. As the sun rose, the bittern and his mate circled down, and, alighting on the marsh, rested among the rushes near a broad and shallow channel through which the waters of the brook passed till they were lost among the quaking peat-beds in the hollows of the moor. Fatigued by buffeting against the strong north wind, the birds remained in close hiding during the entire day and the greater part of the following night.

For many years, the conditions of migration in the spring had not been more unfavourable; the storm over the marsh by the coast, though apparently not more severe than an ordinary springtide gale, marked the fringe of a terrific cyclone that had swept over Europe and the Atlantic, and driven vast numbers of birds to destruction out at sea. The hen bittern, having wintered in the distant south, was utterly exhausted by the journey, and during the first week after her arrival seldom wandered beyond the marsh; but the cock soon recovered from his weariness, and at night flew restlessly from place to place, as if to make himself familiar with forgotten scenes, and so to be better enabled to guard against danger.

Then came the brief season of courtship and of preparation for domestic life. How droll were the male bird's antics as, beside the pool in the gorge, or in some spot among the reedy tangles of the marsh, he displayed his charms before the eyes of his admiring companion! He paced to and fro so proudly that he seemed to tread on air; he swayed and strutted with the rhythmic motion of a dance; running a little way towards the object of his affections he spread his wings and ruffled the long, loose feathers of his breast; then, turning, he stood still in such a position that clearly displayed before her were the lines of beautiful colouring which before had not been seen.

And finally, taking to flight, he hovered immediately above her, that, if all else had failed, he might impress her with a show of strength and grace and perfect form.

Spring, on the bleak moor far from the sea, seemed reluctant to make ready for summer. On the hills, at that time of the year, the wind never slept even while, in the neighbouring valleys, an utter calm prevailed. March was bitter and tempestuous; the beginning of April was wet and almost as tempestuous as March. But there were occasional days when, though the wind blew chill and strong, the sun gave life and beauty to the wilderness. On the sheltered slopes of the gorge the heather unfolded its delicate green leaf-buds, and the furze its golden blossoms; and the colours of leaf and flower were reflected in the filmy curtain of the falling water, and in the clear, trembling depths around the vortex of the pool, from which fearless little trout, that had never seen an angler's lure, rose gaily to incautious flies. Sometimes an amorous grouse, in all his springtide finery, mounted a knoll on the highest ridge above the heather and the furze, and there, boldly outlined against the sky, stretched his wings, and cackled and crowed, as if he knew and rejoiced that envious eyes beheld him from the gorge. And sometimes, the great stillness of the moor, of which the unceasing sound of the waterfall almost seemed a part, was broken by the "drum" of a towering snipe, or the bleat of a wandering jack hare, or the carol of a joyous lark climbing an invisible stairway of the sky.

April brightened with the progress of spring, and then across the moor came often, mellowed by the distance, the faint trill of a hovering plover; while from end to end of the marsh rang out the loud, flute-like call of a curlew, as the bird, in an ecstasy of delight, dashed to and fro on rapid, whistling wings near the spot he had chosen for his nest.

To the peasant climbing the sheep-path by the farm, these wild voices were almost as eloquent of the freedom of the hills

as had been the roar of winter tempests. They suggested some great mystery of Nature, but were not in themselves mysterious. Different from them all was the one weird voice that greeted him at dusk, and left with him a thought of immortality.

He would say to the shrivelled figure in the ruddy light of the ingle-nook, when he tramped into the kitchen after the long day's labour: "Mother, I heard the voice to-night."

And the old woman would reply, in the slow, quavering accents of extreme age: "The shepherd is calling to his dog, calling, calling, by the marsh and by the brook. But nothing four-footed ever comes back from the quake. Poor dog! Poor dog!"

The bittern's evening call was considered to be a solemn warning. The peasant observed the utmost care to prevent his dog from straying beyond sight on the outer fringes of the marsh, and himself, to avoid, after sundown, the neighbourhood of the dreaded spot. So the rare visitors to the marsh suffered nothing from the dwellers at the hillside farm.

By the end of April, a large nest, carelessly built of reeds and rushes, and containing four pale-brown eggs, occupied a dry tussock of ling and cotton-grass in the heart of the marsh. For some time, every approach to the nest had been vigilantly guarded by the bitterns; a wild duck, crossing a little pool beyond a near clump of reeds, had been compelled to dive repeatedly to escape the bitterns' fierce attack, and then, having failed to elude her pursuers in the shallow water, had taken flight in the direction of some more peaceful part of the mere. The curlew, whose home was on the further shore of the pool, dared not wander afoot through the archway of the flags by the edge of the water. For long, each day, he took up his post as sentinel at some distance from his sitting mate, and piped disconsolately, as if longing to return to his old look-out station—the very tussock on which the bitterns' nest was constructed—but having, instead, to make excuses for a forced neglect of duty. Except to scare intruders, the

bitterns, however, seldom moved, during the day, from the immediate vicinity of their nest. While the hen brooded and slept, the cock, his head well hidden in the soft plumage of his breast, stood near a clump of reeds on the margin of the pool, and dozed the quiet hours away, or, alert for signs of danger, watched the flight of passing birds. No approaching shadow seemed to escape his notice: the pool before him was a faithful mirror of everything that happened in the sky. Alike in sunshine and in shadow both he and his mate were almost invisible, so perfectly did the colours of their plumage harmonise with those of surrounding objects.

Summer came, the brief radiant summer of the open upland moor, when the days are torrid and the nights are cooled by a gentle breeze, and the few bird-voices of spring are hushed. Its approach was not indicated by the sudden unfolding of the leaf-buds on the trees; the only trees on the moor were the pines near the farm, and they were always green. Nor was it shown by any luxuriant growth of the grass; the grass, except immediately around the marsh, was stunted and parched by the fierce heats of noon. But along the hills the colour of the heather had slowly deepened on the lengthening sprays, and the bracken had thrust up its branching fronds till every trackway of the grouse and the hare resembled a bowered lane through which the creatures could wander unseen. And on the marsh the reeds and flags were tall and thick, and waved to the breath of the wind. Regularly now, in the twilight, the bitterns, leading a little family of three grey-brown birds, stole out from the mere to the brook, and thence to the gorge below the waterfall. Frogs and slugs were plentiful in the undergrowth when it was wet with dew, and, occasionally, a trout, in the act of leaving the pool to feed down-stream, could be surprised among the pebbles where the water narrowed near the side-channel of a neglected sheep-pond long since overgrown with weeds. The gorge was a chosen school, in which, safe from all enemies, the young bitterns could be taught to exercise their wings and

seek for food, in preparation for a later life of separation from the parent birds.

The heat of summer waned with the advent of August. The purple of the heather rivalled in beauty the deep orange that had taken the place of a lighter yellow in the earlier blossoms of the gorse; and at sunrise, when the bitterns flew home to their sanctuary in the marsh, the pale blue of the rolling mist, and the first golden rays of the sun, blending with the colours of the flowers, transformed the wilderness into a paradise whose splendours surpassed even those of the afterglow of the previous winter, when the male bird was about to depart to the southern coast.

Then, with tragic suddenness, the sanctuary of the mere was violated, and its peace disturbed. Early one morning, before the moon had set, and while the bitterns as usual were feeding in the gorge, an old, unmated fox, that for years had haunted the lonely countryside, trotted leisurely down the sheep-path past the farmstead, and across the rough hillside, to drink at the brook. He discovered, as he stooped by the water's edge, that the scent of a young hare was fresh on the sodden grass, but, as he followed the line for some distance by the only safe track-way through the marsh, it became faint and was lost among the reeds. The fox's home was in a cairn not far from the highest point of the moor; but, since the air was warm and gave promise of a perfect day, he turned aside from his path, lay down on the dry tussock where the bitterns had nested, and fell asleep. At dawn he was awakened by a faint rustle among the reeds. Peeping from his "seat" he saw the bitterns slowly approaching him along the track-way by which he himself had come in pursuit of the hare. His eyes ablaze, he crouched for an instant; then, bounding from the tussock, he struck down one of the young birds and fastened his teeth in its breast. The other young birds quickly vanished, but, as the fox stood over his fluttering victim, the parent bitterns, abandoning every thought of danger, closed in and struck him repeatedly with their beaks



and wings, inflicting such strong and rapid blows as for some moments to bewilder their enemy. He retreated a few paces; then, recovering from his confusion, and mad with rage, he leaped high into the air—once, twice, thrice. The conflict was over, and before him lay, fluttering feebly in the throes of death, the two rare and beautiful birds which, probably alone of all their kind, had nested that year in Britain.

Away on the fringe of the marsh, the fugitive young bitterns lurked in hiding through the day. At evenfall, they began a weary search for their missing parents; and often, through the night, their weird calls resounded in the wilderness. But the only answer that came was an occasional echo from among the slopes of the gloomy gorge.

And among the boulders of the cairn on the hilltop, the old fox, vainly endeavouring to pass the time away in sleep, moaned and writhed with pain. One of his eyes had been torn from its socket in his brief battle with the birds.

ALFRED W. REMS.

## CHARLES JAMES FOX

(DIED SEPTEMBER 13, 1806)

CHARLES JAMES FOX, one of the most brilliant personalities, if not, indeed, the most brilliant personality, that flourished in the last decades of the eighteenth century, was the third son of Henry Fox, afterwards Baron Holland of Foxley, and Lady Georgiana Lennox, daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond, a grandson of Charles II. The future statesman was born on January 24, 1749, and as he grew up it was thought that a resemblance to his royal ancestor could be traced in his dark, harsh, and saturnine features, that "derived a sort of majesty from the addition of two black and shaggy eyebrows, which sometimes concealed, but more frequently developed, the workings of his mind." He was a bright, lively and original child, but subject to violent excesses of temper. "Charles is dreadfully passionate," said his mother. "What shall we do with him?" "Oh, never mind. He is a very sensible little fellow, and he will learn to cure himself," replied his father, who perceived and was proud of the lad's unusual ability. "Let nothing be done to break his spirit; the world will effect that business soon enough."

At a private school at Wandsworth, and subsequently at Eton, where Dr. Philip Francis was his private tutor, the lad showed himself both intelligent and diligent. His education was interrupted in 1763, when his father took him to Paris and Spa, and at that early age initiated him into the mysteries of

gaming, the passion for which was subsequently to exercise a most adverse influence on him. On his return to Eton his newly acquired knowledge of the world demoralised his companions, and he gave himself airs and thought himself a man until the headmaster birched him, and so brought him down to earth. In 1764 he went to Hertford College, Oxford, preceded by a reputation for Latin verse, a considerable knowledge of French, and a power of oratory unusual in one so young, but which he attributed to the fact that at home he had always been encouraged to think freely, and as freely to express his opinions. At the University he read deeply in classics and history, and the taste then developed endured through life, for, while he indulged in many frivolities, he would in the midst of them steal a few hours to devote to the books of which he never wearied. Towards the end of his days he put his learning into harness, and wrote a history of the reign of James II. and an account of the Revolution of 1688 that do not deserve to be relegated to obscurity.

Much has been written about the faults of Fox, but some of them, at least, should not be held greatly to his discredit, since they were the faults of the age. Wine, women and cards were the occupations of his companions, and not of the unintelligent only. Everybody drank and drank deeply, drank in pursuit of pleasure, drank to drown sorrow.

I dined at Holland House [wrote the Right Honourable Charles Rigby upon one occasion to George Selwyn], where, though I drank claret with the master of it from dinner till two in the morning, I could not wash away the sorrow he is in at the shocking condition his eldest boy is in.

Fox, Sheridan, Pitt and, notably, Professor Porson were three-bottle men, and it was not unusual for politicians to go to Westminster Hall in a state of insobriety.

Fox drinks what I should call a great deal, though he is not reckoned to do so by his companions; Sheridan, excessively, and Grey more than any of them; while Pitt, I am told, drinks as much as anybody, generally more than any of his company, and is a pleasant, convivial man at table;

Sir Gilbert Elliot has recorded; and Lord Bulkeley wrote to the Marquis of Buckingham *à propos* of Pitt bringing in the Declaratory Bill of the powers of the Board of Control:

It was an awkward day for him (owing to the defection of some friends), and he felt it the more because he himself was low-spirited, and overcome by the heat of the House, in consequence of having got drunk the night before at your house in Pall Mall, with Mr. Dundas and the *Duchess of Gordon*! They must have had a hard bout of it, for even Dundas, who is well used to the bottle, was affected by it, and spoke remarkably ill, dull and tedious.

One reads with amazement of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, a Lord Chancellor, and a Treasurer of the Navy—Pitt, Thurlow, and Dundas—excited by wine galloping through a turnpike gate without paying the toll, and the man, mistaking them for highwaymen, discharging his blunderbuss. This exploit was duly noted in "The Rolliad."

Ah! think what danger on debauch attends!  
 Let Pitt o'er wine preach temperance to his friends,  
 How, as he wandered darkling o'er the plain,  
 His reason drowned in Jenkinson's champagne,  
 A rustic's hand, but righteous fate withstood,  
 Had shed a Premier's for a robber's blood.

A great drinker, too, was Jack Talbot of the Coldstream Guards, and it was of him, when the doctor said: "My lord, he is in a bad way, for I was obliged to make use of the lancet this morning," that the witty Alvanley remarked: "You should have *tapped* him, Doctor, for I am sure he has more claret than blood in his veins." Another was the eccentric Twistleton Fiennes, Lord Saye and Sele, a famous epicure, who drank large quantities of absinthe and curaçoa. Gronow recommended him a servant, who, arriving as Fiennes was going to dinner, asked his new master if he had any orders, only to receive these instructions: "Place two bottles of sherry by my bedside, and call me the day after to-morrow!"

Gambling vied with drinking as an amusement of the aristocracy, and the one was as ruinous to their purses as the other to their health. Every one played cards in those days,

and even ladies gambled with as much zest as their husbands and brothers. There was much card-playing in private houses, but more in the clubs, especially at White's, Brookes's and Almack's.

As the gambling and extravagance of the young men of fashion has arrived now at a pitch never heard of, it is worth while to give some account of it [Walpole wrote in 1772]. They have a club at Almack's in Pall Mall, where they played only for rouleaus of fifty pounds each rouleau; and generally there was ten thousand pounds in specie on the table. Lord Holland had paid about twenty thousand pounds for his two sons. Nor were the manners of the gamesters, or even their dresses for play, undeserving notice. They began by pulling off their embroidered clothes, and put on frieze great-coats, or turned their coats inside outwards for luck. They put on pieces of leather (such as is worn by footmen when they clean knives) to save their lace ruffles; and to guard their eyes from the light and prevent tumbling their hair, wore high-crowned straw hats with broad brims, and adorned with flowers and ribbons; masks to conceal their emotions when they played at quinze. Each gamester had a small, neat stand by him, with a large rim, to hold their tea, or a wooden bowl with an edge of ormolu to hold their rouleaus. They borrowed great sums of the Jews at exorbitant premiums. Charles Fox called his outward room, where those Jews waited till he rose, the Jerusalem Chamber. His brother Stephen was enormously fat; George Selwyn said he was in the right to deal with Shylocks, as he could give them "pounds of flesh."

It is not exaggeration to say that during the long sittings at macao, hazard, and faro many tens of thousands exchanged hands.

Fox was a magnificent player of picquet and whist, but in the evenings, when he had dined well and wine well, he would play only games of chance, at which he was always unlucky.

At Almack's of pigeons I'm told there are flocks,  
But it's thought the completest is one Mr. Fox.  
If he touches a card, if he rattles a box,  
Away fly the guineas of this Mr. Fox.

Once, before delivering a speech in defence of the Church, he played for twenty-two hours, and lost five hundred pounds an hour; and then declared that the greatest pleasure in life, after winning, was losing! His bad luck was notorious, but

again and again his intimates came to his assistance, and Walpole wondered what he would do when he had sold the estates of all his friends ! It was noticed that he did not do himself justice in a debate on the Thirty-Nine Articles (February 6, 1772), and Walpole thought it was not to be wondered at.

He had sat up playing at hazard at Almack's from Tuesday evening, the 4th, till five in the afternoon of Wednesday, 5th. An hour before, he had recovered twelve thousand pounds that he had lost, and by dinner, which was at five o'clock, he had ended losing eleven thousand pounds. On the Thursday he spoke in the above debate, went to dinner at half-past eleven at night, from there to White's, where he drank till seven the next morning, thence to Almack's, where he won six thousand pounds, and between three and four in the afternoon he set out for Newmarket. His brother Stephen lost ten thousand pounds two nights after, and Charles eleven thousand pounds more on the 13th, so that in three nights the two brothers, the eldest not twenty-four, lost thirty-two thousand pounds.

The wonder is, not that Fox spoke ill, but that he spoke at all.

They were good losers in those days, and stoicism was a very necessary quality to be possessed by the majority, since all played and few won. One night, when Fox had been terribly unfortunate at the faro-table, Topham Beauclerk followed him to his rooms to offer consolation, expecting to find him perhaps stretched on the floor bewailing his losses, perhaps plunged in moody despair. He was surprised to see him reading Herodotus. "What would you have me do?" Fox asked the astonished visitor. "I have lost my last shilling." "Charles tells me he has not now, nor has had for some time, one guinea," Lord Carlisle told George Selwyn, "and is happier on that account."

But hark ! the voice of battle shouts from far,  
The Jews and Maccaronis are at war ;  
The Jews prevail, and, thund'ring from the stocks,  
They seize, they bind, they circumcise Charles Fox.

The money-lenders had been most obliging to Fox at the time when he was heir-apparent to the barony of Holland, but the holder of the title had an heir, which destroyed his prospects ;



whereupon Fox, unperturbed, made it the subject of a joke against his creditors: "My brother Ste's son is a second Messiah, born for the destruction of the Jews." He lived on credit for some time, and so notorious was this fact that when he gave a supper-party at his rooms in St. James's Street, close by Brookes's Club, Tickell addressed verses thereon to Sheridan :

Derby shall send, if not his plate, his cooks ;  
 And know, I've bought the best champagne from Brookes,  
 From liberal Brookes, whose speculative skill  
 Is hasty credit and a distant bill ;  
 Who, nursed on clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,  
 Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid.

Lord Holland had already paid his son's debts on several occasions, and apparently some remonstrance was addressed to the latter.

In regard to what you say of my father's feelings, I am sure if you could have known how very miserable you have made me you would not have said it [Fox wrote in 1773 to Lady Holland, in a letter in which there is the true note of sincerity]. To be loved by you and him has always been (indeed, I am no hypocrite, whatever I may be) the first desire of my life. The reflection that I have behaved ill to you is almost the only painful one I have ever experienced. That my extreme imprudence and dissipation has given both of you uneasiness is what I have long known, and I am sure I may call those who really know me to witness how much that thought has embittered my life. I own I lately began to flatter myself that, particularly with you, and in a great measure with my father, I had regained that sort of confidence which was once the greatest pride of my life ; and I am sure I don't exaggerate when I say that, since I formed those flattering hopes, I have been the happiest being in the universe. I hate to make professions, and yet I think I may venture to say that my conduct in the future shall be such as to satisfy you more than my past. Indeed, indeed, my dear mother, no son ever loved a father and mother as I do. Pray, my dear mother, consider how very miserable you have made me, and pity me. I do not know what to write, so have to leave off writing, but you may be assured that no son ever felt more duty, respect, gratitude, or love than I do for both of you, and that it is in your power, by restoring me to your usual confidence and affection, or depriving me of it, to make me the most unhappy or contented of men.

Once again Lord Holland took upon himself the settle-

ment of Charles's debt, and just before his death, in 1714, satisfied his son's creditors—at a cost of £140,000! Even this was not a sufficient lesson to the young man, who incurred fresh liabilities, to pay which he sold a sinecure place of £2000 a year for life—the Clerkship of the Peels in Ireland, and the superbly decorated mansion and estate at Kingsgate in the Isle of Thanet, both of which had been left him by his father.

Fox in his twentieth year entered Parliament as member for the pocket borough of Midhurst in Sussex, and, at his father's request, supported the Duke of Grafton's administration. He took his seat in May 1768, and distinguished himself in the following year by a speech opposing the claim of Wilkes to take his seat as member for Middlesex. "It was all off-hand, all argumentative, in reply to Mr. Burke and Mr. Wedderburn, and excessively well indeed," Lord Holland said, proudly. "I hear it spoken of as an extraordinary thing, and I am, as you see, not a little pleased with it." This was the age of young men, for Fox's life-long antagonist, Pitt, entered the House when he was twenty-two, accepted the Chancellorship of the Exchequer twelve months later and became Prime Minister in his twenty-fifth year! The careers of these Statesmen must have delighted another precocious genius, Benjamin Disraeli, who revered youth. "The only tolerable thing in life is action, and action is feeble without youth," he wrote. "What if you do not obtain your immediate object? You always think you will, and the detail of the adventure is full of rapture." The blunders of youth, that great man thought, are preferable to the triumph of manhood or the successes of old age.

In February 1770, Fox took office under Lord North as Lord of the Admiralty, when, owing to his attitude in the debates on the press laws, he became so unpopular with a section of the public as actually to be attacked in the streets, and rolled in the mud. It has already been mentioned how, in February 1772, he spoke against the clerical petition for relief from subscription to the Thirty-Nine Articles; and later,

in the same month, he resigned his office so as to be free to oppose the Royal Marriage Bill, which was introduced by the King's command after the announcement of the Duke of Cumberland's marriage with Mrs. Horton. The King was determined, so far as it lay in his power, to prevent the occurrence in his family of another *mésalliance*, and the principal clauses of the Royal Marriage Act forbade the marriage of a member of the royal family under the age of twenty-five without the consent of the monarch, and above that age, if the King refused consent, without the permission of both Houses of Parliament. The bill was fiercely contested in both Houses of Parliament; Fox, Burke, and Wedderburn were its most strenuous opponents in the Commons; Lord Folkestone, in person, and Lord Chatham, by letter, in the Lords. It was denounced by its opponents as "un-English, arbitrary, and contrary to the law of God"; and the objection raised was that it would set the royal family as a caste apart. So unpopular was it that, in spite of the King's influence being exerted in its favour, an amendment limiting it to the reign of George III. and three years longer was negatived only by a majority of eighteen. The bill became law in March 1772.

Fox began to be recognised as a power in the House, and Lord North soon made overtures to his erstwhile colleague to rejoin the ministry as a Lord of the Treasury. This Fox did within a year of his resignation, but his independence soon brought about another rupture; and when, on a question of procedure, he caused the defeat of the ministry by pressing a motion to a division, the King wrote to Lord North: "Indeed, that young man has so thoroughly cast off every principle of common honour and honesty that he must become as contemptible as he is odious, and I hope you will let him know you are not insensible of his conduct towards you." The Prime Minister took the hint, and dismissed Fox in a delightfully laconic note: "Sir, His Majesty has thought proper to order a new Commission of the Treasury, in which I do not see your name."

In opposition Fox was a vigorous opponent of Lord North's policy in connection with the American colonies. In April 1774, he voted for the repeal of the tea duty, declaring that the tax was the mere assertion of a right that would force the colonists into open rebellion; and he attacked the subsequent proceedings of the English government on account of their manifest injustice. Against the war that ensued he protested with might and main, and to the utmost of his power tried to force the ministry into a pacific path.

The war of the Americans is a war of passion [he declared on November 26, 1778]; it is of such a nature as to be supported by the most powerful virtues, love of liberty and of country, and at the same time by those passions in the human heart which give courage, strength and perseverance to man; the spirit of revenge for the injury you have done them, of retaliation for the hardships inflicted on them, and of opposition to the unjust powers you would have exercised over them; everything combines to animate them to this war, and such a war is without end; for whatever obstinacy enthusiasm ever inspired man with, you will now have to contend with in America; no matter what gives birth to that enthusiasm, whether the name of religion or of liberty, the effects are the same; it inspires a spirit that is unconquerable and solicitous to undergo difficulties and dangers; and as long as there is a man in America, so long will you have him against you in the field.

And in the following year he compared George III. with Henry VI.—“both owed the Crown to revolutions, both were pious princes, and both lost the acquisitions of their predecessors”—and so earned the enmity of the King, who could not differentiate between doctrine and action; and because Fox supported the rights of the Americans looked upon him henceforth as a rebel. Later, when of all the colonies only Boston remained in the hands of the English, and Wedderburn with foolhardy audacity ventured in the House of Commons to compare North as a War Minister with Chatham, Fox created a sensation by declaring that “not Lord Chatham, nor Alexander the Great, nor Cæsar ever conquered so much territory in the course of all their wars as Lord North had lost in one campaign!” In January 1781 he made a further effort,

in which he was supported by Pitt, to compel Lord North to abandon the war and make peace with the colonies.

The only objection made to my motion [he declared] is that it must lead to American independence. But I venture to assert that *within six months of the present day*, Ministers themselves will come forward to Parliament with some proposition of a similar nature. I know that such is their intention ; I announce it to the House.

Of course his resolution was defeated, and the colonies were for ever lost to the Crown. "I that am born a gentleman," said George III. to Lord Thurlow and the Duke of Leeds, "shall never lay my head on my last pillow in peace and quiet as long as I remember the loss of my American colonies." Not the less, the King never forgave Fox for that attitude which might have averted the disaster.

Fox, who had declined office in 1780, was two years later appointed Foreign Secretary when Lord Rockingham became Prime Minister, and in this position he won golden opinions.

Mr. Fox already shines as greatly in place as he did in opposition, though infinitely more difficult a task [Walpole wrote to Mr. Horace Mann]. He is now as indefatigable as he was idle. He has perfect temper, and not only good humour and good nature, but, which is the first quality of a Prime Minister in a free country, has more common sense than any man, with amazing parts that are neither ostentatious nor affected.

Lord Rockingham died a few months later, when Lord Shelburne was appointed in his place, and soon after Fox, with some of his colleagues, withdrew from the Ministry. The cause of his secession was said to be that Fox wished to grant independence to the American colonies as a boon, and Lord Shelburne would regard it only as a bargain ; but the underlying reasons were Fox's hatred of the man and jealousy aroused by the exclusion from office of the Duke of Portland. It was to Lord Shelburne, who was most unpopular and suspected of insincerity, that Goldsmith made his singularly *mal à propos* remark : "Do you know, I could never conceive the reason why they call you Malagrida, for Malagrida was a very good sort of man !"

Fox allied himself with Lord North, and as they had a large majority in the House of Commons, Lord Shelburne resigned in February 1784. The King was furious, but being powerless, was compelled to appoint as First Minister of the Crown the Duke of Portland, under whom Pitt and Lord North held office as Secretaries of State.

In the previous year the Prince of Wales had come of age, and had at once attached himself to the Opposition, who naturally welcomed so powerful an ally.

The Prince of Wales has thrown himself into the arms of Charles, and this in the most indecent and undisguised manner [Walpole wrote to Sir Horace Mann]. Fox lodged in St. James's Street, and as soon as he rose, which was very late, held a *levée* of his followers, and of the members of the Gambling Club at Brookes's, all his disciples. His bristly, black person, and shagged breast quite open, and rarely purified by any ablutions, was wrapped in a foul linen night-gown, and his bushy hair dishevelled. In these cynic weeds, and with epicurean good humour, did he dictate his politics, and in this school did the heir to the Crown attend his lessons and imbibe them.

Fox told his new adherent that a Prince of Wales should have no party, but, his advice being disregarded, when the opinion was expressed that the Prince should not attend the debates in the House of Commons, he intervened in defence of his friend.

Is the mind, which may at any hour, by the common changes of mortality, be summoned to the highest duties allotted to man, to be left to learn them by accident? [he asked]. For my part I rejoice to see this distinguished person disdaining to use the privileges of his rank and keep aloof from the debates of this House. I rejoice to see him manfully coming among us, to imbibe a knowledge of the Constitution within the walls of the Commons of England. I, for my part, see nothing in the circumstance which has called down so much voluntary eloquence.

There were many, however, who disapproved of this alliance, and many attacks were made upon Fox, who was the subject of many lampoons.

Though matters at present go cross in the realm,  
 You will one day be K—g, Sir, and I at the helm;  
 So let us be jovial, drink, gamble and sing,  
 Nor regard it a straw, tho' we're not yet the thing.  
 Tol de rol, tol, tol, tol de rol.



The principal act of the Administration was the introduction of Fox's India Bill, by which powers were sought to take away the control of the great dominion that Warren Hastings had built up from the Honourable East India Company and transfer it to a board of seven Commissioners, who should hold office for five years and be removable only on an Address to the Crown from either House of Parliament. This was bitterly opposed by the merchant class, who saw in it a precedent for the revocation of other charters; but the clause that aroused the greatest bitterness was that in which it was laid down that the appointment of the first seven Commissioners should be vested in Parliament, and afterwards in the Crown. This was, of course, equivalent to vesting the appointments and the enormous patronage attaching thereto in the Ministry, and "it was an attempt," said Lord Thurlow, "to take the diadem from the King's head and to put it on that of Mr. Fox." The Bill was fought with every weapon, but it passed the Commons, only, however, to be defeated by the Lords, upon whom the King had brought his personal influence to bear. Thereupon, in December 1783, the King contemptuously dismissed the Ministry.

In the following May there was a General Election, the chief interest of which centred round the City of Westminster, for which Fox and Sir Cecil Wray had sat in the dissolved Parliament. The King, who had plotted the downfall of the Ministry, had determined to do his utmost to prevent Fox from sitting in the new Parliament, but the latter, who had, however, already been elected for Kirkwall, audaciously carried the war into the enemy's camp by having himself nominated for his old constituency.

It may fairly be questioned [Mr. Sidney said] whether any of the electoral contests of the eighteenth century equalled that of Westminster in point of the prevalence of corrupt practices, drunkenness, tumult and disorder. The polling lasted forty days, and, during the long period over which it extended, the entire western quarter of the Metropolis and Covent Garden, the immediate vicinity of the hustings, presented a scene of uproar and disorder which it is difficult to describe. The latter locality might have been styled "Bear

Garden" for the time being, so flagrant were the outrages against decency, and so riotous was the violence of which it was the scene.

At first the two Ministerial candidates, Admiral Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, forged ahead, and left Fox so far behind that the prospect of his return appeared hopeless. Then the influence of the many ladies of rank and fashion who canvassed for the latter made itself felt. The Duchess of Portland, Countess Carlisle, Countess of Derby, Lady Beauchamp, and Lady Duncannon were among Fox's assistants, but the greatest service was rendered by the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, whose charms have been chronicled by every contemporary memoirist.

Array'd in matchless beauty, Devon's fair  
 In Fox's favour takes a zealous part;  
 But oh! where'er the pilferer comes, beware:  
 She supplicates a vote, and steals a heart!

A reaction in favour of Fox set in, and when, at three o'clock on May 17, the poll closed, the High Bailiff of Westminster declared the results:

Lord Hood . . . . .	6694
Hon. C. J. Fox . . . . .	6234
Sir Cecil Wray . . . . .	5998
Majority for Fox . . . . .	<u>236</u>

Great were the rejoicings when it became known that "the man of the people" had snatched the victory from the Court candidate. The Prince of Wales, who had thrown his influence into the scale, went the same evening to a supper-party given by Mrs. Crewe, where all present were arrayed in buff and blue, the victor's colours. The Prince proposed the health of the hostess with felicitous brevity, "True Blue and Mrs. Crewe," to which the lady wittily replied, "True Blue, and all of you"; and the hero of the hour returned thanks to all and sundry.

It was to Mr. Fox and Mrs. Armitstead (with whom Fox was then living and whom he married in 1795) at the latter's house at St. Anne's, Chertsey, that the Prince repaired to

pour out his woes when, to evade his compromising attentions, Mrs. Fitzherbert went abroad.

Mrs. Armitstead has repeatedly assured me [Lord Holland relates in his "Memoirs of the Whig Party"] that he came thither more than once to converse with her and Mr. Fox on the subject, that he cried by the hour, that he testified to the sincerity and violence of his passion and his despair by the most extravagant expressions and actions, rolling on the floor, striking his forehead, tearing his hair, falling into hysterics, and swearing he would abandon the country, forego the Crown, sell his jewels and plate, and scrape together a competence to fly with the object of his affections to America.

When Mrs. Fitzherbert returned to England, Fox implored the Prince not to marry her, and received from him a reply, "Make yourself easy, my dear friend! Believe me, the world will soon be convinced that not only is there not, but never was, any grounds for these reports, which have been so malevolently circulated." On the strength of this letter, when the question was raised in the House of Commons in a debate on the Prince's debts, Fox denied the marriage, only to be told by a relative of the lady at Brookes's Club, within an hour of his speech, that the marriage had taken place! It is said that the statesman was furious at the deception that had been practised upon him; but doubtless his sense of humour came to his rescue and overshadowed his anger, and one can imagine him shrugging his shoulders with his almost imperturbable good humour, as he reflected that, while his position as a dupe was distressing, what must be the feeling of him who had duped him. It was, indeed, a case of the biter bit! Perhaps, too, he was amused at having saved the Prince *malgré lui*; and certainly it is to his credit that "when urged by his friends to undeceive Parliament, and thus vindicate himself in the opinion of the country, he refused to do so at the expense of the heir to the monarchy." But there was on his part a coldness towards the Prince for some time, and he never again trusted that royal personage.

It is impossible within the limits of this paper to discuss Fox's subsequent political career, or to make more than an

allusion to the attacks on Warren Hastings during the famous impeachment, to his advocacy of the Prince as the rightful Regent during the King's illness, and his opposition to many of Pitt's measures. His remark on hearing of the taking of the Bastille has become historic: "How much is this the greatest event that ever happened in the world, and how much the best"; but he never approved of the excesses that followed, and he was opposed to all absolute forms of government, and not more averse to an absolute monarchy or an absolute aristocracy than to an absolute democracy. From 1792 for five years he seldom attended Parliament, but devoted himself chiefly to the composition of his "History of the Revolution of 1688." In 1798 his name was erased from the list of Privy Councillors because at a dinner he proposed the toast of "Our Sovereign, the people." Later he went abroad, had an interview with Napoleon, and on his return, in 1803, in a magnificent speech advocated a peace with France. On Lord Addington's resignation in the following year it was proposed that Fox should be a member of the new Cabinet, but the King intervened to make Pitt promise, firstly, never to support Catholic Emancipation, and, secondly, to exclude Fox from office. However, two years later, he accepted the portfolio of the Foreign Office under Grenville, in the "Ministry of all the Talents." He made his last appearance in the House of Commons on June 10, 1806, to move a resolution preparatory to introducing a bill for the suppression of the slave trade.

So fully am I impressed with the vast importance and necessity of attaining what will be the object of my motion this night [he concluded his farewell speech] that if, during the almost forty years that I have had the honour of a seat in Parliament, I had been so fortunate as to accomplish that, and that only, I should think I had done enough, and could retire from public life with comfort and the conscious satisfaction that I had done my duty.

A few days after, he was taken ill at the house of the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick, and it was soon apparent that his last hours were near. He was no believer in religion, but, to please his wife, he consented to have prayers read, but

“paid little attention to the ceremony, remaining quiescent merely, not liking to refuse any wish of hers, nor to pretend any sentiments he did not entertain.” “I die happy,” he said to his wife, “but I pity you.” He died on September 13, and was interred in Westminster Abbey, immediately adjoining the monument of Lord Chatham, and close by the grave of William Pitt, his great rival, who had pre-deceased him by a few months.

As a constructive statesman, Charles James Fox had but little opportunity to shine.

Charles is unquestionably a man of first rate talents, but so deficient in judgment as never to have succeeded in any object during his whole life [said his “candid friend”, Boothby]. He loved only three things, women, play, and politics. Yet at no period did he ever form a creditable connection with a woman. He lost his whole fortune at the gaming table; and, with the exception of about eleven months of his life, he has remained always in opposition.

This is a severe pronouncement upon a great man, who was a great orator and a splendid debater.

Fox delivered his speeches without previous preparation, and their power lay not in rhetorical adornments, but in the vigour of the speaker's thoughts, the extent of his knowledge, the quickness with which he grasped the significance of each point in debate, the clearness of his conceptions, and the remarkable plainness with which he laid them before his audience [says Professor Harrison]. Even in the longest speeches he never strayed from the matter in hand; he never rose above the level of his hearers' understanding, was never obscure, and never bored the House. Every position that he took up he defended by a large number of shrewd arguments, plainly stated and well ordered.

His voice was poor, his actions ungainly, and he did not become fluent until he warmed with his subject; but in attack generally and especially in connection with the American War, Grattan thought him the best speaker he had ever heard. Burke said he was “the most brilliant and accomplished debater that the world ever saw”; Rogers declared he “never heard anything equal to Fox's *speeches in reply*”; while, when some one abused one of Fox's speeches to Pitt,

the latter remarked, "Don't disparage it; nobody could have made it but himself."

Fox, however, did not lay undue stress on eloquence, and in a well-known speech declared that one sometimes paid too dearly for oratory.

I remember [he said] a time when the whole of the Privy Council came away, throwing up their caps, and exulting in an extraordinary manner at a speech made by the present Lord Rosslyn (Alexander Wedderburn), and an examination of Dr. Franklin (before the Privy Council on the letters of Hutchinson and Oliver, the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts), in which that respectable man was most uncommonly badgered. But we paid very dear for that splendid specimen of eloquence, and all its attendant tropes, figures, metaphors, and hyperbole; for then came the Bill, and in the end we lost all our American colonies, a hundred millions of money, and a hundred thousand of our brave fellow subjects.

Fox made mistakes occasionally, as when he asserted the *right* of the Prince of Wales to the Regency; but he was distinguished in the House of Commons for his "hopeful sympathy with all good and great causes." In a day when politicians were not especially enlightened, he was a supporter of Parliamentary reform, a champion of Catholic Emancipation, and an opponent of the slave trade; and, indeed, it was by his advocacy of these measures that he earned the enmity of the King, and thus was prevented from carrying out these beneficial schemes.

It has already been admitted that he was a spendthrift, and had a passion for gaming which, when taxed with it by Lord Hillsborough in the House of Commons, he designated as "a vice countenanced by the fashion of the times, a vice to which some of the greatest characters had given way in the early part of their lives, and a vice which carried with it its own punishment." His weaknesses, however, were far more than overbalanced by his many splendid qualities. He was a noble antagonist, and when Pitt made his first speech, and some one remarked he would be one of the first men in Parliament, "He is so already," said Fox. Which recalls the story of the Prince of Wales' remarks on hearing of the death of the



Duchess of Devonshire: "Then we have lost the best-bred woman in England." "Then," said the more generous Fox, "we have lost the kindest heart in England."

Fox was a great-hearted man, with a beautiful disposition, high spirits, unbounded good-humour, delightful conversation, a great affection for his friends, an undeniable loyalty to those who trusted him; and these qualities, combined with his great natural abilities and an indisputable charm, made him a great, commanding and fascinating figure. Gibbon, a political opponent, said he possessed "the powers of a superior man, as they are blended in his attractive character, with the softness and simplicity of a child," adding that "perhaps no human being was ever more perfectly exempt from the taint of malevolence, vanity or falsehood"; but the greatest tribute came from Burke, who described him simply and, perhaps, sufficiently as "a man made to be loved."

LEWIS MELVILLE.

## THE POETRY OF NORA CHESSON

THE untimely death of the writer of these poems—an event still fresh in the memory of her many readers—gives them a new and pathetic interest. Her music breathes so much passion and energy, so much of the sheer joy of living, that one can hardly yet realise its sudden lapse into the last silence. And lovers of poetry feel their loss the greater because it was a woman's voice that sang to them, and that sings no more. Most women live in silent places even on this side of the undiscovered country; their whole life is "a spring shut up, a fountain sealed" save to the few who know them best. A woman who speaks for her sex, then, has a revelation of great price to divulge; the secrets of a sea unfathomed and a height unscaled. The romance which invests the explorer clings to the woman-poet who puts herself into her song: she shows us a new world in the midst of our own.

Such a poet, beyond all doubt, was the young Irishwoman in whom Ireland has lost so much. She wrote much in many different styles; she was a critic, a novelist, and an authority on her country's rich variety of folk-lore; she could produce or review a poem with equal ease. But she was before all things a woman—a whole-hearted member of the race which, whenever it is vocal, is sure to "find in Love the heart's blood of its song." She saw the pageant of the world through feminine eyes, as Elizabeth Browning and Christina Rossetti

did before her; and what she saw she sang. Thus her music, like theirs, has an individual note and a special value; it speaks in natural tones the language of a woman's heart. Nor is this true of the personal poems alone; the charm of her womanhood is in all her work alike, clinging to it as inseparably, even when as impalpably, as the rose-scent to the rose. The vision of sunset on a stormy sea cannot hold her eyes; they see instead the city ways that know her lover's feet. Is not the verse which tells us this the more charming because it mixes Nature's voice with love's?

Over the western waters the clouds are edged with flame,  
 Eastward hovers the darkness whence last the lightning came;  
 There's a strange voice in the evening air, a strange breath from the sea,  
 And far away in London my lover dreams of me.

So it is in other poems—"Love in September," "On Rye Hill," and "Glamour"—all repeat the same story of exterior beauty changed and softened by a warmth from within. The sweets of the autumnal garden, where "one great star and only one" looks down on the year's last flowers; the ascent of the wooded hill, with the sight of the sea from its crest; and the mystic "glamour" of a world enchanted into unreality by the spell of moonrise—each of these things becomes in turn the mirror of the soul that sees them by its own living light. Hence we find in these poems none of that "merciless description of Nature" which Stopford Brooke condemns as a vice of contemporary poetry. The cry of the heart comes to us with the song of the wind; a tree is not presented to us as "mere firewood," but as a beneficent shadow under which lovers may tryst and happy children play. Even in the vividly-realised "Thunderstorm" (a Nature picture, pure and simple, informed in every line with the eye that sees and the heart that feels it) the landscape is humanised by the woman's tender vision of a weeping child. The poem begins and ends on this note, like music which reverts to its opening theme in its concluding phrase:

The wind cries like a child to-night ;  
 Its breath has turned the poplars white,  
 The ivy shudders on the wall,  
 And petals of red roses fall.

A moment, and the world is dumb,  
 The moment ere the thunders come ;  
 The earth holds breath 'twixt fear and pain,  
 Then, child-like, floods her fear with rain.

Love of Ireland and the Irish often blends with love of Nature in the poetry of Nora Chesson ; the "Irish ivy" of one of her most characteristic utterances grew in her heart as in its native soil. Her muse was born "Under Quicken Boughs," and sang in their shadow to the end ; her work harked back always to its origin among the shamrocks. The mystery and witchery of Ireland beat in her blood ; and few of the sweet singers "whom from her wilds Ierne sent" have more passionately desired her peace. She looked out on the dark places of that unhappy land through eyes wet with its accumulated tears, as one belated in the night, but hoping against hope for the dawn. The "Ballads in Prose" (and their companions in verse no less) smell of the very soil of Ireland ; the peat fire burns in them with a glow no English hand has force to kindle. And by its light we see the poetry of Celtic thought and the long romance of Celtic history ; we are kindled by Erse legends and overshadowed by Erse superstitions ; we mourn with the peasant lover over his dead "colleen," or watch, with mingled fear and fascination, the slow drooping of the girl on whom the pixies have cast their fatal spell. The very music of "The Parting of the Ways" is made up of the brogue it echoes :

Come back and say where you dwell to-day, my colleen oge and my  
 colleen bawn ;  
 If I must go where the light burns low, and never a night is friends  
 with dawn ?  
 Or upwards climb to the steeps sublime, where even the hills  
 near by are blue ?  
 Which way will I take for my storcen's sake ? which way, agra, must  
 I follow you ?

But it is to "April in Ireland" that we must look for the finest of all the Celtic verse. This lovely rendering of the charm of an Irish spring is one of the poet's masterpieces, whether considered on its technical or spiritual side. As a work of art it is exquisitely wrought, and delicately as those filigrees which embalm, in the solidity of metals, the fragile life of flowers; as a song of the soul it is much more than this, for the heart of Nature beats through it, in time with a human heart that loves her. Like the "Thunderstorm," its music rises to a climax that is one with its commencement, and reverts to this by a transition so natural that no other end seems possible :

She hath a woven garland all of the sighing sedge,  
And all her flowers are snowdrops grown on the winter's edge.

Sunlight she holds in one hand, and rain she scatters after,  
And through the rainy twilight we hear her fitful laughter.

She seeks the summer-lover that never shall be hers;  
Fain for gold leaves of autumn she passes by the furze,  
Though buried gold it hideth; she scorns her sedgy crown,  
And pressing blindly sunwards she treads her snowdrops down.

Her gifts are all a fardel of wayward smiles and tears—  
Yet hope she also holdeth, this daughter of the years—  
A hope that blossoms faintly set upon sorrow's edge:  
She hath a woven garland all of the sighing sedge.

This deserves a place among the rarest gems of "Dark Rosaleen's" jewel-casket; it may even take its place beside that flawless lyric in which Mr. Yeats has set to music the wail of the exile from Erin's enchanted ground, who is haunted day and night by the voice of "lake water lapping with low sounds on the shore," and knows that he will "have some peace there"—but there only.

Yet, sometimes, a note stronger and deeper than that of nationality (the note of the universal, whose appeal is to an audience too wide to be limited by conditions of race) may be heard in the poetry of this essentially Irish singer. This is

especially the case in "Songs of the Morning," where human life and love supply the principal themes of the richly varied verse. It is in this volume that we see most clearly the woman behind the poet: we may say of it, as Mr. Le Gallienne said of the "Opals" of Olive Custance, that it "seems to flush and tremble in our hands," for into it the writer has put her own heart's history. Poems like "The Chrysoberyl" and "A Woman's Marriage-Song" take us straight to her inner sanctuary; inwrap us with its incense, dazzle us with its mystic altar-lights, and even give us the key to the Holy of Holies behind the veil. Yet all this is done so delicately that nothing of the hallowed charm of womanhood is lost by the revelation; rather do we gain thereby a new sense of its sanctity, a new reverence for the infinite mystery which no language can disclose in its fulness. The lily's free gift of the gold at its heart leaves it a lily still; and the world is incalculably the richer. What Mrs. Browning did in the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and Christina Rossetti in "Monna Innominata," has been done in these later days by Nora Chesson. She has laid her whole heart in our hands, trusting us with all its treasures; and it seems safe to say that never, save in the twin sonnet-sequences above referred to, has the glory of a woman's love been more tenderly and intimately revealed. Yet always we feel that we must "stand off to see"; that the holy ground remains holy—a place where none may venture rashly, since a guard of white thoughts have it in their charge. To convey this impression is to succeed in a task of the utmost delicacy; only the perfect union of heart and art can hope to achieve it. But who shall say that it is not achieved, and that triumphantly, in poems like "The Pear Tree's Shadow," the "Southernwood," or the "Pearls"? Throughout these "Songs of the Morning" we hear one note sounding, from the marriage-music with which they open to the song of "The Prince I Waited For" at their close. The predominant theme is varied here and there, it is true, by echoes of the earlier melodies—ballads and legends, patriotic



poems, and songs of the seasons. But the keynote of the new song harmonises all—the note struck in the simple dedication, so deeply moving when read in the light of these later days. The flowers, Irish or English, breathe of Love's garden, and are warm with the wind of his wings.

It will be seen, even from the too scanty specimens which I have culled from these poems, that their author was not undeserving of the high place she had won among contemporary singers. She had no claim to startling originality, to breadth of vision or depth of insight; she was a singer rather than a seer, and her song (if I may describe it by a well-worn phrase) "gushed from her heart" by an impulse as natural as that which prompts the brook's song or the bird's. Sometimes, as in the noble poems on "Helen" and "Hebe," she shows herself capable of clothing the classic myths of Greece in singing-ropes of appropriate dignity; oftener she treats a homelier theme in a mood and style proportioned to its demands. But many of her simplest verses are rounded to the clear perfection of the dewdrop, like the flawless close of the "Armenian Song"; and in most of them we find that spontaneity and sincerity of utterance which are among the first essentials of poetic art. Legends and lyrics, songs of Nature and songs of Ireland, are all invested with the individual thought and feeling of the singer; as the heart felt the pen wrote. But perhaps it is her marriage-songs which will be remembered longest and most lovingly; for these, as I have indicated, reveal a new section of that wonderland of womanhood which can never be wholly shown or known. The fact that Nora Chesson was "a woman of women," in her work as in her life, gives that work its chief value and its chief element of permanence; and it is for this that the world will be most likely to award her a place among the singers it delights to honour—a place which neither her noble patriotism, her unfeigned Nature-worship, nor her delicate apprehension of the fabled fairy world could avail to win for her. For older than love of country, older even than love of beauty, is the love of

that "eternal feminine" which here, as elsewhere, allures us when it calls: which beckons us to the undiscovered and charms us with the unexpected. The day may come when "Ireland for the Irish" will be a long-forgotten cry—nay, when Ireland and England together will be "one with Nineveh and Tyre." But there is one thing the world is never likely to outgrow, and that is the love which beats like a human heart in the prelude of "Aquamarines":

Here are some sunsets we have seen together,  
Some silver-coloured dawns we've watched apart:  
November's twilight, May's enchanted weather,  
And the great sea known of no sailor's chart.  
Rainbows and rain are here; and here are laughter  
And sorrow of a glad and grieving year;  
But joy you give me comes before and after  
And is in every word I write you, dear.

S. GERTRUDE FORD.

## THE FOLK-LORE OF PARIS

THE legends and traditions which are found in cities are comparatively modern. They originated either in the fertile imagination of some mediæval poet or story-teller; or some trivial incidents, repeated from mouth to mouth in the market-place, grew till they assumed the proportions of the fabulous, and at last reached the ears of some monkish or knightly chronicler, who gravely recorded them. In few instances, I fancy, are they more than eight or ten centuries old, and, perhaps, it is for that reason that they have been neglected by folk-lorists, who like to trace back legends to some forgotten mythology, or a "sun-myth."

The subject seems to me to deserve more attention than it has hitherto received, and it might with advantage be studied both from a general and a local point of view. The former would include a comparison between the legends of different cities, and, perhaps, the first thing that would strike the student would be the number of giants he would meet. London had its Gog and Magog, Antwerp its Antigonus, who was forty feet high—nearly double the height of Gayant, the local giant of Douai who was only twenty-two feet. Brussels, Lille, Malines, Plymouth, and many other places, had their respective colossi; and we must not omit from the list "Angoulaffre of the Broken Teeth," who assumed the title of Governor of Jerusalem, but seems to have visited Italy; for some say that the fact that the "old shot-tower" (as Mark

Twain calls it) at Pisa is out of the perpendicular is due to Angoulaffre, who thoughtlessly reclined against it one day when he was tired.

Generally, the city giant was a mild-mannered monster, who thought it excellent to have a giant's strength, but "bad form" to use it improperly. He lived at peace with his fellow citizens, and rarely went outside the walls. There was a giant in one of the towns of Alsace, whose infant daughter—it would be a misnomer to call her his little girl—was so unacquainted with rural sights that she had never seen the operation of ploughing. She was so amused at finding a peasant engaged in that work that she picked up oxen, plough, and plough-man, and carried them home in her apron as a new and interesting plaything, but her good papa made her "put them back where she found them."

A giant is a large body, moved by a single mind, and it seems evident that the town giant typifies the strength of a powerful community under the sway of some resolute and capable leader. When the giant is an enemy, and is overthrown by some doughty champion of ordinary size, he stands for a huge host, vanquished by some smaller force.

Paris never had a native giant, so far as I am aware, but was once besieged by a large army, commanded by an enormous giant named Issoire. The cause of this war was somewhat peculiar. There lived, at that time, a celebrated warrior known as "William with the Short Nose." He was born at Orange, in the South of France, and was sometimes called William of Orange, but is not to be confounded with a later and better-known personage of the same name.

In the course of his adventurous career, William was taken prisoner at Palermo, but subsequently released by a comrade, and one or other of them slew Sinagos, the governor. Sinagos was the friend of Issoire, who swore to revenge his death; but why he should besiege Paris because his friend had been killed at Palermo is not very clear. Both begin with a *P*, and, perhaps, that was near enough for a giant who was not strong

in geography. At any rate he came and pitched his camp on the spot where the Parc Montsouris now is, but does not seem to have prosecuted his military operations with any vigour, for King "Looy" had time to send for assistance.

King Louis thought that as William with the Short Nose had brought this trouble upon him and his people he was the right man to get them out of it, and he sent forth knights, in every direction, to search for William. But that hero was not easily found. He was getting old, and had resolved to pass the remainder of a not over-well-spent life in the seclusion of a monastery. For that purpose, he retired to the Abbey of Aniane, near Montpellier.

Though not exactly a giant, as giants went in those days, William was what hosiers call an "extra size." His cassock was thrice the size of that of the biggest monk, he ate as much as six men, and he drank as much as twelve. Sometimes he exceeded even that liberal allowance, and, when he did, his language was "jest awfu'"; whilst any monk who made an ill-timed suggestion about attendance at matins, or complines, got a cracked head for his pains. On the whole, he was not a model monk, and it is not to be wondered at that the Abbot resolved to get rid of him, though a strict moralist might take exception to the means employed. He was sent to the seashore to get a cart-load of fish, and as the forest between Aniane and the Mediterranean teemed with blood-thirsty brigands, the Abbot and monks hoped they would make an end of William, who was sent alone, and not permitted to take any weapon save a stout cudgel.

Half-way through the wood he was attacked by some forty or more robbers; but he knocked out the brains of the foremost bandit, possessed himself of the dead man's sword, and went for the others so vigorously that they retired, leaving fifteen of their number dead on the field. After that, they let him alone, and he returned safely to the monastery, but the monks, when they saw him coming, shut the doors in his face. That, of course, was little use against a man like William, who

speedily burst open the doors; but the gentle hint served to show him that he was not appreciated, so he retired to a cave some miles away and became a hermit.

It does not seem likely that he took kindly to roots and spring water—at all events, the emissary of King Louis, who found him there, had not much difficulty in persuading him to come to Paris and fight the giant Issoire. I cannot describe the combat, for the MS. of “*Le Moniage de Guillaume*,” in the Bibliothèque Nationale, is sadly mutilated, and that portion is missing, but Issoire was slain, and buried underneath a roadway, which is now a street, in the south of Paris, and still bears the name of the Rue de la Tombe Issoire.

From giants to dragons is an easy and almost natural transition. I know of two dragons which are said to have devastated the country round Paris—there may have been more, but I have not come across any legends concerning them. One of these was a poor-spirited monster, and its career was speedily stopped by St. Marcel, before it had done much mischief. A very beautiful woman died in Paris, and, as her life had been far from moral, she was buried outside the walls, in unconsecrated ground. The next day, a terrible dragon came out of the woods, dug up the body, and began to devour it. The sight was so horrible that “many persons died of fright,” but one of the survivors ran off to tell the good St. Marcel, who was then Bishop of Paris. The Saint started off at once, and when he got alongside the dragon, hit it over the head three times with his episcopal staff; whereupon the monster grovelled in the dust, “*applaudissant de la queue avec grande humilité.*” The Saint took it by the ear, led it three miles from the city, and offered it the choice of returning either to the desert, or the sea. The dragon chose the latter, jumped into the Seine, and was not heard of again; for the dragon, which appeared a couple of centuries later, was not, presumably, the same one. We have no data as to the longevity of dragons, for they always meet with a violent end, but two hundred years is a long spell. At all events, this



particular dragon was a water-monster. It came up the Seine, and evinced a peculiar antipathy to fishermen, smashing the boats, and devouring the occupants. This caused an undue rise in the price of fish in the Paris markets, and several knights, who "knew no fear," volunteered to go and slay the monster, but they were all killed or crippled, and the river-side population continued to be decimated.

At last the Parisians thought of using the same means which had proved so successful on a former occasion, but times had changed since

good King Dagobert's palmy days,  
When virtues were many and sins were few,

and the Bishop of Paris, not feeling confident in his powers as a dragon-slayer, declined the task.

Recourse was therefore had to St. Romain, Bishop of Rouen, who at once came to Paris, and began operations by visiting the prison and picking out two criminals condemned to death, who, of course, would be no great loss if the dragon showed fight. It did nothing of the kind, and though it may not have "applauded with its tail with great humility" it suffered the two convicts to lead it back to Paris, where it was fastened to two strong posts, and fagots were heaped round it and set alight. The poor dragon tried to extinguish the flames by vomiting forth enormous quantities of water, but the Saint "prevented this"—one would like to know how—and the body of Gargouille (that was the monster's name) was consumed. Gargouille means gargoyles, and the curious carved animals round Notre Dame may have something to do with the origin of the legend. An objection to that prosaic explanation is, that for many years after the good St. Romain had been laid to rest, the Bishop of Rouen claimed the privilege of annually releasing from the Paris prison two of the condemned convicts.

The mention of Notre Dame reminds me that, as a matter of course, the Devil had a part in the building of

that cathedral. There are few Gothic churches which cannot show traces of his handiwork. At Notre Dame, the iron-work on the great doors was to have been made by a man named Biscornet, but he doubted whether he had the artistic ability to make a good job of it, and the Devil undertook to execute the work—on the usual terms. The next morning the whole of the ironwork on the side doors was in its place. The centre door, by which all the holy processions entered or left the church was “aboon the might” of the diabolical craftsman, and was left untouched. If Biscornet had been “half sharp” he might have pleaded breach of contract, for only some of the work had been done; but he did not think of that apparently, made a vain appeal to his creditor, and was found dead the next day, his body horribly contorted.

The Devil was not always so successful, and was frequently outwitted. He lost a country house near Paris through his unbusinesslike habits. This estate was called the Grange aux Gueux, and was situated a few miles to the south of the city. The house was a good one, but was inhabited by a whole legion of devils, so that no mortal dared pass the place, much less enter it. In the reign of Philippe Auguste (1180-1223) Jean de Pontoise, Bishop of Winchester, came to Paris, saw the Grange aux Gueux, took a fancy to it, and finding the property was to be had on the apparently easy terms of ousting the infernal tenants sent six monks to exorcise the devils, and take possession. This did not prove as easy as was expected; the demons stuck to their residence as obstinately as an Irish cottar, and the monks returned unsuccessful. The Bishop then went in person, but fared no better than his emissaries.

The Bishop was nonplussed, but, whilst he was wondering what steps he should take, word was brought to him that a Gascon journeyman-barber had been heard to say that for a hundred crowns he would undertake to turn all the devils out of the Grange aux Gueux. The Bishop sent for the bold barber, and asked him if he had made such a statement.

The Gascon replied that he had, and was quite prepared to do what he had promised ; all that he required was a large bottle of holy water.

“That you shall have,” said the Bishop, “and a hundred gold crowns if you succeed ; but if you prove only a braggart and an idle boaster you shall be publicly whipped by the executioner.”

The barber accepted the conditions, and set out for the haunted grange, taking with him a pitcher of holy water and a short piece of candle. He entered the house easily enough, lighted the candle, and awaited events.

A few minutes passed, and then the door was thrown open, and a tall, thin man, clad in red velvet, appeared, and asked the intruder what he wanted.

The Gascon frankly explained all the circumstances.

“Very good !” said the Devil. “And what compensation do you propose to pay if I vacate the premises at once and give the Bishop undisturbed possession ?”

“My soul !” said the barber ; “which I may point out to you is a really good one, and not likely to fall into your hands in the natural course.”

“The offer is a fair one,” replied the Devil, “and the only point that remains to be considered is, when would it be convenient for you to pay ?”

“At once !” cried the barber. “As soon as that little bit of candle burns out.”

The Devil left the room, and immediately returned with an agreement properly drawn up, signed, and attested ; which he handed to the barber, who promptly dropped the document into the large jar of holy water. The Devil was not much surprised at this, and merely regarded it as a proper business precaution ; but he uttered a loud cry when he saw the Gascon also drop the candle-end into the jar, and make a dash for the door. At this cry, dozens of imps hurried up, but the brave barber retreated, walking backwards, and keeping his face to the foe, and any demon who ventured near

was so plentifully besprinkled with holy water that he retired howling.

The Gascon reached Paris in safety, handed the precious document to the Bishop, and received the hundred crowns he had so well earned. "The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman," and performed his part of the contract most honourably, but the delicate irony was probably wasted on both the Bishop and the barber. Jean de Pontoise took possession of the estate, and called the place Winchester, after his see, but the word was troublesome for French tongues to pronounce, and, after several changes, has now assumed the almost unrecognisable form of Bicêtre.

Ghosts do not care for publicity, and are not often found in cities. Some Parisian families had their private spectre—there was a spook who considerably used to inform Ninon de l'Enclos when her friends were going to die—but no particular interest attaches to any of the ghost stories. The best-known Paris ghost was the little red man who used to appear in the passages of the Tuileries when anything was going to happen to the royal owner. It has been hinted that the little red man was invented by Napoleon, who considered that it looked respectable to have a spectre in the family. "The Picqueur" who, in the days of Louis XV., used to haunt the Tuileries gardens, and run pins into ladies, when their backs were turned, was no supernatural being, but an active and cunning monomaniac.

Of local legends, the most dramatic is the story of the old well which used to be near where the Pantheon now stands. From this well strange sounds were oft emitted. The scientific explanation is that the well was really a small subterranean lake, filling a cave, or series of caves, and that any sound, such as the noise of the bucket striking the water, or the clank of the chain, or the chatter of the women who came to draw, was echoed backwards and forwards through these caves. The popular mind needed something more sensational than this, and three theories were invented.

One of these was that, in a cave of the well there resided a hermit, who had not ceased night or day, for thirty years, to recite the seven penitential psalms. The second was that a man had thrown his wife down the well, and her ghost continued to cry, "Assassin!" The third story is the longest and most sensational.

In the ninth century—so the legend ran—there stood, on one side of this well, the castle of Comte d'Argile, and on the other side was a convent of Benedictine nuns. The Comte had two fair daughters, named Irmensule and Odette. Though an old man, he was still a warrior, and helped to drive back the Normans. In one of these battles he was unhorsed, and would have been slain had it not been for a young knight, named Raoul de Flavy. The old Comte was grateful to his preserver, invited him to stay at the castle, and offered him the hand of the beautiful Irmensule.

The knight accepted the invitation, but though he admired Irmensule, he liked her younger sister, Odette, much better. This did not escape the attention of the old Comte, who was greatly scandalised. He declared that it was contrary to all precedent that the younger daughter should be married before the elder, but lovers care little for precedent, and Raoul continued to "carry on" with Odette and neglect her elder sister.

They seldom adopted half-measures in the Middle Ages, and the Comte's conduct was exactly what might be expected of an obstinate, old brute of a father in those days. The next time Raoul called, he was informed that Odette had gone to pay a long visit to an aunt in Brittany. Weeks went by; Irmensule made herself as amiable as she could—and Odette was forgotten.

One day, when the knight had been for a walk with his new lady-love, they were surprised by a violent storm. Though close to the castle, they did not have time to reach it—perhaps the drawbridge was up and the portcullis down—and were obliged to take shelter under the thatched roof which covered the well. Suddenly there came from the well the words,

distinctly pronounced in Odette's voice, "Hommes pervers, soyez maudits! maudits! maudits!" Raoul started, and looked at Irmensule, and she was as pale as death. The young man dragged her from the haunted spot, and went and told his confessor, who suggested that the ghost should be laid. A procession of priests and monks came next day, but, just as they reached the spot, the same words were heard clearer and louder than before, and the procession dispersed hurriedly.

Raoul suffered for some time from what would now be called shock to the nervous system, but eventually recovered and married the Lady Irmensule. After his marriage, his wife and father-in-law explained the mystery of the voice. Odette had not been sent to Brittany, but only to the convent over the way, where she was to remain until her sister was married. It can hardly be a matter of surprise that poor Odette, thus suddenly snatched from liberty, happiness, and a lover, proved mutinous. To tame her rebellious spirit, she was confined in one of the underground cells of the convent, which had a grated window opening on the cave of the well. In this dungeon, deprived of light, and fed only on bread and water, her reason gave way, and she cursed and raved till death put an end to her sufferings.

What Raoul de Flavy said or did when his wife and father-in-law made this confession, the legend does not state, but he most likely came to the conclusion that he had committed a *pas de clerc* in marrying into such an unamiable family.

This brings me to a consideration of some of the familiar proverbial phrases which are in daily use by Parisians. Some of them have a definite, others a presumable, local origin. *Un pas de clerc* signifies an error committed by imprudence—the kind of mistake which an inexperienced clerk would be likely to make. There is a legend about its origin, and, though it seems evident the story was invented to fit the phrase, it may be worth while to give it.

Once upon a time there was a good-looking young clerk, who lived in a garret in Paris. Streets were narrow in those



days, and in the garret on the opposite side of the way resided a beautiful damsel, with whom he desired a better acquaintance. The obvious method of going downstairs, crossing the road, and entering the other house, either did not strike him, or there were objections to it not stated in the story. He was wondering how he could get across, when a voice at his elbow assured him it was quite easy. He turned, and saw the Devil.

"Oh, I don't want your soul," the Evil One hastened to say, "but I am always ready to help my young friends in matters of this sort. "Look here!" With that he sat down with his back to the window, his tail shot across the street, and the barb at the end of it caught against the edge of the opposite parapet.

The tail was taut, and the clerk far too much in love to distrust this uncanny tight-rope. He boldly stepped on it, and crossed safely to the other side. Hours passed, and the young man began to think of getting home again. The Devil was still waiting patiently, and the clerk started on the return journey. When he was half-way across, he looked down and saw a black gulf yawning beneath him. Involuntarily, he crossed himself, and the Devil, who felt as though a red-hot coal had been dropped on his back, immediately pulled back his tail, and the poor clerk lay on the stones below with his head cracked like an egg-shell. There are several morals to be drawn from this story, but the principal one is never make a *pas de clerc*.

Another phrase often heard in Paris is "La Semaine des quatre jeudis." A week with four Thursdays would be rather remarkable, but there is a legend to the effect that Paris once had two Thursdays in a week, and this, by extension, has grown into four. The story runs that a certain Pope was once about to enter Paris with great pomp and ceremony. He arrived outside the city on Wednesday evening and pitched his camp. The next day he was to make his entrance at the head of a grand procession. There was to be a royal banquet;

the conduits were to run with wine, and there was to be a big show generally. But Thursday was a soaking wet day: it rained all day "cats and dogs," and the procession was quite out of the question. There was nothing to be done but postpone the festival till the following day, and as that, of course, would be Friday, and consequently a fast-day, the banquet could not take place.

The Pope, however, was a man of resource. He decreed that the wet Thursday was a *dies non*, and "didn't count," as children say, and consequently the following day would be the real Thursday. It is to be presumed that by another "bull" (in both senses) he afterwards put matters right again; but on this point the legend is silent.

I pass over several phrases which have no legend attached to them, and conclude with "en revenant de Pontoise,"—the story connected with which is interesting if not historic.

A Princess Marguerite had a castle constructed at Pontoise, and, according to the genial custom of the time, had it provided with a trap-door, down which objectionable visitors might be shot into the vault below—the floor of the vault being thoughtfully studded with sharp spikes, to "mak sikker," as Kirkpatrick said when he stabbed the Red Comyn. The castle was finished and the princess took possession, but the builder, being a conscientious man, wished to see that the numerous secret passages were in good working order before he sent in his bill.

In the course of his wanderings, he came close to the boudoir of the princess, at the precise moment when the *confidante* was asking her royal mistress how she intended to pay for this "desirable residence." The princess owned that it would be very inconvenient for her to settle the account, but she had thought of a good plan, which was to invite the builder to dinner, drug him, and drop him down the trap to handsel his own spikes.

Forewarned of what he had to expect, the builder let himself out of the castle by a secret door, and worked all night

bringing in armfuls of brushwood, hay, and straw, with which he covered up all the spikes. The next day he was invited to dinner, went, and knew no more till he was awakened out of the sleep into which the drug had cast him by a knight in a comatose condition tumbling on the top of him. In the course of the evening, two other knights "dropped in"—literally, not figuratively. When they had all slept off the effects of their drowsy syrup, the builder introduced himself, and led them out of the castle by the secret door. They rode straight to Paris, and went to the palace, where the King was sitting, with the Princess by his side. She "started like a guilty thing" when she saw the quartet of her supposed victims enter, and in a quavering voice asked whence they had come.

"Madame," they replied in chorus, "we have just returned from Pontoise!"

It seems a pity to spoil a story so dramatic, but I am bound to state that the historians ascribe a different, and more recent, origin to the expression. The Parliament of Paris, having refused to ratify a little financial scheme which the Regent Orléans and John Law wished to pass, was banished to Pontoise, July 1, 1720. After an exile of five months, the members capitulated, and were allowed to return. This ignominious "climb-down" made them feel very much ashamed of themselves, and the Parisians said of any one who had an embarrassed or shame-faced air, "He looks as though he had just come back from Pontoise!"

ROBERT B. DOUGLAS.

## “THE CONVENT’S NARROW ROOM”

THE scene was a grey stone-built convent in the Irish country. It had the charm of the convent surroundings. Monthly roses in flower on the walls, although it was winter: jessamine opening its stars of pale yellow. The convent ran round three sides of a quadrangle, of which the church made the fourth side. The feeling of it was very conventual: the Gothic arches of the cloister had a charm of their own, although time had not yet laid his beautifying hand upon them.

Within the convent the Gothic intention was repeated. The brown doors with their pointed arches; the high, beamed ceilings; the whitewashed walls; the crucifixes on the walls, the austere furniture, spoke eloquently to the worldly visitor of the life of contemplation and peace.

Then the nuns came flocking in, in a soft crowd like flocking doves, so glad to see a visitor from the outside world. They sat round in a half-circle, their hands hidden under their black scapulars, their eyes innocent and outward looking like the eyes of children, their complexions unflawed, the framing of the white coif and black veil enhancing the freshness and purity of the charming faces. Only one or two of the older nuns had a sad and somewhat pinched look, as though they wanted sunlight or open air.

The convent was one that exists under a very easy rule.

The intention of the founder was not for austerities. Her intention, in fact, was a very kindly and human one, although somehow or other it has been frustrated. She founded her congregation of nuns with the primary intention that they should visit the poor in their own homes; yet her spiritual daughters to this day have for sole occupation the keeping of a poor-school, often in a depopulated district. They never go outside the four walls of their convent enclosure from the time they enter it. They are even buried within the walls. They never come in contact with human suffering or sorrow or sin, or any other of the things that go to make up the human burden, although many of them have all the courage and devotion to carry the Cross of Christ into the dark places of the world. They are obliged by some mediæval feeling about the immurement of women to lead the sterile life till they die. Yet they who have had the courage and the strength in their youth to give up all the human joys are surely the material out of which to make a great ameliorative force in human affairs.

The nuns sat round me in a flock, and one of the elder ones had been very ill. There was a very sweet sisterliness between them, as you could see from the way they talked and laughed, the way the youngest, rosy-cheeked novice, looked with laughing eyes towards the good careworn face of the Reverend Mother.

“I’m so sorry you have been ill,” I said to the invalid sister.

“Indeed we get a deal of illness, dear,” she replied.

“Ah, the sedentary life, I suppose,” I suggested.

I had evidently touched a sensitive place. The invalid sister and the Reverend Mother looked in each other’s eyes.

“No, dear,” said the Reverend Mother; “it isn’t so much the sedentary life. It’s the dreadful, dreadful monotony.”

It was an amazement to me. I had known the convent all my life, known it as an easy, friendly, cheerful place, where one did not come upon too hard counsels of perfection, where

the nuns loved to hear who had a new frock, and who was going to be married, and who courting; and even the latest fashion of wearing the hair, although their own was kept shorn under the coifs.

There was a tragedy in the kind innocent eyes of the Reverend Mother.

“It’s the dreadful, dreadful monotony, dear. We don’t realise it when we come in as young girls. Think of fifty, sixty years between these four walls! We don’t go out even to be buried. Oh, if they’d only let us visit the poor round about us! What a difference it would make!”

The speech has followed me ever since like a cry. Doubtless it is a cry which has never reached the ears of the authorities; but it is one which must be heard in many a convent. The dreadful monotony! And the need to do something beyond teaching a handful of peasant children how to read and write and do sums, with no special aptitude or equipment for the art of teaching.

The immurement in the Middle Ages had its reasons. In the first place, considering what violent and armed times those were, there would have been no safety for nuns walking abroad. In the second place, the nuns of the stately old Orders were given abundant occupation. The chanting of the Divine Office in itself took many hours of the day. Then, it was a scholarly life. The nuns were concerned with the fine arts, with the illumination of manuscripts, the embroidering of vestments, painting, music; there were learned nuns and artist nuns, as well as learned friars and artist friars. There must have been outdoor life, too, or how do we come to have Dame Juliana Berners’ “Treatise on Hawking”? And St. Teresa, the foundress of the severest order of nuns, seems to have gone to and fro, up and down the world as she would, crossing rivers and mountains, to be with a Duchess in her accouchement; and being pretty well at the beck and call of the many who wanted the Mother, doubtless as much for her immense common sense and humanity as for her holiness.



Indeed, the Mothers of these severe Orders seem to have immured themselves little. When one thinks of Catharine of Siena, as of Teresa of Avila, one suspects that the immurement must have been of a later date.

Then in the Middle Ages all sorts and conditions of women did not crowd the convents as they do to-day. In fact, one suspects that the convents were very much aristocratic preserves, in which the refined and scholarly life appealed to the noble-born damsel, who had found the glittering violent world of those days too rough.

Now, in Ireland, at all events, all sorts and conditions of girls do flock to the convents. I do not know any place in which religion shows a more alluring face to the impressionable young than the convent school. There is an almost excessive refinement in the nuns' standard of living and thinking. There are exquisite cleanliness and purity. The whole atmosphere of the place is full of poetry. I can see to-day, shutting my eyes, the long corridors of my convent school, with high, wide uncurtained windows, through which the sun shone and showed no mote. I can see the polished floor under foot, and the statues at intervals with little lamps before them and vases of flowers. I can see the dormitories with their little white beds, and the refectory's long brown tables with the stripes of coarse spotless linen upon them, all the utensils shining. I can see the gardens where the nuns used to walk under the twisted apple-boughs, where there were many little oratories hewn out in the the thickest trees ; where there were little ponds and summer-houses and all manner of pretty ingenuities. I remember that the nuns made pets of the robins, which used to take the food from their tongues. I see it all in a dim golden twilight of memory, a place of roses and fruit outside, of delicate purity within.

Be sure the convent school many and many a time unfits a girl to be the wife of a rough farmer or shopkeeper ; brings her flying back to it from a home where its standards of refinement would be mocked at if they were discovered. Every

nun is a lady—it is one of the mysteries—and the convent school makes ladies of its impressionable pupils. How desirable a haven it must seem to some of them when they leave it for a matter-of-fact and sometimes rough world! I believe that every convent school-girl who has a spark of poetry in her—and there is a deal of diffused poetry in the Irish character—has intended at one time or another to be a nun.

The convents get their crowds of recruits, and there can be only a limited number who are really called to the life of contemplation. They are no longer like the great abbeys of the Middle Ages, which were necessarily self-contained and self-supporting, and so had work for many hands. The happiness of a convent life must depend on constant occupation; and to satisfy the woman's heart which has given up the home and the husband and the children the occupation must be beneficent.

And what a field is lying there uncultivated while the willing workers stand in an enforced, unhappy idleness! Outside this special convent there is a ragged, straggling village, of sluttishly-kept, insanitary cottages, unwashed children, slatternly mothers, fathers who are driven to the public-house out of the wretched surroundings of their homes.

The situation in Ireland so far does not tend to mend itself. The slatternly mother makes the slatternly daughter: and in no country of Europe is the physical standard of living lower. The habit of generations asserts itself; and you will find the demure, black-gowned maid-servant at the Big House, going home cheerfully for a holiday and returning to the old wretched way of living as though she had never left it. The Irish peasant woman, or working woman, cannot sew, cannot cook, cannot nurse, cannot clean; and, if she learns these accomplishments, as in the case of the aforesaid maid-servant, is quite willing never to put them in practice, or to drop them as soon as she can. Indeed, the most sluttish peasant woman I have ever known had been a lady's maid. The ladies still loved

her, and sent her many garments for herself and the children, which were put on without any adaptation, and worn without washing or mending till they fell to pieces. Her sister, who was still a lady’s maid, came back once a year, and spent a fortnight happily in the two-roomed cabin, with the puddles in the clay floor, which already harboured father, mother, nine children, a cat, a dog, and various fowls. That the children grow up healthy, and that there is a far higher level of good health than there is in the English villages, where there is an efficiency in the housewifery arts, is due to two or three causes, one of the most important being that they are left entirely to Nature, and don’t know the name of any medicine, patent or otherwise. Also, they under-eat, rather than over-eat; and the indigestible dainties of the English poor are as much beyond them as the squire’s pheasants and champagne.

And here are the nuns, who have all the efficiency the others lack, going to waste! How much it would mean if the nuns were in and out the ragged cabins, teaching lessons of cleanliness, order, thrift; turning the filth out of doors; washing the dirty children, nursing the sick, teaching the mothers how to make the most use of their scanty resources. In the matter of cooking now—the convent cooking is very economical, very dainty, very French. The coffee and rolls of an Irish convent are not easily to be forgotten; and even in the convents where a rule of abstinence from meat prevails the delicious smells from the convent kitchen show what can be done without meat. The nuns live austerely, but it is a delicate austerity; and coarse cooking is unknown. Think what they could impart to the wives of the Irish labourers and working men, whose diet is tea and white bread, with now and again a bit of American bacon. One wonders how long the physique of the race will survive such diet. And here is a great body of willing, unpaid workers, who would be only too eager to teach the poor how to live if they were but permitted.

It must be remembered also that Ireland being what it is.

the nuns could do more good in this way than the most efficient lay-workers, for the nun shares in the reverence accorded to the priest, and it would be almost a matter of religious duty for the peasants to do as directed by the nuns.

There is a great opportunity for an Order which would simply teach the poor how to live. There are Orders, the Sisters of Charity and Mercy, who do house-to-house visiting and dispense alms and other help, spiritual and temporal. There is the Order of the Assumption, which nurses the sick in their own homes. What is wanted is an Order which will take the broom and the scrubbing-brush and teach the ignorant mothers how to clean; that will teach them how to make nourishing, appetising food out of very little, as the French peasants do it; that will make them learn the beauty of white-washed walls and a clean floor, of light and air, of wholesome clothing for the body, sleeping and waking. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," says the fine old proverb, and it is a heroic truth. There is no one better fitted to impart it than the nuns who practise it, and who feel the dreadful monotony of their lives. It is a very good and praiseworthy thing to help the poor in their hours of bitter need, but after all sickness and sorrow and death are but occasional: the need is for the amelioration of everyday life.

Indeed, the good work which the nuns are free to do is in many cases circumscribed by the rules of the Middle Ages. Not that the nuns will grumble at the rule, which, so far as I know, is believed by almost every nun to be absolutely perfect. I have visited a great many convents and written about them in the course of my life; and I have the greatest admiration and affection for nuns as a class. But whenever I have found their usefulness shackled, their field of labour cramped, it has always been—the rule. It is the rule which forbade at least one congregation of nuns instituted for the purpose of nursing the poor in their own homes from handling midwifery cases, which surely must be the most common kind of illness among the poor. It is the rule of another nursing order which

cloisters the nuns at night and leaves the sick poor in work-houses to the tender mercies of the pauper nurses. They are rules which men would have broken through or adapted long ago to the requirements of a different world and time. But the nuns are so helpless in their convents, their lives are arranged for them so entirely by others, that even when they desire their rule altered, as in this matter of visiting the poor, their wish probably never reaches the ears of those who could make the alteration.

My plea is for the nuns to have their sphere of usefulness enlarged, to have the enclosure in the case, at least, of nuns who do not properly belong to the contemplative Orders, broken, so that they may go out in the world and do the good they long to do, which is lying awaiting their hands. If the nuns were free to do this there would be less need for the army of paid teachers which works under the Department of Agriculture, or at least these would find the ground made ready for the seed of their planting. This special form of beneficence would give no cause for grievance on the part of “the legitimate worker”; although I do not see why it should be illegitimate for nuns to work any more than other people; but that the grievance is held a grievance and rankles in many breasts there is no doubt.

To be sure, as my poor nun said, the girl of eighteen or twenty, who goes into the Presentation Order or the other inactive Orders, has no idea at all of the monotony, the rusting, of the long years that lie before her. I think I am right in saying that there is no religious order of men conducted on the same lines. Most of them come and go: move up and down the world: go out on missions: keep their hearts and brains unatrophied by contact with their fellow men. In the cases of the strict Orders like the Trappists there is the tremendously active life of the body in the open air, which keeps the spirit sane and sweet, and makes the life absolutely happy. I have always held that what lay at the bottom of Pandora’s box was not hope, but work.

The nun loves her cloister and her rule too well to escape the way she might. I should like to say, for the benefit of my Protestant readers who may not be aware of the fact, that no nun is other than a willing prisoner. Only one or two Orders of women in the Catholic Church take solemn vows, the vows which, as in the case of a priest, bind to celibacy. Even a nun who has taken solemn vows may return to the world if she finds she is unfitted for the conventual life. No convent would hold an inmate so inconvenient as the nun who has mistaken her vocation against her will. In the case of the nun who has taken only ordinary vows, the dispensation to marry, if she desires to marry after returning to the world, is readily granted.

“Nuns fret not at their convent’s narrow room,” says Wordsworth. Well, at the convent itself they do not fret, for they need not stay there if they did not like it. But, like a good many of the world’s unattached women, they want work, unselfish, loving, ministering work. Without the work the life passed within four walls is apt to become a nightmare, the natures of those so immured narrow and ill-nourished.

The intervention of a mere lay person in a question of this sort may seem to some a mere impertinence. But the dreadful monotony of the nun has weighed on my heart and conscience, so that I had to make it vocable. All this would no doubt mend itself in time, but meanwhile more and more hearts would be breaking with the dreadful monotony, more and more useful lives would be lost to the service of humanity, which is also the service of God. If this impertinence of mine should be the means of hastening reform by even a very little time I shall not have been impertinent in vain.

KATHARINE TYNAN.



## HOMERIC KNOWLEDGE OF THE HIGH NORTH

### THE TALE OF KIRKÊ AND HOLDA HIRKÊ

**I**T is, I believe, very little known, except to a few scholars, that in the *Odyssey* there are some remarkable passages showing an early knowledge of the Germanic North. That takes us back to a time long before the Greek astronomer and traveller, Pytheas, had made up his way, in the third century before our era, to Britain, to the German Ocean and the Baltic, and up along the coast of Norway to a still more distant Thule; which may mean Iceland, perhaps Shetland, or one of the Orkneys. Yet, we need only look into the tenth Song of the *Odyssey* to be struck by some descriptions which cannot refer to any other country than the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Several attempts have been made to reconstruct the geographical lore of the old Greek epic. One is to be found in a map added to the wonderfully faithful and at the same time highly poetic German translation by Johann Heinrich Voss. Quite recently, Professor Wilhelm Dörpfeld, the head of the German Archæological Institute at Athens, has given a lecture there on "The World Chart of Homer and the Errantry Wanderings of Odysseus." A short report of it is before me. In it, it is said that, according to Homer, Skythia and Mysia occupy the North; that "the island Aia, where Kirkê (Circe)

dwelt, cannot be situated, as is usually thought, at a point of the Mediterranean Sea, but must be at some fantastic place in the Ocean (Okeanos), beyond Ethiopia (Africa); and that Odysseus, after setting out from Troy, came to the south-western part of the Earth's disc—that is, to the coast of the Africa of to-day, opposite Malta, where the land of the Lotophages and Laestrygones lies."

I do not know whether the meritorious explorer and former fellow worker of our common late friend Dr. Schlie-mann has made any mention of the High North in connection with Homer. In the report of his lecture nothing is said of that. Yet there cannot be any doubt that the Odyssey contains a very curious, though somewhat fabulously dimmed, acquaintance with that far-off part of the world. Where the Laestrygones are described, we virtually hear of a land which cannot be anything else than Western Scandinavia with its rocky coast, its nearly closed bays or fjords; its tall, to the eye of a Greek, gigantic race—a country, too, where a mighty stag, with enormous antlers, lives; evidently an elk.

## II

It will always be difficult, nay, impossible, to fix some Homeric localities quite clearly. Probably we would be better able to do so, had not the old heroic ballads been lost, out of which the Iliad and the Odyssey were wrought, glossed over into a whole. Such early poems are generally correcter as to localities and the names of the figures moving in them, than any later, more artistically finished, epic.

A few words, by way of comparison, may here be useful. Those "most ancient barbarous lays" are no longer in existence, which Karl the Great, the King of the German Franks, had had collected, but of which his monkish-minded successor, Ludwig the Pious, would not hear any more on account of their heathen character. Among those lost lays there were certainly those from which our Nibelungen Epic arose.

However, Icelanders travelling and studying in Germany in the early Middle Ages, gathered a number of ballads concerning the Siegfried story, and brought them to the North. There they were re-poetised, and are found in the Icelandic Edda still in their pagan garb—not christianised, not made a theme for a kind of mediæval knighthood. The scene of the whole Sigurd (Siegfried) tragedy is laid, in the Edda, on the Lower and Middle Rhine, and Sigurd, together with all those figuring in the Nibelung story, are Teutons.

But in the far later German Nibelungen Lied, owing to the confusion of races which had occurred during the Great Migrations, the scene of the revenge for the death of Siegfried, who was a ruler of German *Hunes*, according to the "Edda," is transferred to the Danube; and Atli, a king on the Lower Rhine, is changed, by a misunderstanding of words, into Etzel (Attila), the ruler of the Mongolic *Hunns*.

Now, the oldest heroic songs about the struggles between Greeks and Trojans are even more thoroughly lost than the German ones about the Nibelungen tale. A faint trace of those early Hellenic lays can only be recognised still in some manifest contradictions, gaps, and linguistic differences of several parts of the Iliad and the Odyssey. It is known, moreover, that the text which Alexander, the Makedonian king, carried with him on his expeditions, was different from the one we possess. Who can say, if we had the older Greek ballads, whether much that has been obscured, and blurred, in matters of races and geography, would not stand out clearer and truer than it does in the later epics?

### III

Let it be noted, also, that a number of those ancient Homeric heroes whom it is the custom to look upon as belonging to dim Hellenic antiquity, were, by descent, non-Greek—namely, Thracian; that is, kindred to the Scandinavian and Teutonic race. A vast number of tribes with a multitude of

names (Phrygians, Mysians, Getes, &c.), but all of the great Thracian stock—"the largest," according to Herodotos, "except the Indians"—occupied the countries north of Greece, as well as the east of Europe, and a considerable part of Asia Minor. Out of that vast stock came such warriors as Agamemnon. For that reason he is taunted in Sophokles' "Ajas" with being the descendant of "a Phrygian, a barbarian."

The Makedonians and their rulers were, of old, of the same Thracian connection (Strabon, vii. 7, 1). They only became, in course of time, Hellenised in speech and culture. With the Thracian Getes we come upon the forefathers of the Goths. They dwelt from the Black Sea up to the High North, where Pytheas already found Teutons and Goths near the Baltic. Add to this that there is full proof of the semi-nomadic Skythians having been—at least in their more westward located majority—in racial kinship with the Germanic Thracians. These latter are historically described as having been fair or golden-haired, blue-eyed, tall, very martial, very musical, much given to the cups, and not seldom inclined to high learning and cosmogonic speculations on the origin of things; wherefore the ancients spoke of "Thracian Philosophy." A good portraiture, truly, of a Germanic race. The Skythians, too, once reached up to the High North. In Gothic and Anglo-Saxon times we hear of the south of Scandinavia being still called "Scythia."

When we consider all this, and piece the various links together, we can fully understand that tales concerning the High North should have been brought down to Hellas, through Thrako-Skythian intermediaries, in times beyond historic ken, and before the Homeric epoch. The likelihood, or rather certainty, of this long line of connection is all the greater, because, as ancient Greek writers themselves testify to, various Thracian tribes once dwelt in what only afterwards became Greece, and were but slowly amalgamated in language with the invading Hellenes. This applies to Greece in general, and pre-eminently so to the Athenian population, which of yore was of barbarian speech. (Herodotos, i. 57, 58.)

## IV

But enough of a subject which might easily be enlarged, so as to carry thorough conviction. Now for some verses of the Tenth Song of the *Odyssey*.

There we hear how the companions of *Odysseus*, driven away by a hurricane, were borne into the high seas towards a Western sphere, far from their own fatherland (*γαίης ἀποπατρίδος*). With plenty of tears—so curiously often met in the Greek epic—and with heavily stricken hearts, they steer away. For six days they sail by night and by day, and on the seventh come to the steep stronghold of the *Laestrygones*, “where herdsman, driving his flock in, hails herdsman; and the other, who drives forth, makes answer to that call.”

“There,” we are told, “a sleepless man might have earned a twofold wage: the one as a neat-herd; the other by shepherding white flocks—so near are to each other the outgoing ways of Day and of Night.”

That, certainly, does not point to Africa. It can only mean the High North, where for a time the sun, hovering near the horizon, does not cease to clear up the night. Only there a sleepless man might earn a double wage.

In that manifestly Scandinavian land, *Odysseus* and his crew reach “an excellent harbour, where, on each side of it, a steep, unbroken cliff rises up, and headland clefts, stretching forward at the mouth of the haven, form a narrow and close inlet. There they all put in their twofold-rowed vessels, ranged hard by each other within the high-walled harbour; for never did any wave swell within, whether great or small; but, all around, the water was brightly calm.”

Here we have a Norwegian fjord fully pictured.

*Odysseus*, the crafty, does not venture into the bight, but moors his dark sea-ship outside the port, at the very end of the creek; fastening the hawser to the rock. Thus he kept himself beyond the danger of capture, one would think from his own report. Then he climbs up a craggy slope to have a good

outlook into the land. He sends forth some scouts to spy out what kind of men are there; and they meet with a maid drawing water before the town. She is the daughter of the Laestrygone king, and leads them to the palace. There they see a "gigantic woman," his consort, who quickly calls her lord home from an assembly.

Here the Greek poet lets his fancy run riot, depicting those barbarian people as man-eaters, before whom the scouts run away, though some are caught for the cannibal feast. The thousands of Laestrygones whom the king had called together, by his war-cry, are said to be, "not like ordinary men, but giants."

That is the Norse race, of high-grown stature. Did not the Romans, in clear historic times, look upon the Kimbrians and Teutons, who came from the North, as giants before whose unaccustomed tall figures the soldiers of the South broke out into weeping lamentations? The companions of Odysseus were deeply affected ever afterwards, when remembering those monstrous Laestrygones. Such were their lachrymose feelings also when they arrived at the island, called Aiaia (not Aia), where the divine sorceress Kirkê (Circe) dwelt, the "fair-haired, powerful goddess, of beautiful voice."

"On Aiaia," Odysseus relates, "some God had compassion for me in my loneliness, for he sent a mighty stag with vast antlers into my way." With his lance he kills "the great monster, the powerful beast," and makes a meal of him.

Have we not here an elk of the North?

There are other passages in which Odysseus again speaks of the Midnight Sun. "Oh friends!" he exclaims, "truly we know not where darkness or where the dawn is, nor where the sun, who gives light to mortals, goes down at the edge of the earth, or where it arises up anew." Unquestionably another feature of the High North! If, between all this, Greek names appear, it is only what we generally meet with in such obscured recollections, or tales, when used for poetical purposes.

Coming to the Kimmerians, "who dwelt wrapt in fog and



darkness," and where the great world-stream, Okeanos, flows—that is, again, in the North—Odysseus (Eleventh Song) goes down into the Nether World, the Realm of the Dead. His gruesome description reminds us of a similar one in the Edda ("Völuspá"). It was in the North-West of Europe that an entrance into Hades was by the Greeks imagined to exist. In those quarters, therefore, Kirkê's rocky isle, Aiaia, must be held to be localised.

And do we not, in the word Aiaia, actually find the two-fold or threefold sound which in various Germanic tongues means an island—namely, aa, ei, ey, and ö? Norderney, for instance, the German island near Hamburg, means the northern isle.

High up in the North, it was said in classic times, there is an isle famed for its richness in poetical songs. Pomponius Mela calls it "Thule, celebrated among the Greeks and among us, by its lays" (*Thule. . . Graiis et nostris celebrata carminibus*). There are short, quite clear, nights there, he adds with various details. Again the land of the Midnight Sun!

Now, Kirkê, the fair-haired, who lives in a far-off island surrounded by an endless tumult of the sea—where one does not know how the sun goes down below the rim of the earth, or how it comes up anew—is, in the Homeric poem, called the melodious Goddess, a bewitching enchantress by her charming singing. Was her's the isle famed among Greeks and Romans?

## V

It is certainly surprising that among the many divine, or semi-divine, figures which have branched off from the Teutonic and Norse Goddess Freia, or Freyja—who is a Goddess of Love, connected with the water, and who also bewitched men by her melodious song—there is actually one, in Germany, called Herkê, or HIRKÊ. How very near to the name of the sea-nymph KIRKÊ!

The Teutonic Freia-Holda is often said to sit in a crystal

grove, spinning, whilst alluring men by irresistible chaunt; for she is also a representative of housewifely and motherly qualities. More still. Together with the name of the divine Herkê, or Hirkê, we meet with, in German antiquity, the female name, KERKA.

In some parts of Germany, the Venus-like enchantress, surrounded by virgins of snow-white skin and golden-yellow hair, was said to bathe in secret ponds, some of which are still shown near the river Main. "Near that river, when the vines are in bloom, and are filling hill and dale with their fragrance, Freia-Holda has often been seen sitting, in the moonlight, on a rock. There she sang, whilst her white dress brightly shone down the valley, sweet and winsome lays that made the heart of man melt. But children in the village were warned not to listen, but to pass on, saying the Lord's Prayer—or else they would have to career about in the forest, with Frau Hulli (Holda) until Doomsday. A youth who had nevertheless hearkened to her melodies, wished to be for ever with her, so as to listen to her song through eternity. After three days he died, and has now to remain with her until the crack of doom." ("Die Götter der deutschen und nordischen Völker"; von Wilhelm Mannhardt).

Out of numerous tales of that kind, Heine's immortal "Lorelei" is a later re-poetisation. The word Lore-Lei literally means the charming songstress of the echoing slate-rock, where there is, on the Rhine, the well-known remarkable echo. In Franconian folk-speech, the slate, used by school-children, is still called the "lei," as I remember from early boyhood.

In the same way as the Teutonic Freia-Holda, who, in multiplied form, appears as Herke, Hirke, Harke—nay, even as Harfe (harp), and as Frau Harfen-bart (harp-bearer?)—is depicted as captivating the heart of the hearer by her magic singing: so we find the same quality in the Norse Gefion. She, too, is a differentiated figure from the Scandinavian Love-Goddess Freyja. Gefion mostly appears as a virgin sea-deity,

to whose name girls appeal when binding themselves by an oath. She is sometimes spoken of, in a more anthropomorphic way, as a minstrel-singer, who obtained, by her beautiful lays, much land from a Swedish king, but who, by her sorceries, enlarged it into the isle of Seeland. Here we are reminded of Kirkê's witchcraft.

The assonance of the names of Kirkê and Hirkê; the seductive chaunts of the two lovely spell-workers; their connection with the water; nay, the identity of their very dresses, are, however, not the only characteristics common to them. Freia-Holda, in the German tales, often appears surrounded by cats and dogs. Possibly this symbolises the various howling, yelping, screeching noises heard at the approach of thunder and in a rain-storm. For, Freia is not only Aphroditê and protectress of domesticity, but also a cause of fertility in Nature: hence a maker of weather, both for rain and sunshine, for storm and snow. In the German folk-tale of Frau Holle (Grimm's "Märchen," 24), snow is typified by the shaking up of her bed-feathers. It is a popular expression in Germany even now. And curious enough, Herodotos (iv. 7) reports that Skythians speak of a land in the highest North where "the earth and the sky are so filled with feathers that one can scarcely see." Does not this, too, point to an old mythic tradition reaching Greece from those distant Skytho-Thrakian regions?

"It rains cats and dogs" is still a saying manifestly dating from the Asa creed of the forefathers of the English. Now at Kirkê's palace there are also wild beasts of the dog and cat kind (wolves and lions), which, like unto house-dogs, wagging their tails, ramp about and fawn upon the companions of Odysseus, "as dogs do when their master comes back from a feast, and they expect him to bring some morsels from the meal."

In the case of Holda's modified image, Hirkê, we hear that she is a gigantic woman, who drives, in the morning, various kinds of animals, especially wild boars, to their pasture-ground.

At night she calls them back to their lair or sty. Her calling cry for all of the beasts is the same as for hogs or pigs: "Pickel! pickel!" (Comp.: "pig.") Is it not remarkable, then, that these swine are to be met with also in the Homeric description of how the companions of Odysseus, by unwholesome drugs which the enchantress Kirkê has mixed, are turned into hogs by the use of her wand, and shut up into styes? Their heads and their voices, their bristles and their form, became those of pigs. But "their mind remained unchanged, as before."

## VI

A not less curious point of contact is that, even as Freia-Holda is busy with spinning, so Kirkê is with weaving. Here we have housewifely qualities in both. Already at the outer gate of her palace, those nearing it "hear the fair-haired goddess singing within with a sweet voice as she plied the loom, weaving a great and immortal (*ἄμβροτον*) garment, such as is the handiwork of Goddesses, beautiful of woof and full of graceful splendour."

The sensual nature of Kirkê ("Goddess or woman," as Homer has it) is sufficiently depicted in the *Odyssey*. The errant hero, immediately on his arrival, and after a sumptuous repast, is invited to mount her couch. After a similar description, we are told he was "kept in her charmed circle for a year." "Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald!" These words of another Lorelei Lied seem to be re-echoing from the Greek verses. One also thinks of Tannhäuser and the Hörselberg tale.

In their very garments the two divine figures are alike. When Odysseus, at last, gets away, Kirkê adorns herself for that leave-taking, and perhaps with a hope of his return, with a silvery bright dress (*ἀργύφρον φᾶρος*) and a golden girdle. In German mythology Freia, too, wears a white garment, "shining from afar." In a Tyrolese Freia-Holda

tale she, exactly like Kirkê, even wears "a silvery garment, with a golden girdle."

In Homer, Kirkê is called a nymph—a sea-nymph, no doubt, as a semi-divine dweller on an island. In fact, she gives Odysseus full information about wind and wave, about the Okeanos and the streams through which he is to reach Hades. A passage in Tacitus' "Germania" is useful here. On an island of the ocean—he states—a Teutonic Goddess, Nerthus, who was also an Earth Mother, has her sanctuary in a sacred grove. She was worshipped there by Baltic Suevians, the forebears of the Swabians of to-day; that Suevian tribe having, later on, moved southwards to Upper Germany. When one of the ceremonial processions of Nerthus—the Roman historian goes on—is over, her car, her garment, "nay, if you can believe it, the Goddess herself," are bathed in a hidden lake. These bathing rites remind us of the similar ones that are reported about Freia-Holda, near the Main, in certain secluded ponds.

The name of Nerthus herself I hold to be clearly connected with that of the Norse Sea-God Niörd, the father of Freyja and Freyr. In Nerthus we probably have the name of a consort of Niörd not mentioned in the Edda. Probably the name is suppressed there because the two had lived in a marriage of brother and sister, according to that Vana religion which, in grey antiquity, came into hostile conflict with the Asa religion, when finally, after a bloody struggle, Niörd and his Vanic offspring, Freyja and Freyr, were received into the Pantheon of the Asic creed, which forbade such marriages. These two religions may be looked upon as two different cosmogonic creeds: a water-worshipping and a light or fire adoring faith.

That the "Vana" name is to be explained as "water," I have shown, many years ago, by extensive linguistic comparisons. The word is traceable, in that meaning, in Germanic languages of Scandinavia, of the Shetland Islands and of Germany—also, as far as India, in Sanskrit, but even in Tamil;

in Slav languages, in Finnish too, and in Chinese. Professor Max Müller, with whom—as well as before with Professor Benfey—I have been in correspondence on the subject, was much struck by the multiplicity of those proofs. I had been led to make the inquiries in consequence of having read the important work of Quitzmann: “Die heidnische Religion der Baiwaren,” (“The Heathen Religion of the Bavarians,”) which deals with the Vana problem. My surmise as to the significance of the name was confirmed by these researches even beyond expectation.

I mention the point because, in Love Deities, we come so often upon their origin from, or lasting connection with, the water. Freyja, who is also called Vanadis, Water Goddess, in the North, and Holda-Hirkê, have, in this matter, too, contact with Kirkê throning in a sanctuary (*ἱεροῖς ἐν δώμαδε*) on an island round which the sea endlessly roars, and who is familiar with wind and wave, the course of the ocean and of various streams.

## VII

Among the Saxons of Germany, Freia-Holda was also worshipped as Hera. Herkê or Hirkê is the diminutive of that name. Jakob Grimm, the great philologist, raised the question as to whether there is contact of the Teutonic Hera with the Greek Hera?

Be that as it may, the double idea of a Goddess of Love risen from the sea-foam, and of an Earth Mother, was often combined of old, in the same divine figure. Water and land touch and fertilise each other. From an Anglo-Saxon incantation we see that Herkê, the differentiated form of the Love Goddess Freia, was—with the omission of the aspirate—appealed to as “Erce (Erkê), Ercé, Erce! Eordhan Môdhor (Earth Mother).”

I have before shown that in these Water Goddesses, Love Deities, and Representatives of Fertility in Nature, we generally come, symbolically, upon the bristled animal which is



known for its prolific quality. Here, another statement of Tacitus is noteworthy. He says that, further away in the Baltic Sea, then called the Suevian Sea (*Mare Suevicum*)—namely, at its eastern end—boars' images were worn as a religious symbol, by the inhabitants, in honour of a divine mother. They served as a protective magic charm against enemies. The Angles and Saxons, who were of Suevian connection, are known to have fought under boars' helmets.

So we have again here this animal connected with the sorceresses Kirkê and Hirkê.

And does not the Norse Freyja, like her brother Freyr, ride on a boar, which in her case, according to its name ("Hildiswin") is conceived as a war boar? whilst, in the case of the golden-bristled boar ("Gullinbursti") of Freyr, we have to think of the golden rays of the fast travelling sun?—he, who had lost his sword, being a solar deity.

All these widely spread symbolic coincidences make it more than probable that Kirkê's magic spell of changing men into swine is a mythic story referable to an ancient animal cult and sacrificial custom.

To Aphroditê the pig was hallowed! So also to the Earth Goddess Ceres. And Aphrodite was not only a charmer by her personal beauty, but she possessed a wonderful magic girdle with which to work, as by witchcraft, upon men. That girdle, Herê borrowed from her, in order to regain the love of Zeus (*Iliad*, xiv.). Aphroditê, the golden-haired, be it remembered, was said to have come not from Greece, but from more northern parts, going southwards on the waves of the sea, and finally landing, as the foam-born, on Cyprus. Whole Nature broke out into a shout of delight as she stepped on the shore. Flowers sprouted up under her feet.

So also, in German tales, Freia-Holda floats along, at night, on a shimmering path; and flowers are sprouting up beneath her feet.

A very different kind of a Goddess of Love, on Cyprus, is the one who later came in there through Phœnikian

invaders. She was a Semitic Ashtoreth, or Astarte, figure. Before that immigration from Asia Minor, Cyprus evidently was inhabited by a people of the Thrakian stock—as the remarkable excavations of Dr. Ohnefalsch-Richter have proved—whose vast extent up to the High North I have before described. Who that knows Herodotos is not aware how much the Hellenic religious cult has been influenced from the North? (Compare, for instance, Book IV., 33-36.)

### VIII

Now as to the name of the melodious sorceress Kirkê, the charming dweller in some island of the far-off North, whose captivating, witch-like powers remind us of the German words: "Gott steh' mir bei! Du bist die Hexe Lorelei!"

Kirkê's and the Teutonic Hirkê's name, I believe, may originally have been exactly the same. I will not go here into a philological disquisition of many details beyond saying that, from Gothic down to the present German dialects, the frequent change of guttural and kindred sounds to aspirate ones, or even to the dropping of both, can be proved up to the hilt. Ch, K, and H, gradually become interchangeable in many words. Chlodowech, or Klodowech—the name of the Frankish conqueror of Gaul—is transformed, first, into Klodowig; then into Ludwig, or Louis. Kirche (church), in old German and present Alemannic, is sounded Chilcha, or Chilche. In Gothic, many words, like to "laugh, to load, to leap," have had an aspirate before them (hlahjan, hlathan, hlaupan). Once they may even have had a stronger guttural sound. It would, therefore, not be astounding to see in Hirkê, etymologically, the counterpart of Kirkê.

But how did the tale about Kirkê travel southwards?

The Greek story of the origin of amber from the tears shed over the death of their brother Phæthon by his sisters, who were changed into trees, is clearly traceable to the Baltic coasts, when we carefully compare the classic passages concerning

that poetical tale. It was from the Baltic, as well as from the coasts of the German Ocean, that the precious material, so highly valued in antiquity, next to gold, came to Greece and other southern and eastern lands. In the apparently fantastic myth, a truth of natural history is even hidden, as is often the case in mythological stories. The tears shed from the trees are nothing but the exuded resin, out of which, by some geological revolution, amber was formed and changed into tear-like balls by the action of the sea. A passage in the Edda, referring to the Sun and to the possibility of a great terrestrial conflagration, also seems to point dimly to some ancient tradition of a great solar catastrophe, such as the Phæthon story indicates.

Before the time of Herodotos (iii. 115), amber was known to have come from the North. He speaks of a river called Eridanos by the barbarians, which discharges itself into the sea towards the North, from which amber is said to come. But he throws doubt on the statement, "because I have never been able to hear from any one who has himself seen it, that on that side of Europe there is a sea." That was the misfortune of the Greek geographer not to have ever met such a man. The sea in question was the Baltic. The river evidently was the Radan, a confluent of the Vistula. Out of that name, the Greeks, adding the usual ending syllable, formed the word Rhodan(os), and Eridan(os), and then they and the Romans located it fabulously in Italy, or in Spain, in connection with amber. Another proof how earlier knowledge was often the correcter one! But Plinius ("Nat. History," xxxvii. 11) afterwards put the matter again right.

Long before the Iliad and the Odyssey were made up as epics from previous heroic songs, this southward amber traffic was in full swing. Dr. Schliemann's excavations, and the chemical examination made by Dr. Otto Helm, of Danzig, have proved the Baltic origin of the amber found in the prehistoric castles of Greece which were built by Thrakian invaders. The amber traffic went evidently through Thrakian

and Skythian countries—nay, as far as Assyria, according to a cuneiform passage communicated to me by my old University friend, the late distinguished Assyriologist, Professor Julius Oppert.

It was along a "sacred road" this amber-trade was carried on from north to south. In other words, the intermediate populations between the Baltic, the German Ocean, and the South protected the travelling traders. The end of this sacred road, which must have lain through Eastern Germany, was at the Adriatic Sea. And old tradition had it that there, probably in the neighbourhood of the present Trieste or Venice, there was an island on which statues stood, made of tin and amber. They formed signals, as it were, to future generations, reminding them of the importance of the trade in those two products. So once a statue stood also on one of the West African islands pointing a finger across the Atlantic. It meant an old discovery of the great Western Continent before Columbus. There have, no doubt, been several pre-Columbian discoveries of America; for instance, the Norse one in the year 1000 of our era.

From what I stated in the first part of this essay, it will easily be understood that many mythological conceptions must have come to Greece from the North, along that sacred road, through frequent trade intercourse. Travelling interpreters served as natural links of communication. The Thracians, through their intermixture with the Hellenes, were especially apt for dragoman's service on such occasions. It seems "barbarians" had the greater aptitude for bilingual intercourse. Witness what Herodotus (viii. 135) reports of the Thracian Mys, who, when consulting an oracle, spoke both in Karian and Greek, to the astonishment of his Theban companions. The priestess herself had given her answer in the Karian Thracian tongue.

We hear a great deal, too, in classic writers, of the general cleverness of those Northern races; of the many important inventions due to them; of the intercourse of the Greeks,

since olden times, with the Hyperborians. All this goes to show that it would be a grave error to look upon ancient, prehistoric Greece, when it was scarcely yet Greece, as cut off from the Northern world. The influence Thrakian cults have had even in historical times on the Hellenic Pantheon and the religious ceremonial of the Greeks is specially notable. Thus the whole worship of the Muses was introduced by the highly musical Thrakian race. Helikon, Hippokrenê, and other famed places were founded by the Thrakians (Strabon, ix. 2, 25).

All this shows that the line of connection between Greece and the North existed in both prehistoric and historic times. Pytheas evidently went there with Kimbrian guides. Hence he was able to preserve us place-names of clearly Germanic origin in Scandinavia.

Surely, then, it may be asserted that in grey antiquity there was already some knowledge of the high North and of the kinship of races reaching up to the fog-surrounded Kimmerians. Long before Pytheas went there by sea, in order to get upon the trade-route of the Phoenikians, who kept their commercial relations with distant countries very dark, the land-way between North and South had been often enough trodden. In this manner both the Amber Tale and the Tale of Kirkê must have come to the Hellenes. Later on, the tradition of that early intercourse was, as usual, obscured.

The same had happened between Europe and the great Western Continent beyond the Atlantic, until Columbus—awakened by what he had, no doubt, heard in Iceland about an earlier Norse discovery and settlement—once more opened up the intercourse, without, however, having any idea, down to his death, that he had come upon a new part of the world.

KARL BLIND.

## ON THE LINE

THE origin of Zimbabwe and the other Mashonaland ruins has until quite recently been veiled in a mist as impenetrable as that which shrouds the origin of the Egyptian Sphinx. The early Portuguese "conquistadores" believed them to mark the kingdom of the Queen of Sheba, from which Solomon drew stores of "gold and silver, ivory, and apes and peacocks" (or guinea fowls), and from their time up to the present many have been of the same opinion. Dapper, the Dutch geographer (A.D. 1670), supposed them to be "the work of the devil." Some have professed to find in them traces of the long-lost ten tribes of Israel. Theodore Bent, who examined them in 1891, concluded, not without good foundation for his theory, that they were built by Sabean colonists, but until Mr. Randall Mac Iver visited them last year no one was bold enough to suggest that they were not of great antiquity. Mr. Randall Mac Iver, who has had much experience in the excavation of ancient Mediterranean and Egyptian sites, might be supposed to be biased in favour of one or other of the pre-existing theories; but the result of his investigations (*Mediæval Rhodesia*. By David Randall Mac Iver. London: Macmillan) convinced him that the ruins are not more than six or seven centuries old, and were actually built by the some Bantu people of the Makalanga tribe whose descendants still inhabit Mashonaland. This dispersion of the glamour that has for so many years hung



over these mysterious ruins will be regretted by those for whom the dim past has more attraction than the prosaic present, but it will be welcomed by those anthropologists who contend that the Bantu people are capable of attaining a higher degree of culture than is at present apparent, and also by students of modern South African problems who, as they read "Mediaeval Rhodesia," will see a possible solution of many of the difficulties that at the present day confront South African statesmen.

It is impossible here to follow the intricate arguments elaborated in "Mediaeval Rhodesia," but mention should be made of three of the most important discoveries on which Mr. Mac Iver bases his conclusions. The supposition that the inhabitants of Zimbabwe were sun-worshippers was largely based on the fact that that part of its walls which faces the rising sun at the time of the summer solstice is decorated with a chevron pattern (described by the early Portuguese as "an inscription so ancient that no one understands what it means") which resembles the Egyptian symbol for fertility. That this is mere coincidence, however, is suggested by the fact that the chevron pattern is the most common form of decoration used by Bantu Africans, and is such as could most easily be made with rough hewn or "pummeled" slabs of stone, and is confirmed by Mr. Mac Iver's discovery that in similar contemporary ruins the parts of the wall which are thus ornamented face other points of the compass. Mr. Mac Iver found the entrance of another ruin barred by a wooden rail so placed as to slide back into a socket. This rail, he discovered, must have been placed there when the wall was built, for he could not remove it without dislodging the stones which surrounded it; and he therefore concluded, in view of the comparatively perishable nature of wood, that the ruin in question could be of no great age. The approximate date at which the ruins were built was ascertained with more certainty by an examination of the rubble on which the foundations of some of them were based. Among this rubble Mr. Mac Iver

discovered fragments of Arabian, Persian and Chinese pottery, which experts assign to a period not earlier than the thirteenth century. From such conclusive evidence Mr. Mac Iver was obliged to ascribe the date of the Mashonaland ruins to a period not much earlier than the first settlement in East Africa of the Portuguese; and as we have no knowledge of any Oriental race exercising sovereignty in South Africa at this time he was bound to consider the possibility that they were built by an indigenous Bantu tribe, and eventually came to the conclusion that though the buildings were vastly superior to any work now produced by African natives, there was nothing absolutely foreign in their design, since the theory that they were scientifically oriented proved to be untenable.

Confirmation of Mr. Mac Iver's conclusions is to a great extent afforded by the early Portuguese chronicles.<sup>1</sup> These describe the country now known as Mashonaland as ruled over by a powerful native dynasty, of which the successive rulers assumed the title Monomatapa. Although instances of African chiefs attaining any considerable degree of power are rare, they are not altogether wanting. In the fifteenth century a large part of the Congo territory was under the dominion of one ruler, and the Zulu despots of the last century afford an instance of the great power to which an African ruler with a genius for organisation may attain. From the Portuguese records it appears that the Monomatapas ruled over the greater part of Mashonaland and Matabeleland as well as a considerable area in what is now Portuguese East Africa, and that they carried on a considerable trade with the Arabs and Portuguese, exchanging gold and ivory for articles of European and Oriental manufacture. It does not appear, as one would be inclined to suppose, that the Monomatapa had his headquarters at Zimbabwe, but that the ruins were at that time inhabited is apparent from the following passage in the records :

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<sup>1</sup> Collected in Theal's "Records of South-East Africa."

In the middle of this country is a fortress built of large and heavy stones inside and out. It is a very curious and well-constructed building. In other districts of the said plain there are other fortresses, built in the same manner in all of which the King (*Monomatapa*) has captains.

Those who are satisfied that these ruins are of native origin will wonder at the vast amount of labour required to build them, no less than the skill displayed in their construction. The buildings are so colossal in comparison to the area they cover, that probably only a very small proportion of those who built them actually lived within their walls. As it is estimated that if all the ruins were restored they could afford shelter to the whole present population of Mashonaland, it follows that at the period when they were built the population must have very greatly exceeded that of the present day. The most northerly ruins, known as the Niekerk ruins, consist of what appear to have been ten or twelve forts, each protected by a series of from thirty to fifty circles of massive stone walls. The labour entailed by their construction may be compared with that required for the building of the Pyramids, and for their adequate defence many thousand men must have been required. Further South the many ruins in the valley between Zimbabwe and what is known as the "elliptical temple" do not, however, appear to have been fortresses, for the impregnable "acropolis" must have been within easy reach of those who inhabited them, and it is unlikely that men would build in a valley fortresses that could have been built to so much greater advantage on the surrounding heights. It appears, therefore, that these ruins were built for ostentation, rather than for defence, by men enriched by trade with the Arabs, to which trading the many articles of foreign manufacture found in neighbouring middens bear witness. If this is the case, the wealth of those who could command the labour necessary for the construction of such massive and elaborate buildings must have been considerable. Though no traces of ruins exist in the district around Umtali, many articles of foreign and native manufacture found there show that this part was also thickly populated.

To those who are interested in the future welfare of South Africa the deductions suggested by Mr. Mac Iver's discoveries are of the highest importance. The development of South Africa is at present checked by scarcity of native labour and the indolence of the native people. If British influence can restore the conditions which enabled the natives who build these ruins to become so industrious and so numerous, the principal problem which at present confronts South African politicians will to a great extent be solved. From the evidence supplied by Mr. Mac Iver we may conclude that the people who built these ruins were united under the rule of the Monomatapas, that they were secured by massive and almost impregnable fortresses from the aggression of other tribes such as has proved the curse of, and has arrested the development of, the African races; that they were stimulated to industry by foreign trade as exemplified by the discovery among the ruins of silver, bronze, and enamelled ornaments, Venetian beads, and Oriental pottery. May not peace, secured by British influence, after a few generations, enable all the Bantu peoples under British rule to become as numerous and industrious as were the Makalanga under the Monomatapas?

One further reflection is suggested by the perusal of "Mediæval Rhodesia." To support so dense a population the land must have been cultivated by far more scientific methods than are employed by the natives of the present day. That this was the case is proved by the discovery of innumerable admirably planned water-furrows, from an examination of which Mr. Mac Iver concludes that the system of cultivation to which they bear witness was at least as scientific as that of the modern Egyptian fellah. In South Africa to-day we find the anomaly of a country with excellent climate and soil unable to supply itself with food; but if in the past the soil of Mashonaland supported a dense population it is not unreasonable to suppose that not Mashonaland only but all parts of South Africa where the climate, soil, and water-supply are equally good will in the future repay intense and scientific

cultivation. Mr. Mac Iver's book does not enlarge on these topics, but merely supplies the data from which these conclusions may be deduced. Though he has destroyed the romantic mystery which surrounded the Mashonaland ruins he has rendered them ten times more interesting to all who are interested in the future welfare of South Africa.

# THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE

## CHAPTER VII

### THE CALL

MRS. WHELER had entertained a small party of friends at an early luncheon, but when the clock struck half-past three, she began to hope that they would not linger unduly over their coffee and cigarettes in the drawing-room, as they seemed much inclined to do, lest her programme for the afternoon be disarranged.

The butler, who was entirely in his employer's confidence on such matters, was also growing uneasy. He knew that Mrs. Wheler had an important engagement at the other end of the town, and he did not see how she would be able to keep it, and be home again in time for her bridge party at half-past four, unless some sort of a move were made.

But then neither did he see how he could hurry the Duchess away.

He had already announced her Grace's carriage in a confidential whisper, not to interrupt more than was necessary her Grace's animated conversation with Mr. Wheler; and the Duchess said "thank you," and went on talking to her host as though nothing had happened.

Of the other ladies, one was intending to walk; and, being



the least important of the three, did not like to make the first move; and the other, having no horses to consider, but a motor which conveyed her so quickly from one spot to another that she had some ado to fill up her afternoon in proportion, was not sorry to dawdle over her cigarette a little longer than usual.

The butler, being an adept at reading his lady's almost expressionless face, decided, as a desperate remedy, to admit callers; though Mrs. Wheler was never at home to anybody except by appointment, save one or two intimates, whose names were specially registered in the butler's brain.

Thus it came about that Jeanne was presently ushered into the presence of eight ladies and gentlemen seated round the spacious room; and into the midst of a buzz of conversation which the loud announcement of her name brought to a sudden though momentary pause. For the space of a single second, eight pairs of eyes glanced curiously towards the smiling, dimpling, blushing countenance of the timid visitor.

Jeanne was abashed almost to faintness. Yet the room and its occupants were instantly impressed upon her consciousness, even as she paused, hesitating, upon the threshold.

A stately room, with red walls, dark pictures, a quantity of gilding, many mirrors, and a polished slippery floor.

One thin bald-headed gentleman; two tall middle-aged gentlemen; and one young, rather small, fair gentleman.

A stout, short, commanding looking lady, with a curled grey front, and a red face, talking in a very loud voice to the bald gentleman, and holding long-handled glasses to her short-sighted eyes. This was the Duchess.

A thin lady in rough tweed with a tartan blouse and an air of great distinction. This was the lady who did not feel important enough to get up and go away; though she, and Mrs. Wheler, and the butler, all wished that the party might come to an end. An exquisite languid lady in flowing draperies and a Gainsborough headpiece, who was the owner of the motor brougham.

And a lady to whom the only epithet that could be applied was the word "smart," and this was Mrs. Wheler; though it did not occur to Jeanne as a possibility, even at an early and informal luncheon, that the lady of the house could be wearing a hat in her own drawing-room.

Mrs. Wheler was smart, and she was nothing else in particular. Neither kind nor cross in temper; neither warm nor icy in disposition; neither interested nor bored by life in general. Even her appearance was of the negative order; though it varied considerably with the changes of fashion.

When waists were worn high, she was short-waisted; when low, her body grew miraculously longer. Her abundant hair had been fair, until straw-coloured hair became too expressive, when it blushed a modest Titian red, which was darkening by easy stages into brown. Presently, as she grew older, a few silver threads would certainly appear, for Mrs. Wheler had a strong sense of the fitness of things; and nothing would have induced her to allow her head to turn white, "in a single night"; though when the time came, a *coiffure à la Marie Antoinette*, with dark eyebrows and lashes to form an agreeable contrast, would probably not be wanting. Yet she contrived to avoid all unpleasant obviousness of the artificial; presenting only, so to speak, her picturesqueness to the public, and keeping her methods modestly in the background, as becomes a true artist.

From habit Mrs. Wheler never made an engagement without writing it down; so she kept her memory clear for facts concerning that portion of humanity in which she was chiefly interested. Her mind was stored with their names; their relationships recognised or unrecognised; their doings and their undoings; and the approximate value of their social or financial status.

Racing and card-playing received a large share of her conscious attention. Entertaining, visiting, slumming, and theatre-going, had become almost mechanical processes. With-

out referring to her engagement-book she could hardly have told what she had been doing on the previous day.

Her mind, deprived of sufficient repose, learnt to rest though her body was in action; and remained blank, very often, whilst her person was being rushed from one function to another; whilst her lips were smiling, and her well-trained tongue uttering short platitudes.

It required something out of the ordinary to arrest her real attention.

Jeanne's appearance was something out of the ordinary, and for a moment Mrs. Wheler's mechanism of politeness ceased to work in consequence.

Then recovering her presence of mind, and recognising the butler's strategy at one and the same moment, she advanced to meet her unknown visitor, who was so obviously unable to distinguish her hostess that general conversation was immediately and politely resumed, to give her an opportunity of explaining herself.

Nevertheless, the butler had triumphed, for the admittance of an afternoon caller produced the anticipated effect.

"Good gracious," said the Duchess, looking across the room at the Empire clock, and not perceiving that the hands were pointing to twenty minutes past twelve; "I had no idea it was so late. I must fly. Now you will promise to consider what I have been saying, Mr. Wheler. It is persons like yourself to whom we look in this matter,—practical businesslike men."

Mr. Wheler, who was on the Stock Exchange, and who desired rather to be considered fashionable than businesslike, gave a somewhat sickly smile, and declared himself already convinced by the arguments of the Duchess—the more warmly because she gave some evidence of a desire to repeat them all over again from the beginning.

Whilst he was engaged in combating this inclination by recapitulating them himself as rapidly as possible, Mrs. Wheler shook hands with Jeanne, and said, "How do you do?" in an uncertain, puzzled voice.

It was then that Jeanne found courage to utter the remark which she had rehearsed to herself at intervals ever since the announcement of the Whelers' arrival in town had appeared in the *Morning Post*.

"I am very glad to see you, Mrs. Wheler, and I hope you are feeling a little more settled by this time, Mrs. Wheler."

The heartfelt kindness of her tone, and careful repetition of Mrs. Wheler's name, were due to Jeanne's determination to follow her model as closely as possible. She reproduced the Rector's wife with great exactness.

But Mrs. Wheler's astonishment at this address was so painfully obvious that Jeanne was obliged to descend into a stammering explanation, in her own person.

"I live at 99, over the way," said Jeanne. "The house belonged to my aunt, Miss Marney of Orsett, and she is dead, and I am living there all alone till my brother comes home. I—I saw in the papers that you had only just arrived—so being such a near neighbour, I—I thought I would come and see you."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Wheler, speechless.

The brown eyes grew larger, and the red cheeks turned white.

"I am afraid I must have done something wrong, or unusual, after all," said Jeanne.

Mrs. Wheler's vacant expression offered so little consolation that she looked round, almost wildly, as though for a means of escape from the situation into which her ignorance had betrayed her.

Her glance fell upon the face of the young gentleman whose conversation with Mrs. Wheler her entrance had interrupted. He was so close that he must have heard the greetings which had been exchanged between his hostess and her uninvited guest, and Jeanne thought he looked rather sorry for her; her brown eyes conveyed to him an unconscious appeal for help.

The young man responded instantly to that mute, almost despairing look, and flung himself gallantly into the breach.

"Ninety-nine was my father's old house," he said in very gentle and courteous tones. "Will you introduce me to Miss *Chum—chum—chum?*" with a polite mumble to cover his ignorance of Jeanne's name.

"The Duke of Monaghan," said Mrs. Wheler's mechanical tongue before she remembered that she did not know in the least to whom she was presenting her visitor.

"Oh!" said Jeanne—she forgot her embarrassment in her surprise and delight. "Are you really—the little boy who fell down the nursery staircase?"

"I am indeed," said the Duke. His blue eyes regarded her with an expression in which mirth and melancholy held equal shares.

"But I was told you were crippled for life," she said ingenuously.

"Not quite so bad as that." He turned the conversation dexterously.

"Did I not hear you say that Miss Marney of Orsett was your aunt?"

"My great-aunt."

"My father had the honour of claiming cousinship with her," said the Duke politely.

"Yes, she told me she bought the house from him. But then *we* are—we must be related, too," said Jeanne; and her face, returning to its natural colour, looked quite happy and animated again.

"I hope so," said the Duke, with a little bow which she thought rather charming, but very old-fashioned in a boy of his years. Louis never bowed like that.

Here there was a general movement among the company, and every one advanced to take leave of Mrs. Wheler, who was listening, petrified, to this conversation.

The Duke, springing from his seat as his hostess rose, moved a pace or two forward, and Jeanne saw that he was lame.

Poor "little heir!"

Jeanne, conscious of her own rustic strength and ruddy health, felt very sorry for the Duke.

He was still rather little, scarcely taller than herself; slight and fair, and absurdly delicate-looking, she thought, for a man.

Jeanne had but one standard for manhood in her heart, and the Duke fell grievously short of it.

Louis, at twenty years old, when she had seen him last, in the very flower and perfection of youth, had measured six-foot one in his stockings. She thought of his broad chest, his lithe slender form and active springing gait, his strong muscular brown hands, and sunburnt face.

Poor sickly Duke! so little and weak and lame; and colouring like a girl with the mere effort of speaking to a stranger. Jeanne forgot her own shyness in the warm pity which filled her heart.

“Good-bye, dear, I have had such a delightful conversation with your dear good man, I could hardly tear myself away. I have been boring him quite *too* dreadfully,” said the Duchess, meaning to be playful, and unaware that she was emphasising an unhappy truth. “Denis!”

“I am going to walk, mother,” said the Duke.

The Duchess looked vexed.

With another gallant effort, causing yet a fresh variation from pallor to redness of his unfortunately tell-tale complexion, the young man boldly presented Jeanne to his parent, explaining the connection very clearly and briefly as he did so.

“A new cousin, dear me, how charming!” said the Duchess, looking rather disapprovingly at Jeanne through her glasses. “Do come and see me. I never understand relationships. It is quite hopeless, you know, for a stupid person like myself. I am generally in after five. Well, if you won’t come, Denis, I must go alone.” She turned once more to her hostess. “Good-bye, dear, it has been too nice, seeing you again. Don’t forget Wednesday, at four; and I shall depend on you for all the prettiest things on our stall.”



Mrs. Wheler assured her that she would not forget. Mr. Wheler escorted her Grace downstairs, and the rest of the party gradually melted away.

The Duke in his turn shook hands, and Jeanne watched him limping away across the great room with much concern lest he should slip and fall upon the polished floor.

She came to herself with a start, observing that Mrs. Wheler was obviously waiting for her too, to take leave and depart, though she did not speak until the door had closed behind the Duke.

"I am afraid I must ask you to excuse me. Pray don't think me rude, but I have an engagement," she said, with more civility than she would have shown perhaps had the Duke not been so good-natured as to claim cousinship with this rather shabby stranger; but still without any kindness in her voice. Jeanne was too obviously a nobody, too rustic in appearance and manner, to make her a possible acquaintance for Mrs. Wheler, let her be related to whom she would.

Mrs. Wheler knew the Duchess of Monaghan well, and was acquainted with all her ways.

She had a loud and hearty manner, and was always as gracious to nobodies as only really great ladies can afford to be; and she always asked them to go and see her after five, and then forgot all about them.

They generally went, and then they heard that the Duchess was not at home, and derived what satisfaction they might from leaving their humble cards, and there was an end of it.

If she had really wished to seek the further acquaintance of her new cousin she would have asked her to lunch, thought the experienced Mrs. Wheler. So she was civil but not *empresée* when she begged Jeanne to excuse her.

"Oh, I will go at once, Mrs. Wheler," cried Jeanne. She was distressed, but there were no servants present to make her nervous, and in her eyes Mrs. Wheler was a woman almost old enough to be her mother, who would surely, now that they

were alone, be too kind to be angry, when she knew that her visitor had only trespassed through ignorance, and was sincerely penitent.

“Please forgive me, Mrs. Wheler,” said poor rustic Jeanne, who had no idea how this constant repetition of her name jarred upon the well-trained instincts of her hostess, who was as full of conventional good breeding as she was empty of emotions. “In the country, where I was brought up, our Rector’s wife used to call upon neighbours directly they arrived, and I thought it was the same in London. I am afraid it is all wrong, and I have done something dreadful. I saw it in all your faces somehow, as I came in, and I could have sunk through the floor, Mrs. Wheler—but I am very lonely at home, and hoped I was going the right way to make a few friends by being neighbourly and paying calls.”

She looked anxiously into the impassive face. What odd fishy eyes had Mrs. Wheler, thought poor Jeanne; they looked through you, and at the wall beyond, as though you were transparent, or not there at all.

“It would be very kind of you to explain why it was wrong, Mrs. Wheler,” she pleaded; and she realised that with every word she had spoken Mrs. Wheler had grown less interested, though her vague civility of tone and manner never faltered.

“I am afraid I have really no time for explanations.” She was walking to the fireplace. “Of course I *quite* understand it was a mistake.” Her hand was on the bell. “Pray think no more of it.” She rang twice. “Would you like a cab sent for?—oh, you have a carriage!”

She looked at the servant who entered, and this time her expressionless countenance spoke, and dumbly directed him to show the unwelcome guest out as speedily as might be.

Jeanne found herself walking down the grand staircase, wrapt, as it were, in a cloud of shame and mortification.

The Duke’s lameness caused him, perhaps, to move very slowly. He was still in the hall, where the invaluable butler

was carefully fitting him into his fur coat. His closely-cropped head emerged from the black astrachan collar, looking very small and very fair; and he held his hat in his hand, and bowed politely to Jeanne as she passed hurriedly by. She scarcely saw him.

The burning red of her cheeks, and the glistening of tears on her downcast black lashes, caused him to divine that she had obtained scant comfort from her explanation with Mrs. Wheler.

He limped to the front door and looked after her in a hesitating, undecided manner, before asking for a hansom.

For Jeanne, instead of waiting decorously upon the steps of the mansion for the late Miss Marney's massive equipage to be drawn up before the front door, flew past the astonished servants, past the yet more astonished William, who was standing on the pavement with the rug over his arm, and ran to the spot where Buckam and the fat horses were sleepily waiting half-way down the square. She ran, she flew, she opened the door for herself, she scrambled into the carriage and hid herself as quickly as she could within its friendly shelter.

Poor William, rug on arm, saw nothing for it but to pocket his dignity and run after her as fast as he could; but he was not young, and he was little accustomed to running, so that Jeanne had a moment's breathing-space in which to collect her scattered wits and gather up her failing powers before he arrived panting at the door of the brougham.

"Drive me home at once," she said with a courage born of despair. "I am—I am ill; at least I am tired—and I can't go any further to-day."

William touched his hat and mounted the box.

"She took and run like a lamplighter, and then she said she was ill!" he said in deep amaze to his fellow.

Jeanne held her head high as she descended at her own front door, and walked through the hall into the morning-

room. But directly the door was shut behind her she sank upon the couch and wept tears of humiliation.

“I must never let Louis know. He would be ashamed of me. Oh, how could I be such a fool? The sister of an officer and a gentleman! She might have been a little nicer, and me in mourning. If anybody in the kindness of their heart dropped in to see me—would I treat them so?”

Her tears relieved her a little; but, alas, the lady of the house, even though she be a lonely lady, cannot weep at will. She cried with one eye, so to speak, on the door, lest Hewitt should come in to make up the fire before she had done; and presently crept to her room to remove all traces of her tears before Dunham should arrive to put away her outdoor things.

Dunham had sternly insisted that Jeanne must now be waited upon as beseemed the head of a household so magnificent; consequently the aged maid climbed the steep staircase for the purpose of hanging up in the wardrobe the little black hat and jacket which Jeanne could just as easily have put away for herself; and for taking out of it the plain black gown which was only one of two that had been purchased as mourning for Miss Marney.

But it pleased Dunham to maintain this semblance of an occupation; and Jeanne was very willing to give her pleasure, and indeed very thankful for her company on any pretext, that she might indulge herself in the luxury of conversation.

As she mounted the nursery staircase in haste to be beforehand with Dunham upon this occasion, she cast a glance of pitying recollection at the little white gate, and thought of the young man who was paying a life-penalty for one woman's carelessness.

“He was *very* good and had nice blue eyes, with a kind, funny expression,” she thought, “but oh, I shall never be able to think of the ‘little heir’ again in the same way. He must always have been fair and gentle, and not at all my idea of a man. I thought of a sturdy beautiful laughing boy like Louis used to be. Oh, I *wish* I could tell somebody what I have

done this day. I know I shall lie awake all night, thinking what a fool I have made of myself. It would be a relief to even tell Mrs. Dunham," but she struggled bravely against the temptation.

"Oh dear, oh dear. But I must keep it secret, if only for the sake of Louis, and because I am a de Courset." Then she tried vainly to comfort herself.

"After all, it was only a mistake."

She looked up at the simpering disdainful face of the Comtesse Anne-Marie, which now smiled upon her from the wall of her bedroom, where she had ventured, now that the house belonged to Louis, to suspend the triple frame of miniatures.

"Mrs. Wheler would not have turned *you* away from her door," she said proudly.

As soon as Dunham appeared, and after the fashion of womankind, Jeanne played round the edge of the secret she was determined not to betray.

"Who do you think I met to-day, Mrs. Dunham?"

"I am sure I can't say, ma'am," said Dunham, who having already heard from William of her young lady's extraordinary exit from 129 Grosvenor Square, was burning with curiosity as to the why and the wherefore of such behaviour.

"The little boy who fell down the nursery staircase here! He is not a cripple, but slightly lame. He is grown up now, but he is still not very big, and looks very delicate for a man. The Duke of Monaghan."

"Well, to be sure! I dare say you mentioned, ma'am, that the old rooms was kept just as they was?"

"I had very little conversation with him," said Jeanne rather hastily. "I was very sorry for him though," and she added to herself, "and he looked a little sorry for me."

"Sorry for him, ma'am! It's not dukes and such-like as usually calls for sorrow," said Dunham, rather shocked.

"If you had seen him, Mrs. Dunham, you would have been sorry for him too. He is so delicate looking; and so fair

that he blushes like a girl. Of course he is only a boy, and I dare say he may be very shy."

"The accident happened over twenty years ago, ma'am, I can't quite think him so young as all that," said Dunham rather stiffly.

"Is it possible? Then he must be quite as old as Louis when he left home. How dreadful! for beside him he would look as though a breath might blow him away. I don't mean he isn't very nice-looking in his way, Mrs. Dunham; but if a *man* isn't straight and strong and active, I don't see what he's fit for," said Jeanne, whose views of mankind were strictly limited to the horizon of Louis.

"Well, 'm—there's many things he's fit for, if you ask me," said Dunham, with an increase of asperity, "a duke is a duke, and you may depend on it his Grace would find plenty of strong active men only too thankful to stand in his shoes, even if one of them is filled with a lame foot."

"His Grace! is that what he is called?" said Jeanne. "It sounds very pretty, but somehow more appropriate for a nobleman of the olden time, in a court suit and a powdered wig, than for just an ordinary young man with a black coat and a bunch of violets in his buttonhole."

"Dukes is not ordinary men, ma'am," said Dunham reproachfully. "I was brought up to respect my betters."

"Do you think that his title makes him your better?" said Jeanne, thoughtfully.

"Yes, ma'am, I do," said Dunham, who had the courage of her opinions. "I'm no Radical. Church and State is what I always says. If his ancestors wasn't no better than mine it stands to reason they wouldn't have been made dukes."

"There's something in that, Mrs. Dunham, and I'm rather glad you like titles so much, for I have always thought them prettier than plain names myself. But Uncle Roberts is a Radical, and he says he despises them."

"Most likely your Uncle Roberts has never come across them, miss," said Dunham, snorting.



"I don't know that he has," said Jeanne, rather crestfallen.

"People as has them is glad enough to wear them, ma'am, knowing well enough it gives them a right to be respected more than common folk."

"Are folk who have titles so much more respected than other folks—unless they are great—*really* great I mean in other ways as well?" said Jeanne, rather doubtfully. "Living with Uncle Roberts I have never realised that. He always speaks of them as though he were rather sorry for them than otherwise, and Louis never said anything about it." Suddenly her face lit up with pleasure. "But now that Louis is rich, perhaps he will be able to buy back the Château de Courset, and the land that belonged to his ancestors, and claim his right to be called the Marquis de Courset. You would like to hear him called that, Mrs. Dunham, wouldn't you?"

"I can't say I should, Miss Jane."

"Not! But why?" said Jeanne, in surprise.

"Well, ma'am, since you ask me, I have no opinion of them foreign titles. An honest English marquis is a very different thing to a foreign marquee."

"Why is it different?" asked Jeanne, in a mortified tone.

"I can't say why, but so it is, 'm. People think nothing of it. In fact, if anything they think the worse of you. I hope the Captain will be satisfied to stop as he is, for if he goes calling himself a marquee, or anything of that kind, it's my opinion," said Dunham, firmly, "that as likely as not wherever the poor young gentleman goes, he will be taken for an adventurer or an impostor, and get suspected of being no better than he should."

## CHAPTER VIII

## THE CALLER

HEWITT threw open the door of the morning-room, and with swelling chest and sonorous tones of deepest gratification announced :

“The Duke of Monaghan.”

Jeanne came forward to greet her first visitor, looking both shy and eager ; and the Duke, as he shook hands said :

“I hope I need not apologise for venturing to call, unasked, upon my cousin.”

It did not occur to his inexperienced hostess that this introductory remark had been almost as carefully prepared as her own opening speech to Mrs. Wheler.

“Indeed, I’m only surprised and delighted,” she said with honest joy. “I think it most kind and—and neighbourly of you to come.”

“Cousinly !” he said, accepting with a smile the low chair she drew forward for him as solicitously as though he were really the helpless cripple she had imagined him to be.

“Do you know that nobody has been to see me once since I arrived ?” she said, wistfully, “except professional gentlemen” (with a sudden reminiscence of her aunt’s reproof), “who do not count as visitors.”

“Don’t they count ?” said the Duke, amused.

“They do not,” she said firmly. She felt that though the Rector’s wife might make mistakes, old Miss Marney must know better than this youthful gentleman, smile as he would.

Jeanne, however, felt inclined to smile too, as she looked at him.

It was certainly refreshing to see somebody young, and the Duke looked very young indeed to Jeanne, hardly more than a boy.

He was also pleasant to behold. His clothes were so severely well cut, his collar so glossy, his boots so spotless, his

fair hair so closely cropped, his buttonhole of violets so fresh.

Louis had always been particular about his clothes.

Jeanne smiled approvingly at her visitor, and he divined her approval and was secretly pleased, not knowing that it arose entirely from her fondness for seeing everybody and everything clean and tidy.

"Do many professional people come to see you?" he asked with polite curiosity.

"Not very many. Mr. Valentine came this morning, to explain to me all about the power of attorney, you know, that Louis is sending him—and other business matters"—with dignity. "This house and everything in it belongs to my brother Louis, but Mr. Valentine is to manage it all till he comes home, and I am taking care of the furniture and pictures. He is a soldier, you know, and now he is in Somaliland. He must have arrived in Obbia by this time. Just as he was coming home he was ordered there, from South Africa. He was all through the Boer War. And never was sick nor sorry once, nor wounded, though he was in so many battles."

"He was very lucky," said the Duke.

Jeanne interpreted his expression as one of regret, and answered it with the outspoken sympathy of a child.

"It must have been dreadful for you not to be able to go."

He coloured, but replied, as simply as she had spoken:

"Thank you, yes, it was. But both my brothers went. It was rather rough luck on you, wasn't it, his going? I suppose he is your only brother."

"How did you guess that?" she said, surprised.

His blue eyes twinkled more than ever. He was certainly a very pleasant looking young man, though so unfortunate as to be neither tall nor strong.

"He is my only brother, and my twin. If you would like to hear about him—but, of course, I don't know if you would be interested—still, he is your cousin too," she said. The soft

orange-brown eyes glowed beneath the black lashes, and the fresh red lips parted, as she looked at him, pathetically unconscious of her own eagerness, yet obviously trembling with the hope that here, at last, she had found one who would be interested in Louis.

The Duke, too, was young, and solitary, and sympathetic. He drew his low chair a little closer to the Book of Beauty which lay upon the low table dividing them.

Her freshness and sincerity charmed him now as they had charmed him at his first meeting with her, when he had realised instantly (being, in spite of his youth, a man of the world) that her unconventional behaviour arose from no want of modesty, but from inexperience.

Her apparent boldness of action was as the boldness of the robin perching on the gardener's very spade—so timid that he will fly at a sudden movement—so confident that he trusts without proof or warrant the friendship of mankind.

Before Hewitt and William appeared with the tea-things, the Duke knew almost as much about his cousin Louis as Jeanne did herself.

He learnt of his successes at school, at Sandhurst, and in the army; he learnt that she had not seen him for five years—that she thought of him still as the bright eager boy who had left her when he was scarce twenty years old, and that her life and heart and soul were filled with his image.

And he wondered how much the real Louis resembled the Louis of her faithful dreams.

“Look—I have his new photographs; the first he had done since he left England. And he is so changed I can hardly believe it is Louis. But oh, how glad I am to have them!” said the little sister. And she fetched, with hands that actually trembled from pleasure and excitement, a shabby desk from a corner where it lay hid from Dunham's disapproving eye.

“I brought it down from my own room, for it gives me something to do, when I feel too dull,” she said apologetically,

“to sort and arrange his letters and read them. Some of them are very interesting, at least to me,” she added hurriedly, alarmed lest the Duke should ask to see them, “of course they are rather private, for I am the only person he has to confide in, in the whole world, and it is just the same with me. There is only Louis, *really*. To-day I have the first letter he has written since he heard of Aunt Caroline’s death, and of her leaving her great fortune to him. Doesn’t it seem wonderful? For Louis always wished to be rich.”

“Is he very glad?” said the Duke.

“He is not so glad but that I thought he would have been gladder,” she said, unconsciously betraying her disappointment. “But Louis is always original, and never takes things as one would expect. He is more full of the expedition, and shipping the horses, than of anything else; but yes—he is very glad. He says, ‘Now all your dreams may come true;’ and that is a great deal for a boy who is apt to laugh at one’s foolish dreams, you know.”

The Duke looked at the photograph of his new cousin, and saw a tall young soldier in *khaki*, with a face so much older than Jeanne’s that it was difficult to believe him her twin brother.

A stern good-looking face; with marked eyebrows meeting over the bridge of an aquiline nose, and a thick moustache partially veiling the short upper lip.

“He is a fine fellow,” said the Duke, in interested tones. “I do not wonder you are proud of him.”

“Any one would be proud of him, for there is nothing he cannot do. He could never bear to be beaten,” she said, holding her head high.

“He does not look as though he would ever be beaten. I am sure he will get on.”

“If they give him a chance, if they are not jealous of him,—but I am always afraid they will be jealous—he is so young, and so clever,” said Jeanne, shaking her head over this mysterious reference to the powers that be. “And Louis is

not one to think of his own interest. He is only *too* disinterested; a little too scornful and quick to show people what they ought to do—or he used to be; but he had very persuasive ways too. He was the only person who could ever manage Uncle Roberts. And I daresay he has grown wiser still, with all he has been through, poor boy.”

A tear rolled unheeded down her cheek and splashed on to the little bundle of letters clasped in her lap, as she told him how Louis, in his poverty, had yet managed to insure his life for his sister's benefit, and to pay his debts.

“To think he will never be anxious about money any more,” she said, wiping her eyes. “It was *that* I could not bear,—that a boy like him should be anxious; it was foreign to his nature. He was so generous that he couldn't help spending, poor boy,—but it was his only fault. And now Aunt Caroline has saved him from those worries and troubles that made us wonder whether he would ever be able to stick to the army, after all he had gone through to get there.”

She now told him about Uncle Roberts, and the why and wherefore of her arrival in Grosvenor Square, and how much disappointed she was in London life; but he thought her so pretty and so earnest as she said it, that he did not even smile.

Young people are usually fond of talking about themselves when they find an attentive and sympathetic auditor, and perhaps the Duke was no exception to the rule.

But he had the advantage of Jeanne in good-breeding, and thus found himself constrained to be, upon this occasion, only a listener.

His courteous attention never wavered for an instant; though it is possible he might not have been so exemplary in his politeness had her personality appealed to him less strongly. As it was he enjoyed the opportunity her conversation afforded him to observe her at his leisure; as he rested comfortably in poor Miss Caroline's easiest chair, sheltered by a glass screen from the roaring fire which Hewitt had built up, with a zeal proportionate to the visitor's rank.



She was dressed in the plainest of black mourning gowns, with snowy collar and wristbands; but her hands and throat were white and soft enough to bear the contrast.

He thought he had never seen colouring so pure, with eyes and hair so dark; nor half so pretty an effect as the pointed shadows cast by those downcast black lashes upon the clear red of her cheeks.

Her beauty was beauty of the round, childish, dimpled order; but she looked so healthy, so innocent and so modest, that her little rusticities were all "in the picture," as the young man told himself in the jargon of the day.

It was only the setting that was all wrong.

This garish room, with its meaningless mixture of modern fashion, and relics, real or imitation, of a bygone day.

This wistful creation of an old woman trying to identify herself with the present which she neither understood nor cared for, instead of clinging to the past which was one with her, and to which she belonged.

Typical of Aunt Caroline was the juxtaposition of her antiquated harp and a bran-new Bechstein grand piano; as was the *mélange* of Moore's Irish melodies and Bellini's operas with the latest burlesques of the day, in her music-holder.

Jeanne knew not a note of music. Her studies had not included pianoforte-playing; partly on account of Cecilia's jealousy, and partly because the Rector's wife had pointed out that since there was no piano at Coed-Ithel it would be waste of time for her to learn. She had been very glad to be spared the trouble, for Cecilia's scales and exercises did not sound very tempting, and the less so because Jeanne had an ear for harmony.

Miss Caroline's new piano was therefore wasted upon her niece; but the Duke was a musician, and had consequently noted it directly he entered the apartment which, as he observed, made such an inappropriate background for Jeanne's rustic prettiness.

So she was a farmer's niece. That, of course, accounted for it all. He saw her, as in a picture, at home upon the mountains, her dark hair blowing in the wind, her red cheeks and dark eyes bright in the sunshine of her native Wales, her pretty hands busied among the flowers of a garden bounded by tall hedges of clipped yew—or working in the cool dark dairy among the red earthen pans of frothing milk.

In such places would this simple maid be at home, but never—never in a modern drawing-room. Starting from a reverie, he found his hostess inviting him, but with a pretty solicitude and hesitation, to visit the old nurseries if he chose.

“Nothing is changed,” said little Jeanne. “There is the white gate at the top of the steep staircase which your father, I suppose, had put up.”

“I don't remember that,” he said, shaking his head.

“Of course not. It was put up after your dreadful accident,” she said, with pitying eyes and lowered voice. “But that is the only change. There are the barred windows, and the nursery-rhyme paper—only it is rather faded and dirty, I am afraid.”

“Ah, I recollect that,” he said quite eagerly. “‘As I walked up Pippin Hill,’ was my favourite, because the pretty maid was so very pretty, and the hill so remarkably steep. And the other was Curly-locks sitting on a cushion to ‘sew a fine seam.’”

“Yes, yes,” said Jeanne, delighted. “But there are several others, ‘Tom the Piper's Son,’ and ‘Simple Simon.’”

“So there were. I can see it all perfectly.”

“You have a very good memory, then, for you must have been quite a baby, since it was over twenty years ago.”

“I was nearly six years old.”

“Nearly six! And it was over twenty years ago! Then you must be as old as I am,” she said, astonished. “Louis and I were twenty-five in October.”

“I was twenty-five last April,” he said smiling. “I am even a little older than you are!”

"And I have been thinking of you as quite a boy, about eighteen or nineteen," she said, ingenuously.

He would have minded more had he been five years younger; and above all, had she not blushed as she said it; as it was, he rather enjoyed her discomfiture.

"I am afraid I must put off visiting the scene of my disaster," he said, smiling, as he rose from the low chair before the fire. "I have trespassed upon your good nature rather a long time already. But perhaps—I venture to hope—you will let me come again one day?"

He stood beside her, and held the hand she gave him for a moment longer than is quite usual in shaking hands; but Jeanne was too fluttered to observe it.

"Must you go?" she said, with sincere regret. "Oh yes, please come again, and let it be soon, as soon as you can; for I should like to ask you so many things which it would be easier to ask you than Mr. Valentine, since you are my cousin, and young—though not so young as I fancied," she laughed shyly.

"It is much easier to talk to people of one's own age," said the Duke.

"That is just it. But it is one of my chief faults that I talk too much when once I set off; and don't let the other person talk at all; and then they go away, and I recollect they have said nothing—only listened to me——"

This was so much the true state of the case in the present instance that the Duke could not help laughing outright.

"It will be *my* turn to talk when I come again," he said, consolingly.

"That reminds me of Louis; when he used to come home from school we took it in turns by the clock to speak. Five minutes each. There was so much to say," said Jeanne, seriously. "I had no idea I should have had so much to say to you, however. But all these weeks and weeks I have been so silent that I suppose it all had to come out with a rush. Yet I *did* want to ask you——"

"Anything you will."

"Was it a very wrong thing I did the other day, going to call on Mrs. Wheler?"

"Not in the least *wrong*. In the country it would have been quite right. I saw at once why you had mistaken. It was just that you were not used to London."

"Then what is the rule here?"

"Here you may live in a house for twenty years, and scarcely know your next-door neighbour by sight."

"Then how do you ever make new friends?"

"People are introduced to you—and you ask them to call," he said, laughing and reddening, "just as you might have asked me, only you didn't."

"But I would in a moment if I had known it was a right thing to do," Jeanne assured him earnestly.

"I hoped that was so, and that is why, being your cousin, I ventured to come," he said, and his blue eyes twinkled merrily. "Is there anything else you wish to ask me?"

"Only this. I am afraid you will think me ignorant, but if I *am* ignorant, it is better to tell the truth. I do not quite know, for instance, what I ought to call you, nor even know how I should address a letter to you—not that I was thinking of writing," she added hurriedly.

The Duke appeared not to notice her confusion.

"I should like you—if you would—as I am undoubtedly related to you through the Marneys of Orsett—to call me Cousin Denis—as my other cousins do," he said instantly. "And I am afraid you will think *me* very ignorant, for I was obliged to ask for 'Miss Marney's niece!' And as I am very bad at knowing how to spell people's names—even when I do know them—if you will be kind enough to write down yours for me, I will write down mine for you."

Jeanne moved with alacrity to the writing-table, and set forth materials for this purpose.

"I should like to call you Cousin Denis very much, and I hope you will call me Cousin Jeanne," she said, brightening up. "'Duke' sounds so unnatural, somehow, to me. And

I can't tell you how glad I am to find some relations. I have always longed to be like other people, and have cousins and uncles and aunts. Uncle Roberts is a bachelor, you see, and the last of his family; and Aunt Caroline was a spinster, and the last of the Marneys of Orsett."

"Orsett Hall was burnt down, I remember," said the Duke. "I have always heard it was one of the finest places in the West of England, noted for its picture-gallery."

"Most of the pictures were saved, you know," said Jeanne. "They are upstairs."

"I should like to see them some day," he said with great animation.

"I will ask Mrs. Pyke to uncover them. They are all covered up."

"Covered up? but why?"

"Mrs. Pyke is afraid of the gold frames being fly-blown; and Aunt Caroline was afraid the London smoke would hurt them," explained Jeanne. "You see, she could not get used to London smoke after living for sixty years in the country."

"And such a beautiful country."

"Do you know it?"

"My mother has a house on the other side of the county, near Exmoor. We used to be there a great deal."

"I hoped you lived in London."

"I *live* in Ireland," he said smiling, "but we are a good deal in London too. My mother likes it."

"I had looked forward to London, but now I am quite sure I like the country far, far better," she said mournfully. "Still——" she brightened up again. "It is nicer now that I know I have relations here. It is very pleasant to have relations."

"I hope you may find me a pleasant relation," he said; and he made her another grave little bow, in the manner Jeanne had observed before to be so old-fashioned, and yet so pleasing in a person of his years.

As he opened the door she sprang forward, blushing more than ever.

"Cousin Denis—would you—would you like one of his photographs?" said Jeanne; "he has sent me six. I—I could spare you a copy if you liked."

"I should like it of all things," said the Duke, and he received it gratefully.

"I wonder if that was right, or too—too familiar," thought Jeanne, as the door closed upon him, and she ran to the bell and rang it, as she had observed Mrs. Wheeler did, for her departing guests. "Oh! I hope I have not babbled—as Louis used to call it—too much. But he was so kind, and I am *sure* he was interested. So now the Duchess will see Louis' photo, for he will certainly show it to her. I hope she will be as much struck with it as poor Aunt Caroline was with the one in my locket. Or more, since Louis is handsomer than ever. But how he is changed—it is not his laughing face. The war has aged him—or perhaps seeing so many of his comrades die. Oh, Louis, Louis—if you would but come safely home!"

The serious eyes of the photograph seemed to return her gaze, and to suggest that thoughts unspeakably sad and lofty lay behind that grave young brow.

Decidedly Louis had grown older.

She turned with relief to the familiar boyish face in the locket, now restored to its resting-place next her heart.

"When he talks and laughs with me his dear face will come back to me as it used to be," she said, and the tears filled her brown eyes. "Oh, Louis—I have waited so long that I sometimes feel the day will never come."

As Jeanne changed her day gown for the plain black muslin which Dunham had placed ready for her and insisted she should wear every evening for her solitary dinner, she received, instead of the delighted congratulations she expected, a solemn warning from her self-appointed maid and guardian.



"Yes, ma'am, I don't deny it was attentive of the young gentleman to call—though to my thinking it's a pity he should have waited till my poor lady was dead, what was nearer to him than ever you was, Miss Jane—but like seeks like. And Hewitt tells me his Grace is young-looking for his age, as you are yourself, Miss Jane. Eighteen or twenty I would give you, and not a day more."

"Oh, Mrs. Dunham, I hope I look older than he does."

"Maybe so and maybe not. There's his age in Debrett for all to see, and Hewitt and me looked it out this very day. But it's a very distant cousinship if at all, as Mrs. Pyke has been telling. I would have liked it better, ma'am, if the Duchess, his mamma, had come along with him. I don't hold much, ma'am, with single young gentlemen calling on single young ladies without their mammas coming with them."

"Oh, Mrs. Dunham, what could be the harm?" said Jeanne. She felt inclined to cry. Was she to shut the front door in the face of her only visitor to please Dunham?

Had she made another mistake? People living in Grosvenor Square were governed by rules that would never occur to the inhabitants of Coed-Ithel, where, if one was lucky enough to possess a cousin, he would be made welcome as a matter of course.

She thought of the Duke, his politeness, his gentleness, above all his lameness. How could she appear ungrateful for the kindness he had shown? She blushed as she recalled her warm and pressing invitation to him to call again as soon as might be. Jeanne began to feel Dunham's *surveillance* a tiresome thing; but she had lived under authority all her life, and had not the courage to defy the old woman.

The brightness died out of her eyes and cheeks, and the dull weary expression returned. Her lips quivered. She yearned so terribly for companionship.

"Is there anything more I can do for you, ma'am?"

"Nothing more, thank you," said Jeanne, with sinking heart.

Dunham had done enough for one evening, was her dismal reflection. Spoilt the recollection of the first happy afternoon she had spent since her arrival; and all her anticipations of future visits from her kind cousin Denis.

"Are you quite sure, Mrs. Dunham," she faltered, "that I ought not to have visits from single gentlemen who are relations, however nice and polite and well known they may be?"

"Not without their mammas has called, ma'am. I'm very sure of that. If you wasn't alone it would be another matter."

"If I wasn't alone—I shouldn't want him," said Jeanne, almost petulantly. "After all I *was* introduced to his mamma, Mrs. Dunham, and she asked me to go and see her."

"Then I should go, ma'am."

"Would that make it all right for cousin—for the Duke to come and see me, do you think?"

"It is not for me to advise my betters, ma'am. I hope I know my place too well. A hint is a very different thing to giving advice," said Dunham, closing her thin lips in a manner which, as Jeanne knew by this time, meant that either she had nothing else to say, or that, having more in her mind than prudence permitted her to reveal, she intended to keep it all to herself.

"Mrs. Dunham is a *very* unsatisfactory companion," sighed Jeanne.

As she went down the echoing stone staircase of the mournful empty house, and walked into the silent morning-room to await Hewitt's solemn announcement of dinner, she was seized with a sudden despair.

"I won't—I can't bear it any longer," cried Jeanne. "I am too wretched and solitary. I shall go mad here all alone, waiting and waiting for Louis, and nobody allowed to come near me. It is all very fine to say I am taking care of his furniture and his house, but what do they leave for *me* to do?"

She looked wildly round for inspiration, and her eyes fell

on her shabby desk, standing among the costly trifles on the occasional table, and looking sadly out of place there.

Yet how solid and handsome she had thought the old leather case when it stood on the painted window ledge of her attic at home!

At home!

The word brought the inspiration which Jeanne was unconsciously seeking; it pointed out the way of escape, even for a moment, from the intolerable *ennui* of her life in Grosvenor Square.

She took an instant resolve. To-morrow morning—would it could be to-night!—she would go *home* to Coed-Ithel, and entreat her Uncle Roberts either to come back with her or to let her stay at home till Louis returned. At least, Uncle Roberts would not tell her that it was not his place to advise her; and though his experience of what should or could be done by young ladies living in Grosvenor Square must be very limited, he was nearly as old (in Jeanne's eyes), and quite as sensible as Dunham.

He had sometimes talked of his intention to go and see the sights of London before he died.

Surely she could put it to him delicately, that now was the very time, since he could not expect to live for ever.

Jeanne would have been glad enough to see the sights of London herself, had she been quite certain what and where they were.

But she had not liked to inquire lest she should be suspected of hankering after amusements instead of mourning her aunt; her kind aunt who had given all she had in the world to Louis.

Secretly Jeanne felt quite sure that Miss Caroline would rather have sympathised than otherwise with her wish for companionship, and her longing to let a little brightness in upon the dulness of her life; but she was not by any means so sure of Dunham, and it was Dunham who now practically governed the house, and had almost assumed Miss Marney's

place therein. Mrs. Pyke was too old, and Hewitt too stupid to contend against her rule.

The old servants clung faithfully to their duties, and watched with jealous eyes for the least symptom of a desire on the part of the little upstart stranger to rebel in the slightest degree against the traditions of the house.

Jeanne was uneasily conscious of their watchfulness, and it increased her timidity and discomfort in her solitary state.

She respected Dunham and Pyke, and even the serious upper housemaid, who never, it seemed to her, spoke at all; even Hewitt and William and the stout coachman held some share in her regard. They were all so respectable, so steady, and so faithful to their duties. But she could not help, for all that, secretly looking forward to the time when Louis should descend like a bombshell upon this dull and solemn household, and scatter the old traditions and the silence and the solemnity to the winds. Louis, with his merry laugh and imperious will and cheerful disregard of difficulties.

Far from never allowing young gentlemen to come near the house without their mammas, thought Jeanne, indignantly (for the phrase rankled), she was assured he would, on the contrary, fill it with his friends from morning till night; and Louis had many friends, for he was constantly referring with enthusiasm to one or the other of them. A revelation was certainly in store for the old servants.

She took out his last letter.

"Of course the cable couldn't go into detail," Louis had written, "but it looks as though our hard times were over for evermore, my Jeannie dear. If old Valentine and thingumbob are *my* solicitors now (sounds very magnificent!)—they will see you have everything you want in this world till I can arrange to go shares with you, as, of course, I shall when I come home. I'm writing them all sorts of directions by this very mail." . . . (That was so like Louis! always perfectly ready and willing to give orders, where Jeanne would have hesitated and scrupled for weeks) . . . "Oh, my Jeannie, if you knew what

an immense load this had lifted off my chest. God bless poor Aunt Caroline. I shall be able to write more when I get your letters and Valentine's! I hear from my boss here that he knows the firm, and it's a first-rate West-end firm, so I can trust the old boy straight away, which is a comfort. Thank God it came just before I started, which enables me to do all necessary business before I leave, besides sending me off with a light heart. My chief advises me to send old Valentine a power of attorney, which he thinks will facilitate matters for you greatly . . . I have been so occupied that I've had no moment to sit down and write a coherent letter, and now that I try I can't concentrate my thoughts. I went on board the ship this morning, and after three years' blissful forgetfulness of ships, the same old feeling of nausea came over me that always assails one as one gets the first whiff of engine-room, kitchens, etc., and all the vile things that make life on board intolerable to many landsmen . . .

"I am so anxious for your first letter writ on receipt of my telegram about Somaliland. I hope you won't be too disappointed, my darling Jeannie, but quite cheerful when you think it is to be but a short trip. No more three-year wars, I hope. If you can find any, send me some maps of the country I'm going to, but nothing else, however rich we may be!

"God bless you, my gentle Jeannette; think what times we shall have when we meet. I've no end of surprises in store for you, and how we will make the money fly! . . . I am forgetting this is a sad time for you, though, and you may be crying your dear eyes out for poor Aunt Caroline. But for my sake cheer up, and be as happy as ever you can. I hope I shall find letters from you waiting at Obbia . . ."

Louis bade her cheer up, and if he were here, he would understand in a moment how utterly impossible was cheerfulness under the circumstances, for his doleful and isolated little sister.

With beating heart she rang the bell, and desired William

to say that the carriage would be wanted the first thing in the morning to take her to Paddington.

“He will tell Hewitt, and Hewitt will tell Mrs. Dunham, and she will tell Mrs. Pyke, and so the ice will be broken,” she thought, triumphantly. “That will make it easier for me to just say casually to Mrs. Dunham, at bedtime, that I have made up my mind rather suddenly to go home and see Uncle Roberts for a couple of nights or so. I am very glad I have settled it. Now there can be no drawing back;” and the lonely lady, outwardly composed, but inwardly quaking, presently sat down to her solitary meal.

*(To be continued)*