

# THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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## PARLIAMENT AND PARTIES

IT is characteristic of Mr. Winston Churchill, who owes his political career to his employment by the Conservative press and its subsequent paternal partiality, that he should recently have gone out of his way to vilify the patron by whose favour he obtained public notice. There was, however, no grain of truth in his statement that the Unionist press has shown malicious hostility to the Government of which he is so conspicuous an ornament. On the contrary, the leading Unionist newspapers have on the whole been singularly gentle in their criticism. This was especially noticeable when the Ministry was first formed. A disposition was shown to give it a fair trial; and treatment that was nothing short of generous was accorded to politicians who had themselves in Opposition carried the bitterness and mendacity of faction to a pitch not unworthy of Sunderland and Rochester.

One might indeed have supposed from the mild comments of their opponents that there was nothing much to be said against the idea which Radical journals excusably put forward in the hour of their long deferred exultation, that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government comprised an unparalleled array of political ability. Sir Edward Grey, as amiable as he is over-rated, was held up as a successor to Lord Salisbury and Lord Lansdowne, whose acceptance of the Foreign Office, after some reported hesitation, would be welcomed with relief by the Empire; Mr. Haldane would sweep away cobwebs at the War Office and at last give us an army that would at one and the

same time be efficient and cheap; the financial genius of Mr. Asquith was to make short work of Tory extravagance, reduce expenditure, and restore the national credit which his predecessors, according to the current Liberal legend, had lowered; while the appointment of a Hyde Park orator, who had given evidence of character and ability, to a post in the Cabinet was described truly enough as "interesting," and was welcomed by his opponents with a warmth of appreciation which Mr. Burns hastened to chill by the grotesque violence of his electioneering methods. Even the surprise excited by the appointment of Mr. Churchill as Under-Secretary for the Colonies was for the most part courteously concealed. It is true that he himself, having been given an office which under the circumstances of the moment was one of the most important in the Administration, thought it necessary to make an early opportunity of explaining to the public that his self-effacement in accepting a "subordinate" position might be justified from the national standpoint by the security it provided for effective control of Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons. But the surprise of others than Mr. Churchill himself was not caused by his modesty, as he appears to have assumed, but by the proof his appointment afforded that the Liberal rank and file did not contain sufficient talent to man an Administration without resort to eleventh-hour deserters from the opposite camp. As to the head of the New Government, no one thought much about him one way or another before the election, except to wonder whether his colleagues would prevail in persuading him to go to the Lords, or his dread of Lord Rosebery in keeping him in the Commons.

In fact, when Radical pæans proclaimed that a Ministry of all the talents had replaced "the worst Government that ever was known," Unionists were content good-humouredly to await the subsidence of the clamour and see how far events would vindicate the bombast. For whatever might be the state of political opinion in the country, the idea that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had brought together a combination

superior in individual talent to their predecessors was obviously mere party leader-writing. When Mr. Lyttelton was chosen to succeed Mr. Chamberlain at the Colonial Office, Liberals affected to deride the appointment of a man who they assumed could never be a statesman because he had once been a cricketer; but no one can pretend to believe that Lord Elgin, who has never done anything except to be for a few years a respectable cypher at the head of the Government of India, is an improvement on Mr. Lyttelton; and although his spokesman in the Lower House, Mr. Churchill, admittedly has the qualities of his defects, the first two months of the Session have been enough to show that in the febleness of their colonial policy lies the most menacing danger before the Liberal Government. Nor need any Unionist shrink from pursuing the comparison through the rest of the departments. Mr. Akers-Douglas may not be a brilliant statesman, but is Mr. Herbert Gladstone more brilliant? Are your Buxtons, Birrells and Bryces, Carringtons and Aberdeens, of the race of heaven-born statesmen? Unionists were often blamed for placing the Board of Trade under Presidents who had no commercial training. Are we to understand that the training of a solicitor is better adapted than scholarship and culture for preparing a man to control British commerce? Even those most exasperated with Mr. Balfour on his own side or the other would admit the unfairness to the present Prime Minister of subjecting him to comparison with his predecessor. When the result of the general election became known, men asked themselves in amazement by what freak of political fortune it had come about that worthy Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman of all people in the world was entrusted with power far beyond what Gladstone or Disraeli, Derby, Peel or Russell had ever enjoyed; for it was forgotten how out of the squabbles in the Liberal Party a few years back, when Lord Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Morley successively retired into the background, Sir Henry had emerged as a colourless hyphen to hold together at arm's length the two wings of his party,

and was therefore, accidentally as it were, in possession of the throne when the people killed Charles to make James king. Little more has been learnt about this chieftain in the last four months except that he is not always able like his predecessor to keep his temper and to maintain the decent courtesies of debate. Sir Henry is the first leader of the House of Commons in modern times who has bluntly told his leading opponent in Cromwellian fashion to have done with his foolery. Dull men, when powerfully backed, are apt to develop the qualities of the bully.

The causes of the crushing defeat of the Unionists at the polls have been discussed more than enough. It is more profitable now to ask how much the first period of the Session has done to fulfil promise or disappoint expectation. Whatever relative weight the different matters of controversy may have had in the constituencies, there can be no question that the electors returned the immense Liberal majority in the belief that they would thereby secure, *inter alia*, a speedy termination of Chinese "slavery" in South Africa, thorough-going army reform, a sweeping reduction of national expenditure, and the rigid maintenance of "free trade principles"; while they shared Lord Rosebery's confidence that the inclusion of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Haldane, and Sir Edward Grey in the Cabinet offered a guarantee for the preservation of Imperial interests, and in particular of the fruits of the South African war. They further imagined that a fresh Cabinet would tighten up the gearing of the legislative machine and increase the rapidity of output by a diminution of slackness and friction.

There is not one of these expectations that has not already undergone some disillusion. In spite of the Prime Minister's petulant impatience with the "foolery" of legitimate debate, designed to impress the Labour members with his businesslike qualities, there has been even more dillydallying than usual over the preliminaries of the Session. This has been the work of Ministerialists themselves, and in no measure of the Opposition, who are powerless to obstruct even if they had a mind to.

The Liberals, who for months before the election kept on asseverating that Tariff Reform was dead and buried, cried aloud in exultation when the election was over that its main achievement had been to re-slaughter the slain. That being so, one might have supposed that their fears on that score had been finally resolved. But the oft-slain corpse, like the traditional victim of horrible crime, appears to have released a restless ghost which disturbed the sleep of his Majesty's Ministers, who accordingly felt compelled to beseech the House of Commons to exorcise the evil spirit. This they did by dragging the creature by the hair of its head into the middle of the King's speech, thus forcing Parliament to discuss an issue which by their own account was no longer in existence. Even this was not final. On March 12 one of their followers was encouraged to open yet another fiscal debate, which occupied two days. The only thing accomplished was that Mr. Lloyd-George made himself a laughing-stock by forgetting he was in office and complaining that Mr. Balfour would not formulate a policy; while the Labour leaders seized the opportunity to scout the notion that their presence in the House could be attributed to any enthusiasm in their constituencies for Free Trade.

When they had soothed their nerves by these elaborate ceremonies of exorcism, did the Government forthwith set themselves to demonstrate their zeal for efficiency, retrenchment, and reform by going steadily through with their legislative work? Not at all. They had not yet had "enough of this foolery." Having disposed to their own satisfaction of the fiscal ghost (on whose tomb nevertheless others have inscribed the epitaph *Resurgat*) the next step was to show the world that in a party led by "methods of barbarism" the old pro-Boer bitterness was still rankling. Lest any one should suspect Radicals of permitting power to beget generosity, they were in a hurry to impeach Lord Milner, taking advantage for that purpose of a trifling oversight for which that great servant of the Crown with an excess of chivalry accepted

responsibility, though he had in point of fact no personal knowledge of the trumpery illegality for which he was censured. Happily Mr. Chamberlain, by moving the closure, frustrated the sneaking design to talk the matter out, and thus secured a record of the disreputable affair which it will be the privilege of a future House of Commons to expunge.

Having accomplished this sorry performance, old age pensions, payment of Members, free postage for Members, and other similar expedients for reducing expenditure claimed the compliment of abstract resolutions (duly carried by imposing majorities), or desultory talk which presumably did not come within the Ministerial definition of "foolery." The Milner impeachment has probably done more to disgust the country than its perpetrators would like to believe. There is at all events no doubt whatever about its having had this effect in the colonies. Nor does it stand alone in that respect. Public men and the press in the colonies are too "correct" to take sides openly in regard to party politics in the Mother Country, and if they had any feelings either of sorrow or joy at the change of Ministry in London they did not let them appear. But they are fully entitled to express their sentiments respecting specific acts of colonial policy proceeding from either party; and this they did without hesitation in connection with the Government's handling of the Chinese labour question. The Government, and notably Mr. Winston Churchill, had the incredible ineptitude so to manage this business as to unite in sentiments of hostility not only South Africa but other colonies also from whom Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman might otherwise have obtained moral support. For Australia, pursuing the policy of Protection to its logical outcome, has adopted stringent legislation for excluding cheap labour from abroad; and, therefore, being insufficiently informed as to the local industrial conditions of the Transvaal, viewed with strong dislike the introduction of Chinese coolies into that colony, Australia was therefore naturally disposed to applaud the present Government's desire to put an end to the importation

of Chinese—though for reasons very different from those of the Liberals in this country, who have forgotten Mr. Gladstone's denunciation on Free Trade grounds of the exclusion of yellow labour from Australia itself. But when Mr. Churchilli clumsily brandished the Imperial veto as a menace to the future responsible Government of the Transvaal, he touched Australia and Canada no less than South Africa in a tender spot. Moreover, the Government immediately proceeded to rub it in by interfering with the measures taken by the Government of Natal for crushing disturbance among the natives; for although, when the Natal Cabinet retaliated by resigning, Lord Elgin climbed down with commendable promptitude on the pretext that he had in the interval been supplied with fuller information, and attempted to make the Governor of Natal a scapegoat for his own maladroitness, it was too late to undo the mischief wrought among the blacks, who had been taught that the Government of the Colony was not master in its own house. The result was that unrest among the natives spread, and is still (at the moment of writing) causing a good deal of anxiety.

But it was in the handling of the Chinese labour question itself, as distinguished from its remoter consequences, that the Government enmeshed itself inextricably in the barbed-wire entanglements of its election pledges, and provided a comedy for the entertainment of those not so seriously interested in public affairs as to be troubled by the gravity of the mischief done to Imperial interests. As there was no district so remote as to escape decoration during the election with Mr. Birrell's blood-curdling pictures of Chinamen suffering torture at the hands of Mr. Birrell's countrymen, or where Liberal candidates did not throw themselves with relish into the orgy of organised mendacity, it was to be expected that the Unionists who survived the tornado raised by these infamous methods should inquire of its creators how quickly they proposed to remove the abomination of desolation standing where it ought not, and to cleanse the stain on the British shield. Then the curtain

rose on the comedy. The Cabinet were beginning to realise the truth of the homely hymn that describes "the tangled web we weave, when first we practise to deceive." They accordingly began with one consent to make excuse. Slavery! Had any one happened to use the word? Certainly not the illustrious man at the head of the Government. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, with his habitual nice accuracy in relation to anything in the nature of methods of barbarism, had indeed remarked that the conditions of the coolies in the Transvaal mines was "tainted with slavery," and even that it had "many of the characteristics of slavery"; but he had never, never forgotten himself so far as to speak of it as "slavery." Mr. Churchill sententiously declared that "it could not be classified as slavery in the extreme acceptance of the word"; and then—being clever enough to realise the advertisement value of a Disraelian phrase—produced his carefully prepared and now notorious polysyllabic synonym for the short word which he impliedly confessed to be the proper description of the methods he and his friends had employed in the election. Mr. Lloyd-George was convicted on the evidence of the *Manchester Guardian* of having suggested to Welsh rustics that the Tories if returned to power might bring yellow slaves to work on the hillsides of Wales. Mr. Birrell, in a speech intended to clear himself of responsibility for the literature used by his party, inadvertently admitted that one of his leaflets had charged the Ordinance with establishing slavery; while the pro-Boer fanatic on the Woolsack, not to be outdone by his predecessor's "sort of a war," gave judgment for "semi-slavery." The Colonial Secretary, to his credit, played the part of an honest man, and without prevarication "deeply regretted the word slavery had ever been used," a piece of manliness for which he was sharply rapped over the knuckles a few days later by the egregious pedagogue, Dr. Macnamara.

If all this shuffling had taken place before the game began in the constituencies, the Government might have

been none the poorer in honours, but they would assuredly have won less by tricks; and there is little doubt that the country, resentful at being duped, has entered a big black mark against the nimble-fingered conjurers with the cards.

But the question still remained what they intended to do. The melancholy answer is by this time only too well known to require recapitulation in detail. It is sufficient to remind ourselves that at first the condition which was not slavery, but was tainted with many of its characteristics, was not after all to be summarily abolished by the Liberal British Government, but was to be left to be finally dealt with by a colonial Legislature; the only difference between this and the Unionist policy being that the Liberals were for postponing the time fixed by Mr. Lyttelton when the colonial Legislature would be in a position to modify or repeal the Ordinance, if it should so decide. But the pressure of fanatical followers who still clung to the full-blooded slavery theory, acting on the unstable equilibrium of a hopelessly illogical standpoint, quickly compelled a fresh change of front, and tumbled the Ministry into the still more dangerous pitfall of Imperial interference in colonial self-government. This fall was accompanied by an astonishing revelation of subterfuge. For months before the election the Liberals had hotly maintained in the press and on the platform that white opinion in the Transvaal—that of parasites of Park Lane Jews alone excepted—was hostile to the Labour Ordinance; while Unionists had protested that they were perfectly ready to leave the question to be decided by the colony. If the Radicals had believed what they said, all that they had to do was to hurry up the representative constitution drafted by Mr. Lyttelton. For as a means of determining the state of local public opinion, representative institutions do not require the addition of a responsible executive. But the Cabinet had discovered, if they did not know from the first, that the colony would declare for Chinese labour, on which its entire development, if not its very solvency, depends. So they decided to throw the Lyttelton constitution into the waste-

paper basket and delay for at least a year the progress in self-government for which at an earlier period they had themselves clamoured. Moreover, they allowed Mr. Winston Churchill to insult the colonials by warning them that even under fully responsible government they were not to be trusted where ethical considerations might be involved, and that they were very unlikely to deal with the Chinese labour question in a manner that he and the rest of the Downing Street moralists could sanction.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman further displayed his dread of the discomfiture he would expose his party to if Transvaal opinion were probed, by refusing Mr. Chamberlain's reasonable request for a Royal Commission; and when Mr. Churchill—for whom no pleasure has so keen a relish as being impertinent to old friends of his father—had sneered at Mr. Chamberlain's "fondness for Commissions," the Government proceeded to appoint a Commission of their own, composed of third-rate Liberal partisans, to go to South Africa, probably with instructions to gerrymander the Transvaal constitution on pro-Boer lines. The Government have a reason for this beyond their natural anti-British bias. The Boer leaders are anxious to get rid of the Chinese because they know they will thereby diminish proportionately the number of British voters, and thus be able to restore a Dutch *régime*. The Liberal Government are anxious for a strong Boer vote, to save their face by a local majority against the Chinese. Thus by a vicious circle of co-operation between the anti-British factions in Downing Street and South Africa respectively, the vital interests of the Empire are kicked hither and thither, and the results won at the cost of twenty thousand British lives and two hundred and fifty millions of British money are in danger of being thrown into the sea. It would be difficult to have packed into the space of two months a greater mass of colonial muddle and mismanagement; and the Government have succeeded in creating the fear that, just as the Liberals of 1880 sowed the crop of 1899, so the Liberals of 1906 are sowing seed that

will some day mature into an equally disastrous harvest. It is not to be wondered at that before the new Parliament had reached its first recess one of the most influential of the Labour members complained of Mr. Churchill's blundering, and suggested that it would be for the public advantage if that garrulous and vain young gentleman were "muzzled."

Lord Elgin, honest man, fondly but erroneously imagines that the policy dictated to him by his Under-Secretary proceeds on the principles laid down in Lord Durham's famous Report, in which Lord Elgin pardonably boasts that he takes family pride. There is another page in his family history which he might profitably study. For it is one of life's little ironies that the official instrument of the Radical crusade against Chinese labour in South Africa should be a son of the Lord Elgin who was Commissioner Extraordinary in China in 1860, and who was commended by the Liberal Government of that day for having concluded a convention which was "entirely satisfactory to her Majesty's Government," inasmuch as it had "placed on a recognised footing the emigration of Chinese coolies whose services are so important to her Majesty's colonial possessions."<sup>1</sup>

The sorry figure cut by the Government in these South African debates, and the disappointing impotence of the four vice-presidents of the Liberal League, whose names were accepted by the country as sureties for the fruits of the war, but who were cajoled or coerced into inaction by the little-England section now predominant in the Cabinet, have done much to dispel the optimistic notion that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman might, notwithstanding his antecedents, be safely entrusted with the care of the Empire. There has been much speculation as to the very secondary part played by Mr. Asquith during the first part of the Session. It is possible that preparation of the Budget engrossed his whole time and attention; but, on the other hand, there may be more than a little in the suggestion that, having failed to persuade his chief

<sup>1</sup> Spencer Walpole's "History of Twenty-five Years," i. 142,

that he needed well-earned repose in another place, Mr. Asquith has been well content to let the Prime Minister exhibit his incapacity to the top of his bent, and thus prove to all men that the interests of the party require a competent leader in the House of Commons.

But although the chief interest before Easter centred round South Africa, the pig-tail question was by no means the only one that brought election-begotten anticipations to disillusionment. There may still be a few persons, as simple as sanguine, who cherish visions of reduced expenditure; but the majority realise that such visions are phantoms. Mr. Asquith, who inherits a fat surplus from Mr. Austen Chamberlain, has indeed expressed perfunctory hopes that something in this direction may be done in the future. So has the Secretary of State for War. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer has also had to damp down his followers by the reminder that they themselves put forward in the first weeks of the Session a number of proposals which if adopted will mean increase instead of reduction in the Estimates. The Prime Minister has had to plead poverty in reply to deputations. The blackmail with which Mr. Birrell is preparing to buy off the hooligans of passive resistance cannot be provided, even by pilfering the churches, without a fresh resort to public funds. Mr. Haldane has satisfactorily explained the heavy increase in the cost of the army in late years, which was imputed to the Unionists for unrighteousness, but has said nothing to justify confidence that he can substantially diminish it.

In another respect, too, the Secretary of State for War has played Balaam for the edification of his friends, and has turned the hose on the ardent expectations they excited on the hustings. There has been a genuine desire in the country for effective army reform. It is a technical subject beyond the comprehension of the general public; but the Liberals by continuous and blatant assertion succeeded in persuading the bewildered people that the Unionist *régime* at the War Office had been an exhibition of incompetent muddle and waste. In

the constituency which I myself contested, as doubtless in many others, great play was made by the successful Liberal candidate with a speech made by Lord Roberts, which was so garbled as to enlist the illustrious soldier's authority in support of the contention that the Unionist Government had culpably neglected the army. That electioneering indictment was promptly quashed by the distinguished lawyer now at the head of the War Office. On March 8 Mr. Haldane made what his admirers called "a great speech," which was belauded with reason because he achieved the feat of being thoroughly interesting for two hours without saying anything in particular; except indeed that he had "no cut-and-dried scheme of reform," which meant that he had not the ghost of an idea what to do to improve the army. By way of making some sort of a suggestion to that end, he did, it is true, propose to remove the garrison from St. Helena, and intimated that it would be a good thing if the Universities would invent a degree of Bachelor of the Science of War. A truly illuminating, if academic, Pathway to Reality in military affairs! But Mr. Haldane went on to say—and this was where he threw up his party's election brief—that the army had never been so efficient as at present, and that his predecessors (meaning thereby the roundly abused and derided Brodrick and Arnold-Forster) had accomplished "a remarkable amount" of improvement in the army since the war.

Thus at one point after another—Parliamentary business management, Chinese labour, national expenditure, army reform—the pretensions relied upon by the victorious party at the polls were swept away or cynically abandoned within a few weeks of the victory. But perhaps the most significant thing of all is to observe how they have even laid sacrilegious hands on the sacrosanct "principles of Free Trade." It is the humour of the quick-change artist presiding over the Board of Trade to persuade his audience that the author of the protectionist Merchant Shipping Bill wears precisely the same

suit of motley as the platform economist who posed as a second Adam Smith in the autumn. But Mr. Lloyd-George's laboured endeavour to reconcile his Bill with Free Trade formularies revealed his consciousness of being a heretic. His loud lip-worship of Cobden only served to emphasise the blasphemy. His eagerness to reassure others proved that he had failed to hoodwink himself. The Merchant Shipping Bill embodies provisions which many Unionist candidates, myself among them, did their best to advocate on election platforms. It is in many respects a good Bill, a much needed Bill. But there is scarcely an argument that has been urged against Tariff Reform which would not be equally cogent to condemn Mr. Lloyd-George's proposals. But for what we have received may the Lord make us truly thankful. It is altogether satisfactory that the Radical President of the Board of Trade recognises at last that in one department of British trade at all events the existing conditions of foreign competition handicap British labour and capital so unfairly as to entitle them to protection by legislation, even at the expense of "the consumer."

Nor was this the only occasion on which the same Minister showed signs of grace. A few days before Easter Mr. Lloyd-George received a deputation calling attention to the patent laws and demanding legislation to require patentees to work their patents in this country instead of abroad. Here, again, Mr. Lloyd-George thought it advisable to protest that no question of Free Trade or Protection was involved, "and he repudiated that suggestion altogether"; although nobody but himself (according to the report in the *Times*) had made any suggestion to that effect. If they had, however, the right honourable gentleman's repudiation, though intelligible, would have been unavailing to vindicate the soundness of his doctrine. For the grounds on which amendment of the law was demanded—an amendment which the Minister admitted was "of urgent importance to the commerce and industry of the country"—were that within a short time after its enactment "they would

see new manufactures established in this country, existing ones extended, and additional employment found for our working population." In this instance, also, the interests of "the consumer" are not apparently of such exclusive desert in Mr. Lloyd-George's eyes as some of us had been led to fear. He did not, it is gratifying to observe, reply that if patents are worked abroad rather than at home it can only be because it is cheaper to do so; that the result must be the output of articles at less cost which can be imported into this country and sold here cheaper than if they had been produced by British labour; and that this entirely wholesome fruit of our glorious freedom from tariff restrictions is for our advantage whether the patented imports are required for immediate use or to serve as raw material for further processes of manufacture. No, the President of the Board of Trade puts forward nothing of the kind. He is now convinced of the "urgent importance" of keeping British capital at home, and of forcing us all to buy home-made goods, even if we have to pay more for them, in order to find "additional employment for our working population." This is a welcome advance. *Hoc Ithacus velit.* We can only hope that before Mr. Lloyd-George introduces his Patent Law Amendment Bill Mr. Bonar Law will be back in the House of Commons to add his able support to that which Mr. Chamberlain will surely give it.

On the question whether the embargo on imports of live stock from Canada should be removed, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was canny; but he none the less managed to disappoint a good many hopes that had been raised in agricultural constituencies, where a certain class of farmers whose profits from cattle-feeding are hampered by the high price of Canadian as compared with Irish "stores," naturally desire to get the prohibition against importation removed. Numbers of Liberal candidates, especially in Scotland where the question is a burning one, secured support by pledging themselves to vote in Parliament for repeal of the Act of 1896; and the electors were led to believe that a Liberal majority in Par-

liament would make short work of the obnoxious Tory regulations. But when a private member brought in a Bill for this purpose before Easter, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman made a facing-both-ways speech ; he refused Government support for the measure, and left everybody to vote as they chose without official guidance. Whether he and the rest of the Government are really without settled convictions on the question it is impossible to say ; but from a tactical standpoint they were undeniably in a difficulty.

The original reason for the embargo was that by no less drastic measure could British herds be safeguarded against the introduction of cattle disease ; but the advocates of repeal contend that this danger no longer exists so far as Canada is concerned. For several years an animated agitation has been carried on, and at a conference of societies and others in favour of repeal held in London last year the principal speaker was the Earl of Aberdeen. Lord Aberdeen's participation in the movement had, of course, great influence in raising expectation in Scotland that the Liberal Government would abolish the embargo. But Lord Aberdeen is now Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, engaged on the task of "governing Ireland according to Irish ideas." One clearly defined Irish idea is a rooted objection to live cattle being imported from Canada—not from any fear of disease but on purely Protectionist principles, since Canadian cattle would compete with Irish beasts and reduce their price in the English and Scottish market. In other words, for precisely the same reason that Scottish farmers desire to let in Canadian cattle, Irish farmers desire to keep them out. Mr. William O'Brien accordingly warned the Prime Minister that if these imports were permitted, the Government might whistle for the purchase instalments due from Irish tenants to the Treasury. Unhappy Lord Aberdeen must feel strangely beside himself, with his dual personality as a Free Trade leader of the agitation against the embargo on one side of the Channel, and its champion on Protectionist grounds as the exponent of "Irish ideas" on the

other. One fact, however, is as plain as a pike-staff, namely, that the rural electors who looked to a Liberal victory at the polls as the harbinger of Canadian cattle for their pastures, may as soon as they please fill their pipes with their expectations.

This is a fairly long list of disappointed hopes for the most powerfully backed Ministry in modern history to have accumulated in a couple of months. There has not, however, been much opportunity as yet for judging how deeply it has influenced opinion in the country. Such a majority as the present Ministerial party in the House of Commons can no doubt stand a good deal of shaking, and some time must be expected to elapse before we see such an unmistakable proof of change as signs from Mr. Churchill of readiness to slink back from his new *protégés* to his original party. But the auguries are, at any rate, favourable. Liberals no doubt hold different doctrine this year from last on the subject of by-elections, or they would be more perturbed than Unionists are encouraged by those that have already taken place. For a lawyer to have increased the Unionist vote and held the seat in Hampshire previously occupied by an exceedingly popular local county gentleman, is good. To have reduced to two hundred a Liberal majority in Suffolk which was nine times as large even at the zenith of Conservative predominance in the country, is still better. It is also encouraging to note that the *Westminster Gazette* has already found it necessary to open a course of lectures to back-benchers on the obligations of party loyalty.

Under these circumstances it is a sad pity that the small band of Unionists in the House of Commons should stand in need of similar exhortation. Small as their number is, they have never yet put anything like their full strength into the division lobby. The condition of their front bench is, it is true, anything but an incentive to vigorous action. Sir Edward Clarke, to whom they might have looked to make hay of Mr. Birrell in the forthcoming education debates, has unfortu-

nately ruined his position in the party. Mr. Bonar Law is greatly missed. Mr. Chamberlain is, of course, the one and only commanding personality in Parliament; but Napoleon himself could not wage war without lieutenants, and so far, with the possible exception of Mr. F. E. Smith, there is no sign of the hour producing the man.

Mr. Balfour has as yet shown so sign of recovering the grip which the party anticipated when they re-asserted their confidence in him at Lansdowne House. That he has been ailing and overdone may account for much; but if he is ever again to show himself the man he once was, there is no time to be lost. Since the opening of Parliament the Radicals have been giving themselves away with both hands. A storm is gathering over the education question which even a party so numerically strong will not weather without suffering severe damage. But if the Unionists are to make anything of the opportunities before them, it is time to come to a clearer understanding than they have yet arrived at with regard to the future. Has anything been done to redeem the promise given at Lansdowne House with regard to reorganisation? It is not a time for allowing personal susceptibilities to stand in the way of party consolidation. The time has gone by for plastering whitewash over deep fissures to make them appear like superficial cracks; the time has come for proclaiming that he who is not with us is against us, as regards the chief aim of party policy. Mr. Balfour has declared that "fiscal reform is and must remain the first constructive work of the Unionist party." Then, if so, no one who rejects fiscal reform, no matter who he may be, ought to be recognised as a loyal member of the party. But what is meant by the fiscal reform which is the party's "first constructive work"? Its object, says Mr. Balfour, is "to secure more equal terms of competition for British trade and closer commercial union with the Colonies." Very good. But how is this to be secured? Mr. Balfour replies that a moderate general tariff on manufactures and a small duty on corn "are not in principle objectionable, and should be adopted if shown

to be necessary for the attainment of the ends in view." Yes, but everything turns on the words "*if shown to be necessary*"; and it was this phrase in Mr. Balfour's letter to Mr. Chamberlain that rendered illusory the whole concordat on the strength of which the party at Lansdowne House voted confidence in Mr. Balfour's leadership. These words leave it open to Lord Goschen and Lord Hugh Cecil to say, "We agree; but no conceivable evidence will ever persuade us that a general tariff and a duty on corn can be 'shown to be necessary.' If the end in view cannot be attained by other means, it cannot be attained at all."

Is it possible that this represents Mr. Balfour's own state of mind on the subject; or did he leave this interpretation open for the benefit of Unionist free importers? In either case he is simply perpetuating the paralysis of the Unionist party. In the present House of Commons itself the party might indeed prove an effective enough Opposition in debate without coming to agreement among themselves on the fiscal question. But it is in the country that recovery must take place. And in the country no effective spadework can be done while uncertainty remains about "the first constructive work of the party." Under present circumstances, no Unionist candidate, agent, canvasser, or voluntary worker can state authoritatively whether or not the policy of the party involves a general tariff and a duty on corn. They can only say it does if those expedients are "shown to be necessary." But what the average elector wants to be told is whether they are necessary or not. If there are any other possible methods of carrying out "the first constructive work of the party," let the leader of the party enumerate them. If not, let him say so. Then we should know where we stand. If Mr. Balfour thinks the question can be postponed in the interest of party unity, he is dreaming. Such a postponement promotes nothing but party paralysis. Therefore, even if the consequence of answering the question should be the hateful necessity of "drumming out of the party" a few men whose co-operation

on other points would be of the highest value, or the still more hateful necessity of withdrawing confidence from Mr. Balfour himself, these would be lesser evils than to drift on towards another general election without coherence or consolidation; a procedure which would enable the enemy to pursue with impunity such a course of blundering and disillusionment as they have followed in their first three months of power.

RONALD McNEILL.

## JAPANESE STATESMEN OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

THE men of Japan's yesterday are those who, young at the moment of her awakening from her two and a half centuries' sleep, saw the needs of her future and devoted themselves to liberating her from the heavy trammels of incapacitating traditions. These men set her hands free to make use of the weapons with which alone she could withstand the onset of older polities; they opened her eyes to the life-and-death question of either accepting modern conditions, or succumbing under their resistless tide. These are the men who risked all—their monarch's displeasure, their countrymen's hatred—life, reputation, fortune—to compass their country's renascence. They are passing away. The group grows smaller year by year. Internal dissension has helped to break it up, for such men as these had of necessity strong personal convictions, aggressive temperaments, the reformer's obstinacy, and the fighter's ardour; and, as time went on, it was impossible that all should continue to think alike—even though all were equally eager and steadfast in the desire for their country's advancement. Their names can never be forgotten. One, grown old in service, still works and watches sleeplessly while his disciples carry on the task. The others who survive stand aside, ready to give counsel or fulfil necessary duties—but, recognising the while that their especial page of history is written, and that

they can safely leave the next in the hands of a generation younger than their own.

Of these younger men the Western world has as yet heard little; as to the older ones, most foreigners have forgotten Okubo, Mori, Kido, Itagaki, the reformers who devoted their entire energies to the struggle—the first two forfeiting their lives in the contest; but Ito, Inouye, Yamagata, Okuma, are still spoken of abroad as the leaders of new Japan. That they are no longer, but its makers to a great extent they were, for the makers of to-day's Japan were undoubtedly these statesmen of yesterday.

Of these the senior in years is Count Kaoru Inouye, whose gentle noble character and scholarly attainments cause him to be regarded everywhere with affectionate respect; he began life as a fighter, supporting his lord, the Prince of Choshu, with valiant courage in the contest between that clan and the Tokuwaya Shogun's forces in 1863. When Choshu had to succumb to the overwhelming strength of its adversary,<sup>1</sup> Inouye made the forbidden journey to England in company with his friend Ito, and for some time the history of the one is almost the history of the other. Inouye, however, was particularly marked out by his fellow-clansmen's reactionary ferocity, and was set upon and almost murdered as a punishment for his advanced views on foreign intercourse. He recovered from his wounds, and subsequently filled many important Government posts with great honour, retiring from public life in 1898. A courteous, kindly soul, always interested in foreigners, he was one of the men whom I met with most pleasure during my first years in Japan. He, like Ito, and other distinguished Japanese, was a pupil of the late Rev. William Morrison, brother of the distinguished scholar, Alexander Morrison. When Ito and Inouye made their first visit to England, Mr. W. Morrison, a remarkable linguist himself, took great interest

<sup>1</sup> See the admirable account of these conflicts in Mr. Watanabe's "Genji Yume Monogatari," translated by Sir Ernest Satow. The latest edition has just appeared in Tokyo, but the book has not yet found a publisher in the West.

in the young strangers ; he taught them English, and translated from the French for their benefit the greater part of the Code Napoléon, which forms the groundwork of the Japanese legal code. Baron Suyematsu, of whom more hereafter, also learnt his English from Mr. Morrison. It is curious that this gentleman's granddaughter is to-day the affianced bride of Mr. Yukio Ozaki, the present Mayor of Tokyo, one of the most advanced of the younger school of politicians.

In spite of his withdrawal from public life, Count Inouye was commanded by the Emperor, at the beginning of the war with Russia, to attend all important councils, and especially to give his advice on questions of finance, and he has rendered valuable service in this way, although considered by the Japanese to have long since reached the age of honourable retirement, being now seventy years old.

Count Itagaki is only two years younger. He earned his laurels very brilliantly in the war attending the Restoration, being not only a terrific fighter, but also a subtle strategist. In the subsequent adjustment of affairs he served in the Ministry, which he left on account of a split over the Korean question in 1873. The Koreans had wantonly fired on a Japanese warship calling at Kokwa Island to obtain water. Itagaki's soldierly training made him lean to the opinion that the outrage should be punished by force, by arms. He was out-voted, and retired from office to devote himself to the task of preaching the gospel of liberty to the men of his own province, Tosa. This he did with such success that Tosa became, as one Japanese writer has put it, the "nursery of freedom in Japan." After ten years of these missionary labours, Itagaki returned to public life to press the question of Representative Government, and succeeded in extracting the promise that after the lapse of one more decade the change should be inaugurated. He did not escape the usual honours accorded to Japanese reformers, and was attacked and stabbed by a reactionary fanatic. As he fell he cried : " Itagaki may die, but freedom never," a cry which roused the country like a trumpet

call. Fortunately, he recovered from his wound, and has lived to see the institutions for which he laboured eagerly embraced by his now enlightened compatriots. Of late years he has abandoned politics and devoted himself to the noble work of bettering the conditions of the poor. His record as soldier, pioneer, statesman, and philanthropist, is unstained by a single base or selfish action, and his name is justly dear to every patriotic heart in Japan.

Marshal Yamagata belongs by right to the group of soldiers whose histories will be given in a separate article, and I will pass on to one to whom, in the ranks of the older statesmen, the right of precedence now belongs, to Marquis Ito, the wise, silent, relentless old worker, whose motto, like that of a certain much-abused Englishman, seems to be, "Get it done, and let them howl." The outlines of his earlier life have been thrown into the shade by the renown of his later years, but they are too illuminating as to Japanese history and conditions to be passed over, and should be kept in mind while forming any judgment of his character.

Hirchumi Ito was born on September 2, 1841, in Choshu, the Province which has given Japan the larger number of her distinguished men. In popular regard the Choshu men have always been something of a terror to the rest of the nation. Big-boned and robust in physique, warlike and dominating in temperament, until recent times they, with their neighbours of Satsuma, were the traditional fighters of the country. The inhabitants of other Provinces were, by nature, quiet and peaceable folk; those of what we call the Home Provinces<sup>1</sup>—Tokyo and its nearest neighbours—being proverbially timid. The universal spread of military education has now brought the courage and steadfastness of all Japanese men up to the high standard displayed in the late war. The elder Ito was

<sup>1</sup> There are, correctly speaking, no more Provinces, the country being officially divided into forty-six Prefectures and two Administrative "Dominions." But the old divisions and names are always used by the Japanese in speaking of the different districts.

a petty clansman of the powerful lord of Choshu, an obscure samurai, who certainly never dreamed of the honours in store for his son. At a very early age the boy showed love of travel and adventure only equal to his desire to learn all that could be learnt about his own and other countries. Finding a kindred spirit in Kaoru Inouye, a friend a few years older than himself, the two young men left Japan secretly—as stowaways, according to tradition—and reached England in 1864. To leave Japan without permission was a bold act—to return and face the consequences of such disobedience still bolder; but the two patriots hurried home on learning that the Allied Powers had resolved to bombard Shimonoseki, the headquarters of the Choshu clan, in revenge for the rash act of the Prince of Choshu, who had fired upon an American steamer, and upon a Dutch, and a French, warship, in token of his disapproval of the foreign efforts to establish relations with the country. Japan was then torn with dissension on this point. "Foreigners," "No Foreigners," were the party cries, and were changed with kaleidoscopic rapidity as personal interest dictated. Ito and Inouye, their eyes opened by all they had seen in Europe, found themselves in opposition to their feudal lord, and to the mass of their fellow-countrymen. Both young men were called base traitors by their own people, and Inouye, as I have already related, very nearly paid for his liberal views with his life. When the great question had been fought out and decided in favour of foreign intercourse Hirobumi Ito had gained the confidence of his feudal lord, Kido, and had doubtless done much towards the latter's subsequent conversion to the new ideas. Ito was alert, brilliant, a hard worker, always at his post, and he was soon singled out for advancement. On the downfall of the Shogunate and the restoration of power to the Mikado, he was made Governor of Hyogo (Kobe), being then about twenty-six years of age.

In those early days of the Restoration the chief power naturally lay in the hands of the clans who had upheld the

Imperial cause against that of the Shogun. Of these clans there were four leading ones, Choshu, Satsuma, Hizen, and Tosa. The best known statesman at that moment was Count Okuma, a Hizen man. He was made Minister of Finance at the Restoration, and continued to hold that post, and to be supreme in the Council Chamber for the first ten years of the present reign. It was he who, appreciating the great ability of the young Governor, invited Ito to enter the Cabinet. Okuma, also, first noticed the talents of Yamagata, the now famous Marshal, and installed him as Vice-Minister of War; Inouye, Ito's fellow pioneer, being Count Okuma's immediate subordinate, the Vice-Minister of Finance. Matsukata and the great reformer Okubo were also in this Cabinet.

Okuma was generously doing his best for the country in thus enlisting for the Government the services of the ablest men of the day. But he was preparing his own downfall. The Cabinet was practically a Choshu Cabinet, and to this day clan is stronger than party in Japan. Ito, Yamagata, Inouye, were Choshu men; Matugata a member of the Satsuma clan, which, barring one or two short quarrels, is always an ally of its neighbour, Choshu. The weaker elements of Hizen and Tosa were overpowered by the weighty following of the other two clans; and Okuma, in time, found the Choshu and Satsuma combination too strong for him. After holding supreme office for ten years he was obliged to retire when his colleagues in the Cabinet, on the ground that the time was unripe for such a measure, refused to support his memorial to the throne, urging Representative Government. After this event Ito began to rise to the supremacy which had been enjoyed by his former patron. His talents had had full play, both at home and abroad. He had been sent to Europe and America to assist Prince Iwakura in his efforts to obtain a revision of the old treaties, and he took advantage of the opportunity to study closely the Western institutions. The first fruits of his observation took shape in the Japanese banking regulations, copied from the American ones, and

drawn up in 1872. In 1881 he was sent with a large staff to study the representative systems of Europe and America, and the results of his travels and studies were given to the world in 1891, when the present Constitution was proclaimed. The intervening years had been occupied in increasing efforts to prepare the country for the careful honours of Representative Government. It was Ito who insisted that a complete reconstruction of Japan's internal systems was necessary; that the Cabinet and all Departments of State must be recognised on the European models before this tremendous change could be inaugurated; and it is certainly due to his patience and foresight that the new system brought with it so few shocks and disturbances; a whole generation had grown up while the wise and patient pioneer was educating the people to use their responsibilities aright.

Labours and honours came thick and fast upon Ito in the course of those years; in 1884 the title of Count was conferred upon him; in 1885 he was sent to China to conclude the Tientsin agreement regarding the position of Japan and China relative to Korea. In the same year Prince Sanjo, the Emperor's lifelong friend, resigned the Premiership and recommended Count Ito for the position, which he has since filled four times. I believe he has filled it unwillingly, always preferring the post of President of the Privy Council, where, free from party trammels, he could more independently give his opinion and perhaps be of greater service to the Emperor. It must be remembered that during all the first part of his public life he supported the Clan Government, which is still such a tremendous engine in Japanese politics. In 1895 he was made Marquis, and it was in the same year, after the war with China, and its deeply disappointing results, that his convictions underwent a change. The last phase of his development as a modern statesman has shown him as the advocate of party Cabinets, this method being more in accord with the ethics of truly Representative Government. It would be impossible in a short sketch to describe all the storms he

has weathered, all the work he has done. To-day, at the age of sixty-four, he has more enemies and more friends than any other public man in Japan—and he remains the Nestor of the Council Chamber, the man most necessary to the Emperor when any great decision has to be taken. These are the facts of his public life, and they are sufficiently remarkable to make the student of character desire to know what manner of man this is, whose career seems to have reflected every phase through which his country has passed for the last forty years.

He began life at a time when it was difficult even for the well-born Japanese to speak their own language correctly. The educational advantages he has done so much to bestow on the poorest Japanese child of to-day were never his. The first passion with him was to *know*, and neither danger nor fatigue could turn him aside from that object. Having first taught himself, he became the apostle of political education to his countrymen. He is called by his enemies an opportunist. So is the navigator who keeps his vessel off the rocks, and, taking advantage of every favourable breeze and current, brings her slowly but safely into port. Ito's worst enemies are obliged to confess that he is disinterested. He is a comparatively poor man to-day. His hands are clean. When I first knew him, fifteen years ago, I was inclined to think that the instinct of self-preservation was very strong in him. I remember saying that he had an extraordinary acuteness which warned him of the precise moment when he could becomingly discard responsibility for an unpopular measure; that he would always withdraw from public view during the worst of a storm and appear again, smiling and serene, when the storm was past. This sense he certainly has, but I am sure now that it has been exercised for the general good, and from no lack of courage as to facing personal risks. The result of this private policy, if I may so call it, is the right to come forward as the adjuster of dissension, the impartial arbiter on great questions when public feeling has subsided and the right moment for the ratification of a decision has come. Although known to

be an advocate of party government, he is not so closely associated with any party, even his own, as to rob him of his independence. He has broken up one dangerous coalition after another by transferring its leader from the arena of Parliament to the dignified quarantine of the Privy Council. Astute, patient, far-seeing, ready to yield on small points in order to win in great ones, large in aim and careful in detail, Japan has been happy in having such a man as this to train and restrain her first steps in the modern world.

“Can you spare half an hour to an old friend?” I wrote to him a few days ago, when he was deep in all the anxieties of the Portsmouth Treaty. The answer, a prompt one, was brought by a bright-eyed young secretary. The Marquis had gone down to Oiso for a couple of days’ rest. Would I come and see him there and allow him to offer me a “modest *déjeûner*”? If so, Mr. Furuya, the bearer of the message, would pilot me thither and bring me home again. So one bright September morning I travelled down to the beautiful spot on the coast where the great man has built his country house—between Fujisan and the sea. It was a three hours’ journey, and it seemed short, for, besides Mr. Furuya, who has travelled much and speaks various languages, I had for a companion Mr. Tsuzuki, the Chief Secretary of the Privy Council,<sup>1</sup> a cultured travelled man, who has already held great posts, is close in Marquis Ito’s confidence, and is one of the important men of the day. Tall, grave, with regular features, and deep black eyes, he presents a great contrast to the genial, witty private secretary, who talks like a mercurial Frenchman, and thinks with the accuracy of a German scientist.

A short drive from the station took us through a pretty village and out into a shady avenue beyond, sloping up to the eminence on which the Marquis has built his house. We walked up through the garden, and at the front door my companions left me, judging rightly that after so many years’ absence I should prefer to meet an old friend alone.

<sup>1</sup> Also a member of the House of Peers,

I was standing in an upper room looking out at the sea and the hills, when I heard footsteps, and turned to find the Marquis coming towards me with both hands stretched out in greeting. He looked more tired, but very little older, than when I last saw him. I remember it was at a little family dinner in his own home some eleven years ago.

Tired—and—anxious. The kind cordiality of his greeting did not dispel the lines in that strong face or quite clear the melancholy from his eyes, the dark wise old eyes that seem to remember all the past and foresee all the future. The first greetings over, our talk turned to that of which both our hearts were full, the Peace.

"Tell me," I cried, "what do you really feel about it?"

There was a pause as he turned and looked at me. "I am sorry—but I am not surprised," he said slowly. "It is the best we can make at this moment—and this is the moment to make it. The people will understand it better soon."

"You knew it would prove a disappointment," I replied. "Was that why you did not go yourself? I always said no one would ever entrap you into an unbecoming situation. But I wish you had gone, you would have obtained better terms than Baron Komura has done."

He was patient with my impatience. "I was ready to go," he said, "ready to accept the risks of the situation—yes, I know what you think—but you are mistaken. It came to this, that inevitably the final decision had to be made here, and the Emperor wished me to be at hand when the moment should come. I was of more use to his Majesty here. Komura is a very able man. He has done all that could be done. And he is a brave man too."

"In what way has he shown that?" I asked.

"I warned him of what lay before him," the Marquis replied. "Oh, I remember my experiences in '95, I remember the Treaty of Kyoto! I was here in our own country, with everything in my favour—I made the Peace after a successful war. All my conditions had been agreed to—I was satisfied,

I was successful—the Treaty was signed, and I came to lay it at the Emperor's feet. There was to be no more fighting over *that* business at least! How do you think I felt when France and Germany stepped in and tore my Treaty to pieces—reversed its conditions—took from Japan that which she had honestly won? I shall never forget the pain of that time. I remembered it more keenly when Komura started for America. I said to him, 'My friend, you go with hurrahs and rejoicings and 'Banzais!' If you are received in the same way on your return, I will not come to meet you. The nation will do that—you will not need me. But if things are otherwise, if, when you return, there are no shouts and rejoicings—if no single soul comes forward to welcome you—count on me, for *then* I shall come to meet you!'"

Our talk was interrupted by the entrance of Marchioness Ito and her daughter, Baroness Suyematsu. The Marchioness's health has obliged her to give up town life altogether, and the family home is now at Oiso, whither Marquis Ito flies whenever the pressure of affairs permits him to leave Tokyo. There are two houses, a Japanese and a European one, both filled with books and old Chinese and Japanese paintings. The latter form the favourite hobby of the master of the house, and one room through which I passed is filled up with precious rolls—chiefly offerings from admirers and friends. There are two libraries—one for Chinese and one for foreign literature; both are crowded with books, for the Marquis is a great reader. The gem of the house is the dining-room in the Japanese building, a spacious apartment with delicately matted floors, shimmering under the play of sunshine and shadow among the trees in the garden beyond. It was a divine day, and all removable partitions had been taken out, showing a vista of room after room touched into richness by the soft gold of a screen here, a plant there; but no pictured ornament was allowed to distract the eye from the lovely view of the garden, through whose branching pines the fresh breezes danced and the sea showed in changing stretches of mid-day blue.

At lunch we were joined by two or three guests, among them Marquis Saionji and his daughter, and the millionaire Baron Iwasaki, both families being neighbours of the Itos at Oiso. The Saionji girl is an exquisite creature, just sixteen, of the purest type of Japanese beauty, pale, pure, radiant: she looked in her trailing mauve *kimono* and pansy sash like a figure stepping out of an old print. She speaks both French and English with great ease, and without any trace of foreign accent—and has doubtless inherited the gift of languages from her father, who is a remarkable linguist. Marquis Saionji is one of the men of the future, a pupil and supporter of Marquis Ito, but full of independence and originality; he traces his descent, not from the fighting *samurai*, but from the Kyoto courtiers, who have always formed the personal following of the Sovereign. In person he is tall and handsome, with brilliant eyes and regular features—these lighted up with an expression at once cynical, gay, and kindly, an expression which I can only describe as extremely modern and extremely French! The piquancy of this personality was delightfully accentuated by his superb Japanese dress, making a strange setting for the face and figure of the man who seems to think in French, and whose appearance and conversation certainly bear out his reputation of being a brilliant wit and a desperate heart-breaker!

These valuable social qualities had full opportunity to develop during a ten years' residence in the congenial atmosphere of Paris. The young courtier went there at the age of twenty-one, to pursue his studies, and he became an ornament of the Quartier Latin, as well as of less Bohemian circles. The date of his arrival coincided with the fall of the Second Empire; France was a Republic once more, and the exuberant Liberalism of his surroundings, at that impressionable age, must have deeply tinged the convictions which Kin-Mochi Saionji brought back with him to Japan. He at once went into journalism, and started a paper of such extremely democratic tendencies that the older men were horrified. What

was to be done with this "enfant terrible" of the Peerage? His abominable "Red" newspaper (it was called *Oriental Liberty*) was a scandal to their order! Gravely they went to remonstrate with him, expecting obstinate opposition from the hot-headed young man. But Saionji had either grown tired of his new amusement, or, and this is more likely, was astute enough to perceive that no good could come of antagonising his powerful elders and betters. He deferred to their opinion with easy politeness. If they felt so strongly about the old paper—why, let it go! Anything to oblige a friend, of course!

This admirable docility caused him to be singled out for office and honour. The modern title of Marquis was conferred upon him in 1884; in 1885 he was sent as Minister to Vienna, later to Berlin. His cosmopolitan sympathies made him at home and welcome in foreign posts, but the gay manner and recklessly expressed opinions covered a very real resolve to forward the best liberties of his country, and he gladly returned to Japan to fill a series of distinguished and hard-worked posts in the Administration. His high rank and brilliant gifts caused him to be called, on the death of Count Kuroda, to the exalted position of President of the Privy Council, an office which carries with it the obligation of acting as Prime Minister *ad interim* when that official resigns. Marquis Saionji has now stepped in four times in this capacity, and will doubtless one day be asked to exercise it more permanently.

In July 1903 Marquis Ito was out of office, and was devoting himself to the development of his bantling, the "Sei-yu-Kai" or "Model Party," founded by him to convert the House of Representatives to liberal ideas of orthodox party government, as opposed to the old clan dominations which he had come to consider as antiquated and harmful. The present Katsura Cabinet was in power, unconstitutionally, as Ito maintained, having twice dissolved the Lower House without resigning office itself. Such an attitude appears impossible to Western ideas, but in Japan the Cabinet is the last stronghold

of clan government, and is constantly at loggerheads with the House of Representatives, where the now accepted dogma is that Cabinet Ministers,<sup>1</sup> should be the spokesmen of the prevailing majority, as in other constitutionally governed countries. This aim, respectable in itself, was followed up with so much rivalry and discussion among its supporters that it brought only ridicule on party politics, until in 1900 Marquis Ito seriously set about demonstrating its value. Undaunted by the scathing criticisms of his enemies, who taunted him with the fact that he originally owed his own advancement to clan support, he came forward as a party leader, and founded the "Sei-yu-Kai," which still holds 130 seats out of 300 odd in the Lower House. It has had its moments both of triumph and defeat. Some of its measures, passed with big majorities in the Lower House, met with violent opposition from the more Conservative House of Peers, once even during the short period when Marquis Ito had succeeded in composing a party Cabinet. On this occasion the peers were brought to terms by an Imperial Rescript requesting them to reconsider their decision—a measure doing honour to the Emperor's wisdom and justice. Thanks to his Majesty's efforts, the party and its Cabinet weathered the storm, but the Ministry broke up of its own accord soon afterwards, over a question of financial policy, and the present Katsura Cabinet came into power. Nominally a non-party one, it has had the prudence to conciliate in some measure the Lower House, and, in spite of the two dissolutions above mentioned, is now enjoying the record term of a fifth year of existence.

The "Model Party" was deprived of its leader and founder two years ago, when Marquis Ito was requested by the Emperor to become President of the Privy Council in place of Marquis Saionji, who doubtless felt that the stately discussions of the Council Chamber were less suited to his

<sup>1</sup> Except the Minister of War and the Minister of the Navy. These are permanent posts, and are considered as disassociated from all party influence.

temperament and ambitions than the stirring conflict of the arena. The world was amused to find that the two statesmen had merely changed places, the younger man instantly assuming the leadership of Ito's orphaned "Sei-yu-Kai," generally called the Constitutional Party.

Saionji is a man of solid strength, who, without losing any of the fire which broke out in the political extravagances of his *début*, has attained to great justice and breadth of view, combined with a profound insight into the character of his countrymen and a no less clear perception of the symptoms of the times. This descendant of a hundred generations of subtle courtiers, who yet has all the samurai's love of a fight, would probably prefer to be described, in the language he knows so well, as emphatically "*de son siècle*."

He rendered valuable service but a few days ago, when, on the memorable 5th of September, he addressed to the Parliamentary members of the Sei-yu-Kai Party a manly and thoughtful speech on the Peace. The Marquis said that the restoration of Peace was, first of all, a matter for sincere congratulation, in the interest of humanity at large. That their duty to that interest, and the acceptance of President Roosevelt's invitation to negotiate, placed the Plenipotentiaries, not in the relation of victor and vanquished, but on practically equal terms, a fact which the Japanese, after their marked successes, were likely to overlook. From Japan's point of view, he continued, it might appear that Russia was conclusively beaten; but such was not the opinion of Western Powers, and Japan could not afford to ignore the trend of that opinion. After showing the comparatively small value of her concessions at Portsmouth, the Marquis appealed to the good sense of his countrymen to consider which policy had produced the better impression on the moral sense of the world—that of the Tsar, who, after repeated defeats, declared himself for continuing the war rather than make a small concession in the Council Chamber, or the policy of Japan, who, victor in every fight on sea and on shore, had nevertheless waived her demand

rather than cause fresh bloodshed? While admitting that some feeling of disappointment was not unreasonable, yet he asked his countrymen to remember that Russia's aggression having now been fully chastised, surely the moment had come to "sheath swords, clasp hands of friendship, and devote themselves to the pursuits of Peace." He earnestly hoped that the great party, whose representatives he addressed, would treat the situation calmly, and contribute its influence and assistance to promote the numerous enterprises now awaiting the supplication of the nation's peaceful energies.

The meeting had been convened to protest against the Peace, but Marquis Saionji's wise and honest pleading carried the day with his party, and greatly helped both to calm the general agitation and to turn men's minds to the all-important question of developing the country's internal resources after the terrible strain put upon them by the war.

In these two men we have typical representatives of the best in Japan's past, and the best in her immediate future. Marquis Ito seems to be gradually effacing himself from the more active politics of the day. He is only sixty-four, and it is to be hoped that he will long fill his important and honourable post of best trusted councillor to his Sovereign; but he must feel that there can be little to add to the splendid record of his public service. Marquis Saionji still has his best work before him, and the country looks confidently to him to make that work worthy of his master and predecessor.

If I have devoted so much space to narrating the career of Marquis Ito, it is because he is the type and figure-head of the group I have called the statesmen of yesterday; but my sketch of these would be incomplete without some description of his still living contemporaries. It seems a pity that personal rivalry and the predominance of clan feeling should have forced such a man as Count Okuma into the position of critic and opposer of the Government which he has so long occupied. His intellectual gifts are of a very high order, and at the beginning of his career external advantages appeared to be on

his side. His opinions were widely progressive, and many reforms since adopted in the country were originated by him, although others have reaped the credit attaching to them. Upright and enlightened, as well as kind and benevolent in character, he seems to have lacked the political tact, as well as the sense of self-preservation, so strongly marked in Count Ito. His first fall from power was occasioned, as I have related, by pressing the great cause of Representative Government at an inopportune moment; the mistake was a heroic one, but he paid for it very dearly. Something like bad luck has overshadowed his public life; he consented at the instance of his friend, the late Count Kuroda, to enter the Cabinet as Foreign Minister in 1888, in order to undertake the unpopular task of the Revision of the then-existent Treaties with Foreign Powers. These Treaties had been concluded before the Restoration, and many clauses in them, necessary enough at the time when Japan was being taken on trial by the other Powers, had become galling to her and disadvantageous to foreigners, in the course of their twenty years' duration. Japan had grown up in that time, and could no longer be treated as a half-civilised Power. The new Treaties were drafted so as to place relations with her on practically the same footing as those existing between European nations; but they were firmly combated by a reactionary section of the Japanese, who saw in some clauses, and especially in the abrogation of the passport system, a sanction to the incursions of foreigners upon their country. The task of revising the treaties had been, in the face of this opposition, given up as hopeless by one Administration after another, as well as by numbers of the foreign representatives who attempted to carry it out. In 1889 Japan was suffering from a fierce attack of this reactionary fever, fomented by the wild fanaticism of the "Soshi"—bands of young men, sons of the dispossessed samurai—who could find no occupation so consistent with their pride as warfare, whether actual or political. It required no small courage to carry on the negotiations for Treaty revision at that time, when

both the Japanese and foreign plenipotentiaries were the objects of popular misapprehension. I have described elsewhere the attack on Count Okuma as he was returning from a Treaty conference ; the attack failed in its murderous object, owing to the presence of mind of the coachman, who perceived the assailant's movement and dashed past him so that the bomb exploded against the carriage door, and cost the Count a limb instead of his life. Count Okuma's perfect calmness and stoicism at the moment of the catastrophe showed that his courage was of a very high order.

He did not hold office again until 1896, and then for the comparatively short period of two years. Since then he has done much for the cause of education and that of finance, and has been perhaps more useful to the country than when actively concerned in politics. It is to be noted that he has never been abroad. Perhaps Count Okuma lost, by this omission, some of that modern training and experience which Marquis Ito so eagerly assimilated, and which have helped him to use his natural gifts to such great advantage. Count Okuma commands the respect of all his countrymen, the admiration of many, but he will never be a leader again. His remarks on the Peace were in marked contrast to the wise and practical tone adopted by Marquis Saionji, the actual leader of the Opposition, whose criticisms on the Government were, as we have shown, subordinated to the great object of allaying agitation and directing the country's energies to commercial development. Count Okuma wound up his dismal Jeremiad over present failure and future disaster by making this startling statement : " Our diplomacy was bound to fail when once we accepted the invitation of President Roosevelt to the Peace Conference. Our plenipotentiaries were in reality prisoners of war under the custody of the President. That they could achieve no good was a foregone conclusion."

The man who could say and believe this has no place in modern politics. Count Okuma belongs to Japan's yesterday.

MARY CRAWFORD FRASER.

## INDENTURED LABOUR UNDER BRITISH RULE

THE national conscience has been greatly exercised of late as to the morality of employing coloured people as indentured labourers. It has been asserted by men in high responsible positions that the restrictions placed on Chinese labourers in South Africa renders their condition nearly akin to a condition of slavery. As there are some accusations which no man of honour can allow to pass unchallenged, so the assertion that the treatment of any people under the protection of the British flag is analogous to a system which for the last century the British people has steadfastly denounced is one that it is impossible for the nation to ignore. It therefore becomes necessary either to alter or to justify the conditions to which indentured labourers are subjected, not in the Transvaal only, but in all British dominions.

The question bristles with difficulties. The majority of Englishmen have never come into personal contact with coloured races, and consequently find it hard to appreciate the difficulties involved in dealing with people whose temperaments and standards of culture are different from their own, and to realise that principles practicable in England are not capable of universal application. They must, therefore, form their opinions at second-hand, generally from the statements of interested or prejudiced parties, since the views of employers are obviously not free from suspicion of bias, and those of

party politicians are too frequently formed without sufficient knowledge of the actual facts. For this reason the writer, who has had considerable experience of the working of indentured labour, not as an employer but as an overseer, will endeavour impartially to discuss those difficulties confronting both employer and employed that have given rise to the abuses on which objections to the system are based.

In the recruiting of labourers for service outside their own country it is difficult for any one—consul, magistrate, or recruiting agent—even with a thorough knowledge of the language, exactly to describe the conditions under which the indentured coolies will live, the climate and environment they will experience, and the purchasing power their wages will have in the country to which they are going. It is inevitable that most of the work of recruiting should be performed by men in the pay of those who wish to obtain the labour. As it is to the interest of these agents to enlist as many recruits as possible, they are tempted to use to this end means more or less questionable in addition to the mere statement of the wages and inducements their employers offer. Labour agents sometimes persuade natives of Central and Portuguese East Africa to engage themselves for service on the Rand by the offer of a sum of money, or its equivalent, on account of wages to be earned in the future, in order that, dazzled by the opportunity to possess immediately a lump sum larger, probably, than they have ever possessed before, they may accept the contract without careful consideration. The agent is also tempted to make specious promises, and to represent in rather too rosy colours the conditions under which indentured labourers will live. Indeed, the chief complaint made to the deputation of native chiefs who visited the Rand in September 1903, in order to investigate the complaints of native labourers, was that the men found it impossible to obtain on the mines the amount of wages that had been promised them by the recruiting agents.

More reprehensible methods of obtaining recruits are

perhaps sometimes used. It is no longer possible for South Sea Islanders to be kidnapped for service in Australia, but a Kanaka employed on a Queensland sugar plantation informed me that he had been enticed on board a labour vessel and made intoxicated, and that he had come to his senses to find that the vessel had put to sea and was out of sight of his native island. He was told that he had signed the labour contract, though he had no recollection of having done so. My informant seemed to believe that the practice was a common one. If his statement was true, it follows that the Government superintendents, both on the vessel and at the port of debarkation, were either venal or culpably careless of their duties. Moreover, if such methods of obtaining labourers were often adopted, captains of labour vessels would find it dangerous to visit again islands whose inhabitants had been duped. The statement, however, was made voluntarily, was prompted by no question of mine, and is not so improbable as to be absolutely unworthy of consideration.

During the period of his service the coolie usually labours under the disadvantage of being unable fully to understand, or to make himself intelligible to, his overseer. It is possible to convey only the most simple ideas in "Kitchen Kaffir," "Pidgin English," or other artificial dialects by the use of which men of different nationalities attempt to meet each other half-way. Frequently misunderstandings arise, intensified by impatience on the part of the overseer and stupidity on the part of the coolie. If the overseer loses his temper the coolie becomes frightened and stubborn, and possibly the former, giving way to his exasperation, vents his anger by a kick or a blow. It is not only the coolies, however, who suffer from the lack of a common language: overseers find it a vast deal easier to explain a simple task than to make coolies understand them when some unpleasant duty has to be performed. Chinamen in particular have a genius for goading energetic overseers to fury by blandly replying "No savee" (Pidgin English for "I don't understand") when told to perform a task which they dislike.

Overseers are subject to peculiar difficulties and temptations. The pay they receive is rarely large enough to attract men of education and culture, who might find a pleasure in learning the language of the men under their charge, and in seeking to understand and sympathise with their feelings. Arbitrary power is likely to intoxicate even the most cultivated men unless they are restrained by a strong sense of duty, by the force of public opinion, or by some superior authority, yet the power of the overseer is largely arbitrary, and to use without ever abusing it he must possess great powers of forbearance and self-control. He naturally wishes to please his employers by getting as much work as possible done by the men under his charge. It is probable that his version of any dispute will be accepted before that of a coolie, and in most cases he knows that an occasional kick or cuff, so long as it is not brutally inflicted, will be tacitly condoned. Consequently the temptation to give a thrashing now and then to lazy or disobedient coolies is very great.

Severity, however, is of little use unless consistently applied, and, if unchecked, tends rapidly to degenerate into brutality, which is a fruitful cause of riot. Fifteen years ago the Kanakas employed on Queensland sugar plantations so often made murderous assaults on their overseers that the qualifications demanded of the latter were strength and agility rather than an expert knowledge of sugar-cane cultivation. Some overseers never went into the cane-fields unaccompanied by bull-dogs, and managers took advantage of inter-insular feuds and arranged that each gang of Kanakas should be composed of men from several different islands, so that were the overseer attacked by the men of one island he might be defended by others who had some quarrel with the attacking party.

Although it far too frequently happens that overseers thrash coolies whose only fault is genuine inability to understand what is said to them, it just as often happens that it is done only under strong provocation. Though some races are

as a whole more industrious than others, all possess a proportion of men who are inherently idle, and it is just such men as these idlers who are likely to accept contracts as indentured labourers, for by doing so they ensure for themselves at least board and lodging for a considerable period, the alternative being a precarious livelihood dependent on their personal energy and enterprise. Usually, therefore, each batch of indentured labourers includes a considerable proportion of confirmed loafers, who cannot be induced to carry out their contract without the stimulus of punishment. It is possible, of course, for employers to prosecute for breach of contract coolies who will not work satisfactorily, but such a course is tedious, expensive and unsatisfactory. If the employer obtain a conviction against the coolie the latter will have the option of paying a fine or being imprisoned. He will usually choose imprisonment, which to him involves no disgrace, knowing that he will be as comfortably lodged and fed in prison as in his own quarters, and that hard labour in a prison-yard is no worse than hard labour in a cane-field or mine. For this reason employers are loth to appeal to the law, and endeavour to find some other form of coercion. Some overseers are allowed to dock the day's pay of a man who has not properly performed his task. This practice, besides being unjust, for the fine is not inflicted by a disinterested person, is unsatisfactory in its results, and tends to make the culprit sullen and disinclined for the future to perform work the payment for which he stands a chance of losing.

It was at one time my duty to supervise the work of a gang of Kanaka labourers, all of whom were so lazy that they had been drafted out of other gangs lest their example should have a bad effect on their fellows. One of them knew to a nicety the extent to which he could take advantage of the regulations that had been framed for his protection. Whenever he desired a holiday he would deliberately insult some choleric overseer, and—human nature being what it is—was usually rewarded with a kick or cuff. On the following morning

instead of going to his work, he would put on his best clothes, select a tender piece of sugar-cane with which to beguile his journey, and stroll leisurely into the nearest town to make a complaint, rejoicing in the knowledge that no one dared interfere with a man who was appealing to British justice. Whether he obtained redress or not was to him more or less a matter of indifference, since his principal object was to enjoy a day's leisure and amusement. Occasionally the plantation manager would in turn prosecute him, with the result that for a week or so he was a thorn in the side of prison officials, after which he would return sedately to the plantation. In regard to such men as these, most overseers feel that an occasional sound thrashing is more effectual and no less just than any other possible form of punishment.

The tendency on the part of overseers to mete out harsh treatment to their coolies varies considerably according to the nationality of the latter. Very little friction occurs between white overseers and Japanese coolies, partly because the latter are notably good-humoured and hard-working, and partly because the Japanese Government sends with each party of its subjects that emigrates as indentured labourers an educated representative, who acts as intermediary between his fellow-countrymen and their employers. The Malays, however, imported to work on the Queensland sugar-plantations proved so lazy and at the same time so sullen and quarrelsome, seldom hesitating to use a knife in the most trivial disputes, that employers were soon anxious to get rid of them.

Natives of different African tribes vary as greatly in disposition as do Kanakas drawn from different parts of the South Pacific, some of whom, coming from islands where cannibalism is still practised, are headstrong and turbulent but vigorous and hard-working, although men from other islands are characterised by effeminacy, gentleness, and indolence.

The abuses to which indentured coolies as a class are subjected may be summarised under three heads: (1) Coolies are liable to be bound for a period of years without fully

understanding the terms of their agreement; (2) they are subjected to arbitrary and sometimes illegal punishments; (3) they are inadequately represented as a class and have not sufficient opportunity to air their grievances.

With regard to the first it must be stated that the various governments which sanction the importation of indentured labourers endeavour to render it impossible. If the abuse is found to be prevalent, greater care might be exercised in the licensing of recruiting agents.

The treatment of coolies who deliberately seek to avoid their obligations has been shown to involve considerable difficulty. The infliction on them of any sort of punishment by either employers or overseers is open to grave objections, but the remedy that the law affords is unsatisfactory and often inoperative. The difficulty might be partly overcome if magistrates with considerable discretionary powers, prepared to investigate trivial as well as serious cases, were everywhere at the service of both employers and labourers.

The inadequate representation of coolies might to a large extent be remedied if the appointment of interpreters were in the hands of the Government, instead of being, as it is, in the hands of employers. Interpreters would then be less tempted than they now are to sacrifice the interests of those whom they represent in order to curry favour with those on whom their salary depends.

In defence of the indentured labour system it may be urged that employers invariably pay higher wages than the coolies could obtain in their own country; that in their own interests, if for no other reason, they take care to preserve the health of their coolies; and that most coolies must be satisfied with the treatment they receive or they would not so often re-enlist for further periods of service.

During the present controversy concerning indentured labour in the Transvaal objections on moral grounds to the introduction of the Chinese into the country have been met by arguments pleading the economic necessity. This is

unfortunate, since the economic side of the question, which concerns only the national pocket, is of so much less importance than the ethical, which touches the national honour. But are the conditions under which indentured coolies live, either in the Transvaal or elsewhere in British dominions, really akin to slavery? Is there anything in the system repugnant to British ideals? The accusation that Chinese labourers on the Rand were treated as slaves was made in the heat of party strife by men whose judgment was perhaps somewhat warped by prejudice. But if this assertion is accepted as true by the nation after cool and dispassionate consideration, the system must at once and for ever be abolished. Britain has long claimed the privilege of championing the cause of weaker nations, but her great influence will be lost, her voice silenced, if any stain be found on her own shield.

If, however, the accusation was unjustifiable, it should be unreservedly withdrawn, for until it be thus withdrawn Britain cannot, without apparent hypocrisy, continue to raise her voice on behalf of the helpless and oppressed.

R. A. DURAND.

## “SPIRITUALISM”

**S**PIRITUALISM—the study of the Occult Sciences—what is it? And why is it so often spoken of with ridicule, or in mysterious whispers, as a subject we are ashamed to mention? Does it bring to our minds darkness, curious noises, ghostly sounds, and unearthly appearances, in connection with fraud, falsehood, and wilful imposition? Or is it connected in our minds with ourselves-to-be, with our departed friends, with the world of “The Unseen,” “The Hereafter,” “The Islands of the Blessed”?

It is often looked upon as tempting Providence, whatever that may mean, to think of our lives in the unknown future, that is, of our lives after we leave this world and our present bodies. Somehow we seem so interested in this life, so anxious to enjoy it, to get rich, to be somebody, that we have no time to think of the next life. Our friends and acquaintances fall and disappear into the “Shadow Land,” and still we press on like the racers St. Paul speaks of, afraid even to look round, for fear of falling ourselves. It is the utter nonsense which is so often mixed up with Spiritualism that makes the very term a byword. But let us look at some facts connected with it. Unless we be Atheists we must believe in some future state, good, bad, or indifferent. This present life is simply an evolution which leads to higher evolutions still.

Many people say: “What is the use of seeking? You will find nothing; such things are God’s secrets, which He keeps to Himself.” There always have been people who liked

ignorance better than knowledge. By this kind of reasoning nothing would ever have been known in this world. If the soul is immortal, and if heaven is to be its future home, a knowledge of the soul cannot but be in some way associated with a knowledge of Heaven. Is not infinite space the domain of eternity? Spiritualism, like religion, has been put to many uses with which it has but very slight connection. We know how all human aspirations protest against annihilation. Think for a moment what is death in Nature? Everything that dies—flowers, trees, &c.—passes on again into life; nothing, even on earth, is wasted by death, but through it passes into fuller, richer life. The flowers that die all pass on to make more things live. It is through death that we pass to life; thus everything is used for life—even death itself. The idea of immortality was not born of bibles or manufactured by priests; it was born in the human heart. This mortal existence is but a fragment of life. The idea of immortality has been a mighty force in all ages; an ideal before the hearts and minds of men and women, strengthening, cheering, and comforting them under bereavement, and nerving them to high heroic endeavour.

“L’immortalité de l’âme,” wrote Pascal, “est une chose qui nous importe si fort, qui nous touche si profondément, qu’il faut avoir perdu tout sentiment pour être dans l’indifférence de savoir ce qui en est.”

Spiritualism, then, proclaims the message of the spirit people, that there is no death; that spirits are human still; that they are where they are and what they are, as the result of the life lived here. If Spiritualism is true, then the departed are still human beings who are affected by the results of their past-life experiences; all that individualised them and distinguished one from the other continues to characterise them after death. Now this means that the individual goes on, and is enabled, with more or less success, to continue to employ his powers and to lead his own life.

Modern Spiritualism has not only affirmed the revelation

by spirits themselves of the future life, but it has paved the way for the modern scientific theory of evolution, by proving that there is a progressive law by which all earth-forces are enabled to reach a higher expression and a more complicated organism. It has done even more than this, for it has affirmed, with no uncertain sound, the continuity of the same laws of evolution in the spirit-life; and, further, it has affirmed that if you wish to know the origin of the life of man, you must go behind the mere result. In tracing man's upward march from conditions of prehistoric ignorance, it is not enough for you to trace the “footprints on the sands of time”; you must go behind the phenomenal into the sphere of causation, and recognise that life is spiritual all the time. So, as I have already said, death is but an incident—the closing of one door and the opening of another; the spirit going from the body into the spiritual world. You are as much a spirit now as you will be when you lay the body aside. Then you will awake to consciousness, and be surprised to find how real and how natural it all is. You will be met and welcomed by friends you knew and people who loved you.

The other world is a world of law and order. The same principles and methods of growth and attainment obtain there as here, but upon the higher plane their operations are discernible with greater clearness and precision; the moral law becomes more apparent. Men there begin to see themselves as they *are*, not as they were thought to be.

The message Spiritualism brings from the returning dead, then is the gospel of life—not of death; of knowledge—not of ignorance; of health and happiness—not of sorrow and misery.

“Oh!” you say, “knowledge is dangerous; knowledge will lead you astray; don't you know that ‘a little knowledge is a dangerous thing’?—you must not follow in that path.”

The remedy for a *little* knowledge is to get more—not less. Now, supposing that what I say is true, and granting,

for argument's sake, that man in the spirit-world is the same man, bearing a similar relationship to other men, and to his surroundings; his conditions very little in advance of those he experienced on earth; his mental, moral, and spiritual powers being in exact proportion to, and resulting from, those he possessed while here, what message would these men have to you? What bearing have these facts upon your present life, if you recognise that the spirits are human still, and that our claims are true? That they are true has been demonstrated in millions of instances by returning spirits, who, by fragmentary utterances, telepathic messages, inspirational influences—by drawings, trances, visions, writings, and demonstrations of various kinds, have succeeded in their efforts to impinge upon the consciousness of man, and impress upon him the reality of intelligent, rational, and progressive life after death. It will assuredly change your ideas as to what you are. It will convince you that in your essential self you are a spirit—divine and good, naturally immortal, because you are a spirit, and progressive in the manifestation of your spiritual powers and possibilities, as consciousness deepens and knowledge increases.

On the other hand, if we believe that death, which seems so real, is the end; what is the use of human life? What the object of all its experiences, its hopes, desires, loves, and lessons? If man lives after the change called death, he lives *as a man*, or it would not be life.

But what are the facts of the future life? What are the actual conditions of the departed?

Only from the returning dead can you receive the information that will enable you to understand the actual conditions of life hereafter, the bearing of the future state upon your present life, and the influence of the present motives, actions, and endeavours upon your future.

Therefore Spiritualism, the science of the spirit in all its modes of manifestation, both here and hereafter, is the only means whereby the thoughtful, spiritually-minded man—the

earnest truth-seeker—can obtain light upon the purpose, the meaning, and the use of death, and estimate the present life at its true worth.

Mrs. Henry Wood wrote on this subject over thirty years ago:—

There are things, as I have said, which can neither be explained nor accounted for; they are marvels, mysteries, and so they must remain. If I were to tell you that I believed there are such things as omens, warnings which come to us—though seldom are they sufficiently marked at the time to be attended to—I should be called a visionary day-dreamer. I am nothing of the sort. I have my share of plain common sense. But some curious incidents have forced themselves on my life's experience, causing me to echo as a question the assertion of the Prince of Denmark, “Are there not more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy?”

To this question I think we may now answer, and answer truthfully, “Yes, there are.”

The late Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A., St. James', London, in a lecture which he delivered at St. George's Hall, London, in November, 1900, thus speaks of Spiritualism:—

Almost every invention has been regarded by the religious world as wrong. When people first went up in a balloon there were actually some good souls who said they were flying in the face of Providence. The world, then, has sometimes got into trouble through denying or denouncing as impious, things which it could not understand. Professor Mendelief wrote a book to prove Spiritualism a fraud before he knew anything of the facts. After that, he investigated, with the result that he felt himself compelled to write another book to say that his first was wrong.

There is nothing that happens in the occult world—dreams, apparitions, movements of furniture, or the appearance of lights—that have not their parallel in the Bible. You will find mention of the cold breeze of the *séance* room; the mighty rushing wind, mysterious appearances, ghosts, clairvoyance, clairaudience, second sight, you will find them all in the Bible. When you find these things in the Bible you say they are all right. Well, let us admit an enormous margin for fraud, imposture, and deception in Spiritualism; let us also admit that these strange powers have been shockingly abused. But now scientific people have taken up the matter, with a view to arrive at more definite conclusions regarding them. Looking forward with a prophetic eye, it seems to me that we may expect in the twentieth century an advance in the science of occultism, and the knowledge of the occult laws as great as has been the advance in the nineteenth century in the knowledge of physical science. As

the nineteenth century has been made illustrious by its achievements in physical science, so I believe the twentieth century will be made illustrious by its discoveries in the realm of psychical science. Knowledge is a two-edged sword—a power which may be used rightly or wrongly. When we have found out what may be termed the power of telepathy or clairvoyance, then we shall be able to bring the moral law to bear upon it; but not until we understand what we are about can we hope to do so. So in the future there will be a large uplifting of human power. The man of the future, through his explorations into occult science, will be able to raise himself as much above the man of the nineteenth century through enlargement of knowledge and function, as the man of the nineteenth century is raised above the cave-dweller and the troglodyte. I believe we have ample evidence of the existence in a sphere different from ours, and whose conditions we know nothing about, of intelligent beings. There are bad persons in the body; and there are bad personalities and bad influences out of the body. The Middle Ages believed it, and it is a belief we are coming back to. But for those who hold fast to those principles of the Christian faith—of belief in the Holy Ghost and the Communion of Saints—there is a spiritual affinity which will draw them to that which is good, holy, and spiritual.

M. Camille Flammarion, the great French astronomer, in his work, "The Unknown," brings before us many well-authenticated facts of telepathic communication between the dying, the dead, and the living. Now what does telepathic communication mean? It is the transmission of thought from brain to brain without speech. At present the philosophy of telepathy is being gradually unfolded by purely materialistic and scientific experiments. M. Flammarion relates over a hundred and eighty cases of telepathic manifestations.

Writing of them he says:—

All the cases here reported occurred to persons wide awake, and in their normal condition. I have acted on the principle of making a methodical classification, clear and precise, of the phenomena that we are about to study. The study is essentially scientific, as much so as if it related to astronomy, physics, or chemistry. There are many things we do not know. For ourselves, psychic manifestations are certain and incontestable. They must henceforth constitute a new branch of science.

I now quote a well-authenticated instance of telepathy from Shetland. A minister there went to Edinburgh accompanied by his man (his beadle), to attend the annual meeting

of the General Assembly. Some days afterwards, the minister's wife, nurse, and child were sitting on the sea-shore near the manse, when they saw a small boat arrive at the little landing-place down on the rocks. John, the minister's man, came out of the boat and went away up to the manse by the private path. Afraid that her husband was ill in Edinburgh, or that something had happened to him, as John had returned home alone, the minister's wife hurried back to the manse to see John. When she reached it, to her intense surprise and terror, she found that neither John nor any one else had been there. By the first mail came from Edinburgh the news that John had died there suddenly at the very same hour as he had appeared in Shetland.

Here is a curious and true instance of second sight, from Miss Ferrier's book, "Marriage," which was published in the year 1819.

As Duncan McCrae was one evening descending Banvoilloich, he saw a funeral procession in the vale beneath him. Not having heard that any one was dead, he was greatly surprised, and hurried near it, when he saw that all the lairds in the country were there excepting Sir Murdoch, who, he knew, was away south at a cousin's marriage. Duncan followed the procession at a distance as it wound along in perfect silence, till it reached Castle Dochart burying-ground. As the gates wouldn't open, they broke down the wall, and just as the coffin was being lifted over it gave way and Duncan caught sight of Sir Murdoch lying in it in his dead-clothes. Then the mist came down and covered everything, while Duncan made the best of his way home and gasped out that he had seen Castle Dochart's burying. Next day came news of Sir Murdoch's death. He had died in a fit that very evening while entertaining a large company in honour of his cousin's marriage. That day week his funeral passed through Glenvalloch exactly as described by Duncan McCrae; and as the gates of the burying-ground would not open, part of the wall had to be taken down; and the coffin did give way as they were placing it in the grave.

Now we know from the many instances of psychic action that the action of one human being upon another from a distance is a scientific fact; it is as certain as the existence of Paris, of Napoleon, of oxygen, or of Sirius. We are certain now that telepathy can and ought to be henceforth considered by scientists as an incontestable reality. Minds are able to act upon

each other without the intervention of the senses. Psychic force exists. Its nature is yet unknown. Psychic phenomena may occur during sleep as well as in the waking state. Sleep is not an exceptional condition of our lives; on the contrary, it is a normal function of our organic life, of which it occupies, in general terms, a third part. It often seems in dreams as if the spirit of the dreamer were really transported to the scene of his dream, as there are many well-known instances in which the dreamer has described the scenery of places which he could never have seen. Now according to Spiritualism, the spirit in sleep always leaves the body; the body can rest more completely in all its functions without the presence of the spirit. In sleep, too, the spirit actually sees, feels, and hears; only it cannot always take back to the bodily memory all its experiences. Dreams you remember are those that have actually taken place. The spirit was in right conditions to bring back all it went through. Often you meet other souls and talk with them, and with others who have left their bodies sleeping, or who are altogether out of them, being spirits.

#### WARNINGS.

There are many instances of warnings given in dreams. Take, for instance, one from the Bible—that sent to the wife of Pilate regarding Christ (St. Matt. xxviii. 19).

Here is another instance taken at random from many authentic dreams:

On Thursday, November 7, 1850, at the moment when the workers in a coal-mine near Belfast were about to begin their work, the wife of one of them advised her husband to examine carefully the ropes of the basket or cage in which he was about to descend to the depths of the pit. "*I dreamed,*" she said, "*that they cut them during the night.*"

The miner did not at first attach any importance to this advice; nevertheless he communicated it to his comrades. They thereupon unrolled the descending cable, and there, to the great surprise of all, they found it had been hacked in

several places. Some moments later they would all have got into the basket, from which they would inevitably have been thrown and killed; so they owed their safety to this dream.

### APPARITIONS

I have as yet said very little regarding manifestations from the dead, apparitions, presentations, &c. &c., and so will quote one from the Book of Samuel. King Saul consulted the witch of Endor, and saw before him the phantom of the Prophet Samuel. If this account be untrue, it at least indicates what popular belief was in those old times. At the present time Spiritualism is doing great and good service to humanity by insisting that whatever may be the claims advanced, all spirit communications, all inspirations, ancient and modern, must be judged according to their reasonableness and truth.

A great many people say: "If spirits come back from the other world, why don't they do so and so? they *ought* to do this, that, and the other." But the intercourse with spirits which Spiritualists have has demonstrated that spirit people are as much subject to law as you are, that in their desire to communicate with you they have to reach you through the conditions you provide, very often a most difficult task from the fact that you are limited in your environment. They themselves are not immaculate or omnipotent; neither are they ubiquitous; they also are limited by their ignorance and unspiritual conditions. People generally hold the popular idea that death works a miracle, and transforms "the departed" from his plain, ordinary self into a perfect angel. Now Spiritualism has refuted this idea by proving the direct relation of initial spirit experiences to earth-life conditions.

If you read the Bible, you will find it distinctly set forth that the law was given "by the disposition of angels"; and if you read carefully, you will have found that angels were "messenger-spirits."

We contend, therefore, that while Spiritualism confirms

the claim for ancient inspiration from spiritual sources—that men received ideas, communications, help, encouragement, guidance, or warnings, from the spirit side of life—while it explains the testimony of antiquity, it, at the same time, takes these experiences from the category of the supernatural and perfect, and makes clear the fact that *all* inspiration is imperfect, and must be judged according to the ordinary tests of truth and right.

ISABELLA C. BLACKWOOD.

## THE MISUSE OF TITLES AND PRECEDENCE

EVERY age, no doubt, has criticised the manners of the age preceding it, or extolling the immaculate manners of "the good old times," has wagged its head over present degeneracy. But it must be admitted that there is a very real disintegrating social process at work to-day, involving a displacement of the social axis in more than one class. The new freedom for women and the widespread democratic sentiment in a country which was, and perhaps is still, one of the last strongholds of the aristocratic sentiment, have introduced into the middle classes an uprising against Mrs. Grundy and all her ways, and a departure, therefore, from that backbone of the British race its middle-class traditions—for Mrs. Grundy was nothing if not middle-class. In the "upper" ranks, in that which, *pace* the enlightened middle-class view, has some right to be called "society" *par excellence*, a change no less drastic has been taking place. The movement which began in the *seventies* and *eighties* as lion-hunting, debouched as millionaire-hunting, and the manners and traditions of the "new man" have perforce left their mark on the members of a society in which he so frequently figures.

I have just said that, *pace* educated middle-class opinion, the upper classes of a country have some right to be regarded as pre-eminently "society." What we admire among the French is the *savoir vivre* which is akin to *savoir faire*, and

we consider that the genius of the French people has brought to its perfection the art of coming together for social intercourse. Such an art it is which in the upper classes of every country has been cultivated for generations, and cultivated by people who have inherited certain traditions which are the unchanging staple of fine manners, despite its changing conventions. For there is a hall-mark of conventional manners in each age, and the fine manners of one age become the middle-class proprieties of the next. The existence of a social tradition is a great liberty-giver to the individuals embraced by it; and the well-bred man differs from others not only because he is accustomed to stately things, and forms and ceremonies do not weigh upon him, but also because this fact procures him a complete liberty from those cast-iron conventions which in other classes do duty for the said social traditions.

Among permanent conventions must be counted titles and precedence. When Queen Victoria came to the throne there were only about 500 peers—when she died there were about 1200, and the population of course had not increased in this proportion. There has been, therefore, a considerable popularisation of hereditary as well as of personal titles; peerages, baronetcies, and knighthoods have been bestowed without mercy, and the shower of D.S.O.'s on what seemed to be every officer who returned to tell the tale after the South African war was our last firework-display. Very soon it will be true in England, where we love a title, as it is said to be true in France, where they love a decoration, that it is more distinguished to possess no "distinction," and to bear your name supported neither fore nor aft. Even now the position of the untitled person is rapidly becoming invidious; no one can see the least difference between A and B, yet A is taken and B is left.

The history of our titles, however, is a more interesting thing than their present abuse. Every one in England who is not a peer or peeress is a commoner. Not only are a duke's

sons and daughters commoners, but the King's children are commoners, his eldest son being the exception, not as Prince of Wales—for he is created, not born, Prince of Wales—but because he is born Duke of Cornwall, *i.e.*, a peer of the realm. Macaulay has told us that the peculiarity of English aristocracy is “the relation in which the nobility stood to the commonalty.”

The younger son of a peer was but a gentleman. . . . Good blood was indeed held in high respect; but between good blood and the privileges of peerage there was, most fortunately for our country, no necessary connection. Pedigrees as long, and 'scutcheons as old, were to be found out of the House of Lords as in it. There were Bohuns, Mowbrays, De Veres, nay, kinsmen of the House of Plantagenet, with no higher addition than that of esquire, and with no civil privileges beyond those enjoyed by every farmer and shopkeeper. There was, therefore, here no line like that which in some other countries divided the patrician from the plebeian. The yeoman was not inclined to murmur at dignities to which his own children might rise. The grandee was not inclined to insult a class into which his own children must descend.

It must also be remembered that the custom of giving a title to the heads of houses only has led to the complete extinction of titles in numerous instances, members of a noble family being left with no mark of its nobility. Moreover, there have always been in England territorial dignities, such as that of the lord of a manor, which would infallibly carry a title with them in any other country.

If we now turn to the misuse of titles we shall find that the untitled are not by any means the only offenders. When the sons and daughters of dukes and marquesses, and the daughters of earls, insist on styling themselves and getting others to style them *The Lord Arthur B*, *The Lady Alicia B*, and when a marquess's son labels his luggage *The Right Honourable Lord Charles D*, they are misusing titles. It is not correct for his relatives to address the head of their house as *The Most Noble the Marquess of Dash*, nor to represent a courtesy lord with a coronet. Courtesy titles do not confer peerage or the right to a coronet, and no children of peers are Right Honourables. The eldest sons of dukes, marquesses, and earls are born respectively “in the degree” of a marquess,

earl, and viscount, but they are not peers, though they are commonly (but not legally) called by their fathers' second titles. The son of a duke is known as Marquess, or Earl, of —, the son of a marquess by the title of his father's earldom, viscountcy, or barony, as the case may be, while the earl's son is known as Viscount, or Baron, So-and-so. These courtesy lords are not addressed as *The Viscount Dash*, *The Lord Dash*, but as Viscount, or Lord, Dash. As his sisters take the precedence of their eldest brother, and as *The* stands for *The Right Honourable*, it will be seen at once how inconsistent it is that they should claim to be addressed as *The Lady Alicia Dash*—claim, that is, to be what he is not, a Right Honourable.

The truth is, nevertheless, that this use of the prefix "the" is ambiguous. It serves to represent "Right Honourable," and it is also the necessary definite article. If a marquess's son is Earl Browne, you can so address him; but if he is Earl of Browne it is not so simple to put this with no definite article on an envelope. If you put it, you give him the same style as his father or as a real earl—*The Marquess Robinson*, *The Earl of Browne*. Clearly, too, in the case of a duchess, *The Duchess of X* does not stand for Right Honourable at all. Right Honourable is already the formal style of peers and peeresses and the proper style on an envelope of Privy Councillors, while we have Honourable for the sons and daughters of peers, maids of honour, and colonial ministers, so that there seems no good reason why "The Right Honourable" should not be re-introduced for peers and peeresses, in place of the ambiguous "the."

Mistakes not less fundamental are also made by the untitled classes. They always address baronets and knights in speaking to them as Sir John Hogg, and speak of their acquaintances as The Marquess of B, The Countess of A, and the Honourable Mrs. C. "The spheres on which" we all "ride" when we write novels, I will not indeed aver take us out of our depth, for such a mixing of metaphors would of course be abhorrent to our novelist, but they lead us into rarefied regions

where we no longer breathe naturally. We live among dukes and duchesses, and ambassadors with inconvenient gold-knobbed canes, who yearn for a closer acquaintance with the globe-trotting Englishman, and we are waited upon by butlers who invariably do what falls to the footman in well-ordered establishments, and even by such great persons as grooms of the chambers. Yet we flounder over much simpler matters than these, and our earls' daughters who have married baronets shrivel up into *Lady Jones*, and our knights' wives blossom into full-blown *Lady John Smith*.

When we come to precedence there appears to be less acquaintance with the principles on which it is based than there is with the employment of titles. Our social hierarchy consists of five grades of peerage, with knighthood and the degree of "esquire" added, the only other recognised degree being that of a gentleman of coat armour. Of these, "earl" and "baron" represent the ancient Saxon titles (though the latter is also Norman), the "duke" and "marquis" came to us from Continental Europe, while the "knight" was distinctively a Norman degree. The "viscount" was originally the deputy of the count (or earl), who in old days was the ruler of a province or county. The last hereditary title to be introduced was that of the baronet, in the reign of James I., the funds which he received from the recipients (all of whom were to be men of good birth and in the enjoyment of not less than £1000 a year) being destined to colonise Ulster in Ireland, and Nova Scotia. The head of this hierarchy is of course the king, princes and dukes of the blood royal having a pre-eminent place next to the sovereign, although in early Norman (as in Saxon) times the king alone held a paramount position, and the Norman kings conferred the honour of knighthood or earldoms and dukedoms on their sons, in virtue of which they acquired their status.

Our code of precedence was arranged by Edward III., and later by Henry VII. and Henry VIII. Richard II. and Henry V. interested themselves in the matter also, the degrees of "marquess" and "esquire" dating from the former, while the

latter determined the various grades of "esquire," and Henry VI. added the "viscount" to our peerage. The larger number of peers are earls and barons; the marquesses and viscounts have always been a select minority. The principles of precedence among the grades and degrees are as follows:

(1) The peers in each degree take precedence among themselves according to seniority of creation.

(2) The children of dukes, marquesses, and earls<sup>1</sup> walk before the grade two steps below that of their father. Thus the children of a duke precede an earl or countess, the children of a marquess precede a viscount, and the children of an earl precede a baron.

(3) The precedence of daughters is that of their eldest brother and before that of the wives of all other brothers. That is, daughters are born in the degree of their eldest brother, while all other sons are born in the degree below this. Thus, Lady Betty St. John takes precedence of Lady James St. John, her brother's wife. This distinction is made very clear in the case of the children of an earl, where the daughters have the title of *Lady* and the sons are only *Honourable*. But what takes place here, where Lady Alicia precedes the Honourable Mrs. Robert, takes place in every other degree. In the case of a simple gentleman the eldest son is not born in any other degree but that of his brothers, *i.e.*, a gentleman. But even here, while all daughters are born equal, sons are not, but take precedence in order of seniority. That is why, in heraldry, there are *marks of cadency* in the arms of sons, the eldest charging the paternal coat with a *label* "for difference," the second with a crescent, the third with a mullet, the fourth with a martlet, and so forth.

(4) A married woman's precedence is of three kinds. If she has none of her own by birth she takes that of her husband, however exalted it may be; but if her own precedence is higher than that of her husband, she retains it; unless, however, she

<sup>1</sup> The eldest sons and their wives and all daughters, but not the younger sons.

marries a peer, when she sinks to his rank—*i.e.*, if a duke's daughter, whose natural precedence is before a countess, marry a baron she ranks simply as a baroness, her unmarried sister ranking before her. A husband derives no precedence from his wife, and children inherit no precedence from their mother, save only when the mother is a peeress in her own right.

(5) No widow remarrying is entitled to retain her first husband's title; this is frequently done and allowed by common usage, but the Lord Chamberlain would not announce you with this title at Court. One of the attractions offered by King James, however, when instituting the order of baronets is said to be that a baronet's wife should retain her title (which is properly *Dame* though by custom *Lady*) even when remarrying with a plain commoner. One does not quite see in what way this proved an inducement to the aspiring baronet, but it makes Lady Brown more sure of her title for life than the Duchess of Dover.

(6) No foreign title has any place in English precedence, with the exception of royal persons, and of ambassadors, who rank next after our own royal family.

(7) Girls and boys have no precedence—but a girl from the day she is presented, or "comes out," and a youth from the day he is put in the position of a man, take their full precedence, quite irrespective of age. Precedence has nothing whatever to do with being married or single, young or old, distinguished or undistinguished personally.

(8) And in the last place, precedence is concerned with formal gatherings of people, their formal ordering. On other occasions people do not "stand upon the order of their going." The presence in to dinner is the one occasion in the day when one marshals one's guests in their proper order, and even here it has become popular in private house parties to dispense with precedence on going in to dinner—the ladies troop in first with their hostess behind them, and the men follow.

This is one way out of the difficult problem of marshalling guests in the intimacy of home. Of course, this problem is

still more difficult where there is little or no difference in social status among the guests. "They must go in somehow"—and the question is, how? The matter must be settled very largely by courtesy and convenience; but we should discard "the married lady," "the greatest stranger," "the bride," and the "latest comer," as valuable finger-posts. Some of the remedies for a lack of real precedence among people are rarely worse than the disease, and cause more discomfort than a wrongly addressed letter. There is first "the married woman" fetish. As we have seen, the married or single state has—and can have—nothing whatever to do with precedence, and Mrs. Plantagenet in the hall has by the mere fact of being Mrs. and not Miss no more precedence than Mrs. Judkins in the kitchen. Such a principle of precedence would have been strictly observed by Mrs. Poyser, but it ought not to obtain in the houses of gentlefolk, especially as it is nearly always aggravated by another offence, namely, the dragging of precedence into every hour of daily life. It would doubtless be difficult to find a woman of really high social position enjoying the importance and paramountcy which "the married lady" enjoys in some houses. Well-bred people are all equals, and there is no precedence in our homes which clings to every action of the day. Young Mrs. Tom Noddy—or even married Aunt Betty—should not be allowed to walk before others in at every door and out of every door on all occasions with such unflinching assurance. Even the lady of greatest position is not invariably pushed forward, and our married guests do not take the place of ladies of position.

If the plan of going in to dinner ladies first, men afterwards, is not adopted, far the best arrangement is for the host to give his arm on successive nights to each lady in turn—at least to each of the elder ladies among his guests. This is specially fitting when the host is the only representative of his sex. Here are two instances of the precedence adopted: the first is a house party at the then Lord Chamberlain's, in the country. The house party consists of the host, with Lady Y his wife,

and Lord Arthur Z their son. The guests are their married daughter Lady Mary X, and her husband (a baronet) Sir Charles X; another member of the Royal household, Mr. R, and his daughter, just "out"; and the host's unmarried sister Lady Clara Z. This is how the party was arranged for the two nights of the visit: First night—Lord Y takes his sister, Sir Charles X takes Miss R, Lord Arthur takes his sister, and Lady Y and Mr. R bring up the rear. Second night: Lord Y gives his arm this time to Miss R; Sir Charles escorts his aunt, Lady Clara Z; Mr. R takes in Lady Mary X, while the Marchioness walks in to dinner with her son-in-law Sir Charles X. These arrangements, it will be seen, observed the utmost courtesy towards the two guests who were not members of the family, and also gave each and every one their share of their proper precedence.

Second case: A dinner in town at the house of a baronet's widow; present, her daughter, a Hertfordshire squire, a knight and his daughter. The squire walked in first with the daughter of the house, Miss X walked by herself, and the rear was brought up by the hostess on the knight's arm. This was quite incorrect. It is by no means good form to send or take in your daughter in your own house before your guest, even where the former has very much higher precedence. It is different when a sister (married or single) is on a visit to you. Courtesy here prescribes no reason why she should on all occasions be deprived of her proper precedence in a mixed company, because she is a guest in her brother's house. Perhaps there is nothing uglier in middle-class manners than the cynical neglect of unmarried elderly ladies—relatives or otherwise—to whom courtesies are not only really due, but should be felt to be due by well-bred people (for are not the rules of good breeding rules of good feeling?)—these ladies having missed some of the amenities and advantages possessed, perhaps, by Mrs. Tom Noddy. The limbo of the middle-class spinster is a most unpleasing result of a false principle of precedence.

Let us now arrange a set of imaginary guests—all of them have some general social standing: The host and hostess are Colonel Blair, D.S.O., and his wife; the guests are the Honourable Mrs. C, and her husband, who is a K.C.; Lady Caird, a baronet's wife; Miss Neale, the granddaughter of a peer; Mrs. Sykes, just married to a lieutenant R.N.; and the Arctic explorer, Mr. Jennings, C.B. The host will take in Mrs. C; the precedence of the others is as follows: 1, Lady Caird; 2, Miss Neale; 3, Mrs. Sykes; the hostess's own precedence is between 1 and 2. The Colonel and the explorer are both Companions of Orders, the C.B. ranking highest. The precedence between the two men left is a good typical case—the K.C. is a gentleman by profession, while the naval lieutenant, like the military captain, is an esquire by office. But if the K.C. is a much older and more important man, the host would probably ask him to escort Lady Caird, the lieutenant would accompany Miss Neale, and the hostess would probably elect to send in young Mrs. Sykes by herself, and would take the arm of Mr. Jennings.

Here is another party: You have staying with you a young married ward brought up as a daughter in your house, and her husband, Mr. D, who is the son of a knight; Miss Jane Vavasour, the daughter of a late chief justice, a woman who enjoys a great deal of social position; Colonel and Mrs. Blair, as before; and yourself, the host. This is how they should be arranged: First night: host and Mrs. Blair, who is the wife of a D.S.O.; Mr. D and Miss Jane Vavasour; Mrs. D and Colonel Blair. Second night: host and Miss Jane Vavasour; Mr. D and Mrs. Blair; Colonel Blair and Mrs. D again.

In a third case there is little or no precedence among the party: We have the wife of an Indian judge, a general officer and his wife, the granddaughter of a C.B. married to an army captain, a barrister, and a parson and his wife. Let the general and his wife be the hosts. The wife of an Indian judge has no actual place in the English table of precedence, but might well be accorded the same place as English and Irish county court

judges, and go in to dinner with her host. The granddaughter of a C.B. has no precedence, and her husband is an esquire by office. The parson and the barrister rank as gentlemen by profession; the former would take in the captain's wife, and the barrister the clergyman's wife, and the captain would be in the proud position of escorting the wife of his chief. If the captain were a very young man or an *habitué* of the house, the hostess might give her arm to the clergyman. Between the clergyman and the barrister, also, there is little or no choice; if the former were your near familiar neighbour, or the curate, the hostess would probably give her arm to the barrister.

In a second article I hope to classify the titles below that of a peer, the esquires, and the gentlemen by profession, and show the place accorded to the Church, the Law, Navy, and Army, with the object of assisting our general notions of English precedence. The King has just made a contribution to the subject by determining the precedence of the Prime Minister—a position hitherto unrecognised alike by the Constitution and the Court. At the same time I hope to show the complete change which conventional manners undergo from one generation to another.

MANTEAU ROUGE.

## THE HAUNTED ISLANDS

**T**HERE are no doubters in the Haunted Islands. The veil between things visible and things invisible has scarcely thickened for them since angels fought in the air for the souls of the dead, and Columcille joined in the fight, or since those yet earlier heroic ages when sons of gods mated with the fair daughters of men. They have not been moulded in that dogma which makes belief in the after life an essential, but a belief in the shadowy visit of a spirit yearning after those it has loved a vanity, a failing of that common sense which is the one thing needful. They are not striving, like the dwellers in far-off barbarous England, to patch on again after a generation of denial what they had cut off, to sew on to the head of the quilt the strip torn from its foot, to work through science, through experiment, through testimony, for the bringing back of the cloud of witnesses. There is an invisible life about the people of the islands, they all know that ; and it becomes visible sometimes, many of them have seen it. There is another community very near, there is some power outside themselves, under God, subject to mysterious laws of its own, sometimes mocking, less often friendly ; working by a look or a touch, unseen, or given through human bodies, to snatch away the dearest and the comeliest for its own delight. Unseen presences are always at hand, whirling, insatiable, coveting ; keeping still the name of the Sidhe, the dwindled defeated gods, but it may be old dwellers in a yet higher heaven.

“Fallen angels they are said to be. God threw a third part of them into hell with Lucifer, and it was Michael that interceded for the rest. And then a third part were cast into the air, and a third in the land and the sea. And here they are all about us, as thick as grass.”

The talk in the islands is often of them and of their doings. The fishers are home and have eaten, the fire is stirred and flickers on the dried mackerel and conger eels hanging over the wide hearth. The little vessel of cod oil has a fresh wick put into it and lighted. The men sit in a half circle on the floor, passing the lighted pipe from one to another; the women still find some work with yarn or wheel. An old man says: “I know a good many on this island have seen *those*, but they wouldn't say what they are like to look at, for when they see them their tongue gets like a stone.”

But another, younger and more daring, tells of their appearance and their many shapes, and then one after another takes up the tale.

“They are everywhere. And sometimes you would see them coming on the sea, just like a barrel on the top of the water. And when they would get near you, no matter how calm the day, you would have a hurricane about you. That is when they are taking their diversions.

“You know that sand below on the south side. When the men are out with the mackerel boats at early morning, they often see those sands covered with boys and girls.

“Sometimes they travel like a cloud or like a storm. One day I was setting out the manure in my own garden and they came and rolled it into a heap and tossed it over the wall, and carried it out to sea beyond the lighthouse.”

A young man says: “My father told me that he was down one time at the shore gathering wrack, and he saw a man before him that was gathering wrack too, and stooping down. He had a black waistcoat on him, and the rest of his clothes were flannel, just like the people of this island. And when my father drew near him he stooped himself down behind a stone, and when

he looked for him there was no sight or mind of him. One time myself, when I was a little chap about the size of Michael there, I was out in the field and I saw a woman standing on the top of a wall, and she having a child in her hand. She had a long black coat about her. And she got down and crossed over the field, and she was only about three feet high, and it seemed to me all the time there was about two feet between her and the ground as she walked, and the child always along with her ; and then she passed over another wall and was gone.

“ My uncle told me that one night they were all up at that house by the road, making a match for his sister. And they stopped till near morning, and when they went out they all had a drop taken. And he was going along home with two or three others, and one of them, Martin Flaherty, said he saw people on the shore, and another of them said there were not, and my uncle said : ‘ If Flaherty said that and it is not true, it would be no harm to bite the ear off him.’ And then they parted, and my uncle had to pass by the shore, and there he saw whole companies of people coming up from the sea, that he didn’t know how he would get through them, but they opened before him and let him pass.”

A very old man, one Deruane, says then : “ This island is as thick as grass with them, or as sand ; but good neighbours make good neighbours. And no woman minding a house but should put a couple of the potatoes aside on the dresser, for there is no house but they’ll visit it some time or another. Myself I always brush my little tent clean of a night before I lie down, and the night I’d do it most would be a rough night. How do we know what poor soul might want to come in ?

“ I saw them playing ball one day where the slip you landed at was being made, and I went down to watch the work. There were hundreds of them in the field at the top of it, about three feet tall, and little caps on them—but the men that were working there, they couldn’t see them. And one morning I went down to the well to leave my pampooties

in it to soak : it was a Sabbath morning, and I was going to Mass, and the pampooties were hard and wore away my feet. And I left them there, and when I came back in a few minutes they were gone, and I looked in every cleft, but I couldn't find them. And when I was going away I felt *them* about me, and coming between my two sticks that I was walking with. And I stopped and looked down and I said, ' I know you are there.' And then I said, '*Gentlemen*, I know you are here about me.' And when I said that word they went away. Was it they took my pampooties ? Not at all. What would they want with such a thing as pampooties ? It was some children must have taken them, and I never saw them since.

" One time I wanted to settle myself clean, and I brought down my waistcoat and a few little things I have, to give them a rinse in the sea water, and then I laid them out on a stone to dry, and I left one of my sticks on them. And when I came back after leaving them a little time, the stick was gone. And I was vexed at first to be without it, but I knew they had taken it to be humbugging me, or maybe for their own use in fighting. For there is nothing there is more fighting among than them. So I said, ' Welcome to it, *gentlemen* ; maybe you will make more use of it than ever I did myself.'

" Down by the path at the top of the slip, from there to the hill, that is the way they go most nights, hundreds and thousands of them. There are two old men on the island got a beating from them. One of them told me himself, and brought me out on the ground that I'd see where it was. He was out in a small field, and was after building up a gap, and the sky got very black over him and very dark. And he was thrown down on the ground and got a great beating, but he could see nothing at all. He had done nothing to vex them, just minding his business in the field.

" And the other was an old man too, and he was out on the rocks, and they threw him there and beat him, that he was out of his mind for a time. One night, sleeping in that little cabin

of mine, I heard them ride past, and I could hear by the feet of the horses that there was a long line of them."

They have even appeared in the shape of policemen :

"There is a woman, a friend of this man, is living over in the middle island, and one day she came down to where a man of this island was putting out his curragh to come back, and she said, 'I just saw a great crowd of them (that's the Sheogues) going over to your islands like a cloud.' And when he got here he went up to a house there beyond, where the old woman used to be selling poteen on sly. And while he was there his little boy came running to him and cried, 'Hide away the poteen, for the police are in the island! Such a man called to me from his curragh to give you warning, for he saw the road full with the crowd of them, and they with their guns and cutlasses and all the rest!'

"But the man that was in the house knew well what it was, after what he heard from the woman in the other island, and that they were no right police, and sure enough no other one ever saw them.

"And that same day my mother had put out wool to dry in front of where that house is with the three chimneys near the chapel. And I was talking to some man, one on each side of the yard and the wool between us, and the day was as fine as this day, and not a breath stirring, and a woman that lived near by had her wool out drying too. And the wool that was in my mother's yard began to rise up as if something was under it, and I called to the other man to help me to hold it down. But for all we could do it went up in the air a hundred feet and more till we could see it no longer, but the wool belonging to the neighbouring woman was never stirred at all. And after a couple of hours it began to drop again like snow, some on the thatch and some on the rocks and some in the gardens. And I think it was a fortnight before my mother had done gathering it. And one day she was spinning it, I don't know what put it into my mind, but I asked her did she lose much of that wool. And what she said was, 'If I didn't get more than

my own, I didn't get less.' That is true and no lie, for I never told a lie in my life I think. And the woman that had the wool that wasn't stirred, she is the woman I married after, and that is now my wife."

Another man tells of like mischief :

"One time I was out putting seed in the ground, and the ridges all ready and the seaweed spread on it. And it was a fine day, but I heard a storm in the air, and I knew by signs that it was *they* were coming. And they came into the field and tossed the seaweed and the seed about, and I spoke to them civil, and then they went on to a neighbour's field and from that down to the sea, and there they turned into a ship, the grandest that ever I saw."

Another of the fishers says :

"All I ever saw myself was one day I was out fishing with two others. And we saw a canoe coming near us, and we were afraid it would come near enough to take away our fish. And as we looked it turned into a three-masted ship, and people in it. I could see them well, dark coloured and dressed like sailors. But it went away and did us no harm."

Sometimes they are heard, but not seen :

"One time myself I was up at the wall beyond, and looking into the field, a very fine day and no breath of air stirring, and the stooks of corn were ripe standing about me. And all in a minute a noise began in them, and they were like as if knocking at each other and fighting like soldiers all about me."

Sometimes they appear in a more terrible form : "There was a girl that had been to America and came back. And one day she was coming over from Liscannor in a curragh, and she looked back, and there behind the curragh was the *Gan-ceann*, the headless one. And he followed the boat all the way, but she said nothing. But a gold pin that was in her hair and that she had brought from America, fell out and into the sea, and then it disappeared. And her sister was always asking her where was the pin she brought from America, and she was afraid to say. But at last she told her, and the sister

said, 'It is well for you it fell out, for what was following you would never have left you till you threw it a ring or something made of gold.' It was the sister herself that told me this."

But they are not content with mischief or with trinkets, and voices grow low and sad as the mysterious "touch" is spoken of, the call to join the riders of the air:

"There was a smith, and a man called on him late one evening and asked him to shoe a horse for him, and so he did. And then he offered him pay, but he would take none. And the man took him out behind the house, and there were three hundred horses with riders on them, and a hundred without, and he said, 'We want riders for these,' and they went on out of sight.

"There were three women died within a year, one here, Shawn Fitzpatrick's wife, and two in the next island. And a year after they were all seen together, riding on white horses at the other side of the island."

A woman says: "I will tell you what happened to a son of my own that was so strong and so handsome and so good a dancer, he was mostly the pride of the island. And he was that educated that when he was twenty-six years he could write a letter to the Queen. And one day a pain came in the thigh, and a little lump came inside it, and a hole in it that you could hardly put the point of a pin in, and it was always drawing. And he took to his bed, and was there for eleven months. And every night when it would be twelve o'clock he would begin to be singing and laughing and going on. And what the neighbours said was, that it was at that hour there was some other left in his place. I never went to any one or to any witchcraft, for my husband wouldn't let me, but left it to the will of God. And anyway at the end of the eleven months he died.

"And his sister was in America, and the same thing came to her there, a little lump by the side of the face, and she came home to die. But she died quiet, and was like any other in the night."

And an old man says: "I had a son that it was mostly given in to be the best singer to give out a couple of verses; so that he would hardly go out of the house but some one would want to be bringing him into theirs. And he took sick on a sudden with a pain in the shoulder. I went to the doctor and he says, 'Does your wife take tea?' 'She does when she can get it,' says I. And he told me then to put the spout of the kettle to where the pain was. And after that he went to Galway hospital, but he got no better there, and a Sister of Mercy said to him at last, 'I'm thinking by the look of you your family at home is poor.' 'That's true enough,' says he. 'Then,' says she, 'it's best for you to stop here, and they'll be free from the cost of burying you.' But he said he'd sooner go die at home if he had but two days to live there. So he came back, and he didn't last long. It is always the like of him that is taken, that are good for singing or dancing or for any good thing at all."

Old Deruane speaks with authority: "I can speak English because I went to earn in England in the hard times, and I was for five quarters in a country town called Manchester, and I have threescore and fifteen years. I knew two fine young women were brought away after childbirth, and they were seen after in the north island going about with *them*. One of them I saw myself one time I was out late going to the east village, and I saw her pattern walking on the north side of the road near me, but she said nothing. And my body began to shake, and I was going to get to the south side of the wall, to put it between us. But then I said, 'Where is God?' and I walked on and passed her, and she looked aside at me, but she didn't speak. And I heard her follow me a good while, but I never looked back, for it's best not to look back at them. And then she left me; and when I got home I took holy water and made the sign of the cross as well as I could. And there was another woman had died; and one evening late I was coming from the schoolmaster, for he and I are up to one another, and he often gives me charity. And there I saw her

or her pattern walking along that field of rock you passed by a while ago. But I stopped and I didn't speak to her, and she went on down the road, and when she was about forty fathoms below me I could hear her abusing some one, but no one there. I thought maybe it was that she was vexed at me that I didn't question her. She was a young woman too. I'll go bail they never take an old man or woman—what would they do with them? If by chance they would come away with them they'd throw them out again.

“Another night I was out and the moon shining. I knew by the look of it the night was near wore away. And when I came to the corner of the road beyond, my flesh began to shake and my hair to rise up, and every hair was as stiff as that stick. So I knew some evil thing was near, and I got home again.”

The body is sometimes taken :

“There was a fine young man was buried in the graveyard below and a good time after that there was work being done in it, and they came on his coffin, and the mother made them open it. And there was nothing in it at all but a broom, and it tied up with a bit of a rope.”

And the man of the house says :

“This I can tell you and be certain of, and I remember well, that the man in the third house to this died after being sick a long time. And the wife died after, and she was to be buried in the same place, and when they came to the husband's coffin they opened it, and there was nothing in it at all, neither broom nor any other thing.

“My father's brother was going home one night when he had been out late making court, and he heard the cry of a child in the air above him. And that same night a woman in the village lost her child, and it seemed to her as it died that there was the shadow of two women under the window. For children used often to be taken, but there's a good many charms in these days that saves them. A big sewing needle you'll see the women looking for to put with a baby, and as

long as that's with it it's safe. But anyway they are always putting them back into the world again before they die, in the place of some young person. And even a beast of any consequence, if anything happens to it, no one in this island would taste it. There might be something in it, some old woman or the like."

Sometimes those who have been taken return again :

"Young women are often taken in that way, both in the next island and here. There was a coastguards wife above there was all but gone, but she was saved after. And there is a boy here now that they'd have given the world he was gone altogether with the state he was in, and now he is as strong as any boy in the island—and if ever any one was *away* and came back again it was him.

"I remember my father being at Cruachmaa, and telling me of a girl that was *away* for seven years, and all thought she was dead. And at the end of seven years she walked back one day into her father's house, and she all black looking. And she said she was married there, and had two children, but they died. And she stopped on in her father's house, but the neighbours used to say she would go up the hill and be there crying for one or two hours.

"And an old woman up there, you might have seen her, says she remembers a young man coming to the island forty years ago that had never been in it before, and that knew everything that was in it, and could tell you as much as to the stones of the chimney in every house. And after a few days he was gone and never came again, for they brought him about to every part, but she saw him and spoke with him herself."

And old Deruane says :

"This is a story was going about twenty years ago. There was a curate in the island, and one day he got a call to the other island for the next day. And in the evening he told the serving-maid that attended him to clean his boots good, and very good, for he would be meeting good people where he was going. And she said, 'I will, holy father, and if you will

give me your hand and your word to marry me for nothing I'll clean them grand.' And he said, 'I will, whenever you get a comrade I'll marry you for nothing, I give you my hand and word.' So she had the boots grand for him in the morning. Well, she got a sickness after that, and after seven months going by she was buried. And six months after that, the curate was in his parlour one night and the moon shining, and he saw a boy and a girl outside the house, and they came to the window, and he knew it was the serving-girl that was buried. And she said, 'I have a comrade now, and I came for you to marry us as you gave your word.' And he said, 'I will hold to my word since I gave it;' and he married them then and there, and they went away again."

Sometimes the touch is given through the evil eye of a neighbour :

"There are some people the fishermen would not pass when they are going to the boats, but would turn back again if they would meet them. One day two boys of my own, Michael and John, were down on the rocks bream-fishing with lines. And I had a job of washing with the wife of the head coastguard. But when it came to one o'clock something came over me, and I thought the boys might have got the 'hunger,' and I went to Mrs. Patterson and I said I must leave work for that day. And I went and bought a three-halfpenny loaf, and brought it down to where they were fishing. And when I got there I saw that Michael, the youngest one, was limping, and I said, 'It must be from the hunger you are not able to walk.' 'Oh, no,' he said, 'but it is a pain I got in my heel, and I can't put it to the ground.' And when we got home he went into his bed, and he didn't leave it for three months. And one day I said to him, 'What was it happened you? Did you meet any one on the road that day that said anything to you?' And he said, 'I did. I met a woman of the village, and she said, 'It is good to be you, and to have a fine basket of bream,' and she said no more than that, and that very minute the pain came in my heel. But I won't tell you her name, for fear there would be

a row.' But I made him tell me, and I promised never to tell, and I never did. But he is not the first she did that to.

"There was another man on the island besides that neighbour of mine that would give the *drochuil*—Tom Mullins his name was. There was one Flaherty came back from Clare one day with three bonavs he bought there. And Mullins came out as he passed and said, 'No better bonavs than those ever came into the island.' And when Flaherty got home, there was a little hill in the front of the house, and two of them fell down against it on their side. And when Mrs. Flaherty came out to see the bonavs, there was only one of them living before her.

"One time there were two brothers standing in a gap in that field outside. And a woman passed by; I wouldn't like to tell you her name, for we should speak no evil of our neighbours, and she is dead now, the Lord have mercy on her. And when she passed they heard her say in Irish, 'The devil to you,' but whether she knew they were there or not I don't know. And the elder of the brothers called out, 'The devil take yourself as well,' but the younger one said nothing. And that night the younger one took sick, and through the night he was calling out and talking as if to people in the room.

"And the next day the mother went to a woman that gathered herbs, the mother of that woman that does cures by them now, and told her all that happened.

"And she took a rag of a red coat, and went down to the west village and into the house of the woman that had put it on him. And she sat there and was talking with her and watched until she made a spit on the floor, and then she gathered it up on the rag and came to the sick man in the bed and rubbed him with it, and he got well on the minute.

"It was hardly ever that woman would say, 'God bless the work' as she passed, and there were some would leave the work and come out on the road and hold her by the shoulders till she would say it."

One Martin Connor tells of the evil eye: "I had a son that was just three years old, and as fine and as strong as any child you would see. And one day my wife said she would bring him to her mother's house. And there was a neighbour of mine, a man that lived near us, and no one was the better of being spoken to by him. And as they were passing his house he came out and he said, 'That is the finest child that is on the island.' And a woman that was passing at the same time stopped and said, 'It was the smallest that ever I saw the day it was born, God bless it.' And the mother knew what she meant, and she wanted to say, 'God bless him,' but it was like as if a hand took and held her throat and choked her, that she could not say the words.

"And when I came to the mother's house and began to make fun with the child, I saw a round mark on the side of his head, the size of a crown piece. And I said to the wife, 'Why would you beat the child on the head? Why don't you get a little rod to beat him if he wants it?' And she said she never touched him at all.

"And at that time I was very much given to playing cards, and the next night I went out to a friend's house to play. And the wife before she went to bed broiled a bit of fish, and put it on a plate with potatoes and put it in a box in the room, for fear it might be touched by a cat or a rat or such like. But I was late coming in, and didn't mind to eat it. And when we were playing cards we would play first with tobacco, and then we'd go on to tea, and we would end up with whisky.

"And the next morning when the wife opened the box she laughed and she said, 'You didn't drink your tea when you were out last night, for I see you have your dinner eaten.' And I said, 'Why should you say that? I never touched it.' And she held up the plate and showed me that the meat and the potatoes were taken off it, but the fish was not touched, for it was a bit of a herring and salty.

"Well, the child was getting sick all that day, and I didn't go out that evening. And in the night we could hear the

noise as if of scores of rats going about the room. And every now and again I struck a light, but as soon as the light was in it we would hear nothing, but the noise would begin again as soon as it was dark. And sometimes it would seem as if they came up on the bed, and I could feel the weight of them on my chest as if they would smother me.

“And in the morning I chanced to open the box where the dinner used to be put, and it was as big a box as any in the island. And when I opened it I saw it was all full of blood, up the sides and to the top, that you couldn't put your hand in it without getting bloody.

“I said nothing, but I shut the lid down again; but after, when I came into the house, I saw the wife rubbing at it with a flannel, and I asked her what was she doing, and she said, ‘I am cleaning the box, where it is full of blood.’ And after that I gave up the child, and I had no more hope for its life. But if they had told me then about the neighbour speaking to him, I'd have gone over and I'd have killed him with my stick, but I'd have made him come and spit on him.

“After that we didn't hear the same noise, but we heard like the sound of a clock all through the night and every night. And the child got a swelling under the feet that he couldn't put a foot on the ground, but that made little difference to him, for he didn't hold out a week.”

Those who have had the touch, either from a visible or an invisible passer-by, may sometimes be saved by a knowledgeable man—old Deruane is one of these, and he says:

“There are many can do cures, because they have something walking with them, what we may call a ghost, from among the Sheogue.

“A few cures I can do myself, and this is the way I got them. I told you I was for five quarters in Manchester, and where I lodged were two old women in the house, from the farthest end of Mayo, for they were running from Mayo at that time because of the hunger. And I knew they were likely to have a cure, for Saint Patrick blessed the places he

was not in more than the places he was in, and with the cure he left and the fallen angels, there are many in Mayo can do them.

“ Now it is the custom in England never to clean the table but once in the week, and that on a Saturday night. And on that night all is set out clean, and all the crutches of bread and bits of meat and the like are gathered together in a tin can and thrown out in the street. And women that have no other way of living come round there with a bag that would hold two stone, and they pick up all that is thrown out, and live on it for a week. But often I didn't eat the half of what was before me, and I wouldn't throw it out, but I'd bring it to the two old women that were in the house, so they grew very fond of me. Well, when the time came that I thought I'd draw towards home, I brought them one day to a public-house and made a drop of punch for them, and then I picked the cure out of them, for I was wise in those days.

“ Those that get a touch I could save from being brought away, but I couldn't bring back a man that is away, for it is only those that have been learning them for a while can do that.

“ There was a neighbour's child sick, and I got word of it, and I went to the house, for the woman there had showed me kindness; and I went in to the cradle and I lifted the quilt off the child's face, and you would see by it, and I knew the signs, that there was some of *their* work there. And I said, 'You are not likely to have the child long with you, ma'am.' And she said, 'Indeed, I know I won't have him long.' So I said nothing, but I went out, and whatever I got there and whatever I did, I brought it in again and gave it to the child, and he began to get better. And the next day I brought the same thing again, and I gave it to the child, and I looked at it, and I said to the mother, 'He will live to comb his hair grey.' And from that time he got better, and now there is no stronger child on the island, and he the youngest in the house.

“ After that the husband got sick, and the woman said to

me one day, 'If there is anything you can do to save him, have pity on me and my children, and I'll give you what you'll ask.' But I said, 'I will do what I can for you, but I'll take nothing from you, except may be a grain of tea or a glass of porter, for I wouldn't take money for this, and I refused two pounds one time for a cure I did.' So I went and I brought back the cure, and I mixed it with flour and made it into three little pills, that it wouldn't be lost, and gave them to him. And from that time he got well.

"There is a woman that lives down the road there, and one day I went into the house, where she was after coming from Galway town, and I asked charity of her. And it was in the month of August, when the bream-fishing was going on, and she said, 'There's no one need be in want now, with fresh fish in the sea and potatoes in the gardens,' and she gave me nothing. But when I was out the door she said, 'Well, come back here.' And I said, 'If you were to offer me all you brought from Galway I wouldn't take it from you now.'

"And from that time she began to pine and to wear away and to lose her health. And at the end of three years she walked outside the house one day, and when she was two yards from her own threshold she fell on the ground, and the neighbours came and lifted her up on a door and brought her into the house, and she died.

"I think I could have saved her then—I *think* I could, when I saw her lying there. But I remembered that day, and I didn't stretch out a hand, and I spoke no word.

"But I am going to rise out of the cures and not to do much more of them, for *they* have given me a touch here in the right leg, so that it is the same as dead. And a woman in my village that does cures, she is after being struck with a pain in the hand."

When Martin Connor told of the box in his house filled with blood, the listeners knew it meant that there had been a fight for the life of the dying child, and that those who fought for him had been worsted. "For there is often fighting heard

about the house where one is sick. That is what is called 'the fighting of the friends,' for we believe it is the friends and the enemies of the person fighting for him.

"I knew a house where there were a good many sleeping one night, and some of them near the hearth in the kitchen, for it was a poor house. And they heard a great noise of fighting in the night, and in the morning there was blood on the threshold, and the clothes of those that slept on the floor had blood on them. And it was not long after that, that the woman of the house took sick and died."

And a woman says :

"You may remember hearing of the time when fifteen corpses were laid out on that beach ; it was a wave came and took them from the rock where they were fishing. There were two brothers of my husband among them, and the mother was near out of her mind, but she is living yet.

"One night there was one of my boys lay sick with me, and in the morning the grandmother said she heard a great noise of fighting in the night about the door. And she said, 'If it hadn't been for Michael and John being drowned, you would have lost Martin during the night. For *they* were fighting for him, I heard them, and I saw the shadow of Michael ; but when I tried to take hold of him he was gone.'"

All who die may not be among the riders of the air, but all may return and wander about the home. It is oftenest a mother who comes back to keep or tend her child :

"I know a girl that lost her mother after she was born. And surely the mother came back to her every night and suckled her, for she would lie as quiet as could be, without a bottle or a ha'porth, and they would hear her sucking. And one night the grandmother felt the daughter that was gone lying on the clothes, and made a grab at her, but she was gone. Maybe she'd have kept her if she had taken her time, for there is charms to bring such back. But the little girl grew, that she was never the same in the morning that she was the night before, and there is no finer girl in the island now.

“ I call to my own mother sometimes when things go wrong with me, and I think I am always the better of it ; and I often say those that are gone are troubled with those they leave behind. But God have mercy on all the mothers of the world !

“ And two years ago there was a fine young woman brought away within a week of her baby being born.

“ And lately I heard that her own little girl and another little girl that was with her saw her appear in a cabin outside, where she came to have a look at the child she left, but she didn't want to appear herself.”

And one says, and the others corroborate, that there was a man who died in the middle island that had had two wives, And one day he was out in the curragh he saw the first wife appear. “ And after that one time the son of the second wife was sick, and the little girl, the first wife's daughter, was out tending cattle and a can of water with her, and she had a waistcoat of her father's put about her body, where it was cold. And her mother appeared to her in the form of a sheep and spoke to her, and told her what herbs to find to cure the stepbrother, and sure enough they cured him. And she bade her leave the waistcoat there and the can, and she did ; and in the morning the waistcoat was folded there, and the can standing upon it. And she appeared to her in her own shape another time after that. Why she came like a sheep the first time was, that she wouldn't be frightened. The girl is in America now, and so is the stepbrother that got well.”

Another says :

“ One time I was tending a farm for Flaherty, and I came in late one evening, after being out with the cattle, and I sent my wife for an ounce of tobacco, and I stopped in the house with the child. And after a time I heard the rattle of the door, and the wife came in, half out of her mind. She said she was walking the road and she met four men, and she knew they were not of this world, and she fell in the road with the fright she got. But she thought one of them was

her brother, and he put his hand under her head when she fell, so that she got no hurt. And for a long time after, she wasn't in her right mind, and she would bring the child out into the field to see her brother. And at last I brought her to the priest, and when we were on the way there she called out that those fields of stones were full of them, and they all dressed in tall hats and black coats. But the priest read something over her, and she has been free from them since then."

And yet another says :

"I know a woman on this island, and she and her daughter went down to the strand one morning to pick weed, and a wave came and took the daughter away. And a week after that, the mother saw her coming to the house, but she did not speak to her.

"There was a man coming here from Galway, and he had no boatman. And on the way he saw a man that was behind him in the boat that was putting up the sail and taking the management of everything, but he spoke no word. And he was with him all the way, but when the boat came to land he was gone. And the man was not sure, but he thinks it was his brother that had died.

"There was a man, one Power, died on this island. And one night that was bright there was a friend of his going out for mackerel, and he saw these sands full of people hurling, and he well knew Power's voice that he heard among them.

"There is a house down there near the sea, and one day the woman of it was sitting by the fire, and a little girl came in at the door, and a red cloak about her, and she sat down by the fire. And the woman asked her where did she come from, and she said she had just come from Connemara. And then she went out, and when she was going out of the door she made herself known to her sister that was standing in it, and she called out to the mother. And when the mother knew it was the child she had lost near a year before, she ran out to call her, for she wouldn't for all the world to have not known her when she was there. But she was gone, and she never came again.

“Down there near the point, on March 6, 1883, there was a curragh upset and five boys were drowned. And a man from county Clare told me that he was on the coast that day, and that he saw them walking towards him on the Atlantic.

“There was this boy’s father took a second wife, and he was walking home one evening and his wife behind him, and there was a great wind blowing, and he kept his head stooped down because of the sand blowing into his eyes. And she was about twenty paces behind, and she saw his first wife come and walk close beside him, and he never saw her, having his head down, but she kept with him near all the way. And when they got home she told the husband who was with him, and with the fright she got she was bad in her bed for two or three days. Do you remember that, Martin? She died after, and he has a third wife taken now.

“There was a girl one time, and a boy wanted to marry her, but the father and mother wouldn’t let her have him, for he had no money. And he died, and they made a match for her with another. And one day she was out, going to her cousin’s house, and he came before her and put out his hand, and said: ‘You promised yourself to me, and come with me now.’ And she ran, and when she got to the house she fell on the floor. And the cousins thought she had taken a drop of drink, and they began to scold her.

“Another day after that, she was talking with her husband and her brother, and a little white dog with them, and they came to a little lake. And he appeared to her again, and the husband and the brother didn’t see him, but the dog flew at him and began barking at him, and he was hitting at the dog with a stick, and all the time trying to get hold of the girl’s hand. And the husband and the brother wondered what the dog was barking at, and why he drew down to the lake in the end and went into the water. For it was into it that he was wanting to draw the girl.”

And a moral comes into the last story:

“There were two young women lived over in that village

you see there, and they were not good friends, for they were in two public-houses. And one of them died in January after her baby being born. Some said it was because of her mother or the nurse giving her strong tea, but it wasn't that, it was because her time was come. And when the other woman heard it she said to her husband, 'Give me the concertina, and I'll play till you dance, for joy that Mrs. Rosengrave is gone.' But in April her own child was born, and though the doctor tried to save her he could not, and she died. And since then they are often seen to appear walking together. People wonder to see them together, and they not friends while they lived. But it is bad to give way to temper, and who is nearer to us than a neighbour?"

AUGUSTA GREGORY.

## ACCURSED RACES

**E**VER since Europeans became familiar with the East they have known that in almost every part of it there are certain races held accursed by the majority. But few persons at the present day are aware that in France, from time immemorial till the beginning of the last century, such unfortunates existed, not only as individuals or in small communities but in great number, scattered over most parts of the realm, but always recognised as one people. When M. Francisque Michel published an account of them, in 1847, he astounded the world. Foreigners who had lived in the rural districts of France might have learned that the peasantry regarded certain neighbours or families with aversion, calling them Gahets in Brittany, Trangots in Normandy, Cagots and Capots in the South. But very few grasped the whole truth. Had not M. Michel taken up the subject just at that time, when enough of the old traditions and the old feeling remained to supply him with living witnesses, at this day Frenchmen might conscientiously protest that the state of things described was impossible—that the evidence unearthed applied only to the Middle Ages. For when that generation had gone by the people hastened to forget the national disgrace. Frenchmen of culture only recognise the word Cagot now as signifying bigot; if somewhat better informed, they think it equivalent to *crétin*. Antiquarians, of course, know better; for it is to be observed that M. Michel's statements have never been disputed, though some authorities do not accept his view of the origin of

the Cagots. It will be convenient to let this question stand over, important as it is.

In some parts they were called Christians—*Chrétiens*. If this name was applied so early as 1000 A.D., Cagots are mentioned in the Chartulary of the Abbey de Luc. They certainly appear under the name of *Caffos* in the old Customs of Navarre, 1074. But we may descend to 1460, when the *Etats de Béarn* presented a petition to their prince, begging him to command that the Cagots should be forbidden to walk barefoot—their feet to be transfixcd with an “iron” in case of disobedience; further, the *Etats* demanded a re-enactment of the good old law, lately fallen into disuse, which obliged them to wear a goose’s foot upon their clothes. The first prayer calls for explanation. Cagots were supposed to be hereditary lepers by reason of their origin, as we shall see. Accordingly their touch was infectious. Walking barefoot along the highway, they carried disease from place to place—therefore they must wear shoes. A people so numerous in the South could not be excluded from market; but they were not allowed to sell, and in buying they had to stand at a distance, offering the money, and receiving the goods, at the end of a stick. Meeting travellers on the road, Cagots must give notice of their presence and turn into the bush till the others had passed by. Their breath was pestilential, an abominable stench proceeded from their bodies. Buon, who is called the father of French Surgery, had no doubt of this; he wrote: “if one of them keeps a fresh apple in his house for an hour it becomes dry and withered as if exposed to the sun for a week.” There is no need to say that these charges were utterly groundless. When, in the eighteenth century, the Cagots came to be examined without prejudice, they proved to be healthier, cleaner, and better-looking than the average of French peasants.

The Royal Council of Béarn dismissed both petitions in silence, but we cannot be sure that its action was due to enlightenment or charity at a time when similar measures were enforced elsewhere. Béarn was the headquarters of the Cagots,

and the Government may have thought it unsafe to annoy them. But this suggests the question—how many were they? We have never seen a categorical assertion—perhaps there was no means of ascertaining. The references do not give figures. In Béarn were “many thousands,” in Navarre “whole villages,” in Aquitaine “multitudes,” in Bas-Poitou the smallest hamlet contained a family. A schoolmaster in the Basses Pyrénées, and a sensible man, observes that the commune where he was born, before the Revolution, had about a hundred and forty houses, of which a hundred “at least” were occupied by Cagots. But these Southern provinces were their home, saving a detachment in Brittany; thence they spread over France, nowhere, I think, forming large communities at a distance from these seats. The impression left in my mind would give them not less than a hundred thousand souls at the Revolution—but the number may have been doubled. It is stated that “many thousands” emigrated to America after their emancipation.

In 1555, and again in 1592, the Parlement of Bordeaux forbade Cagots to show themselves in public unless wearing a bit of red cloth in some conspicuous part of their clothes, under penalty of a flogging—men, women, and children. By the later edict the goose’s foot was enjoined also. Both had long been in use elsewhere—as far as records extend, in fact. And walking barefoot was forbidden. A contemporary has left us a mild protest against these laws. He thought the Parlement was guided rather by prejudice than by judgment—perhaps the good man had inspected the unfortunates, and, using his eyes and nose, had convinced himself that they were not leprous nor did they stink.

But [he continues] I will not deny that the Cagots are held in public scorn to such a degree that even in their native country they are treated as aliens, never admitted to office or distinctions, nor allowed even to enjoy the common rights of neighbours dwelling in the same street or the same village.

They might not use the public well, for instance. This intelligent witness proceeds:

Intermarriage with Frenchmen and all other social relations are forbidden. In most communes they have their dwellings far apart; even in church their place and their *bénitiers* (holy water basins) are separate. They are condemned to vile handicrafts; their lives are wretched and abject.

The attitude of the Church is most significant. In 1514 the Cagots of Gascony and Navarre complained to Pope Leo X. that the priests would not admit them to Confession nor to the Sacraments. This monstrous pretension was suppressed, but in many parts a special bell summoned the Cagots to church after that designed for the ordinary congregation. In the sacred building they might not pass beyond the holy water basin. The faithful approached the altar to present their offerings; but the priest marched to the church door, after service, to receive the offerings of the Cagots. He did not give them *la Paix* at Mass, or if he did, it was with a *porte-paix différent ou avec le revers de la porte-paix ordinaire*. I do not attempt to explain this statement, which is quoted from the report of an indignant Jesuit in 1621. In the commune of Arengosse, Department des Landes, just before the Revolution, the walls of the church cracked; so the orthodox refused to let the Cagots of the village attend service lest their accursed presence should bring them down bodily. The Cagots' door, bricked up, remains as a token. Finally they were buried apart, *presque sans nulle cérémonie*, says Belle Forest in 1575.

To contract marriage with these people is infamy, and there is no example of such an alliance up to the present time, 1621. [I am citing the Jesuit again.] Two hundred years later, in 1841, at Chenot, in the Basses Pyrénées, the marriage of a girl with a Cagot was broken off, though she was willing, and both her parents approved; the grandmother protested that *tant qu'elle vivrait le sang de la famille resterait pur*.

We are told that in this Department children were taught to pray: "Dieü lé preservé de la man (main) du Trangot et del dime (argent) du Cagot": evidence by the way that these outcasts had a reputation for wealth already, so industrious and thrifty were they.

No serious attempt was made to secure equality for the

Cagot among his fellow-Christians at divine service till the eighteenth century—and then it was fiercely resisted. At Biarritz, in 1722, one of them ventured to claim his newly acknowledged right of sitting in the body of the church; forthwith two Jurats of the parish, backed by the second Abbé, ejected him. The wretch was so shameless as to defend himself; moreover, he brought an action at law—worse still, he gained it. The Lieutenant-Criminel condemned his assailants to make public reparation on their knees at the church door. They appealed, of course, but the Parlement of Bordeaux confirmed the sentence—the Middle Ages were drawing to an end at last. The records of the same Parlement supply precious evidence of the persecution of the Cagots in former times. But even after the Revolution and the Empire, in few districts were they granted real equality. A Cagot was appointed Maire of Borce, Béarn, in 1817. All the neighbourhood signed a protest, which was delivered to the Prefect by a deputation of the foremost inhabitants. That functionary persisted in taking no notice; but the agitation continued until, in 1830, the Maire, worn out, resigned. In 1847, we hear, the hatred roused against him and the Conseil Municipal was still lively.

It is significant that whilst the Cagots were charged with leprosy, crétinism, and a horrible stench, no one attacked their personal appearance. They were *viles, ladres, misérables*, and all that is offensive in the moral sense—but not ugly. The earliest as the latest writers who touch on that point, refer to their good looks. Belle Forest, already quoted, described the men as *beaux hommes* in 1575, and of the women he says, “however beautiful they may be they are, in short, malignant wretches.” Buon, father of French surgery, notes that many have handsome faces and soft, smooth skins. In a Breton folk-song a Bergère exclaims, in translation :

Parmi tous les gens le Cagot est réputé le plus beau,  
Cheveux blonds, peau blanche et yeux bleu ;  
Vous êtes le plus beau des Bergers que j'ai vus—  
Pour être beau faut-il être Cagot ?

Fair hair, blue eyes, white skin, tall stature are always assigned to them, as characteristics of the race. At the beginning of the last century, when specimens of pure blood could still be identified, all these points were insisted upon. But of the mass it is stated generally that they could not be distinguished from other Frenchmen. In truth, if the Cagot girls were as good-looking as is alleged, the blood would become very mixed in the course of a thousand years, in spite of scorn and hatred and superstition. It has been mentioned that in one commune not less than a hundred houses in a total of one hundred and forty were occupied by Cagots. Inter-marriage must have been common in that district. Abbé Chandon says in 1815 :

Les Capots (Cagots) dans les derniers temps étaient en général d'une constitution saine, et leurs femmes surtout avaient des traits réguliers. On peut dire autant de leur moeurs ; jamais des querelles entre eux ni avec des autres citoyens, qui s'adressaient de préférence à eux pour les ouvrages de charpenterie et de menuiserie (auxquels ils se consacraient presque exclusivement) parcequ'ils étaient laborieux dans le travail et modéré dans le prix.

This is the universal report—Cagots were the most hardworking of the rural population, as were Huguenots of the townspeople. And they thrive accordingly. Many of them had become *propriétaires* before the Revolution.

One peculiarity alleged must not be overlooked, because, if there be any ground for the assertion, it may have a significance which could not be perceived while the origin of the Cagots was discussed fifty years ago. There was a general belief that they had no lobe to the ear. In the Breton ballad already quoted the Berger replies :

Voici par où l'on reconnaît celui qui est Cagot,  
On lui jette le premier regard sur l'oreille ;  
Il en a une plus grande, et comment est l'autre ?  
Plus ronde et de tout côté couverte d'un duvet !

In 1843 M. Guyon read a paper before the Académie des Sciences which rather took for granted than asserted that Cagots have *un caractère physique distinctif dans l'absence*

*du lobule de l'oreille.* A schoolmaster at Lourdes testified: "le peuple ne reconnaît les Cagots qu'à l'absence du lobule auriculaire"—he could verify the report with his own eyes, if so conscientious, for several families dwelt at Lourdes. The same statement comes from various parts, almost in the same words. Upon the other hand, the careful memoir of M. Palassou in 1815 explicitly declares: "le peu d'étendue du lobe de l'oreille n'est point le caractère distinctif de ce caste." Unfortunately, there is no hope that the question will be settled now. It is to be observed, whatever the observation may be worth, that the same peculiarity of a missing lobe, or one disproportionately small, is a recognised characteristic of the Berber race—also tall, fair, and blue-eyed. Some leading anthropologists believe that Southern Europe was occupied by Berbers in a prehistoric age.

I have tried to set forth the condition of this most hapless race without going into detail. In truth there is little to give. M. Michel fills a closely printed volume with reports, ancient and modern, from almost every district where they were established. His work is a monument of learned industry, and the accumulation of evidence was needed when so few understood how numerous the Cagots were, and how systematic their persecution from the earliest records until the opening of the last century. But it is a continual repetition of the same facts from different quarters, wearisome to read now.

The grand question remains—how did these intelligent people fall under such a curse?—what was their origin? The theories current in 1575 are propounded in "La Cosmographie Universelle de tout le Monde" of that date: they were descended from leprous Jews; or from Arian Visigoths who lingered on this side the Pyrenees when the main body crossed into Spain; or from the Albigensian heretics. Other theories were added later, but these held the field; it is noteworthy that the people always recognised the Cagots as Goths, though they might not have been able to tell who the Goths were.

Reviewing all the evidence, M. Michel decided in favour of this

tradition—only, the ancestors of the Cagots were Gothic refugees who followed Charlemagne after the collapse of his Spanish expedition in 779. They were a great multitude, as the chroniclers state, and the Emperor granted them waste lands on the frontier. As might be expected, the natives did not welcome them. In a decree of 812 Charlemagne sharply commands the Seigneurs of Bera, Narbonne, Roussillon and parts adjacent, to cease plundering the "Spaniards," whom he had settled in their neighbourhood thirty years before. The Archbishop of Paris is ordered to investigate the matter. Upon his report, three years afterwards, Louis le Debonnaire defined the rights and duties of the "Spaniards" in a long edict, which shows incidentally that refugees were still crowding in. But the native jealousy rose higher and higher. The intruders were charged with persisting in the abominable Arianism of their forefathers. And St. Gregory of Tours has left it in writing that Arians are smitten with leprosy. Here perhaps is the key of the problem. A precept of Charles the Bald in 844, reasserting the rights and privileges of the "Spaniards," suggests that they had serious grievances already. A long silence follows; the Danish invasions and many troubles absorbed the attention of the Government. It seems likely that the oppressed people rose, and such as escaped massacre were driven from the mountains, which they had brought under cultivation, as outcasts, pursued by hatred and calumny.

This seems the most probable explanation, since an explanation of some sort there must be. That a Teutonic race may preserve its characteristics of fair hair and tall stature among a Latin peasantry even for a longer time, is shown by the Sette Commune on the hills north of Venice, if tradition may be accepted. These mountaineers are said to be descendants of the Cimbri who escaped after the victory of Marius. Few believe that nowadays; but they have occupied their present seat for an indefinite time, and Italian savants are still at a loss to account for such a large and compact body of Germans on

that spot. Few of them spoke Italian thirty years ago. But the strongest argument against the origin alleged is just their language. It has a number of inexplicable words, and the constructions are unique; but all the same a traveller speaking low-German can get along quite comfortably. He would not have been at his ease with the Cimbri.

Before passing to other accursed races, a remark of Bishop Stubbs may be noticed. "Historians of the time," he says, "seldom speak without horror of the Brabaçons," the professional mercenaries of the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries, "as a race by themselves, without nationality, country or religion." They were solemnly cursed by the Vatican Council of 1179, and they were excommunicate *ipso facto*. The great scholar concludes, "It may even be a question whether the mysterious proscribed races formerly existing in some parts of Europe may not have been descendants of these detested bodies of men." But I am not aware that Bishop Stubbs had ever looked into the history of the Cagots; perhaps he was not thinking of them. Other accursed races could be named in France, but their communities were so small comparatively, and so local, that I omit them.

Taking a general survey of these unfortunates throughout the world it is not a little strange to note how many are distinguished for good looks among the people with whom they dwell. We have seen that the beauty of the Cagot women and the fine appearance of the men were always recognised. Other instances may be given. The Rodyas of Ceylon were more cruelly oppressed than any perhaps, though that is much to say, until the British occupation of Kandy. Even now they scarcely understand that they have any rights. The word means "filth." Formerly they might neither cultivate the soil nor learn a trade. A roof was forbidden them; their huts might have only a single wall, against which they placed a hurdle packed with boughs to sleep under. The head must always be bare, and the only dress allowed was a single garment covering them from waist to knee. They

might not cross a ferry, enter a village or use a well. Point after point we recognise the treatment of the Cagots; as might be expected indeed, when, in either case, men urged by panic and hatred sought to avoid contact with a group of neighbours, and at the same time to humiliate them. On the highway a Rodiya had to bawl when another mortal came into sight, that he might not advance until "the abominable one" had hidden himself. To cross the threshold of a temple was forbidden; standing at a distance he beheld the face of Buddha the Merciful, and he was free to pray if so disposed. I do not recollect that the Cagots were formally excluded from the Courts of Justice, though we may be quite certain that in effect they could not obtain a hearing. But a Rodiya might not pass the door. He must stand outside and shout his grievances; or, if the matter were pressing, he might appeal to the executioner, who, himself an outcast, would not be so greatly contaminated by speaking to him. And this functionary, for a consideration, doubtless, would put his case before the judge.

Legend tells that the Rodiyas fell under this curse because they supplied human flesh when ordered to furnish venison for the Rajah's table—being hunters of the Veddah stock. Sir Emerson Tennant supposed them to be descended from Indian emigrants of a prehistoric era. Perhaps he saw good cause to reject the more obvious explanation that they represent the survivors of one among the numerous armies that invaded Ceylon from the mainland. Their language now is a *patois* of Cingali, but interspersed with many words of unknown source. The Rodiyas, however, look down on the Barber caste and loathe the vagrant Hanomoreyos, whose occupation is making boxes for carrying the betel-nut. Pitifully droll is it to hear that when these poor savages meet, the former tie up their dogs carefully, lest they should stray into the opposite camp, and so introduce pollution. But the point is that they are remarkable for beauty, especially the women, whose fine figures rouse the enervated ladies of Ceylon to jealousy.

So the Do-be race of China is distinguished for the vigour of the males and the good looks of the other sex. Perhaps it is identical with the To-min of Ningpo; at least, one description applies to both. The men are not allowed to enter for examinations, nor to follow a profession, nor to practise a trade. They are pedlars, sedan-chairmen, barbers, and, especially, actors. Public opinion forbids any social intercourse with them. But the women form an important class in Chinese society, almost monopolising the business of match-making in the districts where they are found. Each matron has her circuit, traversed periodically, and parents with marriageable sons and daughters look out for the Do-be woman anxiously at her appointed time. She can always be recognised at a distance by an umbrella with a very long stick and a bundle of blue and white check, containing spare clothes. These are the insignia of the Do-be go-between. For the rest her attire is invariably plain and neat, but she never covers her hair, which is notably fine and abundant, as a rule. The feet are bound, as a token of respectability—the *bona fides* of a match-maker who had natural feet would be suspected. But a marriage could not be solemnised without the attendance of the district Do-be woman. Even though it had been concerted without her knowledge, she must be engaged to stay with the bride for some days before the ceremony and for some days after—which is more curious still. Further, she worships with the bridegroom at the ancestral shrine, attends him when the kinsfolk pay him visits of congratulation, and accompanies him in returning them. During this time the representative of the accursed race is treated with high honour.

One recalls a more striking instance of this contradiction. The Bhils of Central India are not held accursed, unless by extreme bigots, but they are outcasts, scorned by the meanest Hindoo, and cruelly oppressed until the British Government took them under its protection. Nevertheless, when the highest living representative of Brahmanism, the sacrosaint Maharajah of Udaipur, comes to the throne, it is not the high

priest nor the leader of Rajput chivalry who puts the sacred mark upon his forehead, but a wild Bhil from the jungle. And he does it with his impure hand, which cannot be touched by the orthodox under peril of damnation. To crown the horror, which on this occasion is a holy rite, the *tecka* is a smear of blood—upon the forehead of a Hindoo!

To resume. These handsome Chinese pariahs are said to be descendants of brigands who held the northern provinces in the eleventh century; or else of the traitors who assisted the Japanese in the sixteenth. We may suspect that their degradation is older than this date at least.

The Soleib or Solibah Arabs offer another example, and one noteworthy on various grounds. I do not recollect that Burton mentions them, but there must be a reference, and more than one, in his voluminous works. This curious people is found in all parts of Arabia, and more sparingly in the Asiatic desert. Lady Anne Blunt does not give the Solb—her version of the name—among the Bedouin tribes of the Euphrates; indeed, she takes it for granted that they are of Indian descent, akin to the gipsies. Palgrave believed them to be Syrian, and he derived the name, though dubiously, from Saleeb, a cross, fancying that they were Christian originally. Certain it is that they differ from the Bedouins in type as in character, but the latter recognise them as a branch of the family, though outcasts. Fair hair and grey eyes are usual with the Solibah of Arabia, who, no doubt, are comparatively pure; but on the Euphrates they have lost these characteristics, though still preserving a marked distinction from the ordinary Bedouins. Explanations of their outlawry are various; the one most favoured asserts that the ancestors of the Soleibs abandoned Hassan and Hosein at Kerbela, leaving them to be slaughtered. Therefore Allah cursed the race, decreeing that henceforth they should be treated as women. From that time the Soleibs have not been allowed to mount a horse, riding only donkeys—and even these not astride. But when thus disgraced they gave themselves to improving the breed of

asses, and according to tradition they produced the superb strain called Bagdad or Jeddah donkeys, which some enthusiasts declare the most beautiful creatures extant. I remember offering £50 for any one of six just landed at Suez in 1882, and it was declined.

The curse of Allab was invented, no doubt, to explain the peculiar customs of the Soleib. They never rob travellers or caravans, never make forays, and decline to take part even in war. Their business, says Dr. Wright, is to nurse the wounded, whether victor or vanquished. That is why they are tolerated though despised. It does not appear that the Soleib of the Euphrates are credited with any special skill, though the circumstances suggest that it would be so. But Palgrave reports that the Solibah are famous as "inspired doctors" throughout Arabia, practising paracentesis—whatever that may be—lithotomy and "still more difficult operations." So many stories reached him, with circumstantial details, that he inclined to believe them possessed of valuable secrets—and Palgrave had studied medicine. They gain their livelihood by hunting, gazelles in especial, and they are clothed in the skins from head to foot, looking like Esquimaux. It is not very strange to find that the Bedouins regard such abnormal kinsfolk with distrust. The notion of training Soleib boys and girls as teachers occurred to our missionaries at Baghdad, who thought that young people, very clever, against whom no tribe cherished a feud, would be particularly useful for the purpose. But on consulting the Bedouin chiefs they learned their error. We don't mind Frank teachers, said these, nor Christian Arabs nor Jews—but never Soleibs.

All the same their beauty must be remarkable. Lady Anne Blunt saw very little of the tribe, but once she came across a family. "The two younger men were exceedingly good looking, with delicately cut features, and the whitest possible teeth. The boy was perfectly beautiful, with a complexion like stained ivory, and the two girls, fourteen or fifteen years old, were the most lovely little creatures I ever

saw." Lady Anne remarks that the prejudice of the Bedouins must be very strong indeed when young men are never captivated by such charming girls. Dr. Wright also speaks of the "exquisite beauty of the children—though unwashed and almost unclad"—very characteristic this of the amiable missionary, unwilling to admit that nakedness can be beautiful—"they appeared to me the most graceful and the sweetest little animals I ever saw, in the desert or elsewhere."

I shall pass by the outcasts of India, not for want of instances, but because the number and variety of them are embarrassing. Also, much has been written on the subject. A remark of Sir Henry Maine's will suffice :

In Central and Southern India there are villages to which a class of persons are hereditarily attached, in such manner as to show most unmistakably that they form no part, national or organic, of the aggregate to which the bulk of the villagers belong. Essentially impure, they never enter it, or only portions reserved for them. Their touch is contaminating. They have definite duties, one of them the settlement of the village boundaries, on which their authority is allowed to be conclusive.

It may be worth while to mention that the Pooliards of Canara were obliged to carry spittoons round their necks, within the memory of living people. Was it understood of old that spittle conveyed infection? I could give some examples to show that the notion is not so improbable as it might be thought.

Sir Henry does not doubt that these unfortunates descend from "aliens." As a rule strange blood is mingled gradually and lost. "But some materials are too obstinately and obtrusively foreign to be completely absorbed."

The case of the Temple slaves in Burmah is significant. Though by reason of their employ they must handle the most sacred objects of a creed which teaches mercy above all other virtues, no race of men had such a hopeless lot before the British came. There was no escape, and even now one who withdraws and settles at a distance lives in such terror of discovery that few venture to quit the Temple. They could

not even find a change of occupation formerly, for the King himself was threatened with ruin in this world and in the next if he employed one in the meanest capacity. Other slaves might buy their freedom or receive it as a gift; but not a slave of the Pagoda. If a man, unknowingly, married a girl of this class—the wilful act was inconceivable—he shared her fate; further, any children he might have by an earlier marriage were included. But these Temple slaves were not aliens. No mystery enveloped their origin. Their ancestors or they themselves had been prisoners of war or criminals. When this remarkable state of things could arise in a nation like the Burmese, intelligent, far removed from barbarism, and devoted Buddhists, we cannot safely assume that other outcast races were foreigners or even schismatics at the beginning.

FREDERICK BOYLE.

## THE EXPIATION OF KINKOMETTA

### I

**I**N the long after-years when Kinkometta had left the West for ever, the one and only poet of the high prairies took her for the subject of a set of verses. He sent me a fair copy, and with it a letter in which he made his excuses for "a bad case of literary abduction." "We were in the midst of a debate on petty finance," wrote the bleached, bone-dry politician, whose epigrams have stuck like burrs to the personalities of Sir John A. Macdonald's ministers, "and listening to the wise and too weighty words of George Eulas. There never lived a man who was so good as George Eulas looks when talking petty finance. The house was as chokey and dry as a patch of burnt-out bush on a hot June day. Not a vestige of humour in the world—except in the half-shut eyes of Sir John A., who was watching Wilfrid Laurier and hoping to see him jump up and shoulder his musket. The old lion loves the young lion as a father should love his son. But I lay a-dreaming of the West, the far, fair West; the rose-starred sea of grasses, the lapis-lazuli pools of water bitter as a dying man's sweat, the tinkling cry of a gopher, the spicy twang in the air of burning spruce-logs—all the sights, and sounds, and odours that are still a good half of my life, and were once all my living. The wood of this accursed seat in Parliament has long since entered into my

soul; the politician has taken root in the poet. It was Oh, to be hay-making once more in the unfenced meadows of Kisikitchewan, the 'Swift-flowing River.' And yet—too well I know that, if the wish were granted, I should be sighing for Ottawa once more, and the joyous harrying of the sour-faced critics at the Speaker's wrong hand.

"Thinking these thoughts I looked up to the Galleries, and there was the West incarnate smiling at me inscrutably! I knew her at once. There was, and is, and shall be only one Kinkometta from Manitou's land. What they call a happy marriage has not changed her in the least. She still looks taller than she is; she still keeps her wonted silence, waiting for some word of heathenish inspiration; she is still virginal as a young poplar when the chinook blows through and the white side of every leaf is given to the sun. She has a little sturdy three-year old boy, and she suffers in a fire of love for the child, but never flinches at the flames. At all times there is a drop of the good old cold Indian blood in her mother's heart; the same that enabled her ancestors to stand silent at the stake. The little boy does not know how to cry; he was kneaded of iron, and some day she'll make steel of him. When I saw him he was marching up and down 'tending to be a captain with a wooden sword held erect. There was the stirring of a smile in her eyes when he saluted her, and I guessed that she wished me away—so as to be able to wreak her heart on him.

"Show her mother the verses and explain that they were scribbled within the precincts of the House, which accounts for their vileness. Then ask her for the last scene of the tragical comedy of Kinkometta and her Captain which the wise old lady—she'll never leave the West—revealed to me years and years ago. You know all but that last strange scene in the bed-chamber. Hear and remember every word the old lady says—being English through and through she'll whisper most of it shamefacedly—and ride home across the high rim of the prairies, and, having first stabled and fed your horse, go to

your study and close the door and stand at the westward window, and proudly thank the Manitou for the soul of Kinkometta."

Here the old poet ceased abruptly, and the politician reappeared. Therefore the fag-end of the letter may be taken as unread. But a word or two about his poem—and a line or two of it—should fill the place of a genealogical digression. It was idiotically entitled "The Fair Quadroon," because four paths—three highways and a by-way—of mankind's marching came together in the maiden's being. Many a suicide is buried at such racial cross-roads; the stake thrust through is labelled "heredity" in these latter days. For the old poet her mother's blood—half of the heart's beating—was the gift of a red rose sweet; the Scots blood in her—almost all the other half—was the guerdon of the purple thistle. "Largesse of wit and languor of grace" were, as he said in his most literary manner, the gifts of the poor French girl who more than a century ago journeyed into the setting sun of New France, and lived just long enough to become Kinkometta's great-great-great grandmother. Last of all, in lines that may well be quoted, he sang how the long-forgotten Cree chief's daughter

. . . Did treasures bring  
From prairie and from brake;  
The columned dusk, the wild swan's wing,  
The lonely glimmering lake,  
The white Falls' startling solitude. . . .

There, in the last and best line, is heard the lyric cry of truth. It is true that this old poet's metaphors never aged into similes. But who could have guessed that he, who had never visited the Falls on the great river curving past far below her father's house, would have chanced on this vital metaphor of Kinkometta as the West incarnate—which she truly was for all her true friends and always.

For one who sits a-fishing below the Falls (there are great gold-eye in the deep backward-circling pools) the sound of the waters, falling in a white flurry, becomes inaudible in a short

while. Indeed, for hour after hour the sound is but the unperceived flowing out of the under-silence—a background of tone against which the least of the river-voices stands out strangely clear. But, sooner or later and suddenly, that mighty under-tone asserts its power again, sweeps away every thought in its rhythmic flow, and becomes, as it was for those who first named the Falls, veritably the "Voice of the Manitou." I have often thought of it as the still great cry of the conscience of the West. More often still it has recalled the presence of Kinkometta, the maiden of sweet austerities and a purposeful silence.

When her mother read the poem and the letter, she shook her head once, twice. But she told me the ending of the story, conjuring up a fair still picture as she whispered it. Therefore the last of these witnesses may now be dismissed.

## II

When the Captain got out of the Regina-Prince Albert train at Mistowasis, and called for a porter, everybody on the platform turned to look at him. There was a touch of the parade-rasp in his well-preserved voice, and every wandering glance sought and found his face as at a word of command. In the circumstances it was not surprising that nobody observed the presence of a stray Chicago bagman who stood on the gangway between the first and second cars and playfully pointed a bottle at the crowd pistol-wise. On any other evening such a bottle with such a man behind it would have been welcomed as a shining omen of the boom which Mistowasis then expected—and still expects after the toil and moil of so many weary years. Sad to say, there is the silver smear of sage-weed in her broad pastures for a token of aridity, the American immigrants see it and pass by northward. But of the nineteen persons, most of them French half-breds, who had assembled to see the train safely in and out, not one had

ever hoped to see a soldier and a gentleman from the old country breaking his journey at the little wayside settlement.

"Porter!" cried the spruce old gentleman for the second time; whereupon the conductor shouted "All a-board!" and the train, which is a prairie-liner, as certain tall waggons are prairie-schooners, began to move out. By this time the crowd had made a half-circle about the stranger and his baggage, and one and all were busily engaged in an attempt to grasp his meaning. The pulse in the cheek of each tobacco-chewer jiggled at fever-rate as he (or she, in one instance) considered the evidence in the case: White hair and a long grey moustache and set-up jest so—must be an oldish man and been in some force o' mounted police, like enough. Calls for a porter, an' what's a *porter*? A stranger from the old country, surely. Good English clothes and a pile o' baggage—two big trunks, two grips, a gun case, one other case, and a queer metal tub covered over—guess he's a gentleman and has the dollars.

It was the saloon-keeper who was first to get to the point where reasoning ends and reckoning begins for every dweller in an unboomed township. He ceased to chew, and had made himself up to speak when a low voice of even sweetness was heard.

"Good evening, Madame Vachon," said the voice. The old tobacco-chewing half-caste woman turned and made way. Then the owner of the voice, a long slip of a girl, with dark hair tumbled about her shoulders, and a buggy whip lying along one arm, came within the half-circle. She took a long, steady look at the stranger, glanced at his baggage, and, to his vast astonishment, called him by his name and offered help. With those dark eyes of hers—large as a mosquito-hawk's, and as keenly observant in the half-light—she had in that very moment read it on the label of the nearest piece of luggage.

That was how Kinkometta and her first Captain became acquainted. Never was she more of a friend-in-need to the child-like old soldier. Incredible as it may seem to those who

do not know how the Englishman drops himself, or is dropped, at haphazard into this or that corner of the West, he had chosen Mistowasis as the end of his journey simply because the name on an emigrant's map caught his eye and kept his fancy. The mystery and aloofness of the wilderness breathed in its syllables for him from far away. He came without introductions and with none too many of those bright, ringing, golden coins which, in a land where every bit of money is a paper creased and crumpled and soiled with handling, have a value apart from the rate of exchange—are, in point of fact, silently accepted as symbols of the British character from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He brought seventy sovereigns in a little leather bag. It was all the old man's capital.

Why did he leave his home in England to find a homestead on the northern rim of the high prairies? The truth is not and never will be known; the secret, if the secret was ever told in the West, is locked safe in the heart of Kinkometta, and she will never tell. The West is full of Englishmen, good and bad, but mostly indifferent, who have never explained why and whence they journeyed out. As to what they have been the West is incurious; she is curious only as to what they are and will be to her. Indeed, the West is neither a land or a people, but a habit of the mind—the habit of keeping one's eyes fixed on the future, of gazing Westward, of ignoring the past, of turning one's back on the East.

The West undervalued the Captain from the first. On the very evening when Kinkometta rescued him from a net of petty troubles and drove him home to her father's house, he was weighed in the balance and found wanting in "horse-sense." After supper he and his host and two visiting ranchers sat by a little smoke-fire of chips (to keep off the mosquitoes) and talked together in the twilight. The alien dusk was thronged with unfamiliar sounds; the prairie owl's mellow reduplicated plaint, the far-off childish crying of a coyote, the frou-frou of the many wings of fighting wild duck, and—strangest of all to the English emigrant—the bassoon-like note of the mosquito-

hawk's upward swoop. Hearing this last the Captain blurted out the question, "Can that be a bear?" The only answer was a blare of laughter from the two ranchers. Not to know the meaning of the sound was pardonable. But to have exposed his ignorance in so ridiculous a manner—such a lack of four-footed common sense could not be forgotten or forgiven. From the next morning on he was spoken of as "Old Man Cinnamon" by the young English-speaking bloods of the outlying farms and ranches. There is still one cinnamon bear left in the half-settled lands between the streams. But he wears a chain, and his home is in the yard of the barracks belonging to the F Division of the Mounted Police.

The ridiculous failure of his attempt to farm a quarter-section deepened this first impression of his uselessness to the West. Seventy pounds would have been the seed of a competence for life with several of the farmers in the neighbourhood. But these were Scots, twice welded in the white-hot cold of bygone Canadian poverty—their grandfathers toiled in Ontario, their fathers at Red River—and knew the power of cash in a land without currency. They would have used this trifle of money as powder is used in a cap—to set agoing some vast and portentous business. But the poor old Captain laid it out in machinery for which he never had any use, since his only crop could have been harvested with a scythe. A little sod-roofed hut that had been put up with the help of a "bee" was all he really owned at the end of a year. His credit had been dissipated in a number of small debts—one large debt would have been a kind of capital—and he was compelled to shoot his dinners or fish for them below the Falls. He had sold most of his possessions, and grew shabbier every day. But he was not unhappy—at any rate when out of doors. Every morning he had his cold tub; his health was fairly good; the older men treated him with courtesy; and Kinkometta was often his hunting companion.

The gift of womanhood had come to the child on a certain midsummer's day. It is so with all maidens who have Indian

blood at heart. You ride at the end of May across a meadow of the prairies falling slowly towards the river. It is all a sea-green pleasance, a-ripple in the warm western wind. Ride there at the beginning of June and you shall see scarlet lilies without number, constellation after constellation, as far as the eyes can bear to see. It is the miracle of a summer's night when the dew of starshine is falling—this blushing of the virgin prairie. Even so is given the gift of womanhood to maidens with Indian blood at heart. (Perhaps that is why the ancient pairing-place of the Cree nation is at Lily Plain on the Qu'Appelle River.) Even so, Kinkometta grew to a woman between sunset and sunrise—and she put up her hair early in the morning.

The young men of Mistowasis soon—far too soon, thought her mother—became aware that this miracle had been wrought. They called on ridiculous pretexts, lounged in the porch in uncomfortable platitudes, and departed without speaking to the girl. The boldest in this puppet show of dangling lovers, hearing that Kinkometta had gone fishing with the Captain, decided that he would “go an' see if Ole Man Cinnamon could be shifted somehow.” He got as far as the hedge of alders growing just above the gravel and boulders of the river-beach, and then hastily retreated.

“I guess Kinky's sot on Ole Man Cinnamon,” said he to his confidential hired man that evening, “an' we uns'll hev' to ride him out of Mistowasis on a rail. I seen 'em down below the Falls this a'ternoon, an' blamed if he wasn't palaverin' to her 'an she a-pawin' of his arm. An' him too old to be her father an' not worth a cent. . . . I guess it sh'ud be stopped. I ain't *right* fer a young gal, an' we old settlers has a duty. What say, Billy?”

Billy had much to say, and at last suggested that his friend the Deputy-Sheriff might be helpful. The pair sat up late spinning a web of intrigue wherein to snare the old man's failing footsteps.

But if they had heard and understood the conversation in

the startling solitude below the Falls it is certain that the web would never have been wrought. The old man was telling Kinkometta a tale of frontier warfare in India; a tale of which he also had been a part. Their fishing-rods had been stuck into the bank in order that the tactics of the matter might be explained by the disposition of stones of various colours in a blank space of sand. When he came to tell of the final attack on the squat tower high in the hills, and of the flashing of Gourkha knives, and of the white smoke-flowers in every cranny of the stark precipice, and of the charge onwards and upwards—then she had been moved out of her aloofness and had laid her hand on his arm. When the tale was over, when England had buried her dead in silence, the little sunburnt hand did not fly away. He looked at her face; her lips were quivering; the very soul of the maiden was at the brink of her eyes. Sorrow and gladness and a proud lament—the mood of England's mourning—were expressed in a single slowly gathering tear that was the jewel of her half-smile. Since she thus honoured the death of a friend of his far-off youth, how must he honour her? He bowed his head and kissed the little hand that lay on his shabby sleeve. It was the kiss of heartfelt courtesy and an intellectual thing. And it consecrated this fair friendship between the brave, broken, foolish soldier and the girl wisely in love with the bravery of men, not with men at all.

## III

In the harvest-time Kinkometta and her mother travelled from the Mission to Regina and stayed at Government House for a month. Her father was in the Mackenzie country buying furs. "His Honour" was an old family friend, and "Madame," as it happened, fell in love with the tall, shy girl. "Ve will give for her ze honneur of a ball," said the little old French-Canadian lady, "and she s'all dance only wit ze go-od boys. Ah, not him," answering a look of the *aide* in blue-and-

white uniform, and forgetting that she was really a pro-Queen, "he is ver' bad boy, so fo'ward." A fortnight later Kinkometta had her dance, and, though several pink and white girls came out on that occasion, she was the arch-beauty—no doubt of it. Joy of living flushed her pale cheeks, flashed in her dark eyes; as she swayed in the dance His Honour compared her with the flower called prairie-smoke, which was a very pretty compliment. Once or twice in the evening she prattled gaily in Saskatchewan French to Madame, who insisted upon being her mother until supper-time. "You speak French like a l'ile stock-duck, ma chee-rie," said Madame, "and must come wit me and Hippolyte, His Honneur, to Quebec some days to learn our French. But it is ver' pretty talk, and thou also s'all teach us some tings at Quebec." Except with Madame she kept her wonted silence, and the pink and white girls thought her dull and by no means "smart," and sighed for a Lieutenant-Governor with an English-thinking wife. None the less Kinkometta's presence was always the central point, the cruxical nirvana of the whirling social wheel. They do dance tempestuously at the little home-like court in Regina, or did so—until the young men and maids of St. Paul and Minneapolis appeared there, creatures who, when seen together, suggest the sign of the dollar (\$) and are too unlike in figure to waltz at the double.

Two or three hundred miles to the north the old Captain sat in a little room at the barracks of F Division, and thought of nothing whatever. The policeman at sentry-go in the quadrangle looked into his cell as he passed and spoke a word of good cheer, the honest, good fellow. "You're lookin' tired, sir," he said, "and should turn in. We mean to have you out in a day at latest, sir." But the old soldier answered never a word. His face was a bloodless cypher and had shrunk strangely; his finger-nails were in mourning. So when Corporal Latter went off guard, he sent a message down town for the doctor, and when he arrived helped him to put the prisoner to bed. In the morning he was better and asked

for a pencil to write a letter. The letter was written and smuggled out of the barracks to the person to whom it was addressed, though this was against the rules. In the afternoon the old Captain fell into a coma, and he was dead of his shame before midnight. Next day the senior duty sergeant called a meeting in the "Rec" and all the men gave a day's pay to buy him a decent oak coffin. Not that any of them knew even so much as the style of his old regiment—it was sufficient to surmise from his bearing and manner of speech that he too had worn the Queen's coat. "When I was on patrol Mistowasis way," said Corporal Latter, "I met and talked with the old gentleman and saw he was no durn' quarter-section farmer. Wa-al, boys, the old Captain's taking up a new homestead—a six by three claim—and here's my dollar towards the registration fee. Why shouldn't each of us give him a day for the sake of the old country?"

That is one of the unofficial duties of the North-West Mounted Police—to give the forgotten stranger his unremembered grave.

But how came the old man to be arrested? Billy's plot had worked out with the devilish deftness of a tragical play by Sardou. His trifling debts had been brought up, and then an affidavit had been sworn before a magistrate to the effect that he was preparing to leave the country. A warrant could then be obtained and the Deputy-Sheriff, who was too easily hoodwinked, was sent down to arrest the intending fugitive. The Deputy, with the blue paper in his hip-pocket, drove to Mistowasis in his buggy, and, as luck would have it, met his man in the beaten trail, gun in hand, looking for a prairie chicken. Jack Hourie—that was the Deputy's name—jumped out of the buggy, thrust the paper under his nose, and took him in the Queen's name. He was about to suggest a way of unlawfully evading the arrest when the old man made an unfortunate remark.

"But, my dear sir," he said, "I really can't come with you

just now. I must go and get my brushes and things first—if you'll permit me."

Jack Hourie was one of the old-fangled Westerners who, as they say in Saskatchewan, will wash only in the waters of Red River—which is a safe five hundred miles away. The allusion to toilet necessities, for which he had little or no use, seemed a covert sarcasm; the more so as it was uttered in the "chippy" accent which the rough, tough Westerner looks on as a sign of the Englishman's meagreness of soul. "B'gosh, you'll leave your brushes and things behind," he snarled out, "and you'll climb up into the buggy good and quick, or, old as you be, you'll walk to town behind -- with the dawg. The folk down here don't want you round no more sparkin' their girls—no, siree!" Afterwards he repented of his speech and was polite so far as he knew. But he could get no answer from the bewildered old man.

A week after the Captain's death Kinkometta and her mother arrived at the "Mission," and drove up to the barracks, where they had arranged to stay over-night as the Superintendent's guests. There was a great gathering at tea-time of the Old People—by which is meant the posterity of Hudson Bay officers and the few who were admitted into Saskatchewan society in the days before the immigration began—and the tale of Kinkometta's ball at Government House was told and re-told proudly. Among the aristocracy of the Swift-flowing River the girl's mother was treated as a well-meaning interloper; she was allowed only to partake of the conversation, Cree being spoken across her whenever secrets not suitable for an English stranger were touched on. But Kinkometta, as Mrs. McKay of Cumberland Hill remarked, was "one of us in all respects," and so soon as the girl had uttered a word or two of the privy language, to show that she had not lost pride in her prairie blood, that great old lady took her to her capacious jet-beaded bosom, and all the other grave nid-nodding ladies of the days before the Rebellion petted her finely. Little did

they think that they would be holding up their hands over her before the evening was out.

When the names of eligible young Scots (such as a young clerk at the Hudson Bay post at Candle Lake, the junior Inspector at Fort Saskatchewan, and so forth) were used as exclamation points or marks of interrogation in the buzz of talk, Kinkometta—for there was no other girl in the room—thought it convenient to retire. She slipped out of the house, across the Superintendent's parsley bed, and went to look at the horses in the big stable. Corporal Latter was there mending his saddle, and he thanked his kind stars he was off duty. As she looked and talked to the horses he gave her the news of town and countryside; finally she heard for the first time the story of how and why her old friend would not welcome her back to Mistowasis. "She took it quiet at first," he afterwards told a friend, "and asked me a ter'ble number of questions and would not rest until she had all the names and knew where the Deputy was boardin'—at Nugent's Hotel. I tried to head her off, sure. But she ain't that make of a girl; the old fur-trader's a bit of a lawyer, as well he need be, an' she's her father's daughter. Quiet-like she took it at first—but at the end she was pantin', though there was no flush on her face that I could see. Maybe the stable was dark—but b'gosh, her look somehow called to mind Mekasto, the wicked Injun you and me took down at One Arrow's Reserve last Fall. Why, yes, she seemed jest to be pumpin' up her war-spirit—for all that she's only one cent in the dollar Injun. Last of all she asks for a horse, and what could I do but offer mine, and also my short whip, and your Mexican saddle, mine being damaged. I put the saddle on and led the horse out into the square, an' b'gosh! she was on the hurricane deck (and Belzy can kick and ain't ever before been handled by a lady, as you know) and off and out of the square before the sparks had stopped flying."

In the cool of the evening the Deputy-Sheriff sat among friends on the steps of Nugent's Hotel and smoked his pipe.

He had had his evening meal, and a long horn of rye whiskey ; at peace with all the world, and even with himself, he contemplated the colours of the sunset's gold in the gliding levels of the magnanimous river. Nearer and nearer in the after-dinner silence came the noise of the galloping of a horse, but he heard it not. Even the grating of chair-legs on the platform, and a sudden exclamation from a man sitting next on his left (the side from which sounds have the highest value for us), did not wake him from his meditation. Then came a clear silvery utterance, falling as from a great height above him : " Stand out, Jake Hourie ! " Mechanically he arose and slowly advanced to the edge of the platform. The mists of meditation cleared away—the figure of a white-faced girl on a great black horse rushed on him out of the twilight of the day, out of the dimness of his meditation. A long jet-black curl lay along her cheek and curved across her shoulder, strangely enhancing the bloodless pallor of her face. Her eyes blazed with black fire ; high above her head she held the short heavy whip in a steady hand. Instinctively he lifted his arm to guard himself. Then as the blow was withheld and he dimly began to understand, his arm fell to his side. But still the blow was withheld. The wrath died out of the girl's eyes ; the whip was lowered ; her face softened, flushed, was suddenly averted. The further hand pulled the reins, the great horse wheeled at the sign ; horse and rider vanished as swiftly as they came. Seldom does will issue in action with those of mingled race—or, it may be, there was a kindlier reason. The diminuendo of the rider's departure had all but passed away when Jake, with a grim, frowning face, turned and walked in through the doorway. Nugent was standing there. " Wa-al, Jake," he said as the other passed, " I did think she was going to cut your face in half." Jake stopped and looked him up and down.

" By God," he said, " and why not ? Stand aside ! "

## IV

Here we are at the end of the story, for all save two or three in the world. It is not necessary to record the gossip of the Old People—their hands were uplifted in amazement rather than indignation—or to pry into the explanation between the girl and her mother. But in order that Kinkometta may be known through and through and freely forgiven, if forgiveness is the word, the veil must be drawn from the last scene of all. Heaven knows why the old poet did not make that the subject of a poem. No doubt the reason why is—that he was too old to trust himself with it.

After all, it was Jake Hourie who helped this ineffectual maiden to the means of expiation. The Captain's letter was addressed to him, and since he had been denied the atonement of a lash across the face, he was careful to fulfil its request. Jake Hourie, as requested, took the old soldier's most valuable possession, carefully packed it, and saw that the parcel was sent to Mistowasis and safely delivered into Kinkometta's hands. Then in his capacity of Deputy-Sheriff he credited the Captain's one creditor with a sum sufficient to pay him in full. It was not enough to atone for being the dupe of mean-minded men, or for his own littleness towards the dead. But it was good earnest of penitence, and should buy his discharge from the reader's contempt.

In the Factor's house at Mistowasis—the oldest house between streams—was a quaint little chamber above the porch, for all the world like a nice boy's room, and that was Kinkometta's bed-chamber. On the night of the day when she received Hourie's parcel she went to bed early—two hours before her mother, who held it a housewife's duty to make up household accounts on one particular night in the week. Something in the girl's look—the glimmer of some new purpose—had puzzled the mother. Moreover, she had been deprived of the much-loved task of brushing the girl's hair and weaving it

into coils, and of stealing a shy kiss or two during the service, for she was truly half afraid of her tall, inscrutable child, and seldom dared to caress her except when she was in her night-dress and looked frail and childish, as will the stateliest of maidens when disrobed. So that this poor, shy mother, when bedtime came for her, stopped at her daughter's door, listened for the equable sound of breathing, could not hear it for the throbbing of her naughty heart, and finally—with a strange small sweet sense of guilt—opened the door quietly and entered. Then the candle nearly fell from her trembling hand.

For as she entered it seemed that a bright silvery flame ran down the bed and vanished suddenly. She moved the candle in her bewilderment, and yet again the silvery flame startled her eyes.

A naked sword lay along the narrow white bed. The hilt was at the girl's chin as she slept on her right side, the silver-gleaming blade lay on her half-disclosed breast, the point was at her feet. One arm, from which the sleeve had fallen away, crossed the living steel. The edge had cut it slightly, and there was a fleck of crimson on the counterpane below.

With her heart beating wildly the poor English mother looked into her dread daughter's face. The eyes were sweetly closed under the parted night of her hair; she breathed in a sweet equanimity. The mother touched the steel here and there with a trembling finger; it was cold, so cold, even where it lay in her bosom. There was no danger; she would sleep, as was her habit, without stirring till morning. But seeing the fleck of crimson the mother's tears began to fall. With steady hands and infinite care she fell to extricating the sword. There was a name and an inscription of honour at the beginning of the blade.

As she worked she had a glimpse of the meaning of the thing. She understood, though she could not for many a day find words for it—that the sword and her girl were wedded lovers; that the hero-maiden was the bride of the symbol of all earthly heroism. But she did not and never could under-

stand how the chill of the steel and the little wound had been welcomed as expiation for a month's forgetfulness of a friend. She did not know that the Indian soul courted pain—even the pain of death in a prairie-rose of fire—as the best of life's opportunities. Yet there is the key to the heart of Kin-kometta.

E. B. OSBORN.

## THE RECONCILIATION

“THE snow has ceased, the wind is hushed,  
The moon shines fair and clear,  
The night is drawing on apace,  
Yet Evan is not here.

“The deer is couched among the fern,  
The bird sleeps on the tree ;  
O what can keep my only son,  
He bides so long from me.”

“O mother, come and take your rest  
Since Evan stays so late ;  
If we leave the door unbarred for him,  
What need to sit and wait ?”

“Now hold your peace, my daughter,  
Be still and let me be,  
I will not seek my bed this night  
Until my son I see.”

And she has left the door unbarred,  
And by the fire sat still ;  
She drew her mantle her about  
As the winter night grew chill.

The moon had set beyond the moor,  
And half the night was gone,  
When standing silent by her side  
She saw Evan her son.

“ I did not hear your step, Evan,  
Nor hear you lift the pin.”

“ I would not wake my sister, mother,  
So softly I came in.”

“ Now sit ye down and rest, Evan,  
And I will bring you meat.”

“ I have been with my cousin John, mother,  
And he gave me to eat.”

“ Then have ye laid the quarrel by  
That was 'twixt him and you,  
And given each other pledge of faith  
Ye will be friends anew ?”

“ We have laid the quarrel by, mother,  
For evermore to sleep,  
And he has given to me his knife  
As pledge of faith to keep.”

“ O is it blood, or is it rust,  
That makes the knife so red,  
Or is it but the red fire-light  
That's shining on the blade ?”

“ No rust is on the blade, mother,  
Nor the fire-light's ruddy hue ;  
The bright blood ran upon the knife  
To seal our compact true.”

“ O is it with the pale gray gleam  
That comes before the dawn,  
Or are ye weary with the road,  
That ye look so ghastly wan ?”

“ A long and weary road, mother,  
I fared to reach my home,  
And I must get me to my bed,  
That waits for me to come.”

“ The night is bitter cold, Evan,  
See that your bed be warm,  
And take your plaid to cover you,  
Lest the cold should do you harm.”

“ Yes, cold, cold is the night, mother,  
But soundly do I rest,  
With the bleak north wind to wrap me round,  
And the snow white on my breast.”

A. MARGARET RAMSAY.

## ON THE LINE

**B**OOKS written with humour and wit are always welcome—therefore we are glad to read and recommend Mr. Adam Lorimer's "Literary Book of the Road," entitled **The Author's Progress** (Edinburgh, Blackwood, 6s. net). We expected, on taking up the volume, to find it a writer's guide-book, giving some necessary plain advice as to the preparation and publication of literary works, large and small, so that the tyro should know exactly the particular tastes of, and the best means of getting his wares accepted by, publishers and editors; with some practical suggestions on the making of MSS., the revision of proofs—and so on. Mr. Adam Lorimer is, however, too clever for that. The youth "commencing author" will get little such assistance from this book. It is written for the delectation of the few behind the scenes by one who is also there. If Mr. Adam Lorimer is not a leading light in some publisher's office we are willing—borrowing Mr. Grimwig's metaphor—to eat our hat. The simple remarks about the literary agent and the Authors' Society are suggestive evidence as to his profession—no publisher could write humorously about the book-world without a gentle gird at them—while the continued protestation that the book is written from the author's view-point is, in the circumstances, quite sufficient confirmatory testimony. But what of that? The fun poked so pleasantly is thoroughly good-tempered, and the volume throughout is refreshingly amusing.

With the moral of this flippantly serious book all who witness

the outpouring of the modern deluge of merely average novels must agree. There is no possible, probable shadow of doubt that the great majority of the books piled on the railway-stalls, clogging the booksellers' shops, are the fruits of hack-work, provided hurriedly to satisfy a hungry, indiscriminating public. Mr. Lorimer warns the youth who fingers his pen and has dreams and ideals to take service in a bank, to be an ironmonger, anything which brings an income, rather than swell the everlasting ranks of the Grub Street fraternity—who, though not so openly disreputable as were the Richard Savages of an earlier generation, are as much slaves to the quill as were their precursors—and write, with weary hand and exhausted mind, the stuff which gives the wrong kind of pleasure to a wasted twenty minutes. All this has been said before, of course, but still the "curse of the thousand words" is no mere phrase; it is a fact of the world of letters to-day, destructive to the possibility of good writing; and well it is—even at the eleventh hour—for a voice of warning to sound, so that in this generation of writers we may yet have a true successor to Thackeray and his pen-comrades of a more leisurely day. Mr. Lorimer's book is a joke—a joke in a dreadful binding.

**Henry Sidgwick; a Memoir.** By A. S. and E. M. S. (Macmillan. 1906.)—Of the men who make a University society some are teachers, some organisers, some students; and some, who may belong to one or other of these classes, are known and valued for themselves apart from their work. Henry Sidgwick's work proclaims itself in the stately buildings of Newnham, in volumes of patient truthseeking, and in the memories of his pupils; but to Cambridge and to his friends he was the delightful companion of leisure, the wise counsellor, the sympathetic friend, the inexhaustible fountain of brilliant talk, a friend whose heart was as capacious as his mind, and who was so bountiful in giving himself that over his study door might have been written *et amicorum*. This can be read

between the lines of the fascinating Memoir which his wife and brother have compiled, chiefly from his own journals and letters. It is useless to ask for a complete portrait; to those who knew him the portrait is there; and the portraits which we imagine we have found in the lives of men whom we have not known, made up from letters and reported conversation, are, after all, but our own invention, as little real as dreams, only a little more real than echoes of the manner or voice of a singer or actor. Especially elusive is conversation, in which Sidgwick so greatly excelled; for the charm of his conversation lay not so much in the force or brilliancy of the things actually said, though they were forcible and brilliant enough to furnish many good talkers and leave to spare, but for the manner in which he conducted conversation, drawing their best sounds from his companions like the leader of an orchestra, or like a singer who plays his own accompaniment. He did not monopolise talk, he liked it to be a feast of reason, to which all brought their share. He would lead, not drive; and with so gentle a hand that he stimulated other talkers; that (to vary the musical metaphor) he tuned others to his own key without their knowing it, and unconsciously.

The burden of thought descended early upon Sidgwick's shoulders. After brilliant success at Rugby and Cambridge—where he became Senior Classic and Fellow of Trinity—his attention was divided between classics, with which his daily business was concerned, Biblical research, including the study of Oriental languages, and philosophy in the widest sense, which he finally took as his province. It is interesting to observe here what was the influence upon him of his place in the century, and how the trend of liberal thought, the speculations of the moment, the personal questions of conscience put upon him by advanced conclusions in Biblical criticism all converged, in harmony with an extreme susceptibility to evidence from every quarter, to a course of study apparently unsystematic, but the clue to which is the desire for and search after truth, in the double aspect of inquiry into the origins of

religious belief, and the moral duties which the search for truth imposes.

Except incidentally, the Memoir does not give the history of Sidgwick's philosophical opinions; but we read between the lines that abstract speculation interested him on the whole less than applied philosophy. He did not lay great stress on his own writings; rather he spoke lightly of them as a useful attempt to settle some principles. But we know that his works on ethics and politics are authoritative wherever philosophy is studied. As for the temper in which he wrote, his books may seem to point to difficulties and disappointments; but we need his life to interpret his writings, even his letters and journals; to his friends he gave the truer impression of cheerfulness, eager hope and encouragement, and to enliven and stimulate was the principal effect of his personality. There was something in him which forbade thought and action to form a complete unity. "Oh, how I sympathise with Kant!" he cries, "with passionate yearning for synthesis and condemned by his reason to criticism." Therefore it was his fate to be looked upon as a destroyer of foundations rather than what he more truly was, a builder on foundations discreetly laid. The passage which follows sums up the history of a mind:—

"Every speculation of this kind ends, with me, in a practical problem, 'What is to be done here and now?' That is a problem which I must answer; whereas as to the riddle of the universe I never had the presumption to hope that its solution was reserved for *me*, though I had to try."

"I had to try!" there is the secret of the undefeated toil in many arid fields of learning, of the patient endurance of tedious hours spent in the company of spiritualist impostors, of the long battle against convention and prejudice which resulted in the establishment of women's university life, of the cheerful courageous grasp of life which was to others both a spur to duty and a rebuke to faint-heartedness.

The lesson of Sidgwick's life is one of hopeful endeavour,

and in no department of it is this truer than in his persevering and successful championship of the cause of higher education for women. He had able helpers, his wife amongst the foremost, and the tide of opinion was with his work, whether we measure it by actual results, or by the quality of the opposition made to it; but he was more than a leader, he was the wisest of counsellors, as well as the most generous of benefactors; he never lost a step by hanging back, nor spoilt one by precipitancy. And the witness to what he did is not only built in stone and brick, but is written in the history of thousands of women's lives, to whom he and his fellow workers opened a new and worthy career. The growth of the Newnham and Girton movement is well described in the correspondence. More might have been said if Mrs. Sidgwick had been willing to praise her own work.

Readers in general will not take a deep interest in Sidgwick's lifelong attention to psychical research. As early as 1864 at the age of twenty-six he says: "As to Spiritualism . . . I find it hard to believe that I shall not discover some unknown laws, psychological or other"; and in 1882 he wrote of the indifference or hostility to psychical research as "a scandal to the enlightened age in which we live." Twenty years have passed and the world is still sceptical; but progress has been made. Thought-transference and hypnotic suggestion are generally accepted as genuine, telepathy and appearances at or near the time of death are considered probable; haunted houses are discredited; the passing of messages between this world and the other is still gravely debated; for so many "mediums" have been found out that the next is suspected to be like the last. The end of it all to Sidgwick seems to be summed up thus:

"I have been facing the fact that I am drifting steadily to the conclusion . . . that we have not, and are never likely to have, empirical evidence of the existence of the individual after death"; and his last words to the Synthetic Society seemed, to some at least of those who heard them, to bear the same meaning.

Why should the world, when interested in a thinker, wish to find him on the side of faith; feel strengthened by the dogma which corrected Pascal's scepticism, and be glad that Mill's stoical reserve gave way before the need of belief? Is it because men must have hope in order to live, and find no repose in a world in which yes and no are continually at strife? Certainly, after balancing yes and no, as Sidgwick did throughout his life, it is comforting and encouraging to see that at the end he believed not only in a moral order, but in an Orderer, and that even when he was "in the darkness of the shadow of death" he did not fear extinction. The limits of religious belief extend from certitude to hope. Sidgwick's belief was nearer the lower limit. But it was not an accident that he built on the site of the Metaphysical Society, not an Analytic, but a Synthetic Society; and at the end of his life expressed his hope—if he was too completely honest to call it "belief"—in the moving words with which the Memoir closes: "Let us commend to the love of God with silent prayer the soul of a sinful man who partly tried to do his duty."

# A FACE OF CLAY

AN INTERPRETATION<sup>1</sup>

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

## CHAPTER XVI

### REVELATION

Aye, many flowery islands lie  
In the waters of wild agony.

**T**HAT night Téphany kept vigil, but towards morning she fell into a sweet and dreamless sleep, not waking till the sun was already high in the heavens. For a moment she lay in delicious subconsciousness, inhaling the morning's air, and knowing only that it was good. Sunshine, scented with roses and honeysuckle, streamed into the room between the half-closed shutters. When Téphany opened her eyes, she saw this broad shaft of light, in which myriads of atoms were dancing. The atoms were dust, but the sun had transmuted them into gold.

Téphany slipped out of bed and hastened to the window, which commanded a fine view. Although the sun was shining, rain had fallen during the night, and a mist, not yet dispersed, hung upon the river and the low-lying land about it. This mist, so Téphany observed, had subtly enhanced in beauty the

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1905, by Horace Annesley Vachell in the United States of America

finer upper features of the landscape, the noble slope of the Poulguen woods, the superb curve of the shore, the ancient castle, while obscuring what was drab-coloured and mean. The mud-flats, laid bare by an outgoing tide, shone like vast sheets of silver; the rocks assumed the shadowy forms of prehistoric monsters; the fields of the peasants were as fields of Ardath: white beneath the spell of a magician.

Under ordinary conditions—in the middle of the day for instance—this landscape, beloved by Téphany since her childhood, presented a pretty, but slightly monotonous aspect, not comparable, as Machie had pointed out, to the pastoral beauty of Surrey or Hampshire. That, however, was a partial Englishwoman's first impressions. Machie, later, admitted the existence of a fascination which might account for the home-sickness of Breton peasants whenever they left their own country. But, acknowledging the fascination, she proclaimed her inability to analyse it.

Téphany, however, contended that fascination, whether of human beings or of places, could be defined, and within a phrase. With things animate and inanimate, their power to charm might be measured by their capacity of seeming other than what they really were. The witchery of the sea, the fascination of the desert, lay in this quality. Was anything in the world less interesting than a handful of sand or a pint of sea-water? Yet each, multiplied indefinitely, represented enchantment. And to Téphany the subtle attraction of her native land was as the Sahara to the Sheik, because its aspect was eternally changing.

Gazing at Poulguen glorified by the spirit of the mist, she thought tenderly of Michael. Mist obscured him; yet she loved him. She felt inordinately glad that she was going to him; she counted the minutes, the miles that lay between them. A long vigil had but strengthened her determination to blind herself in regard to the past; she gazed fearlessly and steadfastly into the present and future.

Then suddenly some wandering breeze dispersed that por-

tion of the mist which had changed mud-flats into shimmering sheets of silver. A faint, sickly smell assailed her nostrils as the foul marsh revealed itself. Then, as quickly, the mist descended, and Téphany smelled once more the roses and the honeysuckle of her garden.

But the joyous light had faded in her eyes as she turned from the window.

When she approached Trimour, upon the stroke of ten, the mist had vanished, and an incoming tide filled the estuary. Soft, rose-grey cloudlets flecked the skies, through which the sun shone with tempered rays. The heavy mist, in fact, had left behind a haze. Seen through this, the hills and valleys between Ros Braz and Pont-Aven assumed an incomparable delicacy of tint and tone: alike the delight and despair of such artists as beheld it. The contour of the hills melted into the horizon, so that it was almost impossible to determine where earth ended and sky began; from the tortuous valleys ascended filmy wreaths of amethystine vapour; the masses of moorland were etherealised; the brilliant yellows and too vivid madders of gorse and heather presented an exquisite harmony of lavender and gold. The sweet loveliness of the world filled Téphany's eyes and heart with a sense of intimacy and affection. Above all places on the glad earth, this place was especially dear to Michael and her. Together they had explored each winding lane; they had gathered every familiar flower; they knew every stone and tree and cottage.

Presently, she reached the grove of ash and chestnut and oak which surrounds the chapel. Through the foliage she could see the grey granite of its wall, the flamboyant window, the low door through which she had passed as a child to kneel with other children at the Pardon des Enfants.

Michael, however, was not in this familiar picture.

For a moment she was assailed by the fear that he had failed to keep tryst. Then, with a thrilling revulsion of feeling, she saw a man standing beneath the east window, upon the spot where Yannik had invoked the assistance and protection

of the saint. Although her feet trod noiselessly upon the thick carpet of moss beneath the trees, he seemed to divine her presence. She saw him turn his head sharply.

It was Furic, not Michael.

He came forward, holding something white in his hand ; a note from Michael. Téphany took it and tore open the envelope.

"If you are of the same mind as last night, come to the studio."

The note was unsigned and unaddressed. Téphany looked up to surprise Furic staring at her with his uncanny fixity of glance. Beneath his glance she flushed slightly as she thanked him for bringing the note. Then Furic said heavily :

"Monsieur Ossory has done with me. Do you want a model, Mademoiselle ?"

"I ? No."

"Your friend, perhaps——"

To get rid of him, Téphany nodded. Possibly Miss Machin or Mr. Keats might want a model. Furic would find them at Ros Braz.

"But you, Mademoiselle, you are going to Pont-Aven ?"

"Yes."

Again she was conscious that the man's eyes were fixed upon her face with an interrogation and derision impossible to describe.

"You are going to Monsieur Ossory, to whom you are *fiancée*, is it not so, Mademoiselle ?"

For an instant the desire to rebuke him flamed in her ; and yet his voice, though not his gaze, was void of offence. She drew herself up, and answered him triumphantly :

"Yes."

"I make you a thousand compliments, Mademoiselle."

Téphany nodded again, and passed on with fluttering pulses.

As she approached Pont-Aven her pace grew slower. She thought she had divined Michael's reason for asking her to

come to the studio. There, where he had suffered so much, let joy touch him with healing fingers. At Trimour, too, they might have been disturbed by a passing peasant or a tourist from the hotel. Michael had done well to send the note. Thus musing, she heard voices behind her—a man's laugh, a girl's gay accents. Looking back she saw Yannik and Léon Bourhis walking swiftly towards her with the light, clean steps of youth and health. They walked as lovers walk, with their arms interlaced, their heads close together, the girl's coil almost touching the man's powerful shoulder. Each wore the costume. Obviously they were on their way to the marriage of some friend or relation.

"Ah, Yannik, is that thou?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle. Marie-Jeanne Penker is to be married this morning. She had to wait a long time, the poor Marie-Jeanne, but now she is as happy as——"

"As we are," added Léon.

He went on to speak of the blessings of marriage, using a freedom of phrase which made Yannik lay her hand across his mouth.

"One does not say such things, my Léon."

"Pouf-f-f! I am not ashamed of loving thee to distraction, my sweet little white hen."

They passed on. Téphany heard their laughter floating back to her, as if it were an echo of all the delightful, simple joys in the world. She stood still, absorbing greedily and gratefully that mirthful laughter. Upon the granite rocks at her feet were tiny pools of water, reflecting the pale rose tints of the sky; the leaves on the trees had been washed clean by the night's rain. Perhaps the incomparable freshness of this landscape seemed to Téphany the more fascinating because she felt that the hour was at hand when she might be called upon to leave it. Then she turned her face from it, and surveyed a building to her right, an oblong of new masonry, crude and unrelieved by any attempt at embellishment, standing forlornly defiant against the soft skies—the sanctuary of some

unfortunate nuns who had been driven out of their ancient home elsewhere. The building was surrounded by a stone wall, and the nuns within the wall rarely wandered beyond it. Téphany thought of the barren lives it encompassed and confined. A sudden spasm of sadness and melancholy drove the love-light from her eyes as she followed Yannik and Léon into the town where a wedding-bell was pealing.

Michael was waiting for her at the foot of the stairs; but he did not speak till she had entered the studio. Then he said hoarsely:

“So you have come?”

“Did you think I would not come?” She smiled at him, trying to hide the distress which his appearance had aroused in her. Upon the table lay the mask.

“I asked you to come here,” he said slowly, “because I must tell you the truth. If then——” He did not complete the phrase, continuing quickly in another tone: “I did not believe it possible that I could tell you; the conviction that I must have been agony.”

The suffering upon his face was so plainly marked that her eyes fell. She looked at the smiling mask.

“I’ll break this first,” said Téphany.

“Wait. This mask is not unique, you must understand. It can be bought at any plaster-cast seller’s in Paris.”

“I know that,” Téphany replied; “and I have guessed already that you bought it because it resembles the girl who came between us.”

“It was the death-mask of the girl herself,” said Michael, in a low voice.

“Oh!” said Téphany faintly. Her thoughts were jostling each other in wild disorder. What had Carne said? The girl had been found drowned, or—— With a violent effort she controlled herself. Out of this discoloured ebullition one crystal clear determination resolved itself. She said sharply: “Tell me nothing more.”

"But, Téphany, I feel very strongly that—that it is *her* wish you should know everything."

Téphany flushed slightly. The strange use of the personal pronoun arrested attention. The Bretonne within her accepted his statement. For the moment she believed that the spirit of the dead woman had imposed a command upon the man. What was best and worst in her nature rose to confront a phantom rival, whom she hated.

"You saw her—last night?"

"I have never seen her since she died, but always, always, I have felt that she was near me."

"You mean that her memory haunted you?"

"I mean that I believe that beneath the thousand superstitions concerning the dead there lies a truth which each must interpret for himself. Last night, for instance, I knew—I knew, I say, that some power stronger than my own intelligence and will was urging me to speak."

Again Téphany looked at the mask. At the angle Michael was holding it, its impassivity, its unconcern, were significant.

"She has changed," Téphany whispered.

"Yes," he said quietly, "she has changed."

Téphany retorted, with a shade of impatience:

"You mean that we have changed—that conditions, in short, are different. The plaster has not changed." Then, as he remained silent, she continued vehemently: "I hate this thing, because it has made you morbid, Michael; because, as you admit, it has biassed your intelligence and will. I do not wish to hear its story——"

"And my story," he interrupted.

"I absolutely refuse to listen to it." As she spoke, she fancied that his face brightened. "I have reasons, and I am not afraid to give them to you." Her voice softened delightfully. Then, very quickly, she took the mask from his hand, laid it upon the table, and covered it with her handkerchief. When she turned, the relief upon her face was that of a woman who had laid down a burden. Her voice resumed its

lightness and delicacy of tone and inflection. She held out her hands, which he took. Into her face came the expression he knew so well, the feminine hesitation, the ingenuousness of an honest but reserved spirit constrained to entire frankness beneath the spur of emergency.

"Will you despise me, if I whisper to you that I am jealous?"

"Jealous, Téphany?"

"Jealous, yes: because you obey this creature of your imagination, who commands you to speak, but who cannot command me to listen."

"No; she cannot do that." He drew in his breath sharply.

"My jealousy is one reason: the least." She paused; then she laid her hand lightly upon his shoulder, looking up into his face. "You know you have frightened me; that thing"—she trembled slightly—"has frightened me. I am foolish, sometimes superstitious; it is in my blood, and what my reason rejects as absurd my instinct clings to. Well, I have strength enough to keep my mind free of morbid thoughts. When they come—and they come often—I refuse them admittance. That is wise, isn't it? Yes. And you will understand me when I say that I am afraid of your story, afraid of its effect upon the silly half of me. I want you"—the hunger in her tone thrilled him—"I want you, dear Michael, as you are, not as you have been. I want you alone, without—*her*. If you give her story to me, it becomes mine, doesn't it? And she may work evil to me. Do you see?"

She caressed his shoulder as she spoke, raising beseeching eyes to his—an irresistible appeal.

"So be it," he said harshly. "Perhaps you are right. Why should I share the evil that is in my life with you? And, if you want the good that is left it is yours."

He took her face between his hands, gazed at it with passionate intensity, as if he were slaking a thirst that had almost consumed him; then he bent his own head, and kissed her.

At that moment Carne was approaching the studio from Pont-Aven. He wished to speak to Michael upon some point connected with his art, but as he walked he was thinking of Téphany, and pulling to pieces the possibility of a second refusal, harder to endure than the first. His natural optimism, inflated by the windy encouragement of Keats and Mary Machin, had swollen to rather too large proportions. More, he had reason to believe—a reason in black and white which he carried in his pocket—that he had nothing to fear from Michael.

Ascending the steep hill, he passed a couple of girls driving their cows to pasture. They nodded to Carne, and smiled pleasantly. Such smiles, surely, were of happy augury. However, at the gate leading to the studio, he saw a magpie. Carne took off his hat to the bird with mock solemnity, reflecting that if he saluted every magpie he would soon get a sunstroke, for magpies are common as blackberries in and around Pont-Aven.

He passed through the glades of walnut trees, under the archway leading into the courtyard, and ran lightly up the stone stairs. The door was not quite closed; he pushed it open, and saw Téphany in Michael's arms.

An exclamation that betrayed his presence made Michael advance.

"Miss Lane," he said gravely, "has just consented to be my wife."

"Has she?" said Carne savagely.

Seeing Carne's convulsed face, Michael had hoped that a simple statement of the fact would be best. Carne confronted Téphany.

"You have taken *him*?"

His disordered appearance so troubled her that she had difficulty in finding breath to stammer out: "Ye—es."

"Then you cannot know that he has done what you most abhor?"

Téphany was looking at Carne; otherwise she would have

seen Michael start forward, open his mouth, and then, with a violent effort, control lips and tongue.

"What is that to you?" said Téphany.

"I am answered. You do not know. What Ossory has done is nothing to me, nothing; but it may mean everything to you."

"How did you find out?" demanded Michael heavily.

Even in that moment of supreme tension Téphany observed that the life had gone out of her lover's face and voice. The dreary tone fell dismally upon a brief silence.

"Yvonne gave me a part of the story—not much; enough to excite my curiosity; the rest I got from a man I know, who is painting at Port Navalo."

"You can repeat to Miss Lane what you have heard," said Michael.

"No, no!" cried Téphany.

"Nothing else is possible now," said Michael.

He met Carne's glance and held it. The young man had mastered himself; he was almost as composed as Michael; his excitement seemed to have passed to Téphany.

"Then tell me yourself, Michael!"

She appealed passionately. Carne looked aside, a slight flush in his cheeks.

"Are you going to tell her, Ossory?"

"Miss Lane shall be told everything. Be sure of that!"

"Michael," cried Téphany, "is this necessary? Won't you tell me quietly, by yourself?"

"I will go if you wish it, Ossory."

"Don't go," said Michael. Then, turning to Téphany, he added slowly: "In justice to Carne."

"Why should you consider him?" interrupted Téphany disdainfully. "Does Mr. Carne think that by blackening you in my eyes he will whitewash himself?"

"I think I had better go," repeated Carne.

"No," said Michael.

From that moment it became plain that Ossory dominated

the will of the others, being the stronger of either singly or both collectively. Carne said nothing; Téphany leaned against the table, fascinated by the impassivity of Michael's face, which she could not interpret.

"Why did Yvonne speak to you?" Michael asked.

"Because of Yannik."

"Yannik?"

"She had heard that I wished Yannik to pose for the figure. We had an argument. In the course of it she said that a similar case had happened before; that a pupil of Gérôme's, a young man of extraordinary promise——"

"Cut that," said Michael.

"Had persuaded a girl to pose for the figure——"

"Ah!" gasped Téphany, with dilating pupils.

"That the girl had been treated outrageously, that the thing had ended in unspeakable misery—and death."

"And she told you that I was the man?"

"I guessed that."

"Go on."

"I guessed it when you sent for me. You let fall a straw—it served."

"I remember," said Michael.

"The rest was easy. Obviously, the tragedy had not taken place in Pont-Aven. Then how had Yvonne heard of it? I remembered that she had connections in the Vannetais country; and then I remembered also that you had painted at Port Navalo, where I spent last summer. I wrote to a friend; his answer came yesterday."

He handed Michael a letter.

Neither of the men, engrossed with each other, looked at Téphany. Her expression had changed entirely. The defiance, the sense of anger against Carne, had given place to a mute helplessness of misery. Michael read the letter to himself. Then Carne blurted out, with a certain shamefacedness: "Don't read it aloud, Ossory."

"I must," said Michael.

"I have made inquiries" (wrote the friend); "the story is almost forgotten, but it created a tremendous impression at the time. A priest has given me details. It seems that Ossory discovered a beautiful girl called Liczenn Morvézen. He began by making studies of her head. Ossory, so the priest says, was a man of great physical and mental attractions, and he spoke Breton. The girl fell desperately in love with him. He used her love to get what he wanted. He persuaded her to pose for the figure. The horrible part of the story is that this man appears to have been absolutely cold-blooded. When he had finished his picture, he told her coolly that his work was done, that he was going away. He went away, leaving her behind. Two or three days later Liczenn disappeared. It was presumed at the time that she followed Ossory to Paris. A month later word came from Ossory that she was dead."

As the last grim word fell dully upon Téphany's ears, she sprang forward.

"Michael!"

"It is true. She threw herself into the Seine. Then and now I reckon myself her murderer."

Some inflection in his voice touched Carne to the quick.

"I fancy you are too hard on yourself, Ossory," he muttered. "I daresay the girl was deranged."

"She was perfectly sane."

In silence Michael crossed the room, took a small key from his watch-chain and, bending down, unlocked the massive oak chest.

"I am going to stretch the canvas I painted of her," he said, in a chill, lifeless tone. He threw back the heavy lid, and lifted out of the chest a long roll.

Téphany turned her back. Presently, Michael said quietly: "You can look now."

Carne was nearest to the canvas; at once a sharp exclamation escaped him.

"You painted that!"

"Yes. It is Liczenn Morvézen, Virgin and Martyr."

"Why! Good heavens! She looks like the famous Death Mask."

"The Death Mask was taken from her face." Michael removed the handkerchief from the cast. Carne, very pale, stared first at the cast and then at the picture.

Liczenn Morvézen stood nude, in the centre of a huge arena, freshly strewn with sand, which obscured, but failed to hide, the horrors beneath it. Out of the background glared, seemingly, ten thousand eyes. From these, not from the lion about to spring upon her, the virgin shrank appalled. Her face bore the expression of the martyr: that subtle fusion of resignation, ecstasy, fear, and suffering.

Carne exclaimed: "God! It's great."

The canvas was slashed cruelly, and in particular the body of the girl, as if the artist who had created her, inspired possibly by some demon of realism, had wished to tear and destroy the lovely painted flesh even as the wild beast had torn it. Only the face had been spared.

During the long recital that followed, Téphany's eyes rested upon the plaster cast, whereas Carne stared as steadily at the picture. Michael spoke in a monotone, indescribably impressive, because it conveyed the sense of an irrevocable catastrophe.

"I found her at Port Navalo just ten years ago. And I knew that if I could put her face on to my canvas I should paint a picture worth looking at. But she wouldn't pose——" Carne's glance left the picture and settled upon the face of the speaker. Michael continued: "I called upon her mother, an ignorant, credulous, grasping peasant."

"How extraordinary!"

"The coincidence—only I don't believe in coincidences—is rather startling. Do you know that when I first met you, Carne, I seemed to recognise in you a reincarnation of a spirit which once possessed me? I was not the only person to see this." He glanced at Téphany. "Well, I persuaded the

mother to let Liczenn pose for the head and coif. During the following week I made half-a-dozen studies, but I was not satisfied——”

“Who would have been?” said Carne.

“With some difficulty I persuaded the girl to take off her coif and collar. The mother was on my side; my money jingled in her pocket——”

Carne, reading the misery in Téphany's face, interrupted defiantly: “Any artist would have done what you did.”

“All this time,” Michael continued, “the idea of a big picture filled my mind. I saw—this. No, I saw it glorified, as some of us do see the work of our heads before our hands have touched and spoiled it. What I saw made a madman of me. Wait, I'll show you——”

He opened the chest again, and took out a dozen panels, which he ranged with trembling hands about the big picture. Liczenn was presented laughing, smiling, tearful, frightened, blushing, pale. It was plain that the painter had studied his model in all moods. It was equally obvious that here was a fascinating creature. Téphany told herself that no man could have resisted such a one.

“I was mad and I was blind,” said Michael fiercely. He paused, struggling to regain his self-control. When he went on his voice had resumed its chill, indifferent drone.

“The day came when I knew that Liczenn would do what I wanted. The mother used her will and wits. She had attended all our sittings. That's how she salved her conscience. I've a sketch of her—curse her!”

Again his tone had warmed into life. Téphany recalled the days and nights in Dorset, when the letters of a then untidy hoyden remained unanswered. The mask, at which she was gazing, smiled derisively, as if conscious of the ease with which she had lured from Téphany her lover.

“That's the mother!”

Michael held up a sketch in chalks. The mother had a strong, deeply-lined face, out of which blazed a pair of

singularly piercing eyes. Looking first at Michael, then at the square, unyielding features of the woman, and lastly at the youthful immaturity of the girl, Téphany realised how inevitably might must have prevailed. For the first time, pity for Liczenn began to thaw the ice in her heart. Michael, as if exasperated by the irony of what had been, tore to pieces the sketch of the mother, and flung them to the floor. Then he touched the big canvas.

“Upon the day Liczenn posed for the figure I painted her head only, and I never touched it again. I captured the expression I wanted.” He indicated the agonised face, with its passionate protest against outraged modesty. Téphany shuddered.

“When I had done it I felt a brute; but it was too late to draw back. Afterwards Liczenn became accustomed to posing, grew callous as any professional, laughed at the misery of the first plunge, and I laughed with her.”

Téphany laid down the mask, fixing her eyes upon the picture.

“She had given me,” Michael went on drearily, “all I had asked for, and when the picture was finished I knew how it was with her. When I spoke of going away, of taking the picture to Paris, I guessed her pitiful secret. She loved me.”

“And you didn't love her?” exclaimed Carne.

“I had never thought of her except as a model. I told myself that I had respected—yes, *respected* her, that other fellows——”

For the last time he struggled to regain his self-possession. Every vestige of feeling had been crushed out of his voice when he continued:

“I pretended not to see; I told her that I should come back. She said nothing; not a word—and yet her face! It was all written there. I left for Paris the next day. A week passed. My picture was framed, ready to go to the Salon. I had forgotten Liczenn: I told myself that a lover—she had plenty of lovers—would console her. Have I made it plain?”

—he addressed himself to Téphany—"that I knew I had treated this girl outrageously, and that I didn't care?"

"Yes," Téphany replied faintly. She replied almost mechanically, not thinking of herself, nor of Michael, but of the girl, who had offered everything and received nothing.

"During that week I was in heaven, and hell was flaming to receive me. Liczenn's mother had my Paris address. Perhaps she told her daughter where I lived. Anyway, the girl appeared at the studio. She was curiously self-possessed. She told me that she was staying with friends. I—I had let her down easily at Port Navalo, but she asked for the truth in Paris. Was she nothing more to me than a mere model? I told her the truth. She received it with a strange dignity. Not a word passed between us which the whole world might not have heard. I begged to be allowed to take her back to her friends; she refused peremptorily. Just before we parted, she begged my pardon—mine! and said that she had been foolish. There was no scene at all, you understand. Not a sign of reproach. We shook hands and said 'Good-bye.' As she went down the studio stairs she turned and smiled. O God!

"Two days later I went for a walk. I had looked up none of my old friends in Paris; not a man, save the framer, had seen my picture. I locked the studio and strolled out. It happened that I passed near the Morgue. During the many years I worked in Paris I had never visited the dismal place. Upon this afternoon some irresistible influence drove me into the building. As I crossed the threshold I swear that I knew what had brought me there. Upon a slab of marble, with the water trickling upon her dead white face, lay Liczenn."

"Oh! oh!" wailed Téphany.

"I rushed out of the Morgue with the brand of Cain upon my soul. The picture was waiting for me. I took a knife and slashed it to ribands, but I couldn't touch the face."

"This is awful!" Carne ejaculated. His face was haggard with horror.

The month that followed is a blank to me. I had a sort of collapse, I suppose. My old caretaker nursed me. When I was able to walk I left Paris, but first I went back to the Morgue. There I learned that nothing was known of the girl who had been picked up. But they told me that a death-mask had been taken. I bought one. Already it had excited great public curiosity. Right or wrong, I did not choose to satisfy that curiosity. I wrote the facts to Liczenn's mother, and, from my knowledge of her, I feel sure she never divulged them. It was generally supposed in the commune that Liczenn had followed me to Paris, and had died. So much leaked to Yvonne's ears. When I returned to Pont-Aven, she asked me if Liczenn's death lay at my door, and I answered 'Yes.' She has not spoken to me since. 'That is all.'

The inexpressible dreariness of his tone, the sense conveyed of submission to the inevitable, of acceptance of punishment, roused the better feelings of the Californian. He spoke the last word with generosity :

"God help me! In your place, Ossory, I might have done what you did."

"You would have done it!" said Téphany fiercely.

Then Carne knew that he had lost her, and the knowledge of this loss evoked strength. Clinton Carne walks out of these pages a better man than he entered them, and a finer artist. He will paint a great picture one day, and when he has painted it he will know that the quality which has raised him above his fellows, the power of interpreting what lies beneath the surface, the sympathy and insight which the wise judges rate so highly—all these distinguishing characteristics of his best work will have grown from a tiny seed of humility planted in his soul upon a grey morning in a studio upon the old Concarneau Road.

When Carne had gone, the pride which had sustained

Téphany relaxed. She sank upon a chair, covering her face with her hands. Michael stood watching her, knowing what was passing in her mind and heart, having rehearsed every line, every word, during the vigil of the previous night. It had been written on Fate's scroll that she must learn the truth.

And, being the woman she was, with the inherited prejudice which he loved in her, could she under conceivable circumstance pardon his offence? And pardoning it—if such a miracle were possible—would not the blood of the dead Liczenn stain her, change her, distort her into some creature unrecognisable?

Between man and woman lay the face of clay, inexorably silent, but no longer expressionless. In the shadows of the studio, the delicate, derisive smile seemed to say: "The woman you love will not look at you." Téphany crouched, rather than sat, in the chair with her head bent, her hands pressed against her face. Michael could not recall a single instance when her eyes had refused to meet his.

"Téphany, I am not surprised that you won't look at me."

Her fingers trembled in response, but they remained pressed against her lids. He wondered if she were conscious of anything except the misery and bewilderment in her own heart. He pictured himself as he appeared to her: shrunk to contemptible dimensions. She was the woman to pardon a crime, not a meanness. If he had loved and murdered Liczenn, she might have forgiven him. Because he had murdered her without the tremendous excuse of loving her, he was damned for ever.

When Téphany did look up he was gone.

## CHAPTER XVII

## THE UNEXPECTED

I have been cunning in my overthrow,  
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

TÉPHANY, of course, had seen Michael leave the studio, but she let him go in silence—not, as he supposed, because the sight of him had become odious to her, but for the subtler reason that she had become odious to herself. She had flung herself into Michael's arms, seeking their shelter upon any terms; knowing that he had sinned, that he had repented, and now, after long expiation, was worthy of love. The revelation of his sin had not changed him; it had changed her. And the change confounded one who essentially was not changeable; whose ideas, ideals, tastes, and prejudices had formed themselves slowly and grown hard, like the accretions of pearl which line a beautiful shell.

She watched Michael leave her, dry-eyed. For the moment she felt that her tears would never flow again, as if fire had burnt out the hidden source. She knew that Michael was thirsting for the comfort and sympathy which she alone could give. In his dire need she had failed a friend.

For a long time she sat still, trying to understand herself. Then, quite suddenly, she perceived the mask, lying on the table close to her. The sight of it gave a shock, which brought about reaction. Her blood began to circulate more quickly; the sense of stagnation in mind and body became less oppressive.

She picked up the cast and regarded it attentively.

"He says that he killed you," she whispered.

The face of clay seemed to kindle into life; but to Téphany the strange smile was no longer derisive, but piteous. Then she remembered that Michael had given her the mask to destroy.

"Did you come to him last night?" she whispered. "Did you tell him to tell me?"

The faintly smiling face made no answering sign.

Téphany wrapped a cloth about the mask, intending to carry it away and to drop it into the river. She walked as far as Trimour Point, where the tide was running sharply. Perhaps the river would spare the image—return it to earth, as the waters of the Seine had given back the body of Liczenn. Thinking of this, the desire to destroy the cast left her. She began, very slowly, to mount the slope of the hill between Ros Braz and Trimour. The physical object of finding the path which led towards the château distracted her attention for a moment. When she found it, her mind, moving more swiftly than her feet, carried her along it to Mary Machin. The need of talk with Machie became dominant, overpowering.

Machie, however, was not alone. Keats and she were drawing in the garden. Furic was posing for them. The man did not move, but his piercing eye saw Téphany at the instant she appeared. Their glances countered. Johnny Keats, following the swift turn of Furic's eyes, hailed her with a cheery cry.

"We are hard at work," he added, waving a brush in the direction of Furic.

Machie then explained matters. Furic, following Téphany's advice, had presented himself at a moment when Machie was reproaching her lover with indolence. Furic had asked, with really pitiful emphasis, for another job.

"I detest the sight of the man," concluded Machie; "but Johnny engaged him for to-day and to-morrow."

"Fate has kicked Furic hard," Keats remarked; "it is a duty to give him what halfpence we can spare."

Téphany made a tiny sign to Machie, who rose at once as Téphany turned towards the house. Passing Keats, Miss Machin said, with new-found authority: "If I do not come back within half an hour, you will please pack up your traps and take yourself and that horrid man back to Pont-Aven."

"Whim, or reason, my Mollie?"

"I am sure that something has happened."

"Oh! You, who divine what is hidden from ordinary mortals, can say, perhaps, whether the 'something' is good news or bad."

"Bad," said Machie with decision. "She has refused poor Mr. Carne again, I feel certain."

"Dear, dear!" said the Satellite ruefully. "It seems incredible that I should be taken and that Clinton should get left."

Machie hastened after Téphany.

When the story—under a solemn pledge of secrecy—was told, Machie, not Téphany, shed many tears, which percolated, doubtless, to the dried-up springs in Téphany's heart, and replenished them. "You let him go without a word?"

To Machie, the letting of any human creature go without a word was an abstention she could not understand.

"What could I say? What would you have said, Mary?"

Machie pursed up her lips in consideration.

"It is so difficult to think of you loving Mr. Ossory all the time. Up to last night you hoodwinked me completely."

"Did you let me have an inkling that you cared for Mr. Keats?"

"No," said Machie humbly. "How could I, till I was sure that he cared for me?"

"And I," retorted Téphany, "was convinced, till quite lately, that Michael had loved Liczenn Morvézen."

Before a word of the story had been told, Téphany showed the plaster cast to her friend, who looked at it with a certain indifference, which warmed into interest and fascination as the tragedy reached its climax. Now with her eyes on the mask, Machie said sharply, "Why should you have supposed that he would love her, after he had seen you?"

"I made certain that he loved her. I was an immature girl when we said good-bye to each other. She must have been beautiful."

"As to that——" Machie blushed slightly, possessing the certain knowledge that a plain face might inspire ardours.

"And he adored colour and form. When I first saw this"—she touched the cast very gently—"I made up a story. Michael, I felt sure, had fallen in love with a beautiful model, and—and the end had been misery for both, death for one. I—I"—her voice quavered a little—"I want to be honest with you, Mary. I hated this girl because Michael loved her; I hated the image; I have longed to destroy it, to grind it to powder. And, now——"

"You know that he was faithful to you all the time."

"That is it." Her voice became thin and strained. "It is because he did not love her that my hate has gone, and something else has taken its place: pity for her. Oh, how could he do so mean, so detestable a thing? If it had been anything else? And once before—it all comes back so vividly——"

"Yes?"

"When I was distraught, upon the day my father was drowned, he was tempted to sketch an expression upon my face——"

"Téphany!"

"I am sorry I told you that," Téphany murmured. "He was so miserable about it, that I forgave him. But it shows what a passion ambition is. He wasn't thinking of me, his friend, and he wasn't thinking of Liczenn. Oh, the poor little thing!"

She walked to the window, leaving Machie drying her eyes. More than an hour had passed, but Johnnie Keats was still painting Furic.

"Mr. Keats is waiting for you," she said quietly.

"I told him to go at the end of half an hour," Machie protested. "And I'm sure Mr. Carne wants him, although men are so different from women. This is a terrible business. I wish we had never left Daffodil Mansions. I mean that I wish I had met Johnnie when he was in London. Téphany, don't

you think it would do you good to lie down and have a good cry?"

"I wish I could," said T  phany, "but it has done me good to see you cry. O Mary! I am so miserable."

It was at this moment that inspiration came to Miss Machin. She was leaving the room; her hand encircled the handle of the door as she spoke:

"T  phany, I am a stupid woman, and I often say the wrong thing, but I have flashes. Even Johnnie admits that I am clever in layers. My dear, it was not ambition which brought about this dreadful tragedy, but love."

"Love?"

"Michael loved you, and wanted you. The only way to get you was to paint a big picture. To paint it, he blinded himself to what was going on under his own nose: so like a man. I am not excusing what he did a bit, but all the same, I am sure that if it hadn't been for you Liczenn would be alive now."

Then Machie whisked out of the room.

During the afternoon the two women remained together. Miss Machin has been presented to the reader as a prattler. But she had the great gift of being able to hold her tongue upon rare occasions. She realised that T  phany wanted sympathy and companionship, not small-talk. T  phany sat silent, staring at the mask, trying to interpret its changing expressions, examining it in a dozen different lights. Finally, Machie did ask a question:

"What are you trying to find?"

T  phany shrugged her shoulders.

"I suppose," she answered, "that what I am about to tell you admits of a perfectly simple explanation; but this cast, ever since it came into my possession, has looked different." Then, as Machie betrayed symptoms of nervousness, T  phany added: "The mocking expression has disappeared."

"You mustn't let it obsess you. If you would let me put it away——"

"No," Téphany replied firmly.

At ten o'clock, Machie lit her candle and bade Téphany good-night.

"I am not frightened," she declared valiantly, "but, Téphany, I wish you would sleep upstairs with me."

"Share a bed too small for you, Machie?"

Machie went upstairs, protesting. Téphany returned to the salon, and looked at the mask, which lay upon the table. Then she opened wide one of the windows.

The air was warm and still, full of sweet essences: of clover, of honeysuckle, of roses—all the familiar odours of summer flowers faintly languorous beneath the touch of night. The moon was topping the trees which lined the avenue; and as she swam lazily into full view the stars paled, acknowledging her supremacy.

Suddenly Téphany became conscious that she was chilled. Some cold current of air made her shiver. This was no fancy. A breeze had crept up the river from the ocean, and, crossing the grim moorland, it had filched from uncouth monsters of granite some taint of their icy melancholy and hard indifference.

With the mask between her hands, with the memory of the studies colouring the white clay, Téphany began to think of Liczenn. In Finistère all the older peasants (and more of the younger generation than they would have us believe) hold that the being who comes to a violent end does not really die, but lives suspended between the Here and the Hereafter till the hour strikes when he or she would have met a natural death. The mask seemed to smile subtly, as if confirming Téphany's uncanny apprehension.

Suddenly, with a movement of repugnance, Téphany put the image from her. A fear born of early and ineradicable associations lacerated her: the fear of the unquiet dead. Reason was palsied. Her fingers trembled as she laid down the mask; her eyes were averted as she turned her back

upon it, and passed into the bedroom beyond. She knelt down to pray, not for herself, nor for Michael, but for the repose of this poor soul which still fluttered between her and the man she loved. She had acquired as a child the habit of strenuous prayer—the faculty of concentrating the mind upon some simple reiterated form of supplication. She prayed thus for Liczenn with intense fervour.

When she rose from her knees peace came to her. She undressed and slipped into bed, tranquil, with normal pulses, feeling upon her eyelids the soft touch of sleep. And she fell asleep immediately, half-smiling at the terror which had shaken her so cruelly but a few minutes before.

She woke about an hour later, refreshed and feeling at the same time that a desire for more sleep had gone. This was no new experience, nor an unpleasant one. Téphany waked like this, always, after any triumph. And it was the moment when the triumph seemed sweetest. Lying at ease, she could chew the cud of kind words and glances, of expectations realised and surpassed; she could live over again, slowly, the swift-flying seconds when a huge theatre rocked with applause or hung breathless upon a note.

Lying thus, her thoughts turned to the mask. For the first time she was sensible that her feelings in regard to it had undergone a change. Attraction took the place of repugnance. Prayer had purged her soul of jealousy and pain. She felt that she wished to kiss the cold lips, to whisper some gentle word of sympathy into the deaf ears. So strong was this desire that she yielded presently to its insistent spell. She rose, smiling at her strange fancies, and walked into the salon. Through the window, which she had left open, the moon, now half way to its zenith, flung white shafts of light.

Téphany lifted up the mask, and carried it back into her room, leaving the door ajar. She could hear a dog baying the moon, and from the meadow behind the house came the croaking of frogs. Téphany laid the mask upon the pillow, in the hollow where her own head had lain but a minute before.

Instantly she was startled by the curious effect of reflected light upon the plaster. The moonbeams glancing from sheets and pillow seemed to quicken into life the clay of the image.

Afterwards, Téphany could not say, with anything approaching definiteness, how long she stood gazing at this inanimate thing which seemed to have clothed itself with warm human flesh. Upon the night before Liczenn met her death she had fallen into such a sleep as this, and in her sleep she had smiled, as her image smiled now, not derisively, but sweetly satisfied, as if sleep after much suffering were the only solace left.

Téphany bent down and kissed the curving lips.

She was hanging the cast upon a nail above her bed, when she heard a muffled sound, the sound such as a person would make who had removed his shoes and was trying to walk noiselessly upon a hard polished floor. Téphany listened intently. The sound came, unmistakably, from the salon. Téphany glided nearer to the door. A curious expression of fear twisted her face, for her mind associated the uncanny sound with the dead, not the living. Téphany, the Bretonne, believed that she had heard, and was about to see, the disembodied spirit of Liczenn.

A moment later a sense other than that of hearing told her that a man was in the next room with only a door ajar between him and her. She smelt tobacco, the pungent reek of such rank tobacco as fishermen use, a reek unpleasantly familiar ever since she had made the acquaintance of Furic. Unquestionably, Furic was in the salon, and possibly drunk; for with the smell of tobacco was mingled the faint sickly odour of brandy.

When, by a superlative effort of will, she peered through the narrow slit between door and door-post, she saw him plainly. The cry of terror which rose to her lips died in her throat. The instinct to hide remained an abortive effort of the mind—the body refused to obey the brain.

Nevertheless, palsied by agonising fear, Téphany was sensible of a fascination. She could not have closed her eyes

if she had tried to do so. She felt compelled to follow Furic's stealthy movements, to divine, if it were possible, the meaning of them. Téphany remembered that Machie's beautiful silver box lay upon the chimney-piece. Furic, without doubt, had recognised its value; yet he had not touched it. And if robbery were not his object, what brought him to Kerhor?

At this moment an owl who lived in the garden hooted.

Immediately Furic turned a terrified face to the window. Then in a low voice he answered the bird, shaking his clenched fist:

“*Iou—Iou—Iou!*”

It was a mere whisper, the savage defiance of the spirit, as it were, rather than the body. Furic stood exactly as Michael had painted him. To Téphany he seemed monstrous, colossal, a figure enormously magnified, as if seen through some hideous red mist.

The owl hooted a second time.

Furic moved his lips, twisting them into hideous grimaces. That she was in the company of a madman, Téphany no longer doubted; and the grim fact exorcised fancy, leaving mind and limbs relaxed, able to cope with a desperate situation. How could she escape? By the window? No; it was too small and heavily barred. There remained but one avenue to the sweet security of the garden, where, she felt assured, no such clumsy creature as Furic could find her. But this avenue lay through the salon. Téphany glided behind the heavy door which opened inwards. As soon as Furic crossed the threshold she determined to slip past him into the salon and thence into the garden.

Had Furic entered at once, this excellent plan might have been successfully carried into execution. Furic, however, did not enter. Time, to the insane, has no meaning. For the moment, doubtless, his distorted vision was preoccupied with the owl, whom he took to be Bugul Noz, *le berger de la nuit*. The horrors of anticipation gripped Téphany. Waiting be-

hind the heavy door, she felt herself to be paralysed, her eyes fixed themselves, squinting almost, upon the handle.

After a seemingly interminable period of suspense, she saw Furic's hand, coarse, big-knuckled, hairy, and misshapen. At sight of this, fortitude abandoned her; she let terror escape in a piercing scream. Instantly Furic flung wide open the door, crushing Téphany behind it. Yet he did not move, nor did she. Through the slit between the upper and lower hinges, she saw that he had not been able to localise the sound of the scream. He was staring at the window, petrified by terror. Then she saw him turn his eyes to the bed. In his hand he carried such a knife as sailors use. She realised that she could pass him, touch him, shout in his ear, and that he would not move because he couldn't. Then she understood. The bed could be only dimly seen, but above it, brilliantly illuminated by a shaft of moonlight, the face of Liczenn—of Liczenn smiling derisively—shone out of the shadows.

Furic gave a sharp cry. Then he staggered and crashed, face down, upon the well-polished oak floor. It was as if he had been smitten by some invisible hand. Immediately pity drove from Téphany's heart the hideous horror that had possessed it. The woman's instinct to minister took its place. She bent down over the prostrate man. He was livid of complexion, breathing heavily, with tearing, grinding gasps.

A moment later Mary Machin joined her. Machie confessed afterwards that she was terrified, that no instinct informed her save that—natural enough in one who had been born in St. George's Road—of sending for a policeman. To Téphany it appeared just as natural to send for a doctor. For she never doubted that Furic had received a death-blow. Within a few minutes Léon Bourhis arrived. Machie removed the mask, and locked it up in the *armoire* in the salon. Bourhis lifted Furic on to the bed. The stout peasant who served as cook declared that the man was struck down by apoplexy. Téphany explained to the servants and others that she had found him in the salon, wandering about, raving drunk or mad.

To Machie, later, she told the truth.

"I feel certain," she affirmed, "that he came here to kill me. He had a knife in his hand. When he saw the mask he fell down. I tell you, Machie, the mask saved my life."

"Why should Furic want to kill you?"

"I don't know. If he is mad——"

"He was not mad this afternoon, my dear."

Meantime, Bourhis had been despatched for Sir Japhet. The stout cook and Mère Pouldour remained with Furic, who lay senseless upon the bed, his shoulders propped up with pillows, his head swathed in wet bandages. Sir Japhet arrived at daybreak. Twenty minutes later he was saying to Téphany:

"I think the man will recover consciousness, but his heart is failing. I shall be surprised if he lives through the day."

"I must send for Père Hyacinthe."

"The priest? Yes." Then with sympathy he added: "This has been a terrible experience for you. You are suffering——"

"From nothing so much as curiosity."

Sir Japhet remarked that she spoke with difficulty, as if the effort pained her: a natural effect of shock. Mary Machin broke in upon his thoughts——

"Why did he come here? If he could live to tell us that——"

"Quite so."

"Miss Lane thinks he wanted to kill her."

But Téphany remained silent, partly because her tired brain presented but a blurred image of the events of the past four-and-twenty hours, and partly because the mere effort of speaking made her suffer. She remembered her scream; could hear it plainly. It seemed to have been torn from her, leaving behind a hideous laceration. Into that lamentable cry she had infused more than terror. Fierce protest against inexorable destiny burst its bonds; despair, throttled, trodden under foot, subdued valiantly but not yet conquered, had set itself free.

She walked away, leaving Mary Machin with Sir Japhet. The garden was deliciously quiet at this early hour, but the air seemed unusually heavy, as if overcharged with electricity. Above hung heavy clouds, massed and motionless. Below, the river seemed to be stagnant—a dull, lead-coloured expanse of water. Not a leaf stirred upon the trees, and the only audible sound, save the muffled voices of Machie and the doctor, came from the west, where the waves were breaking with sullen roar upon the rocks of Port Manech.

Why had Furic fallen senseless at the sight of the mask?

The question ate into her mind. The answer to it became vital, a thing of tremendous importance. And if Furic died without speaking—

She walked back, sensible that her limbs were heavy as lead, and that something was throbbing cruelly in her throat. It cost her an enormous effort of will to speak with calmness.

“Why should so strong a man die?”

Sir Japhet regarded her keenly, too experienced not to read the tell-tale signs: the hardly perceptible flicker of the eyelid, the carefully enunciated phrase, the tense lines about the mouth. He answered with professional curttness:

“Muscularly speaking, the fellow is a giant; vitally he has not the strength of a kitten. The condition of his heart indicates a serious organic lesion. His habits—the man reeks of brandy—are against him.”

Téphany nodded, realising that science had said the last word, had done all that was possible.

“There is no drug—”

“To make a dying man speak? None, Miss Lane. Still, one never knows; so often, at the last, a flicker—Ha!”

Out in the west lightning had flashed vividly. Some seconds later followed the distant roar of thunder.

“We are going to have a very pretty storm,” said Sir Japhet. Téphany, however, seemed to pay no attention either to the thunder or the speaker. Laying her fingers upon the doctor’s arm, she whispered hoarsely:

"Sir Japhet, you must make him speak. You—*must!*"

"My dear young lady——"

"Try!"

The great man twisted his mouth, a slight protest against women's whim. Then he walked slowly into the house, as the lightning flashed again with increasing vividness.

"Hadn't we better go in too?" said Machie, anxiously regarding Téphany.

"No."

"I wish Johnnie were here. And, and—I suppose Mr. Ossory will come, when——"

"He won't come," said Téphany.

"May I send for him?" Machie entreated.

"Send? Most certainly not; not on any account."

"My dear, how very hoarse you are!"

"I have strained my throat again," Téphany said indifferently.

"Oh—oh!"

"It doesn't seem of the slightest importance."

"That you should live to say that!"

"I suppose we may live to change our ideas as easily as we change our names. I am Téphany Lane again, and I shall remain Téphany Lane."

Machie tried to determine whether Téphany meant to indicate spinsterhood or permanent retirement from the stage.

"At any rate, my dear, you must let Sir Japhet look at your throat. I daresay you have taken cold."

"Yes, I have taken cold. Now, Machie, if you put on your crushed-by-a-steam-roller expression I shall laugh, which will hurt horribly."

"If you laugh, Téphany, I shall cry."

The lightning flashed again.

"It is coming nearer," said Machie.

A dismal period of inaction followed, as the storm crept up.

About Ros Braz the air remained insufferably heavy. As

the thunder became louder, Machie slipped her hand into Téphany's. She admitted quite frankly that mice and thunder frightened her horribly. Presently Sir Japhet approached, tall and massive, carrying an inscrutable, clean-shaven face upon his broad shoulders. He said that he had administered some spirits of ammonia, and that the patient, on the ragged edge of collapse, had slightly rallied.

"You have been very kind," said Téphany.

"Kind? Pray don't say another word, Miss Lane. By the way, that injunction may be taken literally. You are very hoarse, surely?"

"Hoarse?" Mary Machin rose dramatically.

"Sir Japhet, she has strained her throat again. You ought to look at it at once. It's a public duty."

"Quite, quite. Permit me, Miss Lane."

Téphany tried to protest, but the doctor, as usual, had his way. There and then, standing upon the tiny lawn, an examination was made, while the thunder reverberated in the caves of Port Manech and in the beech woods of Poulguen. Sir Japhet's face, slowly changing, grew dark as the impending clouds. At the end he said, in the passionless accents which, only a few weeks before, had struck such a chill to Téphany's heart, and which now she received with indifference:

"You have no inflammation of the upper throat or tonsils. The hoarseness and pain are due to an injury lower down. I fear that it is very serious. Nature's careful work of the past two months has been undone. You will, however, give yourself every chance. You must go to your room——"

"To my room," interrupted Machie, "the other——"

"Go to Miss Machin's room, and lie down. I shall send you a draught. I think I can guess what you would say, but don't say it."

Téphany did not answer, for at that moment the storm broke violently over Ros Braz. Lightning blazed in the garden; the crash of thunder was appalling, and a moment later the rain roared down in torrents.

Téphany went upstairs with Mary Machin. She lay down upon a sofa near the window, submitting apathetically to the application of such simple remedies as chanced to be at hand; cold compresses, a soothing gargle. When she opened her lips to speak, Machie laid her fingers upon them, enjoining strict silence.

"You are not to speak a word, not one. Here is a pencil and a sheet of paper. If you want anything, write it down."

Téphany took the sheet and wrote :

"If you love me, Machie, don't fuss! I want to lie here alone and watch the storm."

Very reluctantly, Miss Machin went downstairs. Téphany looked out of the window at the familiar landscape, now blurred and distorted almost beyond recognition by wind and rain. For with the rain came the wind; passionate gusts which tore the leaves from the trees and whipped into creamy foam the dark waters of the Aven.

But the lightning had lightened indeed the intolerable heaviness of the atmosphere. Out of the hurly-burly of the storm floated a message to Téphany. It came, like the articulate note of a flute soaring above the blare of wind instruments and the roar of drums. At that moment, the lowest and highest in her became connected, as it were, by some magical chain. She could pass from one to the other, analysing each with a detachment of self hitherto unachievable. From her new point of view, her ambition to become a world-conquering singer dwindled into inconceivably mean proportions, a thing so ephemeral as to be of no more account than the bloom upon a peach or the glittering dust upon a butterfly's wing. What had mattered, the thing which now assumed a size so vast as to obscure aught else, was the stupendous realisation of her failure as a woman.

It became clear that her transgression against Michael was amazingly similar to Michael's sin against Liczenn. He had taken deliberately—his own word—all that the girl could offer, giving nothing in return. And she, deliberately also, had

exacted all that was left to him after shipwreck, boasting, as she did it, that it was the carefully-considered act of a mature woman, and yet, when he most needed her, she had failed him. She saw again the despair in his eyes as he turned slowly from her to leave the studio.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### INTERPRETATION

Sorrow gives the accolade.

PRESENTLY Père Hyacinthe arrived, very wet, but making nothing of that. In his pocket he carried a small case containing the sacred oils. Mary Machin, in the presence of Sir Japhet, informed the curé of what had taken place.

“The man must be mad.”

“He is not mad now,” said Sir Japhet.

Père Hyacinthe nodded and went into Téphany's room. Sir Japhet took his leave, promising to return in the afternoon. At parting he gave to Machie the draught which he had prescribed and prepared for Téphany.

“It is a mild opiate,” he explained. “It may not act, but if it does, on no account awaken her.”

Téphany swallowed the opiate, believing it to be a soothing mixture for her throat. Then she wrote on the sheet of paper: “Has Furic spoken?” Mary Machin sat down, shaking her head, wondering whether the sorely-needed sleep would come to her friend. She took Téphany's hand and stroked it gently. When Téphany's eyes closed, when her breathing became slower and more even, Machie drew from the bosom of her dress a letter: Johnnie's first letter to her, which Fantec had brought from Pont-Aven.

“Dearest Moll” (it began): “I am taking what is left of poor Clinton to Rochefort en Terre. We are just leaving. He talks of going home to California. I shall stay with him at Rochefort for a few days, and then return to you at Pont-Aven,

or wherever else you may be. Clinton has told me everything. If I have ever wished—and I have often—to be other than the all sorts of a duffer that I am, that wish has been wiped out. When I think of Ossory, and Clinton, and Miss Lane, I am thankful that I am only

“Your loving JOHNNIE.”

From this it was plain that Johnnie knew nothing of what had passed at Ros Braz. Machie made certain that Téphany was really asleep; then she kissed the letter, and stole down stairs, blushing.

By this time the storm had spent itself, and the sun was playing hide-and-seek with the scattered clouds. The smell of wet earth filled the house with its subtle sweetness. The river, the road, the trees in the garden sparkled with an immaculate freshness, with an eloquence louder than any *Benedicite*. All that was unclean seemed to Mary Machin to be lying mute in the room adjoining the pretty salon.

Presently Machie heard a word, repeated slowly, again and again.

“Liczenn—Liczenn!”

At first Mary Machin did not apprehend the significance of this name upon the lips of Furic. Then suddenly she realised, with overwhelming amazement, that the dying man must have known Liczenn—that doubtless his seizure was due to his recognition of the mask. And he was a Morbihan man. He might have been the brother, possibly the lover, of the dead girl—

She went to the *armoire*, unlocked it, and took from it the mask, which shone opaquely white out of the shadows. For a moment she regarded it attentively; then she crossed to the door of the bedroom and opened it. Père Hyacinthe was kneeling by the bed, praying. Furic moaned the name of the mask.

“Liczenn—Liczenn!”

“*Mon père*——”

The priest rose, mildly surprised.

"I must speak with you," said Machie firmly; then she added, "There is not a moment to lose."

Père Hyacinthe came into the salon.

"Has he said nothing?"

"He gives me to understand that he has nothing to say."

The good curé spoke reluctantly.

"Then why did he come here frightening two women out of their lives?"

"I understood he was intoxicated, Mademoiselle," the priest suggested.

"And now he calls for—Liczenn?"

"Yes."

"Then take this to him."

She placed the mask in the priest's hands. He glanced at it keenly.

"This mask was hanging above the bed when Furic entered that room. He came here to rob or to kill; but the sight of the mask made him fall down. Miss Lane thinks the mask saved her life."

"I do not quite understand."

"The face looked alive. When I saw it I tell you that I, too, nearly fell down. But I locked it up before the others came, and forgot about it till now."

"Yes—this is very important; but I am still, if not in the dark, at least in the twilight."

"I see," said Machie.

"Exactly, and I don't."

It was then that Machie made up her mind to break her word for the sake of the woman to whom she had pledged it. Neither doctor nor priest knew aught of Michael Ossory's connection with the mask. Machie recited the facts tersely and lucidly. It will be remembered that she had always claimed to be clever in layers. Gradually Père Hyacinthe's fine massive features indicated apprehension and sympathy. When she had finished, he said abruptly:

"Thank you. It took courage to tell that story, but you may have done a greater thing than you think."

He passed through the door, shut it, and locked it. Machie heard the sharp click of the key. She had won the good curé's respect, even admiration; but she was a heretic, without the pale. Her expressive face was twisted with dismay. Then she went to the window, wiping her forehead, feeling uncomfortably warm. The fresh air acted as a tonic. Having done so much, she asked herself if it was possible to do more. Her fine eyes sparkled as she went to the writing-table and scribbled a note. Fortunately, Bourhis could ride a bicycle, and already had rattled twice to Pont-Aven to procure medicine. To him Machie delivered her note and peremptory instructions.

"You will find Monsieur Ossory, *wherever he is*, and give him this."

"Perfectly, Mademoiselle."

The cook, knowing that Furic was dying, crossed herself, because horror had been in the air, and Mademoiselle's smile was positively uncanny. Machie crept upstairs, unable to sit still, and peered into the room where Téphany lay, still sleeping. Then she returned to the salon, found her work-basket, and took out some work—a half-finished silk tie, which she was knitting for her Johnnie.

In the next room there was silence. The minutes passed as Machie's needles clicked. Was a soul passing with them—unshriven? After what seemed an interminable silence, her ear caught a mumble, and following that the deep murmur of the priest. And then again silence, and the clink of glass against glass. Evidently a stimulant had been needed. Furic's voice was heard again—louder, clearer. Machie rose irresolutely, put down her knitting, and listened. If Furic was speaking under the seal of the confessional, he would speak in vain so far as Téphany was concerned. For the moment this quiet, amiable gentlewoman looked positively savage. Standing near the door, frowning, her ear caught a sharp cry, followed

by the inarticulate mumble of the priest. Then she heard Furic's voice, hard and broken in tone, but apparently still strong. Machie set her teeth as temptation ravished her. It is humiliating to record that she did not struggle at all. Very furtively this honourable lady crept to the closed door, knelt down, as if she were about to say her prayers, murmured "God forgive me!" and laid her ear to the keyhole. When she rose a minute later, her face was scarlet with exasperation, not shame. She heard Furic's voice distinctly, but the man was speaking Breton. . . .

An hour later, Père Hyacinthe came out of the room, carrying the mask in his hand. From his face, Machie divined the truth.

"He is dead?"

"Yes. May God rest his soul."

"Amen," replied Mary.

"You can send for the women. I must see Michael Ossory at once, so——"

He held out his hand.

"I am expecting him any minute," said Machie. "I thought he might be wanted."

"You are wonderful."

"It is true; I am amazed at myself." She laid a trembling hand upon the sleeve of the soutane.

"I tried to overhear his confession. Do you understand? It was shameful, but I did it for her sake," she glanced upwards, "and"—her pleasant voice grew defiant—"and I would do it again and again."

"Then you heard——"

"A language I did not understand," said Miss Machin. "I had to tell you, that's all."

Père Hyacinthe allowed a discreet smile to flicker across his impassive face.

"I understand," he said gravely. "Well, you are a friend worth having, Mademoiselle. *À propos*, if Monsieur

Ossory comes here, matters will be simplified and time saved."

"Why?"

"It will be better to say what must be said before him and Miss Lane together."

"Much better, I'm sure."

"Why are you sure?" he demanded sharply.

"Because I am a woman."

Machie went on to say that Téphany had taken an opiate, and was still asleep. She finished characteristically, with the slight defiance which never failed to amuse her friends and annoy her unfriends—

"Sir Japhet told me not to wake her, but I shall do so."

"For the same reason you gave me just now?"

"For precisely the same reason."

Père Hyacinthe bowed, and passed into the garden, where Machie could see him walking up and down, reading his breviary. Mère Pouldour performed the last office for the dead, and still Téphany slept quietly upstairs, and Machie watched the gate, wondering whether Michael would fail her. When, at length, she saw him turn the corner, she burst into tears.

Père Hyacinthe met the man, while Machie ran upstairs to prepare the woman. To her relief—for Sir Japhet's instructions had been very emphatic—Téphany was awake. Had the presence of Michael wakened her? In her eyes was a question; upon her lips one word trembled:

"Furic?"

Machie knelt down, knowing that Téphany could see the tears in her eyes.

"Don't speak," she entreated. "Furic is dead, and Michael is here. Père Hyacinthe will tell you and him the truth."

"Why—has—Michael—come?"

"Shush-h-h! I sent for him——"

"You let him think that I wanted him."

"No; I let him think that *I* wanted him. I hear them coming upstairs."

She got up to open the door. Père Hyacinthe entered first. As he crossed the threshold, his lips murmured the customary prayer. Was not Téphany sick indeed both in mind and body? Michael followed, gaunt and haggard. Machie was about to leave the room when Téphany signed to her to remain.

"I have come here under protest," said Michael.

Mary Machin noted that his glance fell first upon Téphany, who never moved nor looked up.

"I assume all responsibility," said the priest.

Michael moved near to the window; Père Hyacinthe seated himself in the chair close to the sofa; Mary Machin stood in the centre of the room.

"Before Furic died," said Père Hyacinthe, "I pledged myself that his confession should be told to you." He looked first at Michael and then at Téphany. Each remained silent. "It was *his* wish at the last." Then he continued slowly: "Furic was the lover of Liczenn."

"What?" exclaimed Michael.

The priest held up his strong peasant's hand.

"He was doing his service when you came to Port Navalo," he continued, "and he returned after you had left. You must have known that such a girl as Liczenn had lovers?" Michael nodded. "And it seems that Furic was the one she had encouraged till you came. Then, no doubt, she forgot all about him. Liczenn persuaded Furic to take her to Paris. She gave no reasons, but she persuaded him to do it. If he refused, she swore that she would never speak to him again. He consented. They travelled together to Autueil, and went to a small inn known to Furic. Next day, Liczenn went alone to Paris."

He paused, looking at Michael, as if expectant that he would fill up the gap in the narrative.

"She came to me," said Michael.

"I have been told what passed between you. The poor child loved you; you cared nothing for her, and then——"

"She threw herself into the river," concluded Michael.

"No—you are wrong."

"What do you mean?"

"She was killed by Furic," said the priest. He continued speaking in an impressive monotone, as if he were automatically delivering a message from the dead to the living. "When she left your studio, Monsieur, she returned to Furic, and asked him to take her back to Port Navalo. Then—we must fill in the details—bit by bit, word by word, he dragged the truth out of her. She told him of the posing, and gloried in it. She had done it not for money, but for love. Furic listened, mad with unreasoning rage. When his bitter words burst from him, she taunted him, confessed that she had used him, befooled him, that he was less to her than the dust on her shoe. Lacerated herself, is it likely that she would deal gently with another? No. It seems they were standing on the high road, close to a point where the ground falls sharply away to the bank of the Seine. In the struggle that seems to have ensued, Furic pushed her, consciously or unconsciously, over the bank. She fell upon some stones, striking the back of her head. Furic says she was quite dead when he reached her—dead and smiling. He tried every means he could think of to restore her; then, terrified at what he had done, he threw the body into the Seine."

Michael gazed steadfastly at Téphany, but made no sign. He looked round, feeling that his strength was leaving him. Mary Machin, divining his weakness, silently pushed a chair near him, into which he sank.

"And then——" said Téphany hoarsely.

"Furic escaped, engaged himself at Paimpol for the cod-fishing in Iceland. But he tells me that he was haunted by Liczenn, and I"—the priest raised his voice—"I, who have done what I could to destroy the superstitions of my people, I do not dare to say that he was not haunted, because, not satisfied with the horror he had wrought, the man swore vengeance upon you."

He turned to Michael.

"Why not?" said Michael. "What stayed his hand?"

"He knew your name, and it seems that he had seen some sketch, a portrait-panel painted by a brother artist at Port Navalo. He searched for you everywhere, but he never found you till he sailed from Belle-Isle to Port-Aven. Next day he engaged himself as a model. Then he paid a pilgrimage to Saint Yves-de-la-Vérité. That medal, according to the current belief at Trédarzec, would bring death to the person who picked it up, if that person deserved death; otherwise death would claim the avenger."

"And death has," whispered Mary Machin.

"You picked up the medal," continued Père Hyacinthe.

"Yes," said Téphany.

"Furic thought that the saint indicated to him a more subtle revenge than that he had contemplated. Through Monsieur Ossory he believed he had lost a wife. It would be only justice, he reckoned, that through him Monsieur Ossory should be deprived of a wife also."

Téphany began to tremble again.

"The man, of course, was partially insane; I cannot doubt that. Last night he would have killed you, if it had not been for the mask. Mademoiselle"—he spoke with deep feeling—"you have escaped by what I regard as little less than a miracle. Monsieur," he turned to Michael, "speaking as a priest, I would say that God has seen fit to take a great burden from you. Your sin was grievous, my son; but our blessed Lord is merciful. I say to you—begin again."

Michael took his outstretched hand, but he muttered: "It is too late, my father."

"It is never too late," said the priest gently.

"Your story makes no difference; I have wrecked two lives instead of one."

"Then see to it that you do not wreck a third," he whispered. Mary Machin heard him, smiled, and followed the square massive figure into the passage.

Michael and Téphany were left alone. At once Michael crossed the room.

"Don't speak!" he entreated. "I am going, Téphany. Do you think that I do not understand? If I loved you less, I might be mistaken. You could have forgiven me anything except the detestable meanness of accepting all from that child and giving nothing in return."

"Fetch—the—mask," said Téphany. Her throat was becoming so intensely painful that the utterance of each word gave her severe pain. Michael stared at her, questioningly, but without speaking, obeying a gesture of her hand. Outside he met Mary Machin.

"You are not leaving her?" gasped Machie.

"She asks for the mask."

"Oh! I'll fetch it. Wait here!" She hurried off, leaving Michael at the head of the stairs. When she came back, as she placed the cast in his hands, she said warningly: "You mustn't let her talk."

"She is very hoarse."

"All the good of the past two months has been undone. Sir Japhet thinks that she will never sing again in public, but——"

"Well?"

"She won't mind that, if she can sing in private to the man she loves."

Then Mary Machin hurried downstairs; Michael went back into the room.

Téphany held out her hands to receive the mask. When she grasped it Michael went to the window.

The sun had finally asserted his dominion over the now fast vanishing clouds. Upon the rocks near the landing tiny pools of water reflected the pale blue tints of the sky, deepening every minute into a purer azure. Some of the children of the hamlet, kept prisoners by the storm and frightened out of their wits by the thunder, were standing near the pools. Michael could hear innocent peals of laughter, the louder and

gladder because the terrible storm had rolled roaring away, leaving them behind to live and laugh.

He saw and heard the children, apprehending their message to him; reading also the writing upon the rain-washed woods and fields, upon the river as it flowed to the sea, upon the skies so incomparably tender in tone and texture.

Would it have been better for him and Téphany if Furic had killed him?

Why had he been spared?

Téphany lay staring at the mask which had saved her life. And at first she thought of Furic—of Furic, who now knew. But for the moment she pictured him alive, not dead. She saw him amid the salt grey mists of the Northern Atlantic, as he stood by the wheel at midnight, peering into the waste of waters, searching for the face that she held in her hands. Had he not sought for it a thousand times? Or, just before dawn, that mysterious twilight hour when errant spirits flit from the darkness of night and are lost in the radiance of day, had not Furic awaited the spirit of her he had loved and slain? Aye, with throbbing pulses and bursting heart. Or again, in his own country of Morbihan, returning after long years to the hamlet where she and he had played together on the sands—to the cool, dewy lanes wherein they had wandered, to the Calvaries upon whose granite steps they had prayed side by side—had not Furic known with ever-increasing conviction that sooner or later Liczenn would come back? Expecting to see her uneasy spirit for ten dreary years, she had not revealed herself. But he had heard her voice—the wail of the doomed creature condemned to linger upon the earth although not of it. The roaring gales had not drowned her cry; it vibrated above the tempest even as it had moaned in the pine-tops, or sighed across a summer sea.

And at the last he had seen what he believed to be the flesh-and-blood woman which was only a face of clay.

Was it nothing more?

As she put the question the mask appeared to answer it. What had provoked and defied interpretation vanished. Derision, protest, pain, malice, seemed to melt into an expression not to be mistaken.

“Michael!”

She whispered his name, but he came as if at the summons of a clarion. What he saw in her eyes made him kneel down. Holding the mask in one hand, she placed the other about his neck, drawing his ear close to her lips. Then she murmured:

“I have read the message on her face.”

“What is it, Téphany?”

“Forgiveness for all of us.”

THE END.

*The Editor has the pleasure of announcing that a serial novel by Mrs. De la Pasture, entitled THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE, will be commenced in the next number.*