# THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

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## JANUARY 1907



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# THE INTELLECTUAL CONDITION OF THE LABOUR PARTY

*(Concluding Article)*

## VII

I POINTED out, in the preceding article, how the Labour Members, who claim Ruskin as their master in social science, have, whilst adopting many opinions which Ruskin himself would have repudiated, faithfully reproduced the general faults of his method. I illustrated this by an examination of their conceptions of labour and capital, to the former of which they attribute a grotesquely exaggerated importance, whilst the essential function of the latter altogether escapes them, precisely as it escaped Ruskin. I shall presently turn to considerations of a wider and a different kind; but first I shall speak briefly of another matter immediately connected with the preceding—namely, Ruskin's conception of riches, and the art of getting personally rich, which has descended unquestioned to his eager disciples of to-day.

Ruskin's conception of the process in which riches originate is, as we have seen already, described by him in his oracular assertion that "the art of getting rich is necessarily and always the art of keeping your neighbour poor." As I observed when commenting on this utterance before, Ruskin might just as well have said that the art of teaching is necessarily the art of

keeping your neighbours ignorant; or that the art of painting a great picture is necessarily the art of making other men paint bad ones. The error of Ruskin and of his disciples among the Labour Members is this. They look upon the art of getting rich as being essentially an art of acquisition, like the art of collecting old china. Fundamentally, essentially, and typically, it is something entirely different. It is fundamentally an art, not of acquisition but of creation. Directly or indirectly, the private fortunes of to-day represent, not acquisitions or abstractions from a total produced by others: they represent portions of an increment *retained* by the men who are themselves the cause of it, and without whose exceptional activities it would not have been produced at all. The facts indeed, in Ruskin's conception of them, are simply turned upside down; and this inverted conception, as adopted by the Labour Members of to-day, is constantly revealing its absurdity in their language as to practical questions.

Of this I will give two examples.

One is an assertion which is sure to figure in their speeches whenever the subject before them is the nationalisation of railways. The State in this country, so their assertion runs—and the wording of it is invariably the same—"has allowed private persons to seize on the national means of communication." Now "the national means of communication"—namely railways and locomotive engines—have not existed in this country or anywhere for a period so long as the normal lifetime of a man; and when they began to exist some seventy-five years ago, to what was their existence due? It was due to the genius and enterprise of a number of private persons. Without these private persons there would have been no railways at all; and so far was the State from allowing such persons to seize on them, that only under pressure and grudgingly did it allow private persons to create them. To say that any seizing took place in the case is like saying of a Socialist writing a book on Socialism that the State allowed him to seize on a national manuscript, or of any half-dozen of the greatest

painters of to-day that the State was allowing them to seize on all the gems of contemporary art.

Another example of the same fatuous perversity is to be found in an assertion no less common than the above, the gist of which is that whatever may have been the agencies (such as the genius and enterprise of the few) to which the increase of modern wealth has owed its origin in the past, the increase is an accomplished fact; and the only problem now is how to redistribute it equitably. Here we have the Ruskinian conception of wealth as a permanent something which can be seized on and cut up anyhow, revealing its absurdity in another and yet more striking way. For even if the whole of the wealth at this moment existing in the world were susceptible of redivision by the political power of a democracy, to suppose that the end in view would be thus finally achieved is like supposing that the human race can be fed to the end of time by an equal division of the grain now in its granaries. By the end of the year the divided wealth will be gone and will have to be reproduced as though it had never existed. The means of production must once more be reorganised; and these are not so much a possession as a ceaseless living process, incomparably more complex than the products in which it issues. The consumable products result from it as fruit results from a tree; and the crop, however abundant it may be to-day, is liable to blight to-morrow if the life-giving process is interfered with.

So long as the aspirations of the Labour Party involve, as they do now, a neglect of these fundamental facts, they must either be barren of all results, or else lead (as they very possibly may do) to injuries to the industrial organism, of which labour will be the first victim.

It is, however, probable that the Labour Members, if appealed to privately, would deny that their ideas were so crude as those which have been here attributed to them. They would probably admit in private that mere manual labour is, under modern conditions, generally unproductive unless

directed and co-ordinated; and that the business of directing labour is distinct from that of labour itself. We, have, however, not been concerning ourselves with the principles which they recognise in private, but with the principles which they appeal to as a body, in their public utterances and their programmes. The crudity of these has, in the preceding criticism, been underestimated, rather than exaggerated; but behind the principles to which at present they appeal in public, there certainly do lurk others waiting to be brought forward, by which this crudity may at first sight seem to be modified. We will now consider these. We shall find them to be no less completely, though perhaps less obviously fallacious than the others, and to show an even greater inacquaintance with the realities of human nature generally.

## VIII

There is a body of men who, though not calling themselves a Labour Party, are endeavouring, by practical experiment, to solve the economic problem which the Labour Party in Parliament relegate to the sphere of political and legislative revolution. These are the men who have applied, and are still applying, to the business of actual production the principle which they call the "co-operative." Every process of production in which more than one man participates, is of course co-operative, but the word as thus used has a technical and distinctive meaning. It designates co-operation on equal or approximately equal terms. The ideal co-operative factory would be owned in equal shares by all those working in it, and each would draw an equal dividend. Each shareholder would, moreover, have an equal voice in its management. That management and labour are, however, distinct things, and that the difficulty lies in securing the former and not the latter, is a truth which co-operative producers are daily being taught to realise; and the remuneration of adequate managers and the powers with which it is necessary to invest them have always

conflicted with the dreams and counsels of equality which is the aim of many, if not all, of the co-operators to realise. Co-operative factories, indeed, have always a tendency to assimilate themselves to factories of the ordinary type, in which wages are paid partly by profit-sharing, while the managers, in their powers and position, approximate to the private master.

In so far as such experiences of the instability of the co-operative principle are not accepted as final, the fighting article of the co-operator's creed is this: that managing ability of the highest possible kind will in the long run become procurable as it is wanted, without any of those accompanying inequalities which have distinguished its exercise hitherto. Now this belief or assumption, which is the beacon of the co-operator's hope, must mean one or other of the three following things. It may mean that the managing and directing ability, which has hitherto operated through exceptionally-gifted individuals, such as James Watt for example, will presently find its substitute in the organised common sense of the majority; or else that, if the talent of exceptional individuals remain necessary, such individuals will, in the presence of enlarged opportunities, prove to be so numerous as to command no special reward; or else that, even in the future they are no less rare than now, they will cease to expect the rewards which have hitherto crowned their efforts, and work for a penny as eagerly as they now work for a pound. Thus, on the first of these suppositions, every thousand factory-hands would possess in their joint wisdom all Watt's inventive faculties. According to the second supposition, the Watts would still be individuals, but from every thousand workmen we could pick them out by the hundred. According to the third, they would remain as rare as history has thus far shown them to be; but would, in contradiction to all their characteristics hitherto, continue as before to add millions to the world's wealth, but demand no other reward than the wages of a blacksmith or a bricklayer.

The first and the second suppositions hardly require discussion, but the last, though when badly stated it sounds the most absurd of the three, cannot be profitably dismissed in quite so curt a way. It would only require, in order to render it true, a modification of what Ruskin describes as the "affectionate" elements in man's character; and it would not require that even this modification should be universal. It need only extend itself to one limited class of men—namely those who are exceptionally efficient in the domain of economic production—the mathematicians and chemists, the men of mechanical genius, who possess the special faculty of applying knowledge to the purposes of daily life, the men possessed of what M. Ribot has called "the commercial imagination," the men of concentrated purpose and strong practical will, the men with the tact and daring which enable them to marshal and guide others. It is these men only whose characters it would be necessary to modify. Hitherto these men as a class, all through the world's history, have exerted their power of wealth-production with a view to realising, retaining, and exerting it in other and more general forms. What co-operation (as understood by the "co-operator," the Socialist, or the Labour Member) requires is, that these men should become so changed in their dispositions that, whilst still as eager as ever to exert their distinctive power, they will exert it, not with a view to retaining it and using it themselves, but with a view to getting rid of it as fast as it is externalised in its results, of emptying themselves of it, and allowing it to diffuse itself amongst others; and here and there men have no doubt arisen, who, moved by imagination and emotion, have in some degree acted thus; but even with them this emptying of themselves has been very far from complete. They have been willing to surrender their wealth, but there has been dictatorship in the very act of surrender. They have surrendered it, but on their own terms, not on the terms of any rival enthusiast. A variation from the present normal type, which was not complete even in isolated cases such as these, the utopia of the

co-operator and the Labour Member would require to be complete, permanent, and instinctive, in the case of all such exceptional men alike.

Now, is there any chance of this general change taking place? Here we have a question the answer to which can be derived from one source only, namely a knowledge of human nature, founded on observation, experience, and the evidence of human history; and the human nature with which we are here concerned is human nature as it exhibits itself in the particular class in question. In such knowledge the leaders of the Labour movement are not only notoriously deficient, but they are evidently unaware of its necessity. Their knowledge, such as it is, is a knowledge of the ordinary man; and they take his motives, without any qualification, as a type of motive in general. Amongst ordinary men they doubtless come across numbers who are persuaded that they, if they could produce great wealth themselves, would gladly do so for the pleasure of giving it away; but they fail to produce it, for they cannot; and if they could, their faculties and their characters would be different from what they are. If we want to know what the exceptional men will do, it is the exceptional men that we must consider. We must consider what kinds of "affection" accompany their distinctive efficiencies; and if we examine the behaviour of such men, as they are and as they always have been, nothing is more certain that, isolated cases apart, they instinctively demand those precise social rewards to which the programme of the co-operators and the Labour Party require that they should become indifferent. A curious acknowledgment of this fact may be found in a work by Tolstoy, to which reference has been made already. Tolstoy admits, in a moment of unusual insight, that exceptional fortunes have owed their origin, as a rule, to the individual efforts of exceptionally strong men; but inequalities in wealth, he says, are mainly due, not to the fact that such men have produced exceptional fortunes, but to the fact that, having produced them, they have insisted on transmitting them to

their children. Let them, he continues, only cease to do this, and the greater inequalities of fortune will at once begin to disappear. In other words, let them perform the simple feat of eradicating from their natures that passion, namely the family passion, which, on Tolstoy's own admission, has proved itself to be obstinately ineradicable. Tolstoy's naive supposition that a change like this is not only not impossible, but easy, is an excellent type of the reasoning which is implied, if not expressed, in the principles and anticipations of our own Labour Members to-day, and the practical aims of those who are experimenting in co-operative production. The efforts of these last bring us into touch with reality. Attempts at co-operative production, in this country and elsewhere, have again and again been made for something like eighty years; and they have met, by this time, with a sufficient measure of success to enable us to compare their results with those of individual enterprise. The moral of the comparison is that which a dispassionate observer would have predicted. There has notoriously been a singular difference between the fortunes of co-operative shop-keeping, and actual co-operative production. There has been a still greater difference between the fortunes of co-operative production and production as carried on by the normal methods of capitalism. Modern capitalism assumed its existing form concurrently with the mechanical inventions of the close of the eighteenth century; and in eighty years that system had spread itself throughout the civilised world. Co-operative production has, during a similar period, only succeeded in contributing to the world's wealth fractions which, though in themselves they are quite large enough to be appreciable, remain microscopic when compared with the total output. The cause of this historical difference in the efficiency of the two systems must naturally be sought for in the point which constitutes the essential difference between the two systems themselves: and this difference is that the one system is calculated, and the other system is not calculated, to stimulate, to secure, and give full

play to the efficiencies of exceptionally able men. To each of such men the capitalistic system offers a reward proportionate to his productive powers. The co-operative system, in so far as it differs radically from the capitalistic, reduces this reward to a minimum, and aims at eliminating it altogether. This is its distinctive feature; and history shows us what are its distinctive results. In proportion as it succeeds in minimising the rewards of ability, it fails to secure the services of exceptionally able men. Its failure is not complete; but its success is relatively insignificant. If the inducements which it offers to Ability were practically sufficient to secure it—to call forth and stimulate the highest industrial genius, and give the highest industrial energy the scope which such energy demands —the whole productive businesses of the world would have been co-operative long ago. As a matter of fact nothing of the kind has happened. Co-operation has piped to the able men; but the able men, as a body, have resolutely refused to dance. The difficulty of the co-operators, the difficulty of the Labour Party, is not that of changing the general opinions of the many. It is the difficulty of changing the entire characters of the few.

Here and there, in individual cases, such a change has been no doubt accomplished; but there is nothing to suggest that such cases will ever be otherwise than sporadic. They have been cases of men in whose characters some practical ability has been united with a temperament which amongst such men is rare—a temperament wanting in balance, uncritical, and sometimes approaching to insanity. The immediate cause which has prompted them to exert their industrial talents on terms other than those demanded by the majority of able men, has been philanthropy touched by religion, or so fervid as to take the place of it; and if it is possible to conceive of any influence by means of which the characters of all strong practical men could be assimilated in this respect to those of the supersensitive, this influence would without doubt be a religion which made them as solicitous for the welfare of all their

fellow men as for their own. There is, however, a reason, which escapes the socialistic enthusiast, why, in the case of men who reason as well as feel, this supposed influence of religion would be neutralised by religion itself. If religion on the one hand prompted the great creator of wealth to surrender and diffuse the material superfluities created by him, rather than to retain them for himself, it would on the other hand bring home to him that, to man as a religious being material superfluities are of very little importance; and though religion would impose on him as a primary moral duty the endeavour to secure for all men an approximately equal competence, it would not impose on him as any duty at all the endeavour to secure for them any equality in respect of superfluous luxuries. To secure garments for those who had none would be a duty. It would be no man's duty, from the point of view of religion, to secure golden embroideries for those who were incompetent to secure them for themselves. And here we come at last to a new class of considerations, which leads us, when possibly the reader will least expect it, from the fallacies involved in the aspirations of the Labour Party, to the truth which undoubtedly underlies them, and which it is desirable that all should recognise.

## IX

When analysing and criticising the work "Unto This Last," in which Ruskin came forward as the champion of the claims of labour, I admitted that, fallacious and misleading as were most of his arguments in detail, he was all the while endeavouring to deliver himself of an important truth; and that even his individual criticisms were occasionally brilliant and illuminating. I will now explain the points to which I was then referring.

Under the manifold perversities and errors by which Ruskin's reasoning is vitiated, the vital truth which he sought to assert was this: that though men, as engaged in the actual processes

of production, are nothing more than so many intelligent mechanisms, economic production is merely a part of life, and is subsidiary to others which alone render this part valuable. The statesman is more than a mere legislative machine; the great general is more than a mere fighting machine. In the same way the humblest manual worker is more than a machine for ploughing or for shaping metals, which requires to be fed with wages, as a steam-engine is fed with coal. In other words, he has a moral life, distinct from, and yet inseparable from, his technical life. Unless we deny to human nature, as such, all inherent moral dignity whatsoever, and ascribe what we call a "soul" to a minority of the human species only, we must recognise a soul in "this last" just as we recognise it in these first. We must recognise that the humblest amongst the manual workers has a life of the conscience and the affections beyond that of the workshop. In so far as this is admitted, he has a claim on society that his needs as a man should be satisfied, no less than his needs as a workman; and in this respect the claims of all men are equal. They are equal because men, however great the differences between one man and another otherwise, are substantially equal in respect of their primary affections and obligations, no less than they are in the primary requirements of their bodies. As a son, a husband, a father, a being with religious duties, the needs of a peasant are relatively the same as those of an emperor. In order to enable him to become what is called a good man, as distinct from an able-bodied workman, he needs a certain environment, which will give free play to his moral as well as to his industrial faculties.

This is the vital truth which Ruskin is trying to utter, and which gives to his eloquence its high and appealing fervour. It is a truth, however, which he fails to isolate; and he gives it to us entangled and disguised in a network of economic fallacies; but—let me say it again—amongst these perverse fallacies he sometimes utters a criticism which is like a torch lit in a fog, though himself he makes scanty use of the lights

which he has thus kindled; and two of them go to the very heart of the question which is now before us.

It is easy in a general way to recognise that, as moral beings, all men need a material or economic environment which is, within limits, equal; but when we come to particulars, the problem is more complex; for it is not so easy to determine what these limits are. Every family which comprises boys and girls needs for purposes of decency a house with more than one room. This is obviously just as true of one family as of another. But is the minimum number of rooms thus generally needed by a family of a given size two, or three, or four, or five, or ten, or how many? A similar question arises as to all material things; and the general facts of human nature on which our answer must be founded are in this case not so obvious. An answer as to these is given by Ruskin in a passage which is admirable for the insight displayed in it and for the poignant terseness of its expression. We must, he says, realise that there is a fundamental distinction in the nature of things between the economic commodities which we "need" and the economic commodities which we "wish for." "Three-fourths of the demands existing in the world are," he proceeds, "romantic. They are founded on visions, idealisms, hopes, and affections; and the regulation of the purse is, in its essence, regulation of the imagination and the heart."

It is a curious fact that, in making these observations, Ruskin fails himself to realise how wide is their application. He makes them in a kind of parenthesis; and applies them himself to nothing but the elucidation of the phenomena of price. They really indicate in outline one of the most important facts which lie at the base of all human civilisation. This is the fact that the economic "demands" of mankind, as Ruskin calls them, are divisible into two classes, one of which represents needs, the other wishes or desires: and that the former are for all men practically equal and unalterable, whilst the latter are unequal and also indefinitely variable, often changing with times and circumstances in the case of the same

persons. Thus the nutriment needed by the human body for health has certain limits which are approximately the same for all men. The amount of nutriment which is compatible with health has limits which are similar, and no less general, also. The same is the case with clothing. Some men, no doubt, are more hardy than others; but there is an average amount of warmth and protection to the skin which the peasant needs for health and comfort no less than the prince; whilst the prince needs as much as, and no more of them, than the peasant. This is not a matter of opinion; it is an anthropological fact. There is a certain minimum of needs, the satisfaction of which, if only it be regular and obtained without over-exertion, will, in the absence of special and disturbing causes, keep any man in health and comfort, and allow of his being good and happy. And this minimum is practically the same for all men, because it depends on things in respect of which all men are naturally similar. The first of these is the constitution of the human body. The second is the simpler operations of the human mind and affections. The mathematical genius of a Newton transcends that of the great mass of mankind; but the mind of a Newton and of the most ordinary boy at a Board school operate alike when they are doing a simple addition sum. In other words, up to a certain point—and within that limit are comprised the essentials of humanity as such—all men are approximately equal, and the conditions which men need to do justice to their common humanity are for that reason approximately equal also. They do not go beyond a certain limit, because the equality of their natures does not go beyond a certain limit.

But when we pass from their needs to what Ruskin calls their "wishes" and "desires," we encounter facts of a widely different kind; and the essential and unmistakable feature which proclaims their difference is this: that, whilst men's needs are similar and limited, their desires are divided into different types and classes, they are often contrasted in character, they vary indefinitely in intensity, and are subject to

indefinite modifications. If we took any thousand men at random, we should find that their hunger, and their need of such food, and their thoughts about such food, as would satisfy it, conformed to a common type; but one of these men might desire to be a sailor, one a student, one a poet or a painter, one an owner or a rider of racehorses, one a traveller in strange countries, one a great statesman, or leader of his fellow men. One may dream of a cottage and a quiet garden; one may dream of palaces, and a life amongst brilliant crowds. Moreover such desires and dreams would, in the case of some, be mere fancies with which the imagination played; in the case of some they would translate themselves into mordant wants, which would either nerve them to such action as might bring about their own fulfilment, or else leave them embittered with rebellious but barren discontent. Here we are in that world which Ruskin aptly calls the "romantic"—a world of economic demands which depend on "visions and idealisms," and on the manner in which the imagination is rationally or irrationally regulated.

Now satisfaction of men's equal needs is an object to which, though it may never be completely realised, every Government may and ought to address itself. It is definite, practical, and constant; approximations may be made to it; but what shall we say of this world of romance and imaginative desires? By examining these desires more closely, we shall see our way to an answer.

We shall find that, in spite of their variety, they divide themselves into two classes, and are mainly determined by two definite causes. Thus there are, we will suppose, two hundred men who could all make an adequate livelihood by following the same industrial occupation; but their romantic idiosyncrasies are such, however, that one hundred desire to be soldiers, and the other hundred to be sailors. But of each of these two bodies of men we may ask the same question. What is the ultimate object on which their ambition fixes itself? Do they desire to be generals and admirals, or ordinary soldiers and

seamen? That is to say, does each member of each of these two bodies set his heart on an object which is attainable by all those of his companions whose romance is similar to his own? Or does he set his heart on some position of command which can, from its very nature, be achieved by a few only? Every one whose romance urges him in such directions may conceivably find employment as a soldier or a sailor of some sort; but to rise to the position of a commander is possible only for a few; for nobody can become a commander unless he has others to command. And as to all the desires of men which transcend their equal needs, there is the same question to be asked. A man sees before him a vision, an ideal picture, of a house, a household, a way of daily life, which he wishes were his own. Do these involve, we must ask, the possession of servants, a garden tended by gardeners, his own liberation from the routine of manual toil? If they do, he desires what may possibly be attainable by himself, but his desire is one which, if all men entertained it equally, could to most of them cause nothing but disappointment, because the attainment of it could by no possibility be universal. All men cannot have servants. To suppose that they could is a contradiction in terms. All men cannot liberate themselves from a life of manual labour. The majority must labour in any case, or the whole human race would cease.

Accordingly, when we consider the romantic demands of men, we must discriminate between those the objects of which are capable of realisation by the whole of each class demanding them; and those the objects of which, like prizes competed for in a race, must, if they are gained by some, be necessarily lost by most. Now by far the larger part of the romantic demands of men do, as a fact, belong to this latter class. Their desires, in so far as they transcend the satisfaction of their equal needs, point to objects which can be gained by excelling only; by the fact of some men doing what other men cannot do so well; and which consist in the possession by some men of what cannot be possessed by all. This fact is illustrated by

the personal demands of the Labour Members. They declare that all wealth is produced by manual labour; but they demand to be liberated from manual labour themselves. Such phrases as "equality of opportunity"—that battle-cry of modern democracy—show us the same thing. Equality of opportunity does not mean equality of achievement. It merely means the escape of an enlarged minority from conditions which must remain in any case those of ninety out of every hundred. How, then, should a Government treat such demands as these? One thing it should certainly not do. It should not attempt to stifle or to thwart them altogether. The entire progress of what we call civilisation depends on them. The poet, the musician, the scientific discoverer, the inventor, the great organiser of industry, not only do what others desire to do, and cannot; they work for, and they demand rewards which others can never gain, and whose very rarity is a part of their romantic value. Is, then, the situation hopeless? So far as the general happiness of the human race is concerned, are the services of the successful few counterbalanced by the disappointments of the many? Is the average human lot intolerable because a few only can escape from it? It may, for this reason, be made intolerable to some; but there is no reason in the nature of things why this result should be general.

In the first place, these romantic desires—even such of them as are most generally felt, and point most obviously to objects which cannot be generally realised—vary, as I have said already, very greatly in intensity. Often they are, indeed, not so much desires as fancies; and whilst the image of their fulfilment may please or amuse the imagination, their non-fulfilment produces no sense of want. So long as they are merely fancies, they raise no practical question. They raise a practical question only when their insistence is such that their non-fulfilment produces an active sense of privation; and whether, in the case of any given individual, they reach this pitch of intensity, depends upon two things. One of these is the individual's congenital temperament, his talents, his strength of will, and

the vividness or vagueness of his imagination. The other is his education. In respect of their congenital qualities individuals vary greatly; and the strength of their romantic desires bears naturally some proportion to their own capacities for attempting to satisfy these desires for themselves. Few men, for instance, have naturally a strong desire for conditions which will enable them to exercise exceptional power, unless they are conscious of possessing some exceptional powers to exercise. Hence though this consciousness is in many cases deceptive, the struggle of men for power is confined within certain limits; and the disappointments which embitter those who fail to attain it are naturally confined within similar limits also. So long as matters stand thus, the majority of men are unaffected. But desires which naturally are confined to men more or less capable of realising them, are susceptible of artificial extension to others who are not so qualified—to the weak as well as to the strong; and in the case of the weak, the result which they produce is different. They do not make a man resolve to secure such and such a prize to himself. They make him demand of society that society shall secure them for him: and the agency which stimulates and generalises desires of this kind is education. I am not referring here to the dissemination of useful knowledge. I mean by education the indiscriminate dissemination of ideas, the consequence of which is an artificial enlargement of expectation. An active craving is produced for possessions and modes of life, which the average man otherwise would never have wasted a thought upon, is produced in him by his being taught that he has a right to them—that they can and ought to be his. The efficacy of this idea of rights in creating a desire when none would have existed otherwise is frequently illustrated by cases in which men, who for half their lives have deemed themselves fortunate in the possession of moderate affluence, have suddenly seen reason to suppose themselves the heirs of peerages or great estates, and have died insane or bankrupt in consequence of their vain endeavours to secure rank or property which would otherwise have affected them no more than the moon does.

Much of the education of to-day operates in a similar manner. So long as the romantic desires of men—their desires for possessions or positions which transcend the needs common to all, and which could never be attained by all—so long as their desires for things which are in their nature exceptional, are proportionate on the whole, as they naturally are, to the powers possessed by the individual of obtaining these things for himself, these desires are, by stimulating his productive faculties, a source of satisfaction to him, and a source of advantage to the community; but in proportion as these desires are stimulated, as a false education stimulates them, amongst men who possess no faculties by which the objects of their desire can be realised, the sole result produced is a barren and gratuitous discontent. If all men are taught to regard themselves as born with an equal right to possessions and positions which are possible for a few only, the majority will of necessity be doomed to the gratuitous misery of despising and resenting that with which they would have been otherwise satisfied as much as a human being is ever satisfied with anything. So long as the equal needs of men's equal natures are satisfied, the true end of education, as a means of general happiness, is to limit their ideas of their rights, and consequently their expectations and their desires, in accordance with their practical capacities, so that general expectation may coincide with the possibilities of general achievement.

How true this is, and how necessary it is to remember this, may be seen by the curious manner in which Ruskin himself disregards it, and the trenchant wisdom with which he, having disregarded it in one place, condemns unconsciously in another his own conduct in having done so. In an early part of his work, "Unto This Last," Ruskin declares that "the worst of the disabilities" under which at present the manual labourer suffers, are those which prevent him from "rising above his position." Now, no one ever saw or insisted more clearly and strongly than Ruskin that manual labour is

the normal lot of man—that the majority, whatever happens, so long as the earth requires to be tilled, metals worked, and cloths woven, must be manual labourers always. In saying, therefore, that the labourer's worst disabilities are those which prevent him from rising above his position as a labourer, he is inviting all men indiscriminately to fix their hopes of happiness on escaping from conditions from which a few can escape only, and to resent as a sign of failure the conditions which for most men are inevitable. Let us now see what he says in his closing pages:

> All effectual advancement towards this true felicity of the human race must be by individual, not by public effort. . . . The measure and law which have to be determined are those of each man's home. . . . The maxim that men should remain content with the station in which Providence has placed them is, on the whole, a good one. . . . It is very much your business that you should remain content with your own. What is chiefly needed [he continues] in England at the present day is to show the quantity of pleasure that may be obtained by a consistent, well-administered competence, modest, confessed, laborious. . . . We need people who, leaving Heaven to decide whether they are to rise in the world, have resolved to seek not higher fortune, but deeper felicity.

How different a doctrine is this from that which was quoted previously! Here we have the moral or the human claims of the labourer, of the average man, stated in their true form—in a form which exhibits them as a guide to sane political action. The wealth of any country depends upon two things—the exceptional efforts of the few, and the average efforts of the many. The few, so long as their energies are not unreasonably impeded, nor their personal ambitions curtailed, may be trusted, being the stronger, to take sufficient care of their personal welfare for themselves; but, as a matter of statesmanship, no less than of humanity, it is incumbent on the State to concern itself with the personal welfare of the many, so that for ninety men out of every hundred the average lot of the labourer may be not a lot to escape from, but a lot from which the average labourer will feel no desire to escape

Here we have an object for which the coldest statesman should work, if he is wise, no less than the most fervid enthusiast, the reason being that a general contentment amongst the majority is the only sound foundation on which the welfare of all, and the wealth of any, can rest.

W. H. Mallock.

# NATIONAL TRAINING AND A NATIONAL ARMY

THE programme of the National Service League, so constantly and so courageously advocated by Lord Roberts, although, in itself, entirely commendable, nevertheless involves a very real danger to the State, owing to the ignorance and fatuity of a very large proportion of the British people. At all the National Service League meetings much is said of the great benefits that would arise from the creation—as the result of universal training—of a great "National Reserve." Certainly it would be of great assistance to the future military resources of this Kingdom and Empire, if every able-bodied youth had been more or less trained to arms, so that in the event of his services being required they would, if tendered, be of some immediate value; but it is well to bear in mind that a National Reserve, however numerous, and however well trained the individuals composing it, can be of very little use unless there is an army, organised in established units, upon which the reservists can be grafted. Scratch units hastily formed of never so excellent materials, are quite incapable of contending with properly organised opponents; the army that would win victories must have been previously trained and disciplined as an army, in times of peace, since otherwise it is fit to fight none but undisciplined hordes such as itself.

We have only to look at the history of the American Civil War, in order to realise the truth of the above contention.

The men who ran away, rather than face comparatively trifling losses, at Bull's Run, were no whit less brave individuals than the glorious heroes of Gettysburg; the difference in behaviour was owing to the fact that, since Bull's Run, the mere mobs of armed men had become highly trained fighting units. The Confederates won at Bull's Run simply because the men of the Southern States being sportsmen, like the Boers, were individually possessed of natural aptitude which was lacking in the citizens of the great manufacturing towns of the North; moreover, the personality of Stonewall Jackson was a tower of strength which would nevertheless have been overthrown had the Federals been aided by the presence on the battlefield of even one more battalion of United States Regulars. Finally, it is very generally admitted by Confederates as well as by Federals, that if President Lincoln had been able in the first place to mobilise even 50,000 Regulars, the Rebellion would have been nipped in the bud; as it was, *both* sides had to wait until something more or less resembling an army had been raised, and neither side being trained nor disciplined, that which contained the most adaptable raw material was at first victorious, in spite of inferior numbers; until both armies having been schooled in war, that which enjoyed numerical superiority proved eventually the winner. The ultimate success of the Federals amounts to no more than an example of "muddling through" at colossal expense. Such an example is one for us to profit by rather than to imitate—in spite of our long established predilection for chronic unreadiness.

It is imperative to impress very seriously and constantly upon the people of this country, that although universal training would most certainly be exceedingly beneficial as a means of developing the physique of our young men, and would, moreover, tend to furnish more immediately useful recruits for national defence, it must prove only a half-measure, and a very delusive one at that, unless we also arrange for the enrolment of the necessary proportion of those trained in permanent units available for service beyond the seas in case of

need. It is not by the millions of *individuals* however well trained with a view merely to home defence, but by the hundreds of thousands available for service abroad in their trained *units*, that our future security can be assured. Moreover, even for the much talked of home defence, real soldiers are very necessary; mobs of armed citizens would prove no more than food for powder. Invasion, although highly improbable, is perfectly possible, and we may feel quite certain that if the naval conditions of the moment ever permit an attempt at a *coup-de-main*, such an attempt will most certainly be made. In preparing for home defence if the preparations are of an efficient character, we should at the same time be preparing for the offensive defence that must be adopted unless we are content that a war should be of ruinous duration; and similarly if we raise an army that is fit and adequate for an over-sea war, we shall also have provided for home defence; because until after winning command of the sea, we dare not risk an army on board ship, and when the sea had become safe for our own troops, the passage of it by a hostile army would have been rendered impossible. As for "raids," the Volunteers, aided by armed citizens, might be trusted to deal with most of them.

It is altogether idle to discuss schemes for no more than home defence: strategically as well as tactically, "no defence is worthy of the name that does not provide for counter-attack." Next to the continuance of peace the best thing to be hoped for is the speedy conclusion of a war, and we cannot reasonably expect to compel an adversary to accept terms advantageous to ourselves if we elect to hide like a rat in its hole. A "hooligan" who desires to acquire a watch and money by means of highway robbery finds it convenient to hit his victim in the wind as a useful preliminary to searching his pockets; an air cushion worn over the pit of the stomach might indeed afford partial protection, but a far more effectual defence is to hit the assailant between the eyes. Home defence is analogous to wearing an air cushion, while the

preparation of an army for counter-attack is in accordance with the sounder idea of knocking out the adversary and thus rendering him harmless.

It is perfectly clear that we cannot afford to maintain, in addition to a great navy, a regular army large enough to deal successfully with all possible or probable eventualities; moreover, it is quite impossible to endow the small army we actually have with powers of expansion sufficient for the purpose. Expansion for war can be arranged only by means of *cadres*, which on mobilisation are to be made up to war strength from the Reserve; but immediate efficiency for active service is irreconcilable with the employment of *cadres* requiring the addition of more than 50 per cent. of Reservists, and in the French and German armies the *cadres* of the frontier army corps represent about 70 per cent. of the war establishment. Herein lay the weakness of Mr. Arnold Forster's army scheme, under which without actually providing even the numerical strength required, the efficiency of the home service branch of the proposed "new model" army would have been entirely sacrificed, owing to the inordinate weakness of its *cadres*.

Nobody would be so foolish as to suggest that a partly trained militiaman is as valuable a soldier as a fully trained regular, but it is, nevertheless, a fact that an existing battalion of militiamen becomes superior to an improvised battalion of regulars, if the *cadres*, upon which the latter has been formed, are so weak that cohesion is wanting. The efficiency of a military unit of whatever kind depends upon a dual basis: (1) The standard of training that has been attained by the individuals composing it, and (2) the extent to which those individuals have been welded together, by intimate association, in the bonds of discipline. It will, I assume, be granted by every one that the ideal battalion for immediate service would be one capable of taking the field, exactly as it stood, at the full war establishment; and that in proportion to the number of strangers introduced, however well trained they may be, the

standard of immediate efficiency becomes lower; that is to say if the addition made exceeds about one-fourth of the strength, and consequently represents more than the mere replacement of immature lads by seasoned reservists. If this be granted, then it seems to follow that even a militia battalion, in spite of the men composing it being less well trained than the regulars, must also have a value proportionate to its immediately available strength of serving soldiers. Thus, there must somewhere be a point of equality, whereat the efficiency due to a high standard of individual training balances with that due to established "collectivism"—in spite of a lower standard of individual attainments. In my opinion, a militia battalion composed of 1000 men, who, as recruits, had been thoroughly trained for six months, and subsequently associated for a few years in the performance of further training given intermittently on the volunteer system, would be found to be a better disciplined unit, and generally as fit for active service as a regular battalion made up to the strength of 1000 by the addition of say 700 reservists to 300 serving soldiers. I may be wrong about this; I may have placed the point of equality too high or too low, but I do not think it will be denied that such a point exists, and that a militia battalion standing above it would be preferable, as a fighting machine, to a regular battalion lying below it. We all know that a comparatively inferior football team, accustomed to play together, will beat a scratch team composed of individually far better players, or will at all events have the best of the game during the first half of it. The same principle applies in reference to the comparative merits of already established and improvised military units. There can be no reliable discipline in a unit, unless the officers and non-commissioned officers know their men and are known by them, owing to the fairly constant association of commanders and commanded. Merely putting "stripes" on a man's arm does not give him real authority, his position as a non-commissioned officer needs to be established by time, and the sergeants at all events must

belong to an older military generation than the bulk of the men.

I myself have recently had an experience which has taught me much in reference to the secret springs of discipline. In the late *Spectator* Experimental Company the young men under instruction gave from the very beginning complete unquestioning obedience to their sergeant-instructors; only twice throughout the training were there cases of insolence, and only upon one occasion after the first week. But although the cadet-sergeants and corporals who were appointed towards the end of the course, by selecting the best—partly as the result of a written examination and partly by a general review of their merits—were perfectly able to command sections on parade or at manœuvres, I clearly recognised that it would be very unsafe to allow them to exercise authority at other times. For example, I dared not have placed a cadet-sergeant in charge of a fatigue party cleaning up the barracks; to the end, the sergeant-instructors had to superintend all such work, and generally keep order. With their sergeant-instructors as section commanders, and with a small stiffening of old soldiers in the ranks, I believe that the *Spectator* Company would have been found to be an efficient fighting unit, but not otherwise; under the cadet non-commissioned officers I feel sure that discipline would have almost perished before it could have re-asserted itself after many men had been "in trouble."

Let us now suppose the *Spectator* Company to have been a permanent organisation, under the existing militia system of annual training. Having been disembodied in September 1906 it would have been re-assembled for training in the following summer for twenty-seven days. After the interval in civil life, the authority of the young sergeants and corporals, so far from having improved, would have suffered considerable deterioration, and in the course of the training could scarcely be expected to do more than recover lost ground. But, upon the other hand, let us suppose that instead of the militia system we apply that of the Volunteers. Frequently through-

out the year, the commanders and commanded would have been commanding and drilling, or being commanded and drilled, and in my judgment, after an interval of twelve months the company, if assembled for a week in camp, would have been found to have advanced considerably in its discipline, for the reasons already stated; that is to say, Sergeant Atkins would have become more or less accustomed to command, and Private Atkins to obey. Had the *Spectator* Company consisted wholly of grown men, instead of to a great extent of mere boys, the situation would have been scarcely less difficult; the man who has hitherto been upon terms of absolute equality with his own contemporaries cannot, merely by a notification in orders that he has been promoted to the rank of sergeant, immediately become endowed with the needful influence. Even in a scratch unit hastily improvised in time of war, as in the case of South Africa, the situation is easier; because in such a case the non-commissioned officers are selected right away from among those who have previously soldiered or are otherwise the best qualified, and not after (by association on terms of perfect equality) familiarity has had time to breed contempt. Thus the N.C.O.s in such a case get a fair start, and future selections for promotion elevate men who have in actual war proved their capabilities, and thus are, one by one, not all at once, grafted upon an established nucleus.

Finally, I would sum up my contentions as briefly as possible, together with some proposals arising from them:

(1) We have not, and cannot have, a regular army large enough to meet our probable necessities.

(2) We must render ourselves capable of assuming the offensive if we have any real intention of defending ourselves effectively and without ruinous expense.

(3) As we cannot have a sufficiently numerous regular army we must perforce turn to the Militia, which should become the active service branch of a National Army. Home Defence should be the special duty of the Volunteer Force, but

individual Volunteers should be eligible to serve, in Service Companies or otherwise, with the Regulars and Militia.

(4) The Militia to be recruited from the superior instead of from the inferior classes of the community, the terms of service being altered so as to allow a good citizen, in regular employment, to become also a reliable soldier, without detriment to his opportunities of earning his livelihood.

(5) The strength of the Militia to be, say, 300,000 of all ranks, with a reserve of not less than 150,000.

(6) The terms of service to be twelve years, of which seven, inclusive of a six months' training of the recruit, to be with the colours (on the Volunteer system of yearly training), and five years in the Reserve. The Militia to be liable for service in any part of the world in case of a great war. None but men of thorough respectability to be enlisted, and any found guilty, afterwards, of offences affecting their characters, to be at once discharged. A large manufacturer who employs 10,000 hands has assured me that he would gladly encourage *all* his apprentices on completion of their apprenticeships—about 300 annually—to join the Militia on the above terms, whereas under the existing system he could not possibly allow this, even if the men desired it.

(7) The militiaman to be paid for his work to the amount of fourteen days' pay and allowances annually; this money to be disbursed by the commanding officer in daily pay in camp, and in small sums or in the purchase of refreshments for those attending drills or exercises and musketry practice throughout the year. Tables and further particulars in reference to these proposals will be found in an article by me which was published in the *Contemporary Review* for June 1906.

(8) Physical development and instruction in elementary drill and musketry should be compulsorily provided for under the Education Act. Musketry instruction should, however, be confined to secondary schools. The result would be to promote a desire for further military experience, and also to render the future recruits capable of proceeding further

with their training, within the six months' period of their recruits' course, than if they had not already learned the rudiments. Miniature ranges should be provided in which service ammunition and Morris tube could both be used as required.

(9) The first duty of the reformed Militia, on the outbreak of a great war, should be to relieve from garrison duty at home and abroad, to any required extent, the Regular troops who could not otherwise have been available for service before the enemy. The Militia should also furnish the necessary forces for the lines of communication, so that every Regular unit at the seat of war might be free to proceed to the front. Finally, after a few weeks special training, the Militia should be fit to take its place, if required, on the battlefield itself.

All this is perfectly possible under conditions of service that the right sort of men can accept. I assert that I have named such conditions, and the men of the late *Spectator* experimental company, who were of the classes required, unanimously supported me in this view; they represented fifty-one different trades and occupations.

A. W. A. Pollock.

# CANADA, UNDER WHAT FLAG?

AT a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute, held on November 13, Mr. Richard Jebb read an extraordinarily able paper entitled "Notes on Imperial Organisation." During the discussion which followed, Mr. C. Waley Cohen made a remark which, judging by the printed report, appears hardly to have attracted the attention it deserves. He said:

> I do not think sufficient importance has been attached to the voters who are behind the representatives of the Colonies, and who are the real power at the back of those who have to deal with them in this country. With all respect the crux of the whole question is not the opinions of such an audience as this. . . . If you were to take a census of those here I do not think you would find any difference of opinion on the broad question of Imperialism, but when you approach a definite decision, when you have Colonial Premiers and the Colonial Office negotiating, the difficulty is that there is a lack of complete sympathy between the people whom they represent . . . If a greater spirit of sympathy could be brought about between the working men in this country and the Colonies, if more knowledge of colonial conditions and sentiments could be brought home to the workmen of this country, and *vice versâ*, you would make much more easy the solution of the question which we are considering.

Personally, my experience of the Colonies is limited to the Dominion of Canada. But in a broad general question of this kind I take it that one self-governing colony is very like another, and I hold that Mr. Cohen is unquestionably right. I would not even restrict myself to "voters" and "working

men," but would include all men of sufficient intelligence to understand the subject, as well as their wives and families.

Imperial Conference, Imperial Defence, State-owned Cables, Preferential Trade, Tariff Reform, each specific is advertised in turn as though it were a panacea, while the family history and general constitution of the patient may be set aside as negligible factors.

Just lately certain Englishmen at home, and a few more now resident in the United States, seem to have woken with a start to the extraordinary increase in the volume of immigration from the latter country into North-Western Canada. Although the movement has been in steady progress for the last half a dozen years the men who are only now beginning to realise its extent are raising a cry of alarm. Some of them have rushed into print and prophesied the imminent denationalisation of Manitoba and the North-West Provinces, if not of the entire Dominion.

On the other hand, the Canadian authorities have hastened to reassure them by counter assertions to the effect that the new immigrants, in crossing the air-line which is the boundary between the two countries, will immediately change their political prejudices, while the sky above them remains much the same. And each party can produce strong arguments to show that its own particular view is correct.

The first will pelt you with statistics, proving to their own complete satisfaction that the predictions of certain American journals are irrefutable, and that in a very few years the Stars and Stripes will be floating above the little school-houses dotted over the great prairies, while the National Anthem of the next generation will be "My Country 'Tis of Thee," or "Yankee Doodle," or "The Star-Spangled Banner," or whatever ditty may then be the official public hymn in the United States. They will point out that the annual influx over the border has increased from 712 in 1897 to 58,816 in the fiscal year July 1, 1905–June 30, 1906; that many of the new settlements are entirely American, and that, therefore, their members have

little opportunity of merging their nationality in that of their neighbours. To all of which the stock answer is that, firstly, most of the new arrivals are returned Canadians; secondly, that the rest of them are perfectly satisfied to live under the English flag; and thirdly that your American is a born politician and not going to deprive himself of his vote by omitting to take out his naturalisation papers.

The stay-at-home Englishman shrugs his shoulders and is quite content to leave the matter to the newspapers, or to the Colonial Office, or the Dominion Government. He reads with perfect equanimity that a police magistrate has offered to let a criminal off a term of imprisonment if he will consent to emigrate to Canada; very much as though you were to throw snails over the wall into your neighbour's garden, and expect to be patted on the back for your humanity to the snails. He thinks he has done as much as can be expected of him for the next decade, if he lowers the postal rates for English publications, so as to enable them to compete on something like equal terms with the flood of cheap American literature which has already well nigh submerged the entire Dominion.

Foretelling the political future of a new country is risky work. Even a trained specialist like Mr. H. G. Wells has returned from a few months' visit to the States, acknowledging frankly that, as an oracle, he is pretty much where he started. But the globe-trotter, who has hurried over the C.P.R. between Montreal and Vancouver will pose with cheerful alacrity as an authority at home. He has discovered that Canada is quite a big country in point of size, much bigger than he expected, somehow. He is rarely at a loss for an answer to any question you may address to him. "I was talking to a Canadian in the 'smoker' and he told me, &c. &c." If he can add that the Canadian was a business man (and they all are) that settles the matter at once, because it is an obvious guarantee of the soundness of his judgment and of his political foresight.

The ordinary newspaper correspondent is not very much

better. He does not confine himself, it is true, to the *obiter dicta* of casual travellers in the train; he seeks out bankers and politicians and "business men" generally in their offices. Where he fails is that he does not appreciate the fact that most of these authorities see dozens of him every year. If only to save themselves trouble they have the stereotyped smile, the stereotyped invitation to lunch, and the stereotyped opinion on the future of the country, all ready to be handed over at a moment's notice. The journalist is profuse in his thanks and feels himself equipped to write columns of exclusive information from the man on the spot.

I can give him a hint that may afford him a little innocent amusement if he has a few minutes to spare in his quest for news. Go into the office of a man interested in real estate, in that city which is called the bull's-eye of the Dominion. [It would be more correct to call it the bull's-eye of the North American Continent, a point which Englishmen hardly realise.] He will smile at you, with the added touch of cordiality born of the consciousness of superior knowledge, which makes us so civil in pointing out his way to a total stranger. He will ask you to lunch, for his hospitality is innate, and he will wait for the question inevitable at this moment:

"What do you think about the American Immigration Movement?"

He knew it was coming, and is quite ready with his answer:

The American farmer is the best immigrant we can have. He is a pioneer to begin with, and he understands the condition of things out here. As to his Americanising Canada, that is all nonsense. He is a politician, &c. (*see above*); he finds that his individual freedom here is at least as unhampered as in the States; that the taxation is less; that our judges are incorruptible; and that the land is rather superior for his purposes. Besides that a very large proportion of this influx consists of returned Canadians, and a certain number of Europeans who happen to have landed at an American port, but have decided to move on here.

Generally speaking you thank your friend, and take up your hat and go. But if you are guileful you will add as an afterthought:

I am particularly grateful for the opinion, coming from a man like yourself, because it relieves me of a certain sense of responsibility. From what I heard elsewhere I had begun to think it was my duty to urge on the authorities at home the necessity of taking special steps to stimulate British immigration in order to offset that from the U.S.A.

Then watch him squirm. (It is so difficult to write of things Western in Addisonian English.)

So long as he thinks that the fear of the American movement will act as a deterrent to British immigrants he is anxious to pooh-pooh the whole thing. If you point out to him that this fear might be used as an instrument to produce exactly the contrary effect he is torn with conflicting emotions. The truth is, of course, that his first consideration is the importance of increasing his business, and the best way to do that is by filling up the country. With the ultimate consequences he is very little more concerned than is the average business man in London. He *may* have a definite, well-thought-out opinion on the subject. But if so, he will probably want to know more about you than he will learn from a mere letter of introduction before he will impart it. And you will probably want a good deal more knowledge of the country than you can pick up in a flying journey before you can properly gauge the value of that opinion.

You may even interview a prominent railway official, a prominent banker, an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, a well-known merchant, and so on, and then strike an average. Even so, you will only arrive at a vague generalisation. For each man's opinion will be coloured, sensibly or not, by his own individual interest. Every time I cross the Rocky Mountains I am filled with renewed admiration for the astonishing nerve which enabled men even to propose building a railway across such a country, to say nothing of the extraordinary skill required to carry the project into effect. I am proud to number some of the C.P.R. officials among my personal friends, but I know that in answering a general question of this kind their first thought is: "How is my reply going

to affect the interests of the railway?" For all these men have something to sell, be it money, or transport, or dry goods, or what not; and their bias is in favour of what will immediately increase the number and purchasing capacity of their customers. Anyway there is plenty of time yet before the crisis becomes acute.

After what I have said it will probably be guessed that I have no solution of my own to offer; I can only add to the above list—with much diffidence—the ideas of a spectator who has seen a good deal of the game, and whose views have perhaps, a certain detachment, which those of the man on the spot must necessarily lack.

The question of Canadian loyalty is a difficult and delicate one to deal with. Generally speaking their sentiment is, as it should be "Canada first." After that I should say that to-day the very large majority of Canadians prefer the British connection to the American, mostly from inherited prejudices, and a little because, until lately, the attitude of the latter towards the Dominion has been a trifle too condescending. If you particularise the French Canadians, the answer is not quite so simple. The stereotyped answer is, of course, that they naturally hold by their French traditions, but that you may always depend on them to be loyal to the Union Jack as against the Stars and Stripes, because the priests well know that the hold they have over their parishioners would be immensely weakened, if not altogether loosened by annexation to the United States. This is very largely true (although the most fervent advocate of "annexation" I ever met was a French Canadian priest in Nova Scotia), but if you try to go deeper into the matter you run up against religious and racial differences. The stereotyped answer is considerably modified; for instance, when you raise the question of the Dual Language, and politicians are much influenced by the probability that anything they may say will be repeated in the ears of constituents. Business men in Montreal will point out that two-thirds of the population of that city is French,

and that two-thirds of its wealth is in the hands of the English section. You may draw whatever inference you please from this. The education of the children is practically entirely in the hands of the priests, who can hardly inculcate a fervent loyalty to the anti-Clerical France of to-day. But the tricolour waves over their schools and public buildings, especially in Lower Canada, and you hear more of the *panache blanc* than you do of the meteor flag of England in after-dinner speeches. A large employer of French labour in the Province of Quebec told me once that only some three dozen of his men volunteered for service with the South African contingents, adding significantly that none of their friends went down to the wharf to see them off. The scene was very different on their return, for the men had made themselves very popular with their English fellow soldiers and had been treated on terms of perfect *camaraderie*. The inborn French love of military glory no doubt helped to promote the enthusiasm of their friends and relations at home. The result is gratifying, but it is a matter for reflection that a somewhat violent twist of Fortune's wheel was required to bring it about.

An independent French-speaking Canada is an impossible dream, but an independent Canada is quite a different thing. The painter has not yet been cut; may, quite probably, not be cut during the present generation; but it has been pretty badly frayed. The feeling that Canadians should make their own treaties has been growing more and more acute in the Dominion, and it has even been suggested in London newspapers that Sir Mortimer Durand's successor at Washington should be a Canadian. If you ask one of them how he proposes to enforce those treaties he falls back eventually on the Monroe Doctrine, which is simply annexation writ large. I am not here to argue about the justice of the decisions in the matter of the Alaskan Boundary, or in that of the Newfoundland treaties, but I know full well that the general impression which those decisions left on the minds of Canadians was that Great Britain was afraid of the United States, that whenever there might arise a conflict between the interests of the two

powers in the North American Continent those of the Dominion would have to go to the wall, so long as the arbitrament lay with the Mother of Parliaments.

Canada's contributions to Imperial Defence—I am not including her services in the late war—are rather taking the line now of "relieving the Imperial Government of the expense of maintaining troops at Halifax and Esquimalt," and of dispensing with the services of the North Pacific Squadron. That is a very nice way of putting it, and doubtless it is a step towards the future development of an independent army and navy, but meanwhile it means another strand in the painter rubbed through. A long time must elapse before Canada can afford a standing army, a navy, a diplomatic corps of her own; she needs all her spare cash at present for industrial purposes, but she can afford to keep it there, because she is in the happy position of having two strings to her bow, the Mother Country, or, as an ultimate resort, the Monroe Doctrine.

North West Canada, sentiment apart, is already more American, than English. What else can you expect, when there is nothing but an airline between a country with five or six million inhabitants, and a country with eighty millions? They lead the same lives, worship the same God, talk the same language, play the same games. The reduction in postal rates, and consequent popularisation of English periodical literature in Canada is a move in the right direction, but it is futile to suppose that it will wipe out the effect of the Alaskan boundary decision, or that it will even seriously diminish the sale of American books and newspapers. Let me illustrate what I mean.

I pick up an American ten-cent magazine, published in New York, and come across a few expressions such as these:

"Simoleons"; "start a rough house"; "wise guys"; "a husky mitt"; "the main squeeze of this burg."

How many Englishmen could translate them at sight, even if they read them with the context? But almost any Canadian farmer, or immigrant of a few years' standing in the West, understands them with perfect ease, and is very likely in the

habit of using them daily. The fact is that directly he lands in Canada an Englishman begins to learn a new language, and that this language is much more "American" than "English."

For one Canadian who could name the winner of last year's Derby there are dozens who could tell you off-hand the holder of the mile trotting record. Canadian race-meetings are held under the rule of an American Turf Club; American rinks curl annually at the great Canadian bonspiels; Canadian crews row for American championships on American waters; the best dogs in the State enter for the Manitoba Field Trials. A few years ago the number of Canadians settled on the south side of the border was computed at a million and a half. Is the ordinary Western farmer going to stop buying Sunday numbers of Chicago papers, or to cut off his subscription to New York "dime" magazines in order to read about county cricket, or football leagues, or the doings of Park Lane magnates? I trow not.

There are people who will say that all this has been going on for years, and that the late influx into the North-West will not appreciably affect the general results. I cannot agree with them any more than I can hold that the optimistic view of rapid and imperceptible absorption is final and incontestable. The annual immigration from the United States into Canada has increased by eight thousand per cent. in the last nine years. The percentage in the case of the North-West is certainly higher, for the reason that three quarters of these new arrivals settle there in preference to Lower Canada and British Columbia. Of the European immigrants only about one half come to Manitoba and the New Provinces. It *must be* that a movement of this kind should have far-reaching results.

One of these results is already visible to any experienced eye. In speaking of the attitude of Americans towards Canadians, I implied a certain reservation by using the words "until lately." Nine years ago the leading grain exporters in New York and Chicago were, by their own confession, quite extraordinarily ignorant of the condition of things in Canada.

Western Americans generally knew even less than the experts, because their leading newspapers were subsidised to tell astounding lies, with the object of diverting the flood of immigration to the Western States, and keeping it there. When American capitalists found it necessary that the tide should flow over into the Dominion the newspapers also found that they had to change their tone, or lose their advertisements. I do not suppose it even occurred to them to hesitate. They began at once to print sixteen-page sheets in crude colours, which bore about the same relation to the actual state of affairs as do the pictures outside a country circus to the performance going on within. The Canadian farmer was startled by this *volte-face*, and a trifle incredulous, but on the whole flattered.

Nor did the enterprise of the American land speculator end with the newspapers. He is probably more patriotic than the average Englishman, but he is not going to allow chauvinism to interfere with business, nor will he flick you in the face with the Stars and Stripes if that action is going to hinder him from selling you something. He started branch offices in Winnipeg and elsewhere, coming over himself from Chicago, and St. Paul's and Minneapolis, and Duluth, to establish them and to study the conditions of his new extension on the spot. In many cases he decided to remain, and began immediately, with that wonderful American versatility, to adapt himself to the ways of the country. You can see it in little things. I have watched one of them smoking a pipe ; he would take it out of his mouth at brief intervals, blow a cloud of smoke, and put it back again; anybody could tell at a glance that he was a cigar smoker. Now, a few years ago, an Englishman producing a pipe in the "smoker" of a Pullman was quite likely to be ordered by the conductor to put it away. It is true that the statue of Liberty is a prominent object in New York harbour, and also that the smell of cigars at two for five cents ("two-fers," they are affectionately called) is more offensive to some people than an ordinary pipe. But "if you want to smoke you may smoke a cigar. We've no use for pipes here." It generally ended in the Englishman doing what he was told. The use of pipes,

and the wearing of knickerbocker breeches and stockings, came over with golf, first into the Eastern States, then, more slowly, out West. But my American friend was in Canada, on business, and Canada is British, and so is pipe smoking, therefore he would learn to smoke a pipe. His reasoning was not quite correct, but his intention was good, and he stuck to his pipe with a persistency that was sometimes pathetic. He gave up girding at British institutions, was probably honestly surprised to find out how much less there was to sneer at than he had been bred to believe. He discovered that the men he had to deal with were very good fellows, and they took to him at once. He became a member of a Canadian club, finding himself quite at home in the poker-room, and built his branch office, and is working there at the present moment. And he is only one of hundreds, or thousands, who are doing these things.

The Englishman at home says:

This is all very well, but your American lives next door, so to speak, we have the Atlantic to cross. Do you seriously maintain that it would have been a good thing for us, or for Canada, had we gone to war with the States over their irreducible minimum in such a case as that of Alaska or of Newfoundland? Would the game have been worth the candle? What do you expect us to do? You made a proposal about the reduction of certain rates of postage, and we have shown our willingness to meet you. What more do you want?

Well, one answer to the first part of the argument is simple.

Cross the Atlantic. Numbers of Canadians are doing so year after year; they have less money than you, very often, and are at least as busy. If they can do it, why not you? The Canadian who has been in England almost invariably returns home more of an Anglophil than he was before he started. Go and return the call, instead of playing your everlasting lawn tennis at Homburg, or mobbing your sovereign at Marienbad. Go and shoot moose, and prairie chicken, by way of a change from red-deer and grouse; really hunting for chicken is more amusing than standing in a butt waiting for a line of beaters to drive your game up to you.

The second part of your remarks involves a certain amount of the *petitio principii*. You assume that the refusal of the "irreducible minimum" would inevitably have plunged us into war. My friend, until you have played poker with him, you have not begun to fathom the consummate skill of the American

bluff. You contend that the material loss to the Canadian is small, and that therefore his discontent and irritation will be merely transient. There you are wrong; he may forgive, but it will be a long time before he will forget. Very likely the game would not have been worth the candle, but I think you showed an inclination to minimise the importance of the game, and were a little premature in your conclusion that it could not have been played by daylight after all. Canadians, at this moment, find a somewhat grim amusement in the thought that the war you avoided by a successful "climb down" might possibly be forced upon you because Japanese children are not allowed to attend public schools in San Francisco. However, your partner is playing this hand, and he is not easily bluffed. Let us hope that Newfoundland has realised the folly of expecting John Bull to attend to other people's troubles over the telephone, while he is so dreadfully worried about who is to hear the children their catechism at home.

I do want something more. I want you, the individual Englishman, to do your share, to put yourself out somewhat; if by so doing you may get to know your Canadian brother better than you do. The mere exercise of an effusive and somewhat patronising hospitality is of little use; you must take him on equal terms. If you visit him, don't take it for granted that because your social position at home is assured you will find it equally easy to get on with people there. You won't; you will be constantly treading on their toes, though they may be too polite to tell you so. They will tread on yours too, and will be equally surprised if you flinch or remonstrate; but the more you see of one another the better you will get on.

For there are faults on both sides. Only a day or two ago I read a letter in a London newspaper, from an Australian, complaining of English ignorance of Australian geography, adding that the Australian child knew far more of the geography of England than did the ordinary Englishman of that of Australia. I have had similar remarks made to me in Canada, dozens of times. Let me tell you, between ourselves, they are not true. Probably, of course, the average child anywhere knows more geography than the average man, because the latter has forgotten it. There was a time when, if a Canadian jeered at me because some prominent English journal had mixed up Ontario and Saskatchewan, I smiled deprecatingly, and apologised. I don't now; I retort with a question about the geography of New Zealand, or I spring on him a few problems about this Island, such as the relative longitude of Edinburgh and Liverpool. Then I advise him to learn a

little more about his sister Colonies before he attacks the Mother Country for her ignorance of her children's nurseries. Still the fact remains that more Canadians, in proportion to means and population, come over here than you will find Englishmen visiting Canada; the question of settling there is, of course, a different thing.

After all, you may have the geography of a country, and the statistics of her Year Book, at your fingers' ends, and yet know very little of the real nature of her inhabitants. You, the English reader, may even leave this country and settle in Canada for good; you may cut adrift from all home ties, and form fresh ones in your new home: but, to the day of your death, you will never become a Canadian in the sense that your children, born out there, would be. You won't find other people's feet getting in the way of yours, after a few years, anything like so much they did at first; but you will never be perfectly sure that, at any moment, you may not give or receive an unexpected jar, for which you were totally unprepared by your English training and education. This remark was first made to me by a public official, who died not long ago in Canada, at the age of over seventy, having lived there since he was eighteen, and I have never seen cause to doubt its complete accuracy. It is the little things that count in the comradeship that comes from thorough mutual understanding; the little trivialities that are considered good form on one side of the water but wrong on the other, and *vice versâ*. The very fact of our essential similarity emphasises and underlines our diversity in trifling details, which we disregard as of no account, but which are part and parcel of our nature; and whose importance we only realise when we discover that a friend will often forgive an injury sooner than a fancied slight.

The Englishman in the Colonies is in a minority, and must be prepared to suffer accordingly, to be looked upon as fair game, and to stand good-humouredly derogatory remarks concerning his native land, which would be very hotly resented were the position reversed. He is constantly reproached for not making sufficient allowance for the different conditions of

life "out there" by the very man who habitually forgets that an Englishman's views must necessarily be coloured by the circumstances of his birth and breeding. To the man born on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the very word "river" does not bear the same significance as it does to the man born on the banks of the Thames or the Tweed.

People who undertake a journey from Montreal to Winnipeg, in the same casual spirit that a Londoner travels to Liverpool, are apt to conclude that because they cover more ground they must necessarily learn more of "the world"—a dangerously ambiguous expression, because a London shoeblack who has never been outside the four-mile radius, may also be said to know "more of the world" than does the farmer on the prairie. Parochialism cuts a poor figure when laughing at insularity.

It may be paradoxical to say so, but one of the greatest obstacles to complete sympathy is the existence of a leisure class in the older country, a class that is practically unknown in the daughter colonies. We still retain here to a much greater extent than we realise the old idea, due to the "militant régime," that the man who works for his living is socially inferior to the man who lives on inherited means. The colonist's idea is not only contradictory but contrary; his attitude towards the man of leisure is one of impatient contempt, tinged with a half irritated envy of the superior culture—I suppose I must use the word—which the latter has had time and wealth enough to acquire. The millionaire railway magnate thinks regretfully of what he might have been with the advantages of a public school and university education, forgetting that the time he put in as a section hand, or on a survey gang, has been of far more practical value to him than if it had been spent in the study of the classics.

Not long ago a Canadian was discussing certain investments with a member of one of our great families. Incidentally the Englishman remarked that he had never worked, and never would, adding as a reason that none of his family ever had. It would be hopeless to attempt to put those two men on terms of mutual comprehension. The Canadian

regarded the remark as being almost equivalent to a confession of hereditary insanity, and considered that the man who made it was an object for pity, possibly for contempt. The Englishman made it carelessly, with no particular swagger, as one stating a fact that was self-evident, and certainly needed no apology.

Again, a Canadian girl (who, by the way, subsequently married an Englishman) told me once that the class whom she despised most in the old country was that of the English country gentleman. Probably the average Englishman would conclude that she was either a Socialist or a fool. She was neither, she had thought a good deal on the relationship between the two countries, but really the only defence I had to offer was that she had misunderstood their position, and that an English squire did an immense amount of useful public work for nothing. I am not discussing the actual merits of the case at issue; my point is simply that a girl, clever, well educated, and ranking in Canada on about the same level as a girl of good "county family" in England, looked down on a particular class in this country, which certainly thinks itself at least equal to the higher professions, socially speaking. She would consider that a squire might be a very pleasant person to meet, but that he would hardly be entitled to as much respect as the bank manager in a provincial town.

The leisure classes in England, relieved of the necessity of earning their daily bread, have been able to devote time and attention to the decorative side of life, and to oiling the wheels so that the machinery runs smoothly. That is why American heiresses marry into the peerage, and why American millionaires (retired) buy country houses and settle on this side of the Atlantic. The American love of a lord has become almost a byword with us, the real truth being that a seat in the Upper House is a social asset in Newport, but a handicap in Texas, and Texas is bigger than Newport; but we still distribute an occasional peerage, with knighthoods we are more lavish, among prominent Colonists, fondly imagining

that these gifts are not only accepted with gratitude by the individual on whom they are bestowed, but are regarded as a personal compliment by the majority of his fellow countrymen. The fallacy lies in the assumption that a title makes the same impression on the man on the broncho as it does on the man on the 'bus. The Colonies are under the industrial *régime*, which estimates by a very different standard the value of trappings.

What will be the upshot of it all? I hope I am not injuring Canadian *amour propre* when I hold that the independent autonomy of the Dominion must, for reasons which I have stated, be still in the distant future.

Judged merely by geographical considerations the ultimate political union of Canada and the United States is not more improbable to-day than was that of England and Scotland, say a couple of centuries and a couple of decades ago, but geography is only one factor in the question. Another, and a very powerful one, is the *argumentum ad crumenam*. If an intermediate tariff, involving a yet closer relationship with the U.S.A., is going materially to increase the income of the individual Canadian, he naturally begins to think about his duty to his wife and children, and to weigh the prospective advantages of complete political union.

The present status is only a stage in evolution, and cannot continue indefinitely. Possibly, as a Canadian friend suggests, the final solution lies in the hands of certain Chinese students now in Tokio. There are thirteen thousand of them there to-day trying to find out how the Japanese managed to more than hold their own against a first-class White Power. If they succeed, and if they impart the lesson to their four hundred million fellow countrymen, Canada in a few generations may be neither under the Union Jack, nor under the Stars and Stripes, but under a new heraldic combination of the two, charged with the maple leaf and the Southern Cross, and other strange devices possibly non-existent to-day.

"C."

# THE SEVEN TRAVELLERS IN THE TREASURE-BOAT

ON New Year's Eve, in Old Japan, great were the rejoicings in every humble household, for were not the Oni, the Evil Spirits, put to flight with a shower of beans, and had not the seven merry little Jins come into port in the Treasure-boat, with the Takaramono, the Precious Objects, on board! Every worthy artisan cried a welcome to them, especially to Daikoku, Fuku-roku-jiu, and to Ébisu, the givers of wealth, long life, and daily food. Whatever might be their various pursuits, the recurrence of New Year's Eve always brought the seven genii of good fortune together, for they had many important matters to settle, their most serious business being to sort and pair bundles of white and red silk threads, representing the men and women to be married in the coming year, and woe betide the fate of the couples when the sorters became weary of their task and tangled the threads, till at last they ceased in despair and gave themselves up to merriment, including the drinking of "saki" and games of "go-bang."

The Shichi-fuku-jin, the seven gods, or rather genii, or good spirits of felicity and all manner of worldly prosperity, who, with the ludicrous and childish myths which surround them, form such a curious addition to Japanese Buddhism, are noteworthy not only archæologically, but on account of the enormous degree of attention that sculptors, modellers, and draughtsmen of the Popular and Artisan Schools have paid to

Daikoku. (Japanese Porcelain in the British Museum)

Ebisu. (Japanese Porcelain in the British Museum)

Bishamon. (Japanese Porcelain in the British Museum)

Benten. (Japanese Porcelain in the British Museum)

them during the last three or four centuries. The image of at least one member of the group is found on the "Kami-Dana," or god-shelf, in nearly every Japanese house, and "kakimonos" of two or three of them are frequently suspended on the walls above a couple of larger effigies, which are the household gods, before whom the marriage contracts are made. No matter what the medium be, the representations are invariably grotesque and dwarfish, except in the case of Benten, the only lady of the party; and story-tellers and artists seem to have taken equal liberties with their favourite subjects; but none have suffered more at the hands of admirers than Hotei, of whom the British Museum possesses no fewer than twenty-seven large and small figures in stone-ware, Japanese and Chinese porcelain, bronze, or ivory.

Three of the group, Daikoku, Benten, and Bishamon, are deserving of study, for they are curious illustrations of the religious history of Japan.

Daikoku, as the presiding genius of worldly prosperity, generally stands or sits on rice bales, with a great sack or Inexhaustible Purse, containing whatever a fortunate man desires, at a blow from the mallet or Hammer of Chaos, the striking surface of which is stamped with the design of the Precious Jewel of the ebbing and flowing tides, which bring the merchandise safely into harbour. He wears a black cap, and frequently the high boots and costume of a wealthy Chinese burgher of the olden times, and is always of a jovial countenance and not seldom accompanied by a rat, as in our illustration from a little Japanese porcelain figure in the British Museum. Originally the rat was in no way connected with him except that the day set apart in Daikoku's honour chanced to be the "Day of the Rat" in the Japanese calendar, the word "*kohu*," or "black," and the *rat* being the colour and emblem of the northern point of the compass. However, as time went on stories sprang up to account not only for the worship of Daikoku by Buddhists, but to show that the rat was his special attendant. Buddhism was introduced into Japan from Korea

in the sixth century A.D. and was the dominant religion in the ninth, but had lost the purity of Gautama Buddha's doctrines and became entirely modified by the incorporation of local deities as incarnations of the great teacher. According to a popular tale, the idols of Buddha were seriously annoyed to find that, although they succeeded in supplanting the worship of many of the gods of the country, they were impotent as regarded the god of riches, so they gave power to Yemma, the hideous judge of Hell, to destroy Daikoku, and he entrusted the task to Shino the craftiest of the Oni. Though the name was in everybody's mouth, Shino sought through all the land in vain, till at last he came to a palace fashioned like a rice-measure, and there he spied Daikoku among his bales, and lay in hiding for a space. Daikoku quickly suspecting his presence, told his rat to turn out the intruder. The rat skurried into the garden and returned with a sprig of holly, with which he belaboured the unfortunate Oni till he fled precipitately to the nether regions, hence to this day sprigs of holly are placed at the door-posts of artisans' dwellings in Japan on New Year's Eve to keep all the evil spirits away, just as for the same purpose sprigs of Perforated St. John's-wort are hung up on the Eve of St. John in some parts of Germany. The genius of riches could not be exterminated, so he had to be absorbed by the new religion, and the priests taught the people that Daikoku-jiu, "the great black god," was no other than Mahâkâla (the name having the same meaning), "the destroying and dissolving power in nature" (*i.e.*, Kal, or death, the superior of all created beings), and guardian of the Three Treasures (symbolic of the trinity, Buddha, his Word, and the Church) in the Great Heaven, whose grim image with blackened face was placed near the entrance of Indian and Chinese temples.

In "I Setti Genii Della Felicità" Signor Carlo Puini translates a passage from a Japanese religious work, which relates how, in the great convents of India, a wooden image of Daikoku was placed near the pillars of the refectory at the door of the pantries.

Bishamon, as Vâis' ravana. (From a Wooden Statue in the British Museum)

Often when these statues are two or three feet high they are accustomed to make for them a kind of small altar, which is called "the bed of the King of the Genii." He is represented seated, with his legs crossed, holding in his hand a sack of gold, or more often sitting on a little seat with one leg hanging. Then the brethren have the habit of each going to gently rub and anoint the images of Daikoku with oil, so that the colour of these becomes dark.

Hence is derived the name Mahâkâla, the black Death of the Hindus, and the black Lord-Demon of the Lamas of Thibet. "When it is feast time the brethren burn incense devoutly to him, and then according to the food they have put a portion before him."

As Mahâkâla there is a large statue on a high carved stand in Room III., in the British Museum, representing a dwarf with black face and hands standing on two rice bales, and near it are three statuettes of Daikoku, two of dark brown porcelain, made at Tokio, the one by Kawa-ze Bunshi and the other by Benshi Yu-to-ku-sai. The collection of brown Bizen ware, the hard stoneware pottery of Japan, in the Asiatic saloon includes several other modern examples.

European archæologists have sought to portion out too exactly to each of the seven jins special functions which in reality they share more or less in common. Hence, in spite of Bishamon's armour and ferocious aspect, he is not more especially the god of war than is Daikoku, and quite as much the god of riches as he, being identical with the Brahmanic Kuvera, who was supposed to have been converted by the preaching of Buddha to his doctrine, and can grant long life as readily as Fuku-roku-jiu himself, and wisdom is as much his gift as Jurō-jiu's. In modern Japanese art he is generally fully armed, and bears in his hand a small pagoda containing relics of Buddha, as the little porcelain figure we have chosen as our illustration, or he may be recognised simply by his scowl as in the stone-ware example also in the British Museum. There, too, is a large wooden statue of him, thickly painted and gilded, where as Vâis'ravana, one of the four Dêvarâjahs, or Heavenly Kings, he tramples a demon under foot. This strange, short-legged,

black-faced St. Michael of the Far East is a nobler and earlier presentment of him as guardian of the northern quarter of Mount Sumeru. Signor Puini says :

> Mêru is the central mountain which, according to Buddhist cosmology, serves as axis to the universe, and around this the celestial bodies circulate. It is surrounded by seven continents in form of concentric circles, separated from one another by oceans. Of the four sides of the mountain, that on the east is of gold, that on the west of silver, that on the south of lapis-lazuli, and that on the north of glass.

The Japanese first had faith in Bishamon because his miraculous apparition saved the life of the Prince Shōtoku Taishi in battle against Morija, the opponent of Buddhism, the prince having previously offered sacrifice to the four Dêva-râjahs, besides wearing little images of them in his helmet.

Among the evidences of *Riyobu*, or mixed Buddhism of Japan, in the Museum, are a small gilded shrine containing a minute standing figure of Bishamon, a large group in which he stands furious between two attendants, two other shrines, one enclosing a similar group, and the other the single figure, and a curious and most elaborate wooden carving of Benten seated between smaller standing figures of Bishamon and Daikoku, while below are the seventeen children of Benten, symbolic of the principal occupations of life. Room III. also contains metal statuettes of the four Dêvarâjahs in connection with Buddhism in China.

Benten is known by several other names, and is a form of Sarasvatî, the wife of Brahma, but in works of art she is most frequently seen in the character of Miô-ou Ten, "the goddess with the beautiful voice," when she has a *vecna*, or violin, made of Indian gourds, emblematic of harmony. She is frequently accompanied by a snake or dragon, as in the central ivory toggle, "the Day of the Snake" being sacred to her, as the anniversary of her first appearance in Japan. Like that of Daikoku's rat, a legend became widespread to account for the mysterious presence in older works of art. It ran that in the reign of Kimmei Tennō (A.D. 546–571) the children of the

1. Benten. 2. Bishamon. 3. Ébisu. 4. Fuku-roku-jiu. 5. Jurō-jin.
6. Hotei. 7. Daikoku. (From Hokusai's Sketch-Book)


The Three-faced Daikoku. (From Hokusai's Sketch-Book)

village of Koshigoyé were often carried off by a terrible sea-monster, till at last there was a great earthquake, when the island of Enoshima rose out of the waters, and upon it the goddess Benten descended from the midst of a cloud. Her generosity in marrying the Dragon brought future security from his ravages for the inhabitants.

Our three principal protagonists sometimes appear in pictures, chiefly in religious works, combined as the *San-men Daikoku*, or the "Three-faced Daikoku," owing to the apparition in the Dream of Dengiô Daishi, but such representations are generally regarded as heretical by strict Buddhists. Our example is from Hokusai's "Rough Sketches." There is one body, that of Daikoku, standing on rice bales, the seals of which, like the mallet, are impressed with the Design of the Precious Jewel, which forms Benten's head-dress, but of Bishamon only the head and arms holding the spear and sceptre, on the left, and those of Benten with the sacred Key and Precious Ball, on the right, are visible. The robes of the triple-headed deity are embroidered with the *shippo* or "weight."

Ébisu, a relic of Shinto Hero-worship, the third and crippled son of the Primæval couple, Isanaghi and Isanami, the creators of Heaven and earth, and brother of the Sun-goddess, usually wears the high cap of a court noble, and has a fishing-rod and the large red *tai* (*Chrysophris cardinalis*). This much-relished fish and millet-cakes are among the presents which shopkeepers interchange on the tenth day of the month, which is dedicated to Ébisu. In the British Museum two figures of him may be observed in Room III., the smaller one of porcelain, the subject of our illustration, and the larger merely a grotesque dwarf, consisting of little except head and feet; and he is frequent among the netsukés.

Hotei is considered to be an incarnation of Miroku Botsatsu, or Mâitrêya, the future Buddha of kindness, and is sometimes called the god of Contentment, but was in fact a tenth-century Chinese priest of Mount Shimei, who was chiefly

remembered on account of his extraordinary stoutness and for his love of children. Being a mendicant, he wandered about with a large cloth bag, to which he owed his name, and this became the inexhaustible sack of the legend which spread the report of how he never allowed water to touch his body, though he had no objection to, or difficulty in, sleeping in snow, and of his powers as a soothsayer. He is generally seen with a Chinese fan, rosary, and priest's dress open in front, and playing with children, but our illustration of him is from a small shrine in Room III., with gilded doors, each adorned by a painting of a boy, wherein the ugliness of the bronze figure is fortunately subdued by shadow.

Fuku-roku-jiu and Jurō-jiu are especially the genii of Longevity, and though they are the sixth and seventh travellers in the Treasure-boat, probably their two names were originally applied to the same person. The attributes of the genii of Longevity are a hairy-tailed tortoise, a white crane, a fir-tree, bamboo, a sacred gem, a white deer, a manuscript roll, and a short curved rod or sceptre, of which the three last are also emblems of Jurô, Fuku-roku-jiu being chiefly recognisable by his low stature, which measured only three feet, his tall head forming the half of it.

Jurō is the most sedate of the little party, but our illustration is an exception to the usual rule of portraying him. It is from a seated figure of Japanese porcelain, nine and a half inches in height, in the Asiatic saloon. The face and hands are in brown biscuit, the dress in dark green celadon, and the cap in pale celadon. On the bottom is engraved a Japanese inscription to the following effect: "The Virtuoso of Kiôto, Kijū of Kinko-do (or Kinkohall) made this in the sixth year of Bunsei, the ninth month of the Autumn" (*i.e.*, A.D. 1823).

The British Museum contains four other little figures of Jurō in Japanese porcelain. Among the objects connected with the Shinto religion in Japan (in wall case 41, Room IV., are two porcelain figures of the god of Longevity, one of which is made of coloured Chinese porcelain, the dress being

Jurō-jin. The God of Longevity. (Japanese Porcelain in the British Museum)

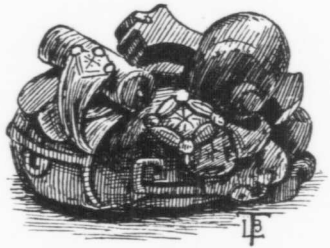
Fuku-roku-jiu. (18th-Century Japanese Porcelain in the British Museum)

Ebisu

Benten

Fuku-roku-jiu

(Ivory toggles, from Sir A. W. Franks' bequest of Japanese netsukés in the British Museum)



The Precious Objects. (Ivory in the British Museum)

a "yellow robe, on which are repeated various forms of the character 'Sheu' longevity."

Our drawing of Fuku-roku-jiu riding on a great tortoise is from a large figure of eighteenth-century greyish Japanese porcelain, partially lacquered with brown and gilded. In a similar group, a deer's head protrudes from the tortoise's shell, thus combining the attributes; and in a third and extremely interesting group, Fuku-roku-jiu appears as a little shrivelled-up beardless old man on a huge tortoise, both more realistic studies from nature. There are three other figures of him, one being an incense-burner of Chinese porcelain, seventeen inches high.

The three ivory toggles of Fuku-roku-jiu, Ébisu, and Benten, representing the Takaramono, or Precious Objects, are among the netsukés bequeathed by Sir A. W. Franks to the Museum, but by far the finest and most artistic rendering of Fuku-roku-jiu is No. 2346 of the Print Room collection of kakimonos, and is really a portrait of the artist Kekuchi Yosai, in that character, the sceptre and roll being dashed in and the high head merely suggested. It is a rapid sketch, slightly tinted, everything kept exceedingly vague, except the face seen in three-quarters view looking down, and appearing that of a very wrinkled old man, with a dignified but not happy expression. He is bearded, with hooked nose and narrow black eyes, and the artist professes to be "one hundred and fifty years old."

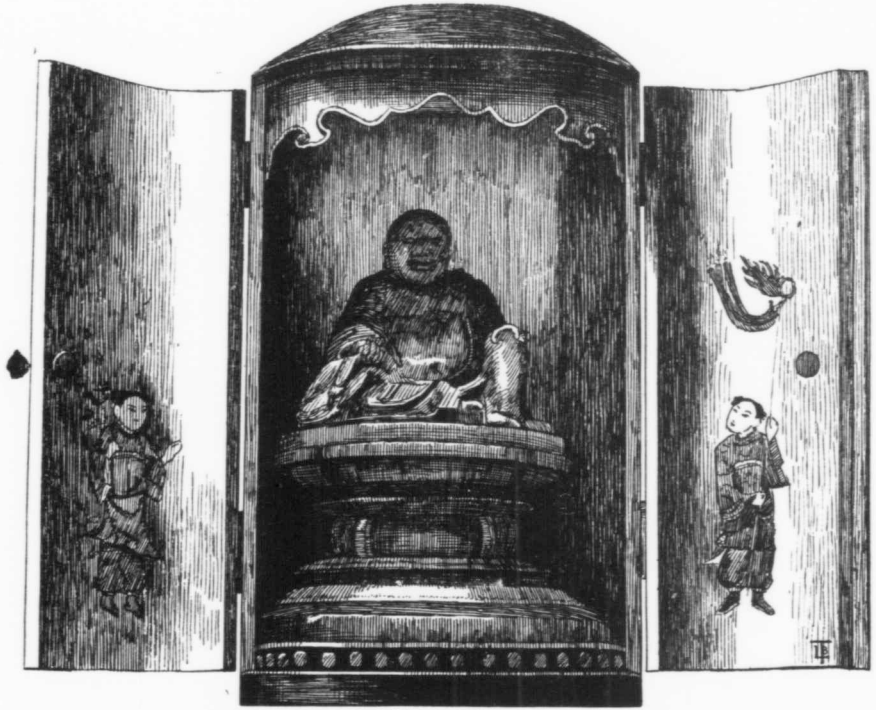
In the magnificent work on the "Pictorial Arts of Japan" (by William Anderson, F.R.C.S.) on page 239 is a reproduction of a drawing by Isai (1866) of "Daikoku playing with rats"; on page 144, Fig. 63, is a "Burlesque of Ébisu and Daikoku" from a woodcut after Hishigawa Moronobu (of the Popular School about 1680), "the first artist of any repute who made a speciality of book illustration." Hotei forms the subjects of pages 72, 236, 239, and 260, the last being from a Chinese painting of the Ming dynasty, with which Chinese pictorial art began to decay. On page 250, is a reproduction of a woodcut by Hokusai of the "*Takaramono*," consisting of

the "Hat, Hammer, Key, Straw-coat, Bag or Purse, Sacred Gem, the Rolls, Clove (*Chōji*), the formal design called the '*Shippo*,' and the '*Fundo*' or weight (for balances)." The objects are enclosed in an oblong, and produce a decorative effect by the repetition of each three times, in heavy black, in thin outline, and in a thicker outline.

It is only in comparatively modern pictures that all the Shichi-fuku-jin are grouped together. One of the oldest is No. 206, of the Print Room kakimonos, painted in colours by Tosa Mitsu-suké, about 1700 A.D. Our little group of the seven jins is from the "Rough Sketches" of Hokusai.

Though it is chiefly the artisans who now adore the Shichi-fuku-jiu, their emblems at least, such as little silver tortoises and cranes, still find a place on the tables of the rich at wedding-breakfasts; and who can deny that the rice thrown for "good luck" at English weddings is a gift from the bales of Daikoku?

L. BEATRICE THOMPSON.



Shrine containing a Bronze Figure of Hotei-Jin. (In the British Museum)

# TEMPERANCE AND THE STATUTE BOOK

IT is customary to smile at the narrowness of outlook of brewers, distillers, vintners and licensed victuallers when they speak of their group of industries as "the Trade"; but a justification of the exclusive epithet seems to be found in the Statute book: the number of Acts of Parliament which have dealt with the trade in alcoholic liquors is so great that the most industrious student can scarce number them. And the end is not yet. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government promises to attempt a further addition to the interminable list, and we are being led to expect that the new addition will be a more formidable contribution than has hitherto been essayed. To the average man it must seem that if there is one department of commercial and social life which might fairly claim to have had its meed of notice from the Legislature, and to have earned a period of repose, it is that which is comprehended under the generic term of "Licensing," and which has already been loaded with so many and burdensome attentions, including two important, and several minor, statutes within the past few years.

If rumour be true, the new Bill will have a double aspect or object: it will try to codify the existing law, and it will inaugurate new law, of a widely extended and revolutionary character. As to the codification, that, if it were done properly, would confer a boon upon the community; it would

help to re-establish the waning reputation of the present Government, and would cause it to be gratefully remembered in after years; and the work would be sufficiently complicated and important to occupy so much of its time as Parliament could fairly be asked to give in one session. But as to the further proposals, with the exception of such new enactments as are necessary to simplify and bring up to date the existing law, and one or two other matters which will be referred to later in this paper, it is difficult to find justification.

A word further regarding the talked-of codification. The current rumours, and even the Ministerial hints and declarations as to the new law to be proposed, indicate but too plainly that the codification will be a farcical perversion of what is meant by the term. To codify the law upon a subject is to gather and marshal in orderly sequence in a statute the scraps of legislation already existing, together with the applicable principles derived from the common law and judicial decisions. Good examples are to be found in the Bills of Exchange Act, 1882, and the Sale of Goods Act, 1893, and as both these statutes were the work of Liberal Governments and Parliaments, their example is specially pertinent now. Neither of these Acts altered to any material extent the law on the subject dealt with as it existed at the time of passing the Act; they did little more than bring together in one document provisions in isolated Acts, endow with statutory authority principles of common law upon which the Courts were then acting, give precision to certain rules and definitions, and weld together these various principles and provisions and rules into a harmonious code, published under legislative sanction. Such a useful process might be applied to our licensing laws; but it will not be. A Government which expresses its horror at much of the existing law, and announces its intention to introduce a measure of so-called "temperance reform," openly based upon deference to the wishes of certain bodies of agitators whose professional function is to revile the existing law, and scream

for sweeping changes in it (including the sweeping away of the trade itself which is the subject-matter of the law), cannot intend an honest codification, and the public will be well advised, therefore, not to be inveigled into an attitude of sympathy towards the coming Bill by any promise of codification. The Bill must be regarded as what in fact it will be—an attempt to destroy the recent settlement of the licensing question, and to subject the licensing trades, and therewith the public to serve which those trades exist, to drastic and intentionally hampering and pecuniarily burdensome changes in the present law.

Pending the production of the measure it will be useful to inquire how the law works now, and whether any, and if so what, changes are needed.

## The Purpose of Licensing Laws

Licensing laws have a triple purpose: first, to regulate the trade in alcoholic liquors in the interest of public order and sobriety; secondly, to ensure the provision for the public of "entertainment," to adopt the old but sufficiently plain, technical term; thirdly, to provide out of the licensed trades revenue for the State. It is not often seriously alleged (never by other than fanatics to whom a public-house is a den of iniquity) that the existing laws fail of their first purpose. Indeed, there is reason to fear that the Legislature has over-reached itself, and that in the stringency and ramifications of some of its provisions for compelling sobriety it has retarded rather than advanced the growth of temperance. Sunday-closing in Wales, to take an example, has led not to less drinking so much as to what is in effect illicit drinking in clubs, which have been established in great numbers for the purpose of affording working men the opportunity of drinking throughout the day, unrestrained by police supervision or the closing hours which were enforced in public-houses when the law permitted them to be open for certain hours on Sunday. Again, the

Licensing Act of 1902, under which magistrates are given power to refuse extensions of existing licensed premises, is being used in places for the purpose of checking the movement to widen the business of the licensed victualler—a movement which, by improving public-houses, and making them more like refreshment-houses or cafés, and less in the nature of uncomfortable and not over-reputable places for the mere drinking of intoxicants, would promote temperance and order and respectability.

A cursory glance at the existing law for regulating licensed premises will show how complete are the provisions already made by the Legislature to that end. By the Licensing Act of 1872 it is an offence, punishable by a fine, to sell spirits, to be consumed on the premises, to any person apparently under the age of sixteen, and though the fines are not heavy, they represent but a comparatively trifling part of the punishment; the serious and restraining punishment is the endorsement of the publican's licence, endangering its renewal, which follows conviction. This consideration applies to all offences against the orderly conduct of the business. Every licensed holder who knowingly sells at his house any intoxicating liquor to a child under the age of fourteen, except in a corked and sealed vessel, for consumption off the premises, is, by the Child Messenger Act of 1901, guilty of an offence punishable by fine. If a publican knowingly sells intoxicating liquor to a person who has been convicted as an habitual drunkard under the Inebriates Act of 1898, he is liable to be fined, under the Licensing Act of 1902. And the last-mentioned Act makes it an offence, punishable by fine or imprisonment (which may be with hard labour), to attempt to procure intoxicating liquor for a drunken person. The Licensing Act of 1872 exposes to penalties any publican permitting drunkenness, or any violent, quarrelsome, or riotous conduct, upon his premises, and under this provision selling intoxicating liquor to a drunken person is included, even though the publican is not aware of the person's condition. The same Act imposes penalties

upon any publican who suffers any gaming or any unlawful game or betting to be carried on on his premises, and so particular is the law upon this point, that the licensee may not even "game" in his private room with his friends. The Act of 1872 further makes it an offence for a publican knowingly to permit his house to become the habitual resort of prostitutes, even though they do not resort to the public-house for the purposes of prostitution; while if he permits his premises to be used as a brothel he not only commits an indictable offence, for which he may be punished, but he thereupon forfeits (not merely endangers) his licence, and is disqualified for ever after from holding any licence for the sale of intoxicating liquors. Penalties also under the same Act attach to any bribing of policemen, or knowingly suffering them to remain on the premises when they ought to be on duty, or supplying them with liquor when they are on duty. A glance, too, may be given at such provisions as those which subject to forfeiture any licence whose holder makes or uses an internal communication between his premises and unlicensed premises used for public entertainment or resort, or who makes, without previously given authority, any alteration in his premises for furnishing increased drinking facilities. When to such laws as I have just recounted are added the meticulous provisions as to the hours of opening and closing licensed houses, and the system of endorsing convictions on licences, with the justices' power of refusing renewal or transfer of licences if the premises have been ill conducted, or there is something against the character or fitness of the proposed holder of the licence, it will surely be admitted that the first purpose of licensing laws is amply served by existing legislation. Offences occur from time to time—no law can absolutely prevent the commission of an offence—but they are for the most part rigorously and effectively dealt with by the police and magistracy; and considering the large number of possible offences and the difficulties which necessarily attach to complete observance of such laws, the existing conduct of public-

houses furnishes a model to any section even of the naturally law-abiding English community.

Regarding the second purpose of licensing laws—the ensuring due provision of public "entertainment"—it will not be necessary to recount at length the duties which the State has imposed upon innkeepers; but in these days of attempts to legislate the tavern out of existence, it is important to recall the attention of the self-styled temperance reformers to this aspect of the business. A public-house is not—as one is in danger of being led to suppose—an iniquitous establishment set up by a conscienceless ruffian for the purpose of inducing passers-by to drink themselves into a disgusting condition, so that the publican may make vast gains out of their viciousness. It is a place where a duly licensed person is allowed to conduct the business of supplying the public with bodily refreshment, and the fact that the most generally asked-for refreshment is some alcoholised beverage is only an incident—though one, by the way, indicative of the universal demand for fermented drinks. Some of these licensed houses are also inns, and in such the innkeeper is bound to receive as guests all travellers as long as he has accommodation for them, and he is responsible for the safe custody of the goods they bring with them. Other houses, as well as those which are technically inns, are subject to use by the Government for the billeting of soldiers. And the whole system of licensing is based upon the principle of arranging for the legitimate satisfaction of a public demand for houses where members of the public may rest and refresh themselves. The very name—public-house—indicates the function which these licensed houses fulfil. In so far as those functions have become unduly narrowed to the extent of making a large number of public-houses merely comfortless places for the rapid consumption of beer or spirits, the habits of the community have been very largely responsible; but there is now generally observable a movement towards better things, as witness the elegant and comfortable decoration and appointments of so many houses, and the frequent provision of

lunches aud afternoon tea. That this movement has not proceeded further is in no small measure to be attributed to the administration of the law itself, and the deliberate discouragement upon the part of many licensing justices of any alterations in licensed premises which, in the stock phrase now current, "will furnish increased facilities for drinking."

### The Provision of Public Revenue

The allegation is made by a section of the teetotal agitators that the licensed trades do not yield adequate revenue to the State, and it is important, therefore, to glance shortly at the extent to which the third purpose of the licensing laws—the provision of public revenue—is effected under the existing arrangements.

Every barrel of beer pays a duty of 7*s.* 9*d.*; upon every gallon of spirits a duty of 11*s.* is imposed; import duties are placed upon wines, varying according to the degree of proof spirit they contain, from 1*s.* 3*d.* per gallon upwards, the heavier wines, those whose proof spirit is between 30° and 42° paying 3*s.* per gallon, and 3*d.* is added for every degree beyond 42°, while if the wine comes in bottles extra duties of 1*s.* in the case of still, and 2*s.* 6*d.* in the case of sparkling wines are added. The revenue accruing from these various duties reached during the fiscal year 1905–6 the following totals:

| | |
|---|---|
| Beer . . . . . | £12,982,876 |
| Spirits . . . . . | 17,765,352 |
| Wine . . . . . | 1,177,614 |
| | £31,925,842 |

And the year named was a comparatively lean year, earlier years showing higher contributions.

Moreover, the duties named above by no means exhaust the contributions to the public revenue, which are drawn from the licensed trades. There are the various excise licences to be added. The setting of these out in detail would make a

complicated table; it will be sufficient to mention as examples of the less important among them the brewer's annual licence of £1, and the distiller's of £10 10*s*. More important are the grocers' spirit licences, varying according to the rateable value of the premises, from £9 18*s*. 6*d*. to £14 6*s*. 7*d*. per annum. But most important are the ordinary publicans' licences, which vary according to the rateable value of the premises, from £4 10*s*. to £60 per annum. The total yield of all these excise licences in the fiscal year 1905-6 was £2,222,527. Thus, of the enormous revenue needed for the administration of the country's government, over 34 millions, equal to nearly a quarter, was directly furnished by alcoholic liquors, and those engaged in their manufacture and sale. In point of fact, the amount furnished was yet greater, and considerably greater. Every pound of profit made in the licensed trades (save in regard to such exemptions as the law grants to persons of small incomes) paid a shilling of income tax. The estate of every brewer or publican, wine merchant or distiller, who died, paid the onerous death duties; and as most breweries, not to mention distilleries and hotels, have in recent years been formed into public companies, vast sums have been taken by the State for registration and stamp duties. Whenever £100 of the many millions of brewery debentures changes hands the State continues to draw its half-crown on the transaction, not to speak of the duties upon the transfer of shares. Further, licensed premises are generous contributors to local rates, and there can be scarcely a parish in the kingdom whose rates would not be increased were the public-houses in its midst withdrawn from the assessment list. Finally, there is the new compensation charge imposed under the Act of 1904, which amounts for the current year to something like a million and a quarter, a fund drawn from the trade for the purpose of satisfying the just claims of owners and occupiers of licensed premises who are dispossessed by the State.

It is customary to talk of the great wealth of the Trade; justice demands that a thought should sometimes be given

to the great amount of that wealth which the community diverts into its own coffers. It is customary to rail at a man who depletes his pocket by drinking: it should produce a chastening of some of these diatribes to remember that much of this individual depletion goes into the communal treasury. Our present teetotal-favouring Government would find itself in awkward straits were its protegés' principles to triumph, and the helping hand of the Trade to be withdrawn.

### The Reduction of Licences.

Licensing law has of late concerned itself with yet a fourth matter—viz., reduction in the number of existing licences. How far the number of licences existing in the country exceeded, and continue to exceed, the requirements of the public is a question with regard to which anything like uniformity is unattainable in the present divided state of public opinion; but it is sufficient for our present purpose to chronicle the fact that the existence of some amount of redundancy has been admitted, even by the Trade. Now in ordinary trades a surplusage of providers is not a matter with which the State would concern itself, but owing to the peculiar position of the licensed trades, the community is supposed to be specially concerned with the number of public-houses. Each house has to be licensed, and a redundancy of houses has been assumed to lead to a redundancy of drinking. Therefore efforts have for some years past been made to effect reductions forcibly, without waiting for superfluous licences to fall in by the natural process of surrender. A custom was growing up, under the impulsion of what is known as temperance opinion, to refuse renewal of licences, even though the licensees saw their way to a continued living in the business, and though there was no complaint against them or their houses in respect to character or conduct. But such refusals to renew licences obviously wrought hardship upon the persons dispossessed (it amounted indeed to confiscation

of what was in common, and even in official, practice regarded as property), since no compensation was paid upon the withdrawal of the licence. The injustice of this omission was accentuated by reason of the circumstance that in 1890 Mr. Goschen had imposed an additional 3d. a barrel duty upon beer and 6d. a gallon on spirits, with the idea that the revenue, or part of it, should be used for purchasing licences, and the Bill included a clause allocating £440,000 a year for use by County Councils in purchasing such licences as the owners might be willing to sell, and at prices which might be agreed upon. But the clause in question was dropped before the Bill became an Act, though the additional duties having been imposed they were continued—it was supposed until the next Budget only. They were not, however, remitted in the next Budget, and the Trade continued to bear the extra burden. Then licences began to be reduced without compensation. Had provision been made for compensation more would have been reduced, but though the decision in 1891, in the case of *Sharpe v. Wakefield*, with its intimation that licences might be refused apart from the bad character of the licensee or his house, induced not a little suppression of licences, it was rightly felt by magistrates enjoying a sense of justice that in the existing circumstances the refusal of renewal when no fault was alleged was an arbitrary and unjust act, uncommonly resembling a violent destruction of legitimate property rights.

So the Act of 1904 was passed. It established a compensation fund, out of which dispossessed licensees and owners of licensed property might be paid whenever, on the application of the licensing justices, Quarter Sessions might refuse renewal of a licence on grounds unconnected with the character of the licensee or his house. But this fund was not to be furnished by the State, the public revenue was not to contribute a sixpence towards it; the whole was to be provided by the Trade itself through a rateable levy upon licensed property, even the expenses of administration being borne out of the fund. The scheme, therefore, is best described as one of mutual insurance

among those interested rather than as compensation according to the ordinary meaning of that term. The Act further provided that in the case of new licences which might be hereafter granted the licensing authorities were to extort, as a condition of the grant of the licence, such sums as should represent what is called the "monopoly value" of the licence—that is, the difference between the value of the premises licensed and their value unlicensed.

The Act has been attacked on two grounds: it has been labelled a "Brewers' Endowment Act"; and angry protest has been raised against the transfer of the power to refuse licences on grounds unconnected with the fitness of the licensee or his house, from the licensing justices to the justices assembled in Quarter Sessions. The groundlessness in point of simple fact of the first charge is too palpable to need controverting. As to the second complaint, there is surely nothing unreasonable in putting in the hands of the largest and most responsible local judicial body available so important a matter as the refusal to allow an existing and well-conducted business to continue. Moreover, the deprivation of power from licensing justices is more apparent than real. Before the Act they had the power to deprive (and owing to the absence of compensation were, if they were just men, very slow to use it); but their decisions were subject to appeal to Quarter Sessions; moreover, they had not power at all to refuse, except for misconduct, the licences of the many beer-houses—about nine-tenths of the total number—known as the "ante-1869 beer-houses," and comprising about a third of the licensed houses in the country. Under the Act the licensing justices may refer licences to Quarter Sessions for refusal on grounds of redundancy—may make a formal recommendation, that is to say, to a body of which they are themselves members, and refusal by Quarter Sessions is practically the same thing as the old reversal on appeal; and the licensing justices may, and do, in very considerable measure, refer ante-1869 beer-house licences, hitherto beyond their reach.

The result of the Act is a large and much accelerated reduction in the number of public-houses. The number of on-licences taken away in 1903 on the ground of redundancy was 126 ; in 1904 it was 57 ; but in 1905, the first year of the Act's operation, 514 were so refused ; it is estimated that the number this year will amount to nearly 1600. In the face of these figures, Miss Agnes Slack, the English secretary to the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, has reported to the recent Convention of the Union in America, that the Act of 1904 is "a great obstacle to the cause of temperance reform." It is difficult adequately to characterise such a statement, coming from a lady ; the only excuse which can be urged on her behalf is that others of her way of thinking have made like statements.

### Desirable Changes.

The above is a sketch of the existing state of the licensing laws, into which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government proposes to intrude a "comprehensive" measure of reform ; and the plain citizen must indeed rub his eyes, and wonder where is the ground and opportunity for "comprehensive reform." The State takes the most comprehensive and detailed provisions for regulating the conduct of the Trade, and fortifies its laws with the most severe sanction—the penalty of loss of livelihood for offences. The State taxes the Trade to an enormous extent, to such an extent that a quarter of the revenue is derived from it directly, and much more indirectly ; and on its fiscal side, too, the State action would therefore appear to be already comprehensive enough to satisfy all reasonable requirements. It is not as though the evils of drunkenness were increasing, so justifying the turning of men's eyes to the Legislature for a remedy. Statistical returns and common observation alike show that the evil is already in process of steady and marked diminution. Still, no human law is perfect, and there are directions in which our licensing laws might with advantage be amended. Apart from codification, with which I have

dealt at the beginning of this article, and the simplification which might accompany codification, there are one or two amendments of the law which might well be made. Further treatment of clubs is desirable. Though the Licensing Act of 1902 tried to deal with the nuisance of drinking clubs, the provisions of that statute have proved insufficient to check the rapid increase of clubs whose chief purpose, or one of whose chief purposes, is the evasion of the law which prohibits the sale of intoxicating drink within certain hours. Section 28 of the 1902 Act gives power to Courts of Summary Jurisdiction to strike off the register clubs in which, *inter alia*, there is frequent drunkenness; but these powers do not seem to be as effectual as could be wished. It is notorious that much of the heavy drinking goes on in clubs—heavier drinking than in public-houses; that the members enjoy an immunity from supervision which public-houses have not; and that very many of them exist on this immunity, particularly in the matter of late night and Sunday drinking. It is only fair to publicans that some effort after equality of treatment should be made in regard to the clubs which have sprung up for the purpose of enabling the working classes to drink at times when public-houses are perforce closed. At the same time, the existence of these clubs, which, from a standpoint of police supervision, cannot be as well looked after as public-houses, is a warning against over restriction of individual liberty in the matter of drinking habits. Undue restriction multiplies clubs, and clubs are a greater danger to temperance than public-houses.

Again, the abuse of the powers conferred upon justices by sec. 11, sub-sec. 2 of the Licensing Act, 1902, calls for the amendment or repeal of that provision, under which alterations in licensed premises cannot be made without the consent of the justices. The frequent withholding of this consent, on the ground that larger facilities for drinking ought not to be given, has the effect of checking the most wholesome movement towards improving public-houses, and making them agreeable and respectable resorts, in which refreshment and entertainment

of a more varied nature might be given, to the promotion of temperance. Many instances of the policy at present pursued by justices might be quoted. Here is the most recent to hand at the time of writing. At the Session of the London Compensation Authority on November 1 last, the reference by the licensing justices of a beer on-licence for a house called the "Old House at Home," at Wandsworth, was considered. The only reason the justices had for selecting this house for extinction was that it was very old, and was alleged to be in very bad repair. Yet it was elicited, in cross-examination of the justices' principal witness, that applications for permission to rebuild the premises had been made to the justices, and refused by them. And having thus insisted upon the house being kept in a forlorn condition, they used that condition as their principal argument for refusing to continue its licence; and the Compensation Authority acquiesced in the argument. This is how brewers and publicans are encouraged to make their houses decent.

Similarly, the existing restrictions upon music in public-houses should be removed. The law tries to separate musical entertainment from access to alcoholic beverages; by this policy it does nothing to keep the abstemious sober or to make the drunkard a sober man. If the drunkard (the only person whose liberty to drink can justly be restricted) has to choose between music and drink, he is not going to choose music. On the other hand, a decent musical entertainment in a public-house would act as a restraint on excessive drinking; it would give frequenters of public-houses something else to do than merely drink, and generally would put them on their best behaviour. A music licence should be attached to every public-house licence as a matter of course, and a dancing licence also, where the premises are suitable, and there is some guarantee that they will also be respectable. And publicans should be actively encouraged by the magistrates to provide such entertainment. In any case these music licences should be granted to houses which have only wine and beer licences, for in them

it is almost impossible to get drunk, modern beers being—though not teetotal—practically temperance beverages.

The mention of beer-houses is a reminder of another change in the law which is needed. Under the Act of 1904 the Compensation Authority is given power to close beer-houses, including the old protected ante-1869 houses, as well as the houses where spirits are sold, and the proceedings in the licensing courts show that magistrates have fastened particularly upon beer-houses for destruction, an overwhelming proportion of the "referred" houses being of this order. The object of the justices is, of course, to make a bigger show in the way of reductions, for beer-houses are cheaper than fully licensed houses, and so more of them can be got rid of for the same money. But this is essentially a wrong policy. The only purpose which the Legislature had in view in providing machinery for the reduction of public-houses was, by such reduction, to diminish the temptations to drunkenness. I do not advocate the abolition of all fully licensed houses, but I desire to call attention to the simple fact that if spirit houses were to disappear and beer-houses to remain, England, in so far as the intoxicating drink is obtained at public-houses, would become a sober country. The power to "refer" houses for licence extinction should, by an amendment of the Act, be confined to fully licensed houses.

Finally, that piece of inept sentimentalism, the Child Messenger Act, should be repealed. The fetching the supper beer in a jug did not make children drunkards, but the prohibition of the practice has the tendency to make their parents drunkards. As the liquor has to be bought in bottles, the parents are tempted to send for a bottle of something stronger than beer. They are also tempted to go themselves instead of sending the child, and it was Lady Henry Somerset who told a temperance meeting the story of a little girl who said to a teetotal reformer, "I hate you teetotalers. You passed a law to prevent children from going for the dinner beer. I used to go. Now mother goes, and never comes home till night."

### The Government's Threat

But the Government proposes to go beyond these reforms or, rather with the exception of club law reform, to leave such useful reforms altogether on one side. What the Government Bill is to contain we have yet to see, and it would be premature to embark upon a detailed criticism of the proposals as they are being foreshadowed now in the Press and on the platform. But there is reason to fear. A rejoicing teetotal writer in the *Liverpool Post* assured us recently that "of this Parliament almost anything may be expected." Unfortunately it may, and there is every expectation that Parliament will be invited to pass a measure enacting the extinction of licences without compensation after a named period—a measure of confiscation which is likely, if passed, to produce one of the worst crashes which our commercial history has witnessed for a long time; for it would mean the destruction of the property which forms almost the sole security for many millions of debentures, and the devastation thus wrought in the great licensed trades would spread far and wide. There is every expectation also that Parliament will also be asked to sanction the turning of thousands of barmaids into the street; to create a new licensing authority more accessible to teetotal busybodies; and altogether to close public-houses on Sunday, to the unjustified curtailment of the liberty and convenience of the subject, and the increase of secret drinking. The prospect is not a cheerful one, but the proposals can be examined more profitably when the Government produces its Bill—at the behest of teetotalers who form a small minority of the population, and are at present, it may be added, divided among themselves, as busily employed in calling each other uncharitable names as they are in hatching demands for foolish interference with the reasonable freedom of the people.

Ernest E. Williams.

# GHOSTS OF PICCADILLY

## 81 AND 82

SIDE by side, with only the width of Bolton Street between them, there stand two houses in Piccadilly, of which one is most famous as a ruinous gambling club and the other as a scene of blameless lionising, with Thomas Carlyle for the chief king of beasts—one must be allowed to note the contrast.

Captain Gronow, whose reminiscences no lover of gossip about great names and no student of strange differences in manners should miss reading, gives the following account of Watier's Club. He says that some members of White's and Brooks's were dining with the Prince Regent, and were asked by him what sort of dinners they got at their clubs. They grumbled, of course, as members of clubs are wont to grumble, and Sir Thomas Stepney told him that their dinners were always the same: "the eternal joints, or beefsteaks, the boiled fowl with oyster sauce, and an apple tart—this is what we have, sir, at our clubs, and very monotonous fare it is." The Prince, "without further remark," continues Gronow—no doubt he was too deeply moved to speak—"rang the bell for his cook, Wattier, and in the presence of those who dined at the royal table, asked him whether he would take a house and organise a dinner club. Wattier assented, and named Madison, the Prince's page, manager, and Labourie, the cook, from the

royal kitchen." (The usual accounts, by the way, speak of Watier's club as one originally established, in 1807, by Lord Headford and other young men for musical concerts. But it can hardly have been "Wattier's" before the advent of the Prince's cook.)

Hence the famous Watier's Club, where the dinners were exquisite—"the best Parisian cooks could not beat Labourie" —and where Captain Gronow had the happiness of frequently seeing His Royal Highness the Duke of York. And hence alas! many tears, for the play was terrible and in a few years had ruined most of the members, among them the prince of all dandies.

George Brummell was made perpetual president of the club. One cannot say that justice has never been done Brummell—is there not Barbey d'Aurevilly's classic "Du Dandysme et de Georges Brummell"?—but in English, at least, he has more often been written about in a slighting manner, which seems to me to show little judgment of character. It is absurd to suppose that Brummell, whose grandfather let lodgings in Bury Street, achieved his position in the English society of that time by foppery and impudence. It is possible that to strive and care for such a position is hardly the mark of a great mind; that is another question; the point is that it was most difficult to achieve and that Brummell achieved it. True that the best of English society has seldom been superficially exclusive, but it did not in the early nineteenth century open its doors to men of "no birth" merely because they knocked at them in smart clothes. Also it is one thing to dine with or visit a society and another to lay down laws for it and be really intimate with its governing members. Even after Brummell had been cut by the Regent he continued to stay with his brother the Duke of York at Oatlands, and was the friend of the Duchess till her death. The Duchess of Devonshire, Georgiana herself, Erskine, Sheridan, FitzPatrick (Charles Fox's greatest friend), William

Lamb, afterwards the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, and Byron all wrote verses for Brummell's album—which is quite a different thing from his writing in theirs. Beyond doubt he was a popular leader of the society he lived in. He did not achieve this by foppery. Brummell's foppery, indeed, consisted merely in a quite artistic effort to improve the ugly dress of his time and in seeking something of grace and elegance in the common things men used. The Regent was his enthusiastic pupil in these matters, and was for ever trying his bulky person in coats designed by Mr. Brummell and executed by Mr. Weston of Old Bond Street, the artist whom Mr. Brummell favoured. Alas! As the delightful Captain tells us, "The hours of meditative agony which each dedicated to the odious fashions of the day have left no monument save the coloured caricatures in which these illustrious persons have appeared." But Brummell's ideal of dress was never extravagant, rather was it a sort of finished simplicity—"exquisite propriety" was Byron's phrase for it—and his leading maxim, "fresh linen and plenty of it," might be commended to the sternest of rationalists.

Nor did he gain his position by impudence. Impudent he was on occasion, no doubt, with that sort of comical self-exaggeration, or emphasis of the foibles accredited to him, which has been the gay humour characteristic of other poseurs on the surface—Irishmen, as a rule, and I cannot help thinking that nobody who had not Irish blood in him could push folly with a serious face as did Brummell now and then. Only a man's enemies or too intensely Saxon people call that kind of humour effrontery. As for a different sort of impudence, the sort of the famous "Who's your fat friend?" given the circumstances, I call that courage and a kind of practical wit.

Brummell was handsome—he broke his nose, being thrown from his horse at Brighton, while his regiment, the 10th Hussars, was being reviewed, but that did not signify—handsome and well-made, and with an address that com-

mended him to women. At Eton he was an Admirable Crichton, apparently both a wet Bob and dry Bob, "the best scholar, the best boatman, the best cricketer," and laid there the foundation of his social success. He was a man of taste in other things than dress, could sing and draw, dance beautifully, and write agreeable verses. Recorded jokes of another age are always stupid, and Brummell's are no exception. Real wit that endures, cut and dried, is rare. I am happy to have known some of the wittiest people of my time, and don't remember half a dozen jokes that were worth writing down; it is always the manner, the humour of the occasion, the right touch of folly, that make one's merriment. It is little against the wit of another age that we, who were not there, cannot laugh at it, and it is certain that George Brummell had the essentials of good company.

Beyond all that, however, I think we must credit him with some genuine force of character, and a sense of perspective and values which kept his head steady where another's might have been easily turned. I grant the triviality of the ambition to which these qualities were applied. Yet I cannot imagine Brummell as the ordinary aspiring snob, rather would I say that he collected dukes and duchesses as he collected snuff-boxes, and there's a difference. Certainly he had character. Lady Hester Stanhope—she who led that strange life in the East—a woman of independent judgment, and the last person to be influenced by fashion and foppery, wrote that "the man was no fool," and "I should like to see him again."

Brummell died mad, as we know, and it is likely that his affliction was coming on him before his ruin in London. The recklessness of his latter course there looks like it, and it is quite possible that when his saner balance was gone the gay mock-assertiveness became bare impudence and the wit buffoonery. He was ruined at Watier's, in the same year that saw Byron's voluntary but inevitable banishment. Scrope Davies, the buck and "man about town," who was

Byron's intimate, had this letter from him at the last. "My dear Scrope, lend me two hundred pounds; the banks are shut, and all my money is in three per cents. It shall be repaid to-morrow morning. Yours, George Brummell." And Scrope Davies answered, "My dear George, 'Tis very unfortunate, but all my money is in the three per cents. Yours, S. Davies." One is disposed to like Scrope Davies because he stuck to Byron, with Hobhouse, Lady Jersey, and very few more, in the time of the scandal, but the heartlessness of that note offends taste as much as sentiment, and one remembers that even in Byron's case many stories of absurdities came from this same Scrope Davies.

The two most famous stories about Brummell illustrate the uncertainty of such traditions. There is that about his telling the Regent to ring the bell, and the Prince's doing so, and ordering his guest's carriage. He denied it, and Jesse in his "Life" gives the explanation, that being asked at Carlton House by the Prince to ring the bell, and being deep in talk with Lord Moira at the moment, he said without thinking, "Your Royal Highness is close to it," whereupon the easily enraged Prince rang the bell and ordered Brummell's carriage, but was placated by Lord Moira. Captain Gronow, however, gives a different story, which was told him by Sir Arthur Upton, present at the time. The Regent heard that Brummell had won £20,000 from George Drummond—a partner in the famous bank, and turned out for this exploit—playing whist at White's, and characteristically impressed, asked the Beau to dinner. They had quarrelled, but Brummell, I suppose, who was certainly the better gentleman of the two, thought it a reconciliation and went. The Prince's bad blood and bad breeding—I call his great champion, Mr. Beerbohm's attention to these phrases, which are mine, not Gronow's—came out in full force: he took advantage of Brummell's growing a little gay with wine to say to the Duke of York, "I think we had better order Mr. Brummell's carriage before he gets drunk." Both stories, of course, may be true. As for

the "fat friend," anecdote. Jesse says the Prince was walking with Lord Moira and Brummell with Alvanley, but Gronow makes the scene a ball, and the Prince's companion Lady Worcester, in which case "Prinney's" wrath is the more intelligible.

Poor Brummell! We get a last vivid glimpse of him at Calais in 1830, in the memoirs of Charles Greville, who must have met him often at Oatlands. "I found him in his old lodging, dressing; some pretty pieces of old furniture in the room, an entire toilet of silver, and a large green macaw perched on the back of a tattered silk chair with faded gilding," and he adds, in a phrase of rare eloquence, "full of gaiety, impudence, and misery." He was to sink lower, in the ten years left of his existence, to a debtor's prison at Caen, and its asylum of the *Bon Sauveur*. God rest him, but if his ghost walks he shakes his fist at 81 Piccadilly.

It is time that we returned there. Byron was a member as he tells us in his "Detached Thoughts."

I liked the Dandies; they were always very civil to me. . . . I knew them all more or less, and they made me a member of Wattier's (a superb club at that time), being, I take it, the only literary man (except two others, both men of the world, M. and S.) in it.

He means Thomas More and William Spencer, and the passage is a little odd, since to a "literary man," *quà* that, Watier's could hardly have been a desirable resort. Byron, however, did not play there, or not to any extent. He had given it up since cards replaced dice, and macao was the game at Watier's.

I was very fond of it when young, that is to say, of "Hazard"; for I hate all *card* games, even Faro. When Macco (or whatever they spell it) was introduced, I gave up the whole thing; for I loved and missed the *rattle* and *dash* of the box and dice, and the glorious uncertainty, not only of good luck or bad luck, but of *any luck at all*, as one had sometimes to throw *often* to decide at all. . . . Since one and twenty years of age I played but little, and then never above a hundred or two, or three—

which would not have gone far at Watier's.

So it was not all gambling there; some men, no doubt, went for the good eating, as some went in later years to Crockford's. We hear also of a masquerade given by Watier's to the Duke of Wellington and the conquering sovereigns—"Wellington & Co." is Byron's irreverent phrase—in 1814. There was a curious representation of this masquerade given at Drury Lane a year later, when some of the Drury Lane Committee—it was run something as Covent Garden is now—Byron included, went on the stage among the supers.

Watier's came to an end in 1819; apparently the members had succeeded in ruining each other. But the association of gambling with 81 Piccadilly was not over, and one great name yet illustrates the house. That is none other than Crockford himself. It is not quite certain, but I believe is almost so, that among other hells in which this financial genius was interested, *en route* from the fish-shop where his fortunes began to the most famous of all English gambling-places, in St. James's Street, was one held at 81 Piccadilly. It was a "French hazard" bank, and the partners cleared £200,000. The use of false dice was charged against them, indeed actual false dice, said to have been used at 81, were exhibited later in Bond Street.

So much for 81 Piccadilly. I know not who lives there now, but I trust that in honour of Watier's an occasional game of cards is played on the premises.

We cross from the east to the west side of Bolton Street, and come to 82, which was and is Bath House. The original house was built by the Earl of Bath, William Pulteney, the statesman of George the Second's time, Sir Robert Walpole's opponent. His is not a personality of much interest to me, but I am glad he lived in Piccadilly, because by virtue of a quarrel he gives me fair ground to linger for one brief moment over an old study of mine, John, Lord Hervey. Besides, they fought their duel in the Green Park opposite.

John, Lord Hervey—Baron Hervey of Ickworth, the

second title of Lord Bristol, whose eldest son he was, not Lord John Hervey, as inaccurate writers have called him—has left us some of the best memoirs in the language. You must skip the details of politics no longer alive for us, but you have left one of the most real and living pictures of a Court and the society round it ever penned. He was most intimately of the world he shows us, but by gift of intellect and an ironical temperament could stand apart and take a view of it. Something of a pessimist and with a native scorn of humanity, he offended the sentiment of Thackeray. "There is John Hervey, with his deadly smile and ghastly, painted face—I hate him." I cannot hate people who interest me and amuse me so much, and I doubt if he was hateful. A man intellectually and personally fastidious in a coarse age is sure to be accused of effeminacy. Hervey married a famous beauty, Molly Lepel, and fought his duel—though he thought it a silly custom—like a man, and as for painting his face, he did it to save his friends the horror of the intense white illness had painted it first. Truly a remarkable family, those eighteenth-century Herveys. "God made men, women and Herveys," as Lady Townshend said. One of them was said by rumour to be the real father of Horace Walpole, another was the first husband of the bigamous Duchess of Kingston—there were giants of scandal in those days!—and another was the Tom Hervey who printed rude advertisements about his wife, but was so beloved by Dr. Johnson that "if you called a dog Hervey," said the Doctor, "I should love him."

I come back with a sigh and an apology to my Lord Bath. Hervey wrote the dedication to a pamphlet attacking him; he replied with another, in which Pope may have found hints for his own epithets for Hervey, "Sporus," the Emperor Nero's eunuch, and "Lord Fanny"; Hervey had no option but to fight him, and a bloodless duel in the Green Park followed, and Lord Bath had only to cross the road to be at home again.

The Barings succeeded the Pulteneys, and Alexander

Baring, the first Lord Ashburton, built the house we know—or at least can see for a moment if we turn up Bolton Street when its gates are open—in 1821. He was, of course, the head of Baring Brothers, so that with Sir Julius Wernher, the present occupant, Bath House does but continue a tradition of successful finance.

It is from Harriet, the wife of the second Lord Ashburton, that Bath House has its celebrity, the Lady Ashburton who there and at the Grange was the admired hostess of all the literati and illuminati, poets, philosophers, men of science, of her day—or "Lady Ashburton's printers," as Lady Jersey, quite sublimely exclusive, preferred to call them. She, truly, is a gracious presence among the shades of Piccadilly. Her name sounds in a chorus of praise through the letters of the time. "A magnanimous and a beautiful soul," said Carlyle, and Monckton Milnes that "one hardly knew whether it was the woman or the wit that was so charming." It is provoking of Charles Greville to have dropped his acid into this cup, to have left us his opinion that she was capricious and quarrelsome. Let us be sure that their quarrel was his fault, he has the grace to admit her goodness when she was dead.

Lady Ashburton's ghost has a right to walk in Piccadilly, but I am doubtful about her society of geniuses. It was, on the whole, so sure that the wisdom of all the ages had flowered in it, so convinced of the golden time of "progress," so truly respectable and really good, that I doubt it would frighten away some other shades we have met. That is, it ought to frighten them, but I fear they would be stubborn, have their point of view and hold their ground. No, Tennyson and Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle and Bishop Wilberforce do not belong to Piccadilly. More peaceful spaces, less worldly memories are theirs.

G. S. Street.

# JANE, DUCHESS OF GORDON

IN one of the most interesting periods of Edinburgh history, about the year 1748, the exact date is uncertain, Magdalen Blair, of Blair, wife of Sir William Maxwell, of Monreith, gave birth to her second daughter, Jenny of Monreith, whose beauty later on gave her the name of "The Flower of Galloway," and who was destined to become famous not only for her beauty but for her personal charms, wit and cleverness, and through these to gain an exalted rank. Her parents held a good social position, but were not overburdened by this world's goods. They lived in Hyndford's Close, Edinburgh, in a second-floor flat of one of its tall houses, which were then inhabited by the best families in Scotland, and here Jenny first saw daylight.

Hyndford's Close, which leads out of High Street and the Old Town, still exists. Jenny and her sister Betty, afterwards Lady Wallace of Craigie, had seemingly a rough education; and their high spirits and boisterous ways were beyond the control of their mother, as is evident by one of the girls' amusements being to ride on the backs of pigs turned out from a neighbouring Close, all up the High Street. In illustration of this an anecdote is told by the author of "The Traditions of Edinburgh" that the first time an old gentleman, a relative of the Maxwells, saw the young ladies was in the High Street of Edinburgh, where

Miss Jane was riding on a sow belonging to Peter Ramsey, the stabler of St. Mary's Wynd, and which her sister Betty thumped lustily behind with a

stick. The two romps used to watch the animals as they were let loose in the forenoon from the stable yard, and get upon their backs the moment they issued from the Close.

As time went by, Jenny sobered down, and her energy and determination found vent in political family intrigues, which will be referred to presently.

Years sped along, and Jenny's charms increased with them, and in 1767 she captivated the fancy of Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon, who was then twenty-three, and one of the handsomest men of his age, and was described by Lord Kames as the greatest subject in Great Britain, in regard not only in extent of his rent-roll, but of the number of persons depending on his rule and protection. He appears to have been an easy-going man, and not gifted with any great abilities. He interfered little in politics, and chiefly occupied himself in rural affairs and field sports. He was one of the last noblemen in Scotland to keep hawks, and was noted for his breed of deer-hounds. He seems to have had a slight gift for poetry, as is shown by his well-known song of "There's cauld kail in Aberdeen," and he encouraged the musical genius of his butler, Marshall, called by Burns, "the first composer of strathspeys of the age."

The Duke proposed, and, needless to say, was accepted by the beautiful Jenny; and on October 28, 1767, the handsome couple were married in Edinburgh at No. 2, Argyle Square, then occupied by Mr. Fordyce, who married the third daughter of Sir William Maxwell.

A grand marriage this was for Jenny, and she fully entered into all the glories and interest of her new position. Ambition and the love of power swayed her life; and immediately after her marriage she took the management of the fortunes of the family into her own hands, and during her whole life systematically pursued a career which had one sole object in view—family aggrandisement. Her beauty has been depicted in her portrait, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1775, which has been often engraved. Wraxwell, who knew her well, says that

though far inferior to the Duchess of Devonshire in grace and accomplishments, she possessed indomitable pertinacity, importunity, and unconventionality; that she had excellent business capacity, good nature and ready wit, marred however by a singular coarseness of speech; and he goes on to say:

Few women have performed a more conspicuous part or occupied a higher place than herself in the public theatre of fashion, politics and dissipation. I shall speak of her with great impartiality from long personal acquaintance. The song, "Jenny of Monreith," which I have heard the present Duke of Gordon sing, was composed to celebrate her charms. In my estimate of female attractions she always wanted one essential component part of beauty. Neither in her person, manner, or mind was there any feminine expression. She might have aptly represented the Juno of Homer, but not Horace's "O quae beatem Diva tenens Cyprum!" The features, however noble, pleasing and regular, always animated, constantly in play, never deficient in vivacity or intelligence, yet displayed no timidity. They were sometimes overclouded by occasional frowns of anger or vexation, much more frequently lighted up with smiles. Her conversation bore a very strong analogy to her intellectual formation. Exempted by her sex, rank and beauty from those restraints imposed on women by the generally recognised usages of society, the Duchess of Gordon frequently dispensed with their observance. Unlike the Duchess of Devonshire, who, with the tumult of elections, faro and party triumphs, could mix love, poetry and a passion for the fine arts, the Scottish Duchess would reserve all the energy of her character for political purposes.

Jenny's life was divided between Edinburgh, where she was the sole arbitress of fashion, as powerful in her sway over the Assembly Rooms as the famous Miss Nicky Murray,[1] London,

[1] The Assembly Rooms, in the old Assembly Close, were the scenes of those rigid and awe-inspiring functions, presided over by some lady of rank and mistress of the unwritten laws of etiquette, of which Goldsmith and Captain Topham have both left such graphic accounts, and which form the theme of one of the chapters in Chambers's "Traditions of Edinburgh."

Then the Assembly Close received the fair:
Order and elegance presided there,
Each gay Right Honourable had her place,
To walk a minuet with becoming grace.
No racing to the dance with rival hurry—
Such was thy sway, O famed Miss Nicky Murray!

Miss Nicky Murray was indeed famed. She was a sister of the Earl o

and beautiful Castle Gordon, situated on the Murrayshire bank of the River Spey, and close to the village of Fochabers, the charms of whose site are immortalised by Burns in a poem he composed in gratitude for the kind hospitality with which he was greeted by the Duke, just before his marriage, the final verse of which runs as follows:

Streams that glide in Orient plains,
Never bound by Winter's chains,
Glowing here on golden sands,
There commixed with foulest stains,
From Tyranny's empurpled hands.

These their richly gleaming waves
Leave to tyrants and their slaves.
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks of Castle Gordon.

From Burns's "Memoirs" this visit appears to have been shorter than was intended by his host, who after entertaining him at dinner, earnestly invited him to remain for a time. Burns, to his regret, had to explain to the Duke that he had left a friend—a schoolmaster—at the inn at Fochabers, whom he would not desert. Burns's noble host offered to send a servant to conduct Mr. Nicholls to the Castle, but Burns insisted on performing that office himself. However, a gentleman was sent with him from the Castle to deliver an invitation from the Duke to Mr. Nicholls with all the forms of politeness. But the pride of the schoolmaster had already been inflamed to a high pitch by the desertion of his friend and the imagined neglect. He had ordered the horses to be put in the chaise, having decided to proceed on his journey alone, and they found him parading before the door of the inn, venting his anger on the postillion for his slowness in executing his commands

Mansfield, and lived in Bailie Fyfe's Close, and there "finished" young lady cousins from the country, and introduced them into society. It is said that Miss Murray, on hearing a young lady's name pronounced for the first time, would say: "Miss —— of what?" If no territorial addition could be made, she manifestly cooled. In 1824 the Assembly Rooms, where Miss Nicky Murray had ruled, were burnt down.

Burns, therefore, took his seat beside Nicholls in the post-chaise and turned his back on Castle Gordon with mortification and regret, to which he gave vent in a letter written to Mr. Hoy, the Duke's librarian:

> I shall certainly, among my legacies, leave my latest curse on that unlucky predicament which hurried—tore me away from Castle Gordon. May that obstinate son of Latin prose be cursed to Scotch mile periods, and damned to seven-leagued paragraphs, while declension and conjugation, gender, number and case under the rugged banners of dissonance and disarrangement eternally rank against him in hostile array.

It is well known that a most intimate friendship existed between the beautiful Jenny and Burns. From the earliest days of their acquaintance she made no secret of her intense admiration for and appreciation of the Ayrshire poet, and she gloried more over triumph over his heart than in the many other triumphs she had had over those her equals in birth; she always said that no man carried her off her feet as he did. The admiration and devotion felt for the Duchess by Burns was fully as great as hers for him. In many of his poems there are allusions to her, and we can picture to ourselves the warm-hearted poet of Nature sitting at her feet in her room at Castle Gordon overlooking the river Spey, gazing into her eyes and pouring forth his soul in verse while she accompanied him on her guitar or bent over her embroidery frame drinking in her adorer's admiration. Whether their friendship, which gave rise to much gossip at the time, ever stepped beyond the limits of Platonic friendship is a matter of question, and can only be known to the descendants of both families, in whose hands is the correspondence of the two friends.

In Burns's diary in 1787 he says:

> Crossed the Spey to Fochabers—beautiful palace, worthy of the generous proprietor—company, Duke and Duchess, Ladies Charlotte and Magdalen, Colonel Abercromby and Lady, Mr. Gordon and a clergyman, a venerable aged figure, a Mr. Hoy. The Duke makes me happier than ever great man did. Noble, princely, yet mild, condescending and affably gay and kind—the Duchess charming, witty and sensible, God bless them.

For many years the Duke and Duchess appear to have lived in London more than anywhere; else and here, besides forming a centre for the Tory party, she obtained a political power which few women in this country have ever reached. At their house in Pall Mall, belonging to the Marquis of Buckingham, she received large gatherings of the hangers-on to Government, during the last fourteen years of Pitt's first administration. Wraxwell writes: "Desirous of participating in the blessings which the Treasury alone can dispense and with enrolling the name of Gordon with those of Pitt and of Dundas, if not in the rolls of fame, at least in the substantial list of Court favour and benefaction, the Administration did not possess a more active and determined partisan." Her discernment enabled her to perceive that Fox, whatever dignities or employments might be reserved for him by fortune under the reign of George IV., would probably remain excluded from power so long as the sceptre remained in the hands of George III. This principle or conviction seemed never to be absent from her mind. The Duchess indeed entertained the project of marrying her eldest daughter to Pitt. Lady Charlotte was then about eighteen years of age; and though not a Hebe, yet her youth, her high birth and her accomplishments might not improbably, as her mother thought, effect this conquest. In fact, Pitt, however little constitutionally inclined to the passion of love, yet manifested some partiality towards her, and showed her many attentions. The Duchess, desirous of improving so promising a commencement, used frequently to drive to the Dundas's house at Wimbledon, "accompanied by Lady Charlotte, at times when she knew that Pitt and his greatest friend were there."

Pitt hardly ever failed, on quitting the Treasury Bench, to throw himself in Dundas's post-chaise and accompany him to Wimbledon, where, at whatever hour they arrived, they sat down to supper and never failed to drink each his bottle, and the Minister found his sleep more sound as well as more refreshing at Wimbledon than in Downing Street. However

violent may have been the previous agitation of his mind, yet in a very few minutes after he laid his head on his pillow he sank into profound repose. So difficult indeed was it to waken him that his valet usually shook him before he could be aroused from sleep. One night, Pitt, having been much disturbed by a variety of political occurrences, drove out to pass the night with Dundas at Wimbledon, and after supper withdrew to his chamber, giving his servant directions to call him at seven on the ensuing morning. No sooner had he retired than Dundas, conscious how much his mind stood in need of repose, repaired to his apartment, locked the door and put the key in his pocket, at the same time enjoining the valet on no consideration to disturb his master, but to allow him to sleep as long as nature required. It is the truth that Pitt neither woke nor called any person till half-past four in the afternoon of the following day, when Dundas, entering his room together with his servant, found him still in so deep a sleep that it became necessary to shake in order to awaken him. He had slept uninterruptedly during more than sixteen hours.

Dundas, who was more clear-sighted than most men, and didn't wish his friend to form a matrimonial connection which must have given the Duchess a sort of maternal ascendency over him, determined to counteract her design, and for that purpose he could devise no expedient more efficacious than affecting the decision to lay his own person and fortune at Lady Charlotte's feet. He was then a widower, having been divorced from his first wife, Elizabeth Rennie. Pitt, who never had displayed more than a slight inclination towards the lady, ceased his assiduities; and Dundas's object being achieved, his pretensions, which never were clearly pronounced, expired, without producing any ostensible effect. Singular or doubtful as these facts may appear, I have good reason for believing them to be founded on truth. They came from high authority. Two years later the Duchess of Gordon succeeded in procuring the hand of Colonel Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond, for her daughter Charlotte.

The attention of Parliament and, indeed, of all England was in 1787 called to the debts of the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), which, within the space of less than four years, were becoming intolerable, and oppressive to himself. All application to the Sovereign for assistance being ineffectual, it was determined by his secret advisers, at whose head presided Lord Loughborough, Fox, and Sheridan, to trust him at once to the generosity of the House of Commons. But the concluding words of the Minister's speech on April 30, 1787, sufficiently indicated that at St. James's there existed a disposition to accommodate matters without making disclosures in the House of Commons, equally painful to the King and Prince. It only required a friendly interposition to animate his inclination, and the Duchess of Gordon undertook the office. She passed a part of almost every evening in society with the heir-apparent, whom she was accustomed in conversation to treat with the utmost freedom, even upon points of great delicacy. Her exhortations and remonstrances to Ministers produced the desired effect. His embarrassments amounted to full £200,000. Dundas finally arranged an interview with the Prince, and matters were settled without a public disclosure.

Her conjugal duties pressed on her heart with less force than did her maternal solicitudes, and little by little disagreement arose between her and the Duke, in great part with reference to money, in which he appears to have treated her badly, which ended in complete estrangement from him. But in her daughters she centred her ambitious cares. For their elevation no sacrifice was too great, no exertion too laborious, no renunciation too severe. It would, indeed, be vain to seek any other instance in our history of a woman who out of five daughters married three to dukes and one to a marquis. Charlotte, as we have said, married the Duke of Richmond; Susan, the Duke of Manchester; and Georgina, the youngest, the Duke of Bedford. The daughters in question inherited nothing, not even their mother's personal beauty, and so to her

and her influence alone they owed their grand alliances, and she was regarded by her friends as successful beyond precedent in match-making.

During the short peace of 1802, the Duchess took her family over to Paris to secure Eugene Beauharnais for her youngest daughter Georgina, but failed in her purpose, and Lady Georgina became Duchess of Bedford. On her return from Paris, the Duchess was accused of having said she hoped to see "Bonaparte breakfast in Ireland, dine in London, and sup at Gordon Castle." Such stories, though probably untrue, added to her quarrels with her husband, and little by little dethroned her from her high position. She became estranged from most of her family, and led a wandering and almost homeless life. Some of her letters written at this period (extracts of which I give at end of article) to Francis Farquharson, of Houghton (1804–1806), accountant, give a clearer insight into her misfortunes.[1] He was confidential adviser to both parties.

It seems to have been proposed to refer points and disputes between the Duke and Duchess to Sir Henry Erskine Montgomery, but the former's efforts appear to have been unsatisfactory. The poor Duchess, her beauty and her power gone, died in London at Pulteney's Hotel, Piccadilly, with her eldest son and her other children beside her, on April 14, 1812, in the sixty-fourth year of her age. She lay in state for three days, and was buried, according to her request, at Kinrara, Inverness-shire. Her death is thus regarded by one who knew her well:

> So the great leader of fashion is gone at last—the Duchess of Gordon. Her last party, poor woman, came to the Pulteney Hotel to see her coffin. She lay in state three days in crimson velvet, and she died more satisfactory than one could have expected. She had an Old Scots Presbyterian minister to attend her, who spoke very freely to her, I heard, and she took it very well. She received the Sacrament a few hours before her death.

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[1] Printed in Glasgow, 1864.

Thus ended a life whose career presents a true instance of the fleeting character of all human greatness.

Faults there may have been on her side to bring the estrangement from her husband, but on his there seem to have been many more, not only in regard to meanness and stinginess, but also in intimacies he had with other women, above all with Mrs. Jane Christie, with whom he had been for years on terms of more than intimacy, and whom he married in 1820.

I

To F. FARQUHARSON, Esq.

Gordon Castle,
*Jan.* 13, 1804.

I hoped to hear from you after all the perils and dangers we shared together—be assured I often think of your kind visit with much satisfaction. I enclose you one of the papers which you have seen, and were so good as to protect. You know how much I am interested in introducing industry into that country, where the bravest people in the world are idle and often deprived of even the common comforts of life; what am I to do as to the Highland Society? I have wrote to Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Gordon. Should I write the Duke of Argyle—Lord Melville, &c.? I will wait for your answer before I send any letters; so I hope to hear from you first post. I don't know what I am writing—there is no less than fourteen ladies talking in the room—and Miss Forbes warbling one of my favourite songs—the Duke frisking about gayest of the gay and everybody happy—as I hope you are, and will be thro' many succeeding years. Yours with much regard,

J. GORDON.

II

To FRANCIS FARQUHARSON, Esq., of Haughton, Edinburgh

The Cottage of Kinrara,
*November* 2, 1804.

Your first letter filled me with indignation against your sex; your second really was so perfectly ridiculous I laughed at it—and am certain you must have done so too, had it not been intended to blind some poor fool who takes assertions for facts and temporary embarrassments for bankruptcy. Does any man think he can pay £20,000 of debts, build a bridge at his own expense,

purchase Lord Murray's fishing, pay his daughters' portions, which, little as they are, come to £25,000, and not be involved and deeply involved? But why am I at the end of a life, spent for his credit, my own honour and his children's welfare, to be a prisoner, and really one upon bread and water if the sum you mention was to be my allowance? Does the Duke think because his table is surrounded with insignificant people that they are no expense, or because his servants are people unfit for their purpose that they are less expensive? Hoy eats as much as the Duke of York, and Menzies drinks as much as the Prince of Wales. But would it not be easier at once to see if the Duke and I could be boarded in some cheap family, to leave a free estate to God knows who, and to give his factors, grieves, &c., money to surprise the world with? Their goodness and generosity!!! The Duke now don't live like a gentleman of £5,000 a year, and I never shall accept of one farthing less than I had when his estate was not the half it is, nor the articles of life half so dear. I am Duchess of Gordon—he is Duke—and I feel I have done as much credit to the name as any Duke ever did. I think it is cruel enough to be shut up in these mountains far from those I love and respect—for years not to see my children and friends—because he has debts. Sell to pay those debts, and he will leave a better fortune than he had—the day I thought myself put at the head of his family—and where can it be gone? He has seen nobody. Change those people who advise and has gone on for years, and I shall believe in a reform. In place of staying where he is till Xmas, if the danger is great make him leave home to-morrow. The blood suckers will drop off, he will perform the promise he gave to me and my children. He will get the money for Spey Bridge, he will see his son married, and be as he ought to be, at the head of his family, and everything go on like Duke of Gordon, in place of yawning out life, breaking his word, and being despised by everybody worthy of esteem. I have no desire or pleasure to go to London in the spring—it is the gloomy winter I wish to fly from—and it is in winter I must go. *Retrench*—he ought to paint, furnish, and put his house in order, go to town and put his estate into the hands of trustees—the old men—the old story of twenty years sederunt. They cannot dupe me, however they may him. I have one resource—it is the last—and I wish to avoid it; but, if impossible, I am certain the world will approve, and he alone will suffer. Forgive all this, but it is the truth and nothing but the truth.

J. GORDON.

I beg you may send this to C. Gordon

III

To FRANCIS FARQUHARSON, Esq., Edinburgh

Cumberland Place,
*May* 7.

My Dear Sir,—

I was made happy by your message that all the house bills due at Kinrara were pay'd; but a good deal mortified and surprised when Mr. Anderson writes me not one farthing has been given since I left the country. I advanced £200 of my pin money to satisfy them, and the man who *bought* beef, &c., for me—Mr. Wilson of Inverness—it is shocking, and now another year and unpay'd. You cannot suppose I will go on with it, and God knows the Duke has no idea how he stands in the world. Such scenes, such depravity, must come forward, that I shudder for the name I bear being so exposed; but I have not resolution to say I will be always miserable, in the country insulted by servants, surrounded by wretches, here worse than a prisoner, not a soul permitted to come into the house, such a house no gentleman ever lived in, and not one of those people who I used to live with ever allowed to enter into the house. I hope I won't lose the school Dr. Kemp promised me in Kingussie, and a high sallary, as everything there is so dear, and no education nearer than Inverness it is real charity; also my woolen manufactory. I trust all to you and good Sir W. Forbes. The prospect of doing good to these poor Highlanders is the only consolation of my wretched life, tho' I may be proud to find Pitt, Sidmouth, all the friends of my early life more attached than ever, and his Majesty made me such compliments upon my family that I for a moment forget, that he who ought to be most grateful dedicates every hour of his life to make me miserable and himself despicable.

Yours ever,

J. GORDON.

IV

To F. FARQUHARSON, Esq.

*June* 15, 1805.

The resolution I have come to won't surprise you, my good friend; you know the insults I have met with as a wife and mother; you know that even the poor pittance spent at Kinrara by his own orders is not pay'd; you know the depravity of the Gordon Castle family, but you don't know that since I came here I have not been allowed to see a soul. My own children each dined once with me, and tho' solicited to give a dinner to bring Ministers together and soothe the heat of party, yet the disgraceful establishment made it

impossible to see them or the world, and the cruel barbarous names and insults made it impossible to remain at home with comfort. When I complained of stone ware for a Duke of Gordon, his answer was, "D——d Scotch pride." When he asked for things which I had sent to my cottage and bought myself, "By God, ma'm, you are a swindler." If I said he did not live like a gentleman, which I regretted, "Your extravagance has ruined me." I have under his hand in the year '95 that all I had ever received from his estate was my then pin money, £500 a year, which in the course of twenty-eight years Duchess of Gordon I had exceeded £1,240, most of it laid out on that farm near Gordon Castle, not yet pay'd me for, and £400 to Mr. Dingwall for a diamond earing all Edin$^{r}$. knows I lost. That brings my expenses down to 95, and the clerks at Coutts' are now making out upon oath what I spent during the period. Two dukes were married in my house, and Lady Louisa Brome. My daughters being married makes no difference in my expense, tho' it makes the estate much richer, and also makes a great difference in his yearly expenditure. I pay'd none of their bills; I seldom had but a leg of mouton, and I can have no less. My coach, my servants, my house as Duchess of Gordon, and mother of the Duchess of Bedford, can be no less, and yet double the expense from the change of prices. I have done everything for my family, and got thousands for his, even his bridge money now, and why should I not be allowed more than is even requisite? Is it not all lay'd out on his property and in improving the morals as well as the fortunes of those around me? This wretched house of dirt we pay £100 a month, four horses £40 a month, for every footman costs £100, but I need not tell you. I go into a hotel to-day, and they tell me every servant is to be five shillings a day for board. I won't take a sum, might be doubtful, as dishonour is to be *tacked* to my name if exceeded. Talk to Mr. Erskine, and pray show this to Mr. Gordon. I cannot write more; a giddy head and broken heart is all I am left with, not one shilling of money, but an order for £100 to take me down though it cost £400 coming up, but he always thinks he should spend triple but a coach must have four horses, and two servants makes *six*. But it is all alike, and thank God my bondage must soon be broken. I beg you will secure the papers from Sir George Abercrombie where he tried Jane Chrystee[1] and her mother, also the sham marriage performed and the divorce procured during my illness. When I went to Gordon Castle he promised if I *could not live there* I should be restored to my £4,000 a year; you know if I could with dignity remain. Adieu; thank Heaven this is the last letter I shall write on these painful subjects.

Yours ever,

J. GORDON.

[1] Jane Christie, afterwards became Duchess of Gordon.

V

To F. FARQUHARSON, Esq., Great George Street, Edinburgh

*A small room twenty feet long in a hotel in Albemarle Street.* I need not say the cruel uncomfortable situation I am placed in; no money to go to Scotland, no money to spend here, and though the Dukes of Bedford, Manchester, and Brome show me every kindness, pity or affection can dictate yet the regret. Wonder, pity, of the world is unsupportable, and how the Duke could expose the mother of his children to such a degrading situation, as his orders to give no money everybody knew, and only one hundred for Scotland with a coach and four and as many servants; but he wished to have it all his own way at Edin$^{r}$, and to ruin my character in every house will let him in. Except to dine with the Chamhams, Duke of York, and such old and steady friends I go nowhere, but am tired to death to be so long in a dirty hotel, and the unwearied attention and kindness of the world is worse to bear, to a mind like mine, than solitude. The bread and beer I had at Kinrara is not yet pay'd, and a life of more sorrow than ever fell to the share of wife or mistress, concludes with every cruel lie, indignity, and persecution that can be inflicted Mother of four dukes—nay five, if you add Huntly—here left in a hotel depending on the *charity* of the public, when my exertions have put them in the possession of about £200,000 a year. Put yourself in my situation, and judge how the public talk of the Duke. . . . Let him blush as every friend he has done for him to talk of exceeding, my d——d extravagance that had ruined him, &c., when it shall be proved that I never *have received* my annuity.

J. GORDON.

F. Farquharson, Esq.,
Gt. George St., Edin$^{r}$.

VI

To F. FARQUHARSON, Esq., Edinburgh

London,
*July* 8, 1805.

Dear Mr. Farquharson,—

As I wish exactly to know what part of the immense debt is contracted on my account, I have now before me every shilling I have received in London, and wish to know every shilling pay'd for me in Scotland, till the period my annuity stoped, which was when I lived in Fife House. You can alone procure that, and it must be at Edin$^{r}$ when I am there, and here for Mr. Adam to see it. Indeed, it would not be doing justice to the Duke not to order it, as I must have that part cleared up, and might think I had spent less

than I have done. I cannot leave this (as I told you before) without money, and am a prisoner spending £200 a month in a wretched hotel—ten feet square—the object of everybody's pity. All my children would give me money, but I know the Duke can refuse to pay borrowed money, tho' everything else he must pay. He can keep me here for years if I cannot get away, and only awaken the resentment of the public, as everybody with indignation hears of his conduct. He will say, "I ordered her down." Yes! but gave an order for £100 for a coach, four servants, and living on the road!!! Whenever I can leave this I will.

CONSTANCE DE LA WARR.

# JOHANNES BRAHMS

1833-1897

TO couple the name of Brahms with the word fashion verges on the ludicrous. Yet the fact remains that the series of Brahms Concerts given in London during the last two months could almost be chronicled amongst the doings of the "smart set." At more than one of these concerts, it is true, a few elderly persons in the crowded throng were to be observed slumbering peacefully; and if the brilliant frivolity of that culmination of smartness—Wagnerian opera at Covent Garden in the height of the season—did not absolutely predominate, it may be supposed that the air was oppressed by the prevailing solemnity of the proceedings, which could suggest commemorations of some public calamity.

Brahms certainly never took himself half so seriously as do his latter-day English disciples. To discover a reason for the inordinate gravity of demeanour affected by these votaries is not easy; and the uninitiated who have had no opportunities of previously testing the stimulating possibilities of Brahms musically, are apt to obtain merely a sensation of dulness and inertia. If we accept the life and character of Brahms as the key to the spirit of his utterances, there is nothing specially tragic in one or the other. He lived to the age of sixty-four, and until his last few months he never knew a day's illness. He had splendid vitality and robust health, sufficient to tire out his immediate entourage. He was a tremendous walker, and

as soon as he could afford it, became a bit of a *bon vivant*, with a first-rate digestion. Year in, year out, a fund of will-power and concentration enabled him to devote himself pleasurably to his creative faculty. He began his career unknown in a lowly state of life—only two generations removed from peasant stock—and without a penny in his pocket. By the time that he was forty, he was fairly well acknowledged all the world over as a composer of first magnitude. To within his last year he could work with a clear brain and unclouded perception; the exquisitely pathetic "Ernste Lieder," Op. 121, finished in 1896, exhibit no sign of a falling off from his habitual high standard. He died leaving a fortune of £20,000, acquired by his own unaided efforts as a creative musician. In all of this there is a substantial suggestion, if not of neurotic romance, at least of solid comfortable happiness, such as should especially appeal in a comfortable cheerful manner to the practical side of our English character.

A dread of social amenities and conventions, amongst them the necessity of donning an evening coat, appears to have been a cogent preventive against his ever accepting various urgent invitations to visit England. He cordially detested what his countrymen understand as "Spectakel," and more than once cleverly evaded anything approaching an ovation, as, for instance, at a public dinner when the toast of the "greatest composer" was given, which he promptly caught up, by raising his glass and replying, "*Ganz recht*, we drink to Mozart." It is then a matter of curious conjecture to picture an artist of his calibre in the midst of a *côterie* of his English devotees. He had a grim sense of humour. "I do love Brahms," remarked a lady at one of the above-mentioned concerts; "he always makes me think somehow of the *Elijah*." This is possibly the one and only occasion when Brahms has evoked memories of Mendelssohn. But from the outset of his career, it was to his or rather to our misfortune, that he was constantly pitted against the most prominent names in the history of his art. This has brought his music a quite extraordinary vogue of

fluent, ready-made and as often as not quite inapplicable admiration and belittling. His detractors have gone so far as to announce that had he not been so continuously tossed to and fro at Wagner, no one would ever have heard of him. It is also fairly obvious that many of his most ardent partisans were merely casting about for a tangible argument in their case against the theories of Wagner; and a vague intuition of an unanalysable something in the individuality of Brahms led them to adopt him as a big enough war-cry to serve their purpose. Liszt, on perusal of the famous Schumann mandate, "Neue Bahnen," only remarked cynically: "Yes, but Schumann once said much the same about a certain Sterndale Bennett." Still, Liszt could be deceived for a time by a flattering premonition that in Brahms he was welcoming a new satellite of his own. The anecdote of Brahms falling asleep during a Liszt *séance*, though probably fictitious, admirably indicates the former's consistent behaviour throughout the strife of half a century. The hubbub touched him in no vital artistic sense. With unruffled equanimity he pursued his own course; nor is there any record of his ever writing or speaking a word for or against the belligerents. But the contention, whilst it put money into his own pocket as well as those of publishers and concert agents, has also done immeasurable harm artistically, by deterring many genuine musicians from forming a first-hand opinion of Brahms; and lovers of sincerity have been repelled by a free circulation of undiluted cant. Of temperament such as we associate with Chopin or Tshaïkovski, Brahms was devoid. He resisted pessimism to the utmost. He had, if anything, too much control of his emotions, a trait which can often impart an austerity almost harsh and forbidding to his music. On the whole this music is characterised by slow, rugged force rather than by the attributes of polish and delicacy. Even in his love-songs there is rarely a note of overwhelming, passionate impetuosity. A vein of diffidence, if not of actual caution, no doubt restrained him from writing a symphony until he had reached the age of forty-three, and then he only

composed three others. We may contrast this output with the fertility of Germany's other great modern symphonists, Beethoven with nine, and Bruckner with eight. One finds in Brahms no exuberance of joyous irresponsibility such as greets us in the winsome accent of Mozart, and sometimes too in the pages of Schubert. In this connection it may be mentioned that his mother was well on in middle age when she married, and over forty at the time of his birth. His intention towards life is clearly summed up by his maxim: "We have at any rate to live, let us therefore do our best to make life as interesting as possible." It is significant that out of nearly two hundred of his songs, the text of half a dozen only is supplied by the mercurial genius of Heine. Amongst the six though is the lovely "Der Tod das ist die kühle Nacht," a token of his genius which one could ill spare. Apart from an unfailing enjoyment of studying Biblical Writ (purely as literature though, and with no bias towards creeds and dogmas), Brahms, who was a great reader, seems oddly enough to have cared most for the novels of Fielding, and for serious historical and philosophical works. Compared with other modern composers he was no traveller. For the personal propaganda of his works he went no farther beyond the frontiers of strictly German-speaking peoples than Holland and Switzerland. His expressed pleasure in various sojourns in Italy, undertaken solely for repose and recreation, indicates a many-sided culture and a quick perception for beauty, whether in art or in landscape. One may say that comparatively impervious to persons his frequent intercourse with nature and solitude was on the other hand a necessity of his very existence. It requires but little imagination to catch the echo of this deep abiding love of nature impregnating his music, but most especially, perhaps, many of his songs. "Feldeinsamkeit" will at once occur to the reader, or the beautiful "Regenlieder," Op. 59, or his numerous lyrics relating to spring, autumn, the expanse of the sea, or the fresh stillness of wood and forest and mountain side. With all his culture, Brahms never became what we call a man of

the world. His peasant ancestry peeps out again and again. A curious mixture of the simple and prosaic in his nature is illustrated by his statement that as a child, and already a composer, his best tunes always came to him whilst blacking his boots. His very name is symbolical, since it is said to be derived from the common term Bram (Bramble), still current in some German districts. Only a true son of the people could have handled their folk tunes and dances in his inimitable fashion, identifying himself quite naturally with their mood, and yet making them part and parcel of his own unmistakable individuality. As far as is known, the affections of Brahms found their principal outlet in a touching life-long fidelity to ties with a family connection which it would have taken the genius of a Balzac to describe as interesting. The circle included his parents, two brothers, a sister, and later on a stepmother and her son, to the support of one or other of whom he very early began to contribute, doing so more and more liberally as his means increased. As a reason for not marrying he once wrote to a friend:

> At the time when I should have wished to marry, my compositions were either hissed at, or at any rate very coolly received. I knew their worth though, and that sooner or later the page would be turned; and in unmarried solitude I never really took my reverses to heart. But to be questioned by a wife at such moments; to have her inquiring eyes anxiously fixed upon me, to hear her ask: "Again a fiasco?" No, that I could never have borne. For however much she loved me and believed in me, I could not have expected her to have unwavering faith in my subsequent victory. And had she attempted to console me! Ugh! I can't even think of it. It would have been little less than hell.

In its bare outline the confession is stern enough, but if we probe beneath its surface have we not a glimpse of an acute sensibility, as well as of a longing for what he himself felt to be an unattainable haven of conjugal love and mutual comprehension and trust between man and woman? In connection with his love ideals, "Wie bist du meine Königin" is as right royal and tender a homage as any woman need crave. Spasms of his inherent asperity no doubt jarred upon Brahms himself at times driving

him to seek counteracting softening influences to his unconquerable reticence. These gentler yearnings may have had him in their throes when he brought forth a goodly number of the capricci and intermezzi. Amongst these one recalls a few from the Op. 76, or the first intermezzo from the second book Op. 116 ; or again the haunting, ethereal beauty of so many of the slow movements in his chamber music. He was always attracted to children. In more than one crisis of sorrow in his life it was to a child that he turned for solace. But children were at first awed, and until they had tested the gentleness underlying his brusquerie, were inclined to shrink from him. His songs for the yonng too, whilst they can appeal warmly to the retrospect sympathies of their elders, are not within the comprehension of the average child. Very apt was the criticism of Bülow, applied to the Andante from the pianoforte sonata Op. 5, once brought to him for a lesson by a young pupil : "Fraülein, this is not for you ; it is for no one under thirty." Every one has heard of the delight which Brahms took in waltz tunes and rhythms, a delight most fitly set forth in the delicious "Liebeslieder Walzer" for vocal quartet and pianoforte duet Op. 52 and 65.[1]

One of his chief attractions to Vienna was the dance music of the Viennese dance dynasty, the Strausses, whom he placed very high amongst composers. He was one of the first musicians also to appreciate Dvořák, and cherished a warm admiration for composers of the *genre* of Bizet and Goldmark. It is in his mass of chamber music that Brahms is perhaps, next to his songs, best known in England. Opportunities of hearing his orchestral works under a sympathetic conductor are rare ; and one ventures to think that his technique as an orchestrator is occasionally blamed, thanks to incomparably dull and heavy interpretation, No composer was ever more plastic and utterly dependent upon adequate

[1] It must be confessed that, probably owing to prevalent misconceptions as to the *genre* of Brahms' music, these inspiring fragments are as often as not interpreted in our concert rooms as so many dry vocal exercises.

performance. In order to enter into the sanctuary of the Brahms holy of holies, one is indeed inclined to demand for him considerably more study from the three standpoints of emotion, intellect, and technique, than is requisite for any other composer. His own frequent failure, whether as pianist or conductor, to arouse sympathy for his music may have been largely due, not to incompetence on his part, but rather to something wholly new and unusual in his style. There are at present only here and there a Steinbach, a Weingartner, a Nikisch, a Leonard Borwick, a d'Albert, a Kreisler who can grasp and appreciate his mixture of depth and transparency and cause his music to vibrate with that acute nerve of sensibility already alluded to, which impelled Brahms to the accomplishment of his best work, but which he was also at pains to conceal, even from himself. His life of retirement and isolation from a modern world of quick action and movement could tend besides to a further veiling of his meaning in a certain dreamy remoteness and distance. His conceptions are apt to assume vague and titanic proportions. Yet the means employed in his four symphonies, or in the larger choral works, to wit the "Triumphslied" or the "Schicksalslied" are simple enough. If we desire the allurement of the "tropical garden of gorgeous exotics offered by Wagner's orchestration," Brahms is bound to disappoint us;[1] but the sombre, mellow values of his tone-colouring, brought about by his marked preference for the lower stringed instruments, as is evinced more especially in the first movement of his "Requiem," or in the "Serenade," Op. 16, can appeal to a connoisseur, reminding him of some fine old painting. Brahms' manipulation of certain instruments, more particularly of the clarinet and horn, points moreover to a comprehension for their peculiar qualities, not easily to be rivalled; and in sheer beauty of treatment it would be difficult to surpass such things as the blending of the horn and harp accompaniment to the "Songs for Women's Choir," Op. 17. We may justly classify

[1] *Vide* W. H. Hadow, "Studies in Modern Music."

this composer as essentially Teutonic. The mingling of uncouth realism and romantic sentiment in Teutonic legendary lore, and potent throughout the range of Teutonic pictorial art, from Dürer to Menzel, finds in him an eloquent counterpart. No one has better fathomed his inner meaning than his fellow Teuton, the sculptor, painter and etcher, Max Klinger. In this artist's wonderful series of Brahms' Phantasie the imagery can be both grotesque and awkward. Yet the pose of the human figures introduced is full of dignity, and the backgrounds of cloud and sea, with masses of dimly outlined mysterious forms, soaring up from the horizon, are signally emblematic of the scope of the Brahms conception, and its flitting note of poesy. In the lyrics, such as "Alte Liebe," "Am Sonntag Morgen," "Sehnsucht," or the "Feldeinsamkeit," Max Klinger has evidently found a wealth of emotional colouring. His title-page to the last-named song curiously typifies its atmosphere of summer heat and haze. It is above all, though, in his "Schicksalslied," the great Song of Destiny, that Klinger is most intimately allied with Brahms. To the relentless force of its *allegro*, its rush of movement and rhythm, he has penned a masterly corollary, which won the delighted thanks of Brahms himself, and equally well has the artist caught the celestial after-thought in major key appended by the musician to the poet's text of desolation:

> Wie Wasser von Klippe
> Zu Klippe geworfen
> Jahrlang ins Ungewisse hinab.

It is after all to his complete self-revelation of a singularly virile, healthy, and independent individuality, true to others and true to itself, that Brahms owes his best claim to greatness. The legend of the "three B.s, Bach, Beethoven, Brahms," has been promulgated to satiety. But neither in Bach nor Beethoven do we meet with those bold designs of broad, sweeping curves of melody with which the music of Brahms is saturated, if we will only seek it for ourselves. Even granted that he was a borrower of themes--wholly his own in his method of shroud-

ing these in a mist of floating rich toned harmonies and modulations; and his sharp transitions, his arabesques of arpeggi, his intricacy of free, declamatory rhythms and counter-rhythms, are as unlike the clean-cut outlines of Bach and Beethoven as any music well can be. It might be presumed that in these latter aspects of harmony and rhythm he had affinity with Schumann. But here again one would place the two individualities at opposite poles. If it be generally conceded that Brahms requires more study than the other composers, the agreement need not, however, oblige us to dismiss as his inferiors a Wagner, a Berlioz, a Liszt. To pose Brahms indeed upon a pinnacle and shut out the horizon of any further musical development is a position of which he, with his clear judgment and critical acumen, would speedily have demonstrated the absurdity. Analogies between workers in different spheres of art once formulated can return to us later on reproachfully, as incongruous and far-sought. Still there are some conspicuous points of contact between Brahms the Teuton and the American Walt Whitman; and Brahms assuredly would have readily endorsed the American's words:

> Births have brought us richness and variety,
> And other births will bring us richness and variety;
> I do not call one greater and one smaller;
> That which fills its period and place is equal to any.

A. E. KEETON.

# "LA PETITE FLEUR BLEUE DE LA FÉLICITÉ PARFAITE"

## A REVERIE

UNDER the southward-looking windows of the house, in the burning of a hot noon-tide, I find the mummy-peas in flower.

We had sown them with but small hopes of their flourishing, so shrivelled they were, and ancient—yet here, after all, are the blossoms, just full-blown, plenteous, very faintly fragrant, and most softly, aerially blue.

"Ah!" I whisper, "la petite fleur bleue de la félicité parfaite!"

The midsummer riot of scarlet and crimson and fire-colour is surging over the garden, and the mummy-peas just now are the only blue flowers in it. Blue flowers, the year round, are somewhat the rarest, and always the sweetest. I am glad of the blue mummy-pea, just as Balzac must have been glad when, suddenly, upon the scathed and acrid pages of "Les petites misères de la vie conjugale," there dropped from his pen that pretty haunting phrase.

You may travel up and down the world that Balzac made, many a painful, many a joyous, many a dreary league, and not light upon such another star-like "jewel five words long." I remember—as I mark the delicate purple veining on the

wings of my Egyptian sprite, and hold it up so that the sunlight may come to me through their azure—I remember a description of the eyes of a mournful girl when the man she loved chanced to look at her: "Les yeux de la pauvre fille s'allumaient comme un brasier sur lequel afflue un courant d'air." It is "chose vue" that. Homely enough, no doubt; yet it glows.

And in this mid-day glare of high summer, though I am half dreaming of the Nile, I can recall too a little wizard train of sombre images:

> Quel nom donner à cette puissance inconnue qui fait hâter le pas des voyageurs sans que l'orage se soit encore manifesté, qui fait resplendir de vie et de beauté le mourant quelques jours avant sa mort et lui inspire les plus riants projets, qui conseille au savant de hausser sa lampe nocturne au moment où il l'éclaire parfaitement . . .

In Balzac's pages—where accounts of income and furniture, and the material gratification of material appetites, compose chapter after chapter as houses make a town—touches of poetic mystery such as this last arrest and surprise one, like a flitting gleam of light across the dull meanness of a grimy street.

Who can tell what this man might have been, how the poet within him might have discerned and have wrought, if it had but been given him to pluck with his own hand the little blue flower? So rare, he says it is, and so precious, that no man who once holds it will ever, of his own consent, let it go.

It springs from love; it is the gift of lover to lover. It uncloses, not amid the first fires of passion, but in the steady, serene warmth of that long after-glow which fuses two lives into one. Nor is it every love, even though it be strong and faithful, that can prevail with it to flower. It is a thing of celestial strain, caught in a tangle of mixed earthly ancestry; you cannot tell when it will show itself. Into the elements from which it draws its sustenance there enters somewhat that is incalculable and undiscoverable—too subtle for man's knowledge or volition, yet real as the invisible ether.

Balzac gives us many a passing hint of what may chance

to prove a favourable condition. Take what he says of Laurence for example:

"Chacun semble protéger cette femme si forte, et le sentiment de protection secrète explique peut-être l'attrait de son amitié."

Sometimes—though indeed rarely—by virtue of that supersensuous essence, and by favour of some mysterious combination of the elements never to be forecast, "la petite fleur bleue de la félicité parfaite" will seem to dispense with all the obvious terrestrial conditions, and flower as the gift of one good friend to another.

There is a passage in *Le Cousin Pons* which expresses very sweetly and profoundly, not indeed its origin and unfolding as between two friends, but a secret of its maintenance and vivacity. Who, on entering the world that Balzac made, does not cast his eyes first upon Pons and Schmucke?

On comprendra facilement la surprise de Pons en voyant et savourant le dîner dû à l'amitié de Schmucke. Ces sortes de sensations, si rares dans la vie, ne viennent pas du dévouement continu par lequel deux hommes se disent perpétuellement l'un à l'autre: Tu as en moi un autre toi-même (car on s'y fait); non, elles sont causées par la comparaison de ces témoignages du bonheur de la vie intime avec les barbaries de la vie du monde. C'est le monde qui lie à nouveau, sans cesse, deux amis ou deux amants, lorsque deux grandes âmes se sont mariées par l'amour ou par l'amitié.

A promise, a potentiality, may be long-lived: witness the seed of the mummy-pea, that has waited in safety through the passing of so many centuries, till at last a hand took it and sowed it in earth,—a foreign earth it was, not the miraculous, fructifying bounty of the Nile. But realisation, once it has been granted, may often be found of short and frail endurance, like these cerulean blossoms, which, in the state of mere possibility, defied the influences of time, and now must be withered up and destroyed in the course of a single moon. When once it has been given to a man to hold in his hand "la petite fleur bleue de la félicité parfaite," he never, of his own will, lets it go: true, but how many a man shall see it shrivel and die within his grasp?

It is not circumstance that works the evil. It is rather the faulty, disappointing human heart, which, failing now in one point now in another, has not in it virtue enough to nourish and sustain felicity. Balzac, it seems, has marked many such witherings, knows many hidden causes thereof. He will lay his finger on the love of tyrannising as the beginning of weakness: "C'est les coeurs sans tendresse qui aiment la domination, mais les sentiments vrais chérissent l'abnégation, cette vertu de la force." Or he will smile with sad prevision at "ces taquinages de guêpe que se permettent les amitiés excessives qui veulent tout savoir, tout contrôler."

It would seem, indeed, that as it is only in presence of some rare and fine and nameless element that the flower of perfect felicity can bloom at all, so it is only by the exact maintenance of a delicate and difficult equilibrium that it can be kept in being. What millions upon millions of human lives that never can have known it! The gross, the peevish, the fickle; the solitary and the ill-mated; those so indigent that their life is one long hunger; those so greedy of mere gain or place that their life is a pauseless contest with cruel competitors. How many among the swarming populations of China or of India have for a little space carried it in their bosoms? In thine own land, O my tender little Egyptian, what time thy mother, the fruitful pendent pod, was ripening in the summer heat, how many of those brown men and women, bare-breasted and white-girded, cherished it between their hands, and learned skilfully to revive it when they saw its petals drooping? Who should say? Those who know most of this tell the least perhaps. The secret springs into life anew and perishes anew at each forthcoming.

"La petite fleur bleue de la félicité parfaite!" It is odd how the words have gotten a hold upon my inward ear, and so readily repeat themselves to me in dreamy moments. They bring with them always the same gentle regret to think that he who uttered them should never in his own heart have known their meaning.

Still, no doubt, there are compensations, means of solace. If one may not cull the little flower blue, yet he may gather flowers white and crimson and yellow—to say nothing of leaves: laurel-leaves, vine-leaves, ivy-leaves, and even sad cypresses and yews.

His own solace was of all the most austere and noble—"le travail." Nay, is it fair even to call it a solace, as if it were a mere *pis-aller*—no better than a tolerable, wholesome anodyne, which none would seek out for its own sake alone?

There is an elderly, long-bearded gardener, who, once in each week, comes to tend this garden. I watch him with his rake, his clippers, his mowing-machine—placid and skilful, unhasting and unresting. Whatever the tool in hand, you may perceive that his mind and intention are projected, as it were, to the very extremity of it—to the point where contact is made and the work done. Not a stroke too many, and every stroke tells; and when, his day's work over, he turns his back upon us, every square foot of lawn or flower-bed, the hedges and all the plants, look just as in his plan he foresaw that they would. That is "le travail": To forecast a design; step by step, stroke by stroke, to bring it into being, projecting the while one's finest energy of thought and will out to the very working-point; to behold the design wrought out, mark the instances of partial failure, the signal successes and then pass on, to some new thing. That is happiness—consolation, if you will—satisfaction. A gift less beautiful and entrancing than thou art, "O petite fleur bleue," but sturdier, more enduring, more inwardly profitable. Rare too, and growing daily rarer.

For now it is the man we find at fault—unskilled and listless, his hands and implements working as they may, his brain never reaching, as it were, fully forth to the point of contact; and now it is the employment the world constrains men to, mechanical, deadening, such as it is plain impudence to name by the holy name of work. "A man is relieved and gay," says the happiest of sages, "when he has put his heart into his work

and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace." And the business of our belauded civilisation taxes to the uttermost limit of their capacity the hearts and brains of the few, while from the many it will take nothing but a heartless, heedless drudgery. How, indeed, should it concern itself with relief and human gaiety and peace?

Dispassionate observer, envisaging without a shudder as without execration strange and hideous forms of evil—portraying without any singular outbursts of emotion examples of purity, tenderness, heroic suffering, courage, magnanimity, Balzac has one gospel to preach, one enthusiasm: "le travail." The rest is intuition, conjecture, sympathy, learning, fitful experience, gigantic imagination; "le travail" is himself, his very life of life. Who does not know it? For the most base, the most depraved of mortals he has no absolute scorn; but he pours fiery contempt upon the would-be man of genius, the would-be success in life, who seeks for short-cuts to fame, who idles and trifles, who perceives not the sacredness, the fatefulness of work.

Votre un Lucien est homme de poésie, et non un poête, il rève et ne pense pas, il s'agite, et ne crée pas.

Ce bonheur, c'est la volonté, le travail continu, le mépris de la renommée obtenue facilement, un immense instruction, et la patience qui, selon Buffon, serait tout le génie, mais qui certes en est la moitié.

Can any forget the burning pages praising so passionately that high constancy of genius which denies itself the perilous, facile rapture of mere conception—ruin of vain dreamers—and sets itself in strong patience to undergo the burden, the labour, the spiritual throes of inward fashioning and of bringing forth?

Before one's memory rise the severe and noble yet joyous figures of D'Arthez, Bianchon, Joseph Bridau and all that company of generous young enthusiasts, living like brothers together, and experiencing "les atteintes de cette ardente misère, espèce de creuset d'où les grands talents doivent sorti

purs et incorruptibles comme des diamants qui peuvent être soumis à tous les chocs sans se briser."

Ah, "le creuset de cette ardente misère!" No flower in truth could symbolise the intellect or the temper that succumbs not but issues triumphant. Sooner or later, meditating however lightly and casually upon Balzac's work, to some such contemplation does one come.

Let us get back while we may to noontide in a midsummer garden; to the unconscious mummy-peas, centuries older than Balzac and surviving him now nigh on fifty years; to the lingering vision of felicity perfect, whereof, for one half-playful, tender moment, he made "une petite fleur bleue" the rare and transitory image.

FLORENCE HAYLLAR.

# J. A. FROUDE

WHEN the time comes for contrasting the nineteenth century with its successor, it will be seen that the first was dominated by personalities and the second by cliques. That is, no doubt, only another way of saying that we are passing from individualism to socialism; that history, revolving on the axis of human nature, has once more turned "the group" towards the light; that just as once human personality was concealed behind the horde, or the clan, or the family, so now again it will be hidden behind numberless associations, great and small, each governing some department of national activity, and distributing among the little human clerks their infinitesimal duties. In the sphere of history the process is already well on its way, and Lord Acton, himself a distinguished personality, is responsible for the possibly final destruction of personal historians. Patchwork carpets, to vary the metaphor, are all the fashion now, and the old uniform designs seem too definite to please the eye, and too narrow to cover the ground.

But in the nineteenth century it was not so. Then every man did what was right in his own eyes, did it in his own way and often excellently well. One of the most useful and unselfish tasks, indeed, is that of those who keep the old books in repair. A few stitches will often be enough, for if the rents are many, the colours at least are unfading and need no fresh dye.

Froude's place among the personalities of the last century is indisputable. Whether he wrote true history will always be debated. But even if the verdict were to go quite certainly against him, he would still be read and admired and loved. He had the gift of speaking to men's hearts, and to such as he all things are forgiven. Man, after all, does not live by facts alone or indeed mostly, but by spiritual impulses, divine gifts, received and communicated by inspired men, And Froude was unquestionably among the prophets. His life has lately been written by Mr. Paul, and with such cunning, that the man comes before those who never saw or knew him almost as a visible presence.

Froude was born in 1818. A miserable motherless boyhood, aggravated by rough usage, which, after the fashion of those days, was regarded as judicious hardening; three years of mismanagement at Westminster School; a reckless undergraduate career at Oxford, lived like a sort of gamble in daily expectation of being overtaken by the family disease; an Exeter fellowship with its concomitant deacon's orders; theological investigation and religious revolt, ending in the abandonment of creed and profession and means of livelihood; and with these his stormy youth was at end. The story of his mental difficulties was set out in a little book called the "Nemesis of Faith." Carlyle read it, disapproved, and told him coldly some years later that a man should consume his own smoke. Froude's life was full of smoke, but he never let it blow in the face of the public again, and his later writings show us only the glowing embers of his suffering. The book was no doubt a mistake, and not an especially remarkable one. The deeps are not sounded nor are the difficulties stated with particular force. But—for those who care to touch sacred things with common hands—there remains the spectacle of a soul in unbearable doubt.

"The most perilous crisis of our lives," says one of the characters, "is when the conviction dawns on us that two men may be as sincere, as earnest, as faithful, as uncompromising,

and yet hold opinions far asunder as the poles." This was exactly the point. Froude had dwelt first in the tents of Newman and of Newman's masterful lieutenant, his own brother, Hurrell. Then he had begun to read Carlyle. That profound, mournful, dissatisfied spirit laid on his sensitive frame an even stronger spell than the delicate, austere soul of Newman. He felt like his hero, "obliged to look for himself at what men said instead of simply accepting all because they said it." And to the end of his long life he remained something of a spectator, never quite taking sides, a great Protestant with very Catholic sympathies, a layman in his own view,[1] yet certainly not able to subscribe the Articles or even the Creeds, a passionate admirer of the past, yet in some of his ideals not much out of line with the vanguard of social change. If we could have lifted the mask from that lonely figure on the tapestry in "The Palace of Art," is it impossible that we should have found him?

> One seem'd all dark and red—a tract of sand
> And some one pacing there alone
> Who paced for ever in a glimmering land
> Lit with a low large moon.

Froude is the proprietor of a great period of English history, and of that possession no man can rob him. Historians may dispute his title-deeds, harry his land and remove his landmarks, but as long as men are men, agitated by human passions and thrilled by human achievements, so long will they prefer to hear the story of the Tudor epoch from his pen. And it is only a corollary to add that no one will ever, probably, be able to enter again quite so fully into the spirit, not indeed of the completed English Reformation, but of the first English reformers. A peculiar combination of experiences and temperament not likely to recur, gives him the advantage here. He was, in the first place, himself a Protestant revolutionary. He had listened with the questioning admiration of a younger brother to the fiercest, most uncompromising, most brilliant

[1] "A few words to Mr. Freeman," *Nineteenth Century*.

spirit of the Oxford Counter-Reformation. He had almost become a Tractarian, fascinated and awed by the presence of the man,[1] between whom and Cæsar he traced, years after, a singular, perhaps fanciful, likeness. Then he had, as he thought, recovered his balance and become what he ever after remained, a Protestant, though not doctrinally a Christian. Whether he formed a right estimate of the Oxford movement this is no place to inquire. Just as he identified the Reformation with Luther and Latimer and Knox, so he identified the other with his brother and Newman. The latter became a Roman Catholic, the former would have done as much. Froude disliked Rome with all the healthy prejudice of an Elizabethan sailor, and he set out to satisfy himself that after all the Reformation was no mistake. Upon an age which was in fact far more occupied with morality than theology, he brought to bear an intensely moral mind, and, of course, thus regarded every one's sympathies are with the Reformers.

This was not all. Henry VIII. is considered—not, it would seem, altogether rightly—as the founder of the British Navy, and under Drake and Hawkins that navy became a force in Europe. Froude was by birth a Devon man, too romantic and too sad not to be as much a slave of the sea as Michelet, and proud as any Devonian of the exploits of the English seamen of the eighteenth century. Then on the purely emotional side he found among the Tudor statesmen all the glow and colour which were a necessity of his nature. The Reformation was in fact the world's supreme emotion. All the high features of human character, which Machiavelli a little before had supposed to be non-existent, had risen at once to the surface, together with such a mass of intrigue, cruelty, and double-dealing as should feed historical novelists till the end of the world. Romance meets us there at every turn, and Froude, like all the Oriel School, was keenly romantic. Lastly, perhaps from the singular but fortunate irony which makes us most admire just those virtues in which we least excel, he had a vehement

[1] Newman.

admiration for sagacity, and if there be an English statesman who has possessed a double measure of that quality it is Burleigh.

These were the affections which drew him to the sixteenth century and enabled him to tell its story with all the fervour of passionate interest. Impartiality such as we find in Lecky and Gardiner it is unreasonable to look for. One man can give us "limpid rationalism,"[1] a dispassionate review of the folly of the past in the light of the wisdom of the present; another man can kindle into flame the embers of bygone controversies, and make us declare for Cæsar or the Reformation, or Elizabeth, so that, as we read, time drops away and the past becomes as the present, and we realise our partnership in the ages that are gone. The man who could accomplish both would be the perfect historian; only he might chance to turn out a god in disguise.

Let us push a little further the contrast between the two modes of work. Lecky behaves like a judge who trusts his jury. He gives them the material for forming a judgment either way, then with a slight nod recommends one view to their notice and leaves them to themselves. Froude always means to manage his jury. He has looked into the facts, made up his own mind, and then expunged from his summing-up all that tells against his own view. The jury is not required to make any effort, but merely to convert the opinion of the judge into a verdict. Quite as good a case might be made out for writing history this way as the other, but with that we have no concern.

A more serious charge against Froude is his inaccuracy. What he thought about this himself is recorded in a brilliant piece of satirical allegory, "A Siding at a Railway Station," which he published in 1879 in the full maturity of his genius. To attempt to summarise that characteristic *envoi* to the short studies would be to destroy it. Nor is there any need to do so; for no one who cares for Froude can possibly have failed

[1] "Our limpid rationalist."—Mr. John Morley on Lecky.

to read it. But at the end, when he is himself put on his trial, this is what is said:

> In the way of work there was nothing to be shown but certain books and other writings, and these were spread out to be tested. A fluid was poured on the pages, the effect of which was to obliterate entirely every untrue proposition, and to make every partially true proposition grow faint in proportion to the false element which entered into it. Alas! chapter after chapter vanished away, leaving the paper clean as if no compositor had ever laboured in setting type for it. Pale and illegible became the fine-sounding paragraphs in which I had secretly prided myself. A few passages, however, survived here and there at long intervals. They were those on which I had laboured least and had almost forgotten, or those, as I observed in one or two instances, which had been selected for special reprobation in the weekly journals. Something stood to my credit, and the worst charge of wilfully and intentionally setting down what I did not believe to be true was no alleged against me. Ignorance, prejudice, carelessness; sins of infirmity—culpable indeed, but not culpable in the last degree; the water in the ink, the commonplaces, the ineffectual sentiments; these to my unspeakable comfort I perceived were my heaviest crimes.

He was certainly guilty of very great carelessness. The worst example of this occurs in his book on Erasmus, where a ruthless critic has not only found serious defects in his Latin scholarship, but has even detected a paragraph in which only one statement—a date—is absolutely accurate.[1] But "Erasmus" was produced during his Oxford professorship, when health and probably memory were both failing. More serious, because more harmful, was the political bias shown in the "English in Ireland," where Lecky has convicted him of flatly contradicting his own conclusion in his "History of England" on a very material point. And the inaccuracies in his travel-books "The English in the West Indies" and "Oceana" are also said to be numerous.

The real defence of his work is its wonderful combination of quality and quantity. Few men could have traversed what was practically virgin-soil at Froude's speed and with greater certainty; no one, except Gibbon, could have maintained throughout such a high level of expression. He got into touch

[1] W. S. Lilly, "Renaissance Types," p. 177.

with his period as few historians have been able to do at any time, saturating himself with it until he became in his likes and dislikes something of an Elizabethan. Hatfield—so overpoweringly full of the spirit of the past—where he worked through much of his material, and where he formed one of the great friendships of his life, can hardly have failed to cast over him its wonderful spell. The old palace of the Bishops of Ely, the Vineyard, the stretch of field and woodland past Pope's farm to Essendon, the ground, across which fell the shadows of the immemorial Oak, must all have been peopled for him with something more than the ghosts of a bygone age. His men and women, whatever else we may say of them, are human, passionate, impressionable, real. Are they also true to life? Certainly in matters of detail, as we have seen, he is inclined to be as indifferent as the artist or the poet, surveying the facts quickly, apt to form his opinion, like all geniuses, by a sort of intuition, and sometimes inexcusably careless in making it good. Yet it was said of him by a brilliant critic,[1] "Il a vu juste." His method is almost wholly subjective. We pass behind institutions, policies, diplomacies, economic and ecclesiastical crises, in order to learn to know the actors themselves. Events are hardly perceived at all except in their relation to individuals. Character becomes, as indeed it is, the one thing needful. If only the material allows the portraits to be painted in sufficiently deep colours, this is probably the most effectual way of infusing history into the most part of us. There are those who will say it is not history at all. Yet Tacitus—at least in dealing with the times of Tiberius—has used no other method, and who will ever succeed in converting Tacitus into a mere pamphleteer?

Of the great gallery of portraits that adorn Froude's pages, five stand out in high relief—the masterful King, the Protestant bishop, the wayward Queen and her guileful cousin, and the sagacious Burleigh. Indeed, it might almost be said that the history falls into three acts, each depending on some

[1] Strong.

direct personal interest. There is first "the king's matter"; then there are the trial and vindication of the opinions of Latimer; then last of all, in one long lurid fitful blaze of plot and counter-plot, is waged the battle of the two Queens, whilst Burleigh plays the *rôle* that Edward Waverley and Henry Morton do for Scott, and embodies Froude's reason though never his enthusiasm.

The character that he has drawn of Henry has, of course, excited the sharpest denial. Up to Froude's time Henry, in the popular estimate, had enjoyed much the same distinction as Oliver Cromwell. He was wicked, tyrannical, outrageously contemptuous of every law, divine and human. Carlyle upset the legend about Oliver, and the destroyer of many Parliaments now stands outside Westminster Hall. Froude set about to do the like for Henry, yet Westminster Cathedral has risen without any monument to the Defender of the Faith. Still, magnanimity is catching, and the ecclesiastical despot may have his reward as well as the civil one. Meanwhile the historians are not encouraging, and Froude is generally discountenanced. But this is because about Froude himself there has grown to be a kind of legend. It is said that he has made Henry something between a hero and a demi-god, but this is not Henry's character as Froude conceived it. In the matter of what we are pleased to call the divorce—though divorce it never was nor could be—he does not dispute the king's personal and selfish interest. What he does say is, that it happened to coincide with that which was of grave national concern—the birth of an heir to the throne. It has been too little observed that he is not unwilling to let us apply the term "self-deceit" to Henry's conduct.[1] Mr. Pollard, the greatest living authority, says no worse of Henry when he points out that so far as dates go it is perfectly possible to hold that he was meditating the separation from Katherine before ever he was in love with Anne, and that in 1528, when in serious fear of the plague, and daily receiving the sacrament, he continued

[1] "Hist. of Eng.," i. p. 123.

to write love-letters to Anne, without any apparent qualms of conscience, whilst with the other hand he was reproving his sister, Margaret, for her amours. It may well be it was only the old story of the honest man with the dishonest mind.

So again in the matter of More, Froude's defence, that the crisis admitted of no half-measures, is practically endorsed by Mr. Pollard when he points out that More and Fisher would have condemned heretics for pleading the rights of conscience just as certainly as they were themselves condemned for exercising them. More's death, we say, is a hideous crime. Hideous it is because More was More, but crime it was not, and More knew that as well as any one.

What is history? To each great historian the student puts the question, and from each he receives a different answer. Froude's view of it has at least the merit of simplicity. It is nothing, he holds, but a drama, played on a gigantic stage, where the great world-forces of right and wrong execute their just, unvarying laws. If we try to make it more than this history stands by "in its passive irony," offering us a selection of materials from which we may weave any theory we please—a zeitgeist, determinism, inconstant interpositions of Providence, and the like. He quotes Napoleon's saying, "What is history but a fiction agreed upon!" He had, perhaps, forgotten that other, "Let my son read and meditate upon the lessons of history, which is the only true philosophy." We may, indeed, he allows, convince ourselves and excite the curiosity of others, but the world goes on its way, and history tosses up new facts, and in a little while we and our theory share the same tomb.

Again if we try to abolish Butler and the moral government of the universe, if we assert that the good are condemned and the evil prosper, history smiles grimly at us across the mists of time, and mocks the shortness of our vision.

> One lesson and only one history may be said to repeat with distinctness; that the world is built somehow on moral foundations; that in the long run it is well with the good; in the long run it is ill with the wicked. But this is no science; it is no more than the old doctrine taught long ago by the Hebrew prophets.

For the rest, the value of history he says, a little cynically, lies in its constant assertion of the futility of political prophecy and the pleasure of it, in its dramatic intensity. Shakespeare was his model historian, and he has certainly caught in his pages something of the moral grandeur of the historical plays. Two of the lesser gems of English literature are the monographs he wrote on Cæsar and Lord Beaconsfield. Every one knows, at least by reputation, the dry excellence of Cæsar's commentaries; how, perhaps the greatest feat of generalship is told without vanity and without self-suppression. Froude's biography is a kind of complement to the commentaries. Here all that colour, enthusiasm, romance, can do for Cæsar's exploits is achieved. The battle of Alesia is an astonishing piece of word-painting when we compare it with the original; and the writer has dealt carefully with his material. Lord Beaconsfield is conceived in another vein. Once more romance, colour, charm, lend their aid; once more the central figure seems to gather around it all the varied movement of the age. But in "Cæsar" the main interest is political, whilst the other gives us Disraeli as he really was and wished to be—the mysterious visitant at a masked ball, whom every one suspects, and no one quite manages to discover.

Of Froude's style there is no need to speak. Mr. Paul has said the last word about it. It is "the perfection of easy, graceful narrative."

All these good things Froude has given us, and so long as the history of a nation is felt to be the history of its great men, so long as romance pleases, so long as the ear is sensible of the music of language, his books will be read and admired and understood. But for many of us the man is more interesting than his work, and the man is inscribed for all time on the pages of the Short Studies, "those observations and experiences of a single voyager floating down a river and unable to conjecture whither he is bound." There, with perfect taste and judgment, fit to be compared to that of the "Apologia," he has made the revelation of himself, grouping his thoughts on

religion and politics and life quite naturally round great books and legends and events. The influence of these four volumes is incalculable. Every thinking Oxford undergraduate must have had one or other of them in his hands and no one can have turned over their pages without becoming literally a sadder and a wiser man. The most humorous of them—humorous in the fullest sense, all laughter and tears—is "The Cat's Pilgrimage."

The Cat is one of those unlucky people of moderate opportunities, who are born with a desire to be of some use, to live unselfishly, to leave a mark upon the world. She cannot submit to sleep, to be fed, to take things as they come. She consults her companion the dog, but he can see no sort of advantage in exchanging epicureanism for knight-errantry. He is of excellent good-sense, tells her not to cultivate a conscience, to accept life as she finds it and to ask no questions. This, however, brings her no peace. She leaves the dog on the hearthrug and passes out into the world to learn what she is here for. "Do your duty and get your dinner," says the Ox in reply to her question. "I have no duty," she complains to the Bee, who remarks that, if that is so, the other is a worthless drone, and hurries on her way. The Owl recommends meditation. "Meditation on what?" she innocently asks. "Upon which came first the Owl or the Egg," is the reply. In despair and feeling hungry, she begins to seek her dinner but, after hemming in her quarry in the person of a Rabbit, is too unaccustomed and too pitiful to slay it. Lastly she visits the Fox, who laughs at her humanitarian scruples and points out that in this evil world the weakest goes of right to the wall. This brings the pilgrimage to an end. She gives the Dog her conclusions next day. "All the creatures I met were happy because they had their several businesses to attend. As I have been bred to do nothing, I must try to do that."

The piece was written in 1850, just after he had resigned his Fellowship, but it might have been written in 1894. Neither from Carlyle nor any one else did he ever learn any other

philosophy than that of blind duty. He had deliberately rejected the only tolerable explanation of this puzzling universe, and his mind was far too acute to be satisfied by the conventional narcotics and stimulants with which lesser men dull or dispel the problem. His theology never really advanced beyond, though it never fell behind, that of Job: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." He remained unfalteringly loyal to the first part of Butler's Analogy, even when he had altogether lost faith in the second. The world was always for him a moral world in which great, though hidden, purposes were being worked out. And this confidence kept his judgment eminently sane in respect of some of those practical matters on which curious thinkers are apt to run their barks aground. On the question of shooting for example—a very touchstone for common sense—he counselled and practised great moderation. No one loved wild sport better; no one hated large artificial battues more. On the other hand, in his historical judgments, his belief in an inviolable justice in things tended to make him seem rather pitiless to transgressors, as, most notably, in the case of Babington's execution.

To one who saw something of him in his middle-life, his expression gave the idea of blended sarcasm and kindliness. In spite of all his brilliant literary and conversational advantages, in spite of his great successes, the ironies of life were always too much for him. Like the Cat, he found himself excluded by Fate from a life of action, and to think about the ultimate questions is always a little like chasing the problem of the Owl and the Egg. He had wished in early life to be a physician and always regretted that he had not been one, since from that as from other practical work he was for many years shut off by the fact of his having received deacon's orders. Yet he was a born man of letters and every recognition that his great artistic skill deserved he obtained, even from the most hostile critics of the substance of his history. In all literature, perhaps, there is no such pathetic confession

as that in which he cites and endorses his master's verdict on literary work.

"It often strikes me as a question [Carlyle had said] whether there ought to be any such thing as a literary man at all. He is surely the wretchedest of all sorts of men. I wish with the heart occasionally I had never been one."

"Let young men [comments Froude], who are dreaming of literary eminence as the laurel wreath of their existence, reflect on these words. Let them win a place for themselves as high as Carlyle won; they will find that he was speaking no more than the truth, and will wish, when it is too late, that they had been wise in time. Literature—were it even poetry—is but the shadow of action; the action the reality, the poetry an echo. The 'Odyssey' is but the ghost of Ulysses—immortal but a ghost still; and Homer himself would have said in some moods with his own Achilles:

> *Βουλοίμην κ' ἐπάρουρος ἐὼν θητευέμεν ἄλλῳ*
> *Ἀνδρὶ παρ' ἀκλήρῳ, ᾧ μὴ βίοτος πολὺς εἴη,*
> *Ἢ πᾶσιν νεκύεσσι καταφθιμένοισιν ἀνάσσειν."*[1]

Gibbon, it is to be feared, would have given them both a short shrift:

I am disgusted with the affectation of men of letters who complain that they have renounced a substance for a shadow; and that their fame (which sometimes is no insupportable weight) affords a poor compensation for envy, censure, and persecution.[2]

Carlyle and Froude at least were guiltless of affectation, and their fame is not likely to be soon forgotten. The clouds that darkened their sky came from a far horizon to which Gibbon's eyes could never have pierced. It might have been said of them, as it has lately been said of Lucian, that, "men of genius as they were, they were looking at human life from far above, with no limitations of time, and passing a judgment which may be repeated in the thirtieth century." It was so with many of their contemporaries—with Tennyson, Ruskin, Arnold, with almost all the great spirits of the age except Browning. And it would be idle to deny that Froude's

[1] Rather would I live upon the earth as the hireling of another, with a landless man who had no great livelihood, than bear sway among all the dead that be departed. (Od. xi, 489, Butcher and Lang.)

[2] Gibbon, "Autobiography," p. 236

graceful, easy, sympathetic style owes something to the profound melancholy that breathes in every line. He was a great lover of Homer, but it was rather the brooding spirit of Virgil, flavoured with just a dash of the mockery of Lucian, to which his own was akin. Or, if we like to seek a fanciful parallel in the world of art, he was a Botticelli—Botticelli who had sat under Savonarola, Botticelli as he might have been if he had ever come under the hand of Michael Angelo. The shadows of Newman and Carlyle always lay darkly across his path. Men who have passed through such experiences as his are seldom quite like the rest of us. It is never easy to gaze long into the stars and then return without a murmur to the dark planet.

The last of many vicissitudes came in 1894, after he had lived long enough to fulfil a two years' Professorship of History at Oxford, where his labours met with a splendid though too tardy recognition. As he lay on his deathbed, in some of the last moments of consciousness, he repeated to himself those wonderful lines, which as a recent critic [1] has pointed out, are so often and so wrongly regarded as Shakespeare's final verdict upon life:

> To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
> To the last syllable of recorded time,
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle;
> Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
> That shouts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more.

Like his well-loved Elizabethan seamen, "He did what he did from the great unrest in him which made him do it."

ALGERNON CECIL.

[1] Prof. Bradley.

# THE OPPORTUNITY OF LITERARY CRITICS

THE general craze for "revelations" set in motion by America and spreading to England has not left the world of books untouched. The present course of affairs will yield grounds for equal hope and anxiety—hope that the British public, having now discovered literature, will not soon lose sight of it again; anxiety, because though dangers and difficulties have been zealously sought out and vividly portrayed, no one has yet been able to suggest, much less apply, the suitable remedy. Now philosophers say that correct understanding of a disease brings with itself knowledge of the remedy. May it not be, therefore, that, after all, the elements of this literary disease have not been accurately apprehended or rightly related to each other? For instance, with regard to literary criticism in particular, the tendency of late has been to confuse the issue by a failure to recognise an essential difference between criticism as applied to biography, history, philosophy, and criticism as applied to purely imaginative literature. In the former aspect it takes account chiefly of scientific issues; in the latter we may call it Applied Æsthetics, and must recognise its delicacy and responsibility. Now public attention turning from the economic problems of the Book War to literary criticism is naturally inclined towards fictional criticism; for one of the main economic issues of the Book War was the profits of the publishing trade, and it is universally agreed that popular fiction yields the greatest

profits. The low quality of popular fiction, implying a low standard of popular taste, argues the failure of fictional criticism, whose function is to be the arbiter of public taste.

Some time ago the writer embarked upon an arduous enterprise of research stimulated by an observation of French contemporary poetry and poetics. In France, while the poets of the Parnasse were striving to give to their work the hardness of cameos and the brilliance of painting, or while the Symbolistes-Décadents were aiming at musical vagueness and remoteness, criticism, affected by a like tendency, spoke in language appropriate here to painting, there to music—employing such terms as "colour-scheme" and "vowel-orchestration," or even frankly regarding words in poetry as no more than a special and difficult musical notation. Perhaps the same tendency might be observable in English fictional criticism of our day. One fact was suggestive, namely, a unanimity of opinion firstly, that in music alone of all arts, thought is still vital and progressive; secondly, that in poetry the most considerable force to-day is Mr. W. B. Yeats, whose work is of a dim, veiled beauty, akin to music.

The method of investigation was as follows: to confine the scope to fictional criticism in daily and weekly periodicals; to extract from every considerable review or notice all matter of general critical interest; to append, in margin, a note upon the critic's standard of judgment. Unfortunately the method did not prove possible of application. Hence of a large note-book intended to be the first of a series specially devoted to the enterprise, no more has been used, after some three months of patient observation, than fifteen pages. Why? Briefly, because in nine-tenths of reviews and notices there is no matter of general critical interest; and where judgment is passed (rarely, this) the grounds, the standard of judgment, are not assigned. The typical method of noticing or reviewing is this: first the plot is given in outline (some lady novelists complain bitterly of this, as tending to lower the sales of their books. Their meaning is that people who wish to be up-to-date in bookish conversation

can get the information they need from reviews, without purchasing the work in question); secondly if any definite judgment is given, it is quite brief, and passed, so to say, *ex cathedrâ*—as, "We can heartily recommend this acute study of village life." "We shall look forward to Mr. Brown's next book. His present work shows promise and mastery." Lastly, the critic, conscious perhaps of the vagueness and invertebracy of such remarks, makes a savage onslaught on binder or printer. So he earns his pittance.

It would seem as though modern reviewers found themselves in perfect agreement with Professor Saintsbury's doctrine that there cannot be any valid laws according to which a book may be judged. This does not mean, of course, that no judgment can be pronounced, but that all judgments are *ex cathedrâ*—purely subjective. The critic is born, not made, and is no more able to assign his standard of judgment than a poet to formulate rules for making poetry. Thus when the critic of the *Saturday Review* tells us that Mr. George Moore is a poet in prose, we must stay content. Or if we ask of the critic, "On what do you rely in making this assertion?" he will answer, "Upon an innate intuitive faculty—what the vulgar call 'taste.'" If, yet undaunted, we proceed, "And is it a merit or the reverse in a novel that it be a poem in prose?" —silence.

These views taken as a whole fail in three ways. Firstly, they are barren of all enthusiasm—of what Hazlitt calls "gusto"; secondly, they contain terms or phrases employed in a manner misleading and inaccurate; thirdly, they are altogether vague and invertebrate.

The second and third counts in the indictment cannot be considered apart, and it will be convenient to deal with them first. It may be said that the cause of the deficiency is obvious —it is that in the limits of half a column or a column there is no space for detailed explanations or for careful definition. Hence it may very well be that when we condemn a reviewer's language as loose and vague because he praises Mr. Smith's

"power of psychological insight," we are ourselves in the wrong. The reviewer intends something definite and of importance by that phrase, but has neither space nor time to convey details. He cannot, as he fain would, explain and illustrate his theory that the most important factor in the artistic value of a novel is truthful portraiture of character, and that for instance this portraiture is efficiently (or inefficiently) conveyed in Mr. Smith's Scotch-dialectic form. Nor again must we blame him because he says that Mr. George Moore is a prose-poet, but does not explain whether this is to be interpreted as praise or blame. Here again it would be cruel to assume that the reviewer has not, in his private thoughts, a clear and logically-coherent theory as to the relations between prose and poetry and the value of a novel which can be described as a prose-poem. If we do not understand how that which is prose can also be poetry, if we say, this term "prose-poetry" means no more for us than "liquid-solid," then he is sorry for us ; but until the editor will allow him five columns for one notice we must be content with such fare as is provided for us.

This is the most favourable light in which the case for the defendant can be presented. Yet even so the public is ill served and has a right to complain. For whatever may be the nature and functions of literary criticism in the eyes of the abstract æsthetic philosopher, it is beyond dispute that whosoever reads the "notices" in his weekly magazine reads them not for the sake of their literary beauties, but in order that we may discover whether any novel worth his money and his time and labour of reading has recently been published. If he cannot understand the language of the reviewer (whether the cause of this be the tyranny of the editor or the crass ignorance of the reviewer himself) evidently the notice is a failure.

Before discussing any possible remedy one might inquire whether such discussion will be worth our while. In other words, is it a matter of any considerable importance that

"notices of novels" are weak and insignificant? One thing seems certain, more novels are published nowadays than in any previous generation, and as a whole they are less worth reading than in any previous generation.[1] I do not wish to inquire in any detail what is the cause of this over-production; but to state that one factor in this cause must be the insignificance and invertebracy of critiques. If critiques *did* affect the sale of novels (as in past times they have done) then this over-production might be ended, and as all over-production is waste of energy (valuable energy in this case, since it is intellectual and comparatively strenuous) it is no great exaggeration to speak of the remedy of criticism as a national duty. I do not wish to elaborate this suggestion. Let it be granted, for I have not time to discuss the position, that the rectification of criticism is at any rate desirable and not unimportant.

It is time to return to the problem, how is it possible for a critic within the limits of half a column of printed matter to pass a definite and final verdict upon a novel or a poem and at the same time to be understood by his readers?

An analogy with the political side of any periodical—particularly a daily newspaper—should, so it seems to me, suggest one solution to this problem. Here we shall find brief articles dealing with certain political issues in a manner at once concise and adequate, and yet the political situation concerned may be of an exceedingly complex character and of international importance. Here, as in the case of the literary notice, there is no space for detailed reference to a first principle of politics, to a definite view as to the meaning of Democracy or Liberty. These terms, however, *are* used and *do* convey a definite meaning to the reader. How is that possible? Obviously because the particular newspaper in question has a definite policy, a definite attitude towards certain political problems, and, indeed the leader is no more than an organ through which that attitude becomes known to us. Thus we know that the politics of the

[1] Mediocribus esse poetis concessere columnae—to-day. The question must be asked: "Is second-rate fiction 'worth reading'?"

*Daily News* are Radical and Radical of a certain definite type; and so when the *Daily News* says Mr. Beit was an Imperialist, we can understand what is meant; we know that the *Daily News* is disapproving of Mr. Beit, and considers that his existence was a menace to the national welfare. The same expression in the *Daily Mail* would be construed quite differently.

Surely the literary can be made to resemble the political side of a newspaper in such a way that we might know at once what the Saturday Reviewer meant when he called Mr. George Moore a prose-poet? or what the same statement would imply should it occur in the columns of the *Speaker?* It is evident that such a conception implies a definite literary attitude adopted by these or any periodicals, just as we saw that the intelligibility of the word Imperialist depends upon the assumption of a definite political opinion. So that our problem may *now* be expressed, "Are there such things as definite literary dogmata, not less clear cut and intelligible than political dogmata?"

"No," it may be answered, "for did they exist they would certainly have reflected themselves in contemporary criticism." Yet I maintain that such attitudes or dogmata do exist, expressed or implied; and that it is not impossible to understand why they have been kept in the background. The reason is to be found in the prevalence of that literary form which goes by the name of "appreciations"; and the belief that criticism is rightly described as "the adventures of a soul among books." This last idea contains a half-truth; as usual, its complementary half is given in the antithesis of it, namely in the doctrine of Matthew Arnold, that criticism possesses a high generative, or perhaps one should say "maieutic" function. These two doctrines, as suggested, are each the antithesis of the other, and indeed the "adventure" doctrine makes its appearance as a reaction against the "maieutic" doctrine. It may be as well to explain the nature of this reaction a little further.

In the days of Walter Pater literary thought in this country began to wake to a consciousness of two facts: firstly, that criticism has always appeared to retard rather than stimulate the progress of imaginative work; secondly, that the attempts of many of our leading critics to represent art as a sort of feudal dependant of ethics had reduced itself to an absurdity. These two facts having been discovered their significance was thus expressed. A complete divorce was proclaimed between Art and Morals. Thus great poetry is no longer a criticism of life, but stands apart from the "general deed," obedient to laws or principles derived out of its own nature. Secondly, the retarding influence of criticism was attributed to the general attempt made by critics to appraise a book according to an established objective standard. Henceforward, then, let there be no objective standard, no æsthetic canon. In its place there shall be "appreciations"—subtle representations of the psychological states of the critic in process of reading a given work. The standard is to be frankly subjective.

Now this new development was for the most part accomplished outside the pale of journalism. At first, in destroying the pontificalisms of the Arnoldian School, its influence was beneficial. Ultimately however the "appreciation"—this delicate impressionistic painting of the critic's own soul—extended its influence to periodical reviews. The last stage of it is that vagueness and invertebracy which I make my main charge against latter-day critics.

Every one, certainly, has with regard to literature his individual opinions. What may be disputed is whether those many individual opinions can be grouped in the same way as, for instance, individual political opinions can be and are grouped every day.

Of such literary groups the names at least exist—for instance Romanticist and Realist. There are also names of narrower intention, species within the genera. For instance, the Romanticist might be divided into Marie Corelliites, Hall-

Cainophils, etc. But when we come to examine such groups, their unity appears to vanish; we can find no two Romanticists in entire agreement as to the ultimate formulation of Romanticism, the definition of Romance.

Now exactly the same state of things exists with regard to politics. We are, in fact, entitled to hold that though no two Romanticists can agree as to the definition of Romance, still there does exist such an attitude of mind as Romanticism. For in Politics there does exist such an attitude of mind as Liberalism, although it may be impossible to find two Liberals in agreement as to the definition of Democracy. What then constitutes the bond of union between Liberal and Liberal? Probably this, that on being presented with any immediate problem of conduct they will be found in agreement as to the proper course of action to pursue. But the point here to be emphasised is this, that this identity or oneness in action most certainly implies an identity or oneness in principle. The fact that you could not find many Liberals in agreement as to a worded description of these principles is due in chief measure to a man's inability to analyse his own states of mind. This inability manifests itself in all departments of thought. Selfish men analyse their actions in such a way as to prove them disinterested. Martyrs and ascetics have ascribed to themselves the title of utilitarian.

Yet again this inability or imperfection is not a necessary quality of the human mind. Thus each individual Liberal would be content to maintain that such a thing does exist (could we but find it) as a true definition of Liberalism—a definition which all Liberals of any intelligence would recognise as true and cogent. They would welcome it with the same surprise as M. Jourdain welcomed the information that he had been talking prose all his life.

The touchstone of political unity, we saw, was the manner of dealing with actual political problems. So should the touchstone of critical unity, so to say, be the admiration or blame (reasoned or unreasoned) of actual novels or poems. And now

let us present to ourselves in imagination a number of men who by our test are found at unity with one another. They are to be constituted a working body—the critical or literary staff of our ideal journal. In some "small necessitous chamber" they shall diligently probe all the logical implications which underlie their unanimous admiration, let us say, of "Barabbas," "The Bondman," and "When it was Dark." They must, I mean, base their particular likes and dislikes upon general principles, upon a definition, for instance, of the nature of a good novel. It is not sufficient for them to agree in their approval of the romances of Mr. Crashton Cowtail, their condemnation of Miss Selina Pumblechook's "heliotrope heroines"; they must purify these crude enthusiasms in the cool misty streams of pure æsthetic. The deeper their inquiries extend, the better. They might be set to discuss the place of fiction in literature, even the place of literature among the fine arts; so much the more complete and valuable will be their criticism when they return, to vary the metaphor, like Plato's imaginary troglodytes from the unveiled sunlight of abstract speculation to their brethren and the flickering delusive shadows in the cave.

Every journal, from the *Daily Express* to the *Times*, makes mention from time to time of its literary staff. The phrase calls up a council chamber, frequent meetings, earnest discussions, majestic harmony of minds working in sweetness and light. Another instance of "Omne ignotum pro magnifico." Actually the "staff" consists of a number, large or small, of persons who meet never, except by accident, from the birth to the death of the periodical. They are not a homogeneous body, but separate individuals who are paid a retaining fee. That is to say, they are liable at any moment to be called upon by the editor to submit so many columns of written matter for publication. Generally these individuals are not acquainted with each other, or, if they are aware of each other's existence, they very heartily dislike and despise each other. Further, those who are paid this retaining fee, in cases where

they are employed in reviewing work, are generally employed only on important publications by well-known authors—the biography of the last departed celebrity, the last play by Bernard Shaw or Maeterlinck, or novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward or Henry James. New writers are rarely accorded more than a "notice," a paragraph of six or seven lines. This work, again, is given out to that ever-fluctuating body of aspirants, hacks, dilettantes, starvelings, who clamour about the editorial doors from day to day like flocks of obscene birds. In short, except it be by some divine accident, the destiny of new writers is controlled by judgments either soured or immature.

It is now time to return to our scheme and examine an important objection. If the public is to understand our new critics, that is to say, put in possession of their literary dogma, it can only be by means of lengthy and abstruse essays. Even our weightiest periodicals would hesitate before such a prospect. Certainly if dulness and boredom intervene the whole scheme falls void. But there is no necessity that they should so intervene.

A very frequent contrast is drawn between England and France in respect of attitudes towards art. In France it is said theories of art are discussed with the greatest zeal, because Frenchmen are "logically passionate and passionately logical." In England we are proud of setting practice above theory. For us two and two make four only so long as it is useful they should. And in literature our theory trails obscurely behind our practice too. This contrast, however, is wrongly assigned; it would be better given—that in England a great many æsthetic issues are treated on purely ethical grounds and regarded as problems of conduct, while in France many purely ethical issues are regarded as æsthetic.

It has already been pointed out that the "appreciation" already established in England tended to divorce art from actuality. And Swinburne strengthened the tendency by bringing over from France the doctrine of "l'art pour l'art." The new ideas spread from one to another kind of art. Whistler did for

painting what Swinburne was trying to do for poetry. With the history of the movement our argument has no concern. It is enough to suggest that literary criticism's present troubles are due to this one fact, that the public was not in 1880, and is not even to-day, ripe for the idea of "art for art's sake." English literary criticism, from Sir Philip Sydney and onwards, through Milton, Dryden, Pope and Johnson to Matthew Arnold, has always reflected the general temper of English thought—ethical. The Englishman is eternally thinking of how to behave himself: incidentally, that is why he takes his pleasures sadly. Moreover, he will consider that all time spent over literary problems is wasted unless it can be proved that literature is conversant with life. Tennyson is English because of restless stirrings driving him to write verses on railways, children's hospitals, the position of women, and the Darwinian theory. So, too, Matthew Arnold is English because he says that all great poetry is a criticism of life, So soon as art theory went astray after French styles, so soon criticism lost the ear of the public.

It has been suggested that a newspaper might possess a literary prestige as real as its political prestige. One factor producing this prestige has been dealt with—a clear, definite, consistent attitude of mind. There is a second factor—implied in the first—real attention and devotion to the interests and intellectual tendencies of a certain section of the public. These interests, we see, float in a hazy, quasi-moralist atmosphere. Therefore the literary department of a newspaper must attack certain problems of culture from the ethical side—must in a word return to the Arnoldian position.

This conclusion may seem inconsistent with a previous affirmation, that the Arnoldian doctrine is a half-truth; but it is with æsthetics as with metaphysics, or any and every department of speculation. The general thought seems to swing with greater or less rapidity between two points: in metaphysics, for instance, between a predominantly objective and a predominantly subjective point of view, in ethics

between individualism and altruism, and in criticism between a conception of Art as an important factor in the total progress of the community, and another conception of Art as lowered and untrue to itself in so far as it comes into contact with ethical or social problems. It may be, indeed, that the metaphor of a pendulum is inadequate, and that the progress of æsthetic thought would be better described as spiral. For we do not return to exactly the same point, we are progressing as well as oscillating. We come back to our old conceptions enriched. So the Oxford undergraduate entering upon a study of philosophy at first takes the bit between his teeth and courses wildly through dark and dangerous regions of paradox. He leaves the "common-sense" opinions of his friends far behind, he delights in puzzling his sisters and his aunts with fallacious syllogisms concerning Paradise and legs of mutton; he arrogantly proclaims Bishop Berkeley's metaphysic, and denies that anything exists unless he himself be conscious of it. Gradually a change is worked, and (granted that he retains his sanity) our undergraduate recoils upon old and familiar positions. Yet he comes back enriched, seeing more in the "common-sense" point of view than do "common-sense people" themselves. Æsthetics may well be compared to our imagined youth. The study is young in England, and has grown too fast by feeding on French weeds. It is time for retrenchment, for a return to the old diet.

And the occasion for such a return must be some moment when, for a cause easily imagined, books, and especially novels, are occupying public attention. There could, for instance, be no better occasion than the present Book War. Our ideal paper should be publishing leaders, not only concerning the economic aspect of the situation, but also upon the manner in which books *as* books (and not books as canned meat or soap) are affected by changes directly imminent. For the situation *has* suggested a revision of our ideas of the influence and value of fiction.

Lastly, the interests of the general public centre round

certain very definite kinds of fiction. Yet newspapers would seem never to have taken note of this fact. They devote the larger part of their critical columns to books of travel, history, biography. Taken in the bulk the newspaper-reading public cares not a farthing for these kinds. That public reads the late Mr. Merriman, the late Mr. Guy Boothby, the living Miss Corelli. It is the duty of newspapers to take account of these authors. Whereas a paper like the *Daily Telegraph* will reserve three-quarters of a column for such books as the "*Times* History of the War in the Far East," and four lines to the "Treasure of Heaven," it should devote a column and a half to the "Treasure of Heaven," and no space at all to the *Times* History. Then should we see in the *Daily Mail* vigorous articles disentangling the social creed of Dr. Conan Doyle; the *Daily News* would open its columns for fictitious correspondents to wrangle over the vividness of Mr. Rider Haggard and the moral code of Mr. William le Queux's heroes; while the *Globe* might attempt some explanation of the popularity of Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey. In a word, the qualities most needed to reform criticism are sincerity, plain thought, wide tolerance, and endless patience.

FRANCIS DUCKWORTH.

# FRANCE AND THE POPE'S MOVE

ON December 13, 14, 15, or 16 last, according to the district, the Roman Catholic Church, as well as the Reformed Church, and the Jewish Faith, was finally disestablished in France. In obedience to the Pope's Encyclical *Gravissimo officii munere* of August 10, the Roman Catholic Church in France has nowhere formed "Associations of Worship," the only ecclesiastical bodies to which, according to the law of December 9, 1905, which came into force from four to seven days later, devolution of property held by the Church under the Concordat is possible. It has been said and repeated that the Pope's aggressive move in August, which his Holiness has steadily and well followed up since then, was a fatal blunder. Was it? If the Vatican wants solid peace with the Third Republic, and a rooted status for the Church of Rome in France, it was. But does the Vatican want anything like a National French Church and a quiet life with the French Government? If the last Encyclical had bidden, instead of forbidding, the French Church to form "Associations of Worship," these by now would be in working order and in lawful, permanent, and almost independent enjoyment of all lands, buildings and revenues held under the Concordat. Bishops and priests would be living on in their palaces or cottages as before; there would have been nothing fateful about the dates of December 13 to 16; there would be no outward sign of disestablishment to the popular mind; and from August to

now, we should hardly have heard or spoken, read or written about Church and State in France. The fateful dates have passed; the churches remain open as before: is not this a win for the Vatican? Church *versus* State, or State *versus* Church, according to the standpoint, in France has kept Government, Press, and *café* debaters busy for four months and a half; they are yet at it, and will be at it for an indefinite time: is that no score for the Vatican? Bishops are removing out of their palaces and priests out of their cottages, but it would be a detestable state of things if they had no grievance, even of their own making. When the Government carries the new Bill by which may be abolished the temporary four or eight year pensions (never the annuities of superannuated priests), their grievances will grow. If the Government closed the churches, which is unthinkable, grievances would grow to martyrdom, devoutly wished by some leaders for their followers.

The French Government neither would nor durst use what seems to be its legal right to close the churches after the expiry of the year during which the Act required the Associations of Worship to be formed, and Rome knew it, and traded upon the knowledge. All along, from August to December, the French Government's hand has been forced by the Pope's move. The Church in France has likewise been coerced by the Pope's move. The bishops had accepted the law, and their flocks were perfectly ready, without a shade of hesitancy, to follow them; the Encyclical forbade acceptance, and bishops and flocks have obeyed with a passivity never before equalled by the French Church. Is not that also a triumph for the Vatican? The Pope's move has been masterly—in its way.

The strange history of Church and State in France during the past four months all turned exclusively on the Pope's move, and has registered its potency. If the French Government did play a few fairly good countermoves, they were only countermoves, and from then to now the Vatican has been leading the game. The abrupt attack which has given Rome the upper hand—for the present—was admirably sudden and swift. No

Napoleonic decision at the height of battle ever amazed foes as much—and friends alike. The majority of the Bishops had ingeniously and diligently elaborated, down to the minutest details, a deft and pleasing scheme of "canonical" associations, which fitted neatly in both with the laws of Cæsar and with the divine constitution of the Church; and, good easy men, they waited complacent and confident. Cæsar, for his part, basked in the same secure equanimity; the Government was taking its holiday with an easy conscience and satisfied trust in the morrow. The Encyclical came out, and the horrid explosion blew up the Bishops' pretty handiwork and the Government's dream of a quiet life. The sight of both parties amid the wreckage was piteous. The unfortunate Minister of "Public Instruction and Public Worship" affected jauntiness, energy, and cool strength by turns. M. Briand gave interviews and made statements one after the other, and constantly contradicted himself. He has since said that he purposely aired conflicting views to feel the public pulse. The various public parties, except one, were for several days dumb with amazement. When they spoke it was with weak voices, little, piping, plaintive voices that strove to be sweet and soothing. The one exception had instantly begun to roar in exultation: Here is a Pope! When will come such another? Beelzebub is defied, the Devil has found his match. If martyrs be wanted, here are their naked breasts; "When the blood of women and children shall have flowed, then France will become Catholic again." But the bulk of the Catholic world felt little enough like roaring. What had to be done and done at once was to wriggle somehow out of a hideously false position. The majority of the Bishops made wry faces at home, though they smiled in public. Their position was peculiarly painful; the Encyclical not only ignored their own brilliant and industriously devised scheme of canonical associations, while generally condemning the principle of such associations altogether, but by clever sophistry proclaimed the agreement of the Pope's decree with the unanimous resolution of the

Bishops' conference, omitting to record that this unanimous decision in condemnation of the Disestablishment Law was followed by the elaboration of the very scheme which reconciled in practice that law with canonical law, and thus making the Bishops out to be in unanimous agreement with a verdict of condemnation against their own enterprise. The worst was that the scheme in question, drawn up at the conference held privately in May last, was not made known by an indiscretion until after the Encyclical, by when the Bishops had advertised their agreement with the Pope's ruling. They were thus completely stultified, and shown to have been compelled to eat their words, condemn themselves, declare unworkable a law with which they had themselves devised a workable arrangement, and feign that the Encyclical exactly answered their wishes, because it said it did, when it did precisely the contrary.

The Bishops bore up beautifully under this extraordinary combination of ordeals; not one grumbling word has come from them in public. The Catholic flock had naturally smaller ground for grumbling than its shepherds, but the position of some of its leaders was awkward. M. Brunetière, Count Albert de Mun, Baron Denys Cochin, and twenty others had signed an open letter pointing out how the law could be accommodated for the Church: the Encyclical, ignoring them absolutely, declared that there could be no accommodation with the law. They were dumb for days, then all suddenly spoke up to recant and acknowledge that Rome could not accept a law which they had themselves proved acceptable. I was unable to induce the late M. Brunetière after the Encyclical even to refer to his previous views. The order was for total submission to Rome, and it was obeyed; one could even harp again on the "perinde ac cadaver" of the Jesuits which French anti-clerical writers have quoted once a week for a quarter of a century. It was strange to watch men of some intellectual distinction, such as Count Albert de Mun, writing with equal facility in support of the Encyclical, after having written in

support of opinions which the Encyclical exactly contradicted. But was not this precisely the greatest success for the Vatican and the best proof of the potency of the Pope's move? Never before has the Vatican met with such lamblike submission in France. Under the Monarchy the French Church was not afraid of remonstrating with the Vatican; under the Third Republic not one authoritative voice has been uplifted even in humblest protest. A strong, clear, and sensible open letter to the Pope, stating fairly and squarely the case for acceptance of the law from the French, not the Roman, point of view, was published in the *Temps* by "a group of Catholics," but has unhappily remained anonymous. A former secretary of Pio Nono has tried to start a Gallican Church, but the associations of Catholic worship registered so far are only eighty-two in number; they consist of rebellious Catholic laymen and a few priests at loggerheads with their bishops, and they not only must be schismatical, but probably are no legal associations of worship, since such by Article IV. must "conform to the rules of general organisation of the faith," which presumably include obedience to the Pope. Thus dissentient voices have been insignificant; Rome can claim with only a shade of exaggeration that Catholic France has uttered one voice, that of obedience. How then can Rome call the Pope's move a blunder? Such an act of domination, never before known in modern France, was worth to the Vatican the price—which the Vatican does not pay; it was worth the loss of palaces by French Bishops and cottages by French Priests, and worth Notre Dame, Chartres, Beauvais, Reims, Amiens, the claim of absolute ownership over which, made by the Pope, would have raised a laugh in the France of Louis XIV., and which those who love their stones would prefer trusting entirely to the Fine Arts department of the anti-clerical French State, than entirely to Ecclesiastical Chapters.

Of course the French State as little dreamt of closing their doors as of moving their stones. Another thing of which it

had never dreamt was the Pope's move, having passed a fair part of the Disestablishment Law precisely with the support of the Right in both Houses to satisfy the Catholic minority. The Government was undoubtedly staggered by the resolution to deprive the French Church of millions of property for the sake of a demonstration of principle. Apparently this was the one move which the Government had not foreseen and it proved the least easily answerable. The Government has replied abundantly, each time differently. At first the cue was "let the law take its course," and Olympian serenity. The Press at once jumped to the conclusion that on December 11, or thereabouts, every church would be closed in France and that mass would be said in barns, and the *Lanterne* already thanked Providence, or its anti-clerical equivalent, for such a Pope. Several anti-clerical politicians declared that the Disestablishment Law, had it been accepted by Rome, would have proved far too liberal, but, being resisted, was excellent in the consequences which resistance entailed. This standpoint has now receded. The tune to which extreme anti-clericals sang in ecstatic unison has died away. Many variations led up to the Clemenceau theme, "Me minister, not a church in France shall be closed," thenceforward the *leit motiv*. On it M. Briand composed two monumental speeches, between which M. Viviani, Minister of Labour, sang of the "splendid gesture" with which "we have quenched lights in the sky which none will relume"; the second of M. Briand's orations answering with the soothing counter-subject on an "a-religious," not an irreligious, State policy, whereupon the perverse M. Clemenceau in an incidental phrase before the Senate blithely said that he agreed with M. Viviani. But these were ornaments; the *leit motiv* remained, and has remained, unchanged.

Through vicissitudes, the position of Church and State up to the fateful dates of December had worked out thus: for one year a legal sequestrator would hold the Churches in trust for the State or the Communes to which they would finally belong

at the expiry of that period, unless associations of worship were formed in the interval, to which, however, devolution of property would be no longer compulsory as before December 13, but optional at the will of the Government; ecclesiastical property other than religious edifices definitely reverted to the State or the Communes (or in some cases to private owners), from December 13 to 16; in sacred edifices religious worship would continue exactly as before provided that the priest declared once a year his intention to hold therein public services on stated dates, in compliance with the law of 1881 on public meetings. This arrangement had been reached through successive "interpretations" of the law, by "administrative regulations" issued by the Council of State, and by circulars from the Government department of Public Instruction and Worship. It is very doubtful whether any expert in law could have foretold the arrangement from the sole text of the Act. The beauty of the latter seems to be that "interpretations" can make it mean a great many things. The arrangement had been obviously prompted solely by the Pope's move in August. The possibility of no associations being formed appears never to have been foreseen by the authors of the Act or of its amendments on either side of the Houses. The Pope played his move; clearly Catholics could not on that account be forbidden to pray in the churches of their forefathers: hence the "interpretation" of the law, which could not have been more liberal. But the Government (while M. Clemenceau, and especially M. Briand, had no inclination to oppression) could not help being liberal under the circumstances, and that the Vatican knew. The Pope has manœuvred in such a way that the Government gets as little credit as possible for its liberalism. Had the Vatican allowed the formation of the associations of worship, the liberalism of the law would have equally appeared, but the Government would then have been the superior, generous party in the argument. The Pope may not be that now, but his Holiness has proved the cleverer politician.

Yet in the long run who will pay the piper, for some one must? Surely not the French State. After all if the Pope has scored off the French Government, it is rather a hollow gain; the Government stands to lose little. It will not be much hurt because the Pope has annoyed it exceedingly for four months, and continues to be annoying. Ultramontanes crow and their papers daily celebrate the "Victory of the Vatican," and the "Confusion of the Government," but this chortling does not in itself matter; the extreme Left has grumbled at the temporising policy of the Cabinet but has not yet been actively hostile. The Government, having pocketed the rebuff of the Pope's move, can afford to wait now. Can the Catholic public also afford to wait? Most probably, for come what may, the churches will not be closed, and services will continue to be held somehow or other, though how exactly it is to be done is still doubtful. But can the Roman Catholic Church of France afford to wait? Can it afford anything at all just now? Has it now any means, ideas, policy, or definite being of its own? Does it know whither it would go or does it want to go anywhere? Has it a present, much less a future? Is it a Church any longer? One cannot tell; not a French priest in his heart of hearts could swear to any positive and definite hope for the practical future of his Church now. He knows only that he knows nothing. The Vatican has successfully thrown the entire Church into utter confusion. The Pope has played pretty passes against the French State, which has been hit, but easily recovers, not being very vulnerable. The real sufferer is another; the Roman Catholic Church of France pays the piper and will go on paying for long, in many ways. Passive obedience to begin with was very well as a tribute to the master, but it has brought no credit, satisfaction, or benefit to the servants. The Church of France is not more looked up to because it has been constantly and successively stultified in all it attempted or suggested by the Vatican. One may admire its obedience, but its most faithful son cannot admire it for the ill luck which has pursued its every meek endeavour to arrange for itself a quiet life. The Bishops'

elaborate scheme was ignominiously brushed away by the last Encyclical. The Disestablishment Law of 1905 being diabolical, would recourse be had to the Law of 1901 on associations without imperilling salvation? The unhappy Cardinal Lecot of Bordeaux formed an association under the 1901 Act, but it appears to be tainted with poisonous emanations from the Act of 1905; he is still struggling to assure Rome that it is pure, and the Government that it is legal. But if it be legal, being an association directly or indirectly proposing to carry on religious worship, it complies with the 1905 Act, and if it do so, it is impure; while if it were not legal according to the 1905 Act, it would also be illegal according to that of 1901, and the Cardinal could not have registered it. M. Briand called Cardinal Lecot a M. Jourdain, who spoke prose without knowing it; but he is more, he is M. Jourdain struggling to prove that his prose is no prose, and speaking more and more prose, as he tries to prove that it is no prose. The Pope's move has been a pretty one, but it has driven the Church of France into a corner of absurdities.

The Act of 1905 being damned, and a Cardinal having played with the Act of 1901 and singed his fingers, there remained the Act of 1881 on public meetings. M. Briand, who has been ever ready to take the first step when the Vatican showed the way since the Encyclical, and has been persistently flouted for his pains, drew up a delightful circular, clear enough for him who ran to read, which reduced the requirements of the law of 1881 to a mere annual formality. After all the Church in France must presumably conform to some law or other, *pace* the Vatican. A discreet minimum of legality was offered, such as no lay body, hedged in by the surrounding network of French law, ever had the chance of accepting, and the French clergy was accepting the surprising boon with an affected standoffishness concealing an amazed joy. A few hours later the Vatican pleasantly proclaims in two curt sentences by telegraph that the law of 1881 is as damnable as those of 1901 and 1905; two archbishops have, as usual, to eat their words and revoke instructions prema-

turely given to their clergy; the French Government once more receives the rebuff direct, and simultaneously the French Church gets one more knock-out blow which sends it staggering and dazed, and which it must take trying to smile. It is a pretty match, but the French Church possibly would prefer not to be the third party on whom all the hits tell most. The Pope's latest score off the French Government of course throws the French Church into worse confusion than ever. Priests are to continue officiating in the churches, but they are strictly bound to officiate illegally; one single step towards lawfulness takes them out of their allegiance to Rome. It is a pretty situation, brought about by the Vatican for the sole joy of placing the French Government in the predicament either of allowing the laws of the country, by which every other public body abides, to become a dead letter for the Roman Catholic clergy alone, or of summoning forty-five thousand priests perhaps twenty-one times a week into the police courts for each Mass said and for consequent misdemeanours punishable by fines or imprisonment never exceeding fifteen francs or five days, however often the offence be repeated. The Vatican apparently is sacrificing the French Church to the satisfaction of paying out the French Government for having brought in the Disestablishment Act before the French Parliament without papal permission. The Church of France is allowing itself to be sacrificed with a lamblike meekness which would have been unthinkable in the days of Bossuet, whereby one may suppose that the Vatican is only egged on. When France was the eldest daughter of the Church—presumably she is so no longer—the French Church most certainly would have stiffened its neck and would have tinged its filial obedience to the Pope with a care for its own temporal existence. Will the Church now ever rebel? Most probably not. Will French Catholics save it, when the Pope destroys? Three quarters of them will blow colder and colder; the remaining quarter will consist eventually of political Catholics only, who will urge the Church on the same hopeless path of feeble rebellion, futile lawlessness, and sedition without

method. The unlucky Church is now gagged, and bound hand and foot to the schemers who have used it for political purposes; the Pope has week by week tightened the bonds in the last four months. Talk of religious war is nonsense in modern France. The Government can expel the sleek, baby-faced Monsignore who had been pleasantly fanning the faint flame of agitation, and who had all the leading French prelates under his podgy thumb. The Government can prosecute a few hundred priests for illegally holding public meetings, *i.e.*, saying mass; it cannot and will not prosecute them all. Nor can it ever apply the article of the code by which servants of a foreign potentate in France may be deprived of French nationality against the body of the French clergy; nor can it close the churches. M. Clemenceau's "you asked for war, you shall have it," is a figure of rhetoric twice removed from facts.

But if the Government cannot go to war except hyperbolically, what can the French Church do? Absolutely and entirely nothing. It never was as powerless as it is to-day, after four months of the Pope's tender mercies. The Catholic minority in the country is obviously dwindling: loss of the outward pomp of faith will certainly not increase its numbers, nor will self-imposed outlawry. Catholic and anti-Republican were not exactly synonymous a year ago, but they will be soon if the Pope persists in scoring off the Government; not because Republican Catholics will have gone against the Republic, but because Catholic Republicans will have left the Church in despair. When the Church has become identified completely with an ever diminishing political party, it will have become a sect. Religious War? With what weapons will the Church fight? The beadle will no longer wear his scarlet and gold lace at weddings, only three wax candles will burn on the altars, funeral trappings must be only of the "sixth class" if a priest is to officiate, because henceforth the charges for the beadle's best clothes, for wax candles, and for the hideous eyesores of black and silver hangings, will be the perquisites of the devil's own, the legal sequestrator: these are the deadly measures with which the clergy will carry war into the

enemy's camp. It is a pathetic programme. Simultaneously tremendous words accompany futile acts. The Vicars of St. Ferdinand des Ternes will "defend their lives with every weapon" against the "knives of assassins hired by politicians"—in pleasant, industrious, rich, middle-class Ternes, where money rolls in to the motor trade! The militant clergy has no sense of realities, and priests who have intelligence enough, and would have honesty enough, to cry down melodrama, are gagged by Rome. The Rector of St. Pierre da Gros Cuillou in the Rue St. Dominique shrieks: "We swim up to the neck in Anarchy"; truly enough, but not as he meant it. His own meaning is exquisite, when one knows the Rue St. Dominique, where little shops pursue their busy little lives in provincial peace. Anarchy may be anywhere, but not in the Rue St. Dominique, and there seems to be some of it in the Church of France. If the Church look, for the stamina, backbone and organising brain which it lacks for the fight, to its faithful followers, it is grievously mistaken. In the most religious parts of the country three thousand odd Church "inventories" have just been taken with very few knocks. There may be street rows of course, but there will not be religious war, even if the Vatican should pursue for years its triumphant policy of paying out the French Government. There will be no war and no martyrdom, the blood of women and children will not flow, not even the blood of men, the churches will not be closed, and mass will he said. One single trick, for instance, may save, and in some cases has already saved, the priest's face; the statutory declaration under the 1881 Act, and, when it becomes law, under the new Act which is the Government's latest mild countermove, may be made by a couple of laymen and he will then be master in his Church and need never be supposed to know why. At all events, whatever device of pious casuistry or legal legerdemain win the day, there must be peace, not war; but a peace without much honour for the Church, which will have been left a weak, shorn, and shrunken Church.

LAURENCE JERROLD.

# THE LIGHT UNFAILING

## A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS DAY

### I

NIGH two thousand years gone by
Since the heavens let out their light,
Since their legions swept the sky,
And amazed the earth, and dazzled down the night!
Yet the powers of darkness thrive,
And the stars seem scarce alive,
And the clouds spread, fold on fold,
Round that Light we loved of old,
And the Hope of all the world is dim with fears;
Still the heart of earth is vexed,
And the nations stand perplexed.
Still the Right must fear the Wrong,
And the cry goes up, "How long?"
And the world is red with blood and wet with tears
After nigh two thousand years!

### II

Yet, ah yet, the blessed Birth
Lit a light no cloud can dim!
On and on, through dole and dearth,
Near and nearer man has climbed to heaven and Him,
And the Star that rose of old
Beats the mist down, fold by fold,

And it leads us age by age,
On the eternal pilgrimage,
By the hope that sets at nought a thousand fears;
And the nations nearer draw
To the goal where Love is Law;
And the tale of Jesus' birth
Still has power upon the earth,
And His hand is strong to wipe away our tears—
After nigh two thousand years!

S. GERTRUDE FORD

# ON THE LINE

WHILE during the last quarter of a century every succeeding year has added to our knowledge of the African continent, one of its divisions, though under European influence for a longer period and more continuously than almost any other, is still comparatively unknown. Mr. R. C. F. Maugham, therefore, who has served as British Consul for Mozambique, Zambesia, Manica, and Sofala, has described it (**Portuguese East Africa.** London. John Murray) for the benefit of the historian, the botanist, the sportsman, and the ethnologist. He is unfortunate in producing the book just after Mr. Randall MacIver's recent examination of the Mashonaland ruins proved almost beyond dispute that the attractive and generally adopted theory which identified Manicaland with the ancient land of Ophir is without foundation. The history of the Portuguese colony, however, even without the glamour cast by the suggestion of "stately Tyrean triremes weighing anchor at Sofala," is almost as romantic as that of the Spanish conquest of Mexico or Peru. The author briefly reviews the principal events in this history: the struggle for supremacy between the little band of "conquistadores," under Vasco da Gama, and the Arabs, who, until the coming of the Portuguese, enjoyed undisputed mastery over the East African coast; the quest of the Monomatapa, a mysterious potentate whose colossal stone fortresses were supposed to have been built by the Queen of Sheba, and whose wealth would, it was hoped, defray the cost of conquering India; the gallant but unfortunate expedi-

tion against the Monomatapa, defeated by hardship and disease before ever it reached his territory; the search for precious metals fruitless as that for the rainbow's foot, by which successive "conquistadores" exhausted their resources; the gallant resistance which the colony, weakened by the constant need of recruits and by the venality and incapacity of its officials, offered to cannibal hordes on land and Dutch buccaneers on sea. He shows how the temporary prosperity resulting from the export of slaves brought luxury and ease, which turned hardy soldiers into indolent voluptuaries; how this indolence and the depopulation of the country through the slave trade brought the colony into a state of poverty and decay, and how finally with the formation of the Mozambique Company there dawned a new and more prosperous era that may yet restore Portuguese East Africa to its former glories.

For the sake of those who may contemplate a visit to the colony, Mr. Maugham gives some very practical advice on such important matters as camp equipment, supplies, and precautions against sickness in a country little more healthy than Sierra Leone; describes the types of scenery to be found at different altitudes, and catalogues minutely the various varieties of plant and animal life, not forgetting insect and vegetable pests, that the territory contains. To sportsmen he points out that this is one of the few parts of Africa where big game may still be found. Elephant, buffalo, rhinoceros, the rare and beautiful eland and kudu, the brindled gnu, and lion, as well as commoner and less coveted beasts have all fallen to his rifle. Of elephant and buffalo hunting he gives descriptions from personal experience that even people to whom the average description of big game shooting is as dull as an ironmonger's catalogue may read with interest. Those who remember Kipling's "Toomai of the Elephants" will find here a description of an open space where elephants have prepared a place in which to roll by uprooting and removing small trees and shrubs; such places as these have given rise to the idea that elephants assemble to dance together.

Although the chapters devoted to a description of the natives add little to what is already known of them, they are valuable because they deal frankly with a matter that concerns all who have the best interests of the natives at heart. We pride ourselves that British rule has secured peace and justice to the African peoples under its protection, but are prone to ignore the awkward fact, known to all who understand the natives best, that contact with the British race, even where the sale of alcohol to natives is prohibited, has a demoralising effect on them, whereas contact with the Arabs, who have a deservedly bad name for ruthless cruelty, improves them both morally and intellectually. Mr. Maugham considers that this undesirable and unforeseen result of our influence is the effect of an unwise generosity which, refusing to regard the natives merely as hewers of wood and drawers of water, seeks by premature education to bestow on them a culture which they are as yet incapable of assimilating. He considers, too, that the Portuguese, who care little for the education of the natives and who seldom take the trouble to acquire a knowledge of native languages, are more successful than are the British in their treatment of the native races. This view may well be challenged, and is discounted not only by the comparative failure of Portuguese colonisation but also by isolated remarks in other parts of the book. That natives may seem to do better work for the Portuguese than for British employers is probably due to the fact that the Portuguese, having a lower standard of efficiency than the British, expect less of a people who have a constitutional tendency to carelessness and indolence. Because the Portuguese insist on certain tokens of respect from the natives designed to mark the gulf between the lower and the higher race, one never sees in Portuguese settlements, as the author points out, "the insolent demeanour of the black man towards the white which is such a constant and lamentable spectacle in our colonies and protectorates in almost all parts of Africa." This is perfectly true, and it may be that the British without injustice and with

advantage to all concerned would do better to stand more on their dignity, but if the Portuguese could win as well as demand respect there would not be in Portuguese territory at the present day tribes who refuse to acknowledge Portuguese authority.

That the effect of Arab influence is to raise the moral and intellectual standard of the African native has been frequently admitted. Mr. Maugham ascribes this to the "simple but efficacious precepts of Islam." Without underrating the value of the Koran it should be pointed out that, unlike the European who comes to Africa with manufactured goods to dispose of, the Arab enters the country practically empty-handed, and therefore in his own interest teaches the natives arts and crafts that will minister to his own comfort, and in so doing encourages the native to become more energetic and to adopt a higher standard of living. Though one may quarrel with some of Mr. Maugham's deductions, it is, however, impossible to gainsay the fundamental statement that British influence in Africa has had an unfortunate and unforeseen result on the moral character and intellect of the natives, and whoever frankly avows the fact deserves the thanks of all who have at heart the welfare of our subject races.

# THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE

## BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE

### CHAPTER XX

#### LE MARQUIS DE COURSET

Life must be reaped like the ripe ears of corn; one man is born, another dies.—EURIPIDES.

A LITTLE boy, scarcely more than a baby, unmistakably a little French boy, in a white tunic tied just above his knees with a dull white sash, stood on the threshold of the morning-room. But Jeanne, in her bewilderment, scarcely looked at him, or took in the significance of the announcement. She was overcome by the certainty—the instant conviction which thrilled through her whole being—that the tall figure behind the child, in deepest mourning of crape draperies and flowing veil, was Anne-Marie.

Anne-Marie, to whom she had been writing all the afternoon.

"You did not attend us, mademoiselle," said a sweet voice, in hesitating, careful English. "But I did write, I wrote—to the lawyer, to M. Valentine, that it was to-day we would arrive."

The wife and sister of Louis looked at each other; each, woman-like, divining the impression she had made.

"She is not like her brother," thought the wife.

"She is older than Louis," thought Jeanne.

Anne-Marie, with a hand on either shoulder of the little boy, waited—proudly it seemed, for she had a noble and majestic face and figure—in the doorway.

"Won't you come in?" faltered Jeanne, with beating heart.

It was not the greeting that she had pictured to herself that afternoon. But the opportunity had come upon her so suddenly that she could not rise to it.

"Mais oui," said Anne-Marie, with a winning gentleness and a dignity indescribable; "if you welcome us, we will come in."

Then as Jeanne's face grew whiter and whiter, instead of expressing the kindness for which she had hoped, she clasped her hands together, and cried in distress—

"Vous avez reçu sa lettre?"

"Yes, yes—I have his letter," said Jeanne.

She made an agitated step forward. But she was faint and sick with long weeping, and she had scarcely touched solid food for days, from sheer inability to swallow.

She felt herself failing, knew a strong soft arm about her, and heard a calm, authoritative voice issuing orders in broken English.

Her unconsciousness was momentary; a piercing cry of "Maman, maman!" broke the spell; and Jeanne found herself on the sofa, and perceived that Anne-Marie was beside her, with the little boy clinging to her skirt, and burying his face in her black draperies.

Jeanne sat up, and put both hands confusedly to her head, as one awaked from sleep.

She looked at the fair mournful face beside her.

It was the face of the Chanoinesse in the miniature, grown older, sadder and graver.

The marked eyebrows, expressive hazel eyes, and curved beautiful mouth, were the same, and the raven hair was drawn from the same broad brow. But the Anne-Marie of the

miniature simpered and ogled, and looked merry and arch and frivolous all at once.

This Anne-Marie was serious and noble of expression; the shade on her face was too deep to have been cast by a recent sorrow, however severe. Patience and resignation looked forth from her serene beautiful eyes.

"I demand your pardon, mademoiselle," said Anne-Marie, "to have come upon you too suddenly." Her voice was sad, and calm. "But it was his directions that I followed. He said, 'If anything happens, wait two days, that she may have the letter. Then write to M. Valentine, that he may warn her of your coming; then go to her, taking our son, and wait not.' I did write. I marked 'private,' as he bade me, upon the letter, and so soon as I had—these—" she touched her draperies, "I did come. It was soon, indeed terribly soon to leave my house, and make the journey. But what would you? He had desired it, and I could but follow his wishes, and write to M. Valentine to warn you, as he had said."

"I was not warned," said Jeanne, faintly; "but I see how it was—your letter was marked 'private,' so it was not opened, but forwarded to Mr. Valentine. He is abroad. And I did not know—I did not know—" she cried piteously, "that Louis had a son."

"Mr. Valentine knew," said Anne-Marie. "Louis wrote to him of his marriage, and of his son, when the news of his fortune came. But he was even then sailing for the Somaliland, which was, he told me, on his way home. He had been silent so long, he said, he would wait yet a little while to tell you all himself, that you might understand. So he forbade also that Mr. Valentine should speak his secret."

She looked anxiously at Jeanne.

"It is terrible for you to learn it thus," said the sweet voice, unsteadily. "I see it well. But he said that his son would console you for all."

She lifted the child on to her knee, and for the first time Jeanne saw the little face.

The baby looked at her with great blue eyes fringed with black lashes, and they were the eyes of Louis; he smiled roguishly though timidly, and the smile was the smile of Louis.

"Louis!" she breathed, afraid to frighten him.

"Dis ton nom, mon fils," said Anne-Marie; "dis le donc vite."

"Petit Jean."

"Il s'appelle Jean-Louis, d'après sa tante et son père," said Anne-Marie, softly. "C'est son père qui l'a voulu. Tu vas nous pardonner, n'est-ce-pas, ma sœur," and she held out her hand with a gracious, almost royal, gesture, to Jeanne; as who should say, Could woman grant you greater compliment than to let her only son be called by your name?

Jeanne rose from the sofa, not to fling herself into the arms of her sister-in-law, as the wife of Louis, marvelling over the coldness of the English temperament, perhaps expected, but to put into the fair hand a freshly-written letter.

"Oh, read it, please read it," she cried wildly; "for though it is written in bad, bad French, it will tell you all—all that I do not know how to say."

As Anne-Marie read, with wet eyes, and the tenderest of smiles flitting across her beautiful mouth, while she pressed the little round head of petit Jean to her bosom, Jeanne felt as though the strain she had been enduring were suddenly relaxed; a subtle sense of relief and consolation became apparent to her.

The motherly presence of Anne-Marie, the baby face of the little boy with the roguish smile and black eyelashes, seemed to pervade that mournful empty room, so that it was mournful and empty no longer.

The thought came to her that her oft-expressed wish had been (however sorrowfully) granted. She was not alone, but the member of a family. The little family of mother and

son—the ever-sacred relationship—belonged to her, because it belonged to Louis.

"Oh, come, come to my room, and rest after your long journey, and let me bring you tea or whatever you would like," cried Jeanne, kneeling to embrace the smiling child as tenderly as the most impassioned foreigner could have desired; "and let me tell them to get his nursery ready for petit Jean; and your room for you, for it is Louis' house that you are in, and you have come home, Anne-Marie."

Jeanne presently sought Dunham with her explanation, satisfying the old woman's curiosity as speedily and briefly as possible, and without giving herself time to dwell on her own mortification, as she explained:

"Yes, yes, it is my brother's wife—and his little boy, and Mr. Valentine knew all about it, but *he—he* wanted to bring them to me himself, so he would not write to tell me he had married in South Africa; but I have a letter telling me all, Mrs. Dunham. There is no mystery about any of it. We have only to think how to welcome her and make her feel she is at home in his house," she said breathlessly, "and the little boy——"

"I never had no doubts from the moment I set eyes on her," said Dunham, whose suspicions of the intruders had vanished almost instantly on beholding the amount of the baggage, the dignity of the lady, and the respectability of her suite—a man, and a maid, besides the nurse resplendent in cap, cloak and long ribbons, carrying the little boy.

The news of the arrival had flown over the house like wild-fire, and the various members of the establishment were crowded and peeping on the stairs.

Only Hewitt maintained his immovable composure, and stated his conviction of an imposture.

"To a fortune like this claimants is sure to turn up," said the great man, rendered suspicious by his knowledge of the world, and his extensive reading of the newspapers.

Dunham's hurried interview with her young lady took place in the hall, and in whispers, lest she should be overheard by the strange servants, who were waiting patiently in the background for further instructions; but Dunham had waited, it appeared, for no instructions, and acted, in contempt of Hewitt's doubts, on her own responsibility.

"I've told them to prepare my poor lady's room, Miss Jane. Me and Mrs. Pyke—we felt it must be so. We couldn't ask *her* to climb the stairs to the room you got ready for the poor young gentleman. Indeed it wouldn't be right, nor suitable."

She curtseyed to Anne-Marie as she appeared in the doorway.

"Where are—my servants?" said Anne-Marie, smiling at Dunham, but always with her sweet and gentle air of command. "Alphonse!"

"Me voilà, Madame la Marquise," said a plaintive voice; and a clean-shaven, black-haired, blue-chinned valet appeared, and bowed to his mistress, and to Jeanne. Anne-Marie placed her son in his arms as a matter of course, but M. le Marquis was snatched from them jealously by his *nou-nou*, who started forward from her seat in the background.

A violent altercation immediately arose between the two, in French too rapid for Jeanne's comprehension, but their mistress silenced them.

"Taisez-vous donc, je vous en prie."

"Bien, Madame la Marquise."

"The maid is upstairs, muddarm," said Dunham, with subdued zeal; imitating the accent of the others as best she could, and dropping her old-fashioned curtsey in great agitation.

No doubts nor hesitations, no reflections upon foreign titles, nor contempt of foreign nobility were here; Jeanne had been nobody in her brother's house, even her father's name was ignored, and she was only Miss Jane. But from the moment she set foot in it Anne-Marie was indisputably and instantly the mistress of the house, she was Madame la

Marquise, a great lady, taking homage as her due, and issuing orders calmly as her undoubted right.

The slighted dignity of the *ancienne noblesse* was avenged in her person. It never occurred to her remotely that she could be anybody but the Marquise de Courset; she the wife alas! the widow, of the head of the family—of the young chieftain of her father's race; a race still honoured, still remembered in its glorious traditions, in the country of the Boulonnais, where Anne-Marie had been born, and brought up; and where she held her own dignified and respected position, though she was not rich, and though she was almost alone in the world.

"The property of Madame la Marquise," said Alphonse, who spoke a little English, being the son of a courier, and who added to it as speedily as possible, that he might boast the more, "has been in the famille de Courset for thousands of years; so long as France itself has existed have there been de Coursets dans mon pays à moi. It is my ancestor who still superintends the *ménage* of Madame la Marquise; and my grandfather, her son, who does the garden—and cares for the cows. For I, too, am of the Boulonnais," he said, with great satisfaction.

He was inordinately jealous, and permitted no one but himself to answer the electric bell, which now sounded with considerable frequency in the ears of the astonished household.

It was extraordinary to perceive how much change and bustle and commotion the installation of one little boy created.

Jeanne forgot entirely the sad and gloomy memories associated with poor Miss Marney's bedroom, when she entered presently to find housemaids hurrying in and out with mattresses to be aired; Alphonse unstrapping and setting up a little cot; and Mrs. Pyke (shaking more than ever, but determined to have her say) sending hither and thither for

fresh curtains, and herself carrying to the washstand an armful of the finest towels her linen-room could boast.

Before the fire the baby's bath was laid, upon a snowy blanket, edged with gay blue ribbon, and on his *nou-nou's* lap sat petit Jean, amused and interested at the commotion about him, with a little face bright as the May sunshine turned upon them all, and blue eyes shining like stars in their setting of long black lashes.

Yet the thought could not but return to her— Is this all? this little laughing unconscious creature—all that is left to us of Louis?

Of Louis, with his tried strength and hard-won successes; his soldiering and his learning; his knowledge born of hard work in camp and field and study; and all the thousand experiences that go towards the making of a noble manhood?

Is that all wiped out—and all to begin again, as it were, from the very beginning, in the person of his son?

But in the cheerfulness of the room such reflections could obtain no mastery over the healthy natural instinct of womanhood—of wonder and delight in a baby.

In a moment Jeanne was on her knees before him, worshipping with the rest.

"Thou wilt remain with him here while he sleeps. Thou wilt not leave him for an instant, lest he wake in a strange place, and have fear, Madeleine?"

"Soyez tranquille, Madame la Marquise."

Downstairs Hewitt, disgusted to nausea with the folly of the feminine portion of the household, maintained his strictly neutral attitude towards the invaders.

"We don't know who they are, nor what claims they have," he said sternly, "and, till something is proved, I for one sets my face against all this fuss and turning of the place upside down; and so I shall tell Mr. Valentine, as soon as ever I sets eyes on him. What's a little boy? One would think no one had ever seen such a thing before; and all the

women ready to eat him up. It makes me feel savage. Walking in as though the whole place belongs to him!"

"And so it will surely, if he's the poor Captain's son," ventured William.

"Who knows whether he's the Captain's son, or anything about them? Dropped from the clouds in a four-wheeler," said Hewitt, gloomily.

But the Irish footman was carried away by the excitement around him, and secretly defied his chief, lending every assistance in his power to Alphonse, and conversing with him in broken English, under the impression that he was thus picking up the French language with surprising ease and rapidity.

Anne-Marie put aside all thoughts of her fatigue, and, perhaps, of her desire to be alone, and to think and to weep in her own chamber; and sat up talking with Jeanne half the night, when all the household had gone to bed, and when petit Jean lay sleeping in his cot beside the fire.

They talked in whispers, not to disturb his peaceful slumbers; and thus Jeanne learnt that her sister-in-law had outraged the opinion of her neighbours, and even her own, by leaving her retirement in the first hours of her widowhood, to obey her husband's behests, and seek his sister.

"But *he* thought so little of *les convenances*," she said. "Was I to regard them above his wishes?"

She had a gift for terse and picturesque description, and presently Jeanne felt as though she realised the whole *entourage* of Anne-Marie's long girlhood—her home in the French village, her visits to Paris with her beloved father.

"For I was almost thirty years old when I married," she said, with great simplicity and frankness. "What would you? We received, naturally, many applications. Mais je n'ai jamais voulu quitter papa. Et enfin, c'est lui qui m'a quitté!"

Her father had only lived for his motherless daughter, but

he had the friendship of a lifetime for the gallant de Villebois-Mareuil, and, being likewise unable to conquer the fighting instincts of his race, had chosen to accompany him to South Africa.

"Papa had fifty years; but what would you? He was persuaded, in spite of all that one could say, that his experience would be the more valuable to the Boers; and his health was perfect."

In a few words she set before Jeanne the difficulties and fatigues and disappointments of her own later journey, undertaken in defiance of all warnings bestowed, and continued in the face of all rebuffs and refusals.

She described, unfaltering, that first meeting with Louis, gaunt and haggard from enteric fever (and of that too, Jeanne knew nothing)—their mutual attraction; her loyalty and affection aroused for the head of that ancient family, of which she had believed herself to be the last mournful representative; their love and hasty wedding.

"That I should have married thus!—but again, what would you have?" said Anne-Marie. "In war there is no time for ceremony; and he was not one to be denied."

Jeanne knew very well that Louis was not one to be denied, and that his influence was paramount over those who loved him.

Of all these things Anne-Marie spoke, but of her sorrow not at all. She could no more have helped being silent over this, than Jeanne could have helped babbling—tenderly and tearfully—of hers. And yet it would have been hard to say which of these two women loved Louis best.

## CHAPTER XXI

### ANNE-MARIE

THE Duchess of Monaghan was almost beside herself with indignation when she heard, some days later, of the appearance of the dead soldier's widow and child at 99 Grosvenor Square.

Her feelings were such that her son could with difficulty restrain her from proceeding at once to the house, and then and there forcibly denouncing them as impostors.

"Is it likely that if the poor young fellow were really married, his own sister should know nothing of it? People of this kind always turn up when a large fortune is in question. Look at the Claimant! There is a case in point. And that poor girl knows nothing of the world we live in, nothing at all. She will be doing something foolish and quixotic; and ruining everybody, herself included," said the Duchess, incoherently. "Denis, you must speak out at once, and put a stop to it."

All her prudent reticence was lost in lively apprehension, and even Denis could no longer be blind to the fact that his mother had detected and shared his hopes for the future.

"I have no right to interfere," he said, coldly.

"You ought to have a right by this time. And you must see how terribly important it is. Three hundred and sixty thousand pounds, besides the Marney collection," said the incautious Duchess, betraying herself afresh with every word she spoke. "Surely, even if her brother was married he must have made a large provision for her, after talking of dividing it all. Surely he must have left a will of some kind. If not—if this impostor succeeds in proving her claim—don't you see that the widow and her son would get it all?" she cried with tears in her eyes. "The trustees would have no power to provide for the sister, that I can discover. She would have just nothing at all."

Denis did not explain to his parent that in such case

Jeanne would have exactly as much as he had supposed her to possess when he had first made up his mind to marry her if he could.

"I am so fond of her—she is so exactly the very person I should have chosen for my daughter, that the blow would be doubly severe," said the poor Duchess appealingly. "I cannot give up my hopes yet. I cannot bear to think that all our plans should be knocked on the head like this; and the whole thing become impossible—utterly impossible, all in a moment."

But the Duke's fair face was inscrutable; and she could not read his intentions there, try as she might.

He escaped from her presence as soon as he could, only to turn his footsteps in the direction of Grosvenor Square.

On this occasion he did not merely inquire after Jeanne, but also sent in a message to ask whether she felt able to see him.

The answer was in the affirmative, and his Grace was ushered immediately into the morning-room.

The Duke had not seen Jeanne since that hurried journey from Challonslegh, a fortnight ago.

He was shocked at the change in her appearance.

Her days and nights of weeping had banished the pretty red colour from her cheeks, and dimmed the soft brown eyes; and the outline of the round face was perceptibly thinner.

He took her hand in silence, looking at her with grave concerned blue eyes.

"Cousin Jeanne, is this news true?"

"It is true, Cousin Denis. Louis married in the summer of 1900, in South Africa," she said; "and his wife is here, and his son. And oh, Cousin Denis, she is Anne-Marie."

"Anne-Marie!" said the Duke, bewildered.

"You remember that I showed you the miniatures of my family—of the de Coursets," said Jeanne, wistfully, "and the poor Comtesse Anne-Marie, the first prisoner of the Revolution?"

"Yes, yes, I remember."

"Her brother Charles lived in France, and married, and had children, but most of them became monks or nuns. And this Anne-Marie is the only living descendant. She is the daughter of the poor de Courset of whom Professor Hogg-Watson told us, the one who was killed at Boshof, by the side of General de Villebois-Mareuil."

"And she married Louis?"

"She went out to South Africa—to find her father's grave. Late last night we sat up talking, and she told me of her long, long journey, and of the difficulties she had, but she seemed to think nothing of them, to get to Boshof. Every one told her it would be impossible, but she said nothing was impossible to a child who loved her father. And—and she heard of a de Courset in hospital, and for one wild moment thought there might be a mistake ——"

"Poor thing!"

"But she found Louis," said Jeanne, softly.

Her bitter feelings, so foreign to a gentle nature, had all melted away under the pathos and simplicity of Anne-Marie's recital; and of her description of Louis, wasted and suffering.

"He would not mention that fever to me—I thought him just at that time rather careless about writing regularly; little thinking he was ill, and hiding it from me for fear I should be anxious," said Jeanne, for her loyalty had conquered her resentment. "She says if she had not thought him dying she could not have stayed even then; but she had told him who she was and, as he says in his letter to me—how could he let her go?"

Now that she had seen Anne-Marie, Jeanne felt that she could picture it all to herself; the hospital tent, and Louis, in his weakness and weariness, suddenly transported out of his surroundings by the vision of that beautiful serene face, that embodied the romance of the past and the present in one.

The Duke was silent. He felt that however romantic the marriage of Louis might have been, his reticence towards his only sister concerning it could not be explained away.

"Cousin Denis," said Jeanne, timidly. "I am going, if you please, to fetch Anne-Marie. She knows you are a cousin, and I have explained to her how very good you have been to me all this time of my loneliness. I am sure she will see you. She is so self-controlled, but I cannot be like her," said Jeanne, with a very watery smile. "Indeed it would be very odd if I could, for she is a most beautiful stately person, just what I should imagine a queen ought to be. She likes to talk to me of Louis, and I like to talk to her; but she never talks of—of her own sorrow, and yet—and yet you cannot see her and doubt that it is—all her life."

"If you are sure she wouldn't think me intrusive—that it would not be too much for her," said the Duke, hesitating.

He had no wish to see Anne-Marie, but every wish to please Jeanne.

"No, it is not too much for her. Mr. Valentine came this morning, and she saw him, and we are going together to his office to-morrow as he wishes."

"Was he aware of the marriage?"

"Yes, Louis wrote to him when he received the news of his inheritance, and told him in confidence of his marriage, and—and—that he had a son. It was only me who did not know," she said, flushing deeply, "and Uncle Roberts—we have not yet decided quite how to break it to him. It might be best for me to go and tell him, for letters are not much in his way."

The Duke was silent again. He could not express his feelings, but his face showed him indignant for the mortification she bravely tried to hide, and Jeanne divined his thoughts.

She went to her little desk and opened it, and brought out a worn blue envelope with a broken seal.

"Cousin Denis," she said, softly, "I would show his last letter to no one in the world but you; but I cannot bear that *you* should misunderstand Louis. You will see it was written

long ago . . . just after he married. Read it, and you will understand.'

As she put it into his hand he detained hers, raised it to his lips, and kissed it; but the action was so grave and so gentle that it was more an expression of sympathy—the first he had dared to show her—than of love.

"How was it I could ever have been so blind—so foolish—as to look down upon *him!*" thought Jeanne, colouring deeply as she left the room. "He is always the same—kind and noble, and thoughtful of the feelings of others. Surely everything that any woman in the world could wish a man to be."

And she went in search of Anne-Marie, delaying her descent for a few moments, in order to give Denis time to read the letter.

"It would be so much more pleasant, if M. le Duc will consent, that, since he is of our family, he should conduct us to-morrow to the office of this M. Valentine," said Anne-Marie, with her little air of mingled persuasiveness and command. "Is it not so, my sister?"

Jeanne assented. It was very clear to M. le Duc that she would consent to most things that could be proposed by her sister-in-law.

He had not wished to see Anne-Marie, but his prejudices were conquered before she had even spoken.

She was, as Jeanne had said, at once so simple and so stately.

No doubt her beauty counted for much in the influence she exercised over all who approached her; but still more, perhaps, her serene and dignified sweetness of character, which was made manifest in her whole bearing and expression.

But the faint purple shadows beneath the beautiful hazel eyes suggested, nevertheless, to the quick perceptions of the Duke—midnight vigils, and a pillow watered with tears; the fair complexion was almost unnaturally pale in contrast to the black draperies. He divined that the apparent self-command of the Marquise was hardly won.

"Anything in the world that I can do," he said.

"You have been good to my sister," said Anne-Marie, and she looked at him, keenly. "But, yes—she has not failed to tell me of your goodness; even—my husband—spoke of it in his letters to me. She would have been aways alone but for you, in this great house—so great, so *triste*. Now she will be alone no more, for it was his wish that I should protect her."

The Duke's fair complexion rendered his increase of colour particularly noticeable. But Jeanne reflected his momentary embarrassment with so deep a blush, and such obvious and painful confusion, that a less observant person than Anne-Marie could hardly have failed to perceive it.

The Duke's blue eyes met her inquiring gaze.

Anne-Marie paused, and appeared to consider. Then she turned to Jeanne, and addressed her with peculiar gentleness, in her slow, careful English:

"I would like well to show my son to M. le Duc. Will you not go yourself, ma sœur, to find our petit Jeannot, and present him to our cousin?"

Jeanne, thankful to escape and hide her blushes, very gladly replied that she would, and quitted the room; and the Duke was left alone with his new relation.

Whether Anne-Marie, as appeared probable, had chosen to give him this immediate opportunity for speaking to her in private, of deliberate design, or whether she was merely actuated by a sisterly desire to screen and shield the obvious confusion of Jeanne, the Duke did not pause to discover. But he availed himself without a moment's hesitation of the opening her consideration afforded him.

His embarrassment vanished with the departure of Jeanne, and he addressed himself to the Marquise, very gravely and courteously, in her own language; though had Anne-Marie possessed a corresponding sense of humour to his own (which she did not), she would certainly have discerned the latent twinkle in his blue eyes.

"I understand, madame, that you are now, in a measure, the guardian of your sister's interests?"

"Mais oui, monsieur," said Anne-Marie, with a winning smile and a dignified inclination of the head.

"Then," said the Duke, with the little bow which Jeanne had thought old-fashioned, but which appeared the most natural and appropriate salutation in the world to the Marquise, "I have the honour to apply to you for permission to address myself to my cousin. A marriage with her has long been the dearest wish of my heart."

There was no shyness and no hesitation in the Duke's manner now. He spoke with a decision and manliness unmistakable.

"It is as I divined," said Anne-Marie. She gave him her left hand as a royal favour, and he kissed it with respectful ardour. "Monsieur le Duc, you have acted with that propriety which distinguishes all brave and honest men," she paused, and added—"in ordinary circumstances. Receive then, the assurance of my approval, as I am persuaded you would have received it from the lips of my beloved husband; and with it the expression of my conviction that you will make the happiness of his sister."

"I thank you infinitely," said the Duke, bowing. Then he descended, somewhat precipitately, from his French stilts. "You will understand that I have said nothing to *her* yet?"

"It goes without saying," said the Marquise.

"You will then not allude to the subject until I have ventured to ascertain the sentiments of my cousin?" he faltered. "I demand your pardon, madame, but you are perhaps not aware that our English customs differ very considerably—she might think—I am not even sure whether——" he floundered miserably.

"Soyez tranquille, monsieur," said Anne-Marie, in soothing tones. "I am enough well acquainted, on the contrary, with the usages of your country. Here are nearly three years that

I study them, with your language, incessantly. You shall rely on my discretion."

The Duke was a lover, but perhaps less selfish than lovers usually are; he thought the sad smile of Anne-Marie adorable; and her sympathy for others, in the midst of her own grief, touched him deeply.

"Chère madame," he said, with an impulsiveness not habitual to him, "forgive me, forgive me! I wonder how I can have dared to obtrude upon you just now wishes and hopes, that perhaps I must be content to indulge in silence for some time longer. I know too well that it was not at this moment I should have spoken."

"Ah, monsieur," she said, very simply and earnestly, "is it not then in her sorrow, that the little one has most need of consolation?"

"Would you then counsel me——?" he said, with diffident joy.

"To follow the impulses of your heart——? Mais oui, monsieur."

"And you think it possible that she—that she——"

Anne-Marie's smile, though sad still, was yet so expressive that he was minded to kiss her hand a second time, but refrained; for at that moment the door opened, and le petit Jean made his appearance with Jeanne.

Anne-Marie was merciful as she was sympathetic, and, with a perception very unusual to mothers, she inflicted the company of her idolised son upon the impatient lover for as short a time as possible,

Petit Jean did all that was required of him; he saluted M. le Duc; smiled all over his sunny handsome little face; and was finally borne away in the arms of the Marquise to look for chocolates in the dining-room.

"Jeanne," said the Duke, in hushed tones, "I have read the letter."

"And you understand?"

"I understand that your brother was a brave fellow," he said, with emotion. "I am very proud to call him cousin."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," cried Jeanne. No words could have been more grateful to her aching heart. She laid the letter reverently away in the shabby desk; and the Duke closed the lid that she might lock it.

Their hands met.

"Jeanne, oh, Jeanne, is it—too soon? Must I wait yet a little while longer?"

"Will time make any difference to such sorrow as mine?" she said, passionately.

The Duke knew that it would make a difference; for though he was no older than Jeanne, he was as wise for his years as she was childish for hers; but he did not stop to think of this now.

"Oh, Jeanne! If my love could comfort you—if my love could bring you the happiness of which he writes!"

"Love is love," she quoted, in a whisper, "and we could not help its mastery even if we would."

"Would you if you could?" said the Duke, tenderly; and, as he took her into his arms she knew, tired and heart-broken as she was, that the intolerable heaviness of her sorrow was lifted; and that in the midst of grief she had found the happiness—the joy in life—which her dead hero had bidden her take with thankfulness whenever it should come her way.

And that this comfort had come to little Jeanne now—at the moment when she so sorely needed it—she owed, though she never knew it, to Anne-Marie.

(*To be continued.*)