

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

NOVEMBER 1905

	Page
THE SEAMY SIDE OF THE ALLIANCE—"COLONIENSIS"	1
THE WORLD-INFLUENCE OF BRITAIN AND JAPAN— E. JOHN SOLANO	11
CHARLES LAMB—ARTHUR SYMONS	38
THE INVASION OF ENGLAND—ARNOLD WHITE	57
LIVING LEGENDS OF THE SAINTS —LADY GREGORY	63
PUNIC SCULPTURE IN THE LAVIGERIE MUSEUM OF S. LOUIS AT CARTHAGE—(<i>Illustrated</i>)—SOPHIA BEALE	85
THE DECAY OF SELF-CONTROL—BASIL TOZER	92
SOCIETY JOURNALISM—STEPHEN STAPLETON	102
THE ASYLUM TREATMENT OF INSANE—BERNARD HOL- LANDER, M.D.	115
WILLIAM BLAKE AT FELPHAM—HERBERT IVES	123
"MONSIEUR PARAPLUIE"—LAURENCE JERROLD	130
NOTES ON CHARITY ORGANISATION—H. N. HAMILTON HOARE	142
ON THE LINE	151
BEAUJEU (<i>concluded</i>)—H. C. BAILEY	156

CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (OCTOBER).

YET WHEREFORE—THE HON. EMILY LAWLESS

INDIA AND IMPERIAL CONTROL—E. JOHN SOLANO

EVOLUTION IN THE HEAVENS—MISS A. M. CLERKE

PISA—ARTHUR SYMONS

THE IMPERIAL GERMAN NAVY—L. COPE CORNFORD

THE NAVAL POWER OF GERMANY—"V"

A TOMB AT RAVENNA—(*Illustrated*)—JULIA CARTWRIGHT (Mrs. ADY)

IN THE ASTRAL ARDEN—C. F. LAWRENCE

IMPERIAL CONSOLIDATION BY TELEGRAPHY—CHARLES BRIGHT, F.R.S.E.

BY AN IRISH STREAM—"LEMON GREY"

THE HISTORY OF THE CRETAN DISCONTENT—D. G. HOGARTH

WORKMEN'S TRAINS—E. A. PRATT

ON THE LINE

BEAUJEU (CHAPTERS XXXIII—XXXIX)—H. C. BAILEY

The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents (i) to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter; (ii) to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the EDITOR, "Monthly Review," 50A Albemarle Street, London, W.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF THE ALLIANCE

ENGLAND and Japan have realised the dream of Alexander—the marriage of the East and the West. No event recorded in English history is fraught with graver consequences to the Anglo-Saxon race and to humanity at large than the alliance of England and Japan. Europe, at the instance of Germany, has begun to look on England, the former champion of freedom, as a bad European; and, indeed, the definite contract entered into between King Edward VII. and the Mikado to call on each other's fleets and troops to come to the assistance of either in case of attack by a third Power is partial justification for the charge. Even a dozen years ago it was unthinkable that England could foresake her "splendid isolation" to ally herself with a Buddhist Power against Christendom. To-day an arrangement exists by which Japanese troops may be sent to the Khyber, Candahar, Cabul, or the Persian Gulf if Russia seeks atonement for defeat in China by treading in the footsteps of former invaders of India. This treaty is approved by all sections of the people, and the Liberal Party, by the mouths of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, have given their blessing to the diplomacy of Lord Lansdowne in the matter of the Japanese Alliance. Parliament was not even consulted on the subject. Vast and far-reaching obligations have been silently placed upon the

shoulders of the people of these islands without any discussion in the House of Commons and very little in the Press. It is taken for granted that owing to the physical weakness of our urban population, their distaste for soldiering, and the confusion of our military arrangements, alliance with the brown conquerors of the Russians is, in the language of the omnibus or the Stock Exchange, "good business" for England.

But the Japanese Alliance, although indubitably convenient for the moment, is subject to drawbacks, and these items on the other side of the account are worth consideration.

First and foremost Japan is under no illusion as to the advantages of the English alliance. According to certain Japanese authorities, who are too courteous to publish their real opinions, the alliance with Japan and the new *entente* with France are signs that the tough old John Bull spirit has departed, and that our nation is suffering from relaxed fibres. Diplomatic skill of the highest order is not only consistent with military ineptitude, but the protective cunning developed by danger applies to degenerating as well as to developing States.

Japanese who have studied the actual condition of the English nation, and who know it as an analytical chemist knows the properties of oxygen gas, are aware that the English character, as revealed by Parliamentary discussion, the Press and society, has undergone change during the last dozen years—a change that is not for the better. Stalwart and solid, slow and steadfast, trusty and resolute, were epithets commonly used of the English character by its friends and its enemies in the last century. English phlegm has been succeeded by national neurasthenia. Waves of impulse pass over the nation, deflect policy, and cause contradictory and dramatic changes of mood of a kind previously strange in our national history. Only three years ago our relations with France were strained. The language of the music-halls and of the patriotic Press expressed the national dislike for our neighbours across the Channel. At that time the policy and purposes of Germany were as well known to our leaders as they are to-day; but governed by

their irrational antipathies to Frenchmen they refused to listen to warnings of German designs and ignored the evidence of Teuton ambitions to occupy the seat of England at the banquet of international life. We paid heavy indemnity to Germany in respect of the *Bundesrath* and the *Herzog* during the Boer War, although both vessels were known to be full of contraband up to the hatches. Shouting the language of patriotism in the streets and on the platforms of political meetings, and singing patriotic songs in the music-halls, the public quietly acquiesced in the humiliation accomplished by Russia when she ordered H.M.S. *Iphigenia* out of Port Arthur as a policeman orders an organ-grinder to move on. The language of patriotism, like the language of religion, is sometimes a cloak to hardness of heart and contempt of the word and commandment that enjoins strenuous exertion and personal sacrifice. The lesson of the Boer War, bitter and humiliating as it was, awoke the patriotism only of a few, but their voices are those crying in the wilderness, and our War Office is as unready for war as when England was, in truth, an Island Power. From the time England became a Continental Power, with frontiers marching with those of Russia and of France, we have shirked the sacrifices necessary to enable us to discharge our Imperial trust. Japan notes the fact. The Prime Minister said at Berwick that upon the might of Britain the right of Britain depends. All the same, the security of the Indian frontier depends on a force which does not exist, and which we have taken no steps to provide.

Under these circumstances friendship with France, the ally of Russia, is regarded by the public as a piece of heaven-born statesmanship. Having fought with France twenty-four times and refusing to lay to heart the lessons she has learned in the school of bitter experience, we eagerly avail ourselves of M. Delcassé's consummate diplomatic skill in paving the way for the *entente*, and fold the France we had flouted ecstatically in our arms. The luncheon in Westminster Hall may have been a sign of good feeling, but effusiveness was not lacking.

The Westminster Hall luncheon was the act of the representatives of a people desirous of maintaining a prosperous Empire with the minimum of work, the maximum of sport, and of escaping compulsory military obligations altogether. Friendship with France and alliance with Japan are precisely the policy for an empire bent on ease and amusements without paying the price asked for its retention.

The Puritan spirit that is the strongest strand in the rope of our complex national life does not concern itself with the Japanese Alliance, racial rivalries, or ethnological problems it has created. The Puritan spirit no longer thinks of Empire or of duty to the State. It is busy with passive resistance. Various causes have led to the recent change in the English character. The first is the new and incalculable influence of Americans upon the ruling classes, the legislature, the organs of public opinion, the Court, and the democratic outlook on life generally. Inter-marriage with wealthy American families and the cumulative effect of American immigration and sojourners in this country have Americanised thought and created a new point of view in which cash and sport are more prominent features than patriotism and principle. Men under sixty may recall the tone prevalent in English society forty years ago on the outbreak of the Civil War. At that time no more effective gibe could be cast by a statesman at a political opponent than to charge him with "Americanising our institutions." Mr. Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke, employed this American bogey with tremendous effect in his memorable anti-reform speeches in 1866-67. In the mid-Victorian era American manners and American ways of thought were regarded by a caste, in which every one was prejudiced, as synonymous with vulgarity. After forty years what a change; Americans are supreme in society, in diplomacy, in finance, in India, and at Court! Americans occupy the town mansions and the historic country seats of the great families. They have not only impregnated the dukeries with Transatlantic hustle and vigour, but American beauty and American dollars

have given a deteriorated House of Lords a new lease of life. Their virtues, their generosity, their abilities, and their energy have brought them what they deserved—partnership in the government of England.

American influence on English nerves is one cause of the change in the national character. English history shows clearly that in bygone times of crisis and difficulty neither aristocracy, nor the command of capital, but the Puritan conscience was the chief strength of Britain. Protestantism has its unlovely side, but the manses of Ulster and of Scotland, and the Bible readers and Sunday Schools of England, have been the true Imperial factors in times of storm. With American wealth came not only the Higher Criticism, but Yankee irreverence. In Transatlantic wit the largest ingredient is irreverence, and American wit has accordingly contributed to the decay of respect for things sacred or ancestral. Society has lost its courtliness. Fine manners became bad form. In the United States there are few ideals but money, so the worship of wealth soon replaced the earlier cults of Englishmen.

As reverence for age, rank, and knowledge disappeared the decay of faith during the last twelve years advanced with even more rapid strides. Clergy of all creeds incline more and more to resort to the arena of politics to recover the influence they have lost in the domain of faith.

The decay of faith in religion or in country is a new element in public life. A hundred years ago statesmen, high officials, and men of station constantly referred to their belief in a Supreme Being. In the Royal Navy the Providence of God was officially recognised, and even to this day grace before meat is the rule at the wardroom mess. To-day unbelief is no barrier to high place, God is unfashionable, and one Cabinet Minister at least was wont to spell His name with a little "g." The inability of the comfortable classes to maintain their old faith in revealed religion has naturally been followed by the working classes, who, as M. Jaurès says, having forgotten

la vieille chanson that has lulled them for so long, are now resolved to claim their seat at the banquet of life whoever suffers and whoever is deprived of enjoyments.

To the decay of faith and American influence must be added the sudden ascendancy of the Jewish race. While England owes much to the Children of the Dispersion their influence on national life and character tends to the materialisation of the people. Their singular faculty for managing and amassing money, for bending to their own ends the political and social conditions in which they live, combined with racial exclusiveness and cosmopolitan detachment, have successfully obscured the gradual but now predominant influence exercised by the Jews. Few students of contemporary history can avoid the conclusion that while our national sacrifices in the Great Boer War have enriched the Hebrews of Europe they have done less than was expected to throw open a new field of enterprise and employment to the taxpayers of the United Kingdom.

However undesigned this may be, it is unfortunate that the pre-eminence of vast wealth should be assigned to a cosmopolitan class who have not seen fit, until Russia was defeated, to shut the money-markets of the world to the persecutors of their co-religionists. It would be unreasonable to expect that the British should receive from the bankers of the world more delicate consideration than that given by them to persecuted Israel. The glamour of vast possessions, the finest houses, the most costly feasts, the most sumptuous conditions of life are the temptations by which Hebrew plutocracy has encouraged the turning of the British character from the stern ideals of Puritanism to starting-price tips and the ballot.

Rome, though debased by materialism, lorded it over the world by the efficiency and numbers of her legions. Britain, the weakest of the six great military Powers, sustains her Empire in the hemispheres by means of ironclads and a diplomacy which, if not matchless, has proved for a decade a

working substitute for military preparations based on universal service. The means by which our statesmen have prevented the oft-prophesied collapse of the house of cards was by skilful manipulation of the Balance of Power, a plan which worked well from 1688, until the Balance of Power was no longer contained within the European perimeter. The addition of Siberia, Japan, Australia, Canada, China, and the United States of America as terms of the equation have obliterated the old religious and racial lines of demarcation. Although we would not employ Goorka or Sikh—and still less the Basutos—against the Boer, we have now sought an alliance with Asiatics against a Christian European Power, and in the event of a Russian attack upon India, *via* Persia, expect the Japanese, notwithstanding Mr. Balfour's admirable doctrine as to British self-defence, to supply the military reserve which we require, but do not possess or even propose to create. The guiding principle which brought England through the wars of the Spanish Succession, the Seven Years' Wars, and the Napoleonic struggle "in 1800 and war time," when applied to Indian problems through Asiatic allies may produce different results from those which formerly followed co-operation with neighbouring nations.

Let us remember that the relations between our Australian fellow subjects and our allies are not only strained, but the military and naval impotence of the Commonwealth is such that, but for its right of asylum in the Empire, the temptation to occupy Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide would be irresistible to the captors of Port Arthur. According to Major-General Hutton, the late Federal Commandant, "a force capable of taking the field does not at present exist in Australia." Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Neild, Senator of the Commonwealth, writes (*Times*, September 7, 1905) that the people of Australia are living in a "fool's paradise." When Major-General Hutton quitted Australia he handed over to his successor at the end of 1904 a force of 18,000 troops, a reduction of 8000 in three years, "the department necessary

for a mobile army having yet to be created." The Australian public, though as defenceless as the Koreans, refuse to contribute to the cost of the British Navy, beyond a mere trifle which does not meet half the cost of the useless squadron maintained by British taxpayers in Australian waters; the Commonwealth Ministry and public alike appear to be insensible to their impotence and ignorant of their indelible obligations to the British taxpayers who pay the interest on the debt incurred in the wars that made Australia British, and foot the bill every year for the Navy which keeps it so.

Canada, which does not contribute to the cost of the British Navy, has rivalled the Commonwealth in her cavalier treatment of our Asiatic allies, but since Canada to-day is practically a separate, though friendly, nation, with all the elements of prosperous nationhood, except the means of effective defence by sea and land, her antipathy to the Japanese is unlikely to do more than widen the breach between the Dominion and the Mother Country by strengthening the tie uniting it with the United States of America. To incur indelible obligations to Japan would seem incompatible with closer relations between the Mother Country and the manual labourers of Australia who are supreme in the political affairs of the Commonwealth, or with the Canadian farmers, who rightly determine that Canada is a white man's country. Is there, however, a reasonable prospect that England will incur serious obligations to Japan for services rendered? The answer to this conundrum rests with Russia and Germany.

Had Russia avoided defeat at the hands of despised Asiatics it is probable that the maintenance of her foothold on the Pacific would have absorbed her energies for years to come. The Peace of Portsmouth compels Russia to decide forthwith between the pursuit of her dream of a Far Eastern Empire and the devotion of her energies in another field. The secular policy of Russia, whether under Tsardom or a Constitution, is prescribed by inexorable forces beyond the control of statesmanship. As in the days of Peter the Great, to reach warm

water is the winning-post of the race for the great Russian people. Bottled in the Bosphorus, headed off in the Persian Gulf, and ejected from Port Arthur, 130,000,000 of Russians are frozen in during four months in every year, although free access to the ocean is essential in these days of progress and of trade to the development of a Power of the first or even the second rank.

The question that Russian patriots will ask themselves is: What is the line of least resistance? Although the great Siberian Railway now ends in a *cul-de-sac*, Russian territory is intact on the Continent and Russian resources are not materially injured by the war. The lives she has lost in the Manchurian campaign do not count in the march of time; the natural increase of one year in the population will make good the waste. In a few months or years from the present time, under reasonably good management of public affairs, the ill-effects of the war will have disappeared, and the glacier-like approach of Russia to the sea will be resumed then if not now. In which quarter of the world will the volcanic forces of Russia find the thinnest crust and the easiest vent? Russia, unlike England, cannot be destroyed by a blow at the heart, because the strength of Russia lies, not in the great cities, but in myriads of brown villages that stretch from the German frontier to the frozen surf of the Pacific.

Regenerated or bureaucratic Russia will seek an outlet to the sea, and the line of least resistance in her quest is presented by the British Empire. To reach Port Arthur would require not merely a new army but a new people, educated, abstemious, and patriotic. Two generations hence Russia may renew the struggle with Japan, but the conditions of peace at Portsmouth are durable, for they accord with natural justice and common sense.

The case of England is different. Spirit and pluck no longer suffice for success in modern warfare. Pluck and the spirit of sport abound, but of serious and universal preparation for war there is none. If the Grand Ducal party in

Russia, with the support of the war party in Germany, should decide that the line of least resistance is through Constantinople, the Persian Gulf, or Afghanistan, or all three, Britain will be on her mettle. According to the best military authorities about twelve years will be required from the time when Britain begins in earnest the work of reorganising her army. Five years have been lost, and if the indubitable strength of Russia should be organised by German brains, as the resources of China are evoked and arrayed by Japanese instructors, it might go hard with England but for the Japanese alliance. We cannot expect French or American troops to fight for the retention of India under the British flag. We do not possess the troops ourselves to withstand a combined German and Russian attack, or even an attack by Russia single-handed, and therefore our dependence upon Japan is complete—a sinister comment upon the Prime Minister's declaration as to the sufficiency of British might. Our treaty with Japan is dangerous, because it is an opiate that lulls to sleep a people that should be up and doing.

The Japanese Treaty, moreover, enables the Mikado to call upon the British fleet for use in the Far East—a departure from established practice without a parallel in history. The Japanese Treaty, while barring the way to an understanding with regenerated Russia, not only prevents the federation of the British Empire, but hastens the establishment of the Australian Republic under the suzerainty of the United States, which is the ideal of many Australian working men. For these reasons I hold that the Japanese Treaty of Alliance is an instrument showing, not wisdom but cunning; not strength but decadence; and that the appearance of Japanese troops in the Hooghly is more likely to break than consolidate the British Empire.

“COLONIENSIS.”

THE WORLD-INFLUENCE OF BRITAIN AND JAPAN

THE pen, through the Anglo-Japanese Agreement, has forged the mightiest weapon of war which the world has ever known. It has ranged together, in concert of action, irresistible powers of sea and land. The greatest and most powerful navy, with an attendant host of transports, brings the whole earth within the reach of the strongest and most efficient army. Two little islands, set half the world apart to east and west against the coasts of the largest continent, have stretched a link of steel across it, which not only secures their common interests against the menace of a common danger, but, at the same time, safeguards the peace of nations for the benefit of all humanity.

The Anglo-Japanese Agreement, as an instrument of force, is completely efficacious and far-reaching in its effects. The "white peril" passes for ever from Japan. The Empires of Europe can no more confront her from neighbouring ice-free coasts, nor spread, in peril to the world's peace, across the huge helpless continent of China to the south. The fleets of Europe can no more challenge her predominant power in her home seas. But while Japan herself becomes inaccessible to the armies of Europe, and while Britain shields her from the ships of the world—by the grace of Britain as warden of the ocean—all Europe and all the world lie open to attack by the ships and armies of Japan. Though the guns of Kiao-Chau

and Vladivostock no longer menace Nippon, both Kiel and St. Petersburg are now within the range of Japanese artillery. Never before in history has power so tremendous passed in gift from one nation to another. Japan participates with Britain in the most precious heritage of all her history—her lordship of the seas. She has been dowered by Britain with the fruits of centuries of her genius and sacrifice, and enjoys equally with her the power Nelson bequeathed her at Trafalgar. Henceforth Japan also becomes invulnerable against attack and ubiquitous for the purposes of attack. And although, as regards all other nations, the force which accrues to Japan through this treaty constitutes nothing less than a revolution in world-power, to Britain it affords a compensation of inestimable value. For Britain is no longer wholly invulnerable against attack, and though still ubiquitous as regards attack, she fails, at the present time, in the power of attack. Moreover, her vital problems of offence and defence are no longer confined to British coasts and to the continent of Europe. During the past century the life of Britain has merged in an empire comprising one quarter of the earth. The coasts of Britain encircle the world, and in every part of it she may receive a dangerous, perhaps a mortal wound. Happily, her great imperial frontiers are the oceans, thus sea-power renders her still secure, except along two great land frontiers in America and Asia. Of these, the Canadian frontier is not adjacent to that of a great military power, nor is it a factor of danger or weakness in practical politics at the present time. The Indian frontier, on the other hand, is both a danger and a weakness. For against the military might of a Russian advance upon India, the right arm of Britain and her chief source of strength—sea-power—is of little avail, and, at the same time, she fails in military strength. Consequently at one point where she lies open to attack in a vital part, Britain is weakest in the power of defence. It is in respect of this fatal weakness, however, that the Japanese Alliance lends invaluable strength. The enemies

of Britain, owing to her overwhelming strength at sea, are powerless to attack her territories or her commerce elsewhere upon the globe. Yet, should they attempt—alone or by an alliance—to attack Britain in her one vulnerable part—through India—they immediately bring into the field against them another great world-power; they double her strength; they reinforce and make her strong in the one part where she was weak.

But the Anglo-Japanese Agreement is incidentally, not primarily, an instrument of force. It is truly a factor of peace. In regard to its effects upon world-polity, its true importance and value lies in the possibility of agreement and mutual understanding—through a more perfect balance of power—between human forces, the rivalry and conflict of which constitute both a peril to peace and civilisation, and a hindrance to the progress of mankind. Moreover, the efficacy of this agreement as an instrument of peace equals its efficacy as an instrument of force. For it cuts at the cancer which is the cause of all peril and political unrest in Asia—as elsewhere. This peril is involved in the existence of rich and fertile lands that lie defenceless in the hands of weak, decadent peoples, and attract strong, strenuous races to conquer and despoil them as surely as a magnet attracts steel. To guarantee the peace of Asia this treaty has substituted for the weakness of Persia, Central Asia, and the Chinese Empire the strength of Britain and Japan. It applies to Asia the same political principle which secures the peace of Europe, through the strength of the powers in consensus of agreement, with respect to the weakness of Turkey. Yet though the cancer of rivalry and unrest in Asia is for the moment arrested, the mischief is not cured. Britain and Japan are not alone the arbiters of Asia. The third, and—in the future—perhaps the greatest of all Asiatic Powers, confronts them across the path of its ambitions and its destiny. It lies with Russia to decide whether the Anglo-Japanese Agreement shall secure the peace of Asia or plunge it—at some future time—into a terrible war.

Before it can be clearly understood what factors lie in the balance to incline the future policy of Russia towards peace or war, it is necessary to consider that policy which, in the past, has already brought her into conflict with Japan in the eastern confines of Asia, and which, if persisted in, will surely bring her into conflict with Britain in the far south of that continent. The need of the Russian Empire for access to the ice-free oceans of the world is primarily the determining factor of Russian Imperial policy. Apart from the strategic importance and the power attaching to ice-free harbours, they are vitally necessary for the economic development and the future prosperity and wealth of all Russia. For the port of commerce is a mouth through which a nation nourishes itself. But whereas the strong nations of Europe stand between Russia and the nearer western seas, only the weak peoples of Asia are scattered between her and the far more distant oceans of the east and south. Consequently the tide of Slav expansion has set naturally towards the sea—in the line of least resistance—across Asia. And it is the pressure of this Russian advance southward against the line of the fortieth degree of latitude—across Asia—which to-day menaces the world's tranquillity; while the flanks of this latitudinal line of advance threaten both Britain and Japan, and has drawn these far distant peoples together in the Anglo-Japanese Alliance of Defence.

This curious fact regarding latitude 40 becomes clear if its line is followed across Asia. In the past—both in Europe and Asia—latitude 40 was the world's great line of power. At the present day, latitude 40 is the world's great danger line. To the west it cuts Portugal and Spain, Morocco lying to the south of it. It passes through the homeland of the Roman Empire, and cuts the modern frontiers of Greece and Turkey. Emerging from these spheres of historical glory, it enters the spheres of a remoter greatness, which are now the great danger zones of modern world-polity. It cuts the Dardanelles, leaving Constantinople to the north of it, and passes across Asia Minor to touch the frontiers of Russia and Persia, south of

the Caucasus. Crossing the Caspian it traverses the Central Asian States, passing north of Afghanistan by Bokhara and Samarkand, and then runs in a northward curve through Eastern Turkestan between Mongolia and Thibet into China. It touches Pekin, crosses Manchuria between Mukden and the Liao Tung Peninsula, cuts Northern Korea, and passes across the Sea of Japan dividing the main islands of Japan to the south of Hirosaki. As regards Asia, at any rate, there is hardly a Power of the past, and there is no great Power nor vital problem of the present, which is not bound upon this strange and fateful girdle of the world. And, with respect to the subject under consideration, the whole of the Anglo-Japanese Agreement is written along the Asiatic section of this line. To the south of it, upon the west, lie Arabia, Persia, and their home seas, together with Afghanistan, in which Great Britain, under Article IV., claims "special interests"—as they all, comparatively speaking, concern the security of India and lie in the strategic proximity to its frontier. Westwards, the line rises across the outer wards of the Chinese Empire—Eastern Turkestan, Mongolia, and Thibet—all of which have lately been spheres of Russian trespass or political intrigue, and which now lie covered by the second clause of the preamble to the treaty regarding the "independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire." And finally, to eastward—Korea, Manchuria, the Gulf of Pechili, the Yellow Sea, and the Sea of Japan—all lie to either side of this latitudinal line, and constitute the region in which the "territorial rights and special interests" of Japan are safeguarded by the preamble and Article III. of this far-reaching and powerful political instrument.

This immense line, extending across over seventy degrees of longitude, represents the front of the Russian advance in Asia. To that advance, together with the whole policy of Russian expansion and the principles which inspire it, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has administered a check. As regards Central Asia, in the middle of the line, this check cannot be

said to stultify any great national sacrifice of blood or treasure on the part of Russia. Here she may abandon her advance without any great surrender of either sacrifice or desire. But it is altogether different with the flanks of the line of advance. Russia did not span Asia—across illimitable snows—with the Siberian railway to connect her empire with the ice-pack in Vladivostock harbour. She has not brought her railways southwards towards India, across the waterless steppes, to stare at the Himalayan snows. She has not pushed another railway out to the Persian frontier to make Julfa the limit of her march across rich and fertile lands towards the tropic seas. Russia, during the long and arduous marches of her quest of ocean, has conceived a far greater and more wonderful ambition, which has inspired the ultimate intention of her Imperial policy. Her great strategic railway systems in Asia—east and south—are the huge arms of Russia stretched out to grasp not only the prize of ocean, but with it the mightiest of world-empires. The direction of these outstretched arms indicates the desires and intentions of her policy. This policy threatens the very existence of Britain and Japan as Asiatic Powers. And with Japan subjugated and Britain expelled from Asia, Russia would dominate it as its sole mistress. The vastest and richest continent of the world would then become a province of her gigantic empire. The efforts of Russia towards the consummation of this great conception of her ultimate destiny have been commensurate with its glory and ambition. In stretching out her menacing arms to enfold Asia from east to west, she has striven tremendously and sacrificed infinitely—seemingly in vain. For now her Island Rivals have interposed a wall of steel between her hands and all they sought to grasp. And though, undoubtedly, the final issues between these peoples lie with their future generations, an anxious and immediate question now arises :—will Russia surrender her sacrifices and arrest her advance towards the Indian and Pacific Oceans, and her campaigns against the other Asiatic Powers ; or will she seek some

opportunity for pressing that advance in the face of the concentrated force which now opposes it?

It is clear that for a considerable time, owing to the financial and physical drain of the late war, as well as the grave domestic problems which beset her immediate future, Russia cannot hope to confront the Asiatic Alliance alone. Under these circumstances two courses lie open to her: First, to counterbalance the force which opposes her with force that shall free her for further efforts in pursuance of her objects and desires; and, secondly, to join her outstretched arms, in peace and amity, with her great Asiatic neighbours to use them henceforth for barter—not for battle—and, with them, to help in shutting the doors of Asia against all plunderers and disturbers of peace. As to the first of these alternatives—that of counteracting force, with force—its possibility wholly depends upon the existence of another Power which might be able and willing to throw its weight, together with Russia, into the scales against Great Britain and Japan. This, again, depends upon another Power being so circumstanced, at the present time, that compensative advantages might accrue to it through the disturbance of the world's peace by a frightful and stupendous war with both Britain and Japan. There is only one Power in the world so circumstanced—namely, Germany. In the same way that a national necessity primarily inspires the Imperial policy of Russia, so national necessities also inspire and shape the Imperial policy of modern Germany. Germany has been born to national unity of existence too late. She has contracted world-relations at a time when the condition of survival in the human struggle for existence is rapidly passing from success in international conflicts to success in inter-racial conflicts—or conflicts between nations federated in groups—just as long ago the human life-struggle passed from inter-tribal to international conflicts. In every age only men federated into the greater groups acquire power and survive. Therefore, at the present time, the first conditions of success and ultimate survival for a nation are, first, the acquisition

of world-power ; and, secondly, race-federation. Accordingly the main principles of German policy are, first, territorial expansion in any part of the world where it may still be possible ; and, secondly, the pan-German policy in Europe as regards federation with the Austrian branch of the Teutonic race. In regard to world-expansion, however, all the lands suitable for white settlement and the rearing of daughter nations are already occupied by strong nations. Therefore, in respect of these lands—to save the absorption of her surplus population by young alien nations—Germany can only expand territorially at the expense of strong peoples. This contingency is clearly within the purview of her world-policy. Germany is developing a strength in sea-power entirely disproportionate to her interests in oversea territories or in commerce, the protection of which is its legitimate object. The avowed object of this accession of force is the ability to challenge, at some future time, the supremacy of the greatest naval Power in the world. Therefore, one shaft in the German quiver is reserved for Britain. On the other hand, Germany cannot expand territorially by the conquest of weak peoples, because the weak peoples in every continent of the world, except in Asia, have already been dispossessed and subjugated by other strong nations. Being late, Germany has had to be content with the crumbs that have fallen from the table of the Imperial feast of other nations. In Africa a meagre few have fallen, constituting that German territory which is now a human shambles. At the present time it is the Continent of Asia, in China, which affords Germany her only hope of realising the national necessities of world-expansion and world-power through a dominion resembling those of Britain and Russia. Accordingly she instituted a bold and energetic policy in pursuance of her object. Kiao-Chau became the seedling of the roof-tree of a German Asiatic Empire in the Shan Tung Peninsula—and perhaps further. But this adventure could only hope to succeed at the cost of the national existence of Japan. Thus a shaft of the German quiver is aimed at Japan

no less directly than was the Russian arrow of Port Arthur. While, with characteristic skill, Germany played Britain off against the possibility of Russian opposition or encroachment in regard to her own sphere for the spoliation of China—through the Anglo-German Agreement concerning the integrity of China—she, at the same time, encouraged, counselled, and then aided Russia to make war upon Japan, not only to set aside the very principle of her agreement with Britain, but to vanquish and destroy the only Power which could efficiently assert that principle. In the late war, in which the issues were the dismemberment of China and the existence of Japan, Russia fought Japan for Germany no less than for herself. Germany no less than Russia hoped for and stood to benefit by the destruction of Japan. For both nations an empire was at stake. The victory of Japan is equally a death-blow to the hopes and ambitions of Germany as well as of Russia. But the blow has fallen with heavier and more bitter force upon Germany. It is true that no great sacrifice of hers has been stultified. For her, however, as in the case of Russia, there are no other spheres of rich illimitable territory only awaiting her population and her energies to add to her national greatness through power and economic wealth. For her there is no comfort and compensation in peace and friendship with the powerful alliance which guarantees the existing frontier lines of Asia. For Germany, there is only the bitterness of lost desire and the tragedy of want in things essential for her national survival and success. The Anglo-Japanese Treaty has closed the world's last free postern-gate of empire against her. Asia is henceforth to be inviolate. The "mailed fist" is commanded to withdraw. Kiao-Chau becomes a meaningless possession—the grave of a still-born empire—a fortress floating in the air.

At first sight, then, both the interests and the policy of Russia and of Germany—in regard to China—seem to be coincident. The national necessities of both countries inspire them with an Imperial policy which demands territorial

expansion—along the line of least resistance—in the only sphere where world-expansion was, till now, most easily possible. Both countries are balked of their ambitions and deprived of certain necessities essential to their national development by Britain and Japan. Because, just those things which—in Asia—are in the interests of Russia and Germany, are prejudicial to the interests of Britain and Japan. Therefore, as the latter Powers have united their strength in defence of their common interests, it seems natural that Russia and Germany should make common cause against them with respect to their mutual desires and ambitions. Happily for mankind, such a combination is not a probable contingency of practical politics under the present conditions of world-polity. It is only necessary to recall—without considering in detail—some of these many factors of world-force that militate against this possibility, to recognise the difficulties which confront the statesmen who attempt its consummation. In the first place, the essential principle of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty is the maintenance of the integrity of China, their adherence to which both Russia and Germany have openly confirmed. Consequently, the only object of a Russo-German alliance against the Island Powers would be that of an unprovoked war, shamelessly prosecuted for objects of self-interest and spoliation, in regard to territories now declared neutral and reserved equally for the commerce of all nations. It is certain that any attempt at annexation or commercial monopoly in regard to these territories would bring the whole civilised world in moral support—and draw the United States of America in active support—to the side of the Powers who maintain, for all nations, the rights of common and of open market with respect to them. Apart from this irresistible and automatic shift in the balance of world-power against a Russo-German policy of adventure in Asia, caused by the reaction of a force of community of interest among the other Powers, there are considerations equally serious and equally important in regard to the balance of power in Europe which militate, no less decidedly, against this combination. It

is clear that if the first principle of German policy—that of world-expansion—brings her into community of interest with Russia in Asia, the second principle of German policy—that of race-federation—brings her, with regard to the future of Austria-Hungary, into the sharpest possible conflict of interest with Russia in Europe. This fact alone should give pause to the rotation of that kaleidoscope of political opinions in St. Petersburg, which, in the grasp of a nerveless and uncertain hand, spasmodically patterns the destinies of All the Russias. For it is evident that while the Russian dream of empire concerns Asia, and threatens principally two distant and inaccessible Powers, the German dream of empire concerns Europe, and threatens principally her neighbour Russia. The great Pan-German Empire is to cut Europe in twain from north to south, and to bar Russia from all the western world. Eastwards it would fence in the Russian frontier with German bayonets for over a thousand miles. Westwards it would give the keys of both the European sea-gates of Russia—in the Baltic to the north and in the Mediterranean to the south—into the keeping of German naval power. For the Pan-German Empire bases its battle-fleets at Wilhelmshaven and Trieste, at Kiel and Salonika.¹ From north to south German ambition purposes to hold all Europe in the grip of German naval and military power which—again be it remembered—masks and dominates Russia almost across the entire line of her ocean and territorial confines to the west. And between these ambitions which, at present, fill Europe with apprehension and unrest, and the possibility of an active policy towards their realisation, there is now interposed one aged and uncertain life. Is it then to be supposed, that Russian statesmen, however keen

¹This harbour is an objective of the Pan-German policy of expansion. The published maps of the future "Greater Germany" show Salonika as a German possession. Its tactical value is clear, through the fact that the British naval base of Malta commands the entrance to the Adriatic, thereby considerably lessening the value of Trieste as a naval port. At the present time the seeds of German influence are being assiduously sown through a school in this town, partly subsidised by the German Government.

the present smart of humiliation, however deep the present disappointment of lost sacrifices and desires, will be found so devoid of perspicuity and sense as to bind Russia to an alliance which would range the world against her, and which, if successful in its object, would, after incredible exertion, place upon the eastern flank of her empire in Asia the same Power which aims at dominating her western flank in Europe?

It is perfectly logical first to argue the incompatibility of a Russo-German combination in regard to the ultimate desires and ambitions of both peoples. That incompatibility is then made even clearer in relation to immediate considerations of world-polity, particularly in regard to the balance of power in Europe. At present it is Russia which grips Germany upon both flanks—through the Franco-Russian Alliance. No wrestler in the grip of his adversary has ever struggled with greater force and intuition than Germany in her recent efforts to disengage or paralyse the left arm of Russia—in her French ally. While Germany encouraged and aided Russia in a struggle that utilised the strength of the right arm of Russia to further her own Imperial aims in the Far East, which would enable her in turn to grip Russia upon both flanks, she utilised the occupation and the fancied exhaustion of that arm as an opportunity to free her own western flank from the possibility of Russian menace. She has used all her cunning and sleight upon that arm of Russia which, despite her efforts ten thousand miles away, still preserved intact her influence in Europe—through the power of France. The incident of Morocco, upon which the German attack, directly upon France and indirectly upon Russia, was based, is fresh in the minds of men. Its developments are current history, a detailed reference to it is, therefore, unnecessary. But it bears directly upon the issue in point—that of the possibility of a Russo-German combination—through results which were certainly unforeseen by those responsible for the German policy with regard to this question. For the whole matter has roused France to feelings of intense resentment and anger against

Germany, in the face of which a combination between the ally of France and Germany would be hardly politic—or possible. At the same time, this useful incident has thrown a clear light upon the good faith and the steady support given by Britain throughout this crisis directly to France—and indirectly to Russia. And is it to be supposed, when the true measure of this service to their ally, to their alliance, and so to themselves, is realised by Russian statesmen, in the calm of retrospect, that they will find an alliance with the Power which threatened their ally and their interests, as against the Power which served their ally and their interests, either a politic or a possible instrument of national policy? Apart from these considerations altogether, it is certain that such a step taken now, or in the near future, would inevitably result in a disturbance of the balance of power throughout the world, and necessitate a complete redistribution of international power in Europe, which would reduce Russia and Germany, both in Asia and elsewhere, to a necessary impotence.

A careful consideration of the foregoing facts brings the mind to certain interesting conclusions. In the first place, it is clear that Russia cannot hope to form an alliance against Great Britain and Japan in Asia. In the second place, it is clear that she must, in the future, consider her relations with these Powers, not as a purely Asiatic Power, but as a European power. This last conclusion helps to make clear what is not generally recognised, namely, that—though the scope of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, as an instrument of force, is apparently confined to Asia—Europe with any other part of the world may come within its scope. Therefore, although Britain and Japan reserve their influence and power under this alliance for the settlement of certain political problems in Asia, yet their power and influence, as allies, extends throughout the world and becomes a controlling factor of equipoise in the whole balance of international power. This fact becomes clearer by examples which will illustrate the practical application of this treaty of alliance. For instance,

if any Power, with or without the help of Russia, attacks Britain or Japan, within certain limits, war is at once carried by these universally mobile powers to the coasts and homeland of that Power, wherever situated. Its colonies, commerce, and communications are attacked throughout the globe with infinite danger and dislocation in regard to the interests and inter-relations of entire mankind. By these acts of war, treaties, declared or secret, might become operative to the peril of a general conflagration, and plunge the whole order of settled civilisation into utter confusion and uncertainty. If, on the other hand, Russia, alone, now presses in unprovoked aggression or attack against Britain or Japan, in Asia, she is at once attacked by both powers in Europe. What then is the position of her ally—France? France has no cause for quarrel with Britain. Her commercial prosperity largely depends upon good relations with Britain. And Russia, her ally, is attacking French interests through the principle of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which guarantees the security of French territory in Asia—with which France is perfectly satisfied—while the enemies of France are defending that principle in her true interest, against her ally. Apart from the danger of this personal problem between peoples, whose alliance is a main prop of the international structure, what would be the effect of such conditions upon the other nations of Europe? They must either witness the principle of the Franco-Russian Alliance negatived, or, through its operation, risk being drawn into a war which would constitute entire Europe a battle-field. In the first alternative they must, in any case, see serious losses weaken at once the strongest land and the strongest seapowers of Europe, leaving Germany its sole arbiter and lord. And, in either alternative, they must, throughout the world, experience unrest and doubt through extremely dangerous and rapid changes in the balance of power, at the very pivot of international equilibrium. These consequences, which would involve the peace, the security, and the wealth of all nations, and which would interrupt the progress of humanity in civilisa-

tion to plunge it into barbarity, horror, and uncertainty, are, by the force of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, to be the results of a future policy of adventure in Asia. In openly asserting this principle of policy, the Island Powers have established a guarantee for the peace of the whole world. Because the helplessness of the peoples inhabiting the vast territories to which it applies, constitutes, at the present time, the greatest danger to the world's peace by tempting the aggression of those Powers which ambition or necessity excites to an extreme policy of expansion. For now the consequences of aggression are sufficiently terrible to give pause to the most needy as well as the most reckless of the modern Adventurers of Empire. Indeed, the whole civilised world would rise in resentment against those who sought, solely in self-interest, to occasion so vast a disturbance of its peace. And it is these very consequences of universal disaster and enmity, which confront Russia in regard to her choice as to whether her future policy in Asia shall continue to be one of aggression, or become one of peace and mutual understanding, in regard to the other great Asiatic Powers.

The former of these alternatives has been already considered; it remains now to consider the latter. It is clear that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, by placing too high a price on war, has set a premium upon peace in Asia. This fact, however, must be discounted in considering the possibility of a peaceful Russian policy in Asia. Because the question of a permanent understanding with her Asiatic neighbours is for Russia distinctly a matter of self-interest and common sense—not one of surrender or coercion. It has been shown, with regard to an aggressive policy in Asia, that the chief determining factor was the inter-relation of Russia with Germany. On the other hand, the chief determining factor of a policy of peace is the inter-relation of Russia with Britain. But whereas the irreconcilable elements of conflict with which the interests of Russia and Germany are instinct, militate against concerted action by these Powers in a policy of aggression, the

interests of Russia and Britain discover no such element of conflict which need prevent concerted action by these peoples in a policy of peace. Indeed, the broad foundations of a friendship between Russia and Britain are singularly flawless. At the present time there is no general conflict of material interests between these countries. In particular with regard to those life-necessities of Britain—commerce and sea-power—there is no conflict of interest between her and Russia. As to the future, both these peoples possess ample and widely separate spheres for the development of their resources and power, and for the realisation of their national destiny. The respective territories of Britain and of Russia span every climatic zone, and contain or produce all that is necessary for their sustenance and for their power in wealth and war. The two peoples can, if necessary, become, economically and otherwise, practically independent of each other and of the rest of the world. Nor do the pathways of Destiny lead them to cross or obstruct one another upon the plains of Future Progress. For the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race lies upon the ocean-continent of the world, while the destiny of Russia embraces her own vast legitimate spheres of Asia. But, here in Asia, the paths of Slav and Saxon destiny converge and give rise—through the need of Russia for access to the ice-free oceans—to a conflict of interest. This issue, however, is concrete and remediable, for it affects neither the destiny nor the general material progress of either people elsewhere upon the globe. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance is a powerful factor towards its settlement. And, further, by the anomalous force of one of the strangest and most interesting facts in contemporary history, this single conflict of interest, between Britain and Russia, is not only minimised, but is, to some extent, actually converted into a community of interest, through the menace of the German Welt-Politik. At the present time certain German ambitions in respect of territory, commerce, and sea-power constitute a distinct menace to the interests of Russia and Britain in those very spheres of south-eastern

Europe and south-western Asia in which their interests conflict. And this extraneous pressure must inevitably tend to draw Russia and Britain instinctively together in defence of their common interests against a common enemy and intruder.

The exact manner in which both the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and the ambitions of Germany must tend, in future, to modify the relations between Britain and Russia, will be realised best by reference to the great line of Russian advance along latitude 40 degrees. This line, for the purpose of argument, can be divided into four sections. The Far Eastern section, including Manchuria, lies within the sphere of Russo-Japanese policy; the Central Asian section, containing Mongolia, Thibet, Sungaria and Eastern Turkestan, is the less critical sphere of Anglo-Russian policy; while the section running westward to the north of Afghanistan and Persia, is, at present, the more critical sphere of Anglo-Russian policy. The fourth and last section of this line runs through Asia Minor, into what may be termed, politically, the "Chinese quarter" of Europe. That is to say, it contains that cluster of weak or decaying states which lie south of the Transylvanian Alps and the upper Danube, between the Black Sea and the Austrian Empire, and which constitute a permanent danger to the equilibrium of Europe. Now, of these four spheres the last is undoubtedly the most valuable and important in regard to the interests of Russia. In it she can extend her European territory, and, through encroachment upon rich territories in Turkey and Asia Minor, she can obtain maritime provinces, with harbours and a coast line on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. But, as these developments would greatly disturb the balance of power in Europe, Russia, in this sphere, encounters the resistance of a concert of Powers, the preponderating influence in which is that of Britain. This is because the presence of a Russian fleet based in the Mediterranean would not only completely alter the present conditions of sea-strategy to the prejudice of Britain, but it would cut her direct sea-line of communication with her

possessions in half a hemisphere, and especially with India, where Russia, alone, is in a position to threaten or attack her. Of the three remaining spheres that of Central Asia is neither valuable nor important to Russia, because its possession would leave her land-locked in the heart of an immense continent. Both the Far Eastern and the Persian spheres, however, give her rich territories and access to the seas, while each of them places her upon the flank of a rival Power. But, so far as Russia and Britain alone are concerned, the Persian sphere is, at present, the more valuable and important to Russia, because it is a close and easy—not a difficult and distant—objective, and because it lies in the line of least resistance to her advance owing to the weakness of Britain in land-power. On the other hand, this Persian sphere is by far the most important to Britain, because, whereas Russian encroachment in the Eurasian sphere would only threaten her communications with India through Russian sea-power, which she could meet with superior force, a Russian advance towards Persia would threaten India itself with Russian military power, to which Britain could only oppose inferior force. The foregoing facts make clear the exact conflict of interest between Britain and Russia in regard to these two spheres. While the Eurasian sphere is the more valuable to Russia, the resistance opposed to her at present in regard to it—of which Britain is the chief factor—is greater. In other words, the Persian sphere, though less valuable, lies in the line of least resistance, and is, therefore, the natural objective of Russian policy—to the danger of Britain. But, when the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and the Pan-German ambitions are considered as new factors of influence upon Anglo-Russian relations, it is seen that the whole situation, in regard to these spheres of policy, is entirely altered. By the force of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, in the first place, the Persian sphere ceases to be the line of least resistance of a Russian advance. For the Alliance now opposes to Russia in this sphere a resisting power at least as great as that which lately overcame her in the Far East, while, in addition,

any encroachment upon it now involves the danger of a counter-attack upon her in Europe. The Alliance further maintains this identical power of resistance right across the whole front of her advance in Asia. It leaves Russia for ten years no line of least resistance in regard to the three spheres of her policy in Asia. At the same time, it alters the whole scope and nature of Anglo-Russian relations. These are no longer confined to a conflict of interest in regard to India in one single sphere of Russian policy. Russia and Britain are now brought into direct relations with one another throughout the whole continent of Asia—and even Europe. But the Anglo-Japanese Alliance does more than draw these Powers into more equal and wider relations in Asia ; it makes it clearly essential to the interests of both of them that those relations should be good. And it will be seen this identical conclusion is also forced upon the mind by the most cursory consideration of the effects upon Anglo-Russian relations of the ambitions of Germany in regard to Europe and Asia Minor. It is true that these ambitions are not altogether developments of practical politics at the present time. Nevertheless, as a future contingency they affect the present policy of the nations they concern as surely as distant dangers affect the whole direction of a ship's course. As regards Russia, the effect of the Pan-German policy is shortly this,—it converts the European section of her Eurasian sphere of policy into the future field of race-conflict between the Pan-Slavs and the Pan-Germans. And it has already brought Germany to wage economic war against Russia, in the Asiatic section of this sphere, through her railway and general commercial activity throughout Asia Minor. That is to say, while in every other sphere of her policy Russia threatens other Powers, through encroachment upon territories in which she encounters little or no commercial competition ; in this sphere, Russia herself is threatened by the intended territorial encroachment and the actual commercial competition of another Power. What, on the other hand, is the effect of Pan-German policy upon Britain ? Putting aside, for the

moment, all thought of the German preparations for war against her territories and against her supremacy in sea-power and in commerce—against her national existence in fact—the tactical effect of the pressure of the future “Greater German” Empire, across the whole western face of Russia from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, would be to divert Russia in her efforts to reach the ocean—along the lines of lesser resistance—to the north and to the south. This would direct her to objectives in the Atlantic, at the Norwegian litoral, and in the Indian Ocean through the Persian Gulf, which would certainly tend to occasion a more serious change in the present conditions of sea-strategy, to the prejudice of Britain, than the fact of a Russian naval force in the Mediterranean. Russia would then directly threaten not only India but Britain herself, with both land and sea-power. Germany, in fact, would have levered her two powerful opponents into sharper conflict with one another to her own advantage. At the same time, the Pan-German policy would, in any case, alter the conditions of sea-strategy in the Mediterranean by launching the German Navy upon that basin, across the route to India, for the security of which Britain, to-day, bars the Russian Navy from the passage of the Dardanelles.

There is not space to recapitulate the successive steps of the foregoing line of reason in regard to the present position of Russia, and as to the alternatives of her future policy and inter-relations. But a careful consideration of the facts of her position, with respect to very complex conditions of world-polity—both actual and speculative—leads the mind to one clear and irresistible conclusion. It is this,—that the future policy of Russia must be that of peace in Asia, and, in regard to her relations, that a friendly understanding with Britain is not only possible but imperative in the common interests of both peoples at the present time, as well as for their common safety in the future. And it would seem—if the recent expressions of Russian public opinion reflect the present trend of Russian thought—that Russia now inclines towards a

policy of peace in Asia and of friendship with Britain. If the influence of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance were judged by this result alone, it would rank as one of the most beneficent instruments that have ever affected the course of human history. For illimitable good must result, not only to the two peoples themselves, but to mankind, through the fact of friendship and mutual confidence between Britain and Russia. Indeed, as a world-force the influence of Anglo-Russian amity would be more important to mankind than the friendships of any other peoples. Because these peoples—as the two greatest and most powerful of the race-nations of world-polity in the future—will control human destiny in every continent of the world, and can always curb, in their home continent of Europe, the German race, whose increasing energy and restless ambition is a menace to the peace of the world, both now and in the future. Whether an Anglo-Russian agreement regarding all the issues of conflict or doubt between the two nations will ever become an actual incident of practical politics is not yet certain.¹ But there is already, apart from their common danger at the hands of Germany, a link between these peoples in their mutual friendship with France. With France, therefore, rests the present opportunity and hope of drawing the great Slav and Anglo-Saxon races together, through practical means, into better and closer relationship. Yet the fact that this momentous change in the equipoise of human forces is now rendered possible, and that Anglo-Russian friendship is, to-day, the subject of open discussion and serious thought, is directly due to the influence of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

Thus, throughout Asia—that vast zone of present world-conflicts—the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has, for a space, established peace. But, as it has been shown, the influence of this alliance is not confined to Asia. Britain and Japan, in alliance, have now become a world-influence. It is their world-influence upon international polity as a whole, as well as its particular effects in Asia, which has been considered in this paper. And

¹ See note at the conclusion of this article.

this consideration brings to light some interesting facts in regard both to past and contemporary history. A hundred years ago Britain, in defending her existence, liberated Europe from the aggression of a great military nation, and in doing so restored to Europe its equipoise of international power. Yesterday Japan, in defence of her existence, liberated far-eastern Asia from the aggression of a great military nation, and has thereby restored the equipoise of international power in Asia. And now Britain and Japan together, through their alliance, have effected readjustments of international power, both in Asia and in Europe, which were essential for the peace and safety of their vast populations. For by checking the aggression of Germany in Asia the Island Powers have rid that continent of an element of extreme disturbance and danger. By checking the aggression of Russia in Asia they have restored that Power to her proper sphere in the polity of Europe. Adventures in remote regions of Asia will no longer distract the attention and waste the strength of Russia, while both her energy and her attention are essential for the maintenance of the equilibrium—and her own safety—in Europe. But Russia is not the only power restored to European polity by the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Britain is also freed from distraction and waste of energy in Asia to fully exercise her influence in her home continent. This alliance has restored to Europe the two chief factors of its power, and security, which threatened to weaken it and waste themselves in distant and unnecessary conflicts. It has set free a Russian army and a British fleet to return from the far-east of Asia to their proper stations in Europe—upon the frontier and against the sea-board of the German Empire. Britain and Russia need now no longer constitute conflicting currents of force; they may even unite their strength into an irresistible power for peace. And through these actual and possible readjustments of international power, Germany is rendered impotent as regards aggression both in Europe and Asia, which means that the peace of the world has been secured against its greatest

danger. In short, the influence of Britain and Japan is a factor of universal peace. In shifting the focus of international crises from Asia back into Europe it has, so to speak, locked the scales of the balance of power in Europe, and fixed them at the *status quo*. And further, it has trimmed the whole fabric of world-power into a balance of safety.

There remains to be considered the single element of disadvantage, for Britain, which is said to arise from this alliance. It is held that the employment of the Japanese Army for the defence of India is tantamount to a confession, by Britain, that her army, alone, is unable to defend it against invasion or attack. It is feared that the effect of this upon the native mind will be disastrous as well as dangerous. But, in the first place, the British have already, and with perfect safety, called in the Indians themselves to help them in keeping the country of which they have been dispossessed. And, in the second place, the military impotence of Britain in the face of the great Continental armies is a fact which is perfectly well known by all whom it concerns. This fact, moreover, has been recently publicly declared by Lord Roberts, while Lord Kitchener has asserted that the Indian Army, as at present organised, is unfit for its task—which is the defence of India. Therefore, the fact of the weakness of Britain in regard to the defence of India is not discovered, for the first time, through the Japanese Alliance, nor does that alliance, in any way, add to the prejudice of her position through this weakness. The danger to Britain—in India and elsewhere—lies not through the reinforcement of her weakness in land-power, by an alliance, but in the national apathy which perpetuates that weakness by shrinking from the effort and sacrifice which is necessary to redeem it. It is impossible to reflect, without a sense of shame, how very largely the practical utility and the pacific influence of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance depends upon the Military Force to which the British Navy merely gives mobility. It is the Japanese Army which protects the territories of Asia from spoliation, while Japanese

regiments help to preserve the peace of Europe by lending force to Britain. And if it is true that the Japanese Government is considering the increase of its army by three divisions, the better to discharge its obligations to Britain under the agreement of alliance, it means that a hundred thousand Japanese are preparing to defend the British Empire which the British seem unable or unwilling to prepare themselves to do.

In conclusion—what of the future beyond the decade of this agreement? It is clear that both in Asia and in Europe the military impotence of Britain is the latent cause of those great dangers to peace upon both continents, namely, the military aggression of Russia in Asia, and the military aggression of Germany in Europe. For ten years these dangers are checked through the borrowed strength of Britain. The Japanese, however, are a practical and patriotic people. In ten years they will certainly have acquired a strength in sea-power which will make them independent of Britain in this respect, and so negative the value of her navy as a factor of exchange against their army. If Britain is then still weak in land-power, she will set the hand of time backwards for a decade. She will once more tempt the aggression of her rivals in world-power. In Asia, India will again become the line of least resistance to a Russian advance, while in Europe Britain will excite German aggression against her into increased and perilous activity. She will stand isolated in a focus of danger, for her two rivals—who may make common cause against her in their common interests—either control or influence the policy of all the other European States. And every one of those anxieties and dangers from which the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has given men relief will once more trouble and oppress them as international crises. In the face of these possibilities, it is clearly essential that the British, within the next ten years, should successfully solve their military problems, and become self-sufficient in their own strength on land as well as on sea. This is essential for their present security. But the decade of their alliance is a period of grace

for more than the acquisition of military power to ensure the safety of a single generation of their race. It is a period of preparation upon which depends the whole destiny of their race—and the hope of its survival in the future. If men consider, they will see that in the near future the British will be confronted in Europe by the united Teutons and in Asia by the united Slavs. To these world-forces the British cannot continue to oppose the strength, however great, of a single Island. They will see that these two race-nations—the rivals of Britain in the future—are making infinite sacrifices to acquire new spheres for their world-expansion, and are striving by every means to develop their national power, which neither Russia nor Germany draw from a single province of their respective empires. In the face of these activities, can the British continue to shirk both the effort and the sacrifice—not of money but of individual self—which is necessary for the defence of world-territories far richer and greater than those which other nations are striving, through infinite sacrifice, to acquire? Can they continue to depend for national power upon a single province of their vast dominions? Under these conditions the British can never hope to keep either success or power. It is clear that if their race is to survive they must adapt themselves forthwith to the future life-condition for survival in the inter-racial struggle for existence. They must merge their separate and local existence in true unity of national constitution. They must consolidate their vast potential forces in men and wealth throughout the globe—into national power. They must confront the race-nations of modern world-power upon equal conditions—as a properly organised race-nation. Of this great complex national problem the military problem is only a single issue—although a vital issue. But the same principle applies to its solution. This problem concerns the defence of an empire—not that of a single island. It touches the destiny of a race—not that of a single tribe. And the secret of its true solution rests with the individual British citizen—in his powers of patriotism and

sacrifice. If these rise equal to the national necessities at the present time, then the British may regard, with confidence, a future far beyond the next decade, which is even now pregnant with the developments of new world-forces through the federation of the Teutons, the liberation of the Slavs—and perhaps the evolution of the Chinese in modernity. The next decade may prove for all these races more fateful than any in their past history. But while, before the others lie the pains and travail of new-birth, and a destiny that is not certain; for the British, it only remains to harvest their greatness and power—under conditions of sanity and peace, albeit of sacrifice—for the fulfilment of a destiny more splendid than that of any other people in the world.

E. JOHN SOLANO.

NOTE.—It is not within the scope of this article—nor is there space—to discuss the details of an agreement which would settle all points of issue and doubt between Britain and Russia. But upon the precedent of the Anglo-French agreement through the help—and even the arbitrament—of France, an agreement between Russia and Britain, regarding their special interests in Asia, suggests itself as possible. Of the two spheres of Anglo-Russian policy, as defined in this article, the Central Asian—or less critical sphere—is, at present, covered by the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Agreement regarding the integrity of China. It cannot, therefore, be divided yet into separate spheres of political influence or special commercial rights. But it is obvious that Britain and Russia, by their natural proximity and through development of their respective railway systems, must acquire, in time, a preponderance of both influence and material interests in these regions. The Russian railway taps Mongolia, and the British trade routes will some day connect Thibet with its natural seaport, Calcutta. And although these Central Asian territories must always remain neutral, they may, at some future time, be divided into separate spheres of British and Russian influence, along the lines of the Himalayan, Kuen Lun, Altun Tag, and Nanshan mountain ranges, which separate Thibet, in the south, from Eastern Turkestan, Sungaria, and Mongolia in the north. In regard to the Persian sphere, which the Anglo-Japanese Alliance covers by the clause relating to the “special interests of Britain,” these, though not especially defined, have been officially declared in Lord Curzon’s policy of the “Indian glacis,” and by Lord Lansdowne’s statement with respect to the Persian Gulf. These “special interests,” which also embrace Afghanistan, chiefly concern the political neutrality and commercial freedom of Persia. And the case of Siam constitutes

INFLUENCE OF BRITAIN AND JAPAN 37

both an analogy and a precedent for the settlement of this question. Russia, by binding herself to respect the neutrality of Persia, would concede that principle of British policy which seeks the isolation of the Indian frontier, while the division of Persia into separate zones of British and Russian influence would give each nation complete commercial freedom in its own sphere. With respect to the Persian Gulf, Britain might give Russia access to the ocean at Koweit, if Russia, in her turn, agreed not to menace Britain either by fortifying the shores or bringing warships into the seas of the Gulf. Britain, as heretofore, would undertake the policing of the Gulf, and she might receive Bunder Abbas as compensation for Koweit as well as Kishm Island—if strategically valuable—as a measure of security, for this island commands the entrance to the Gulf, at the Straits of Ormuz. Finally, as regards future developments in Europe, France might become a party to this Anglo-Russian agreement to the extent of recognising the "special interests" of Russia in regard to Asia Minor, and of giving active support to her in resisting German aggression with respect to any of these territories of south-eastern Europe, which, as it has been shown, would threaten alike the interests of Russia and of Britain. Such an agreement, besides freeing the hand of Russia in Asia, would win for her the friendship, and the support in Europe, of Britain—the chief gate-keeper of the Dardanelles—indeed, Constantinople would seem, under later conditions, to be a safer concession for Britain than Koweit. Finally, an Anglo-Russian agreement would be the logical sequence of the Anglo-French and Anglo-Japanese Agreements, and set the seal of peace upon Europe as well as Asia.

E. JOHN SOLANO.

CHARLES LAMB

I

“**I** RECKON myself a dab at prose—verse I leave to my betters,” Lamb once wrote to Wordsworth; and, in a letter to Charles Lloyd, he tells him, by way of praise, “your verses are as good and as wholesome as prose.” “Those cursed Dryads and Pagan trumperies of modern verse have put me out of conceit of the very name of poetry,” he has just said. At the age of twenty-one he talks of giving up the writing of poetry. “At present,” he writes to Coleridge, “I have not leisure to write verses, nor anything approaching to a fondness for the exercise. . . . The music of poesy may charm for awhile the importunate teasing cares of life; but the teased and troubled man is not in a disposition to make that music.” Yet, as we know, Lamb, who had begun with poetry, returned to the writing of poetry at longer or shorter intervals throughout his whole life: was this prose-writer, in whom prose partook so much of the essence of poetry, in any real or considerable sense a poet?

The name of Lamb as a poet is known to most people as the writer of one poem. “The Old Familiar Faces” is scarcely a poem at all; the metre halts, stumbles, there is no touch of magic in it; but it is speech, naked human speech, such as rarely gets through the lovely disguise of verse. It has the raw humanity of Walt Whitman, and almost hurts us by a

kind of dumb helplessness in it. A really articulate poet could never have written it; here, the emotion of the poet masters him as he speaks; and you feel, with a strange thrill, that catch in his breath which he cannot help betraying. There are few such poems in literature, and no other in the work of Lamb.

For Lamb, with his perfect sincerity, his deliberate and quite natural simplicity, and with all that strange tragic material within and about him (already coming significantly into the naïve prose tale of "Rosamund Gray") was unable to work directly upon that material in the imaginative way of the poet, unable to transform its substance into a creation in the form of verse. He could write about it, touchingly sometimes, more or less tamely for the most part, in a way that seems either too downright or too deliberate. "Cultivate simplicity, Coleridge," he wrote, with his unerring tact of advice, "or rather, I should say, banish elaborateness; for simplicity springs spontaneous from the heart, and carries into daylight its own modest buds and genuine, sweet, and clear flowers of expression. I allow no hot-beds in the gardens of Parnassus." This simplicity, which was afterwards to illuminate his prose, is seen in his verse almost too nakedly, or as if it were an end rather than a means.

Lamb's first master was Cowper, and the method of Cowper was not a method that could ever help him to be himself. But, above all, verse itself was never as much of a help to him as it was a hindrance. Requiring always, as he did, to apprehend reality indirectly, and with an elaborately prepared ceremony, he found himself in verse trying to be exactly truthful to emotions too subtle and complex for his skill. He could but set them down as if describing them, as in most of that early work in which he took himself and his poetry most seriously. What was afterwards to penetrate his prose, giving it that savour which it has, unlike any other, is absent from his almost saltless verse. There is the one inarticulate cry, the "Old Familiar Faces," and then, for twenty years and more, only

one or two wonderful literary exercises, like the mad verses called "A Concept of Diabolical Possession," and the more intimate fantasy of the "Farewell to Tobacco" ("a little in the way of Withers"), with one love-song, in passing, to a dead woman whom he had never spoken to.

The Elizabethan experiments, "John Woodvil," and, much later, "The Wife's Trial," intervene, and we see Lamb under a new aspect, working at poetry with real ambition. His most considerable attempt, the work of his in verse which he would most have liked to be remembered, was the play of "John Woodvil." "My tragedy," he wrote to Southey, at the time when he was finishing it, "will be a medley (as I intend it to be a medley) of laughter and tears, prose and verse, and in some places rhyme, songs, wit, pathos, humour, and, if possible, sublimity; at least, it is not a fault in my intention if it does not comprehend most of these discordant colours." It was meant, in short, to be an Elizabethan play, done, not in the form of a remote imitation, but with "a colloquial ease and spirit, something like" Shakespeare, as he says. As a play, it is the dream of a shadow. Reading it as poetry, it has a strange combination of personal quality with literary experiment: an echo, and yet so intimate; real feelings in old clothes. The subject probably meant more to Lamb than people have usually realised. I do not doubt that he wrote it with a full consciousness of its application to the tragic story which had desolated his own household, with a kind of generous casuistry, to ease a somewhat uneasy mind, and to be a sort of solace and defence for Mary. The moral of it is:

And not for one misfortune, child of chance,
No crime, but unforeseen, and sent to punish
The less offence with image of the greater,
Thereby to work the soul's humility.

And when John Woodvil, after his trial, begins "to understand what kind of creature Hope is," and bids Margaret "tell me if I over-act my mirth," is there not a remembrance of that mood

which Lamb had confessed to Coleridge, just after his mother's funeral, when he says, "I was in danger of making myself too happy?" Some touch of this poignant feeling comes into the play here and there, but not vividly enough to waken it wholly out of what Southey called its "lukewarm" state. The writing has less of the Elizabethan rhetoric and more of the quaint directness, the kindly nature, the eager interest in the mind, which those great writers whom Lamb discovered for the modern world had to teach him, than any play written on similar models. I am reminded sometimes of Heywood, sometimes of Middleton; and even when I find him in his play "imitating the defects of the old writers," I cannot but confess with Hazlitt that "its beauties are his own, though in their manner." Others have written more splendidly in the Elizabethan manner, but no one has ever thought and felt so like an Elizabethan.

After one much later and slighter experiment in writing plays "for antiquity," Lamb went back to occasional writing, and the personal note returns with the "Album Verses" of 1830. Lamb's album verses are a kind of amiable task-work, done easily, he tells us, but at the same time with something painfully industrious, not only in the careful kindness of the acrostic. The man of many friends forgets that he is a man of letters, and turns amateur out of mere geniality. To realise how much he lost by writing in verse rather than in prose, we have only to compare these careful trifles with the less cared for and infinitely more exquisite triflings of the letters. The difference is that between things made to please and things made for pleasure. In the prose he is himself, and his own master; in the verse he is never far enough away from his subject to do it or himself justice; and, tied by the metre, has rarely any fine freak or whimsical felicity such as came to him by the way in the mere turn of a sentence in prose.

More than of any poet we might say that a large part of his poems were recreations. We might indeed, but with a different meaning, say as much of Herrick. To Herrick his

art was his recreation, but then his recreation was his art. He has absolute skill in the game, and plays it with easy success. Lamb seems to find playing a task, or allows himself to come but indifferently through it. His admiration for "Rose Aylmer" was not surprising, for there, in that perfectly achieved accident, was what he was for ever trying to do.

Yet, at times, the imprisoned elf within him breaks forth, and we get a bubble of grotesque rhymes, as cleverly done as Butler would have done them, and with a sad, pungent jollity of his own; or, once at least, some inspired nonsense, in parody of himself, the

Angel-duck, Angel-duck, winged and silly,
Pouring a watering-pot over a lily;

together with, at least once, in the piece of lovely lunacy called "The Ape," a real achievement in the grotesque. His two task-masters, "Work" and "Leisure," both inspire him to more than usual freedom of fancy. And it is among the "Album Verses" that we find not only those "whitest thoughts in whitest dress," which, for the Quakeress, Lucy Barton,

best express
Mind of quiet Quakeress,

but also the solemn fancy of the lines "In My Own Album," in which a formal and antique measure is put to modern uses, and the jesting figure of "My soul, an album bright," is elaborated with serious wit in the manner of the "metaphysical" poets. And it is under the same covers, and as if done after the same pattern, that we find the most completely successful of his poems, the lines "On an Infant Dying as Soon as Born." The subject was one which could not but awaken all his faculties, stirring in him pity, compassionate wonder, a tender whimsicalness; the thought of death and the thought of childhood being always sure to quicken his imagination to its finest utterance. There is good poetical substance, and the

form, though not indeed original, is one in which he moves with as natural an air as if he were actually writing two hundred years ago. It was in this brief, packed, "matterful" way, full of pleasant surprises, that his favourite poets wrote; the metre is Wither's, with some of the woven subtleties of Marvel.

With Lamb, more than with most poets, the subject-matter of his work in verse determines its value. He needs to "load every rift with ore," not for the bettering, but for the mere existence, of a poem. In his pleasant review of his own poems he protests, in the name of Vincent Bourne, against "the vague, dreamy, wordy, *matterless* poetry of this empty age," and finds satisfaction in Bourne's Latin verses because "they fix upon *something*." For him that "something" had to be very definite, in the subject-matter of his own verse; and it was not with the mere humility of self-depreciation that he wrote to Coleridge in 1796: "Not that I relish other people's poetry less—their's comes from 'em without effort, mine is the difficult operation of a brain scanty of ideas, made more difficult by disuse." He was a poet to whom prose was the natural language, and in verse he could not trust himself to rove freely, though he had been born a gipsy of the mind.

Even in his best work in verse Lamb has no singing voice. The poetry of those lines "On an Infant Dying as Soon as Born" is quite genuine, and it has made for itself a form adequate to its purpose; but the verse, after all, is rather an accompaniment than a lifting; and "la lyre," it has been rightly said, "est en quelque manière un instrument ailé." He speaks in metre, he does not sing; but he speaks more delicately in metre than any one else not born a singer.

II

There is something a little accidental about all Lamb's finest work. Poetry he seriously tried to write, and plays and stories; but the supreme criticism of the "Specimens of

English Dramatic Poets" arose out of the casual habit of setting down an opinion of an extract just copied into one's note-book, and the book itself, because, he said, "the book is such as I am glad there should be." The beginnings of his miscellaneous prose are due to the "ferreting" of Coleridge. "He ferrets me day and night," Lamb complains to Manning in 1800, "to do something. He tends me, amidst all his own worrying and heart-oppressing occupations, as a gardener tends his young tulip. . . . He has lugged me to the brink of engaging to a newspaper, and has suggested to me for a first plan the forgery of a supposed manuscript of Burton, the anatomist of melancholy"; which was done, in the consummate way we know, and led in its turn to all the rest of the prose. And Barry Cornwall tells us that "he was almost teased into writing the 'Elia' essays."

He had begun, indeed, deliberately, with a story, as personal really as the poems, but, unlike them, set too far from himself in subject and tangled with circumstances outside his knowledge. He wrote "Rosamund Gray" before he was twenty-three, and in that "lovely thing," as Shelley called it, we see most of the merits and defects of his early poetry. It is a story which is hardly a story at all, told by comment, evasion, and recurrence, by "little images, recollections, and circumstances of past pleasures" or distresses; with something vague and yet precise, like a dream partially remembered. Here and there is the creation of a mood and moment, almost like Coleridge's in the "Ancient Mariner"; but these flicker and go out. The style would be laughable in its simplicity if there were not in it some almost awing touch of innocence; some hint of that divine goodness which, in Lamb, needed the relief and savour of the later freakishness to sharpen it out of insipidity. There is already a sense of what is tragic and endearing in earthly existence, though no skill as yet in presenting it; and the moral of it is surely one of the morals or messages of "Elia": "God has built a brave world, but methinks he has left his creatures to bustle in it how they may."

Lamb had no sense of narrative, or, rather, he cared in a story only for the moments when it seemed to double upon itself and turn into irony. All his attempts to write for the stage (where his dialogue might have been so telling) were foiled by his inability to "bring three together on the stage at once," as he confessed in a letter to Mrs. Shelley; "they are so shy with me, that I can get no more than two; and there they stand till it is the time, without being the season, to withdraw them." Narrative he could manage only when it was prepared for him by another, as in the "Tales from Shakespeare" and "The Wanderings of Ulysses." Even in "Mrs. Leicester's School," where he came nearest to success in a plain narrative, the three stories, as stories, have less than the almost perfect art of the best of Mary Lamb's: of "The Father's Wedding-Day," which Landor, with wholly pardonable exaggeration, called "with the sole exception of the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' the most beautiful tale in prose composition in any language, ancient or modern." There is something of an incomparable kind of story-telling in most of the best essays of "Elia," but it is a kind which he had to find out, by accident and experiment, for himself; and chiefly through letter-writing. "Us dramatic geniuses," he speaks of, in a letter to Manning against the taking of all words in a literal sense; and it was this wry dramatic genius in him that was, after all, the quintessential part of himself. "Truth," he says in this letter, "is one and poor, like the cruse of Elijah's widow. Imagination is the bold face that multiplies its oil: and thou, the old cracked pipkin, that could not believe it could be put to such purposes." It was to his correspondents, indeed to the incitement of their wakeful friendship, that he owes more perhaps than the mere materials of his miracles.

To be wholly himself, Lamb had to hide himself under some disguise, a name, "Elia," taken literally as a pen name, or some more roundabout borrowing, as of an old fierce critic's, Joseph Ritson's, to heighten and soften the energy of marginal annotations on a pedant scholar. In the letter in which he

announces the first essays of "Elia," he writes to Barron Field: "You shall soon have a tissue of truth and fiction, impossible to be extricated, the interleavings shall be so delicate, the partitions perfectly invisible." The correspondents were already accustomed to this "heavenly mingle." Few of the letters, those works of nature, and almost more wonderful than works of art, are to be taken on oath. Those elaborate lies, which ramify through them into patterns of sober-seeming truth, are an anticipation, and were of the nature of a preliminary practice for the innocent and avowed fiction of the essays. What began in mischief ends in art.

III

"I am out of the world of readers," Lamb wrote to Coleridge, "I hate all that do read, for they read nothing but reviews and new books. I gather myself up into the old things." "I am jealous for the actors who pleased my youth," he says elsewhere. And again: "For me, I do not know whether a constitutional imbecility does not incline me too obstinately to cling to the remembrances of childhood; in an inverted ratio to the usual sentiment of mankind, nothing that I have been engaged in since seems of any value or importance compared to the colours which imagination gave to everything then." In Lamb this love of old things, this willing recurrence to childhood, was the form in which imagination came to him. He is the grown-up child of letters, and he preserves all through his life that child's attitude of wonder, before "this good world, which he knows—which was created so lovely, beyond his deservings." He loves the old, the accustomed, the things that people have had about them since they could remember. "I am in love," he says in the most profoundly serious of his essays, "with this green earth; the face of town and country; and the sweet security of streets." He was a man to whom mere living had zest enough to make up for everything that was contrary in the

world. His life was tragic, but not unhappy. Happiness came to him out of the little things that meant nothing to others, or were not so much as seen by them. He had a genius for living, and his genius for writing was only a part of it, the part which he left to others to remember him by.

Lamb's religion, says Pater, was "the religion of men of letters, religion as understood by the soberer men of letters in the last century"; and Hood says of him: "As he was in spirit an Old Author, so was he in faith an Ancient Christian." He himself tells Coleridge that he has "a taste for religion rather than a strong religious habit," and, later in life, writes to a friend: "Much of my seriousness has gone off." On this, as on other subjects, he grew shy, withdrew more into himself; but to me it seems that a mood of religion was permanent with him. "Such religion as I have," he said, "has always acted on me more by way of sentiment than argumentative process"; and we find him preferring churches when they are empty, as many really religious people have done. To Lamb religion was a part of human feeling, or a kindly shadow over it. He would have thrust his way into no mysteries. And it was not lightly, or with anything but a strange-complexioned kind of gratitude, that he asked: "Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fire-side conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and *irony itself*—do these things go out with life?"

It was what I call Lamb's religion that helped him to enjoy life so humbly, heartily, and delicately, and to give to others the sensation of all that is most enjoyable in the things about us. It may be said of him, as he says of the fox in the fable: "He was an adept in that species of moral alchemy, which turns everything into gold." And this moral alchemy of his was no reasoned and arguable optimism, but a "spirit of youth in everything," an irrational, casuistical, "matter-of-lie" persistence in the face of all logic, experience, and sober judg-

ment ; an upsetting of truth grown tedious and custom gone stale. And for a truth of the letter it substituted a new, valiant truth of the spirit ; for dead things, living ideas ; and gave birth to the most religious sentiment of which man is capable : grateful joy.

Among the innumerable objects and occasions of joy which Lamb found laid out before him, at the world's feast, books were certainly one of the most precious, and after books came pictures. "What any man can write, surely I may read!" he says to Wordsworth, of Caryl on Job, six folios. "I like books about books," he confesses, the test of the book-lover. "I love," he says, "to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading ; I cannot sit and think. Books think for me." He was the finest of all readers, far more instant than Coleridge ; not to be taken unawares by a Blake ("I must look on him as one of the most extraordinary persons of the age," he says of him, on but a slight and partial acquaintance), or by Wordsworth when the "Lyrical Ballads" are confusing all judgments, and he can pick out at sight "She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways" as "the best piece in it," and can define precisely the defect of much of the book, in one of those incomparable letters of escape, to Manning : "It is full of original thought, but it does not often make you laugh or cry. It too artfully aims at simplicity of expression." I choose these instances because the final test of a critic is in his reception of contemporary work ; and Lamb must have found it much easier to be right, before every one else, about Webster, and Ford, and Cyril Tourneur, than to be the accurate critic that he was of Coleridge, at the very time when he was under the "whiff and wind" of Coleridge's influence. And in writing of pictures, though his knowledge is not so great nor his instinct so wholly "according to knowledge," he can write as no one has ever written in praise of Titian (so that his very finest sentence describes a picture of Titian) and can instantly detect and minutely expose the swollen contemporary delusion of a would-be Michael Angelo, the portentous Martin.

Then there were the theatres, which Lamb loved next to books. There has been no criticism of acting in English like Lamb's, so fundamental, so intimate and elucidating. His style becomes quintessential when he speaks of the stage, as in that tiny masterpiece, "On the Acting of Munden," which ends the book of "Elia," with its great close, the Beethoven soft wondering close, after all the surges: "He understands a leg of mutton in its quiddity. He stands wondering, amid the commonplace materials of life, like primeval man with the sun and stars about him." He is equally certain of Shakespeare, of Congreve, and of Miss Kelly. When he defines the actors, his pen seems to be plucked by the very wires that work the puppets. And it is not merely because he was in love with Miss Kelly that he can write of her acting like this, in words that might apply with something of truth to himself. He has been saying of Mrs. Jordan, that "she seemed one whom care could not come near; a privileged being, sent to teach mankind what it most wants, joyousness." Then he goes on: "This latter lady's is the joy of a freed spirit, escaping from care, as a bird that had been limed: her smiles, if I may use the expression, seemed saved out of the fire, relics which a good and innocent heart had snatched up as most portable; her contents are visitors, not inmates: she can lay them by altogether; and when she does so, I am not sure that she is not greatest." Is not this, with all its precise good sense, the rarest poetry of prose, a poetry made up of no poetical epithets, no fanciful similes, but "of imagination all compact," poetry in substance?

Then there was London. In Lamb London found its one poet. "The earth, and sea, and sky (when all is said)," he admitted, "is but as a house to live in"; and, "separate from the pleasure of your company," he assured Wordsworth, "I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of your mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the

Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, waggons, play-houses, all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden, the very women of the town, the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles—life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night, the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street, the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print shops, the old bookstalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomime, London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind and feed me, without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life." There, surely, is the poem of London, and it has almost more than the rapture, in its lover's catalogue, of Walt Whitman's poems of America. Almost to the end, he could say (as he does again to Wordsworth, not long before his death), "London streets and faces cheer me inexpressibly, though of the latter not one known one were remaining." He traces the changes in streets, their distress or disappearance, as he traces the dwindling of his friends, "the very streets, he says," writes Mary, "altering every day." London was to him the new, better Eden. "A garden was the primitive prison till man with Promethean felicity and boldness sinned himself out of it. Thence followed Babylon, Nineveh, Venice, London, haberdashers, goldsmiths, taverns, play-houses, satires, epigrams, puns—these all came in on the town part, and thither side of innocence." To love London so was part of his human love, and in his praise of streets he has done as much for the creation and perpetuating of joy as Wordsworth ("by whose system," Mary Lamb conjectured, "it was doubtful whether a liver in towns had a soul to be saved") has done by his praise of flowers and hills.

And yet, for all his "disparagement of heath and highlands," as he confessed to Scott, Lamb was as instant and unerring in his appreciation of natural things, once brought before them, as he

was in his appreciation of the things of art and the mind and man's making. He was a great walker, and sighs once, before his release from the desk: "I wish I were a caravan driver or a penny post man, to earn my bread in air and sunshine." We have seen what he wrote to Wordsworth about his mountains, before he had seen them. This is what he writes of them to Manning, after he has seen them: "Such an impression I never received from objects of sight before, nor do I suppose I can ever again . . . In fine, I have satisfied myself that there is such a thing as that which tourists call *romantic*, which I very much suspected before." And to Coleridge he writes: "I feel that I shall remember your mountains to the last day I live. They haunt me perpetually." All this Lamb saw and felt, because no beautiful thing could ever appeal to him in vain. But he wrote of it only in his letters, which were all of himself; because he put into his published writings only the best or the rarest or the accustomed and familiar part of himself, the part which he knew by heart.

IV

Beyond any writer pre-eminent for charm, Lamb had salt and sting. There is hardly a known grace or energy of prose which he has not somewhere exemplified; as often in his letters as in his essays; and always with something final about it. He is never more himself than when he says, briefly: "Sentiment came in with Sterne, and was a child he had by Affectation"; but then he is also never more himself than when he expands and develops, as in this rendering of the hisses which damned his play in Drury Lane:

It was not a hiss neither, but a sort of a frantic yell, like a congregation of mad geese, with roaring something like bears, mows and mops like apes, sometimes snakes, that hissed me into madness. 'Twas like St. Anthony's temptations. Mercy on us, that God should give His favourite children, men, mouths to speak with, to discourse rationally, to promise smoothly, to flatter agreeably, to encourage warmly, to counsel wisely: to sing with, to drink with and to kiss with: and that they should turn them into the mouths of adders,

bears, wolves, hyenas, and whistle like tempests, and emit breath through them like distillations of aspic poison, to asperse and vilify the innocent labours of their fellow creatures who are desirous to please them!

Or it may be a cold in the head which starts the heroic agility of his tongue, and he writes a long letter without a full stop, which is as full of substance as one of his essays. His technique is so incredibly fine, he is such a Paganini of prose, that he can invent and reverse an idea of pyramidal wit, as in this burlesque of a singer: "The shake, which most fine singers reserve for the close or cadence, by some unaccountable flexibility, or tremulousness of pipe, she carrieth quite through the composition; so that the time, to a common air or ballad, keeps double motion, like the earth—running the primary circuit of the tune, and still revolving upon its own axis"; and he can condense into six words the whole life-history and the soul's essential secret of Coleridge, when he says of him, in almost the last fragment of prose that he wrote, "he had a hunger for eternity."

To read Lamb makes a man more humane, more tolerant, more dainty; incites to every natural piety, strengthens reverence; while it clears his brain of whatever dull fumes may have lodged there, stirs up all his senses to wary alertness, and actually quickens his vitality, like high pure air. It is, in the familiar phrase, "a liberal education"; but it is that finer education which sets free the spirit. His natural piety, in the full sense of the word, seems to me deeper and more sensitive than that of any other English writer. Kindness, in him, embraces mankind, not with the wide engulfing arms of philanthropy, but with an individual caress. He is almost the sufficient type of virtue, so far as virtue can ever be loved; for there is not a weakness in him which is not the bastard of some good quality, and not an error which had an unsocial origin. His jests add a new reverence to lovely and noble things, or light up an unsuspected "soul of goodness in things evil."

No man ever so loved his friends, or was so honest with

them, or made such a religion of friendship. His character of Hazlitt in the "Letter to Southey" is the finest piece of emotional prose which he ever wrote, and his pen is inspired whenever he speaks of Coleridge. "Good people, as they are called," he writes to Wordsworth, "won't serve. I want individuals. I am made up of queer points and want so many answering needles." He counts over his friends in public, like a child counting over his toys, when some one has offered an insult to one of them. He has delicacies and devotions towards his friends, so subtle and so noble that they make every man his friend. And, that love may deepen into awe, there is the tragic bond, that protecting love for his sister which was made up of so many strange components: pity for madness, sympathy with what came so close to him in it, as well as mental comradeship, and that paradox of his position, by which he supports that by which he is supported.

It is, then, this "human, too human" creature, who comes so close to our hearts, whom we love and reverence, who is also, and above all, or at least in the last result, that great artist in prose, faultless in tact, flawless in technique, that great man of letters, to whom every lover of "prose as a fine art" looks up with an admiration which may well become despair. What is it in this style, this way of putting things, so occasional, so variegated, so like his own harlequin in his "ghastly vest of white patchwork," "the apparition of a dead rainbow"; what is it that gives to a style, which no man can analyse, its "terseness, its jocular pathos, which makes one feel in laughter?" Those are his own words, not used of himself; but do they not do something to define what can, after all, never be explained?

V

Lamb's defects were his qualities, and nature drove them inward, concentrating, fortifying, intensifying them; to a not wholly normal or healthy brain, freakish and without consecu-

tion, adding a stammering tongue which could not speak evenly, and had to do its share, as the brain did, "by fits." "You," we find Lamb writing to Godwin,

"cannot conceive of the desultory and uncertain way in which I (an author by fits) sometimes cannot put the thoughts of a common letter into sane prose. . . . Ten thousand times I have confessed to you, talking of my talents, my utter inability to remember in any comprehensive way what I have read. I can vehemently applaud, or perversely stickle, at parts; but I cannot grasp at a whole. This infirmity (which is nothing to brag of) may be seen in my two little compositions, the tale and my play, in both which no reader, however partial, can find any story."

"My brain," he says, in a letter to Wordsworth, "is desultory, and snatches off hints from things." And, in a wise critical letter to Southey, he says, summing up himself in a single phrase: "I never judge system-wise of things, but fasten upon particulars."

Is he, in these phrases that are meant to seem so humble, really apologising for what was the essential quality of his genius? Montaigne, who (it is Lamb that says it) "anticipated all the discoveries of succeeding essayists," affected no humility in the statement of almost exactly the same mental complexion. "I take the first argument that fortune offers me," he tells us; "they are all equally good for me; I never design to treat them in their totality, for I never see the whole of anything, nor do those see it who promise to show it to me. . . . In general I love to seize things by some unwonted lustre." There, in the two greatest of the essayists, one sees precisely what goes to the making of the essayist. First, a beautiful disorder: the simultaneous attack and appeal of contraries, a converging multitude of dreams, memories, thoughts, sensations, without mental preference, or conscious guiding of the judgment; and then, order in disorder, a harmony more properly musical than logical, a separating and return of many elements, which end by making a pattern. Take that essay of "Elia" called "Old China," and, when you have recovered from its charm, analyse it. You will see that, in its apparent law-

lessness and wandering like idle memories, it is constructed with the minute care, and almost with the actual harmony, of poetry; and that vague, interrupting, irrelevant, lovely last sentence is like the refrain which returns at the end of a poem.

Lamb was a mental gipsy, to whom books were roads open to adventures; he saw skies in books, and books in skies, and in every orderly section of social life magic possibilities of vagrancy. But he was also a Cockney, a lover of limit, civic tradition, the uniform of all ritual. He liked exceptions, because, in every other instance, he would approve of the rule. He broke bounds with exquisite decorum. There was in all his excesses something of "the good clerk."

Lamb seemed to his contemporaries notably eccentric, but he was nearer than them all to the centre. His illuminating rays shot out from the very heart of light, and returned thither after the circuit. Where Coleridge lost himself in clouds or in quicksands, Lamb took the nearest short-cut, and, having reached the goal, went no step beyond it.

And he was a bee for honey, not, like Coleridge, a browsing ox. To him the essence of delight was choice; and choice, with him, was readier when the prize was far-fetched and dear bought: a rarity of manners, books, pictures, or whatever was human or touched humanity. "Opinion," he said, "is a species of property; and though I am always desirous to share with my friends to a certain extent, I shall ever like to keep some tenets and some property properly my own." And then he found, in rarity, one of the qualities of the best; and was never, like most others, content with the good, or in any danger of confusing it with the best. He was the only man of that great age, which had Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and Shelley, and the rest, whose taste was flawless. All the others, who seemed to be marching so straight to so determined a goal, went astray at one time or another; only Lamb, who was always wandering, never lost sense of direction, or failed to know how far he had strayed from the road.

The quality which came to him from that germ of madness

which lay hidden in his nature had no influence upon his central sanity. It gave him the tragic pathos and mortal beauty of his wit, its dangerous nearness to the heart, its quick sense of tears, its at times desperate gaiety; and, also, a hard, indifferent levity, which, to brother and sister alike, was a rampart against obsession, or a stealthy way of temporising with the enemy. That tinge is what gives its strange glitter to his fooling; madness playing safely and lambently around the stoutest common sense. In him reason always justifies itself by unreason, and if you consider well his quips and cranks you will find them always the play of the intellect. I know one who read the essays of "Elia" with intense delight, and was astonished when I asked her if she had been amused. She had seen so well through the fun to its deep inner meaning that the fun had not detained her. She had found in all of it nothing but a pure intellectual reason, beyond logic, where reason is one with intuition.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE INVASION OF ENGLAND

THE effect on my mind of witnessing the historic visit of the Atlantic Fleet to Brest is a desire to bring home anew the question of invasion to my fellow-countrymen. The word "war" means something totally different to the average Englishman from the sense conveyed to a Frenchman by the word "guerre" or to a German by the word "krieg." To a Frenchman and a German, a Russian and a Japanese, war means burnt farms, ravished women, smoking ricks, blackened corn, uncultivated soil, and the stoppage of the ordinary life of the people. War means to a Frenchman or a German more than the dread possibility of losing a relation or having to pay a higher price for food and clothing. It means personal risk, the probability of personal danger, and the certainty of loss and suffering inconceivable to prosperous Englishmen. For more than two hundred years no eye has seen an English farm-house in a blaze lit by the torch of a foreign foe. No English ear for centuries has heard the tramp of armed aliens on English soil. We doze behind the shelter of a strong Navy, and our slumbrous complacency is so great that during the Boer war a newspaper placard with "English Victory" inscribed in large letters meant the triumph of a cricket eleven in Australia, not the gain of a battle in South Africa. So profound is our sense of security owing to the long peace that invasion or even a raid is believed impossible. The Navy, it is true, guarantees us against invasion, but it does not profess to guarantee us against a raid.

When I was at Brest the other day I was deeply impressed by the seriousness with which sailors, soldiers and civilians alike regarded the question of national recruiting—in their case to prevent invasion—which was raised in the House of Lords by the Duke of Bedford in a masterly speech, conceived in the spirit of the loftiest statesmanship, and consisting of an appeal to the character and grit of an English people to rid themselves of their military shams and to create a national army by the encouragement of the old Militia force which has proved a help in trouble for a thousand years of our island story.

The question arises—Is invasion or raid so impossible that serious treatment of the Militia is needless? It is certain that Napoleon in the zenith of his power never had such a combination of favourable circumstances as that which the Kaiser has ready to his hand to-day. His Navy is magnificent; it is concentrated on a small stretch of coast with commodious and sheltered ports. This Fleet is in the highest degree efficient. Having spent some time on board a German battleship by permission of the Kaiser, I can speak of the splendid discipline and efficiency of the service. Behind the Navy is the German Army and the General Staff. These are the men who trained Marshal Oyama and General Nogi to beat the Russians. Alliance between the Germans and the Russians is not improbable, and with German organisation the Russian army impotent in the Far East may become an instrument of irresistible power on the Continent of Europe, and even against England, if want of vigilance and discipline owing to over-confidence and complacency were to give an opening to the invading foe.

It will be better that the reader should hear both sides of the question upon invasion. There is, undoubtedly, great difficulty in landing a force in England, but difficulties are made to be overcome, and German brain, skill, and courage are well adapted to overcome them. Erroneous impressions upon the subject of invasion are rife, not only in the public mind, but among military men. An army corps consists of about 30,000

men, 12,000 horses, 1300 vehicles, besides 315 waggons needed for the supply of men and animals. The marine transport required for the conveyance of men and their material is 240,100 gross tonnage. It is certain that the enemy would not attempt an attack on England with less than 30,000 or 40,000 men, and that the commanders and troops would be the *élite* of their rank. The Germans are of course well aware that the British War Office has made no arrangements whatever for the immediate and rapid concentration of efficient forces on the coast. Part of our regular troops are in Ireland, and more than twenty-four hours would be required before they could be transported to the scene of action, even in the event of a raid. Another portion of our regular troops are on Salisbury Plain, in the centre of England, well away and under unfavourable conditions for rapid concentration, whether on the North of Scotland, on the coast of Essex, Norfolk or Yorkshire, or on the south coast. There remains Aldershot. The position of the detachment (for it is little more) at Aldershot is little better than that on Salisbury Plain. We may therefore assume that the enemy, if he succeeds in crossing the North Sea, would get a breathing time of from twelve to twenty-four hours. We know from history that of the fifteen instances of the landings of British troops which have occurred since 1746 nine were unopposed, two were feebly opposed, and only in four cases have our troops landed under a destructive fire. At Copenhagen in 1807 27,000 troops were disembarked in one day, but on the Crimean coast it took four days to place 34,000 men on shore.

We also know that the Germans have immensely improved on the British methods employed in 1854. Provided the invading army corps had fine weather, were successfully to dodge the British Fleet, and were unopposed both on the passage and on landing, we should be in a very dangerous position. The invaders would be men who would fight like rats in a sewer. If they go back they must die; if they go forward they must either die or conquer, and it is better to go forward. Our second line of defence cannot be claimed

by the most patriotic of Englishmen to be capable of beating picked professional German troops and generals. And yet the landing of 30,000 or 40,000 men on the shores of England, say near Scarborough, would shatter the credit of half the City of London, would send Consols down to sixty, and would explode the colossal national vanity which is impregnable even to Lord Roberts' warning that the army to-day is no better than in 1899.

It is a good deal to take for granted that the German landing would escape both naval attack and bad weather. This last assumption is a very large one, because of all the landings carried out by the British forces since the second expedition to Cherbourg in 1758 only four have escaped delay by bad weather. An army corps, moreover, with its stores requires a flotilla of about sixty transports. If these ships are placed in single line ahead the length of the line would be eighteen miles. If they were in line abreast the invading army corps would occupy a front of eighteen miles. A compromise would certainly be adopted by the enemy's admiral. Assuming that the German naval commander in supreme authority had succeeded in getting his expeditionary corps safely on board without observation from British eyes the difficulty of the task would begin. It is not necessary for the expedition to embark wholly at Kiel. Some might embark there; some at Heligoland; others at Hamburg, Bremen, Emden, Brunsbüttel and other places along the coast. By thus splitting the expedition into small parties the possibility of evading the British Naval Intelligence Department and even the trained observers of our incomparable Foreign Office Service is not beyond the region of the practical. A rendezvous at sea of course would be given to the various flotillas, and when united the enemy's admiral would probably place his convoy in six divisions of line ahead, disposed abeam, which would give him a front for his fleet of three miles and a depth of three miles. The speed of this fleet would be determined by that of the slowest vessel, and as it could not exceed ten knots would be

strongly vulnerable. In the event of fog each ship would require to tow a fog buoy astern of her visible to the next in line. A fleet of this kind in close formation is especially open to torpedo attack, but as in war it is generally the unexpected that happens, the British torpedo squadron might possibly miss the German flotilla without sinking down to the Russian standard of naval inefficiency.

On approaching the English shore the German transports would have to anchor at a distance. The effort would probably be made on a moonless, and, if possible, a Saturday night. It would be useless for the German battleships to shell the coast, which would be invisible; ammunition would be wasted; and the noise would attract any stray parties of local volunteers or militiamen that could not be "mopped up" until the morning. When the boats of the flotilla approached within 500 yards of the beach the British fire should begin, but if it is not there the Germans would land scathless. Each steam-launch, with its string of loaded boats behind it, would disgorge 500 men on each trip, and though in the daytime the picket-boats, crowded galleys and whalers would form an excellent target for artillery fire, the dangerous space would not greatly exceed 150 yards at night time. Well-timed shrapnel would of course play sad havoc with the boats, but with every detail thought out beforehand by the analytic German brain, there is no doubt that the plan of the invader would have some chance of success.

Nor is it conceivable that the German commander would not have prepared for his arrival at the spot chosen for invasion a sufficient number of German sympathisers to deal with the local troops. The English might shoot down every German, but the attention of the former would be occupied and distracted from the hostile landing, which would prove the death knell of Britain as a Great Power.

If, on the other hand, a sensible British general were in command and he had succeeded in bringing up a few thousand well-disciplined troops with munitions and supplies, he would wait patiently, without showing himself, until the Germans

had cast off from their anchored ships. The sensible British general would then open fire on the boats at about 500 yards from the beach, and five rounds of shrapnel with machine-guns playing on the immigrant aliens like water from a fire-hose would postpone the execution of the German design until a more convenient occasion.

If no such sensible British general were on the spot and the Navy for any reason failed us, the object of the German commander would not be to fight a pitched battle or to enable his men to perform prodigies of valour against the flower of the local Volunteers, but to inflict a shattering blow upon the commercial credit and imperial prestige of England. It is not necessary that the Mansion House and the Bank of England should be seized. Even the temporary occupation of Hull or of Scarborough would have effects of a startling character, for the enemy could not then be dislodged for several days, and it might be weeks before the German army were destroyed or driven into the sea. For every hour that German troops remain in occupation of one inch of English territory a heavy price would be paid. The German commander would probably act on the precedent of General Hoche who, starting from Brest, issued a proclamation, a copy of which was on board each ship of his fleet. In this proclamation the faithful companions of the French general were invited to remember that the people they were about to invade—the Irishmen—were not to be treated as a conquered people. It is certain that the German commander would act in a similar spirit. His object would be to strike hard and to gain time, for we cannot imagine that the German Navy would be idle during the critical period of the landing. The English Volunteers are without equipment or training; they are almost without guns; and they have had no practice in the work of repelling invasion. The English Militia are 937 short in officers and 32,168 in men.

No wonder Lord Roberts has warned us of our danger.

ARNOLD WHITE.

LIVING LEGENDS OF THE SAINTS

I

Is the Lord's hand shortened that it should not save ?

A YEAR or two ago I was talking with an old woman, who, like myself, had come from her old home near Kilchriest to a new one near Kiltartan. Our talk turned on the Saints of Ireland, and she asked me if I had ever heard of Saint Brigit's Well on the Cliffs of Moher. I had heard of it, and some one who lives not far from it had told me that "there was a Station there one night, and the people brought candles, and there was a hard wind blowing, that the men had to put their hand to their hats, but the flame of the candles never stirred at all."

"I had a pearl in my eye one time," the old woman said, "and I went there. Scores of people there were in it, looking for cures, and some got them and some did not. And I went down the four steps that go down to the well, and I was looking into it, and I saw a little fish no longer than your finger coming out from a stone under the water. Three spots it had on the one side, and three on the other side, red spots and a little green with the red, and he was very civil coming hither, and very *loughy*, wagging his tail. And he stopped and looked up at me and gave two wags of his back, and walked off again and went in under the stone. I said to a woman that was near me that I saw the little fish,

and she began to call out and to say there were many coming with cars and with horses for a month past, and none of them saw it at all. And she proved me, asking had it spots, and I told her it had, three on the one side and three on the other side. 'That is it,' she said. And within three days I had my eye well again.

"It was surely Saint Brigit herself I saw that time. Who else would it be? And you would know by the look of it that it was no common fish. Very civil it was, and nice and loughy, but no one else saw it at all. Did I say more prayers than the rest? Not a prayer. I was young in those days. I suppose she took a liking to me, maybe because of my name being Brigit the same as her own."

I asked other neighbours about the blessed wells, and one told me the little fish in Saint Brigit's Well is "only seen every seven years, and whoever sees it is cured of every disease." Another told me: "There is a well near Lough Cutra, very good for curing anything that is on the hand or the arm, Tobar-na-Lamh it is called. The woman at the mill went there one time with a bad finger, and when she went in she put her hand in the well, and a little fish came swimming over and touched the finger and went back again. Like a little trout it was. And the finger was cured. But no one that does not see the little fish gets a cure there." A herd who lives near tells me: "I went to Tobar-na-Lamh one time with my mother, and she saw the little fish in it, and my hand that had been hurted was cured. A very small fish it was, like a sprat. It is only those that see the fish that are cured."

A woman from beyond Kinvara, who came to ask my help about some little matter, told me: "The well of Saint Ciaran at Duras is the best. He was a great Saint, it was from Conne-mara he came. He does a great many cures at the well, sores he cures, and the lame. I saw a woman myself coming there with crutches, and the next day when she went away she was cured and left the sticks after her. And one time there was a high tide and the sea came up around the well and touched the

blessed stone of it, but not a tint of the sea water went into the well. I saw that myself; it was a good time ago.

“There is no fish in that well, but there was a fish in Saint Broccan’s Well, a nice well that is, and the bushes thick over it as if plaited, and the middle of them green in the summer time. And some men from Inishrea that is opposite, came one day and took out the fish out of the well, and it went badly with them after. They died, and they died badly, without the rites of the Church. The priest was coming in a boat from Ballindereen to give the rites to one of them, and he found him dead before him. What happened to the fish? They threw it away maybe, or maybe they didn’t see it all in the water when they took it out of the well.

“God bless you and all belonging to you, and I’ll make three rounds for you to-morrow on my bare knees at Saint Ciaran’s Well, and I’ll put something in the well for you, a halfpenny or a penny, or a pin will do as well. But it is more than a pin I will put in for you.”

A miller’s wife tells me: “There was an old woman used to be doing spinning here for me, and she told me she had a little son that was lame, and she brought him to the blessed well of Saint Ciaran. And when they looked in it they saw a little fish tossing and leaping, and the water bubbling up. And a woman that was there said, ‘It is many years I am coming here, and I never saw that before.’ And from that time the lameness went from the little lad.”

It is not always fish that is seen, for a Burren woman says: “I was up at Saint Patrick’s Well one time, and two little girls with me. One of them was sick and she came to perform, but the other was very small—not much stronger than that little one-eeen by the hearth, God bless her! And she was playing about, and she was leaning on the sort of a tower that is by the well, and there came out a queer sort of a thing—Some fish likely? Not at all. It was not a fish; it was red and it was the size of a cat, and it had eyes black like sloes. And it stood staring at her, and but that she was frightened

and ran away it would be staring at her yet. And I am certain that it was some saintly thing."

It is not only for healing that the fish appears, for a weaver's wife, in Connemara, told me: "There is a blessed well of Saint Ciaran there above, and if you are anxious about any friend you might have in America and might hear bad news of, you will know is he dead or living by going to that well and praying there. If he is living, a little fish will come up and look at you, but if he is dead it is a dead fish or worm will rise to the top, or any way you will get some sign.

"My brother went to America, and not long after he went there, a train took off his leg. And when my mother heard of it she fretted greatly, and she thought maybe she did not hear all the truth about it, and that they might be hiding from her that he was dead. So she went to Saint Ciaran's Well and she kneeled down on the stones and she prayed three times to God and Saint Ciaran to give her a sign, and the third time a little fish rose up and looked at her and stirred itself and went swimming on the top as if to show itself, and there had been a piece taken out of it. My mother often told me that."

But a smith's wife who lives near her says: "The best well I know is Saint Conall's, near Cashel. People go there to pray for the sick, and if the person they are praying for will get well, a little fish will rise up and stir itself and open its mouth. There was a blind man that had been blind for a long time used to come to our house, and my mother bade him to go to that well and pray there nine times, five Sundays and four Fridays; and he did that, and at the ninth time he was as well as ever before.

"The time I was going to America I was very lonesome, and I went every day for a fortnight praying at that well. And the last day I was there I asked for a sign, and after I had prayed I took three drinks of the water. And a little fish came up as if out of the ground and moved about and opened his mouth three times; and I knew then I would do well, and I went away with great courage in me, and sure enough all I

did in America turned to good, and I had a mistress that was very kind, near Brooklyn I was. I had a lovely time in America, and I would never have come back but my father and mother were always writing for me, for they had no son, and they always thought I would be the daughter that would stop with them, and all the others were going away one by one. So I came home, and it did them little good after, for that man's sister"—pointing to her husband, the smith—"was in the boat coming back with me, and we made friends, and she came on a visit to me and I went on a visit to her, and so I came to be his wife. I often laugh when I think I might as well have stopped in America, and all the troubles we have gone through since then, with our cattle dying. And if any of the people of Cashel hear of their friends being sick in America, they will go and pray at that well for their healing, and they will get it."

Sometimes the water has power for those who have not seen the fish: "There was Delane's son, in Gort, had sore eyes and no doctor could cure him. And one night his mother had a dream that she got up and took half a blanket with her and went away to a blessed well a little outside of Gort. And there she saw a woman dressed all in white that gave her some of the water, and when she brought it to her son he got well. So the next day she went there and got the water, and after putting it three times on his eyes he was as well as ever he was."

A foal was the sign accepted by another: "I slept one night in the tree at Saint Colman's Well, and in the morning a foaleen came and roused me, a foaleen with two eyes in it. I got my eyesight better from that time."

A Connemara weaver says of another well: "'There was a cousin of my own coming home one night from a visit, where they had music and dancing, but he was quite sober. And as he was going home, the sight left him, and he could see nothing either by day or night from that time to the end of two years. He came then to the blessed well near this that is called Tobar Muire, Our Lady's Well. And no sooner had he

come there than he got his sight again. He was led by some person by the hand to the well, but going away from it he was as well able to find his way as any other person. And I saw him after that able to thread a needle."

His wife, who was spinning, said: "There were some said that well was not blessed at all. So one time the stone that is on the top of it was taken and thrown out into the deep sea, and in the morning, the first person that came to the well found the stone there upon it the same as before."

An old man who sometimes comes looking for work told me of "a well of Saint Camen that does cures. I knew one Pat Gilligan was cured there. He had a pain in the eye and the sight failed him, and he had a leather guard over them. He went and slept in the bed of the Saint and a blanket over him, and went to the well, and it wasn't long till he died. That is the only one I know that was cured in it."

On the Connemara coast I heard: "There were two sailors going from here to Galway one time, and there is a blessed well of Saint Columcille at Carraruadh, on a point going out into the sea, and a grave above it; a very blessed place it is. And there was a great storm came on that day, and the boat the sailors were in was turned round to the strand, and they did all they could to turn it out again; and they were tacking against the wind, and it failed them to turn it, and it was driven on to the rock; and the man at the back of the boat called out to God and Columcille to help them, and he called out three times, and as he was saying it the third time, the man in the bow of the boat called out to him, 'Turn him you devil!' and between the two words the boat turned and they could manage her again. Then the man in the back said, 'God is good!' 'The devil himself isn't bad!' said the other. We often laughed to hear them telling that, for they never could be sure was it God and Columcille helped them, or was it the devil, but I think myself it was God. Oh yes, oh yes, that is a great story, and it will be told after the whole of us have left this earth."

While I was listening to some of these Connemara stories an old wandering man, who was sitting by the hearth to rest, and I thought was asleep, suddenly looked up and said: "Saint Donovan's Well in Wales is a great place; near Holyhead it is. You could not take away in a ship all the crutches that are left there. There was an Irishman going there one time to get his sight, and he met an Englishman that asked him what was he going for. 'To get my sight,' said he. 'Well,' said the Englishman, 'I promise you, if you get your sight I will bring my donkey there that is blind.' So he got his sight, and when the Englishman knew it, he brought his donkey to the well. And it was cured, but the Englishman himself was struck with blindness. It was a very wrong thing of him to say what he did to the Irishman."

Scholars say the Druids themselves, it is likely, found wells being worshipped in the Celtic countries they came to, and it is certain they themselves made use of the magical properties ascribed to them. During the great battle of Magh Tuireadh, Diancecht the physician and his son and daughter "used to be singing spells over the well of Slane, and to be putting herbs in it; and the men that were wounded to death in the battle would be brought to it and put into it as dead men, and they would come out of it whole and sound through the power of the spells. And not only were they healed, but there was such fire put into them that they would be hotter in the fight than ever before." And after the conversion of the Celtic countries to Christianity, the respect paid to the waters was continued, so that a decree was given out at the Council of Arles in 452: "If in the territory of a bishop, unbelievers light torches or show reverence to trees, springs or stones, and that he neglects to abolish these customs, he should know that he is guilty of sacrilege." Later Councils repeated these orders; but in the end many of the wells that had been held in honour from such ancient times were given the name of a Saint, and so sanctified by the Church.

The tradition of the people supports this, for I heard from

a policeman's wife : " At Saint Patrick's Well in Burren there used to be a great Pattern every year, but it was given up. And there was an old woman with me in the barracks at Burren, and she told me she remembered well when she was a young girl and the time came when the Pattern used to be, the first year it was stopped, her father put her up on the wall near the well, and bade her look down. And there she saw the whole place full of the *gentry*, and they playing and having their own games, they were in such joy to have done with the Pattern. I suppose the well belonged to them before it got the name of Saint Patrick."

One knows that not only were there wells of healing in the old days, but that in Ireland the sacred salmon was sometimes associated with them. The men of Dea had " a well below the sea, where the nine hazels of wisdom were growing ; that is, the hazels of inspiration and of the knowledge of poetry. And their leaves and their blossoms would break out in the same hour and would fall on the well in a shower that raised a purple wave. And then the five salmon that were waiting there would eat the nuts, and their colour would come out in the red spots of their skin ; and any person that would eat one of those salmon would know all wisdom and all poetry. And there were seven streams of wisdom that sprang from that well and turned back to it again ; and the people of many arts have all drank from that well." And one of the old men of the Fianna, Oisín or another, brought beautiful speckled salmon to Saint Patrick from the white-rimmed well of Usnach, that had been hidden from all eyes from the time of the sorrowful battle of Gabra. But whether there is any link between the red-spotted salmon of wisdom of the mythologies, and the little blessed fish that brought healing to my old friend, Saint Brigit's namesake, I cannot tell. I give these stories as they were told to me, and I have no theory about them, but I am sure that they are told in good faith.

The other day I asked a friend who had come in with a basket of perch from the lake, and who is learned in philo-

sophies, what he thought about these visions or appearances of sacred fishes. He said: "It is not very difficult for people who live a tranquil life in the fields to have visions, and above all it is easy for Irish people, who live in a damp country. Porphyry says that the generation of images in the mind is of water, and this has always been the idea of writers on this subject, right down to Nash the Elizabethan, who wrote a pamphlet on hobgoblins. Visible water cannot exist without the spiritual element being there also. However, the capacity for seeing visions exists everywhere except in towns and in country places dominated by town civilisation and by town-bred education, which is abstract education, a privation of the sensible image, and therefore of everything seen in the mind's eye, a substitution of logic for sensation. The imagination of the countryman is full of images; his speech is full of them, and he passes readily under their influence into a state where they so completely possess his attention that he is what we call tranced. He will not know this, he will think he is sitting in his ordinary mood by the wellside when he sees the holy fish, but in reality the mind's eye has substituted its more intense perception for that of the body's eye. I don't mean to say that it is all imagination; indeed, I would rather say it is the very reverse of imagination as that word is used in modern times. Imaginative men, Blake said, do not see ghosts, and that is true if one means by imagination, as one does mean, an activity of the individual mind. The countryman is far less individualised than the townsman, is far less given to the activities of the individual mind, and when he does see, it is almost always something that comes from outside himself. You have scores and scores of stories of apparitions, and you will find amongst them apparitions with Elizabethan ruffs, with feathered caps, with strange headdresses of some older time, sometimes with modern clothes; but you haven't one in which the clothes of different periods are mixed together as the country imagination would mix them; whereas in the stories of ordinary life that you have, one time is mixed with another, and the duellist will go out with a revolver looking for his

enemy. Practical things excite the imagination of the country people, but visionary things lift them out of themselves and above themselves, and so far from exciting them, hush all their activities into what we call trance."

"But are the cures worked by the vision or the imagination or by faith?"

"I think that they see the fish because the fish are in a sense really there, though not swimming in the natural water. They have been there since some old Pagan mythology sent them into the pools, and are a part of the great memory, the memory of the race itself, wherein the individual memory is swallowed up the moment the activities of the body are quieted by trance. They are more, however, than mere drifting images, being the signatures of states of the mind of the race, and these states are present when their signature is present. A man, for instance, who is blind, if the tissue of the eye is not too much destroyed, may recover his sight through becoming united for the time being with one of these portions of eternal energy, the original fountains of life. Just as a man's individual mind can, as we know from many laboratory experiments, affect the body very greatly, so can the great mind affect the body, but far more radically. Saints, fishes, hobgoblins, when not, as they may sometimes be, creatures like ourselves, are certainly signatures of the great minds which we call God and the devil. *Deus est Demon inversus.*"

I thanked my friend, and took his basket of perch, and did not ask him any more questions.

II

As to the Saints, I like to think that, as my neighbours tell me, they are in Ireland yet, and come sometimes to the help of those in danger or of the poor. Saint Colman is the chief Saint of our own district, and I am often told the story of his birth:

"The King of Connacht tried to make away with Saint

Colman's mother because of a prophecy. The prophecy said she would have a very clever son, and the king was afraid he would be a better man than his own son. So he threw her in the river in the big hole where it rises inside Coole demesne, and a very heavy stone around her neck. But the stone that was to drown her floated with her, and it is to be seen yet, and the mark of the rope in it, beside Kiltartan Church. And she went up the fields to Corker, and it is there in the field her baby was born.

“There was a blind man, now, had a dream in the North at that time about a well beside a certain tree, and that he would get his sight if he bathed in it. And a lame man had the same dream about his lameness. And they set out and went on travelling ever and always till they came to the tree they dreamed about, that was in Corker. And when they got there all was dry and no sign of water, and the lame man said, ‘Let us go down beyond to where the rushes are, it is more likely there will be water there.’ And then they heard the cry of a child in the tree, and they looked, and there was the little baby that was afterwards Saint Colman; and they took him up and they said, ‘If we had water we would baptize him.’ And the blind man pulled up a rush, and a well sprang up and the water splashed up in his eyes, and gave him back his sight; and they baptized the child. There was a light about that rush, and it in the middle of a field. That is where the well is now, and those that want their blindness cured have a right to go there.”

As to his after life, “he was living for seven years in a cleft in the mountains beyond, in Burren, no one in it but himself and a mouse. It was for company he kept the mouse, and it would awaken him when he went to sleep. I don't know in the world what did the dear man get for food through all that time.”

Four or five years ago Saint Colman's Day was kept with special honour, and I was told: “It was a great day we had for Saint Colman while you were away. The rosary was said in

Irish, and all the old people answering it, and there are a great many got their eyesight since then. His well that is beyond Ochtmana is the best. Many a one I saw go and sleep the night there, that had tender eyes, or even a scum on them, and they would get reprieve."

Saint Colman keeps watch over the district still. I am told: "There was a man at Kilmacduagh saw him a year ago, and he having a candle in his hand." And again: "There was a little lad one time that the farmer used to send out in the fields to keep the birds off the crops. And there came a day that was very hot, and he was tired, but he dared not go in or go asleep, for he was in dread of the farmer beating him. And he prayed to Saint Colman, and he came and called the birds into the barn, and they all stopped there through the heat of the day till the little lad got a rest, and never came near the grain at all." An old man coming from Kinvara with oysters says: "I know a man was going home one night, one Hall he was, and a big bag of wheat on the horse. And as he was passing near the well of Saint Colman that is between Kinvara and Ballindereen, the bag slipped from the horse. So he tried to lift it again, but he could not, for it was weighty; and he called to the Saint if he had any power or authority at all to come to his help. And the Saint himself, Saint Colman, came and helped him with it, and put it up for him again on the horse." A woman in Gort Workhouse says: "There was a little boy of the Linnanes, I knew him myself, fell into Saint Colman's Well that is on this side of Kilmacduagh—a little chap he was at that time, wearing a little red petticoat and a little white jacket. And when some of the people of the house went out to draw water they looked down in the well and they saw him standing up in the water, and they got him out and brought him home, and he was none the worse. And he said it was a little grey man that came to him in the well and put his hand under his chin and kept his head up from the water, and that was Saint Colman."

A farmer at Burren told me last year: "My own first

cousin saw him one time. He had a tent up there at the name-day, when people used to come and perform at the well. And in the evening when he was taking down the tent after all the people were gone, to bring it back to Curranroe, he saw the Saint, a grey old man, sitting beside the well.

“There was another man living in that big house beyond Corcomroe, and he never missed to go to the well on the name-day of the Saint. And at last it happened he was sick in his bed and he could not go. And the Saint came to him at the side of the bed, and he said, ‘It is often you came to me, and now it is I myself am come to you.’ It was about forty years ago that happened.”

As to Saint Patrick I am told: “There were many great Saints in Ireland, but Saint Patrick was the bush among them all.” “He used to be travelling and blessing all before him.” “Saint Patrick was about seventy years when God bade him come to Ireland, and he did not like to be put out of his way, being old, and he said he would not come. So then God said if he would not come he would give him a bad next door neighbour, that would be fighting and quarrelling and slandering him. So when he heard that he said it would be as good for him to go to Ireland.”

This story, told me by a miller, seems to have to do with the lighting of the Paschal fire at Tara in the place of the fires of Beltaine: “Saint Patrick came one night to a farmer’s house, and there was a great candle shining in some place near, and three or four of the farmer’s sons had got their death through it, for every one that saw it would get his death. It was some evil thing put it there, witchcraft that the Druids used to be doing at that time, the way the Freemasons do it in England to this day. They do that, and they have a way of knowing one another if they would meet in a crowd. But Saint Patrick went out to where the candle was, and it did him no harm, and he put it out, and it was never lighted again in Ireland.”

In Burren I have heard: “Saint Patrick rode his horse to a

smith's forge one day to get a shoe on it, and the smith put it on, but when Saint Patrick gave him money he would not take it. So then he put a blessing upon smiths and said they would never be without money in the house. And that is true, they are taking money every day, and are never without work; but the most of them spend it again upon drink, but not Mrs. Connor's brother. There was a priest and a smith in Kinvara had a quarrel, and the priest said he would pull the smith down, but the smith said, 'I will pull you down first.' The priest asked his pardon then; he was afraid that he might be turning the anvil against him."

On Slieve Echtge some "have seen the footsteps of Saint Patrick in a stone up near Derrybrien—the mark of a bare foot in the stone—for he walked all that part of Ireland." "He went one time into a house in the county Limerick, and the people in it were poor, and they had not a candle or a rushlight or turf or sticks for a fire, but when the daylight was done, what they had to do was to go to their bed. And Saint Patrick said, 'Are there no green rushes growing in the bog?' So they went out and brought him in a few green rushes, and he took them in his hand and blessed them, and they gave out light through the whole night."

If the Blessed Mother has given her own name to the greater number of girl-babies of Ireland, Saint Brigit's name is hardly less often to be found in the household. The old Pagan writings tell of the first Brigit, the Fiery Arrow, "that was a woman of poetry, and poets worshipped her, for her sway was very great and very noble. And she was a woman of healing, and a woman of smith's work, and it was she first made the whistle for calling through the night." The Christian writings give some of the same characteristics to Saint Brigit: she was ever giving, ever hospitable, she was held in esteem by the sons of learning in every place. The people say she was "very tall and very handsome. She was liberal, so that the housekeepers have a rhyme for her day, telling them to bring out a firkin of butter and to divide it among the working

boys." She was also practical, for a weaver in Connemara tells me: "It was she wove the first piece of frieze ever woven in Ireland: Brat Bridhe it was called, the cloak of Brigit. It was she put those white threads, the thrims, here in the loom. And any person that has a strained leg, not broken but strained, will be cured by a bit of that thread tied round it, or any beast. You would often see cattle brought here to the door, that had got a strain, to get a bit of it. She belonged to Kildare, and this is a legend still told of her: "She was a poor girl minding her cow at the Curragh, and she had no place to feed it but the side of the road. A tyrant that owned the land came by and he saw her, and she asked enough land of him to graze her cow. 'How much would it take to do that?' said he. 'As much as my cloak will cover,' said Brigit. 'I will give you that much,' said he. So she put down the cloak and it went spreading out on every side for miles and miles. But there was a silly old woman came by and she said, 'If that cloak goes on spreading, the whole of Ireland will be free.' It is a pity the old woman said that; she didn't know at the time Brigit to be better than any other one. But she held all that land through her lifetime, and it never had rent on it since; but the English Government has taken it now and has put barracks upon it. She doesn't mind that, now that she herself is dead."

"She used to be going through Ireland with the Mother of our Lord," and a farmer's wife from Slieve Echtge tells this story: "There was a poor man and a poor woman living in an old ancient place in Ireland—a sort of wilderness. The man used to be wishing for a son that would be a help to him with the work, but the woman used to say nothing because she was good. They had a baby at last, but it was a girl, and the man was sorry and he said, 'We will always be poor now.' But the woman said, for it was showed to her at that time, 'This child will be the Mother of God.'

"The girl grew up in that ancient place, and one day when she was sitting at the door, our Saviour sent a messenger to

her, and he said, 'Would you like to be the Mother of God?' 'I would like it,' she said. And on the minute as she said that, our Saviour went into her as a child. The messenger took her with him then, and he put beautiful clothing on her, and she turned to be so beautiful that all the people followed them, crowding to see the two beautiful people that were passing by. They met them with Saint Brigit, and the Mother of God said to her, 'What can I do to get these crowds to leave following us?' 'I will do that for you,' said Brigit, 'for I will show them a greater wonder.' She went into a house then and brought out a harrow and put it up over her head, and every one of the pins gave out a flame like a candle, and all the people turned back to see the shining harrow that was such a great wonder. And it is because of that the harrow is blessed. The Mother of God asked her then what she would do as a reward for that. 'Put my day before your own day,' said Saint Brigit. So she did that, and Saint Brigit's day is kept before her own day.

"Then the Mother of God and the man that was with her travelled the whole world till they came to a place where they were put in a stable because there was no room in the house; and there was a bullock in it and a donkey, and it is there our Saviour was born. They left that place after awhile, and crowds followed them again. And the man put the Mother of God upon the donkey and they went to the sea, and there he made a road they could pass over, and he shut it again after them, the way the people could not follow; and it is by that road he went to heaven."

Saint Martin the Miller is sometimes allowed to have belonged to France, but is oftener claimed for Ireland, and is much honoured there. An old man of over a hundred years said to me: "Did you hear how it was with Saint Martin? The Blessed Mother and the Child came to him one time at his mill, and the Mother held up a few grains of wheat in her hand and she said, 'Put these in the quern and turn the wheel for me.' 'It is no use,' said he, 'to put in a little

handful of grain like that.' 'It is use,' said the Blessed Mother. So he put them in the quern then, and turned the wheel, and there were ten sacks in the place and they were all filled with the flour that came from those few grains. And when Saint Martin saw that, he sold the mill and all that he had, and went following the Blessed Mother and the Child."

A Burren farmer gives another story: "Did you hear what Saint Martin did one time? He went to a house, and the farmer that owned the house was out scattering water on the field, for he had the seed sown, and there was red heat that year and no rain, and every man scattering water on his crops, and he did not think the corn would grow without him scattering water on it.

"The woman of the house told that to Saint Martin, and she was making dough, and he asked a bit of it and she gave it, for he had the appearance of a poor man. And he put the bit of dough she gave him in the oven and went away leaving it there. And when the woman of the house opened the oven after a while, there was grass-corn growing up through the dough and a drop of dew on the top of every blade. It was for an example Saint Martin did that, to show the man of the house that God could make grass-corn grow even in the heat of the oven. If he had believed in that, he would not have gone scattering water on the fields. And when the man of the house came in from the field and saw the dough and knew what happened, he set out running after Saint Martin, but he could not come up with him, but he fell and broke his thigh, because he was a very fat man."

His day is marked by certain observances: "Saint Martin was to be beheaded one time, and he went down hiding under the millwheel. And for twenty-four hours the wheel stopped and made no turns, and all the force of the water against it. It is in memory of that, that every wheel is stopped from twelve o'clock on Saint Martin's Day to twelve o'clock on the next day."

"There was a miller in Gort would not stop his wheel one

Saint Martin's Day, but set it going in spite of all his wife could say. But soon he was glad enough to stop it, for you would think the roof of the whole place would be took off with the thunder it made." And I was told at Kinvara: "I ever and always heard there was a miller down at the sea that would not stop his quern on Saint Martin's Day like every other one is stopped, but went on querning through the day. And didn't the sea come up over the mill and quern and all and drowned them, because he was so headstrong?"

He is honoured also by the shedding of blood. "It is the custom through the whole nation to shed the blood of a cock or a sheep, or some other thing on Saint Martin's Day, that is the eleventh of November. And it must be shed before twelve o'clock in the day or he will not take the present, but any other Saint does not mind what time the present is given. And if there is a sick pig or a sick cow it is a good thing to let blood from it, and to say, 'In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost and of Saint Martin.' And if the pig or the cow gets well after that, it is forbidden to sell it, but you may kill it and use it for your own house."

"A great Saint he is; we should always kill something on his day. There was a farmer had nothing to kill on Saint Martin's Day, for he had lost his stock, and he looked around and all he could see was his own son, and he said he would shed his blood when he had nothing else. And the mother hid him in every place and in the glass case, the way the father wouldn't find him. And when he was looking for him he turned around, and there was a fat sheep behind him that was put there for him to kill instead of his son. A great Saint he is."

And "There was a man at Ballylee one time that shed no blood for Saint Martin's Day, for he wouldn't give in to it. And the next morning one of his best bullocks was dead. He believed after that."

An old woman complained to me: "One time I asked them for a cock to kill for Saint Martin, and she," pointing to

her daughter, "said she wanted to keep them to sell for boots. So I took a hen and I cut the head off it, and not one drop of blood came from it, but it was dry the same as your stick, and I threw it out into the road, and I don't know was it dead then, and the head of it. I took a cock then and killed it, and the blood came from it. If I had no cock, blood would have come from the hen, and Saint Martin would have taken it. But he wouldn't take it when there was a cock in the place."

In Connemara "There was a man brought in a sheep to kill for Saint Martin, and he and his wife had words together about it, and the sheep went out from them in the argument. And the next day if it wasn't found lying beside the wall, and blood coming from the four legs of it."

A woman who had come back from America to Connemara told me: "There is blood shed in every house for Saint Martin's Day—over the whole world that is done; I saw them killing cocks for it in Boston; oh yes, oh yes.

"When that little cow of our own was first with us, and no more than a calf, for it was no more than that we were able to buy, it took sick. It was lying out in the shed, and it had a hole worked down through the bed with the pain that was in its head, and we were sure it would die. And on a Saturday Martin said: 'I am going to promise the calf to Saint Martin on the Sunday, and to cut its ear and let the blood.' And I said; 'Do as you like, for we have no chance of saving it.' So he waited for Sunday, and he rose up as soon as he knew the day to be in it, and to be Sunday, and he went out and cut the ear and let the blood, and promised her to Saint Martin, as soon as we would get a little *breabach* (profit) out of her. And would you believe, within two hours he gave her oaten meal he had been steeping for her in warm water and she took it. He came in and told me that, and I thought it was to comfort me he was saying it, and that it was the neighbour's cow that was with us that had eaten the meal. But when he was out again and I was up, I saw there wasn't a bowl or a vessel within the house but had oaten meal soaking in it, to be ready

for him again. So I went out and a bowl of it with me, and offered it to her, and didn't she eat the whole of it and lick the bowl? And so sure as I'm talking to you, and that's sure enough, I believe she would never have risen up if we had not promised her to Saint Martin.

"We will keep her for a while yet till we get a little *breabach*. She gave us a strong bull calf last year, and this year she gave us a fine heifer calf, but it died within a month. We will never sell her, but some time we will kill her and eat the meat."

III

As to Our Lord, He is no stranger, but He "walked the whole of Ireland without shoes and barefoot." Whatever evil spirits may enter into other beasts, "the lamb is always innocent because of Our Lord." The robin also keeps us in memory of Him. "That little birdeen that has red under its throat, it is the blood from the Cross that is on him. He is very friendly besides the other birds; if you are working in the garden he will come and sit on the handle of the spade if you are a little while from it. No one would hurt him, and he will come into the kitchen too, unless the cat might tempt him away."

An old workhouse man says: "The time the Jews had Our Lord bound with a chain in a big hall they were all striking at Him. And there was a servant girl passing through the hall back and forward, and one of them bade her to strike Our Lord across the face. She lifted her hand to do it, and a second time she lifted her hand and it fell again, and she said she could not strike such a fine man. When Our Lord heard that, He looked over His shoulder and said that servant girl, because she would not strike Him, would get Paradise."

I was sitting one evening in a labourer's house, and he said: "Our Lord is seen on the earth sometimes, not often, He just comes to put some poor person back in the way. But sure He is in every place. He is here now, sitting in a chair, and His hand like that, holding His knee, listening to everything and

watching everything. He never went to bed—didn't you know that?—but sitting in a chair as I told you through the night, keeping a watch on the people."

IV

The help of the Saints does not cease when mortality is put off for immortality. "It is Saint Michael weighs the souls of the dead," a wandering theologian tells me; "for Almighty God puts in the scale all they did of good or harm; and he knows all the complaints that were made against every person; but I hope he won't be too hard on those that are trying to knock out a living for themselves." An oyster-seller from the coast says: "Every Saturday through the year the Blessed Mother appears to the Pope of Rome, and she is the best attorney for lost souls that ever was, and anything she will ask, she will get it."

At the time of death when "the shadow goes wandering and the soul is tired and the body is taking a rest," it is in no strange purgatory the shadow wanders, for "every one is sent back to the place he was reared in and that he lived in, to do his penance." And as to the state of the dead after that, "All we know is that when they come back they will be thirty-three years of age, both men and women, just in their bloom they will be."

There are some who think it well to be brought to that unseen world and that lasting bloom, for a woman from another county has told me: "There was a girl I knew went to the hospital for an operation. And when she was going, she cried when she was saying good-bye to her cousin that was a friend of mine, for she felt sure she would never come back out of the hospital alive. And she put her arms about her going away and said, 'If the dead can do any good thing for the living, I will do it for you.' And she never recovered, but died in the hospital. And within a week something came on her cousin, my friend, and they said it was her side that was paralysed,

and she died. But many said it was no common illness, but that the dead woman had kept to her word."

It has always been a habit of the people of Ireland to look beyond things visible to things invisible. In the old legends they give help to or get it from the hidden houses of the Sidhe. "Angels used to come and to be talking with the big men of the Fianna," the people say; and angels had commerce later with the Saints, protecting them through their lifetime and waking them after death. Many of our people tell how they have seen and even spoken with their dead; and shining messengers have been known to come to a dim thatched house at the hour of death. A woman from Slieve Echtge who had told me of "great wonders done in the olden times," told me also that when her father, an old labouring man, lay dying, "there came of a sudden three flashes of light into the room, the brightest light that ever was seen in the world. There was an old man in the room, one Ruane, and I leaned back on him, for I had like to faint. And people coming the road saw the light, and up at Mick Inerney's house they all called out that our house was in flames. And when they came and heard of the three flashes of light coming into the room and about the bed, they all said it was the angels that were his friends that had come to meet him. I was about sixteen years of age at the time."

AUGUSTA GREGORY.

PUNIC SCULPTURE IN THE LAVIGERIE MUSEUM OF S. LOUIS AT CARTHAGE

UNTIL recently, the excavations undertaken at Carthage had revealed no traces of Anthropoid Sarcophagi, but in 1898 two small stone coffins were unearthed containing bones, and upon the covers were incised figures. One of these bore the name, Baâlsillek-le-Rab,* the other was evidently the representation of a priest of one of the Carthaginian divinities.

The necropolis where they were discovered is situated upon the hill opposite Saint Monique, upon the sides of which are hundreds of vertical pits resembling chimney-stacks, giving access to numerous chambers at a depth of several *mètres*, in some cases as deep as twenty-seven *mètres*. The chambers were at the end of narrow passages in the heart of the rock, and bore evidence of having been investigated over and over again. There was no indication upon the surface or the hidden treasures, so that the earth had to be turned over many times before the shafts were discovered. Some of the chambers were still lower, as deep as forty *mètres*, but they had been used by the Romans as wells of pure water.

It was during the construction of the fort of Bord-Djedid

¹ *Rab*, a prince, the title given to members of the Carthaginian Senate. In one of the longest inscriptions in the museum, the *Rabs* are placed after the *Suffetes* and before the High Priests.

that some Punic tombs were discovered, which led Père Delattre to surmise that the neighbourhood of the battery would be worth exploring, and in 1892 as many as 11,000 tombs were unearthed upon a *hectare* of surface ground. These he attributed to the third or second century B.C., upon the evidence of the manner of burial. The most ancient tombs are simply constructed with large stones, having contents of a certain kind, but no coins nor any evidence of cremation. The necropolis at Douïmes is of this character.

The less ancient Carthaginian tombs are cut out of the rock, and contain evidences of burial and cremation, as well as numerous coins and fragments of pottery.

The first class furnished a quantity of hieroglyphics; the latter, although containing Egyptian amulets and scarabs, had but one hieroglyphic sign. The terra-cotta statuettes from the Douïmes tombs were in the Egyptian style; the later ones are proto-Corinthian, while those of Bord-Djedid show the influence of Greco-Italian or Etruscan art.

The inscriptions upon vases are excessively rare in the earlier period; but fairly numerous in the later one, the earliest Etruscan inscription found in North Africa having been discovered in a tomb of this period at Carthage. Thus, there are indications enough in the various tombs for the *savants* to determine the dates, in spite of the fact that the necropolis of S. Louis, for example, had not been abandoned from the time of the foundation of the city until its destruction by the Romans in 146 A.D., and contained examples of the various modes of burial of each period.

The aspect of an Arab cemetery gives a very good idea of the burial-places of the Carthaginians. The chambers are about three or four *mètres* apart; and if in imagination one places the "chimneys" under each visible mound, one can realise the ancient Punic necropolis.

For the following description of the four beautiful slabs found in the latest excavation—two priests, a priestess, and a woman—I am indebted to the kindness and courtesy of Père

Delattre of the White Fathers, who superintends all the work of excavation as well as the arrangement of the Musée Lavigerie, and has given me permission to use his books and pamphlets, and to reproduce any of the illustrations therein.

The Congregation of the Pères Blancs is a missionary order, founded by that much-loved friend of the Arabs, Cardinal Lavigerie, for work exclusively in Africa. The great house of the fathers is upon the Byrsa adjoining the Cathedral, built by the Cardinal in token of the restoration of the See of Carthage after the slumber of centuries. Young men are trained as missionaries in the seminary, but not the least of the works undertaken by the Fathers is the excavation of ancient Carthage.

The finding of the sarcophagi is told in graphic language by Père Delattre :

Le 4 Novembre 1902, fête de Saint Charles Borromée, je venais de célébrer la messe à l'autel de ce saint dans la Primatiale de Carthage, en souvenir du Cardinal Charles Lavigerie, et je priaï sur la tombe de l'illustre fondateur de notre société, quand je fus averti qu'on me demandait immédiatement à la nécropole.

Je m'y rendis aussitôt, et arrivé au chantier, je me laissai descendre à l'aide d'une corde passée sur une poulie et manœuvrée par nos ouvriers arabes au fond d'un puits de 13 mètres de profondeur. Je me trouvai en un instant à l'entrée d'une belle chambre. Chambre et puits étaient creusés dans le rocher.¹ Je pénétrai de suite dans l'hypogée. On avait d'abord constaté la présence de plusieurs morts déposés dans des cercueils de bois. Ceux-ci se reconnaissaient au nombre de cinq, par leur empreinte demeurée sur le sable et surtout aussi par la couleur rouge dont ils étaient recouverts. . . . Deux des cercueils avaient été placés à gauche de la chambre, et c'est sous les débris de ces deux cercueils que fut trouvé un magnifique sarcophage anthropoïde.

The sarcophagus is two *mètres* long, 0 m. 69 wide, and 0 m. 53 high. Upon the cover is the figure of a Carthaginian priest in high relief lying on his back, vested in a long tunic, with his right hand raised, and a cup in his left. The figure is 1 m. 80 in length. The feet are shod in sandals, which retain

¹ Le puits mesure 2 m. 29 sur 0 m. 85. La chambre n'a pas d'auges ; elle mesure 2 m. 95 de hauteur, 1 m. 90 de largeur, et 2 m. 23 de longueur.

some of the red with which they were painted. The soles and straps are black. The head, beard, hands and feet are beautifully modelled. When the cover was raised, an entire skeleton was visible, with the remains of a resinous emulsion, and a little box with a flat cover, apparently of iron, attached to the neck. Père Delattre handled it carefully, nevertheless it fell into pieces, leaving its contents, twenty-four pieces of bronze Carthaginian coins, in his hands. The interior of the box was probably of ivory or wood, and the whole had become soldered to part of the sternum of the skeleton, which came away with the box.

It is well known that the ancients carried their purses round their necks under their clothes; indeed, the modern Arab does also, with his handkerchief and tobacco-pouch; therefore, there seems little doubt as to the use of the box.

Three gold rings were found at the right-hand side of the skull, and another upon the third finger of the left hand. Père Delattre assumes one of the former to have been a *nezem* or nose-ring, as the discovery of a terra-cotta mask ten years ago proves that men as well as women adorned themselves by wearing these ornaments.

The engraving upon the collet of the ring is evidently a portrait of the person sculptured upon the sarcophagus, but neither representation gives either nose- or ear-rings, and the absence of coins in the tomb suggests that the rings may have been placed there instead of money.

Several urns, lamps, cups, amphoræ, a bronze razor, scissors, a strigil, discs in bone and ivory, and other objects were found in the chamber, together with fragments of human bones and wooden coffins; and in a neighbouring tomb a number of stone slabs bearing inscriptions, proving that the necropolis had been the burial-place, during the third and fourth centuries B.C., of Carthaginian Rabs, Priests, and Priestesses. The epitaphs are as follow: "Tomb of Hatalit, the Priestess, daughter of Magon, son of Bodmelqart, wife of Asmalek, son of Bodmelqart." "Tomb of Arisatbaâl, the Priestess, wife of Mel-

qarthilles." With this slab an incense spoon with the handle terminating in a swan's head was found. Other slabs give the epitaphs of Hamilcat, Priest of Baâl-Samaïn, and of Geratmelqart, Priestess of the great goddess Tanit, whose symbol was engraved upon some of the rings found at the same time.

Seven days after this discovery, Père Delattre received a message that the workmen had unearthed another sarcophagus, and his comment is characteristic: "L'octave de la fête de Saint Charles allait donc être aussi signalée par une découverte"—a large sarcophagus in white marble. Among various other things in the cave, upon the shelf dividing two tombs, was a little wooden coffin formed of thick planks, polished, with its edges as sharp as if it had just left the carpenter's hands. It contained cremated and broken bones, and is an example of the deftness of the Carthaginian workmen, whose ancestors, the Sidonians, were praised as hewers of timber by King Solomon in his letter to the King of Tyre (Kings, iii. 6). In the sepulchral chamber the sarcophagi of the priest and the priestess lay side by side. The former resembles the figure on the first discovered slab, but the face is that of a younger man. It has a gilt ring in the left ear. The priestess is an exquisite work of art. Père Delattre suggests that she may represent the goddess of Carthage.

Serait-ce Tanit ou mieux encore Didon, qui, d'après auteurs anciens, fut honorée comme déesse tant que dura Carthage. On reconnaîtra peut-être un jour que la déesse Tanit n'est autre que Didon déifiée par les Carthaginois. Cela explique comment à Carthage des milliers de stèles votives nomment Tanit dont les textes classiques ne parlent pas, tandis que de nombreux auteurs anciens parlent de Didon. Il faut cependant trouver un moyen de faire concorder les textes épigraphiques avec les textes classiques.

At the Musée Lavigerie the beautiful priestess is standing erect against the wall. She is dressed in a long tunic reaching to her feet, but from the hips downwards the body is veiled by two enormous vulture's wings crossing one another, in the manner of Orcagna's angels in the Campo Santo at Pisa. Her right arm, wearing a bracelet, is hanging down; the hand

holds a dove. The left hand supports a cup for offerings, resembling in form the modern *terrines* of *pâté de foie gras*.

On the head, which is modelled with the greatest refinement, is an Egyptian *coiffure*, but surmounted after the Greek manner by a *klast*, on the front of which is a hawk's head, gilt, with painted eyes. The eyes of the priestess are also painted. The hair, held in place by the hood, is dressed in fourteen little corkscrew curls upon the forehead, while at each side five long tresses enclose the face. The ears are small, and bear rings with gilt pendants in the form of a cone terminating in little balls attached to a disc. Upon the neck is a gilt band imitating a pearl necklace, to which a disc is suspended. The face is beautiful and dignified, and in profile especially the exquisite regularity and refinement of the features are bewitching.

Round the neck are three bands, the central one of a dark reddish purple, the other two dark blue, and all bordered with gold. These bands pass under the long tresses of hair and reappear upon the shoulders. The upper part of the tunic has a gilt band; the folds are arranged in formal plaits on each side, but only the upper and lower part are seen, as the crossed wings envelop the rest of the body. These are painted and gilt. The smaller feathers are reddish, the large ones are gilt upon a peacock-blue ground. The feet are as deftly and beautifully modelled as the hands and face. The back of the slab, that in its original position forms the cushion upon which the priestess lay, has the representation of a small palm in low relief. Nothing but a coloured drawing could give an adequate idea of the beauty of the figure. She is as fascinating, this Carthaginian priestess, as the most beautiful Greek statues, and more so than many of the celebrated marbles of the great museums. She haunts us, and again and again we return to gaze upon her exquisite features and the refined beauty of her expression. Possibly the fascination arises from the intense realism of the face. Unlike so much antique sculpture, this figure is absolutely living. And the harmony of the colouring



The Beautiful Princess

(This photograph is the copyright of the Author)

is 1
the
the
gic
opl
she
Eg
ser
ma
Ka
em
tin
tha
far
bui
ov
Inc
the
bet

is no less fascinating. There is no crudeness, no garishness; the blues, the greens, the reds are all brought into harmony by the gilding, a harmony which is only surpassed by the golden glow of sunset upon the rose and blue mountains of the opposite coast, on which the priestess gazed in her life-time as she stood by the Byrsa of beautiful Carthage.

The costume of the priestess is the same as that of the great Egyptian goddesses, Isis and Nephtis, who were also represented with vulture wings crossing their bodies. An example may be seen in the Louvre of a gilt bronze statuette of Queen Karomama posing as a goddess clad in this fashion.

The skeleton of the priest is still lying in his sarcophagus embedded in a preparation called *térébenthine de chio*, a turpentine produced from the *Pistacia terebenthus*.

The latest excavations at Carthage leave very little doubt that the Punic cemeteries were within the city walls, or not far beyond them; and that as the population increased so the burial-places were extended, these in their turn being built over by the Romans for their own sepulchral resting-places. Indeed, it seems as if the lower the excavations are pushed the more primitive, and consequently the more interesting, become the monuments of the dead.

SOPHIA BEALE.

THE DECAY OF SELF-CONTROL

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is reported to have remarked recently that "the nation that loses self-control is lost." Whether he did actually make a statement that, if history is to be believed, almost every great leader of men has uttered at one or other period of his career, I am not in a position to say; but if he did we have no reason to suppose that he had any nation of to-day in particular in his mind. Yet the report is said to have set in motion in Germany and in France, and therefore probably also in England and other European countries, a train of thought that becomes interesting when we bear in mind that all historical records which treat of the decline and fall of realms at one time all-powerful go far to prove that the decadence upon which actual disaster followed was first heralded in almost every instance by signs of lack of self-restraint among the classes as well as among the masses. Indeed, in the records of the decline and fall of ancient Rome we are told that "loss of self-control . . . first by slow degrees, and soon afterwards very rapidly, led on to weakening of mental stamina, thence to luxury and self-indulgence without the exercise of any restraint whatever . . . and this in turn bred in many instances vice of various kinds that brought in their train lunacy, crime, and ultimately chaos."

The question that at once suggests itself to the Englishman, therefore, and more especially to the Englishman living within the British Empire, is one that he hopes will draw forth a

reply—the absolute accuracy of which he would like to be able to depend upon implicitly—as to whether his own countrymen are, as a race, showing signs of letting what can best be described as “impulse” take the place of forethought. In order to be able to answer this question with an open mind the first step to take is to observe and study carefully the circumstances or conditions that to-day most directly influence the majority of men and women in the different ranks of life, and then to some extent contrast such circumstances or conditions with those that were wont to influence those same men and women, or their predecessors, fifteen or twenty years ago. This we can all do for ourselves. The second step to take is to ascertain the views that are held upon the subject by persons of observation, discrimination, and undoubted intellect, whose opinions are likely to be wholly unbiased and whose avocations bring them frequently into more or less close contact with people of every class.

There can be no doubt, I think—and this opinion is shared by the majority of our leading judges, scholars, statesmen and divines—that at the present time not only in England, but also in certain other European countries, the ambition of a very big section of the community is to gratify its every appetite, satisfy its every whim, and obtain pleasure, and as much of it as possible, at any price and irrespective of all else. In order to do this, restraint of every sort must of course be set aside. The warnings of philosophers, of the press, of religion, of physicians, must be disregarded. The whole system of Christianity in particular must be forced into the background, and in its place an image must be set up that already is being worshipped by very many thousands of our countrymen and by a proportion of other civilised races—the idol, Pleasure. Indeed, the determination to indulge self-gratification of every kind so far as ever it can be indulged, our leading thinkers are agreed in pronouncing to be now little short of a vice that threatens to take England by storm. Who among us to-day (that is, among the great crowd that goes to make up the bulk

of the community we allude to when we speak of the English Nation or the English Race) stops to think before setting to work to gratify an inclination, be it bad, good, or otherwise? One consideration there is that in some instances acts still as a deterrent, namely, the consideration of what others, or the few whose good opinion we value, may think or say of us; and even that unstable influence is weakening. It is not my intention here to go into statistics that are accessible to all, but it is perhaps worthy of note that some little sensation was caused quite recently when the fifty-ninth annual report of the Commissioners in Lunacy made known the fact that at the present time the number of certified lunatics in London alone is 26,739, and that the growth of lunacy during the past fourteen years has been over 70 per cent.; which means that if the general population goes on growing until, let us say, 1914, at the rate it is growing now, and the ratio of insanity continues at its present rate of increase, the estimated insane population in 1914 will have reached the astounding total of 146,768.

Within the last few months I have conversed with or received letters from a number of men of considerable eminence to whom I had applied for the expression of their views upon this subject, and the unanimity that exists in their views is remarkable. With only two exceptions they maintain that the Nation, considered as a whole, no longer has the backbone that for so many centuries has been its pride and boast. And this statement, they say emphatically, they make in no pessimistic mood. On the contrary, the majority express regret at their inability to speak optimistically. The opinions they have formed they base, they say, solely upon the conclusions they have arrived at after mature deliberation following upon careful observation. For the power of self-restraint, they declare, is slowly ebbing throughout the country and among men in almost every walk in life, and, as it ebbs, so in more or less equal ratio does the tide of insanity and criminality steadily rise. Exactly where the direct connection lies

between weakening will-power and insanity and criminality they do not attempt to explain. They merely set down as facts what they have ascertained to be the truth.

Of the correspondents who have favoured me with their views, perhaps Dr. William Barry, the distinguished philosopher, goes most deeply into the subject :

You want to know [he asks] "Do I consider that the power of self-restraint is on the decline among our countrymen, considered collectively, and if so to what do I directly attribute such decline, and what effect do I consider that such decline is likely to have upon the Nation?" That is an involved question which opens up a very long train of thought and brings into operation many different lines of argument. I shall therefore not attempt to give reasons at large for the decline of the power of self control, beyond saying that I personally am of opinion that the tacit abandonment of the old Christian view is very greatly responsible, seeing that nothing is taking its place except a mixture of Epicurean sensism, so that impulse has free play. That impulse is displacing forethought is an opinion I have held for some years, and I see no reason to change that opinion now. It is my belief that the increase in crime, not only in this country, but in almost all other civilised countries of Europe, is due in a very great measure to the tendency of the age to set aside the exercise of self-control. We cannot deny that in all civilised countries the two forms of degeneracy, crime and madness, are growing every year, not in direct, but in multiple ratio, of the population. Italy, for instance, shows an increase five times that of her people, while France showed in the half-century that ended in 1889 a development of 133 per cent. in her convicts. I pass over statistics of other lands which confirm these discouraging statements. All are agreed, however—physicians, police, and courts of justice—on the steady and even disproportionate advance of crime and insanity, *pari passu* with a more individual, or less home-staying, manner of existence. Family ties have grown weaker; custom is yielding before caprice; and the young are emancipated at an earlier age. These things, combined with the exigencies of modern life—the strain, the movement, the multiplication of pleasures and intoxicants, the concentration in busy centres—have resulted in a huge development of crimes against property and of crimes against morality. The all-encompassing system of commerce tempts to fraud. The passion for excitement inflames lubricity. Born delinquents throng the capitals of civilisation. They become engulfed in the movement which sets evermore toward these ganglia and brain-centres of the modern world. They are gregarious, and gradually corrupt their neighbourhood. Not only so. Physiology teaches—and it is a truth too constantly neglected—that all accumulations of whatever sort, when confined within narrow limits, tend by a law which is as certain as inevitable, to putrefy.

These accumulations call forth abnormal cravings ; they heighten but oppress the imagination ; they establish a lower standard than many individuals possess in their own conscience ; they create opportunities or solicitations which it requires a strong habit of discipline to withstand ; they take from self-control.

It is Lombroso, if I remember aright, who declares that "the primal instincts, such as theft, homicide and brutal appetite, which exist hardly in embryo when the individual is alone, grow all at once to giant proportions so soon as he is brought into contact with others." This would seem to be borne out by the facts—indisputable, seeing that statistical records render void all arguments to the contrary—that assaults upon the young have of late years grown beyond precedent ; that the number of female criminals have increased enormously ; and let it be added, by way of illustrating the temper which all such phenomena denote, that the cases of suicide among juveniles and mere children is also greater than at any previous period in the history of the world—all of which point directly to a steadily growing want of self-restraint among individuals.

Again, several of the leaders of modern thought with whom I have conversed upon this subject are of opinion that the old noble thoughts, the ideals and aims, that during more religious periods made up public opinion, even where they did not altogether shape the private conduct, have decayed lamentably, and in some instances altogether collapsed ; and that whereas the rude and uneducated represent in our modern system the juvenile who is violent because of his new strength, the rich upper classes are senile and going off the stage, worn out by self-indulgence, immorality and an overwrought physique. Another convincing speaker is a well-known Christian Scientist. In his opinion we have ourselves alone to blame for the gradual "rotting out," as he expresses it, "of the Nation's spinal cord." He is a man who has travelled largely and is very widely read, a man of broad views, and in keen sympathy with the human race. He traces the source of all crime back to what he describes as "the cancerous growth called lack of self-control," an assertion that seems rather

too sweeping. But he maintains that the will can be brought back into subjection no matter how far it may have strayed, in other words, no matter how weak and vacillating the individual may have grown. He cites instances of women as well as men who after being for years confirmed victims to the drug habit eventually succeeded in completely mastering their wills again; and the theory he holds—a rational theory enough, one would think—is that every time a vacillating mind successfully resists a powerful impulse to perform some act that would gratify it, that mind stores up what he calls “vitality of will-power.”

According to the head-master of one of the most important of our public schools, and his views are shared by the head-master of one of London's biggest Board schools, the spread of education does not *necessarily* tend to increase either strength of mind or power to control the will. In many instances, they maintain, education, especially in certain districts, tends in the opposite direction. Such statements, uttered by men themselves highly educated and who hold positions of great responsibility, may be deemed ill-advised by some; yet it is notable that many of our most advanced thinkers are of precisely the same opinion, and that Herbert Spencer himself spoke more or less to the same effect when he declared that “belief in the moralising effects of intellectual culture, flatly contradicted by facts,” was absurd *a priori*; for, as he pointed out, such belief presupposes a direct connection where none is to be found. This, indeed, we can see for ourselves almost any day in the streets. To take a case somewhat to the point, and that is probably typical of many such cases, not very long ago half a dozen quite well-educated lads well in their teens were convicted of assaulting an old man and doing him serious bodily injury. Asked what had tempted or instigated them to behave so brutally, seeing that the old man had not annoyed them in any way, that they bore him no ill-will, and that he had nothing about him worth robbing, one of them replied at once that he and his companions had read a short time previously a report

of a case of hooliganism, and that something had impelled them to "go for" their victim in the same way. "But didn't you stop to consider the old man's feelings?" asked the magistrate. "Did it never occur to you to restrain your brutal impulse?" "No, sir," was the reply. "We just went for him without thinking. We are sorry now we did."

And here it should be remembered that even an indifferent education stimulates idealism, and that a lad with a naturally vivid imagination will often, when educated up to what may be called for want of a better term the "flash-point" of his imagination, begin to desire to emulate the actions of the persons he has heard about or read of, and sometimes even of the creatures his imagination has conjured up. Weak imaginations are apt to reel under the stroke of horrors vividly presented, and mimicry being among the deepest instincts of mankind, there is always danger that one outrageous incident will make many. Indeed, as Dr. Barry himself wrote several years ago, and before uneasiness at the increasing decay of self-control had begun to manifest itself in any country,

none can question that, as civilisation advances, the pressure which its complex activities cannot but exert is telling on weak and fevered brains. The azote, or nitrogen, which tempers while it dulls uncivilised natures, is being rapidly withdrawn from our modern air; and we behold as in a flaming sky the oxygen kindle, burning up the life it should nourish. While the objects of dread and of desire have multiplied a thousand-fold, the brain lags behind; it is more slowly developed, though solicited more than ever; and it seems capable only of acting along lines which experience has furrowed in it. The pulse of humanity [he adds] beats dangerously quick in our day.

Thus it comes about that on all sides manifestations of the truth of these assertions may be observed. The wants of the population, most of them unnecessary wants, are multiplying annually. What do the majority of these wants, when gratified, tend to stimulate? In most cases excitement of the imagination, and nothing else. In the few really rural districts left to us, in neighbourhoods where education is at a lower ebb, where the pulse of humanity beats slower, and where the imagination

of the bulk of the inhabitants is probably duller, the power of self-control to a great extent remains as of yore. Statistics alone prove that this is so. And yet, oddly enough, statistics have proved quite recently that there is no apparent relationship between the density of population and the ratio of insane, at any rate in the United Kingdom; and that even in towns, London alone excepted, density of population does not necessarily imply a high rate of insanity. In connection with this it is interesting to note that women, taken as a body, have of late years been developing greater power of self-restraint, and that intellectually—I quote the views expressed by men who have had exceptional opportunities of forming a just opinion—they have “shown signs of possessing mental attributes hitherto unsuspected in the sex.” This psychological development, however, would appear to have confined itself almost wholly to the section of the female population that has to make its way in the world. A well-known philanthropist of great wealth, who spends much of his time in moving unostentatiously and unrecognised among all sorts and conditions of men and women with a view to finding out for himself where money can be spent to the best advantage for the benefit of the multitude, believes implicitly that whereas a great proportion of the male population of every class is gradually drifting more and more into the habit of making self-gratification the be-all and end-all of existence, women, that is to say women of average intelligence, whose ranks he declares to be steadily augmenting, are “rapidly getting a more comprehensive grip of affairs and coming to see more and more clearly what the nation lacks as a nation, and how its deficiencies can best be supplied.” And it is worthy of note, seeing how much has from first to last been said and written in disparagement of women who interest themselves in modern movements, that this man of broad views and impartial opinion would do all he can to put woman upon a firmer and what he calls a “more common-sense” footing with regard to her share in the management of public affairs.

For the sensibly educated woman [he declares] who has the right mental balance, the courage of her honest convictions, and is untrammelled by hypocritical convention, will in eight cases out of ten form a juster opinion when summing up a situation involving the exercise of tact and discrimination than the man of average intelligence, and will come to her decision more directly, and take less time in doing it. . . . This, in my opinion, goes far to prove that very many women, if not endowed by nature with greater power of mental concentration than many men have, do more to cultivate the power, and, by doing so, increase unconsciously their power to control their feelings. . . . If I am mistaken in my convictions [he continues] how does it come about that in almost every calling where industry, sobriety, and strict integrity are *sine quâ non*, the demand for female workers continues to increase so steadily? It has been urged that this is because women will work for a lower wage, but I could quote numberless cases where the best workers are wanted, and must be had, and where the question of paying wages that are a little higher or a little lower is certainly a matter of small moment, and yet women are employed in preference to men. Ask any employer of high-class female labour and he will tell you that the average woman worker takes greater pride and interest in the work she has to do than the average man; that consequently she works more assiduously: and that in most cases she does her work more conscientiously, also more neatly, and that she is less addicted to grumbling. And one remark I may add to this [he says] she never "wants a drink."

Almost all my correspondents, being employed in some public capacity, have asked me to express their views if I wished to, but when doing so to withhold their names. I have already, however, expressed a sufficient number. It is enough for me to add that the consensus of their opinions undoubtedly points to the conclusion that whereas a great bulk of our countrymen are amiably nodding so far as the interest they take, or are supposed to take, in the state and future of the nation is concerned, and are becoming more and more careless and self-indulgent, a growing section of our countrywomen is coming steadily to the front, and showing in many more ways than one that the mind of woman is remarkably evenly balanced, in spite of the jeers and taunts that have been flung at "hysterical woman" "so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," and certainly from a period far antecedent to the time when Schopenhauer spoke so witheringly of "that under-sized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped,

short-legged race we call the fair sex." For the rest it will be interesting to watch what progress the British nation makes during the next twenty years. With a birth-rate that is steadily falling, and a ratio of insanity that since 1896, that is to say in the last nine years, has increased in England and Wales by 12·07 per cent.—the proportion of insane persons in the community having risen in that period from 1 in 319 to 1 in 285—and a vast section more especially of the leisured or well-to-do male population in a state more or less of mental stagnation, the outlook can hardly be considered satisfactory, however optimistically we may endeavour to contemplate it. A national calamity on the very threshold of our homes, if I may so express myself, might arouse us from our apathy and, by bringing us suddenly face to face with immediate and unavoidable peril, knit us once more all together and conceive again in us the determination and the indomitable will-power to which years ago Britain's triumphs by land and sea were probably in a great measure directly due. For it is hard to think that the virility of the nation can really be dying. Rather let us believe that it is sleeping heavily, and that when it presently wakes up it will resemble a giant refreshed.

BASIL TOZER.

SOCIETY JOURNALISM

THERE is nothing more remarkable in the latter-day history of the Press than the marvellous development of "Society" journalism—the extent to which gossip about the upper ten thousand has invaded the staid and sober columns of the great daily organs of public opinion; and, above all, the number and variety and prosperity of the penny weekly papers devoted exclusively to satisfying the undying interest of the Masses in the Classes. The working man, apparently, no longer wishes in his arrogance and pride to "leave half a brick" at the high and mighty aristocrat. He shares the amiable and friendly curiosity of his wife and daughters in the ways of smart tip-top people—their dress and jewels; their manners and customs; their tastes for horses and dogs and motors; the waltzes and the gallops which they dance at their balls; their late theatre suppers, and their naughty dissipation on Sunday evenings; especially as described in the form of jottings and paragraphs and brief sketches in the pages of Society journals.

This desire for peeps into the boudoirs and drawing-rooms of the polite world is, of course, no new product of a decadent age. It existed in that spacious and manly time, the opening years of the nineteenth century—to go no further back—and even some of the pompously dignified morning newspapers of London endeavoured to satisfy it. Here is the *Times* of March 17, 1802, most indignant with "a certain morning print" for its bold and impudent and scandalous practice of sending their

reporters "to take down the names of persons of fashion as they get out of their carriages to visit their friends." "These men," it says, "sometimes carry their assurance so far as to force themselves into the halls. The names are here taken down, a few scraps picked up respecting the decorations of the rooms and the chalking of the floors, and a very pompous account made up, which is imposed on the public as a real report of a fashionable entertainment. On Monday night one of these fellows was discovered taking down names in the servants' hall of the Dilettante Theatre, in Tottenham Street, and sent to the watch-house. It is a great pity that noble families, who are above this miserable puffing, do not give more strict orders in this respect. Not to do so is to give encouragement to a practice which is growing very fast, and ought to be discountenanced."

It was not for the mechanic and the porter that these costly newspapers—priced sixpence a day, no less—stooped so low in order to pick up these items of fashionable intelligence. It was for the gentlefolks inside Society itself—at the time a very narrow and exclusive aristocratic set—or for the upper-middle classes who hovered just outside the charmed circle. As fashionable Society expanded, with the rise and development of trade and commerce, and became a varied community of wealth rather than an exclusive coterie of birth, it grew more interesting; and the curiosity in it, ever spreading downwards and outwards, brought into existence weekly journals whose chief object was the retailing in print of the sayings and doings of people of rank and fashion. Society newspapers are, therefore, no new departure in journalism. What is remarkable about them to-day is their number and variety. Yet is there really anything portentous or ominous of decay in this particular manifestation of the tireless industry of the modern Press? Man, after all, is eternally interesting to man. We may not desire an intimacy with our neighbours; but as we like to know who they are, and what they are, we are not above giving ear to tittle-tattle concerning them. Gossip is

the staple of conversation by the domestic hearth, in ball-rooms and dining-rooms, "at homes," in the smoking-rooms of the clubs, at tennis and golf parties, wherever, in fact, men and women meet. Why, then, should not Society have its journals as well as politics, literature, art, music, or the hundred and one other activities of human life represented in the periodical Press?

It was supposed in the early days of Society journalism that the bulk of the fashionable intelligence of the newspapers came from the servants' halls of Mayfair and Belgravia. Ladies' maids, gentlemen's valets and butlers were said to be the chief contributors of this small talk of Society; and they obtained their news, it was also asserted, by straining their ears at key-holes, or prying into the correspondence of their masters and mistresses. But if ever there was any ground for that supposition, which is doubtful, there is certainly none now.

It is true that some items of fashionable intelligence are received by the Society journals to-day from the upper servants of the aristocracy. Communications from these quarters are, however, always regarded with a discreet suspicion; and only very ordinary news is published without a verification having been obtained in some way or other from sources that are more trustworthy. This, of course, refers to blameless but interesting gossip which maids and valets gather directly from conversations with their masters and mistresses. However inclined the editor of a Society journal might be to publish servants' tittle-tattle about the foibles and follies of "the upper ten thousand," the very elastic law of libel, and the heavy damages awarded by jurors, are sufficient to make him cautious and circumspect.

But Society is now by no means adverse to the searchlight of the Press being thrown upon its movements. The fact is that most of the gossip comes not from the servants' hall, but from upstairs—from the drawing-room and my lady's boudoir. It may be said, indeed, that Society itself records its sayings and doings. My Lady Fanny Fox and the Earl of Cressy are

pleased to read complimentary things of themselves; and members of "the selectest sets"—gentlemen and ladies with handles to their names, visiting the best houses, and attending the most fashionable "crushes"—add substantially to their pocket-money by contributing "pars" about their friends to the newspapers. Indeed, the fact that they are known to "write for the Press" enhances their importance in their circles of society. They are courted and petted at the social functions which they attend. "Do, please, write something nice about me," is said in every pressure of the hand, every beaming nod, every word of greeting, they receive.

What an advertising or notoriety-hunting age it is! "To be chattered about in the penny Press is," said a latter-day satirist, "the twentieth-century idea of 'immortality'." The number of people with a consuming ambition to bring their names into public prominence is, indeed, legion. How varied and ingenious are the dodges they employ to get written about in the papers! One man with a thirst for celebrity strives to satisfy it by founding a society. Its object may be the abolition of umbrellas or tall hats, the checking of street cries, or the stopping of the whistling of railway trains; but whether the ostensible purpose be sensible or ridiculous, the movement is intended solely to proclaim the president or the hon. secretary to the world. Other people, more moderate in their aspirations, seeking not to win world-wide distinction, but content with local fame and popularity, erect clock-towers, or provide the village green with a drinking-fountain, upon which their names are emblazoned. In like manner they often do great good to the community even when they are animated less by a desire to serve their fellows than by a craving to be talked about by their neighbours.

People of this cast of mind are willing to pay handsomely for the distinction of seeing their names in print. The reporter for the local newspaper frequently finds in the seeker after celebrity a means of supplementing his scanty earnings. He receives a settled commission every time the name of a certain

individual is mentioned in his paper. Needless to say, that name is dragged in on the flimsiest excuse. In other cases the notoriety-hunter influences the editor. Consequently readers are treated in the leading articles to passages like this: "A truer or wiser thing has never been said about the present political situation than when our eminent and public-spirited townsman, Mr. Hunter-Buxter, declared that we are steering straight for the rocks." Some of the weekly fashion papers publish portraits of brides and bridegrooms, with biographical sketches and a description of the wedding. These are paid for in cases where "the happy couples" are not celebrities, or where there is nothing in their union of interest to the public. In fact, they are as much advertisements as the ordinary marriage announcements, only they do not appear in the advertising columns.

Even the London daily papers derive a portion of their revenue from their fashionable intelligence. One will often have noticed in the morning journals that "Mr. and Mrs. Robert Knickerstaff and family have left 146 Belgravia Terrace, for three weeks." Such announcements serve a very useful purpose in the case of people who are really in Society. Their absence from functions at which they were expected is, for one thing, explained. But with respect to the unknown and the uninteresting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Knickerstaff readers must have wondered who in the world they were, and why the great *Daily Messenger* should think it of public importance to mention that they were taking a three weeks' holiday in Nice. These announcements are really advertisements, and are charged for at a very heavy rate per line. The expense is gladly borne by these nobodies, pathetically striving to become somebodies, who, with a courage really deserving of a better cause, dare the ridicule, the scoffs, and the satire, of their friends and acquaintances, in the fulfilment of their ambition to be supposed to belong to "the upper circles." But even in the case of the average man a tombstone is really the only place where he does not care to have his name in print. Indeed, it

may be said the time is coming when the mark of distinction will be that one's name has never appeared in the Press.

The newspapers, however, do not depend for their intelligence of the doings of Society solely on the "pars" which they receive either as news or as advertisements. Most of the daily papers, and, of course, all the weekly journals of fashion, have on their staffs men and women whose special duty it is to gather news of the circles of gentility. Women writers are commonly employed to look on interesting social events with a woman's eyes—bazaars, garden-parties, weddings, balls, concerts, or similar functions for which ladies dress in their best—and to describe them for women readers. These "lady-journalists," on the daily papers, are also employed to write up the novelties in the shops of drapers and milliners who advertise; to report meetings at which the presence of a woman notetaker is more desirable than a male; to supply notes on feminine phases of current events; to record the current prices of meat, vegetables, fruit; to suggest dinner menus; to make up occasionally a column of bright, chatty paragraphs about anything and everything social, to which women readers will turn eagerly on opening the newspaper.

As for the movements of the highest and most interesting of all Society "sets"—Royalty—the newspapers have not to depend for this intelligence upon their own resources. The "Court Circular," which appears at the head of the fashionable intelligence columns of the daily newspapers, is very familiar to the public. It gives particulars of doings of a semi-public nature at Court—whether at Buckingham Palace, Windsor, or Balmoral; such as the King's daily movements, his walks and drives, his dinner, musical, and theatrical parties; the arrival and departure of his visitors and guests; and brief records of the making of knights, presentation of diplomatists, and various other incidents, public and domestic, in the daily life of the Sovereign. The preparation of the "Court Circular" is part of the duty of a functionary known as "the Court news-man," and on important occasions it is revised by his Majesty

himself before copies are sent to the leading London journals and news agencies. A similar record, though briefer and simpler, is prepared by the private secretary to the Prince of Wales in regard to the doings at Sandringham or Marlborough House.

The newspapers also publish long lists of the names of ladies presented at Drawing Rooms, and of gentlemen attending Levies. These lists are prepared for the Press in the office of the Lord Chamberlain. The newspapers have, of course, to look elsewhere for those critical descriptions of the ladies' dresses which are included in the reports of the Drawing Rooms. The female members of the staff, who attend to this branch of journalistic work, have, however, no difficulty whatever in filling their columns. The information is furnished either by the *débutantes* themselves, or by the dressmakers and milliners who supply the costumes.

The high degree of prosperity maintained by the six or eight high-priced weekly fashion papers, besides a host of well-to-do penny journals published throughout the Kingdom—all devoted principally to what the irreverent and satiric male would call "fashion's fads," and "women's whims," and "five o'clock tea-chatter"—proves that this wide field of journalistic enterprise is safe and remunerative. The staffs of writers and artists are mainly women. Indeed, the vast development of Society or fashionable journalism within recent years has led to an enormous influx of women into the myriad army of Press workers. Each paper has its various departments devoted to "Health and Toilet," "Dress," "The Home," "Etiquette," "Society," "Sports and Pastimes," "Work," "Marriages," "The Kitchen," etc., presided over by women.

Not so very long ago the chief designs for women's raiment came exclusively from Paris. What are regarded as the most beautiful patterns still come from Paris; but the extraordinary rise and spread of these journals, which, directly appealing to women, naturally make a feature of the fashions, have opened up in London a wide field of employment for girls

with a talent for drawing, and some ingenuity and taste in the designing of costumes. What are known as "the fashionable West-end modistes" still send their representatives constantly to Paris to go the round of the studios of the fashion-plate designers, on the hunt for dress ideas for each season. There are about a hundred of these studios, each with a large number of artists and apprentices—ranging from twenty-five to one-hundred-and-fifty—in its service. The fashions are usually evolved by the proprietors of the studios, and are transferred to paper with pen and ink, pencil or water-colours, by the draughtsmen. The cost of these designs varies considerably. Seven-and-sixpence is perhaps the lowest charge for a pencil or a pen-and-ink sketch, but a water-colour drawing of a "dream" or "confection" of a costume cannot be had for less than two or three guineas. The great fashionable journals, as well as the West-end dressmakers, go to Paris for their chief pictorial illustrations of dress—for in the adornment of women the ideas of Paris still rule the world; and it is a singular circumstance that though the Paris designers are bitter rivals, they all seem to agree upon the style of frocks for each season—but, like the West-end dressmakers, the great fashionable journals have their own artists for the designing of these ludicrous drawings of extravagantly dressed women, with impossible figures, and simpering most fatuously, which always well repay, for amusement sake, the turning over the leaves of the Society weeklies. It would seem as if in some mysterious way the command goes forth—though probably it can always be traced to its source—that a costume of a particular design or shape is to be worn this season. It is in the adornment of the accepted style of dress that the individual taste or ingenuity of each artist finds scope for its display.

The blouses, the frocks, the mantles, the tea-gowns, of the season are not only pictorially illustrated but described. The women whose duty it is to chronicle "fashion's fleeting fancies," inspect the shop windows of dressmakers and milliners, visit the theatres, or mingle with the well-dressed crowd on Rotten

Row at the Church parade on Sundays. And what it all comes to is something like this :

The hats are certainly previous, for I counted two felt hats in the Park—lovely models both. One was a plateau of moss-green felt with three splendid tips coming well to the front, but poised quite at the back. The other was a frondeuse hat with jampot crown of pale lavender blue felt with two long feathers shaded with vieux rose. These were arranged in the new picturesque style, one curled back and the other lower down, drooping on to the hair. The new hats are of the most dashing order, and will require a certain chic to be well worn.

Or this :

Boneless corsets are a novelty, and one which should prove a great success. They give the supple, sinuous lines to a woman's figure which are a joy to the artist. Many women who are intent upon following the fashions imagine that the spreading skirts include the destruction of la ligne. Madame Réjane and the Gibson Girl give the lie to this fallacy. Their skirts flow out in billowy lines at the feet ; but the curved line, the line of beauty, shows the woman shaped like a Greek urn from hip to knee.

Many of the big London shops issue invitation cards. "Messrs. Bodice and Flounces request the pleasure of the company of the representative of 'The Looking Glass' at a private view of the latest toilette novelties from Paris on April 5." The "lady representative" goes on the day appointed to the shop, where she is received with the utmost courtesy ; and, in a private room, young girl assistants, wearing the dresses and mantles, the hats and bonnets, walk up and down, turn this way and that, gracefully and silently, to display to the journalist every charm of the newest modes. The result is a fashion article, under some such heading as "Where to Shop," made up of paragraphs like this :

Every one knows that one of the greatest "don'ts" in dress is the one which tells us not to crown a tailor-made gown with a fussy Paris chapeau. One would think such an obvious *mésalliance* would be impossible to any woman with the slightest idea of the general fitness of things ; but one sees this fatal error again and again. Of course, the only hat to wear with a tailor-made costume is a plain straw, trimmed with wings, a quill, or a bow of plain ribbon. A number of such hats are now to be seen at —, and very

pretty they are, too. The majority are in the French sailor shape—a round, rather broad brim slightly turned up, and what is called nowadays a “half-high” crown, round which is a band of ribbon with a rosette.

Then there is the lady interviewer—an indispensable member of the staffs of fashionable journals—who goes about running “celebrities” to earth, and tells you all about their homes, their dress, their hobbies, until you know them and their houses as well as if they were your old familiar friends. The reporting of “fashionable weddings”—sometimes, for a change, described as “smart”—also gives a good deal of employment to women journalists. All the necessary information about the trousseau of the bride, the presents, the bridesmaids, and the guests, is obtained beforehand and usually without any trouble. People are most willing to afford every possible facility to the journalist to do her work on these interesting occasions. The report being, therefore, prepared in advance, all that remains to be done on the day of the ceremony is an introductory “par” describing the scene in the church—the decorations, the music, the officiating clergyman—and the “radiantly happy” face of the bride as she walks up the chancel leaning on the arm of her father. But occasionally there are difficulties in the way of the chronicler. Requests for information are met by rebuffs from the bridal party; or the still more annoying answer of “Thank you very much, but all that we desire to appear is to be published in the *Times* or the *Morning Post*.” In such a predicament it will not do for the journalist to accept defeat and turn her back on the wedding. No editor would accept such an excuse for failure to supply the expected “copy.” The journalist, therefore, puts her pride or dignity aside, and takes her stand, however shamefacedly, in the porch of the church, and softly asks the guests their names as they pass in—a most unpleasant task—or takes a seat just at the entrance, and trusts to her knowledge of well-known faces to fit the correct name to the lady who flashes by in the ruby-velvet gown and the unmistakable dowager in diamonds and brocade. The household servants,

the pew-openers, and any amiable-looking guest in close proximity are examined, and if tact be employed the required information is thus extracted.

In some of these women's papers there is a "new feature" called "Our Courtship Column." Sentimental and romantic young girls write to "Dear Amor," the conductor of the column, laying bare their fluttering hearts. One tells of a lover grown cold or coy about putting the great question. Another is in sore perplexity caused by the wooing of two sweethearts, and her indecision of mind as to which she should regard as her splendid hero who is to take her for better or worse. Genuine human documents they are, the artless and natural productions of poor little handmaids and shopgirls whose whole thoughts are about lovers and marriage. Here is one :

DEAR AMOR,—

Seeing the good advice you give to lovers, I thought perhaps you might give me a little. About two years ago I met with a young fellow who worked in the same place. We kept company for a short time, but sometimes when I had to meet him I could not go. That caused a quarrel, but since then he has spoken, and he made another appointment, but it happened to be raining. I have met many a young fellow, but never one I liked so well. Six months ago I met a young fellow. I knew him only three days, and he went away to sea. After five months he wrote to me and expressed his love. I do not care very much, as he is not the same religion as myself. I think he is about twenty-four; I am eighteen. I am passionately fond of my old lover, and he is always telling people how well he likes me. His age is twenty. Hoping to see an answer very soon to put me out of my misery,—I remain,
yours sincerely,

ONE IN LOVE.

The reply to this appeal is cold and unsatisfying. It can hardly have put "One in Love" out of her misery :

You certainly ought not to encourage the sailor. After an acquaintance of three days you cannot really know what he is like. Did you write and explain why you could not meet that first lover on the rainy day? It was a great pity you did not make an effort to do so, under the circumstances; but he will probably ask you again later on.

This is a more serious affair, one with the elements of tragedy in it, illustrating for the thousandth time how waywardly runs the current of love :

DEAR AMOR,—

Seeing the good advice you give to young lovers, I am writing to ask the same myself. I have been walking out with a young man for three months, but now I have learned to love my cousin's young man far better, and he seems to pay more attention to me than he does to her, and she is greatly upset because she simply adores him. He has given me the offer of marriage, but I have not accepted it yet; but yet I love him very much, and he is far better looking than my young man. My young man seems very broken-hearted, but I cannot like him as I used to. Dear Amor, would you mind telling me what to do, and whether I ought to accept his offer and give the other one entirely up, as he has seen me flirting with the other? I hope I am not taking much of your precious time, and wishing your book every success,—Yours sincerely,

NELLIE.

Poor Nellie, who looks for words of pity and sympathy, gets instead a severe and stern reprimand :

Amor thinks you have behaved disgracefully. You have ruined your cousin's happiness and that of your *fiancé*, and you seem to have not the slightest, vaguest idea of honour. Amor predicts that you will suffer for it presently. Your cousin's young man is not worthy of her, evidently.

There are pages upon pages of triviality and nonsense in these weekly journals for women. Here is an item of fashionable intelligence culled from a column in one paper under the heading "At the Theatre": "Lady H—, looking as beautiful as ever, wore a low, wide head-dress of golden wings spread across her hair, a little tulle necklet, and a small diamond heart on a thin gold chain; and Mrs. C. H—, wearing a picturesque lace cap, was in the balcony with her sister, who had a wreath of gold berries in her hair." If this account of the raiment of the ladies be true, then they are not far removed in the genteel world from the state of things which is said to prevail in the South Sea Island, where the gentlemen wear tall hats only and the ladies—smiles. Another paper gravely announced: "Princess Ena of Battenburg, having made a small purchase in a shop in Bond Street the other day, defrayed the cost out of her own purse." Out of whose purse save her own should she have defrayed it? Then there are anecdotes, of which this is an example: "'Your little birdie has been very, very ill,' she wrote to the

young man. 'It is some sort of nervous trouble, and the doctors said I must have perfect rest and quiet and that I must think of nothing. And all the time, dear Gussy, I thought constantly of you.' The young man read it over, and then read it through very slowly and put it in his pocket and went out under the silent stars and kept thinking and thinking and thinking." Drivel and frivolity were also characteristic of the elder society journalism. Among the papers contributed by Albany Fonblanque—the brilliant journalist of the thirties—to the *Examiner*, will be found an amusing satire on the "personal pars" of his time. It contains an imitation sketch of the habits of the Duke of Wellington: "The Duke generally rises at about eight. Before he gets out of bed he commonly pulls off his nightcap, and while he is dressing he sometimes whistles a tune and occasionally damns his valet. The Duke uses warm water in shaving and lays on a greater quantity of lather than ordinary men. Whilst shaving he chiefly breathes through his nose, with a view, as is conceived, of keeping the suds out of his mouth. The Duke drinks tea for breakfast, which he sweetens with white sugar and corrects with cream. He eats toast and butter, cold ham, beef or eggs; the eggs are generally those of the common domestic fowl."

But the elder Society journalism was also coarse and vulgar, and had little regard for the privacy of family life. Thanks to the improvement in the moral tone of the public, as much as to the terrors of the civil and criminal law, weekly journals of the low type common in London a quarter of a century ago, which obtained a living by the dissemination of scandal, are now impossible. In the fashionable weekly papers of to-day one will find a deal of tittle-tattle, silly and dull, no doubt, but decidedly blameless, while the personal gossip of the daily and evening newspapers is good-humoured and complimentary, and, if not always true, never sins against good taste.

STEPHEN STAPLETON.

J
aff
int
of
ari
su
tes
ad
in
ho
sy
It
wl
lar
ar
of
ha
ac
co
th
ra
hi
ar

THE ASYLUM TREATMENT OF INSANE

THE insane and their treatment have from the earliest times excited the sympathy of all who felt for the afflicted and sorrowing of the human race, and the great interest which the public takes at the present time is evidence of a discontent which is the basis of progress. A doubt has arisen whether the asylum is the fit and proper place for all suffering from mental aberration, and numerous are the protests even in medical circles against what has become an admitted dogma, that it matters not how harmless and innocuous the form of insanity, how amenable to treatment at home, how mild the delusion, that all and sundry who evince symptoms of mental obliquity must be shut off from society. It is pointed out that not all lunatics are raving mad people, whose actions are those of beasts of the field, and whose language is that of Billingsgate or Seven Dials, that not all are inaccessible to reason and insensible to the ordinary feelings of humanity, but that as a matter of fact even the worst cases have some glimpse of reason and tendencies to right and sound action. It is held that for this reason it is injurious to recovery to limit the intercourse of the insane to those who are themselves insane, as is done in asylums, where the only rational persons with whom the patient truly associates are his attendants, many of whom, though kind and trustworthy, are of little intellectual superiority, knowledge or learning, and

of little refinement of manner or feeling. Not only is the intellect thus deprived of the ameliorating influence of the exercise of cultured intellect in others, but the feelings already separated from every object to which value was formerly attached are left ungratified, and delicacy hurt by the scenes to which they are inevitably exposed. In proportion as reason and health return, the evil becomes more afflicting and its effects more injurious in retarding complete restoration.

How little confidence the public has in the asylum is evident from the number of cases in which, after some awful crime, generally self-destruction or murder, the friends and connections are ready enough to testify to the strangely altered conditions of sentiments and feelings of the sufferer, giving evidence convincing even the ordinary observer that they are the victims of early mental disorder.

As a rule, people pay little if any regard to the slight changes in the mental dispositions of a person. It is only when, by the extension of the disease to a larger portion of the brain, or by an increase of its intensity, reason becomes so deeply unsound as considerably to affect the conduct, that the friends take alarm and regret their former apathy and inactivity. A large proportion of the cases of suicide, with which the columns of the newspapers are constantly filled, occur in persons suffering from that class of mental affections which are habitually treated in society as imaginary, but which differ almost in nothing, except in the severity and the number of the symptoms, from downright insanity. In consequence of the false light in which such symptoms are viewed, events of this kind often come upon families with the unexpected suddenness of an electric shock, when, if they had been better informed, the slightest reflection would have shown them many previous indications soliciting the exertion of watchfulness and active medical treatment.

Yet the insane are not sent to asylums until hope and patience are exhausted, or until some overt act has been committed. Hence asylums in many cases begin treatment where

it ought to have been left off. The general practitioner has tried his hand, the local panacea has had its turn; spiritual advice, or coercion, or quackery has done its worst; the healing power of time has been invoked; after all these have failed, the asylum is resorted to as a desperate expedient, a forlorn hope.

Insane asylums are regarded as "homes" for the insane, as more or less genteel prisons for the mentally sick, and not as hospitals for the treatment of mental diseases. To some extent this view is justified, for the medical superintendents of such institutions have to be farmers, stewards, caterers, treasurers, business managers, in addition to being physicians. True there are assistant-physicians, but these are usually lads fresh from college, having had little experience of general medicine, and who are supposed to be qualifying themselves for the specialty. Moreover their number is inadequate, the proportion in some asylums being something like one physician to 400 patients. Asylums are now such vast concerns that the mere administrative and clerical work is very considerable, not to speak of the keeping of medical records and attention to correspondence. These duties being fulfilled, scant time is left for the study of individual cases. Thus the lunatic loses his individuality. He is a man merged in a crowd of irresponsible beings, all under the influence of a common discipline, and under the control of common keepers, and cannot possibly receive that anxious care and attention at the hands of the physician which is necessary from the nature of his case.

The larger the asylum, the more do the managers think it necessary to exercise discipline over the superior officers; the more do the officers deem it proper to maintain a severe discipline over the attendants; the more do the attendants exercise a severe discipline over the patients. The worst is that the lunatic is held to be an inferior being, no matter what his social standing and education, by those who are placed in immediate contact with him, and is consequently subject to many depressing influences. In every asylum, but more

especially in a large asylum, the power of the attendants is great. In this, asylums do not differ from any other class of institutions in which one man exercises inevitable authority over another. As the driver may be placed too far from his leaders to make the curb felt, so, as the asylum increases in size, the exercise of authority by its head over his subordinates is proportionately diminished. Old attendants make systems of their own, and their immediate supervisors, the assistant-physicians, who are, as a rule, fresh from the medical schools, are apt to imbibe their ideas, and, consequently, to confirm their practice. Diffusion of authority, loss of individuality in all concerned, a necessity for rigorous discipline and objectionable traditional practice having originated in the enormous parent institutions for the care of the insane, they have exercised an influence more or less appreciable on younger establishments, inasmuch as the principal members of the staff of the latter have been translated directly from the former.

Our asylums are still constructed and administered on the old idea that their main object is to provide safe and secure retreat for lunatics, and they are not organised with modern demands, as hospitals for the scientific investigation and treatment of brain disease. Hence the locked doors and barred windows. I presume that the attendants have, through habit, lost the sense of gaol and gaoler which troubles other persons when they walk behind one of them and he unlocks door after door. Is this not felt by some of the patients? What use is it to lock these doors all day except to save attendants from the need to be watchful? The precaution is unnecessary save in rare cases; and if a sane man wants to test his feeling in regard to it, let him get some one to lock him in a room—it may be one he does not care to leave for hours. The effect is strange. He becomes at once uneasy and speculative as to when he will be let out. The idea of loss of freedom annoys him.

Another defect of large asylums is the intercourse of people of almost all social ranks, which is felt severely by the educated

and well-bred. Then there is the tragedy of the diet. We pride ourselves on having done away with whip and chains and ill-usage, but there is still room for further improvement.

To the physician, too, the life of enforced confinement and consequent separation from the outer world is irksome and monotonous to a degree known only to those who have tried it. For it must be remembered that owing to the ever-increasing duties only a few hours can be spent each week outside the asylum gates. The rest of the time is spent in constant touch with the depressing sights and sounds of the insane patients committed to his care; never is he off duty, unless ill, as long as he remains on the asylum premises.

Another important point is that the stages of insanity, when treatment would be most desirable, are almost invariably past before the patient is fit to be certified for an asylum; they are observed and treated by general practitioners, many of whom have had little, if any, experience in this department of medicine. Our lunacy laws prevent curable patients from receiving appropriate treatment until they have become incurable. The law makes no distinction of the different forms and degrees of mental derangement; the same detention inside stone walls and barred windows, the same branding as insane, the same compulsion, the same restriction of movement for the most quiet, harmless and on most points reasonable patient as for the most troublesome lunatic.

Then there is the great disadvantage to the patient on recovery to have been an asylum inmate. It is regarded as evidence of having shown more or less mental instability or incapacity, and therefore it is inevitably regarded as a thing to be avoided except when it is clearly required for the safety of the patient or public. A sojourn in an asylum leaves behind it a ban and disqualification which the relatives of the insane are unwilling to incur. Frequently it happens that otherwise most conscientious persons do not scruple to tell untruths unblushingly to hide from any one the fact that they have a history of this disease in their family, and, no doubt, many

would almost as soon confess that they had had relatives within the walls of his Majesty's prisons as in an asylum for the treatment of mental disease.

Think also of the process to get a person certified. Many patients on the brink of insanity are distressed intensely by the haunting question and its constant pressure on the quivering mind—Shall I go mad? To them the process gives the answer and sounds the knell of hope—You *are* mad. Certification casts a stigma and is practically a sentence of imprisonment.

Many general practitioners hesitate before they will certify a patient, and if the treatment of a mentally deranged person were not beset with so many difficulties there would be still greater reluctance.

First of all the patient must consent to the treatment. Often he does not recognise his condition or his danger, and can see no need for the arrangements which the physician proposes for his welfare. He may entirely refuse to leave his home and family, a course frequently very desirable, however much it may be urgent, and may even suspect some sinister motives for wishing to get him away. He may angrily demand why you seek to treat him as a lunatic, and desire you at once to cease your attendance and your hateful interference with his affairs. If he agrees to follow the physician's advice, the difficulties increase. A suitable place for his temporary residence is not easily found, or it is too costly to permit of his remaining there long enough to secure his recovery. A suitable attendant is difficult to get and expensive to retain; his presence is often most irksome to the patient, and often greatly deprecated by the friends, because of the talk it occasions among inquisitive neighbours. These practical difficulties entail endless trouble and responsibility on the medical attendant, who fervently wishes his patient were better—or worse, for if worse he would be readily certifiable and could be sent to an asylum. Often the patient squanders his fortune, and the family is most anxious for his own sake to get him restrained, but the physician is powerless to certify him.

Moreover, there are patients who are perfectly conscious of the change in their mental condition, but will not consult a physician for fear he might advise the confinement of an asylum.

Many of these evils and difficulties would be overcome if hospitals were established for the poorer patients suffering from mental and nervous diseases, and sanatoria for the wealthier ones. In many cases it is not merely that the patient believes he is suffering from "nerves" only, but frequently the mental depression, or elation, or delusion, or whatever form the disease may take, is accompanied by nervous symptoms, and it is not uncommon that either the one or the other is overlooked. There are many such sanatoria in Germany and the United States, but in Great Britain we experience a difficulty, partly due to the British Lunacy Laws, of providing for patients in these early stages, hence such persons frequently receive no treatment at all.

There are brain hospitals wanted, just as we have hospitals for diseases of the eye, ear, lungs and other organs. These should be small, but perfectly equipped, with a visiting staff of medical men qualified in this branch of medicine, and from these, patients likely to be incurable should be transferred to asylums. These asylums should not be magnificent palaces at all; and, as the vast majority of its inmates are incurable, economy both in construction and in administration should be a prominent feature. The study of the symptoms which point to an attack, the early identification of the more curable phases of mental disease, the education of the public in those preventive measures which may have a tendency to minimise the extension of insanity, and above all, the study of the sane person from a medico-psychological point of view, are all of them more in the province of the hospital physician than his asylum colleague, who sees little else but well-marked manifestations of damaged brains, and in only too many instances has but little chance given him of doing permanent good, as the disease has usually progressed too far by the time he has an opportunity of examining into the condition of the patient.

Moreover, the advanced modes of treatment in vogue in some continental institutions have no chance of being applied in this country, the asylum patient having got beyond that stage, as a rule, even if his physicians were willing to use them. In a hospital or sanatorium with a staff of visiting physicians, there would be no restrictions, and more could be done towards the cure of patients than is possible under present conditions.

A hospital or sanatorium for diseases of the brain and nervous system would reduce the number of lunatics and would exercise great and widespread educational influence. It would break down popular misconceptions, and probably, in time, affect legislation. Above all, the gradual education of the public mind would rapidly do away with the stigma which attaches to insanity, and which has no more right to attach to it than to any other form of disease. When the public has more confidence in the possibility of good being done by treating the early stages of insanity, and when they know that there are places provided where there is no difficulty and no shame in getting skilled and sympathetic advice, there will be less "certifiable" patients, less chronic lunatics, and the burden of expenditure for asylums, under which the taxpayer is now groaning, will be diminished.

BERNARD HOLLANDER.

WILLIAM BLAKE AT FELPHAM

IN the grounds of Felpham Rectory, lying about a mile and a half north-east of Bognor, there stands a small thatched cottage. To the casual passer-by it is much as other old cottages, but to him who seeks it out as the goal of his pilgrimage, it is invested with a peculiar interest as the one-time residence of William Blake—poet, artist, and mystic.

In 1800 Flaxman introduced Blake to Hayley, of "Triumphs of Temper" fame, then about to commence his biography of Cowper, and it was decided that Blake should engrave the illustrations. The bargain was sealed with a copy of "Triumphs of Temper," bestowed by author upon artist. On the fly-leaf was inscribed an impressive poetic effusion, which ran :

Accept, my gentle visionary Blake,
Whose thoughts are fanciful and kindly mild ;
Accept, and fondly keep for friendship's sake,
This favoured vision, my poetic child.

Rich in more grace than fancy ever won,
To thy most tender mind this book will be,
For it belonged to my departed son ;
So from an angel it descends to thee.

With what emotions he whose thoughts were "fanciful an kindly mild" received this ebullition must be left to the

imagination. We obtain a useful hint, however, from the scathing epigram, written after the breach, in which Blake gives expression, in a characteristic and decisive manner, to his opinion of the oracular hermit. He says :

Thy friendship oft has made my heart to ache :
Do be my enemy, for friendship's sake !

But this came later. At the time Blake, in a vague way, no doubt saw in Hayley the patron of his dreams.

Early one September morning Blake, now in his forty-third year, set out for Felpham, where Hayley lived, accompanied by his "beloved Kate" (Mrs. Blake). In a letter written a day or two after his arrival, he says :

Our journey was very pleasant ; and though we had a great deal of luggage, no grumbling. All was cheerfulness and good humour on the road, and yet we could not arrive at our cottage before half-past eleven at night, owing to the necessary shifting of our luggage from one chaise to another ; for we had seven different chaises, and as many different drivers. We set out between six and seven in the morning of Thursday, with sixteen heavy boxes and portfolios of prints.

To Blake's eyes the cottage proved

more beautiful than I thought it, and more convenient. It is . . . a perfect model for cottages, and I think for palaces of magnificence, only enlarging not altering its proportions, and adding ornaments and not principles. Nothing can be more grand than its simplicity and usefulness. Simple without intricacy, it seems to be the spontaneous expression of humanity, congenial to the wants of man. No other formed house can ever please me so well, nor shall I ever be persuaded, I believe, that it can be improved either in beauty or use.

In another letter he says :

Felpham is a sweet place for study, because it is more spiritual than London. Heaven opens here on all sides her golden gates : her windows are not obscured by vapours ; voices of celestial inhabitants are more distinctly heard, and their forms more distinctly seen ; and my cottage is also a shadow of their houses.

The cottage itself is very little changed since Blake's day. In the rear the "thatched roof of rusted gold" still slopes

down almost to the ground. The clematis over the gate is still there, although the rugged old elm, which stood guardian-like at the back, has been sacrificed, probably to improve the lighting of the place. There are six tiny rooms, three on the ground-floor and three above, the latter looking out through their latticed windows on to the sea a few hundred yards distant. The thatch of the verandah has been pierced at intervals to admit of crude skylights, and the front has also been glazed, the unskilled labour of a former tenant, a coast-guard, whose daughter is the present occupant.

In after years Blake would speak with pleasure of the shifting lights at sea, and the serene peacefulness of the life at Felpham. In his time the bedroom windows commanded a glorious panorama, terminating westward in Selsea Bill, whilst to the east lay Worthing with Beachy Head beyond. To-day the view is uninspiring. The "architecture" of Bognor somewhat "obscures the vision of the distant sea."

The change from the bricks and mortar of London, where the sky-line is a thing purely of the imagination, to the long flat Sussex coast-line, with the music of its waters, must have made a profound impression upon the supersensitive mind of Blake. Here he continued to hold visionary converse with the "majestic shadows, grey but luminous, and superior to the common height of men." In the evening he would call up mystic shadows from the past—Moses and the Prophets, Homer, Dante, Milton, and the great host of "happy poets dead and gone," his "beloved Kate" by his side seeing nothing yet believing all.

Thus began the association between "this ever diverse pair," which lasted for some three and a half years. The Hermit of Eartham, as Hayley delighted to call himself, must have proved a great spiritual trial to his collaborator. The patron was the victim of that saddest of misfortunes, contemporary appreciation. It emphasised his natural itch for writing verse. He would polish off his sonnet or elegy before breakfast much as other men take a bath.

For Blake, Hayley preserved an unfeigned respect. That he understood him can scarcely be conceived, the two were as the poles asunder ; the one a self-willed, at times scornful, visionary ; the other a practical conventional-minded worldling.

Although a dreamer Blake was possessed of a remarkable faculty of concentration upon his work. Industry was an essential part of his mental equipment. The indefatigable Hayley wrote a ballad as a preliminary canter, Blake illustrated it, and with the aid of his wife printed the impressions himself. It is easy to imagine how tedious Hayley must have become, with his endless stream of machine-made poems. He was possessed of many friends, to whom something or other, in the natural sequence of events, was bound to happen. What more natural than that the " Hermit " should commemorate them in verse, and doubtless seek the admiration of his neighbour ? His friend Romney dies, Hayley rises at cock-crow and signalises the mournful occasion with an epitaph !

But we are concerned with Blake rather than Hayley. It was at Felpham he once asked a lady if she had ever seen a fairy's funeral. The lady replied that she had not. " I have, but not before last night," Blake continued, with that simple conviction natural to him and which never failed to impress his hearers :

I was walking alone in my garden ; there was a great stillness among the branches and flowers, and more than common sweetness in the air ; I heard a low and pleasant sound, and I knew not whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures, of the size and colour of green and grey grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose leaf, which they buried with songs and then disappeared. It was a fairy funeral !

In the autumn of 1803, Blake had an opportunity of demonstrating that despite a romantic and artistic temperament " a man's a man for a' that." One day a drunken soldier, a muscular brute, broke into the tiny slip of garden in front of Blake's house. The poet, although short in stature, was full of a frenzied courage. Exasperated at the intrusion, he laid hands upon the King's uniform and unceremoniously ejected the surprised and frightened soldier, such was his passionate wrath ! " I do not

know *how* I did it, but I did it," he remarked afterwards, appearing to ascribe his feat to spiritual determination, which he firmly believed overcame muscular limitations. In the course of the encounter the red-coat blustered about being a King's soldier. "Damn the King and you too!" was the forcible, if disloyal, rejoinder.

These were the days when an accusation of high treason was not infrequently used as a means of private revenge. Aided by the testimony of a comrade, who by the way was not present, the soldier swore that the irascible Blake had used such treasonable language as "Damn the King, damn all his subjects, damn his soldiers, they are all slaves; when Bonaparte comes, it will be cut-throat for cut-throat, and the weakest must go to the wall. I will help him," and much more to the same effect.

"False," shouted Blake, when the soldier made this statement at the trial, a form of refutation which somewhat surprised the court, but possibly carried conviction to the jury. In cross-examination Blake vehemently protested his innocence, and with the aid of the evidence of his neighbours, who spoke as to his peaceable and law-abiding nature, obtained an acquittal. The verdict threw the auditors into a state of uproar, so thoroughly did they agree with the finding of the jury. The joy among his friends was unmistakable, for Blake had been in grave danger, a danger which the over-protected, free-speaking citizen of to-day can scarcely appreciate.

Perhaps the best-known story of the author of "Songs of Innocence and Experience" is the alleged return to nature. Those who have seen the narrow strip of front garden at Felpham (there is none at the back) are curious as to how such an incident could have taken place there. As a matter of fact, it was at Hercules Buildings, Lambeth, that Mr. Butts, one of his best friends and a constant patron, found Blake and his wife sitting in the summer-house "untrammelled by those troublesome devices" which were the subject of Carlyle's satire. "Come in," cried Blake, "its only Adam and Eve, you know." On entering he found husband and wife reciting passages from

"Paradise Lost" in character—I had almost written "in costume." The neighbours must have been at a loss to account for the eccentricities of this ideal pair.

Taking into consideration the temperaments of Blake and Hayley, it is curious that their association continued as long as it did. From the first a breach seemed inevitable. To live within a stone's-throw of the "Hermit" meant seeing a great deal of him. Constitutionally Hayley, in spite of his self-imposed *sobriquet*, was as much adapted to a life of retirement as Falstaff or Jingle. He loved too well the applause of men. He was possessed of those characteristics, alluded to by Ruskin, which cause us to seek for lonely places, then to build an assembly-room among the mountains because we have no reverence for the desert.

In the early part of 1804 Blake decided to return to London. "The visions were angry with me," he would say in later years, by way of explanation. Possibly the invigorating sea air, by producing an improved physique, lessened the power of the imagination; or it may be he missed the familiar bricks and mortar of the city. To the cockney, and Blake was undoubtedly a cockney, London is a mother of unchanging mood. She never forgives undutifulness in her offspring. Whether it were the absence of the visions or the presence of the more material Hayley cannot be definitely determined. In any case, the call of the town proved irresistible, and after three and a half years absence Blake found himself once more back in "the spiritual four-fold London," never more to leave it.

The pent-up feelings as regards his quondam patron now found a vigorous outlet. In an epigram "To Hayley" he writes:

You think Fuseli is not a great painter? I'm glad;
This is one of the best compliments he ever had.

And again:

ON H[AYLEY], THE PICKTHANK.
I write the rascal thanks; till he and I
With thanks and compliments are quite drawn dry.

There is a bitterness and venom in these uninspired lines which shows with what feeling they must have been written. A poet of Blake's genius does not produce such pathetic doggerel unless his judgment be entirely warped by hate.

It may be urged, and with apparent justice, that Blake showed little gratitude to his undoubted benefactor; yet it should be remembered that long intercourse with a man whose temperament was antipathetic must have reduced him to the last stage of impotent despair. On the other hand, Hayley, no doubt, meant well, but was entirely unable to understand one of Blake's genius and greatness of soul.

The Felpham life was a thing of the past—a thing occasionally, perhaps, to be recalled with mixed emotions. London once more received her votary, who on his part could write of her:

Lo!

The stones are pity, and the bricks well-wrought affections,
 Enamelled with love and kindness; and the tiles, engraven with gold,
 Labour of merciful hands: the beams and rafters are forgiveness;
 The mortar and cement of the work, tears of honesty: the nails
 And the screws and iron braces are well-wrought blandishments,
 And well-contrived words; firm fixing never forgotten,
 Always comforting the remembrance: the floors humility:
 The ceilings devotion: the hearths thanksgiving.

HERBERT IVES.

“MONSIEUR PARAPLUIE”

AUGUST 1 last looked like the apotheosis of a “remnant day” at the “Great Spring Stores,” in the Rue du Havre. Furious women blocked the doors, omnibuses emptied themselves of more women who took a bee-line for the shop. Within it seemed as if all Paris were fighting for bargains. But you looked and saw an unusual expression on the faces. They had no eyes for sale prices and immense reductions. Every one made for a green baize door opening into a gilded hall like a flash company-promoting syndicate’s board-room. In there it was no bargain-hunting crowd or delighted troop of women diving for ribbons and trying on hats. It was a serious crowd, thinking of the main chance, and thinking very anxiously, thinking of its sous and the contents of its “woollen stockings.” All its savings had been paid in through the trap-holes in the wire netting on the counter in that next room, millions in 100 fr. or 50 fr. notes, in 20 fr. or 5 fr. pieces, hardly earned, had been engulfed there month by month, week by week. As safe as a church the Printemps Savings Bank seemed. The securities were under the investors’ very eyes. They were no tricky bonds, or stocks and shares with which financiers juggle and hypnotise honest, simple folk, but fair, tangible goods, bales of silk, solid furniture, boxes of valuable furs, cases of jewellery, a prosperous shop full from top to bottom of visible wealth which no speculator’s necromancy could spirit away and which millions would not buy. The

shyest, the smallest capitalists put their money without fear into the Printemps Savings Bank as soon as it was started, capitalists worth 500 francs, worth perhaps only a couple of hundred. A far-off potentate, a deputy, a person of weight who wielded political power and moved among the greatest, was the master of the Printemps. Its motto was *E probitate decus*. It had been blessed when built by an Archbishop. It seemed indeed safe as a church. But these last two mornings, what had been in the *Petit Journal*, this airy talk of millions lost by the great potentate himself? First five, then ten, then finally twenty-one millions, gone in sugar. It read like a joke at first, for what could five millions matter to the owner of the Printemps, and why should they go in sugar when such other wealth lay stored? But it read alarmingly the second day; ten millions must begin to matter to any man; moreover, the sugar turned out to be fictitious sugar, sugar from beets yet un-grown. At last came the official announcement that there was not the slightest ground to fear for the prosperity of the Printemps. The simplest folk knew what that meant, and the run on the shop began as soon as the doors opened.

It was a pathetic swarm of servant girls out on errands, stout and anxious *cuisinières* with baskets on the way to market, gentlemen's gentlemen in their morning livery waist-coats, cabmen who had left their cabs at wineshops round the corner, ancient peasant ladies in Sunday best black come up by 5 A.M. trains. All poured into the Savings Bank room calling for their money. For the first half-hour or so payments were made easily. But soon the crush grew so great that late comers could not approach the door. Numbers were given out by the clerks, and tearful servant girls were consoled, and angry cabbies pacified, with the promise that all would get their money back. The crush increased, it was now a fight even to secure the numbers, and those who secured them expected hours of waiting. Clerks urged luncheon, then later on dinner, but no one would budge. All day payments were made, and at 9 P.M. hundreds of thrifty souls were still waiting when the doors

closed, and were sent away agonised. The next day it was the same scene, country-folk had heard of the great smash and hurried up to town in numbers, swelling the crowd. As the payments went on anxiety grew. How long would the available cash hold out? The old peasant lady thought of her two hundred francs—would there be enough left when her turn came? The fortunate went away envied, counting their tiny hoards, safely recovered. At last the crash came: funds gave out, and the Savings Bank stopped payment. "Bons de Caisse," bonds payable at sight, had been redeemed to a total amount of £28,000, but the coffers were now empty. The women broke down and cried, the men threatened. One wanted fifty francs to buy her sick child medicine, another roared for his three hundred francs which he had put by for a pressing journey. It was a piteous crowd that was turned away, by acutely sympathetic clerks, for most of them also had their savings in the shop. At the beginning of the concern 5 per cent. on all salaries had been withheld and invested in the business. Afterwards the employees had been only advised, but strongly advised, to put a bit by and put it into the *Prin-temps*. Now the sole director, enjoying sole control of the entire undertaking, had failed for twenty-one million francs.

M. Jules Jaluzot, founder and sole director of the *Prin-temps* Stores, had been unable to meet liabilities of £600,000 on the *Bourse du Commerce* incurred in a long-planned campaign to bull the sugar market. "Monsieur Parapluie" had in fact been turned inside out by a sudden gust of head wind. With talk of vanished millions in the air, it boded ill for the safety of sixpences. M. Jaluzot's speculations came as the least expected blow to microscopic capitalists, but the crash had been for some time expected by financiers who had watched his progress, culminating in megalomania. Spoiled by thirty years' success, he was bitten late in life with American ambitions, and that undid him.

The business career of Jules Jaluzot, presumably at an end now—though one never can tell—has been delightfully

modern. Luck, bluff, and—to do him justice—some hard work, made it. He was a counter-jumper in a silkmercer's at twenty. He took patterns of silk to a once popular and, at all events, moneyed actress of the Français. The patterns pleased her, so did the counter-jumper. She loved him, he married her, and her money built the first Printemps in the sixties. The shop, blessed solemnly and sprinkled with holy water by Archbishop Guibert, was opened at once as a universal emporium. Just after the Franco-German War the first Mme. Jaluzot died. Her bereaved husband gave her the finest funeral then known, spending thousands on cars of flowers; all Paris was in an excitement over the ceremony and procession, and Parisians, always moved by "beautiful" funerals, flocked the next day to the Printemps. A few years later the shop was lucky enough to be burnt down in one of the biggest fires on record. On the strength of this fresh advertisement, M. Jaluzot rebuilt it in blue and white with strange flamboyant cupolas, had it re-blessed, and the Printemps flourished fairer than ever. Then, having contracted a second marriage, which, blessed by a Cardinal, was as great a Parisian sensation as his first wife's funeral, M. Jaluzot became a public man. He became also "Monsieur Parapluie" in the Chamber of Deputies. The nickname was one of those simple jokes which appeal to public assemblies. Whenever he went up to the tribune of the Chamber to speak, cries of "Parapluie" greeted him. Umbrellas certainly are to be had cheap at the Printemps, but it was not a good joke, and M. Jaluzot lived it down. After all, drawing £60,000 or so a year from his shop, and owning the two Paris papers which appeal most cleverly and most successfully to the most foolish political weaknesses of Parisians, M. Jaluzot was a man to be reckoned with. No political man in France can get on unless he has his newspaper, and M. Jaluzot bought two. He never tried to write in either, but he "directed their line of politics." It was not a difficult one to pursue. One of the papers is the *Patrie*, the last refuge of Anglophobia in France to-day, the

other is the *Presse*, which is a *Patrie* of a less shrieking yellow hue. The *Patrie* appears, on a world which would be horror-stricken were it not hardened by use, every day of the year at 3 P.M. precisely, with two gigantic headlines, one announcing some calamity, the other denouncing some treachery. It has long been a classic joke on the boulevards to foresee the day when the *Patrie* shall come out with the announcement that "owing to exigencies of space due to the size of our headlines the remainder of our matter is unavoidably held over." The *Patrie*, however, really is no joke at all. It has pursued a most consistent policy. Whatever foolish popular passion could be inflamed, it has inflamed. Whatever cry appealed most surely to the unthinking, it has uttered. Whatever narrow, prejudiced, and squinting view could be held on any subject under the sun, it has adopted. There is something great and primitive in its unerring sympathy with the silliest side of the Parisian politician in the street. It has never once struck out on a wrong tack. During the Cuban War, it upheld the enlightened and mild rule of General Weyler against the obscurantism and tyranny of the United States. In the Dreyfus case, of course, it proclaimed General Mercier a national hero. During the Boer War, it announced the total annihilation of the entire British Army, and so on, several times a week, and turned pro-Boers into Kruger-baiters. Throughout the history of the Franco-Russian alliance it has carefully avoided the common-sense view of the practical value of the compact for France in international politics, but constantly held up the internal government of Russia as a pattern to French Governments. At home it daily for years called M. Loubet traitor and other things, not to mention what it called Waldeck-Rousseau, M. Brisson, M. Combes, General André, M. Pelletan, &c., and still calls M. Berteaux and a host of others. Throughout the Russo-Japanese War, it daily foretold, when it did not actually describe, crushing Russian victories, and safely preached a holy crusade against the heathen Japanese. In the recent Franco-German crisis, it has

been not alone in trampling on M. Delcassé, but foremost in the strange fury which has possessed a large section of the French Press to cry down its own country's foreign policy, run down its army, foster French panic in every way, and generally to justify the Kaiser and play his game. While the British Fleet was at Brest, it daily published correspondence from thence, describing with what undisguised loathing Bretons received Britishers. At present even it has watered its vinegar, and endeavours to make bad blood, not directly, but by quoting the most snappish things it can find in the German Press. In short, the *Patrie* is the organ of the French “Nationalist” Party.

La Presse is also, but a less truculent one. It appears every day of the year at 7 P.M.—the *apéritif* hour. The *Patrie* comes out for the after-luncheon coffee, the *Presse* for the pre-prandial absinthe. It reproduces most of the political views of its earlier partner, but several tones of yellowness lower. An amusing study is to compare the two. “One More British Breach of Faith” in the *Patrie* is watered down in the *Presse* to “New Suspicious Move of British Diplomacy”; and a French Cabinet Minister, whom the *Patrie* calls a liar and a bandit, is let down softly by the *Presse* as a prevaricator and a pickpocket. The *Presse* gave up publishing descriptions of crushing Russian victories in the late war several months before the *Patrie*, and conceived doubts as to the wisdom of the Russian Government's internal policy when the *Patrie* was still heading leaders “For God and the Tsar.” The *Presse* has, since the Franco-German Morocco affair, actually dropped Anglo-phobia altogether, and published cordial and very picturesque accounts of the French Fleet's reception in England. For the rest, the *Presse*, apart from its politics, is a cleverly written paper, full of ingenious glimpses of Parisian life, whereas the *Patrie*, except for its headlines, is dull reading. The unconscious humour of the *Presse* is supplied by its editor, who daily contributes a third of a column leaderette, in which he is convinced that he “voices” the average French jingo's views

on the political question of the day—the views, say, of an old non-commissioned officer turned *concierge* in an apartment house inhabited by retired colonels of the Second Empire. There is a delicious imperturbability about these *Presse* leaderettes. The writer ignores inconvenient facts without turning a hair, contradicts his own bland sophistries with complete cheerfulness every few days, is past master at captious ambiguity. One always wonders what his constant reader's mental state must be.

What, indeed, can the Parisian public think of the *Patrie* and the *Presse*? Both have large circulations, and must together form a valuable property. But, of course, neither can have much real political influence. If they had, many things would certainly have happened; among others, the Third Republic would have been overturned long ago, and France would have been at war with a few nations latterly, including Japan, Great Britain, and probably Germany as well; a few dozen French Cabinet Ministers since the Dreyfus case would have been transported for life or hanged; and the Church would be wielding greater power in the French State of to-day than ever it did under the Bourbons. These things have not come to pass, yet practically every Parisian and every suburbanite reads the *Patrie* and the *Presse*. A trick with some who disliked bringing in grist to the *Patrie's* mill was to buy it, read it, then give it back to the news-vendor, who returned it to the publishers as unsold, pocketing the sou, but the *Patrie* found the game out and stopped it. Anyhow, the most level-headed Parisians always read the *Patrie*. The fact is really that it grows upon you. Away from Paris one feels an unhealthy yearning for the *Patrie*. One misses its unblushingness, its exquisite disregard for truth, its sublime ignorance of fair play. Then, one is beginning to see the average Parisian's point of view. Of course, he never believes the *Patrie*—if he did, France and Europe would be committed to fire and slaughter; but its truculence is appetising like absinthe or satisfying like the

petit verre. Or perhaps the lurking suspicion that there is a soul of truth in things false is just enough to disturb exquisitely his peace of mind.

Writers on the *Patrie* know the feeling and work upon it. They are, as a rule, affable, and often intelligent men to know personally. Intercourse with them is a very pleasing experience. For instance, during the Dreyfus case, it was very interesting to meet *Patrie* journalists, who, after interviewing General Mercier, called him in print “the soul of honour” and “France’s noblest son,” and talked of him to you as “that blackguard,” and were violent Dreyfusards. Conversely some writers on Dreyfusard papers were fierce anti-Dreyfusards. English correspondents at the time of the second Dreyfus court-martial at Rennes will always remember fraternising with *Patrie* reporters, and sitting sipping syrups with them at the chief *café* on the bleak central square of that wretched town, while they wrote copy. The *Patrie* reporter would be genuinely friendly and perfectly straight with his foreign *confrère*, show him about, help him with sincere goodwill, then begin his “special telegram” (always of course posted, dated to-morrow) with :

More than ever, this town teems with unblushing spies. English and Germans swarm, loaded with Jewish gold. The gang will spend millions to get the traitor out. The French patriot’s gorge rises with loathing at the sight of these base foreign intriguers. All Rennes, where beat true Breton hearts, is up in arms against the English journalists in particular, who all to a man spit upon France and French honour in their lying correspondence.

When the *Patrie* reporter had finished, he would take you to dinner and the *café chantant*, and prove a charming host, or, when your turn came to treat him, as charming a guest. Diffidence about his copy he knew not, and he would not have known what it meant. He “knew exactly what the *Patrie* wants, and that was why they sent him here.” In many cases he was a promoted counter-jumper from the Printemps. That was for M. Jaluzot the beauty of owning a universal emporium and two patriotic newspapers. After selling ribbons to Cook’s

tourists, any intelligent vendor had a chance of promotion from the counter to a "liberal profession," and a billet in the Press which talks of perfidious Albion. Floor-walkers at the Printemps, however, certainly draw higher salaries than the *Patrie* and *Presse* editors, one of whom began behind the haberdashery counter.

M. Jaluzot owned the third biggest shop in Paris and two patriotic newspapers—so prosperous that they not only survived the competition of a 3 P.M. rival with the patriotic name of *Le Français*, but killed it—and sat in the Chamber. He was a big person in Paris, but what Parisians call Americanism infected him, and he went under. A successful "corner" in sugar would have crowned him a financial king of Paris, where speculation still runs on old-world, steady lines. One shrinks from imagining what figure "M. Parapluie" would have cut among the iron-nerved gamblers of Wall Street or the Chicago Pit. Even in ancient Paris he was soon overpowered, though he stood up pluckily to the last. His first attempt at American gambling was in 1900. It was a small affair of a few millions; still, on July 31 of that year he is said to have owned 81 per cent. of the entire beet-sugar crop in France. The Waldeck-Rousseau Government, M. Jaluzot being a Nationalist, took a virtuous view of his transactions and commenced judicial proceedings, which resolved themselves into a Parliamentary Commission, whose labours resolved themselves into nothing after dragging on a year or two. It was much wiser to let M. Jaluzot break his own neck. He rose almost steadily in the market from 1900 till his fall, and turned over enormous sums. The campaign which was his undoing began in the autumn of 1904. Sugar quotations at the Paris Bourse du Commerce went up furiously. A shortage of the beet-crop was the ostensible cause, helped by cooked statistics. From day to day prices rose, by as much as 16s. per sack, from 26 francs to 46 francs. Wiser than M. Jaluzot, two music-hall stars, Miss Marion Winchester and Mlle. Otero, called the Beautiful, realised and made their pile. M. Jaluzot held and increased his stock obstinately, and the bears saw their chance.

It was the old familiar game—the more the bears sold, the more M. Jaluzot, soon the only bull left, bought up. But he could not stand against the whole market, and found himself with something like 3,000,000 sacks of beet-sugar—from coming beets which had not yet put their noses above ground—worth little more than half the price for which he had bought them on account. When settling day came, short work was made of him, and several of his brokers fell in the same crash. He ascribed his fall, of course, to the Jews, and it is quite true that a shop which is a growing competitor of the Printemps is owned by Jewish capital. But Jews or Christians could hardly have resisted the temptation to bring to the ground so foolhardy a speculator as poor “M. Parapluie.” When accounts came to be made up, he was found to be in for it to the tune of 21,000,000 francs. Half a dozen failures and a few suicides, and deaths of speculators with weak hearts, are directly attributed to the great Jaluzot crash.

The effect on the “Great Spring Stores” was immediate, as M. Jaluzot’s connection with the shop was intimate and peculiar. One wonders who drew up the articles of association of Jaluzot & Co.—about which there was very little Co.—when the undertaking became a company in 1885, after having been M. Jaluzot’s private property. M. Jaluzot was sole director, appointed by himself for life, had sole control of the business, was answerable to no one for his management, and drew 40 per cent. of the profits before any dividends were paid to the lamb-like shareholders. Without a question being asked, he invested large amounts of the Printemps capital in his own sugar-refining factories. He transferred to his own account other large sums from the company’s funds for his own speculations, giving as security shares in his own sugar concerns, and not a shareholder said a word. The result was that after the crash M. Jaluzot’s position was stated, on the authority of the official liquidator, to be finally as follows: His liabilities were: 17,000,000 francs to the Printemps, 15,000,000 francs to his creditors on the Bourse du Commerce, and 2,000,000 francs miscellaneous; total, 34,000,000 francs,

or £1,360,000. His assets were: 24,481 shares, nominally worth £20 each, in the Printemps, out of the total issue of 70,121 shares; various other stock valued at £40,000; landed and house property valued at £20,000.

The great shop seemed ruined. The servant girls, gentlemen's gentlemen, cabbies, and agonised peasant women, shut out from the Savings Bank room, went round in a lamenting procession to the official liquidator, who was not encouraging. But the shop has pulled through, thanks to energetic measures, and M. Jaluzot himself has scraped through too, in a way, by dint of ingenuity. Almost exactly a month after the piteous scene in the shop, when the Jaluzot crash came, a general extraordinary meeting of the meek shareholders—no longer meek, however—was held, which M. Jaluzot was too unwell to attend. It lasted from 2 to 10 P.M., began sadly and angrily, but ended hopefully. The statement of accounts could not but be melancholy. An ultimatum from M. Jaluzot goaded the meeting to fury. He proposed, on certain conditions, to forego all rights and claims as sole managing director of the Printemps, in particular the 40 per cent. annual share of the profits, and to give up to the company various securities, notably his shares in the Printemps, in the *Patrie*, and the *Presse*, and some others, but expressly declined all responsibility as to the value of such securities. His conditions were, that the meeting, first, should take over all debts incurred by him as director of the company; and secondly, should formally bind the company never hereafter to institute legal action of any kind, directly or indirectly, against him in connection with his late management of the Printemps, or with his late financial operations involving the company. In short, the Printemps was to give M. Jaluzot a clean slate in return for the benefit of being rid of him, and financially was to assume practically all his enormous liabilities in exchange for small assets, consisting chiefly of shares in the company which he had himself depreciated. M. Jaluzot could not have driven a more ingenious bargain; but the meeting, with some wry faces, had to swallow the pill, after counsel had explained that it was

the only remedy. M. Jaluzot was master of the situation, being director for life, and none but himself could rid the company of him. Anything was better than that he should stay on, and to avoid immediate bankruptcy the meeting at last gave him his discharge on his own terms. The reconstruction of the company could then be proceeded with. On the new basis, the capital is reduced from 30,000,000 francs to 10,518,150 francs, the difference being net loss, and the 70,121 shares issued originally at 500 francs falling to 150 francs. The capital will be increased by the issue of 80,000 preference shares at 150 francs. The company undertakes to pay to sugar brokers on the Bourse du Commerce, creditors of M. Jaluzot, an annuity of 112,500 francs during the entire duration of the company, with the option of redeeming it at any time by payment of 2,000,000 francs. Finally, the new managing director, M. Laguionie, appointed by the meeting on the usual terms, and without the extraordinary privileges enjoyed by M. Jaluzot, draws a salary of 40,000 francs. M. Laguionie began as assistant at a pound or so a week in the silk department of the Printemps, and rose to be chief of the same department. When he left the Printemps he joined a silk-mercer's firm, in which he is now chief partner. He is chairman of the Committee of Silk Trades in the Paris Chamber of Commerce and founder of the Syndical Chamber of Paris Silks and Ribbons. He has no "American" ambitions, owns no newspapers, patriotic or otherwise, and is no politician. Under his management the "Great Spring Stores" will no doubt enjoy a new lease of prosperity.

The epilogue: the *Patrie* and the *Presse* being in the market, M. Berteaux, Minister of War in the present Rouvier Cabinet, offered £16,000 for them. A Nationalist is offering £20,000, and they are remaining "patriotic" for the time being. By how slender a thread does "patriotism" hang! The second epilogue is the official announcement, on October 10 last, that "from that date, by order of the Sûreté-Générale, M. Jaluzot will henceforth, and until further orders, be no longer shadowed by detectives."

LAURENCE JERROLD.

NOTES ON CHARITY ORGANISATION

IT may be an interesting, though perhaps not a very easy undertaking to attempt a sketch of the progress of an Association which has been so much before the public as the Charity Organisation Society. In face of considerable opposition in early days, by hard and continuous work, it has at any rate exercised great influence on the trend of opinion in questions of charitable relief. This is the least that can be said of it ; but if, as Mr. Lecky states both in the introduction to his "Rationalism," as well as elsewhere, that "change comes more from the condition of the public feeling of the time than from any particular argument in favour of such change," the Charity Organisation Society may be congratulated upon its success. At the time of its formation in 1869 there were two points worthy of notice : one was, that the Right Honourable G. J. Goschen was President of the Local Government Board ; the other, that the theory and the practice in dealing with relief to the poor was almost analogous in its ultra-eleemosynary character to the condition of relief before the radical change that took place in Poor Law legislation in the crisis of 1834. Progress was also greatly favoured by the fact that Mr. Goschen, in 1869, became the President or Chairman of the Charity Organisation Society.

Now, although there may have been a general feeling

that some action ought to be taken in the direction of improvement, even by experts, the central idea of a Charity Organisation Society was not easy to formulate. It would be hardly desirable here to enter into the various difficulties that presented themselves; but it is obvious that a man like Mr. Goschen, occupying the two offices that I have mentioned, would be likely to throw light upon such a subject. As has been stated, the necessity of change had become apparent, and the idea began rapidly to consolidate itself. Sir Charles Trevelyan, one of the most active and persistent supporters of the Charity Organisation Society, as of other movements for the benefit of the people, the Earl of Lichfield, Lord Hobhouse, Miss Octavia Hill, General Lynedoch Gardiner, Alsager Hill, and others met at Lord Lichfield's house and began to formulate what was, at all events, a working scheme for the proposed Society.

It may be well here to quote some authorities for what was contemplated. Miss Harriet Martineau, in the "Thirty Years' Peace," commenting upon the working of the new Poor Law of 1834, used these words: "There is no difference so great, except that between the Sovereign and the subject, as that between the Independent Labourer and the Pauper, and it is equally ignorant, immoral, and impolitic to confound the two." The Rector of Islip, Mr. Fowle, in his book upon the Poor Law, says: "The relief afforded by the Poor Law is as a protection to the State, while the object of Charity is the benefit of the recipient." Dr. Ascroft, in a translation by Mr. Preston Thomas of his work, says: "Cases in which destitution is chronic or which are due to misconduct are to be left to the Poor Law, whose function it is to relieve destitution, while that of private charity is to prevent as well as to remove the causes of it."

These extracts seem to emphasise the radical difference in principle between the Poor Law and Charity, a difference which has often been ignored.

The importance of the position that Mr. Goschen occupied

has been pointed out. It resulted in the well-known Minute of November 20, 1869. This filled four pages of small print, but it will be of use to give some extracts. It begins by stating that "The question arises as to how far it is possible to mark out the separate limits of the Poor Law and of charity, and to secure joint action between the two." After insisting that "no system could be more dangerous both to the working classes and to the ratepayers than to supplement insufficiency of wages by the expenditure of public money," it continues, "The Poor Law being intended for the relief of destitution it would seem to follow that charitable organisations whose alms could in no case be claimed as a right, would find its most appropriate sphere in assisting those who have some, but insufficient means, and who, though on the verge of pauperism, are not actual paupers, leaving to the operation of the general law provision for the totally destitute." But in supplementing Poor Law relief, it points out that this should never be done except in matters with which Boards of Guardians cannot legally deal, such as in redeeming or purchasing tools or clothes, in payment of cost of conveyance, or in payment of rent.

In a short paper such as this, it is desirable to keep away from the vexed question of Poor Law reform and to confine it to the work of the Charity Organisation Society. But to those who care to embark in the very interesting history of the Poor Law legislation of 1834 an excellent account of it may be found in "The Old Poor Law and the New Socialism," by Mr. Montague, and published by the Cobden Club.

The gate seemed now open to a wide field of improvement, though limited perhaps when compared with what has since been attempted by the Charity Organisation Society.

It would be a difficult, and not an interesting, task to trace the formation of the various district committees of the Society from the commencement. A pamphlet by Mr. Bosanquet, the secretary of the Society in 1874, speaks of thirty-five committees with thirty-nine offices conterminous with the divisions

of the Poor Law. Since that time they may have been slightly increased, but one or two incidents in their formation may be mentioned. A committee was being arranged not far from Drury Lane. Three of them waited upon a well-known clergyman in the parish for the purpose of obtaining his advice. His advice was, that he approved of the attempt, and that he hoped they would "hit the giant Pauperism in the ribs"—the exact expression may have been slightly different—and with this practical suggestion they had to be satisfied. At another committee rather later on, where bread and cheese was occasionally given to applicants passing through London in search of work, the cheese was discontinued. An applicant, on being offered bread, remarked, "I thought you were a religious society. If that is the case, you must be aware that there is a high authority for saying that 'man cannot live by bread alone!'" On another occasion, Edmond Hollond was the honorary secretary of the Stepney Committee; he lived there, did all the work, and settled from his point of view all the cases of the week. The rest of the committee came to the weekly meetings, and it was curious to see Hollond putting his conclusions about the cases before this committee with anxiety depicted on his face whether or not the committee would have sense enough to carry out what he proposed, a course they usually adopted.

But the promoters of the Society were not deterred by difficulties. In October 1869 the first district committee for the parish of Marylebone opened its office, and sought the co-operation of the Guardians and the various charitable agencies of the parish. At one time the Kensington Committee, which was one of those that took a prominent lead in the work, had seven members who were also Guardians. They met three times a week, and had as honorary secretary Mr. F. Edgcombe, a name well known to all members of the Society.

It may be well to quote two cases as fairly typical of the work of the Charity Organisation Society, the first, perhaps,

a failure, the second a success. In the first case, the man was an inmate of a room in St. Giles, east of Drury Lane (it is not possible to guarantee every detail, as the record is not at hand, but it was either in Coal Yard or King Street). He was addled by drink, but had been a gold medalist, it was said, in Glasgow University. The case was taken up, and he was sent to a home for dipsomaniacs in the North, where he remained for a year having no access to alcohol. He was then taken in hand by a Presbyterian brother, but it was afterwards understood that his brain was so affected that he took to drink again when he could obtain it. The case was expensive, but cannot be called a success. The other was that of a girl, who had been sent to Manitoba from another district committee. Two members were looking over the books before the committee met, and came upon the case of this girl who had just paid 2s. 6d., the last payment of a grant loan, not a very secure way of advancing money. One of the members on inquiring was informed that it was the case of an applicant who had been sent to Canada, and who had not only repaid all that had been lent to her, but had written to make arrangements for her sister to come out and join her. The remark of the member upon this was, that this made him believe in a Kingdom of Heaven after all.

One of the obstacles to progress was that the attitude of the clergy was not altogether favourable. They seemed to look with suspicion on the movement, and when they did join in the work, it was rather, to use a term familiar to them, as a sort of "Proselyte of the Gate" than as active members. This has all changed, and there are now no more cordial and energetic supporters than are to be found among the clergy.

While the work was thus progressing a question arose, among the many upon which the Society had to decide, whether the work of organisation or that of relief, or both, should be undertaken. Endless discussion took place upon this. It may be noted that in the Annual Report, while the relief actually bestowed was mentioned, the relief obtained

either from private sources or from other Associations was omitted, and this, of course, conveyed an inadequate idea of the amount either directly or indirectly given. This omission was rectified in subsequent Reports. In one of these debates at the council a saying by Colonel Prendergast put this relief question in a nutshell. He said, "Come on, rather than go on," was the better maxim; better to show by practice that the view you preached in theory was sound. Mr. Hornsby Wright, an old member, stated that he had found that he did more good with a third of the money he had previously distributed in charity since he had acted on the principles, or through the agency, of the Charity Organisation Society.

It is difficult to be quite accurate as to dates in the development of the Society. There had been some divergence of opinion between the Society for the Relief of Distress and the Charity Organisation Society. This was finally overcome and interaction arranged between them.

But just as one of the main features of progress was the effect it had upon public opinion, so another result became apparent, namely, the influence it began to have upon the casual mendicant in London. Upon this member of the community it may be well to say a word. The conflict between the overseers of bygone days and the able-bodied and sturdy vagrant had been unending. He was a sort of Spectre of the Past, whom no remedial legislation seemed to touch. At various times he had been punished by every method known to the State—beheaded, flogged, branded, imprisoned, instructed, he still remained unexorcised, and a lasting monument to the country of the permanent survival of the unfittest. It was upon this casual mendicant that the principle of not giving relief without inquiry seemed at last to have a perceptible effect.

It is right, however, to say that there may be another side to the shield. The Manual of the Charity Organisation Society used to be one of the most excellent of its papers. It almost seemed to remind people of Mr. Goschen's Minute, it

was so brief and to the point. Now, in most Associations formed by capable people for a definite purpose, there is this risk; for a while the specific purpose is kept in view, but as time goes on the very activity of the movement may lead it to deviate into side issues, to the prejudice perhaps of the primary object. The first line of the Manual states the object of the Association to be the "Improvement of the Condition of the Poor." Now, the meetings of the council have latterly come to consist, to a considerable extent, in lectures to its members, thus instead of improving the condition of the poor, improving their own, and the only way this may be supposed to benefit the poor is by informing people upon such subjects as are connected with their treatment. Does this improve the condition of the poor? *Credat Judæus!*

There are signs that the Charity Organisation Society is unpopular in certain quarters, mainly, perhaps, with the working classes. Are the reasons for this such as admit of a remedy, or are they all to be ascribed to interested motives? In the management of the Association, the discussions at council may have been interesting from a rhetorical point of view, but they certainly seemed to involve a considerable waste of time, and this has probably not greatly changed. Would it not be possible, while leaving the executive work to the administrative committee, where the speeches are not so voluminous, to limit the meetings of the council to once a quarter, or even less?

Again, a principle of the Association used to be to utilise existing agencies; but in the matter of saving, does the Society help the Post Office or the National Penny Bank and its numerous branches, or other associations, unless in absolute accord with their views? Whether they advance the cause of thrift or not, they worry the very poor and leave them no margin by these little savings banks that they establish about at some risk, forgetting, seemingly, that to look after their own children is as much saving by the poor as putting the money into a bank.

But, notwithstanding some points which may be open to

question, there still remains a parallel which ought in fairness to be made, and the parallel is to a passage in Goethe's story of Wilhelm Meister. After various explanations which the sage is making to the student, the sage is met by this reply, "And what, then, is religion?" He rejoins, "Religion is founded on reverence, and is threefold. The religion which depends on reverence for what is above us is called the ethnic, for it is the religion of the nations. The second, which is founded on reverence for what is around us, we call the philosophical; and now we have to speak of the third form of religion, which is founded on a reverence for what is beneath us." It may be said that this last characteristic is one which the Charity Organisation Society seems to have in common with a common Christianity.

In conclusion, it will be recognised by those who are acquainted with the work of the Charity Organisation Society that if not popular it is effective, but has not this question to be considered in respect of its work, seeing the line that was taken by Mr. Goschen's Minute, by the small Manual of the Society, and more recently in many parts of the appeal which has just been issued to subscribers, together containing, it may be thought, sufficient work of a practical kind, rather than by devoting so much of its time to the investigation of problems of conjectural economics?

However this may be, it may be affirmed that this Society has established certain definite principles:

1. That cases often require to be visited in their own homes, besides being decided upon by a committee.
2. That it is desirable that charities for the aid of the poor should not overlap.
3. That inquiry is essential to the proper treatment of an applicant.
4. That if a case be undertaken it should be carried through, rather than be treated by a temporary dole.

A few words may be said as to the objections to the work of the Charity Organisation Society.

First, is it a relief society ?

If an applicant, in the opinion of a committee, is deserving, and no existing institution or individual can be found to deal with him, the Society undertakes to give adequate and timely relief from its own funds.

Secondly, that the funds of the Society are expended in administration rather than relief.

What does administration mean ? It means investigating cases, directing and controlling vast streams of wealth and influence, tracking knaves, helping honest people, and lightening the rates ; and the real comparison should be made, not between the cost of administration and relief, but between the cost of administration and the money saved by ensuring that it is expended for the benefit of the poor, rather than for their demoralisation, or for the bestowal of useless doles.

To bring this paper to a close an incident may be mentioned that happened to the present writer on taking a lady of eleemosynary proclivities to a lecture at the United Service Institution on the Charity Organisation Society.

We found the lecturer tracing back its theory and principles to the time of Plato and Aristotle ; but this vista of the Ages was beyond our powers—possibly it ought not to have been so.

Ipsi sibi violentiam frequenter fac!

May we not inquire whether, in the present juncture, the appointment of the Royal Commission being entirely analogous in importance to the Commission of 1834, it might not be possible that one or two leading members of the Charity Organisation Society should be added to it ?

H. N. HAMILTON HOARE.

ON THE LINE

A New Life of St. Patrick, by T. B. Bury.—By the close of last century all the evidence, and lack of evidence, about the birth and mission of Patricius, Magonus, Seccatus, son of Calphurnius (the deacon and decarion), and of Concessa, his wife, had been gone into—English, Irish, French, and German authors having elaborated the theme. The results were various. The French tried to establish for the Saint a Breton extraction, and a relationship with St. Martin, of Tours, on his mother's side: but the evidence was not conclusive. The Irish annalists admitted that, as there had been three Patricks in their greatly favoured island, some confusion of persons might have taken place. Miss Cusack treated the Apostle of Ireland tenderly, but by Halden and Stubbs, by Stokes, Gwynne, Nutt, and other antipapal writers his claims were rather roughly handled. Finally, Professor H. Zimmer may be said to have, for the time being, disposed of St. Patrick. If born at all, Patricius was born at Daventry. He was, by his own "*Confessions*," proved to be but a "rustic and unlearned person," and though Zimmer accepted this as unfavourable evidence, the Saint's own account of his life's purpose is discredited. To explain the hold which St. Patrick has on the hearts of the Irish, and on the imagination of the world, Zimmer says that his *role* has been confounded with that of Palladius, sent by Pope Celestine to combat the Pelagian heresy in Ireland. This higher criticism is vexatious,

and the eclipse of St. Patrick left such a blank that Professor Bury's successful attempt to construct a new life of him is welcome. The book is not written in an ecclesiastical spirit; the writer tells us how he came to be attracted to the subject.

It attracted my attention, not as an important crisis in the history of Ireland, but, in the first place, as an appendix to the history of the Roman Empire, illustrating the emanations of its influence beyond its own frontiers; and, in the second place, as a notable episode in the series of conversions which spread over Northern Europe the religion that prevails to-day.

This is a logical way of writing history; first to notice that a great work has been effected, next to inquire who did it, and then to make the worker live again, as distinctly as may be, after a great lapse of years. Professor Bury has drawn a portrait in which every touch tells. We feel to know the "rustic and unlearned" man who was the son and grandson of British clerks, who was born between the Galway and the Severn, who was sometime a swineherd in Ireland, but who died Bishop of Armagh. We see him as a student at the Lérins and at Auxerre, made a deacon by Amator, and consecrated a bishop by St. Germanus. We realise his unmistakable personality, and his undeniable charm. Simple, earnest, courageous, deep-hearted and fertile in resource, Patricius, with his quick temper and his independent spirit, was the very man to meet King Leogaire, the very teacher to convert the princesses of Tara. Zimmer argues that he could not have made Christians of the Irish because they had been already converted. How the first seeds of Christianity even came to be sown in the island is a mystery, but that Christianity existed prior to his mission is a fact. It was of a sporadic sort, here a little and there a little, mere spots of light in a boundless contiguity of shade. The great, the distinctive work of St. Patrick was not so much the conversion of some savage tribes with their kings and over-kings, not even the eradication of a formidable heresy, but the consolidation of the forces of Christianity. He diffused a knowledge of Latin, he formed a hierarchy, he authorised the ritual of that Mass of which the MS. known as the

Stowe manuscript exists to this day; he founded several religious houses, and he spread the area of the faith. So effectual was his organisation of the scattered Celtic churches under the primacy of Rome that they have been preserved from error, withstanding at once the stress of adversity and the strain of time.

Professor Barry says—

In the days of Patrick the Roman Empire meant a great deal more than the Roman See; and to a bishop of Gaul or Britain it was the bishop of Old Rome that seemed to represent the traditions of Roman Christendom. The work of Patrick was to draw new lands within the pale of Christian unity. He was no mere messenger, or instrument, like Augustine. He was not in constant communication with Leo, or with any superior. Yet no less than Augustine, or than Boniface, he was the bearer of the Roman idea. Patrick brought a new land into the spiritual federation which was so closely connected with Rome, and which had absorbed into itself so many elements of the ancient world.

It is pleasant to find St. Patrick reinstated in his place, quite as much as a statesman as a missionary. He will stand for ever on the list of the brotherhood of the eternal purpose, for he fills a place in that *economia* which is the greatest triumph known to history over the brute forces of mankind.

Professor Bury is a critic handling many questions frankly and in a broadminded, patient spirit. Dogmatically his sympathies are rather with Pelagius than with Patricius, but he does not allow himself to take, or make, a satirical opportunity of underrating the primacy of Rome. To do so would be to read into the unorganised, undisciplined bodies of Celtic Christianity, the psychology of sixteenth-century sects. Primitive Christianity, whatever it may have been, could not, Professor Bury says, "have been Protestant," and institutional Christianity (however well, or ill, its place-holders may have represented its spirit and its intentions) was, though not identical with the primitive *norm*, "at least its very early and its inevitable development." We take leave of a book which belongs, not to the folk-lore of Ireland, or to the hagiology of the Christian Church, but to the literature of Europe, and to the history of the fifth century.

It is quite possible that Miss Clemence Housman's romance *The Life of Sir Aglovale de Galis* (Methuen, 6s.) will not appeal to the many; its plot is not sufficiently bald, its style not sufficiently crude, for a genuine bookstall boom; but it is sure of the enthusiastic appreciation of the few, for it is a very beautiful story—written in the true spirit of Malory—about the realm of Arthur and his knights. Miss Housman has evidently read with the ardour of devotion the glowing pages of the "Morte Darthur," and so filled her mind with the ideals and pictures, the purposes and characters, of the "noble and joyous book," that she is able—actually able in this twentieth century which we pretend to imagine so material an age—to write a volume, in itself inspiring and appealing, complementary to the work of Sir Thomas Malory, "my most dear Master whom I love so much."

Sir Aglovale de Galis is—Arthurian enthusiasts will remember—son of King Pellinore, and brother of Tor, Lamorak, and Percivale. He was, however—Miss Housman tells us this, not Malory—a curst knight. There was born in him a bitterness which would burn into savageness, an occasional wild indifference to the conventions and practices of chivalry, which early marked him out for the disfavour of his parents and the contempt of the king; making him a byword for the enemies of his house to scoff at and contemn. He seemed, generally, to be endeavouring to do knight's work in the knightly way, when the evil in his nature would revolt, and for a time so rule him that the good of his knightly deeds was in large measure unmade. Yet from the first, and to the end, he was really of hero heart; and despite unpopularity and his evil name, there was in him much that some of Arthur's proudest knights—Launcelot at the head of them—could and did admire and envy. But it was a long while—the hard road of many grey, tumultuous years had first to be traversed—before he won true knowledge of himself and obliterated from men's memories the record of his earlier misdeeds. Arthur, alone, never believed in him or forgave

him. Miss Housman's king is the Arthur of Malory, not Tennyson's saintly hero of the "Idylls." It was love for Gilleis, a love which ended in his shame and her death, and the companionship of Percivale, a companionship which terminated through Aglovale's heart-broken confession of his evil past, causing his brother, horror-stricken, to desert him, which began his salvation. Gradually the curst knight, whose life had been so full of cruelty and foulness, began to outdo his fellows of the Round Table in implicit obedience to Arthur's rules and their knightly ideals. He did more than that. He did penance of the basest. He wore leper's garb and knew the depths of the leper's misery. He took shame and harsh treatment without complaining from those whom he had wronged. He was the lonely knight, wresting sad happiness from sorrow. His life was attempted again and again; once by two of his worst enemies, Gaheris and Agravaine. He retorted by saving them from the very death to which they had condemned him; and always he hid his duteous efforts, and did nothing openly to remove from himself the ban which his king and fellows had fastened upon him.

How he fought with himself, and endured the ordeals which God and man put upon him, cannot be even dimly suggested here, for this romance is nearly as full of incident and adventure, chivalrous and spiritual, as the "Morte Darthur" itself. Miss Housman has achieved a triumph in creating it. She has been both brave and wise in harking back to a mediæval model. She has drunk of the well of old ideals, and so doing has refreshed us in these days. There must be years of dream and effort in her book. It is no scamped work; but evident hard labour of love well done.

BEAUJEU

CHAPTER XL

M. DE BEAUJEU RETURNS IN TRIUMPH

So M. de Beaujeu went home rejoicing. He had paid all debts. He had kept his word. He had cast out one King and made another. The throne (by the grace of M. de Beaujeu) awaited the ascent of his Highness of Orange. By the grace of M. de Beaujeu—his Asthmatic Highness should not forget that.

On that chill winter's night M. de Beaujeu had his hour of triumph. Shouldering slowly through the crowd down Charing Cross and the Strand he smiled amiably on sleek citizens and greasy bullies when they howled in his ear. They had done his work very well. It would have been churlish to complain.

In this genial temper he came out of the crowd to the silence and emptiness of Essex Street and swung on down the hill with a freer step. Sudden a file of men leapt out of the wall. There was never a challenge, never a word, but rapiers shot at him gleaming through the gloom. Aside and back Beaujeu sprang and cast off his cloak and whirled it whizzing round in the air and flicked out his sword. They pressed on, still without a cry or an oath. They tried to lunge through the swing of the cloak, and Beaujeu's darting flickering point and his long arm sent one to fall vomiting blood across the swords of his friends.

Then as they started back, "Points, boys, points," muttered Captain Hagan hoarsely. It was the first word spoken. The four that were left rushed upon him with oaths.

Beaujeu sprang back up the hill shouting lustily, "Dubois! Dubois!" and shaking his cloak he caught in it two lunging swords and tangled them, and, snatching, held the pair. His own blade clashed and scraped with Mr. O'Gorman's, and Captain Hagan ran at him, shortening his sword to stab. But Beaujeu sprang aside, holding still to the captive blades, and Captain Hagan's hard-driven thrust went home upon the wall and his rapier snapped short at the sword hilt. "'Od rot ye!" cried Captain Hagan. "'Od burn ye!"

And Beaujeu lurched on the greasy hill feinting with Mr. O'Gorman and wrenching at the two swords that he held in his cloak, and muttered oaths and hard breathing sounded with the scrape of stone and heel. A long lunge sent Mr. O'Gorman cursing back upon Captain Hagan, and in that instant of respite Beaujeu dropped his elbow and in the dark stabbed upward as a man stabs with a dagger--twice. And the two men whose blades he held shrieked shrill like woman and reeled away and fell.

Flinging their swords and his cloak away Beaujeu sprang in upon Mr. O'Gorman and engaged. Dubois came running yelling, "Rascal! Assassin! *Coquin!* Rascal!" and flourishing Beaujeu's whip aloft. He flung himself on Captain Hagan, who caught his whip hand and closed.

From the open doorway Mistress Nancy Leigh cried shrill, "A Papist! A Papist! 'Prentices!"

A minute Beaujeu and O'Gorman fenced, and O'Gorman steadily blasphemed, and Dubois and Hagan swung wrestling hither and thither and Nancy ran out in the street and cried "'Prentices, 'prentices, a Papist!" Then Beaujeu's wet sword shot through O'Gorman's arm and Mr. O'Gorman dropped his sword with a yell. Beaujeu glanced round. Captain Hagan had wrenched the whip from Dubois and his arm was aloft to strike. Beaujeu sprang at him, but Hagan slashed at his eyes, and Beaujeu, thrusting blindly, missed him and stumbled forward and fell and lost his sword; then, wild with pain and unseeing, flung himself on Hagan and clipped the man in his

arms and wrenched him from Dubois, who was cast away staggering and fell. Beaujeu swung Captain Hagan off his feet, and while he kicked and struck frenzied dashed him against the wall. Again and again the lean head was crashed upon the stones, but Captain Hagan had ceased to strive, and after one groan he made no sound more, and Beaujeu's blind face was spattered with his blood. Still in the madness of pain and fight Beaujeu swung the limp body hither and thither, and Mr. O'Gorman stole up behind swinging a broken rapier in his hand.

But again Nancy had cried to the 'prentices, and a score brisk boys of the Strand came pelting down the street twirling their staves by the middle. "There! there!" cried Nancy wildly. "'Tis a Huguenot butchered by Irish Papists." And as Mr. O'Gorman swung up his broken sword to dash the hilt down on Beaujeu's head, a triplet of cudgels crashed upon his own. But Mr. O'Gorman had smitten, and Beaujeu fell down upon Captain Hagan thudding.

Nancy ran to him and fell on her knees in the blood by his side and tried to loose him from Captain Hagan, and the 'prentices panting leant on each other and peered round at the dead. "By the Bar, boys!" says one, "'tis a graveyard, no less."

Nancy strove in vain with those bloody linked fingers, and she turned white in the gloom and "Oh, will you not help me?" she cried. "'Tis a Huguenot gentleman, a friend to the Prince, and these bloody Irish——"

"'Od rot all Irish," cried the lads, crowding round her. "Let be, mistress; which be the Oranger?" She showed them, and two sturdy lads wrenched Beaujeu's writen gripe apart and drew him from his foe and lifted him. "One to five! Burn me!" says one as they moved off with their burden. "One to five! Now, rot me! Sure, he fought a good fight and he died a good death."

Dubois was sitting up on the stones and staring wildly round. He rose tottering and reeled to his master's dripping sword and took it and followed.

So M. de Beaujeu was borne in triumph home.

CHAPTER XLI

M. DE BEAUJEU RECEIVES HIS REWARD

FOR a night and a day and a night M. de Beaujeu lay on his bed dumb and very still. Dr. Garth came to him and bound his head and his torn left hand, but the wounds were slight enough. Dr. Garth lifted the lids from his bloodshot eyes, and brought a candle near and gazed into them. The pupils were very large and dull and covered deep with tears. Dr. Garth put back the eyelids, and turned away frowning. Beaujeu was breathing slowly, heavily, and the doctor commanded leeches. When they had fed full the head was bound again, and the bandage was drawn across the eyes.

The sun had gone round to the south on the second day when M. de Beaujeu stirred on his pillows and put up a trembling hand and felt the wet linen about his head. "Is— is any one here?" he said feebly, turning his white drawn face this way and that. Rose's maid, who was watching him, started up and ran away. "Who are you? Why do you run?" said Beaujeu to the empty room, and began to pluck at the bandage with weak fingers.

In a moment came quick light footsteps, and Nancy's hand fell on his. "Please, monsieur, do not touch it," says Nancy. "Dr. Garth will come soon."

Beaujeu's long fingers closed on her hand. "This is Mistress Leigh?" he asked.

She nodded, forgetting for a moment that he could not see, then bit her lip, and "Yes, monsieur," she said in a low voice.

"Ah." He appeared to try to think. "Was Dubois hurt?"

"No, no indeed," said Nancy quickly. "You saved him, monsieur."

And again Beaujeu was silent, thinking. "You saved me," he said half to himself. "You saved me. Eh, that is coals of fire on my head, Mistress Leigh."

"Don't—don't——" said Nancy tremulously. "You have always been very kind—and I have been a shrew.

"No," said Beaujeu simply, and lay with her hand in his for awhile silent.

Then Dr. Garth, red and jovial, came bustling in. "Well, monsieur, well, you have mighty little right to be alive," he cried. "Is it your own soul come back to you or another?"

"*Pardieu*, I can scarce tell yet, my head buzzes vastly."

"Thank God you have a head to buzz," said Dr. Garth, and began to shift the bandages. "And how is the head now?" he asked at last.

"Why, noisy still—but well enough. I suppose you have the bandages over my eyes?"

Dr. Garth straightened himself and looked down at the white face. Nancy was biting her lip, and her eyes were shimmering in tears. "Yes, the bandages are over your eyes," said Dr. Garth in a moment.

"How soon may I be quit of them?"

"Not yet. Best not yet," said the doctor slowly.

"Eh, but you see I want to write," says Beaujeu, shifting impatiently in the bed. Nancy, who had tears glistening on her cheeks, laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

"To write?" Dr. Garth repeated and coughed. "To write? Humph. To the Prince of Orange, I take it? Well, he is come to Windsor, he'll be in town anon. Doubtless you'll hear from him, monsieur."

"Is he so near?" cried Beaujeu smiling. "*Bien*, then I can wait. Yes, doctor, I think I shall hear from him," and he lay and chuckled.

But Dr. Garth looked at him gravely, and Nancy turned away shivering and hid her face.

So M. de Beaujeu, blindfolded, passed a happy day, and ate marvellously.

On the morning of the morrow Dr. Garth came to him again, and "Well, monsieur, well, how goes it now?" says he, bending over the bandages.

"Why, vastly well. But 'tis irksome to be blindfold."

"Irksome, eh?" says the doctor, stopping a moment to look at him. "Egad, monsieur, if I was you I should thank God I could still breathe."

"I will when I can see," says Beaujeu smiling; and Dr. Garth opened his mouth to speak—then shut it and went on with his work. "Well, doctor, am I to see to-day?" says Beaujeu lightly. "May I slough my bandages?"

"Monsieur," said the doctor, "the bandages are off."

"What?" cried Beaujeu, and started up in the bed and swept his hand across his brow, and turned wide eyes to the doctor. "What? . . . Oh, I see—I see. I am blind"; and his fists were clenched, and he sat leaning a little forward, breathing hard, and waves of blood swept across his thin face.

Then Dr. Garth said gravely: "Monsieur, if you are alive now, it is by the marvellous kindness of God."

At that Beaujeu laughed long and loud—then was silent awhile—then laughed again—and then: "I hope that I thank Him duly," he said.

"You will perhaps yet," said Dr. Garth. "I will wait on you again to-night."

Beaujeu watched him go with sightless eyes. "If I need you," he muttered to himself, then rose, and slowly feeling before him moved to the bell.

In a moment Dubois came running in and fell on his knees and caught Beaujeu's hand and kissed it. "Ah, monsieur, monsieur," he muttered. "*Hélas*, and it was for me. Ah, monsieur——"

"My dear Dubois," says Beaujeu in his passionless voice, "I do not feel pathetic. Shave me."

So M. de Beaujeu, mighty fine in his black periwig and his blue velvet, came slowly downstairs. His left hand was still swathed in linen, and his steps faltered a little, and the tall figure was bent. He came into his room above the river and stood by the window in the sunlight. The wash of the tide,

the watermen's cries came to him, and he tried to think of the darting wherries, the changing golden gleam of the waves. The sun was warm on his cheeks. It must be bright, very bright, he told himself, and the sky would be clear and blue. Not dark blue—not in December—no, it would be pale blue, like the coats of his own old regiment. The regiment! Ay, he could see that still—long ranks on black horses and pale blue above, broken with the grey gleam of steel. *Pardieu*, how they wheeled into line and rushed down the hill when they brought off Ginkel's musketeers! Black horses, and pale blue coats all level, and the swords a gleam, they hurled the French cuirassiers, one tangled mass of steel, into the river, and the brown Rhine foamed and was white with the Frenchmen's plumes.

Well! That was long and long ago. He would never see the regiment again. He laughed. Faith, if he was to count the things which he would never see again he would need live some time. And that (he was smiling at the sunshine), why, that was scarce worth while. No, scarce worth while. He felt for a chair and sat down by his desk and rested his head on his hand. No. He could be no use in the world more. Faith, 'twas a little hard, for he owed some debts. Healy—he could have desired to serve Healy a little—a little in requital of much. And Rose—Rose—sure, he could never have given her enough, but at least he might have served her all his life. And now, bah! he was not as useful as a footman, he was a burden, a curse—he groaned and hid his face. Captain Haggan had well chosen his blow.

The door opened gently and Mr. Healy, his bright eyes dimmed, his face very sorrowful, came to Beaujeu and put his hand on one broad, quivering shoulder. "Beaujeu, my dear," says he softly. Beaujeu started up and stared at him, and there were tears in the blind eyes.

"Healy?" he asked hoarsely.

Mr. Healy put an arm about him and held him hard. "My dear," he muttered, "my dear," and so the two stood

awhile together. "She is safe and very well," said Healy at last.

Beaujeu started away from him. "For God's own sake, keep me alone!" he cried.

Healy looked at him sadly and then began to smile. "You'll trust me," says he. "I'll have to leave you a little while." He caught Beaujeu's hands. "Man, promise me you'll be here when I come back," he whispered.

Beaujeu laughed. "*Bien*. Do not be long," he said, and Mr. Healy went out in a hurry.

But Mr. Healy had been gone but a moment when Dubois came to ask if monsieur would receive M. de Bentinck. Beaujeu waved his hand, and muttering to himself, "Best end it," stood with his back to the window waiting.

M. de Bentinck came in with a smile of satisfaction on his shallow, bony face. "M. de Beaujeu—I am here to inform you," says he pompously, mouthing the words, "that you are deep in his Highness's displeasure." Beaujeu started and stood stiffer, but the white hawk-face was in shadow, and M. de Bentinck, peering, could see no sign of feeling. M. de Bentinck continued his oration. "I recall to you, monsieur, that his Highness censured you for a gross neglect last week. You carried it off boasting and blustering. You professed, monsieur, that you would return to your duty in London. You returned to London. At once the town broke out in riot. There has been plentiful disorder and pillage. I do not know what you have gained in it, monsieur, but the good name of his Highness's cause has been shamed. Finally, monsieur, finally," says the orator, licking his lips, "when King James fled you were so besotted that you sent us no word, and his Highness was left to hear of it by rumour. The safety of his enterprise was put to hazard. I tell you, monsieur, that his Highness had been better served by a footboy." M. de Bentinck paused for a reply. But Beaujeu stared down at him and seemed to see the sneer on his thin pale lips and said no word. "Do you answer me?" cried Bentinck sharply.

"Nor you—nor your master," said Beaujeu.

"Then, monsieur, I inform you that his Highness dispenses with your services. I demand your commission."

"It shall be sent," said Beaujeu.

"I require it now!" said Bentinck.

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "You may continue to require."

"Do you defy me, sir?" cried Bentinck. "Here is the order," and he held out a paper under Beaujeu's eyes.

Beaujeu flushed. "I have, monsieur," he said slowly, difficultly, "the fortune to be blind."

"Blind?" cried Bentinck starting back and staring at him. Then in a formal tone: "M. de Beaujeu, do you inform me that you suffered in the service of his Highness?"

"No, monsieur, in a private quarrel."

"Ah, your wench I take it," said Bentinck in a moment. "Well, I await your commission at Whitehall. Permit me to observe, monsieur, that if you had cared for your duty you might have escaped these disasters."

Still pleased with himself, M. de Bentinck departed. He was of all men the most agreeable to the taste of King William III.

CHAPTER XLII

M. DE BEAUJEU PLAYS WITH HIS SWORD

M. DE BEAUJEU sat down and began to laugh. There was comedy in the end of it all. Egad, but his Asthmatical Highness was a grateful soul! Behold the Saviour of England, William III. the Magnanimous Liberator, in his beautiful nakedness. His Highness was comical—and the polite Bentinck was comical—and blind M. de Beaujeu the most comical of three. So he laughed loud.

But faith, the laugh sounded strange. 'Twas doubtless himself that was laughing but—eh, but there was no longer a self. No more than a stupid something that could suffer. . . .

A week ago, and he would have played a hand with little Hooknose. Ay, *pardieu*, played a hand and won it. . . Well, and why not, even yet? He held the cards still, and Healy would stand by him, and Wharton, and—bah, his brain was gone as well as his eyes! Sure there was nought to play for, nought any man alive could give him now. The best a blind man could hope was to hide himself. Yes. One could still hide.

But indeed it was comical! He (God save him!) would have asked a command; he would have been a Turenne—he, the blind man. Behold a Turenne with a dog on a string and a stick. Generalissimo Gravelblind. Oh, certainly, it was comical. . . This nonpareil Beaujeu had been too great a man for Rose!

Her tall lithe beauty, the black curls on her round white throat, her glowing golden eyes came to him clear in his darkness. . . . Rose. . . . Rose. . . . He found himself muttering that—then cursed himself for his folly. Sure, it was vastly sweet to babble her name, to remember all that he had brought her of pain, to know that he had nothing to give her at last. . . . Oh fool, fool! She must never come to him now. He must not trouble her more . . . never hear her voice . . . never hold her again . . . never.

The fire was burning ruddy, the sun was gone. In the shadow M. de Beaujeu felt his way along to the arms-rack and took down his sword and came back with it to his seat by the window. Never hold her again . . . never hear her voice. The words chimed in his brain. M. de Beaujeu drew off the sheath and began to play with his sword.

The lithe wrist tried its poise, and the steel shimmered cold in the pale light. A good blade. Faith, it had served him even too well. It had saved him to live through this last hour. Too well, egad. Ruins of hope were not comfortable company. Sure, God was daintily cruel: to let him conquer and give for guerdon helplessness, to let him live while he knew himself dead. Ay, he had been a fool to hope so high, to hope

at all, but to live yet—well, it was a good blade. Might serve him once again, never yet so well. M. de Beaujeu laughed to his sword and caressed it.

He stood up and walked to the corner, feeling his way along the wall. He set the hilt in the angle of the wainscot, and steadying the blade in his bandaged hand stepped back to get his distance. Then, with the point set against his heart, paused for a moment. Other fortunes than his own troubled suddenly the thoughts of M. de Beaujeu.

Thus far he had been a curst bad friend, a curst bad lover. Was there aught he could do still? For Rose? No. The hour was past for that. To her he could be only a wretched burden, such as she must not bear. For Healy? Ay, Healy had begged a promise to wait his coming. Healy wanted something, perhaps. Bah, but what could a blind man do? *Enfin*, he had promised. He would wait. M. de Beaujeu made his way to the window, nursing his sword. Of instinct he yearned for the light.

But the sun had passed to the west, the fire was no more than quivering red ash, and Beaujeu stood in shadow and shivered.

Soon the latch clicked, there were footsteps, and the rustle of a dress, and a gay voice cried, "Beaujeu!"

M. de Beaujeu turned with the naked sword in his hand.

"Beaujeu, 'tis I—and my wife!"

"You? You are Jack, I think?" says Beaujeu slowly.

Jack had come close to him and stared, round-eyed.

"Egad, have you forgot us?" he cried. "Jack Dane and Nell."

Beaujeu bowed at the sound. "Pardon. You see I—I do not see very well. I am blind."

"Blind!" Jack gasped, and started back, and Nell came running forward crying

"Monsieur!" and caught his hands on the sword in hers.

"Pray do not be distressed," says Beaujeu in his passionless voice. "Did I understand, Mr. Dane? May I give you joy?"

"Ah, monsieur, am I not to care?" says Nell very softly,

clinging to his hands. "You fought for me. May I not remember?"

Beaujeu, standing very stiff, stared over her head for a moment, then bowed swiftly and kissed her hands.

"But, Beaujeu, man, how were you hurt?" cried Jack.

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "Does it matter?" he said, and laughed.

There was silence awhile, and then, "Will you hold this still, monsieur?" said Nell, tremulously trying to take the sword.

"Why, the touch is pleasant," said Beaujeu smiling, "and one likes one's little pleasures."

Nell's lip was trembling, and Jack came heavily forward to take the blade away, but she stayed him with her eyes. "At least you will sit with me, monsieur," she said, and she drew him to a chair and sat beside him with her hand still on his, and Jack stood comically on guard by his right arm. "I do not know how to thank you——" Nell began.

"*Corbleu*, do not try!" cried Beaujeu sharply. "It is one of the few things I think of with pleasure." There was silence awhile, and to break it, "You are new come from Surrey then?" says he.

"How do you know that?" cried Jack.

"Ah, Mistress Nell has heather in her dress."

Nell looked down at the little grey sprig on her shoulder, then turned in surprise to the blind eyes. "But how could you guess?" she cried.

"Have you never met the wind from the heather after rain?" said Beaujeu smiling.

"Ay, a west wind on Monument Hill," says Master Jack, laughing at Nell. And Nell blushed. "Faith, Nell has never been there!" and daring her frown, he laughed wickedly.

"'Tis a place where one does foolish things," says Nell, with a toss of her head.

M. de Beaujeu began to understand. "At least you were happy in the scene," he said smiling.

Jack stared at him. "What?" Jack cried. "Do you know it?"

"I have ridden through your shire," says Beaujeu quickly.

"What a pox where you doing on Monument Hill?"

"On it? Eh, nothing at all."

"Yet you know how it looks," says Jack frowning. "Egad, how do you know it at all?"

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "A chance. I was riding from a village—Repley is it? Ripley? yes—and across by a plank bridge, I——"

"That bridge has been broke five years," said Jack, sharply. "Now when did you cross it?"

"I have been in England before," said Beaujeu. "Eh, but you weary me with your bridges and hills. I——"

The door opened. Mr. Wharton stalked in gaunt and grim. "'Tis Tom Wharton, Beaujeu," says he, and took Beaujeu's hand and gripped it a moment. "I have but just seen that sallow skeleton Bentinck and heard. I have consoled him with a character of himself and his curst master. But begad you'll try a pass with little Hooknose yet, and damme I'll back you through hell!"

"Thank you. But did Bentinck tell you that I was blind?"

"Ay," growled Wharton, and bestowed an oath on M. de Bentinck's narrative style.

"*Bien.* I will let his Highness rest. He cannot give me my eyes."

Mr. Wharton fell back a step. He did not argue it. Mr. Wharton himself did not discover much in life for a blind man. Then his deep-set eyes fell on Jack and began to glitter. "So you have found your cousin?" says he.

"Cousin?" cried Jack.

And Beaujeu started up and dropped his sword. "Do you jest with me, now Mr. Wharton?" he said harshly.

"I call you——"

Beaujeu sprang at the sound. "I had your word," he muttered.

"Oh, damn my word," says Wharton easily. "I call you Tom Dane. Cousin Tom—Cousin Jack"; he presented the two to each other.

"You are mad!" cried Beaujeu to Wharton.

"You are my cousin then!" cried Jack to Beaujeu.

"Cousin Jack talks sense," says Mr. Wharton.

"I might have known," Jack muttered, while Beaujeu stood biting his lip.

"Well, begad, so you might," Mr. Wharton agreed. "And now that you do——" he looked a conclusion.

Jack turned frowning to Beaujeu. "But, egad, why did you say you were dead?" he cried.

Beaujeu smiled slightly. "In effect I am," says he.

"Why would you have me take your land?"

"I remind you of what I said," says Beaujeu in his passionless voice. "Can my father's son take what your father has held?"

"Would you have me so base as to keep it?" cried Jack flushing.

"Mr. Dane, I have not much left but some pride. Pray leave me that."

They were all gazing at the white face, Jack and Nell in sore distress, Mr. Wharton with a heavy frown, when the door opened again and Mr. Healy came softly in, smiling.

"Monsieur," cried Nell, "monsieur, would you shame us?" and caught at his hand.

Beaujeu quivered. Mr. Healy came up behind and put a hand on his shoulder. Beaujeu started round. "Healy?" he cried.

"'Tis myself," says Mr. Healy.

"Will you take them away?"

"I will that," says Mr. Healy. "Come now," and he waved them to the door.

"Damme, Healy, will you be a fool?" growled Mr. Wharton.

"But you do not know——" cried Jack, as Healy urged him on.

“Do I not?” says Mr. Healy. “Do I care for him less than you? Come away now, come away,” and he shepherded them out.

Mr. Wharton, looking back as he was pressed on, saw Beaujeu turn and move slowly, feeling before him towards the grey glint of the sword.

CHAPTER XLIII

M. DE BEAUJEU COMES TO HIS OWN

Now more than ever was the sword desirable. M. de Beaujeu had discovered what it was to be pitied. He did not intend to be pitied again.

Feeling before him, he stooped, and the cold blade met his hand. He raised it, and moved on unsteadily to the side of the room. Then he turned sharp, and, with his right shoulder keeping touch with the wainscot, sought the corner; he made an odd picture, the tall stooping figure nursing his sword like a child, and moving slowly, purposeful.

Rose stood in the doorway, and saw. Then she sped to him, and cast her arms about him, and she cried low, “My dear——!”

There came the long clatter of a fallen sword. Turning in her arms, Beaujeu gazed blindly, and the hawk-face flushed dark. “Rose?” he said hoarsely.

“Who else?”

M. de Beaujeu stood erect, and his hands were clenched at his side. “Why have you come?” he cried.

Still she clung to him, and glowing eyes looked close at the proud haggard face. “Dear heart!” she said tenderly, and gave a little sad laugh.

“Healy brought you. . . . I will speak to Healy,” says Beaujeu. “You were wrong to come, child. I’ll not have you stay.”

Rose drew away from him a little, and caught his hands

and held them. "Nor I'll not heed you," she cried, and blood tinged her white cheek. "I stay, Mr. Dane. 'Tis my right."

"Right?"

"Do I not love you? Do you not love me?"

"Love?" Beaujeu laughed loud. "Child, what am I to talk of love?"

The girl's bosom rose stormily; the light died in her eyes; she blushed. "Will you shame me again?" she said in a low voice.

"Not that!" cried Beaujeu, starting and flushing. "Oh, God knows you've a right to say it. . . ." He groaned and bit at his lip, and tears stood in the blind eyes.

"Dear, I did not mean it," Rose cried, pressing his hands, while a shrill wild laugh broke from her. "I could not think it. I—I—I said it to make you . . . ah, my dear . . ." and her voice broke in a sob.

Beaujeu took one hand from hers, and, groping, put it on her shoulder. "Rose, you have not forgot what you said to me," he said in a low voice. "You denied me; I was too great for you. Now I—'tis I would be the burden. I am dismissed. I have nothing in the world. I am blind. Shall I be less proud than you? Sure, you'd not let me think shame of myself. You are come in pity. 'Tis more than I can bear. I'll face it out alone. Go, you, and forget."

Rose let his other hand fall. She stood alone, fronting him in her tall beauty, and her eyes glowed. "Sure, Mr. Dane, we are both proud!" she cried. "Nor you nor I will take aught from the other. No! You'd rather turn to that sword." Her voice rang out with scorn, and she flung out her hand in a wide gesture of disdain. "That—before me. Pray, will you not use it on me first?"

She waited flushed, and her lips were parted for the quick breath. Beaujeu quivered as he stood, and turned away groaning, and stumbled and staggered. Then she ran to him, and caught him in her arms. "Dear heart," she whispered,

"am I never to be happy? . . ." Then betwixt laughing and crying, her face all rosy, "Faith, you've not made me very happy ever yet . . . pray will you not ever, Mr. Dane?"

Beaujeu cast one arm about her and drew her closer and she laughed. Then, tilting her chin in his hand so that his blind eyes looked down to hers, "Child, can I?" he said hoarsely.

"Wilt try?" Rose asked smiling.

"God help me," Beaujeu muttered, holding her close; and the two were silent awhile.

"Dear, 'tis just Rose that used to run over the heather," says Rose, clinging to him and talking low to his ear; "Rose in her russet gown, and she knows nought of being great nor famous nor all the silly things; 'tis just Rose of the Red Barn, and sure she wants nought in the world but Mr. Dane, like the poor silly maid that he kissed in the pine-wood. But indeed he has forgot that, I think."

"Never," says Beaujeu, and caught her closer yet, and she sighed in his clasp and he pressed his lips to hers.

So M. de Beaujeu came to his own at last.

In awhile they went together to the window and sat there and she nestled against him with his arm about her talking low of the old days when they walked through the heather, and watching him smile.

There came a loud knock at the door and the two rose together, and Rose slipped her hand in his. "Pray come," she cried smiling.

Came somewhat bashfully Jack and Nell. "Healy said we might come," says Jack flushing. "Mistress Charlbury, I—I—I——"

"Indeed, sir, I am glad to give you joy," says Rose gently, and held out her hand. Jack came awkwardly to kiss it, and thereafter stood up very red and speechless. But Rose was looking at Nell and smiling. In a moment Nell ran to her and caught her hands.

"Oh, but I am glad to know you at last," she cried, and the

two fair women waited a moment gazing into each other's eyes. Jack and Beaujeu must needs stand humbly apart.

"And now will you help us—again?" said Nell softly.

"Indeed, yes, if I can."

Nell smiled. "Why 'tis with M. de Beaujeu," says she, "and I think you can. You know we have M. de Beaujeu's lands—and unjustly! But he"—she looked reproachful at monsieur, and Rose's eyes went with her—"he'll not take them from us. He'd have us keep them as if he hated us. Indeed 'tis mighty well to be proud—oh, I do not mean to hurt——" Beaujeu's lips had quivered and Rose turned to her with darkening eyes: "Indeed, indeed I do not mean to hurt," cried Nell flushing.

Jack stepped up to Beaujeu. "Cousin," says he in a low voice, "you know well enough 'tis no charity, this. You must know I cannot hold Bourne. God knows the shame of the past is mine, not yours. And you——" Beaujeu held out his hand and Jack's heavy frown lifted as he gripped at it.

Beaujeu turned. "Nell, I think I have been proud long enough," says he smiling.

* * * * *

In the corridor over the river Mr. Healy and Mr. Wharton paced up and down together. Mr. Wharton was morose to see and silent.

"You will be philosophising?" Mr. Healy inquired.

Mr. Wharton looked up with a scowl. "Begad," says he, "I am wondering why our curious God could not let Sherborne's bullies finish their work."

"Sure 'tis amiable to complain," Mr. Healy remarked.

"Oh, life is a damned boon," says Mr. Wharton sneering. "And here is a poor devil that has learnt to live for his plots and his fighting is told he must lose them all and live out his seventy years as helpless as a blind puppy. Zounds, what has he left that he cared for? Beaujeu, that is prouder than

Lucifer, has to be fed and led for a forty year. Damme, 'tis terrestrial hell!"

Mr. Healy, contemplating his toes, did not answer for awhile. Then he looked up and spoke very slowly: "Faith, 'tis himself should be more worth to a man than his work. . . . I have thought, do you know, that at whiles God will be spoiling a man's work to save the poor soul's self."

Mr. Wharton stared at him. "Humph," says Mr. Wharton with a shrug. "I do not know Beaujeu's chances of heaven, but on earth he is sure of hell."

Mr. Healy beheld afar on the stair the dainty grace of Nancy Leigh, and he watched her vanish before he turned again to Mr. Wharton. He looked with a whimsical smile at the ugly scowling face. "Sure 'tis something in life to make one dear soul happy," says Mr. Healy.

Mr. Wharton gave forth a scornful laugh, but a door opened behind them and Mr. Healy turned away from him. Down the corridor towards Mr. Wharton's wondering eyes came Beaujeu and Rose. His hand lay in the girl's arm, her cheeks were daintily flushed, she smiled a little and her eyes glowed like dark gold. M. de Beaujeu walked with a free light step, he bore himself soldierly, the blind eyes were bright and he too was smiling.

"Oh, damme!" says Mr. Wharton.

The Editor has the pleasure to announce that a new Serial by Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, entitled "A Face of Clay," will commence in the December Number of the MONTHLY REVIEW.