ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND SOCIALISM

THE Englishman who had been abroad since last year finds on returning that the British middle classes have "discovered" Socialism since the last General Election. The Frenchman returning to his country after a rather longer absence would find that the *bourgeoisie* in the interval has been "discovering" Individualism. This no doubt is as it always is, and perhaps as it should be. The two peoples have often been called complementary of one another. In many ways they develop along reverse lines, and whither one is travelling thence the other hastens, both persuaded that they are on the road of progress, rightly, perhaps, as there is more than one road. When both halt, turn round, and look at each other, criticism on both sides is commonly and very naturally of the old mote-and-beam sort. Admirable advice is given to the British people by French critics, and every one knows how generously British opinion champions some French causes. Counsel and enthusiasm might often be just as useful at home, but at home "one sees things differently." The intelligent and informed foreigner can be a wonderfully acute judge; he may also be an illuminating encomiast. While he surprises us by finding fault with our pet foibles, he may delight by praising everyday virtues by which we set no store; he even reveals gold in our vices. Many Frenchmen admire John Bull precisely for that which in him annoys his critical sons,

and English observers are constantly celebrating French characteristics which critical France is trying to get rid of. The variety of such international views is invaluable; they may be often crooked, and no one could expect them to be always straight, but they are rarely dull.

England is not more surprised to find France discovering Individualism than is France to find England discovering Socialism. In fact, the two countries agreeably surprise each other. The rights of the individual are as old as the hills here and a burning topic there; here the theory of Socialism is still a subject to talk about, there it is worn threadbare; here an agrarian question exists, there a question exists how long district civil servants directly and solely answerable to the Home Office are to continue lawfully to wield judicial powers which are a negation of habeas corpus.

On the subject of Socialism, the Englishman in the street has latterly learnt a cheerful glibness, though a boy of twenty can easily remember when a Socialist with a vermilion tie was a lunatic, harmless if British to the backbone, dangerous if tainted with foreign ideas. Who fears to speak Socialism or meet Socialists now? Of course, these, *ipso facto*, have ceased to belong to the smart set, but the man in the street is now familiar with them. Any one can hear him reasoning gently with them on the tops of motor 'buses, or hear them holding forth with all the freshness of neophytes. Nationalisation of the soil, the unearned increment of capital, natural wealth versus artificial wealth, and so on, are all "in the air"—in the street air. They have even penetrated into the City man's suburban home, where ten years ago you might as well have put a bomb on the hearthrug as have thrown out some suggestions that labour alone produces wealth, or even some milder one than that. The thinking young generation is still jumping at the theory of Socialism with an eagerness which seems very fresh to any one who has lived latterly abroad. One finds the subject still perfectly alive and wild in literary sets, the equivalents of which on the Continent have long since

either killed and buried it, or stuffed and preserved it, or caged and tamed it. Of course, England has been in many ways, like M. Jourdain speaking prose, creating Socialism all the time without knowing it: a part of England has been creating it, perhaps more practically than other countries, and the rest of England did not know, or pretended not to know. Any Englishman among his acquaintance in the sturdy middle classes can point to a score of the sturdiest pillars on whom the last General Election brought down a bolt from the blue, bringing down Socialism from the region of mad dreams to reality, wrong or right, but still a reality henceforth to be reckoned with.

There has been no such recent discovery in France. The Frenchman in the street, as a rule, long since either has walked in step with the army of Socialism or has tired of the crusade altogether, and smiles happily, or wearily jeers, when the host goes marching by him. The prosperous *bourgeoisie* either refuses to think of the cause otherwise than as of that of dangerous fanatics whose faith has long ago been proved absurd, and refuses to consider their arguments at all, or else has called and proclaimed itself Socialist these ten years, usually for politic reasons. The "aristocracy of the intellect" has for twenty years past turned the subject over and over unto weariness and scepticism. The old "Ivory Tower" of the poet, seer, mystic, and egoist has crumbled, and left its denizens standing open to the modern world. But the old castle in the air of the altruist, reformer, and regenerator has large rents in its vaporous sides too. Either a great scepticism or a great mellowness has come over the *jeunesse pensante*, which looks all round Socialism and other things. The *jeunes* "are all Socialists now," of course, but none are "unified" Socialists of the Parliamentary party. Socialism may have gained by losing good intellectual haters, but also has lost fervent intellectual enthusiasms.

Enthusiasm, in fact, goes more to individualism. The "cult of the ego" has died, but not the cultivation of person-

ality. The old conflict between the person and the State is still acute, and if the Socialism of the future is to absorb the individual, thinking young France will fight it. The contradiction in that enlightened Socialism which aims at levelling and at raising, at subjecting the one man to the many, and yet at exalting the one man, disturbs minds. Reconciling contradictories would be no new thing, and might be a mere matter of one more nice adjustment of social forces, but it would be nice to a hair's breadth in that Socialism of the future. At all hazards, State Socialism is condemned, unless the individual is to perish, and with State Socialism modern philosophising France will have nothing to do on any account. It has come to that definite conclusion, at any rate, after many years of wondering.

The middle classes have reached the same conclusion, after less meditation, through practical experience. The French people in the main is opposed to State Socialism, knowing what *étatisme* means. In England, the average man's idea of Socialism is State Socialism, and if he has any leanings towards Socialism he will not object to giving State Socialism a trial, as has been done already by now. Many to whom one mentions Socialism quote instantly municipal undertakings, as though these were the be-all and end-all of it, and to them the antithesis of Socialism is non-interference of the State. The fact is, that with us the State had so long learnt non-interference as to drive reformers appealing to its arms. The French State has never learnt non-interference, and France's best Governments have been the most grandmotherly. The people's instinctive yearning for tutelage still remains, and "functionarism" is as rampant as ever. But the best business men of the country are learning independence and enterprise, and are becoming fractious children under an over-centralised Government which controls them at every turn, all for their good. They are looking more and more to England for lessons in self-defence and self-advancement. The British business instinct, which it is something of a fashion to cry

down in England, is constantly cracked up in France. Thus is prosperous and enterprising France an enemy of State Socialism; whereas business Englishmen could do, or think they could do, with, at all events, a few mild instalments of it. Busy France is in the same regard distrustful of Socialism in general, while it has, to a great extent, called itself Socialist these ten years. Instalments are accepted because Labour clearly insists upon them; but the middle classes, even when advertising their adherence to Socialism, are preoccupied with the need of safeguarding individualism. The French governing mind will always be ready enough to govern in and out of season; it will be only too ready to adopt principles of benevolent despotism and to allow freedom to take care of itself. The enterprising leaders of the *bourgeoisie* feel that theirs must be the reverse function. State Socialism may succeed only too easily in France; their care must be for that safeguarding of the individual at which an enlightened Socialism, if Socialism there is to be, must simultaneously aim. In this way is the French *bourgeoisie* "discovering" individualism.

In Parliamentary life, French and English Labour parties, or Socialist parties—to use the everyday English and French terms, which are practically equivalent—are travelling in opposite directions for the present. The most obvious difference is superficial and passing. Union on one side and division on the other are due to difference of age in Parliamentary political existence. The old English political parties, of course, began long ago splitting up; the French Parliament did long ago split up. But the Labour movements in both countries are doing exactly the reverse. If French Socialism is now "unified," it was for years divided into factions. Unlike most of the other political parties in France, it has in its evolution not forgotten but learnt party discipline. But it began by scorning discipline on principle, and the various English Labour parties have apparently made the same beginning. Barring accidents, the evolution will continue logically. It is not a rash forecast to imagine that, while the historic

English parties go on splitting up, the present Labour factions will in their turn reach the stage at which "unified" Socialism has arrived across the Channel. Possibly then the other *disjecta membra* of Liberals and Conservatives will be "unified" also; even the City man foresees a day when there will be only two parties left at Westminster, the unified Socialists and the unified anti-Socialists, for and against Labour as one side will put it, against and for Society as the other will. The *bourgeois* of Paris has long since mused on the coming of such a day in his country, though accidental and passing cares have often diverted his meditations in the interval.

The contrast between the "unified" state of Socialism in France and the multiplicity of more or less antagonistic Labour parties in England is a difference, not of kind, but of degree, in evolution. There is a deeper difference in present policy. With boyish assertiveness English Socialism, young in Parliamentary life, is agog for independence. It yearns to stand alone and burns to prove as often as possible that it is a real independent party, having no connection with the old political forces, and able to walk and talk and vote by itself. But the one great fact in the otherwise almost uneventful history of French Socialism during the past few years has precisely been its alliance with "Bourgeoisism." One incident has its almost exact counterpart in England. M. Millerand, then a Socialist, took office as Home Secretary in the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet, in which the Minister of War was General the Marquis de Gallifet, who fought against the Commune. M. Millerand, having been solemnly excommunicated by the Socialist party, has since cheerily turned moderate Republican, and one might now call him a sort of Whig. Mr. John Burns is still in the early Millerand stage of evolution, and already being slanged. But with this incident the likeness between the present Parliamentary positions of the parties in the two countries ends. The same incident has occurred in divergent developments. French Socialism has been "unified," well and

good, but it has not unified itself away from contact with "Bourgeoisism," and what the purists of the party call the stain remains. The Waldeck-Rousseau Government was the time of open and unblushing alliance with "Capitalist" parties. M. Jules Guesde, the prophet, was then out of the Chamber, but lifted an awful voice now and then in the country. After the Millerand excommunication M. Jaurès continued more gingerly the alliance. Suspected of Millerandism —and no one knowing him doubts that, other things being equal, if he were offered office in a sufficiently Radical Cabinet, he would perceive no danger to Socialism in his acceptance—he narrowly escaped excommunication in his turn, saved himself with a "mea culpa," and was "unified," only a few minor men besides M. Millerand, then far outside the pale, being refused "unification." (All French politicians, and the most advanced in particular, lack a sense of language and rejoice in a spurious coinage of words.) But the stain remains on M. Jaurès himself and on the party. He made a sudden effort, which betrayed haste, at the outset of the first session of the new Chamber, to take up his stand as an unsoiled prophet and uncompromising theorist of Socialism, in a great speech which was deplorably crude in parts. The effort proved only that he can never be anything but a practical politician. The great fact of the recent history of French Socialism precisely is that by joining the Bloc of Republicans against the adversaries of the Republic it descended to practical politics. Its influence upon the country at large was almost doubled thereby. Having "unified" itself not long before the last General Elections in May, during which, nevertheless, it worked in intimate harmony with the Bloc candidates, it advertised itself ostentatiously in the new Chamber, no longer as a wing of the Bloc, but as an independent Bloc. But once a practical politician, always a practical politician; power and effectual influence in the government of a country once tasted, the taste will not be lost. French Socialism may "unify" itself as much as it likes, it cannot forget that when it was of the

Bloc it was such a vital force among the ruling forces of the nation as it never had been before. Its high dream of distant regeneration will always be tainted by recollection of the time when it was a power of the day, not a possible power of some day; one can also say that its utopianism will henceforth be corrected by an element of practical sense. As a matter of fact, no sooner had the present French Government shown a tendency, which will probably develop, to shift its majority slightly and gently over from Left to Right, than unified Socialism pricked up its ears. It is now talking of forming a new Bloc with the extreme Radicals against the Government. But these extreme Radicals are no Socialists. What ought a party of "pure" Socialism have to do with them? "Pure" Socialism across the Channel is tainted.

Our Socialists, though still much variegated, are, as is easy to see, slowly growing purer and purer; with their three factions and a larger variety of personal equations, they are obviously far from a "unified" state, but that is the ideal at which all their purist leaders aim. These, as jealously as possible, guard against every fleck of "capitalist" influence, in the House and at the polls. Thus it can be seen how the two countries play at cross purposes in Socialism as in some other things. The English Labour movement looks to the continental countries, and particularly to France, in many respects as to the advance guards of Socialism in the world. It is usual to hear contrasts drawn between the solid phalanx of the party in the French Chamber, a power in Parliament, already with a history at its back, and the young beginnings of groups at Westminster, and these look up to that. But you find that very "unified" party in France looking up in the same degree, though for other reasons, to the English Labour movement. In fact, French Socialism is, not altogether consciously, busy learning from England much that our Labour parties are as busy unlearning, and vice versa. The Mother of Parliaments is still reverenced abroad, even by those to whom a Parliament is a *bourgeoise* institution. French "unified" Socialism is now, not only

completely at peace with parliamentarism to all practical intent, but fast learning to enjoy the game of parliamentary tactics and to play it with skill. The day was, some ten years ago, when at international Socialist congresses half the representatives of France were dogmatically and violently opposed to the parliamentary system, and carried principle into practice by paralysing discussion, to the horror and anger of punctilious English chairmen and English delegates well drilled in the discipline of public meetings. That was at a time when the Labour Party at Westminster was a handful which ultimately dwindled to one member. Now "unified" French Socialism is an official parliamentary party; English Labour members sit in numbers at Westminster, but desire it to be understood that they are in the capitalist Parliament but not of it. On the contrary, in France, "unification," a stroke of genius, has almost killed the movement against Parliamentary representation. The "unified" party is pledged to representation; opponents of the latter are reduced to being free lances. The "unified" party has learnt the power of parliamentary action and the practical use of parliamentary discipline, and having tasted government, likes it; and all that it has learnt from England. English Labour parties, trained for Parliament from infancy, like all public groups of Englishmen, aim at the independence and solidarity of French "unified" Socialism, and looks up to it precisely as to the State of the future, standing by itself and untrammelled, in the "capitalist" State of the present.

Each people looks on the other with fresh eyes. The English Labour member envies France her "unified" Socialism; the French Socialist envies England her Trade Unionism. The old distinction between theoretical France and practical England is always true with qualifications, and is substantially true of the Labour movement in both countries. Trade Unionism with us is leading, or has led, to Socialism; French Socialism is developing "Syndicalism," *i.e.*, Trade Unionism. The very words picture the contrast, as do those of "unified"

Socialism and Labour. French Trade Unionism is in its infancy compared with the historic English movement. It makes much noise, but has relatively no money; it could not dream of sending members to Parliament and paying them even a pound a week; it has since recent laws an official status, but it has not yet a universally acknowledged standing in the country; it has outbursts of revolutionary effervescence unknown in England, and has carried incursions into regions forbidden by national prudence and State reasons; but among the nation and against national customs it still struggles where British Trade Unionism has long since conquered; its present conflicts with employers read like past episodes of English social history; it fights still over questions which British Trade Unions long since settled, and now treat with the solemn authority of official bodies; it has small hold over the labouring classes themselves, which often either fight shy or wax sceptical. In France "unified" Socialism is the parent, and Trade Unionism a wayward offspring, wayward because young and still weakly. This condition of things works out into curious results. In English Labour, Trade Unionism stands for the staidest and soberest element, often is the drag on the wheel, and sometimes the very bar blocking the way for Socialistic doctrine. Such a position is unthinkable in France, where the Parliamentary Socialist Party has the weight, and Syndicalism would drag it ahead if it could. French Labour organised earlier to send deputies to the Chamber than to assert its own immediately practical interests, and a result has been that Socialist opposition to parliamentary representation, though it has somewhat died down, survives chiefly among the Syndicates, the same opposition when it exists in English Trade Unions being due to exactly contrary reasons. When a British union holds aloof from the Labour Representation Committee, it does so through a natural conservatism; it is an old-established institution, with vested interests, and compared with it the Labour Representation Committee is something of an upstart. French Syndicates,

for whom vested interests are possessions hitherto undreamt of, chafe at omnipotent "unified" Socialism, and would ever be rushing ahead, because, not having the weight to drag, they can act effectually only by careering on. The Confédération générale du Travail is merely a federation of Trade Unions; call it that, and it has a harmless, respectable, almost *bourgeois* air; but in France the *bourgeoisie* looks upon it as a wild anarchist host, and the federation itself seems to rejoice in fostering the idea.

French Labour, with a "unified" Socialist party fifty-four strong and twenty-two more Independent Socialists in the Chamber, is still clamouring for rights or privileges many of which have been granted years ago in "Conservative" England. To this day open-air meetings are forbidden, and public opinion on the whole approves of their being dispersed instantly by armed force. I have seen three workmen knocked down and carried kicking away by the Paris police on the deserted Place de la Concorde because some strike committee had announced a meeting there. In the coal-mining districts of Northern France one heard for years at strike times mystic and childish chants of "Bou, bou, bou yè yè!" The explanation was that "Vive la grève!" until a year or two ago was a "seditious" cry, rendering the utterer liable to some six months' imprisonment, so the men translated the words into a gibberish of their own invention. Now "Vive, vive, vive la grève!" is tolerated, while dragoons, hussars, and mounted gendarmes look grimly on, pouncing every few moments on *rassemblements* of three or four men arm-in-arm, "dispersing" them, and running them in if they "commit rebellion," which they always do. The argument of "strong" French Governments is that French Labour has not learnt responsibility in freedom, and it certainly has not; but it never has had the chance of learning. Kept under the gendarme's eye, the striker has one idea—to throw a brickbat when the eye is not looking. The right to strike at all has only recently been acknowledged and is still contested by the majority of employers, though they accept it *de facto* when

they cannot help themselves. Any organisation of wage-earners at all is still opposed tooth-and-nail by a large section of the French middle classes, which take the view that Trade Unionism makes, not for responsible association, but for irresponsible agitation; and the more the view prevails, the more it will be justified: the more the Syndicates are denounced as revolutionary, the more revolutionary they will become. Picketing is illegal in France, and "persuasion" is almost invariably considered by the courts as an "infringement of the right to work." The result is that strikers, knowing that in spreading a strike it is ten to one on their breaking the law, break it deliberately, and smash blacklegs' cottages. Finally, there never has been a "Taff Vale decision" question across the Channel, for the simple reason that no French Trade Union ever had power enough to inflict any lasting damage on a trade, or has ever possessed by a long way enough capital to be held usefully liable. This in a country where "unified" Socialism is a power in Parliament. French Labour looks up in awe to British Trade Unions as to powers in the land.

French Labour has little more to gain by theorising, but much by practice. A vague and crude "Collectivism" has many adepts; the rights of Labour are fewer than in England. In the future, French Socialism will by a curious anomaly be supported by the country in practice and opposed in theory. It is only apparently paradoxical to say that French Socialism will be popular inasmuch as it makes for individualism. In any struggle for such conquests as the right of meeting, it will gradually gain the support of a great part of the nation, as now popular sympathy, in opposition to many employers, maintains the right to strike. In any attempt to narrow, instead of broadening, social life, and to tighten the grip of the State in the name of the social weal, it will have the nation against it. Circumstances which could arise only in France gave Socialists these latter years a part to play, and one stroke of active policy did more for them in the country than much propaganda. Their alliance with the Bloc of the

Republicans against the "White" Revolutionists, from Royalists of a Jacobite turn of mind to mere adventurers, and all more or less under the rule of Clericalism, the bugbear of France, proved them public-spirited and ready to join with the hated *bourgeois* for the sake of their common freedom; practical as well as utopian; individualists as well as Socialists. The *bourgeoisie* has looked upon them with human sympathy ever since. One cannot suppose that English Socialism will ever have a similar part to play. It has its own stalking-horses in lieu of the "defence of the Republic," and of a totally different breed—the questions of the unemployed and of the *latifundia* of England, the first of which has not for the present, and the second of which cannot have, any counterpart in France. These special British problems give to British Socialism a particular twist of its own, and here comparison is impossible. But our Labour may yet have something to learn from Socialism in France. The French *bourgeoisie* has "discovered" individualism; our individualism can for the present be left to itself. But France has learnt already to foresee that any "pure" Socialist State which may ever come about will have to rediscover the individual.

LAURENCE JERROLD.

WALTER PATER[1]

WRITING about Botticelli, in that essay which first interpreted Botticelli to the modern world, Pater said, after naming the supreme artists, Michelangelo or Leonardo:

> But, besides these great men, there is a certain number of artists who have a distinct faculty of their own by which they convey to us a peculiar quality of pleasure which we cannot get elsewhere; and these, too, have their place in general culture, and must be interpreted to it by those who have felt their charm strongly, and are often the objects of a special diligence and a consideration wholly affectionate, just because there is not about them the stress of a great name and authority.

It is among these rare artists, so much more interesting, to many, than the very greatest, that Pater belongs; and he can only be properly understood, loved, or even measured by those to whom it is "the delicacies of fine literature" that chiefly appeal. There have been greater prose-writers in our language, even in our time; but he was, as Mallarmé called him, "le prosateur ouvragé par excellence de ce temps." For strangeness and subtlety of temperament, for rarity and delicacy of form, for something incredibly attractive to those who felt his attraction, he was as unique in our age as Botticelli in the great age of Raphael. And he, too, above all to those who knew him,

[1] No "official biography" of Walter Pater has appeared, or is ever to appear. But the latest volume in the series of "English Men of Letters," "Walter Pater," by A. C. Benson, gives, with sympathy and simplicity, an adequate narrative of the few external facts of his life and analysis of his published writings.

can scarcely fail to become, not only "the object of a special diligence," but also of "a consideration wholly affectionate," not lessened by the slowly increasing "stress of authority" which is coming to be laid, almost by the world in general, on his name.

In the work of Pater, thought moves to music, and does all its hard work as if in play. And Pater seems to listen for his thought, and to overhear it, as the poet overhears his song in the air. It is like music, and has something of the character of poetry, yet, above all, it is precise, individual, thought filtered through a temperament; and it comes to us as it does because the style which clothes and fits it is a style in which, to use some of his own words, "the writer succeeds in saying what he *wills*."

The style of Pater has been praised and blamed for its particular qualities of colour, harmony, weaving; but it has not always, or often, been realised that what is most wonderful in the style is precisely its adaptability to every shade of meaning or intention, its extraordinary closeness in following the turns of thought, the waves of sensation, in the man himself. Everything in Pater was in harmony, when you got accustomed to its particular forms of expression: the heavy frame, so slow and deliberate in movement, so settled in repose; the timid and yet scrutinising eyes; the mannered, yet so personal, voice; the precise, pausing speech, with its urbanity, its almost painful conscientiousness of utterance; the whole outer mask, in short, worn for protection and out of courtesy, yet moulded upon the inner truth of nature like a mask moulded upon the features which it covers. And the books are the man, literally the man in many accents, turns of phrase; and, far more than that, the man himself, whom one felt through his few, friendly, intimate, serious words: the inner life of his soul coming close to us, in a slow and gradual revelation.

He has said, in the first essay of his which we have:

> The artist and he who has treated life in the spirit of art desires only to be shown to the world as he really is; as he comes nearer and nearer to

perfection, the veil of an outer life, not simply expressive of the inward, becomes thinner and thinner.

And Pater seemed to draw up into himself every form of earthly beauty, or of the beauty made by men, and many forms of knowledge and wisdom, and a sense of human things which was neither that of the lover nor of the priest, but partly of both; and his work was the giving out of all this again, with a certain labour to give it wholly. It is all, the criticism, and the stories, and the writing about pictures and places, a confession, the *vraie vérité* (as he was fond of saying) about the world in which he lived. That world he thought was open to all; he was sure that it was the real blue and green earth, and that he caught the tangible moments as they passed. It was a world into which we can only look, not enter, for none of us have his secret. But part of his secret was in the gift and cultivation of a passionate temperance, an unrelaxing attentiveness to whatever was rarest and most delightful in passing things.

In Pater, logic is of the nature of ecstasy, and ecstasy never soars wholly beyond the reach of logic. Pater is keen in pointing out the liberal and spendthrift weakness of Coleridge in his thirst for the absolute, his "hunger for eternity," and for his part he is content to set all his happiness, and all his mental energies, on a relative basis, on a valuation of the things of eternity under the form of time. He asks for no "larger flowers" than the best growth of the earth; but he would choose them flower by flower, and for himself. He finds life worth just living, a thing satisfying in itself, if you are careful to extract its essence, moment by moment, not in any calculated "hedonism," even of the mind, but in a quiet, discriminating acceptance of whatever is beautiful, active, or illuminating in every moment. As he grew older he added something more like a Stoic sense of "duty" to the old, properly and severely Epicurean doctrine of "pleasure." Pleasure was never, for Pater, less than the essence of all knowledge, all experience, and not merely all that is rarest in sensation;

it was religious from the first, and had always to be served with a strict ritual. "Only be sure it is passion," he said of that spirit of divine motion to which he appealed for the quickening of our sense of life, our sense of ourselves; be sure, he said, "that it does yield you this fruit of a quickened, multiplied consciousness." What he cared most for at all times was that which could give "the highest quality to our moments as they pass"; he differed only, to a certain extent, in his estimation of what that was. "The herb, the wine, the gem" of the preface to the "Renaissance" tended more and more to become, under less outward symbols of perfection, "the discovery, the new faculty, the privileged apprehension" by which "the imaginative regeneration of the world" should be brought about, or even, at times, a brooding over "what the soul passes, and must pass, through, *aux abois* with nothingness, or with those offended mysterious powers that may really occupy it."

When I first met Pater he was nearly fifty. I did not meet him for about two years after he had been writing to me, and his first letter reached me when I was just over twenty-one. I had been writing verse all my life, and what Browning was to me in verse Pater, from about the age of seventeen, had been to me in prose. Meredith made the third; but his form of art was not, I knew never could be, mine. Verse, I suppose, requires no teaching, but it was from reading Pater's "Studies in the History of the Renaissance," in its first edition on ribbed paper (I have the feel of it still in my fingers) that I realised that prose also could be a fine art. That book opened a new world to me, or, rather, gave me the key or secret of the world in which I was living. It taught me that there was a beauty besides the beauty of what one calls inspiration, and comes and goes, and cannot be caught or followed; that life (which had seemed to me of so little moment) could be itself a work of art; from that book I realised for the first time that there was anything interesting or vital in the world

besides poetry and music. I caught from it an unlimited curiosity, or, at least, the direction of curiosity into definite channels.

The knowledge that there was such a person as Pater in the world, an occasional letter from him, an occasional meeting, and, gradually, the definite encouragement of my work in which, for some years, he was unfailingly generous and attentive, meant more to me, at that time, than I can well indicate, or even realise, now. It was through him that my first volume of verse was published; and it was through his influence and counsels that I trained myself to be infinitely careful in all matters of literature. Influence and counsel were always in the direction of sanity, restraint, precision.

I remember a beautiful phrase which he once made up, in his delaying way, with "wells" and "no doubts" in it, to describe, and to describe supremely, a person whom I had seemed to him to be disparaging. "He does," he said meditatively, "remind me of, well, of a steam-engine stuck in the mud. But he is so enthusiastic!" Pater liked people to be enthusiastic, but, with him, enthusiasm was an ardent quietude, guarded by the wary humour that protects the sensitive. He looked upon undue earnestness, even in outward manner, in a world through which the artist is bound to go on a wholly "secret errand," as bad form, which shocked him as much in persons as bad style did in books. He hated every form of extravagance, noise, mental or physical, with a temperamental hatred: he suffered from it, in his nerves and in his mind. And he had no less dislike of whatever seemed to him either morbid or sordid, two words which he often used to express his distaste for things and people. He never would have appreciated writers like Verlaine, because of what seemed to him perhaps unnecessarily "sordid" in their lives. It pained him, as it pains some people, perhaps only because they are more acutely sensitive than others, to walk through mean streets, where people are poor, miserable, and hopeless.

And since I have mentioned Verlaine, I may say that

what Pater most liked in poetry was the very opposite of such work as that of Verlaine, which he might have been supposed likely to like. I do not think it was actually one of Verlaine's poems, but something done after his manner in English, that some reviewer once quoted, saying, "That, to our mind, would be Mr. Pater's ideal of poetry." Pater said to me, with a sad wonder, "I simply don't know what he meant." What he liked in poetry was something even more definite than can be got in prose; and he valued poets like Dante and like Rossetti for their "delight in concrete definition," not even quite seeing the ultimate magic of such things as "Kubla Khan," which he omitted in a brief selection from the poetry of Coleridge. In the most interesting letter which I ever had from him, the only letter which went to six pages, he says: "Rossetti, I believe, said that the value of every artistic product was in direct proportion to the amount of purely intellectual force that went to the initial conception of it; and it is just this intellectual conception which seems to me to be so conspicuously wanting in what, in some ways, is the most characteristic poetry of our time, especially that of our secondary poets." What he praises, in the verse he likes, is its "precise and intellectual grasp on the matter it deals with"; and, in the poet, "one who has the talent of conceiving his motive with so much firmness and tangibility—with that close logic, if I may say so, which is an element in any genuinely imaginative process."

"Browning, one of my best-loved writers," is a phrase I find in his first letter to me, in December 1886, thanking me for a little book on Browning which I had just published. There is, I think, no mention of any other writer except Shakespeare (besides the reference to Rossetti which I have just quoted) in any of the fifty or sixty letters which I have from him. Everything that is said about books is a direct matter of business: work which he was doing, of which he tells me, or which I was doing, about which he advises and encourages me.

In practical things Pater was wholly vague, troubled by their persistence when they pressed upon him. To wrap up a book to send by post was an almost intolerable effort, and he had another reason for hesitating. "I take your copy of Shakespeare's sonnets with me," he writes in June 1889, "hoping to be able to restore it to you there lest it should get bruised by transit through the post." He wrote letters with distaste, never really well, and almost always with excuses or regrets in them: "Am so overburdened (my time, I mean) just now with pupils, lectures, and the making thereof"; or, with hopes for a meeting: "Letters are such poor means of communication: when are we to meet?" or, as a sort of hasty makeshift: "I send this prompt answer, for I know by experience that when I delay my delays are apt to be lengthy." A review took him sometimes a year to get through, and remained in the end, like his letters, a little cramped, never finished to the point of ease, like his published writings. To lecture was a great trial to him. Two of the three lectures which I have heard in my life were given by Pater, one on Mérimée, at the London Institution, in November 1890, and the other on Raphael, at Toynbee Hall, in 1892. I never saw a man suffer a severer humiliation. The act of reading his written lecture was an agony which communicated itself to the main part of the audience. Before going into the hall at Whitechapel he had gone into a church to compose his mind a little, between the discomfort of the underground railway and the distress of the lecture-hall.

In a room, if he was not among very intimate friends, Pater was rarely quite at his ease, but he liked being among people, and he made the greater satisfaction overcome the lesser reluctance. He was particularly fond of cats, and I remember one evening, when I had been dining with him in London, the quaint, solemn, and perfectly natural way in which he took up the great black Persian, kissed it, and set it down carefully again on his way upstairs. Once at Oxford

he told me that M. Bourget had sent him the first volume of his "Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine," and that the cat had got hold of the book and torn up the part containing the essay on Baudelaire, "and as Baudelaire was such a lover of cats I thought she might have spared him!"

We were talking once about fairs, and I had been saying how fond I was of them. He said: "I am fond of them, too. I always go to fairs. I am getting to find they are very similar." Then he began to tell me about the fairs in France, and I remember, as if it were an unpublished fragment in one of his stories, the minute, coloured impression of the booths, the little white horses of the "roundabouts," and the little wild beast shows, in which what had most struck him was the interest of the French peasant in the wolf, a creature he might have seen in his own woods. "An English clown would not have looked at a wolf if he could have seen a tiger."

I once asked Pater if his family was really connected with that of the painter, Jean-Baptiste Pater. He said: "I think so, I believe so, I always say so." The relationship has never been verified, but one would like to believe it; to find something lineally Dutch in the English writer. It was, no doubt, through this kind of family interest that he came to work upon Goncourt's essay and the contemporary "Life of Watteau" by the Count de Caylus, printed in the first series of "L'Art du XVIII. Siècle," out of which he has made certainly the most living of his "Imaginary Portraits," that "Prince of Court Painters" which is supposed to be the journal of a sister of Jean-Baptiste Pater, whom we see in one of Watteau's portraits in the Louvre. As far back as 1889[1] Pater was working towards a second volume of "Imaginary Portraits," of

[1] In this same year he intended to follow the "Appreciations" by a volume of "Studies of Greek Remains," in which he then meant to include the studies in Platonism, not yet written; and he had thought of putting together a volume of "theory," which was to include the essay on Style. In two or three years time, he thought, "Gaston de Latour" would be finished.

which "Hippolytus Veiled" was to have been one. He had another subject in Moroni's "Portrait of a Tailor" in the National Gallery, whom he was going to make a Burgomaster; and another was to have been a study of life in the time of the Albigensian persecution. There was also to be a modern study: could this have been "Emerald Uthwart"? No doubt "Apollo in Picardy," published in 1893, would have gone into the volume. "The Child in the House," which was printed as an "Imaginary Portrait" in *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1878, was really meant to be the first chapter of a romance which was to show "the poetry of modern life," something, he said, as "Aurora Leigh" does. There is much personal detail in it, the red hawthorn, for instance, and he used to talk to me of the old house at Tunbridge, where his great-aunt lived, and where he spent much of his time when a child. He remembered the gipsies there, and their caravans, when they came down for the hop-picking; and the old lady in her large cap going out on the lawn to do battle with the surveyors who had come to mark out a railway across it; and his terror of the train, and of "the red flag, which meant *blood*." It was because he always dreamed of going on with it that he did not reprint this imaginary portrait in the book of "Imaginary Portraits"; but he did not go on with it because, having begun the long labour of "Marius," it was out of his mind for many years, and when, in 1889, he still spoke of finishing it, he was conscious that he could never continue it in the same style, and that it would not be satisfactory to rewrite it in his severer, later manner. It remains, perhaps fortunately, a fragment, to which no continuation could ever add a more essential completeness.

Style, in Pater, varied more than is generally supposed, in the course of his development, and, though never thought of as a thing apart from what it expresses, was with him a constant pre-occupation. Let writers, he said, "make time to write English more as a learned language." Mr. Benson is no doubt right in taking Ruskin, De Quincey, and Flaubert as among

the chief "origins" of Pater's style. He is still more significantly right in pointing out that matter, in Pater, was developed before style, and that in the bare and angular outlines of the earliest fragment, "Diaphaneité," there is already the substance which is to be clothed upon by beautiful and appropriate flesh in the "Studies in the Renaissance." Ruskin I never heard him mention, but I do not doubt that there, to the young man beginning to concern himself with beauty in art and literature, was at least a quickening influence. Of De Quincey he spoke with an admiration which I had difficulty in sharing, and I remember his showing me with pride a set of his works bound in half-parchment, with pale gold lettering on the white backs, and with the cinnamon edges which he was so fond of. Of Flaubert we rarely met without speaking. He thought "Julien l'Hospitalier" as perfect as anything he had done. "L'Education Sentimentale" was one of the books which he advised me to read; that, and "Le Rouge et le Noir" of Stendhal; and he spoke with particular admiration of two episodes in the former, the sickness and the death of the child. Of the Goncourts he spoke with admiration tempered by dislike. Their books often repelled him, yet their way of doing things seemed to him just the way things should be done; and done before almost any one else. He often read "Madame Gervaisais," and he spoke of "Chérie" (for all its "immodesty") as an admirable thing, and a model for all such studies.

Once, as we were walking in Oxford, he pointed to a window and said, with a slow smile: "That is where I get my Zolas." He was always a little on his guard in respect of books; and, just as he read Flaubert and Goncourt because they were intellectual neighbours, so he could read Zola for mere pastime, knowing that there would be nothing there to distract him. I remember telling him about "The Story of an African Farm," and of the wonderful human quality in it. He said, repeating his favourite formula: "No doubt you are quite right; but I do not suppose I shall ever read it." And

he explained to me that he was always writing something, and that while he was writing he did not allow himself to read anything which might possibly affect him too strongly, by bringing a new current of emotion to bear upon him. He was quite content that his mind should "keep as a solitary prisoner its own dream of a world"; it was that prisoner's dream of a world that it was his whole business as a writer to remember, to perpetuate.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

ANTONIO FOGAZZARO

FOGAZZARO is the prophet of the new awaking of the Catholic Church; one of that group of writers in England, France, Switzerland, Austria, Russia, Italy, who are treating religion as the matter of supreme human interest and receiving an amazing popular response; one of those latter-day reformers who believe that the Church has but to act up to the original article of her constitution expressed in the words, *Regnum meum non est de hoc mundo*, to become once more the "one fold" of Christendom, and who, out of their very loyalty, are seeking to bring her back to her lost ideals. And there are many others, not Romanists, who share this enthusiasm, and who, valuing the liberty for which our fathers fought, rejoice in the dawn of this liberty in the older Church. To such as these every "clerical defeat," from the great *débâcle* of 1870 to the latest French election, has seemed but a step towards purging the poison of politics out of her blood; every stripping of temporal power has meant the restoration of so much vital energy to its proper spiritual channel. There are even many who, recognising not only her heritage of truth held in common with all Christendom, but also her unique hold upon the human heart in her deep comprehension of, and response to, its needs—the fruit of her age-long experience—like to count themselves the spiritual members, and their various cults the *sorores minores* (some day to be so acknowledged) of the one great Church, Catholic and Apostolic, the reverend and revered Mother of us all.

To all such the present movement appears of an intense interest and significance. A religious mood such as this is, of course, no new thing in literature. Any reflex of human life must again and again return to this, its most universal note. As at the beginning of the twentieth century, so at the beginning of the nineteenth, writers were possessed by this recurrent theme. Chateaubriand was restoring religion to art at the same time that Manzoni's *Inni Sacri* were infusing its ideals into the popular movement of the day. But the mood passed; in the stupor that followed the feverish years of the Napoleonic domination the interest in religion died out, and when the intellect of Europe re-awakened it woke not to religion but to science.

Needless to recall how science dominated the middle century, and how the popular mind, intoxicated with a little knowledge, cast aside its old gods, false and true alike. The new conception of evolution and the extended knowledge of natural law had, as everybody knows, their first crude effect in an enormous loss of religious faith. Atheism was the great word on people's tongues, soon relegated to the lower sort of working-men's clubs, where boys in their teens fulminated on the strength of a couple of penny pamphlets against the wisdom of the ages, and modified on the lips of the better educated into the more reasonable word Agnosticism, a word still favoured by many, were it only as a sounding term for throwing the whole business over the hedge. Whatever the word of the moment, the spiritual inspiration was gone, and writers of romance were thrown back upon their sensuous perceptions—with results not at first entirely displeasing. But the sensuous, thus materialised, could not but degenerate into the sensual. Romance, to sum up some words of Pompeo Molmenti's, became first physiological, then pathological, then putrid.

Inevitably, and mercifully, the reaction has come. Science is seen to be but in its infancy, or at most in its adolescence, and not yet in position to challenge convictions rooted in elemental human nature and truths recognised before it was

born. The general intelligence is beginning to perceive what the finest intellects have all along seen, that natural and spiritual law are neither intersecting lines which run athwart each other, nor parallel lines which never meet, but radii of the same circle, merging in the central truth. First there has been the rehabilitation of religion as belonging to a reasonable intelligence, then the renewed insistence on the Christian definition, and finally the movement represented by Fogazzaro, in which the future is boldly claimed for the Catholic Church, no longer a temporal but a spiritual power, no longer Roman but Universal.

The three contemporary Italian novelists, Gabriele d'Annunzio, Grazia Deledda, and Antonio Fogazzaro, are to some degree typical of three stages in this development. D'Annunzio, whose genius is beyond all question, who in respect of art is the greatest of the three, whose fine imagination, poetic insight, delicate sense of beauty, and magic spell of language, should have made his work a great gift to literature, is nevertheless without moral greatness. The refined sensuality which appears to form his philosophy of life has not sufficed to inspire a single strong and noble character. His books are an ornament to the *dolce favella*, not to the *alma d'Italia*.

Grazia Deledda is of a far nobler, a far stronger, but scarcely of a more inspiring spirit. Her realism is of the relentless type which spares no detail of the sordid, or even ghastly, wages of sin. Duty is her ideal, high, austere, cruel. Do right, she seems to say, though knowing that only evil will come. Gather up the forces of the soul and set forth steadily along the road of an august despair. Towards the end of "Cenere," representing her hero's mood, she writes: "Tutto era cenere; la vita, la morte, l'uomo; il destino stessa che la produceva." And though a few lines lower the book is closed with the assurance that "egli sentì che fra le cenere cova la scintilla, seme della fiamma luminosa e purificatrice, e sperò, e amò ancora la vita," yet there is no uplift in the words, and the

conviction clings to the unamended thought. That, not this, is the true outcome of the whole matter; the close reads rather as if some instinct of wholesomeness had risen up and compelled her to give the lie, though feebly, to the whole philosophy of her own book.

Contrast Fogazzaro's handling of the tragedy of Cenere—the effect upon an upright man's career of a disgraceful and degraded mother—as it occurs, episodically, in "Daniele Cortis." There is an equal truth, an equal pain, but not an equal despair. His tragedies do not have their issue in the outer darkness. He has the immortal gift of recognising the ideal in the real, the poet's ear to discern the underlying harmonies of existence. Above the degenerate Epicureanism of d'Annunzio; above the brave but unillumined Stoicism of Grazia Deledda, he surveys with clearer eyes the mystery of life, *sub specie aeternitatis.*

The outward facts of Fogazzaro's life can be summed up in few words. He was born at Vicenza in 1842, amid troublous times for Italy and for Venetia. His father took part in the defence of Vicenza against the Austrians in 1848, while his mother sat at home making cockades for the troops. Though his imagination was thus stirred in childhood by the agitations and alarms of war, yet the family life was, on the whole, tranquil, occupied for the most part with the cultured interests to be expected in a city which liked to be called the Venetian Athens. The elder Fogazzaro was musical, an accomplished pianist, and a lover of Bach and Mozart, Beethoven and Haydn, even in the 'fifties and 'sixties, when classical music was little regarded in Italy. The boy was brought up amongst books, bred on Dante, in love with Ariosto. He was fond of English novels, especially those of Dickens. German he never liked and seldom read. Perhaps the events of 1848 had left him with the true Italian prejudice against the Tedesco. It is only fair to say, however, that he loved Heine—in a French translation! But no book was more constantly in his hands than Chateaubriand's "Memoires d'Outre-Tombe," the volume

so beloved by Elena in "Daniele Cortis." Cortis himself, by the way, is represented as having had in his boyhood "un amor fantastico" for Chateaubriand's Lucile, wherein it may be permitted to suspect a touch of the author's autobiography. From his boyhood he was a dreamer of great dreams, resentful of the prose of life when it broke in upon his musings. Study for its own sake was his passion; the University degrees it brought were unimportant accidents. Needless to say, he had the usual sorrows of youth, the sharper for the fine issues to which he was touched. He went through his Freethinking period, when he revised his inherited creed and defined its relation to himself—"ma pur conservando sempre nel fondo un vago senso di spiritualità," says his biographer, Molmenti, though he does not add, as he might have done, that this innate sense of the spiritual was no more than his poet's heritage. He had his forty days in the wilderness, too, like most people who have a great task before them, and spent several weary years of apparent idleness suffering "il tormento di che si sente chiamato a qualche cosa e non s'è ancora trovato," years which in their lack of visible achievement were a disappointment to his friends and most literally a "torment" to himself.

The deliverance from this stage was reached in the writing of "Miranda," a poem in which a youth's transient love is wrapped—as youth wraps all its griefs—in an atmosphere of tragedy. It is a boy's poem, with some fine lines in it and a promise of better work to come. When, after long secrecy, his father was permitted to see it, it won his warm commendation. And no doubt the story of the youth's immature passion, of the maiden's fidelity and sorrow, of the death at his feet whereby she regains the love she had lost in life, provides legitimate matter for a tragic poem. But Fogazzaro had not quite weight enough for it at the time; he was too inexperienced, too young. Not that he was a boy in years, for he was already fully thirty; but it appears that the time a man takes to get to know the world depends greatly on how wide

a world he is capable of. The poet has his horizons in infinity. It was part of this great heritage that he kept his youth so long.

Verses having filled up the intervening years, "Malombra" was published in 1881, at the expense of the author. It has since gone through many editions and been translated into various languages; yet nobody can blame the publishers for their first hesitation. Though the book had been in hand for six years, it showed on publication almost as much need of pruning as if it had been dashed off without revision. It is marred by perpetual digressions, too often vague and futile and with little relation to the subject in hand. The explanation is simply that Fogazzaro had been steeping himself in spiritualism, hypnotism, mysticism, and what not, without sufficient touch on ordinary daily life to provide the necessary correction, and that his mental grip was weakened, his thought diluted, his style spoilt by diffuseness. The book is in a sense a study of the Buddhistic conception of immortality in reincarnations and transmigrations of souls. The heroine, Marina di Malombra, believes herself to be animated by the spirit of the long-dead Cecilia Varrega, with certain tragic responsibilities attaching to that personality. Like Maria Selva in "Il Santo," and (to quote a still more recent example of an incident apparently growing in popularity!) Pierre Loti's Turkish heroine in "Les Désenchantées," Marina enters into a correspondence with an unknown writer whom she meets later in emotional and peculiar circumstances. The interest, for most readers, centres on this man, Silla. He has been compared to Werther and also to Hamlet, and is, as a matter of fact, like neither, though it is possible to discern traits of both. In any case, he forms a fine study of a certain type of intellectual temperament.

In 1882 Fogazzaro spent some time in Rome, an experience which seems to have developed that practical grasp of affairs, more generally associated with the poetic temperament than a superficial world realises. He studied political theories,

and political practices, and learned to bring his idealism into touch with mundane conditions. The familiarity which he gained with the methods and surroundings of the Chamber of Deputies equipped him for the writing of his great novel, "Daniele Cortis," still his literary masterpiece, since the excellence, like the present vogue, of "Il Santo," lies rather in its propaganda than in its art.

"Daniele Cortis," "il breviario degli idealisti," appeared in 1885, and was at once seen to be, in point of art, a great advance upon "Malombra." There is more measure, more control. The fanciful element is more disciplined and superfluities are less tolerated. The hero, Cortis, is one of the finest creations of modern romance, a statesman, strong, virile, and dignified, carrying his high ideals into Parliamentary life, and exemplifying in the difficulties of his career the discouragement that invariably attends the effort to take the even way of justice rather than the easy slope of political partisanship. When he says that a Government must have regard to the religious sentiment of the nation a bruit goes round the papers that he is a clerical. When he denounces the evils of unworthy priests, the clergy of his own parish forbid the people to vote for him, or, would have done so had not his cousin Elena (with a fine disregard of general principles!) timed her charities well. When he proposes to establish a new and moderate party, to be represented by a journal called the *Democrazia Cristiana*, he cannot find a man to understand his aims. His ill-conducted mother, long supposed to be dead, appears upon the scene to shame him with her false emotions and her vulgar jealousies. Elena, the woman he loves, and who desires nothing better than to devote her life to him, is married to an unworthy and disgraced husband, and their friendship is a danger to them both. He takes his mother to live with him, supports Elena in her decision to go to America with her husband, and turns, as a brave man should, without self-pity and without despair, to the public work lying at his hand.

The scene of their parting is utterly pathetic, he supporting her weaker will in the duty of abandoning him, and lifting her up out of her doubts into his own strong faith.

"'Daniele,' diss' ella 'ci vedremo più?'

"'Dio è buono,' rispose Cortis, gravemente."

Then they exchange their marriage vow in the words graven on the old column beside which they stand:

"INNUPTI SUNT CONIUGES NON CARNE SED CORDE: SIC CONIUNGUNTUR ASTRA ET PLANETAE, NON CORPORE SED LUMINE; SIC NUBENT PALMAE, NON RADICE SED VERTICE."

After she is gone he reads her parting message, left for him: "D'inverno e d'estate, da presso e da lontano, fin che io viva e più in là. 18 aprile 1882."

An hour later he sends this telegram, "Senatore P. Roma. "Parto subito per mettermi interamente a disposizione degli amici. CORTIS."

This is the keynote of the book, straightforward, uncompromising devotion to duty—an ideal as high, as exacting, as ever was Grazia Deledda's, but whose last word is not pain, nay, which offers the only antidote to pain, an antidote lying homely and at hand like the dock-leaf beside the nettle. This is Fogazzaro's "idealism"—to see the dock-leaf there, and to use it.

The mysticism driven out of "Daniele Cortis" by the sheer grit of its hero found a graceful outlet three years later in "Il Mistero del Poeta," a romance known to English readers through the sympathetic translation of Miss Anita MacMahon. It has some of the faults of the earlier books, and is indeed little more than a mist of love and tears, but its sweet and exquisite feeling has beauty even where it misses strength.

For the next ten years Fogazzaro, like the rest of the world, was occupied in adjusting his thought to the new theories of existence and of religion, brought into view by the new scientific discoveries. He was practically the only Italian Catholic to accept the theory of evolution, and his "Discorsi" and "Ascensioni Umane" are chiefly concerned with the

Darwinian theories and their relation to religious thought. His attitude of mind to such questions seems to have a good deal in common with that of the late Professor Henry Drummond, whose "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" and "Ascent of Man" had such a phenomenal popularity some twenty years ago. The "Ascensioni Umane" has just the suggestion of the former in its thought that it has of the latter in its title.

This vein of religious disputation is pursued in his next romance, "Piccolo Mondo Antico," published in 1896, the hero, Franco Maironi, and his wife, being the protagonists for faith and scepticism. With Fogazzaro it is nearly always the man who is the believer and the woman the sceptic, a view which, while it reverses the popular idea in this country, has no improbability in the educated class of which he writes. Men, even irreligious men, usually prefer women to be religious, and women who are not trained to intellectual independence, generally take the view which wins the approval of those about them. But these women are not of the class from which Fogazzaro draws his heroines. There is in fact no rule of sex in the matter among educated people, unless it may be said that men are more often sceptics through indifference and women through defect of imagination. Fogazzaro's heroes and heroines are alike in earnest, and out of his characteristic view of a high spiritual sense on the one side and a keen practical intellect on the other there is developed a conception of love, as noble as it is rare, in which the man has some moral inspiration to offer to a woman with brains enough to judge of its worth.

"Piccolo Mondo Antico" is, on the whole, chiefly interesting as introducing the now famous Maironi family. Four years later in "Piccolo Mondo Moderno" we follow the earlier fortunes of Franco's son, Piero Maironi, the "Santo" to be. As he appears in this book he is by no means a saint, though there is the vein of mysticism in him which makes such a development possible, but merely a clever, cultivated man of the world,

of no particular morality. Jeanne Dessalle, a young married woman, separated from her husband, falls in love with him, and he, being free from domestic ties, since his wife is in a lunatic asylum, is willing enough to devote himself to her. The story is not a pleasant one, being a somewhat detailed study of the decadent side of modern life, a study, which some of Fogazzaro's admirers regretted, though, as the event has proved, it has provided the germ of his most notable achievement.

In 1898, Miss Helen Zimmern, writing in the *Bookman*, hinted that Fogazzaro was then at work on a new book which should develop his philosophy of this "piccolo mondo," and set forth his views as to the future of the Church. "Il Santo" is that book. In it Piero Maironi, the profligate and decadent, appears as the saint of the new movement, the Teacher whose holiness of life and doctrine point the one way by which the Catholic Church may be restored to its ideals. The steps by which this conversion is attained are characteristic of the author and of Maironi. Called to the death-bed of his wife, he is brought to penitence by her words. In the night after her death, while keeping vigil in the chapel hard by, he sees, as it were, written upon the darkness, the words, *Magister adest et vocat te.* Obeying this call he leaves Jeanne and all his worldly associates, and buries himself in a monastery, not as a member of the Order, but as a humble outdoor worker. His purity of soul attracts the affection and reverence of his confessor, Don Clementi, the leading spirit in a group of Catholic Liberals, eager for reform. He sees in Benedetto (as Piero is now called), the master soul who will recall the Church to her true mission.

The history of this liberal movement, Benedetto's experiences among the peasant folk (who will have him a miracle-worker, disclaim it as he may), the sympathy of the Pope, the jealousy of the Curia, and the intrigues of Quirinal and Vatican, are the vivid material of the book. For those who care little for propaganda of any complexion, the atmosphere of romance is provided in the presence of Jeanne Dessalle, her persistent

search for her lost lover, her solemn meeting with him before the altar, his promise to summon her at a supreme moment in the future, her continual interventions in his interest, and her final acceptance of the faith as she receives the crucifix from his dying hands. But to those who concern themselves with the signs of the times and with the religious movement of Europe, it is more deeply significant. Fogazzaro is no longer in Italy as a voice crying in the wilderness. He is only one of thousands of Liberal Catholics, Christian Socialists, Catholic Democrats, or whatever name they may prefer, who will no longer submit their souls to the governance of such as seek to keep the Church out of her inheritance of light and growth, and who are insistent in their demand for her freedom and reform. Fortunately there seems reason to hope that in the Vatican itself there is a growing spirit of liberality; it was not quite without protest that "Il Santo" was at last put upon the Index. Fogazzaro's own loyalty is as unfaltering as his zeal for purity. "Ciascuno di voi adempia i suoi doveri di culto come la Chiesa prescrive, secondo stretta giustizia e con perfetta obbedienza," says Benedetto to his friends, though he has not shrunk from telling the Pope that "quattri spiriti maligni" have entered into the Church "per farvi guerra allo Spirito Santo." They are "menzogna," "dominazione del clero," "avarizia," "immobilità." Who shall say that they are all confined to Rome? Cortis in political, and Maironi in religious, life are the protagonists of the same ideal, expressed years ago in Fogazzaro's confession, "Io sono cristiano cattolico, accetto quindi tutti i dogmi nel loro vero e proprio senso, dalla isperazione dei libri sacri alla infallibilità pontificia," and proved in his unquestioning submission to the Council's decree against his book. His letter (printed in the *Morning Post* of April 23) is that of a devout son of the Church, to whom obedience is an elementary duty. It is strange how fully he has had to walk in the footsteps of his own hero, Cortis, in suffering the attacks of the clamant partisans on both sides. The Clericals have denounced his book as

unfit for the faithful to read, and the Anti-clericals have in their turn denounced his submission as proving him unfit to hold his place on the Council of Education. The Italian Government has shown its wisdom in that it has refused (on June 15—the news comes at the moment of writing) to remove him.

Apropos of the confession just quoted, Molmenti says, "ma nel cattolicismo separa cio che egli, come i pochi veri credenti, accoglie come ispirazione divina, dalla ire e dalla fiere intransigenze del clericalesimo costituito in parte politica." This he sees to be the great evil, as indeed it is the bane and degradation of every church and sect where it occurs, "questo ignobile connubio della religione con la politica." It is not that he would wish to forbid the clergy their interest in public affairs. For him "il prete che non si sente cittadino e un oltraggio alla stessa religione," but there is a class of priest in which he sees a disgrace and menace to the Church, "il clero politicheggiante, incapace d'ogni alto ideale, privo d'ogni istruzione scientifica e letteraria, misero di pensieri e di sentimento." It might be worth the while of observers belonging to other communions to leave our horrified exclamations at such a state of things and inquire what is the deep secret of vitality in a Church which has survived the ministrations of such priests as these.

As a writer Fogazzaro is the child of Manzoni; as a social reformer he has much in common with Lamennais. DIEU ET LIBERTÉ, the motto of Lamennais' paper, *L'Avenir*, might have served for Cortis' *Democrazia Cristiana*, Lamennais too found in the Catholic Church the great voice of humanity, and the channel of the Divine response. Lamennais too declared that the Church, were it but freed from political shackles, would give new life to the world. The phrase, "a *bonnet rouge* planted on a cross" marks rather a distinction than a resemblance between the different ideals, but the cross is common to both if the *bonnet rouge* is not. They have both loved truth and desired to see it enthroned in the Mother Church. And to neither of her sons has the Mother

Church been particularly grateful, though more so now than then. For now it is the Church herself who is beginning to wake from sleep, and respond to the cry for light and progress. And in view of the function of a Church in this world, it is good to see in the forefront of a movement for sincerity a personality that can be described, even after criticism has enumerated all possible limitations, as "sempre significativa di un alta spiritualità."

HARRIET REID.

CRICKET SHARPING

THE sixpenny crowd, in whose name this article is written, likes the county championship. It does not wish to see it abolished. On the contrary, it takes great pleasure in watching the performances of its favourite county; and in the same way it enjoys the publication of individual averages, both bowling and batting. If it were possible to record the performances of successful fielding it would enjoy these also.

It is easy to anticipate the indignation of some cricketers at being asked to consider the opinion of the sixpenny crowd. It is also wise to do so; and to point out, in return, that in this matter of cricket sharping the crowd are really better sportsmen than the performers. An additional reason for considering the views of the "crowd" is to be found in the fact that without its support cricket cannot be played on the present magnificent scale.

During the year 1906 an immense amount of correspondence on the subject of cricket has been published; and the publicity has been most profitable to the game. So many suggestions have been made, and so many criticisms offered, that it seems almost presumptuous to sum them up, and still more presumptuous to add to the number. Nevertheless, it may be indicated that the spirit of the great agitation of 1906 was, in fact (although inarticulately expressed), a determined effort to put cricket before the championship; and while retaining this interesting feature of our public life, to insist that it should be subordinated to the game. Instances of the contrary spirit prevailing (to

the detriment of both) will be given here, together with some suggestions for dealing with that spirit.

Inasmuch as there are now sixteen first-class counties, it is clear that one cannot pretend to survey the whole field of the subject without a Teutonic exhaustiveness which would be tedious and ineffective. It is, therefore, the object of this short paper to give examples of what is implied by "cricket sharping" from the experience of one club of which the author happens to be an insignificant member. It may as well be stated at once that nothing was done, in the cases here cited, that was not in accordance with existing rules and customs. But by slightly (and sometimes considerably) straining those rules and customs, results have been reached so very different from those which would have been attained if the championship had not existed, that "sharping"—if a sharp word—is no unfair way of describing the process. No great permanent harm has been done so far; and a few influential men could set everything right without the slightest difficulty.

We will begin with the match between Essex and Yorkshire, which was played at Leyton on August 24, 25 and 26, 1905. Essex went in first, and made 521. Yorkshire followed, and did not do well. J. W. H. T. Douglas took five wickets in eight balls (doing the "hat trick"), a feat unrivalled, I believe, in first-class cricket, and Yorkshire were all out for 98 early in the afternoon of the second day. A lucky shower of rain and a successful "appeal for light" shortened the play, and Yorkshire only lost one wicket in the second innings before stumps were drawn. The light was tricky, but not bad: we will return to this point later, noting here that a bad light is the bowler's chance.

On the third day Yorkshire went in and stayed at the wickets all day without attempting to make runs. Hirst was at the wickets five hours for 90, E. Smith was in an hour and twenty minutes without scoring. Thus Yorkshire drew; and now let us look at the effect of Yorkshire's action on the game and on the championship.

It is true that Yorkshire by averting a defeat retained the championship, but at what cost? At the cost of impressing upon everybody who saw the play the conviction that if this is the result of the championship, the sooner the championship is abolished the better. For, would any sane man maintain that Yorkshire would have played such a game if the championship had not been at stake? Not that their play was a violation of any law or custom. In a certain ancient system of legislature there was no penalty provided for parricide, because such a crime was unimaginable. Similarly there is no provision against an eleven going to the wickets and staying there all day doing nothing; because it was never foreseen that any eleven men outside a lunatic asylum could wish to do anything so dull and unprofitable. The game of cricket is a game in which each side goes in twice and tries to make as many runs as possible. A game in which a crack team goes in and avoids making runs throughout a whole day, under a cloudless sky and on a perfect wicket, may be many things; but it is not cricket. As a spectator said, at the height of the intolerable tedium, "Ce n'est ni magnifique in la guerre."

If the effect of this match was detrimental to the cause of the championship, it was disastrous to cricket as a game. It deepened the impression that there are certain counties who will not accept defeat. It is, therefore, useless to go and watch them, because we know that if they are in a tight place there is nothing that they will not do rather than take a fair beating. None the less, excellent authorities have expressed great admiration for Yorkshire's "magnificent defence." It has been compared to Waterloo; a significant comparison! It is precisely because we look on a battlefield as a playground and a playground as a battlefield that our Army is an absurdity and our cricket degenerates into a trade. Clearly on a question of this kind nothing can be done except by all the captains deciding to put the game before the championship. There was no reason (taking even the lowest point of view—a pitiable thing when we are talking of first-class cricket) why on this

occasion Yorkshire should not have gone for a win. Derbyshire, in a match played at Chesterfield in the year 1905, nothing daunted by the huge score of 596 made against them, got Essex out for a trifle, went for the runs, and scored a glorious win. What one county can do, another can do.

"Petty sharping,"—such as dawdling out of the pavilion instead of coming out smartly on the fall of a wicket. fiddling with one's gloves, calling for the screen to be moved at a critical moment, wasting time in every possible way, in short —is easily dealt with. It has been publicly suggested that the captain ought to order such a player back to the pavilion. One can hardly imagine anything more painful and undignified. There is no need for a single word on the subject. The captain has only to draw his pen through the name of such a player when he is proposed at the next selection committee, and to repeat the process until the cricketing world is convinced of the sincerity of his disapproval.

We now come to the question of the growing professionalism of the game; and on this point a rule could easily be passed. When we see elevens turning out with two amateurs, or one amateur, and sometimes turning out without even one amateur, it is clear that professionalism has bitten deep into the game. What objection can there be to restricting the number of professionals to the larger half of the eleven? It cannot be a hardship to either party to allow not more than six professiouals in every team, leaving the county to provide at least five amateurs. A county that cannot turn out five amateurs is really not fit for first-class cricket. Yorkshire must be indulgent if Yorkshire cricket is once more cited: it is the penalty of eminence. Will any one maintain that that huge county cannot produce three more amateurs very nearly as good as those professionals now playing?

It is sincerely to be hoped that the premier county will see its way to bringing forward this rule, which would come with grace and authority from such a source. It may be urged that this would imperil the county's retention of the championship;

but that is no argument, because the whole object of the move is to deliver cricket from the tyranny of the championship. Besides, even the trifling weight which such an argument might possess with a sportsman disappears before the consideration that every other county would lie under the same disability to play all its professional talent, so that Yorkshire would probably retain its position, while its cricket would be far more interesting to watch. It is well to inquire who takes the initiative in founding a cricket club, or in working a county club up to first-class form—the professional element or the amateurs? Who arranges for the buildings, the ground, the plant; for that most difficult matter—the catering? Who takes all the risks and responsibilities? The professionals or the amateurs of the county? To ask the question is to answer it. We may as well at once admit that if we want to see cricket played in absolute perfection, we must see it played by two elevens each of which is composed of men who are playing for their living. But, then, do we want to see cricket raised or lowered to that level? To ask that question, too, is to answer it. The sixpenny crowd would unhesitatingly answer: No.

We now come to "appeals against the light," which have always been a most annoying way of wasting the time, and have pressed most unfairly on the bowlers. In the year 1906 the "appeal" was so monstrously abused as to produce a new rule of the M.C.C. to deal with the question. Before going into the details of the match it is well to record that a cricketer's memory is long, but not vindictive. He does not forget; but he does not remember with acrimony. Both the match against Surrey, to which reference will now be made, and the match against Yorkshire already discussed, produced a vast amount of bad feeling at the time; and it would be idle to pretend that they did not. But both events are already classic, and can be discussed with entire mental detachment.

On May 14, 1906, Surrey went in first at the Oval and scored 287. Essex followed; and, after a disastrous begin-

ning, rallied. In the end they put on 429, thus holding a handsome lead of 142. For the last hour the order had been, "Make runs or go." W. M. Turner hit out magnificently, and when the innings was over there was more than an hour left. That was exactly what Essex had been playing for—to get, perhaps, three wickets before close of play. The bell rang, the umpires went out, the Essex men took their places in the field, the Surrey batsmen came out to the wickets; but, before the first ball was bowled Surrey appealed against the light, the appeal was allowed, and the cricketers returned to the pavilion, It would be difficult to say whether the pavilion or the sixpenny crowd were the more angry and disgusted. The M.C.C. showed its appreciation of the case by producing (almost instantaneously, when we consider the habits of that deliberate body) the following rule, which is here quoted from memory: "The umpires may, if the captains disagree, decide that the light is too bad for play to continue." The exact wording of the rule is as follows:

THE BAD LIGHT QUESTION.—JUNE 6, 1906.

The following notice was issued yesterday at Lord's by the Committee of the M.C.C.: In consequence of play being so frequently suspended on appeals against the light, the following rule will now prevail: "The umpires may decide on appeal from the captains, they having disagreed, that there is not sufficient light for play."

The *Times* reviewed the match with much severity; remarking on the unfairness of robbing opponents of their victory by "legally decamping." It is impossible to say anything harsher, or more morally justifiable.

Here, then, is a case—a flagrant case—of subordinating the game to the championship; and public opinion—expert and amateur—was unanimous, and loud in its condemnation. Of course, if it were not for a county trembling for its position in the championship, or a batsman trembling for his average, these tactics would find no place in first-class cricket. But, being there, the question is how to eliminate them? It is

submitted that the new rule is inadequate. To begin with, it is not fair to throw the burden of responsibility on the umpires. Umpires, as a rule, are poor men, whose fees for umpiring form a substantial contribution to their incomes. They cannot afford to risk a black mark against their name at Lord's; it is too much to ask of human nature that they should order a crack county to go in when Fortune has declared against them. Who, then, ought to decide? The sixpenny crowd says "The Captains." So that the rule they want would run as follows: "In the case of an appeal against the light, the game shall go on unless the captains agree that the light is too bad to play." The sixpenny crowd not being a great, or even a coherent, authority, it is important to note that this rule was advocated by Mr. Bosanquet in the *Pall Mall Gazette.*

Clearly the appeal must be made by signal from the pavilion—say by lowering the flag twice. The rule would be reduced to a nullity if the captain of the batting team were allowed to stop the play while he conferred with the Captain of the team in the field. He might make such an appeal every five minutes, which would be as effective as stopping the game altogether.

It will be said that the captains will never agree. They will do so in all genuine cases. Such are, for example, days when a "sea-roke," as they call it in Yorkshire, drifts over the ground at Brighton, making it as hard for the bowler to see the wicket as it is for the batsman to see the ball. Similar conditions may prevail once in a season on every county ground; and unless the light is as bad for the bowler as it is for the bat there is no reason for stopping play. For (it cannot be too often or too strongly urged) a poor light is the bowler's chance. There are days (as a great batsman once observed) when the ball looks as large as a plum pudding: it is impossible to get out. In these circumstances bowlers are expected to be good humoured and persevering while, for hour after hour, they are being knocked all over the field; and yet when their turn comes, when the sky is no longer clear, the

light has grown tricky, and there are good chances from badly-timed strokes, they are to be baulked of their opportunity because the batsmen are afraid that they may get out. But that is precisely what the bowlers want them to do. As at present worked the rule about the light is too often nothing but a most unfair handicap on the bowling.

Just as a bad light is the bowler's chance, so a bad ball is the batsman's chance. Yet bowlers are allowed as many trial balls as they like, and often take six or seven. Why should not the batting side have the chance of scoring off a loose ball? Quite apart from the unfairness of allowing the bowler to practise while the batsman is not allowed to do so, there is the question of time. Let any observer of the game count the minutes lost in this way; he will find that on a three-days' match they amount to enough time to decide many a close match that is now drawn.

A plucky attempt to abolish the drawn match—that exasperating event—was made in 1906. It was proposed to abandon the present rather complicated system of decimal scoring, and to count one for a win on the first innings and three for a win on both innings. Dozens of instances of the advantageous working of this rule will occur to every observer of the game. Take the Yorkshire match above referred to. Essex deserved one point for scoring 532 against the champion team, and then getting them out for 98. Then comes the question should Yorkshire play for safety? or go for the brilliant thing? If they played for safety the game is no worse off than it was; if they went for the win on the whole match we should have seen a day of magnificent cricket instead of the dreary play that we actually saw. If Yorkshire recovered their form (as why should they not?) Essex would have lost the point gained on the first innings and Yorkshire would have counted three. If Essex retained the upper hand they deserved three instead of one for holding their own so long.

The proposal was very well received, considering that it was brought up for the first time. It is believed that the

more it is examined the more useful it will be seen to be. To sum up, that large section of the cricketing public, known as the sixpenny crowd, want to see—

(i) The drawn game abolished.

(ii) The amateur element safeguarded by a rule restricting the number of professionals playing to a maximum of the bare majority of the team—six out of eleven.

iii) The trial balls abolished.

(iv) The question of "appeals for light" taken out of the hands of umpires and placed with the captains.

They like the championship and the publication of their favourites' bowling and batting averages; but, above all, they like the game, and they want to see its interests considered before everything else—the championship included.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA,
July 12, 1906.

THE MUTINY AT VELLORE

(JULY 1806)

[Exactly one hundred years ago, and almost exactly fifty years before the appalling mutiny which shook the British rule in India to its very foundations, a mutiny and massacre on a smaller scale occurred at Vellore, then a fortified town situated about eighty-eight miles to the west of Madras. After the conquest of Seringapatam in 1799, the whole of Tippoo Saib's family, twelve sons and eight daughters, were removed by the British to Vellore, which was fitted up for their residence, and a liberal allowance was made for their support. On July 10, 1806, a revolt and massacre took place in the town, in which some of the family of Tippoo were active participators. The causes which led to this mutiny, and the circumstances of it, are narrated in the following letter, which was written from Madras in September 1806 by a lady whose husband occupied a high position, and from which it will be gathered that the outbreak at Vellore was not an isolated attempt, but was intended to be followed up by others, the consequences of which might have been far more serious.]

MY DEAR HETTY,—I presume that you will have had in the newspapers, before you receive this, some account of the insurrection at Vellore; but, as our Government here were in no hurry to communicate an affair likely to do them so little credit, I expect that you will have had accounts by the way of France, either from the Isle of France or from Tranquebar, long before any account reaches you regularly; and as those accounts will doubtless be exaggerated by the French, I should not be surprised if you were told that we were all murdered, as I believe, indeed, it was intended we should be.

This unhappy affair seems to have arisen entirely from the obstinacy and arrogance of the Commander-in-chief and the people belonging to him; but as his doings were not controlled by the Government, who had the power to control him and ought to have exercised it, they seem altogether equally blameable. The old officers of the Company, by long residence in this country, became well acquainted with the habits and customs of the natives; they kept them in a state of strict discipline, but they never ventured to thwart their prejudices of any kind, above all they regarded those of a religious nature, amongst which must be classed their dress, in some parts, their marks and the cutting of their hair and whiskers, with many other particulars which may appear matters of mere indifference to an enlightened European. Their customs differ in every caste, and distinguish them from each other. These trifling forms, which they daily observe, constitute the religion of the Hindoos. A few of the Brahmins excepted, they know no other. When they go to the temples, it is only to look at the image or to celebrate some festival, and all they have to do is to follow the procession when the image is carried out. But the marks on their foreheads are considered by them as most sacred, and their whiskers are only cut as a mark of mourning for the death of a parent. The Muslemans have not these marks on the foreheads; but their whiskers are equally sacred, and to say to any one, "I will cut your whiskers," or to offer to touch them, is an affront of the most unpardonable kind. Now the regiments of Sepoys are composed of a mixture of Hindoos and Muslemans; and hitherto they had been most faithful to their leaders, they never have shown any inclination to rebel upon account of severities exercised on their persons, nor have they turned their backs on the battle. A few Europeans led them on, and they have ever shown great bravery in following them. But some of the gentlemen who have lately come out have been quite above regarding their religious prejudices, and the present Commander-in-chief issued orders that the Sepoys should wear no marks

on their foreheads, and should appear closely shaven. The Sepoys were terrified at these orders, and the Muslemans in the palace with Tippoo's sons, and doubtless many others who must bear our yoke with great impatience, took advantage of this alarm and persuaded the Sepoys that we were going to make them lose their castes, and, having thus made them pariahs, to force them all to become Christians. But this was not all; they have a violent dislike to anything made of leather (I mean the Hindoos have), and neat's leather is absolute pollution. The Brahmins when they wear anything on the feet have a wooden sole or patten fastened on by means of a stud, which passes between the great toe and the next to it : how they contrive to walk with them I know not; but they would not endure a strap of leather, and the people of the other castes or some Brahmins engaged in business with Europeans who have got rid of their prejudices so far as to wear the ornamented shoes made in the fashion of the shoes of the Muslemans, leave them on the outside of their houses and wash their feet before they enter. Any person who uses leather in his trade is infamons —the shoemakers are the lowest outcasts, below the pariahs far: they make harness for horses, &c., and they burn the dead and are the executioners. They live nowhere near the other people, they eat cattle and horses which have died, and frequently die themselves in great numbers by so doing. The Sepoys have from time to time been brought, without orders strictly for the purpose, to wear leather belts, and various straps, &c., necessary to their uniform. This has been brought about by the native officers, who have great power with the Sepoys, and act under the English officers. They love finery, and are certainly more fond of imitating us than is generally believed; they now copy us in all they consistently can, as they heretofore copied the Muslemans their former masters, but all this has been done without threat or force. They have even gone so far in their civilities and their desire to look regular, and like the British troops, as to come to the parades without the marks on their foreheads; but then as soon as they go home

they make their supplications, that is, repeat certain collects which they are taught; and in order to which they must first wash and put on their marks—thus at home for the sake of religion they appeared in their proper dress, and were well satisfied to forbear their customs when on duty. But these late unnecessary orders led them to fear that they were to be wholly prevented from putting on their marks, and thus be mingled together with sects bearing, like other religious sects, mutual hatred to each other; nay that, worse than that, they should appear like pariahs, the utmost evil they know and dread. I am told by those whom I can trust that no order was ever before issued for this compliance, nor was it thought heretofore prudent to venture upon giving one. Some time ago a native Sepoy would sooner have been cut down than wear his drawers more than, or so far as, halfway down the thigh, for drawers and breeches or any clothes made up by tailors are what they dislike—their clothes are worn as they come from the loom—and what we use as a pocket-handkerchief either checked or blue, the Pullicat handkerchief generally, fastened by a string round the waist, is all the dress of the ordinary natives (even though of good caste) when they are at work. By degrees they have made their drawers to approach nearer to the knee, and some of the regiments have got them below like pantaloons; but this has all been done by hair-breadth advances. You perhaps do not know that they wear no shoes or stockings. I have now been so long in the country that I have forgotten what struck me at first, but you would, I daresay, think it odd enough to see a field full of fine troops, elegantly dressed in all other respects, but bare-footed. I used to think as I saw them in the ranks that they had black shoes and gaiters. Formerly the colonel of every regiment dressed his own corps, and as he knew from what districts they were raised he understood the humour that prevailed among them, and acted accordingly. But Sir John Craddock, who last came out as Commander-in-chief, and who is the weakest man, I think, that ever I spoke to, and as arrogant as weak, took it into his head to dress all

the regiments himself and to dress them all alike. Colonel Agnew, the adjutant-general, is next to the general, and next below him (deputy-adjutant) a Captain Pearce; who he is I do not know, for I never saw him; but for these last two years have heard much of him, and from all I can find he is a young man whose friends have mistaken his talents and made him an officer instead of a tailor, in which latter department he might have made a great fortune, for he invents all sorts of new lappels and ornaments, caps, &c. As those above him adopted his fancies, the Sepoys have had innumerable changes in their dresses and caps; unfortunately, the Sepoys pay for these new whims out of their own pay, and they have been so expensive that some of the regiments have been reduced to half their allowance by means of these abatements, and have been a good deal chagrined by it. The last unfortunate invention was a new cap of leather raised very high. The troops upon first sight of these caps objected to wearing them, first as being of leather, which they liked not to wear on their heads, but chiefly on account of the shape, which they said was exactly like that of a drummer's; and, as the drummers are pariahs, they were induced to believe that the putting on these caps was the first step towards overturning all their ancient religious practices. The imprisoned sons of Tippoo and their adherents, who are allowed a great sum annually, availed themselves of this ferment to bribe and to persuade the Sepoys to rebellion; but it was naturally to be expected that such persons would exert all their force to regain their former power, and such an opportunity ought not to have been given them. The officers of the regiments who delivered out these caps were in some cases hissed at and hooted by the troops, an expression of resentment which was quite new and unexpected; but, if the caps had been wisely suppressed and a few of the worst of the men punished, the affair might have ended. The commanders, however, did no such thing, they insisted upon it that the caps should be sent to all the regiments. They were accordingly taken to another set, who one

and all took them off their heads and trampled on them. Nine of the ringleaders, as they were called, were brought down to Madras and here passed publicly through the streets in irons, destined to receive the most dreadful military punishment; but as the commanders began to perceive that they were somewhat unlucky in their designs, and being unwilling at the same time to avow their mistake, they did, I think, the worst thing they could do—they ordered the offending regiment to march down and put them on duty in the Fort (to keep guard as they do about the Tower or St. James' Park). There they appeared all day in every part without their caps and with red handkerchiefs round their heads—this was designed as a means of mortifying them; but I fear that on the contrary it was the means of creating in their minds a horrible disgust to us, and of laying them open to the suggestions of those who are our enemies. A thousand Hindoos pass every gateway of the Fort for one European. All these men are bound by the same prejudices as the Sepoys are, indeed they are one and the same people, brothers, fathers, it may be—and their firmness in rejecting these badges would be to them matter of triumph rather than of regret. Here, however, they remained for a long time—but meanwhile their accumulated grievances, some real some fancied, by stirring them up to fury produced the horrible affair at Vellore, of which you will have doubtless heard too much before you read this account of its rise. The fate of the regiment doing duty in this disgraceful manner at Madras, and the nine men in irons awaiting a most severe punishment, was made use of by the sons of Tippoo, who have been kept prisoners in the Palace at Vellore since the taking of Seringapatam, and served to ripen a design that had been long formed. A conspiracy was formed by the Sepoys to murder all the Europeans and take possession of that Fort. One of the Sepoys gave information of this conspiracy to some of the officers, but they were so over-confident as to distrust the information. They called a few of the native officers up and inquired of them into the truth of the affair; but they, as was natural,

denied it; the informer told the officers that it was denied by the native officers because they were themselves concerned in it—and they in return said that the poor man was mad. Their words by some infatuation were trusted, and no precautions were taken. On the night of July 9, after the officers and everybody had retired to rest, a dreadful howling was heard, and this was followed by firing in all directions. Some of the officers rose and went out, others in despair hid themselves, and the women and children ran across the places, whilst the shots were flying in all directions. Colonel Fancourt, a mild, religious and worthy man who commanded, was covered with wounds and died; two other officers, merely by accident passing through the town, were shot through twenty times over in their palanquins; the paymaster, and in short all the Englishmen that could be found, were killed; two young officers were shot in a bath where they had concealed themselves. They fired into the barracks where the English soldiers (the 69th) were asleep, and in short spent the whole night in murder and plunder. They took down the British flag and hoisted the Musleman's flag, which was flying till nine in the morning; but meanwhile the English officers had contrived to send a messenger to Colonel Gillespie, who fortunately came with extraordinary speed to the assistance of those who remained alive, the chief of whom were a company of the 69th, who had taken possession of a place over one of the gateways, and kept possession of it by extraordinary exertions. They were firing their last charges when Colonel Gillespie appeared—they drew him up, the gates were opened, and all the insurgents put to the sword; at least 600 Sepoys were instantly killed, some officers are said to have cut down twenty or thirty with their own hands. It was a dreadful slaughter, and none were spared. In such a desperate case, perhaps, nothing else could be done, the British flag was replaced, and a stop put to the proceedings; but the plan was formed with a design to murder the Europeans here and in every station hereabouts.

Two days after an attempt of the same kind was made at Hydrabad, a place many days' journey distant, and in several places the symptoms of rebellion appeared at the same time; and, indeed, it is said that the plan was long ago formed. The affair at Hydrabad was put a stop to by the howling of the women, who, when their husbands rose in the night to perpetrate their designs under an idea that the Europeans would finally prevail, raised such hideous yells as alarmed the garrison and prevented them. Some time afterwards they made a second attempt, and upon a signal a whole company took off their leather stocks and trod them under their feet; the next company were proceeding to do the same when the spirited conduct of Captain Smithies, a young officer, so intimidated them that they took up their stocks again; but upon retiring from the parade so far recovered their ill-humour as to hoot and hiss.[1] A committee was sent from hence to Vellore to inquire into the particulars of the affair there. You will probably see their report sooner than we shall; for, though we are so near, and though many people are terrified to a great degree by their apprehensions of danger, no particulars are made public; all we hear is the private accounts of people who were present and have escaped, but all that can be suppressed is. For, indeed,

[1] Captain Smithies' own account of the incident was as follows: "Things wore a suspicious appearance on the 26th, when the 15th Regiment were at parade; the 1st Battalion of them took their stocks off and threw them on the ground, in defiance of discipline and every other consideration. I observed a man of the Grenadier Company of the 2nd Battalion seize his stock, evidently to induce the remainder to follow his example. I instantly stepped out of the ranks and seized him, which had such an instantaneous effect that no other man in the corps pulled off his stock. The 1st Battalion, seeing they were not followed by the 2nd Battalion (such cowards are mutineers), immediately buckled on their stocks again, and the regiment was peaceably dismissed for the evening. As I was retiring to my house I was hooted and insulted by the Grenadier Company of the 2nd Battalion, who would not quit their arms, and something serious was expected to happen. If anything does happen they vow to be revenged upon me; however, I have the consolation to know I am well armed, and should be able to shoot two or three probably before they could force me to retire."

well may the rulers be ashamed of inciting by ignorance and idle arrogance so horrid a massacre—and one, too, of so mischievous a nature that years may not do away the consequences of it. Hitherto, every officer, with a handful of Europeans, led an army of Sepoys with confidence. These Sepoys have now learned to turn their arms upon their commanders, and by so doing, though a few have been sacrificed, the rest have obtained redress of their grievances; the melancholy state of things was such that all sorts of concessions have been made to the Sepoys. One of the sons of Tippoo alone appears to have been implicated in this attempt; however, they now no longer inhabit the magnificent palace at Vellore, they were all brought down, to the number of thirteen, and a few of their chief women, and put on board a ship prepared for the purpose about a week ago, and I suppose are now in Bengal, there to be kept at a less expense and in a stricter state of confinement. Their wives, the Begums, the children, a numerous train, are to proceed to Bengal by land, and the palace at Vellore is to be applied to some other purpose, as a college, &c. Nothing could exceed the timidity of the Governor during this affair—he is said to have ridden round his garden for exercise, being afraid to venture into the roads, and all concerned are trying to shift the blame from one to another. I cannot guess who will appear to be the culprit when the accounts reach you! The lowest will be likely to bear the burden of blame. The Commander-in-chief blames Colonel Agnew, he blames Captain Pearce; the Commander-in-chief says he did read the orders, he is contradicted; a censure has been published in the orders of the native officers. It is said that they ought to have come forward and have communicated to Government the dissatisfaction of the troops about the shaving and the caps. Now nothing can be more unjust than this, for how could they think of coming formally forward to communicate a thing so well known? They would have been punished if they had, and the answer would have been, "We know it, we are putting a whole regiment to public scorn by making them

do duty without caps and we have nine men in irons." M—— has got a copy of poor Mrs. Fancourt's narrative which she wrote after she had recovered herself, but she was for a fortnight in a state of stupor. She is a very quiet, innocent woman. She was some time concealed with her children under a bed and afterwards in a stable. As she and some other ladies and children were missing for some time, the first accounts we received stated that they had been killed. The unhappy Sepoys, however, furious as they were, killed no woman. They met the wife of an officer in the dark flying with her child in her arms; they were firing; but the first who saw her distinctly cried out, "It is a woman, don't touch her," and on going near her and perceiving her terror and weakness, he took her to an out-house in a retired part, and sent his wife to nurse her child for her. Is it not extraordinary to think of such tenderness in the midst of fury? and is it not a pity that a being with such a heart could not (however he had been misled) have been spared from the general slaughter that followed? One child alone they killed. It was a dreadful murder, a murder intended as a piece of revenge; and unhappily the revenge fell by mistake on the wrong person, if indeed any parents could have deserved such a dreadful calamity. To this affair hangs a story. A young officer, with the carelessness too common with young men in India, was amusing himself with shooting, and not perceiving anything around him but black men and trees he did not take great pains to call out, and shot an infant belonging to a wedded pair. He was seized, however, or at least so noticed as to be complained of to the regiment; but, as the military men here are extremely averse to all judicial proceedings, instead of sending the officer down to take a public trial they first held, what I am told they had no right to do, a court-martial, to ascertain whether or not he ought to be sent before a grand jury, and decided that he ought not, as he did not shoot with a design to kill the child. The parents of the child, however, were much dissatisfied with this easy way of dis-

missing a man whom they considered as the murderer of their child. I do not know the name of this officer; but in the darkness of the night at this fatal time the parent of this infant met a young man, a Lieutenant Ely and his wife, with her child in her arms, and mistaking him for the young officer who had shot his child he killed him before his wife's face, and then taking the child from her arms shot it crying, "blood for blood." Mrs. Fancourt is a daughter of a Mr. Farrer, an attorney, perhaps you may remember the name of Farrer in large letters at the high house in Lincoln's Inn Fields at the corner of Queen Street—poor woman she picked up a ball that was shot into the room whilst she with her children and the maids were concealed under a bed—it came close to her.

MRS. FANCOURT'S NARRATIVE

Wednesday Evening, *July* 9, 1806.

Colonel Fancourt and myself retired to rest at ten o'clock. About the hour of two on Thursday morning we were both awakened at the same instant with a loud firing. We both got out of bed, and Colonel F. went to the window of his writing-room, which he opened, and called aloud, and repeatedly, to know the cause of the disturbance, to which he received no reply, but by a rapid continuation of the firing by numberless Sepoys assembled at the Main Guard.

Colonel Fancourt then went downstairs, and about five minutes after returned to his writing-room, and requested me to bring him a light instantly. I did so, and placed it on the table: he then sat down to write, and I shut the open window from which he had spoken to the Sepoys, fearing some shot might be directed at him as he sat, for they were then firing in all directions from the Main Guard. I looked at my husband, and saw him pale as ashes. I said: "Good God! what is the matter, my dear St. John?" to which he replied: "Go into your room, Amelia." I did so, for I saw his mind so agitated,

I did not think it proper to repeat my question at that moment. I heard him two minutes after leave the writing-room and go out of the house. Between three and four o'clock I believe the firing at the Main Guard ceased and the drum beat, which I afterwards found was owing to my husband's exertions to quiet the Sepoys. I heard no more firing for some time. It then began again at the European barracks. After my husband left the house I hear he returned again, though I imagine but for a moment; I certainly heard the door of his writing-room tried very soon after the firing had ceased at the Main Guard, but having, after he quitted me, bolted the door, if it was him, he could not enter. When I heard the door attempted, I called out, "Is it you, St. John?" to which I received no answer, but if it was him he quitted the house immediately. I bolted all the doors in my room and brought my children into it; I fell on my knees and fervently prayed that Colonel F.'s endeavours to restore peace to the garrison might be crowned with success and his life spared through the mercy of God. I dressed, and twice cautiously opened the hall door, and felt my way to the lower end of it to look where they were firing most; I perceived it was chiefly directed towards the European barracks. The last time I ventured from my room, between the hours of four and five, as I stood at the lower door of the hall, which was quite open to the verandah, a figure approached me; it was so dark I could only see the red coat by the light of the firing at the barracks. I was dreadfully frightened, expecting to be murdered, and, having left the children in my bedroom, dreaded their last hour was come. I had, however, courage to ask who was there; the answer I received was: "Madam, I am an officer." I then said: "Who are you?" to which the gentleman replied: "I am an officer of the Main Guard." I inquired what was the matter. He said it was a mutiny; that every European had already been murdered on guard but himself, and that we should all be murdered. I made no reply, but walked away to my room where my babes and female servants were. The officer went out of the opposite

door of the hall, where we had spoken together, and never got downstairs alive, for he was butchered most cruelly in Colonel Fancourt's dressing-room. I have since heard his name, Lieut. O'Reilly, of the 1st Battalion 1st N. Regiment.

When I had this conversation with the above-mentioned officer, I began to think it unsafe to quit my room again. As soon as daylight appeared I went into Colonel Fancourt's writing-room, and looked through the venetian on the parade. I saw some soldiers of the 69th lying dead, four Sepoys were at that moment on the watch at Colonel Marriott's door, and several issuing from the gates of the palace. The latter were not firing; indeed, I think they were unarmed, and making a great noise. They were at this time firing on the ramparts, and apparently in all parts of the fort; at least, I heard firing in many different directions, though at the main guard and barracks all seemed quiet. They were then employed in ransacking the houses, intent upon murder and plunder. I at this moment gave up all for lost; I opened my dressing-table drawer and took out my husband's miniature, which I tied on and hid under my habit shirt, determined to lose *that* but in death. I had secured his watch some time before to ascertain the hour. I had hardly secured this much-valued resemblance of my husband before I heard a loud noise in the hall adjoining my bedroom. I moved softly to the door, and looking through the key-hole discovered two Sepoys knocking a chest of drawers to pieces. I was struck with horror, knowing their next visit would be to my apartment. My children and three female servants were at this time lying on the mat just before a door, which opened into the back verandah, and which, at the commencement of the mutiny, seemed the safest place. As shots were fired at the windows, we were obliged to remove as far as possible from them. I whispered my ayah that the Sepoys were in the hall, and told her to move from the door. She took the children under my bed, and begged me to go there also. I had no time to reply, for the door we had just left was at that instant burst open. I got under the bed, and

was no sooner there than several shots were fired into the room; but, although the door was open, nobody entered. I took up a ball which fell close to me under the bed; the children were screaming with terror at the firing, and I expected our last hour was come; but willing to make one effort to save my babes, I got from my hiding-place and fled into a small adjoining room by the back staircase. I opened the window, from which I only saw two horsekeepers. I returned instantly to my bedroom, and desiring the ammah to take my little baby in her arms, I took Charles St. John in my own, and opening the door of the back stairs, ran down as quickly as possible. When we got to the bottom, we found several Sepoys on guard at the back of the house. I showed them my babes, and told my ayah to inform them they might take all we had if they would spare our lives. One of them desired us to sit down in the stable with the horses; another looked very surly, but did not prevent our going there. Whilst we stayed in the stable I told my ayah I had my husband's watch, and requested she would hide it for me; she dug up some earth with her fingers, and threw it over the watch, and put two or three broken chatties upon it. We had not been seated five minutes before we were ordered away by a third Sepoy; he told us to go into the fowl-house, which had a bamboo front to it, and in consequence we were quite exposed to view, till the same man brought us an old mat which we made use of, by placing it before the door to hide ourselves; and afterwards the same Sepoy brought my little boy half a loaf of bread, to satisfy his hunger. Here I suppose I sat about three hours, in the greatest agony of mind, endeavouring to quiet my dear Charles, whom I found it very difficult to pacify, he was so alarmed by the constant firing, and cried sadly to go out several times. I saw the Sepoys from my concealment taking out immense loads of our goods on their backs, tied up in table cloths and sheets. They all went by way of the Ramparts, which made me fear they had still possession of the works. I know not how I was sup-

ported. Through the mercy of Providence I fainted not, I kept my senses through all the horrors of the night and morning. What I most dreaded to hear was of my husband's murder, and I really believe I should have braved death and searched for him on the Parade, had not the situation of my babes withheld me from the rash attempt. The dread of having them murdered in my absence, or leaving them wretched orphans, made me remain in this place of concealment. I hoped for the arrival of the 19th Dragoons from Arcot. The few lines Colonel Fancourt wrote in his room I thought most probably were intended to be sent express to Colonel Gillespie (who was that morning coming to spend a few days with us) but whether Colonel Fancourt had the means of sending off his despatch or not, I was quite ignorant. Still, however, I thought the news must reach Colonel Gillespie on the road by some means or other, and hearing a tremendous firing at the gates, strengthened my hopes that the regiment was arrived. Our house appeared at this time quite deserted by the Sepoys, but suddenly several of them rushed into the compound, and called out, as my ayah said, to find and murder me. She requested me to go in to the farthest corner of the fowl-house, which I did, taking Charles with me, and covering him with my gown. I had much difficulty to keep him quiet; he screamed so, every instant I expected we should all be murdered, but the firing at the gates became now so strong, they were obliged to fly to it, and once more vacated the house, by which means we escaped death. I was so thirsty as several times to drink dirty water out of a dirty chatty and gave the same to my dear Charles also. At last I heard distinctly the horse of the 19th on the drawbridge, and the huzzah repeated aloud. Then I hoped everything, and presently after heard them enter the Fort. An officer rode in and called for me by name, but I could not answer or move again. I heard my name repeated and saw an officer in a red jacket, who I thought looked like my husband. I sprang forward to meet him, it was Mr. McLean. I called for my husband, he told me he was alive.

Colonel Gillespie and Mrs. McLean then joined us, and both gave me the same assurance. They took me upstairs, and placed me in a chair, giving me wine and water to drink. When the agitation of mind was a little calmed, they told me Colonel Fancourt was wounded, though not dangerously, and that he must be kept quiet. About an hour after I was told by the surgeon of the 19th my husband was in danger, but that worse wounds had been cured, they were flesh wounds, and the balls had not lodged. Hope still made me think he would recover, I would not even ask to see him, thinking the sight of me would agitate him too much.

Alas! I found, too late, there was no hope of him from the first, for he breathed his last about four o'clock the same evening. Thank God! he died easily; his death was happy, I am fully satisfied, for he lived religiously, and met his death in the faithful discharge of his duty.

July 24, 1806.

CLERICAL FEELING IN FRENCH CANADA

THERE is sometimes in the history of a country a supreme phase, a climax, after which public interest flags, and the account of subsequent events ceases to obtain from the world at large any serious and sustained attention. From this misfortune the history of Canada has not, it must be owned, wholly escaped.

The Dominion of Canada, once the scene of picturesque old legends and of soul-stirring adventure, the country of ode and epic, offers us now another kind of poem—a poem which, by virtue of the gigantic sweeps of its horizons, is a fine one, but still it is a poem *didactique*.

Homer sang the "Iliad"; then came Hesiod, who described "Works and Days." So Canada, once the battle-ground of two great nations, has become the granary of England and the home of peaceful European emigrants, descendants of those same two nations, who, in these latter days, seem about to clasp hands in honest friendship.

Thus it is that the chronicles of Canada, in losing their poignant and terrible characteristics, have also lost their charm for the majority who believe the motto, "Happy nations have no history." As the inevitable outcome of the accepted but erroneous ideas on Canada a certain indifference towards Canadian history has finally led to a species of friendly con-

tempt towards its inhabitants. It is always the case that, in proportion to the lack of interest shown in certain events, is the esteem in which are held the men concerned in those events. Then the argument continues its course in the contrary direction.

I do not think I am wrong in stating it as a fact that during many years England showed but scant consideration towards her British subjects in Canada; and this consideration was still more lacking towards those Frenchmen who, with the English, form within the British Empire the nation of Canada.

The fate of the French-Canadians is almost remarkable. As yet they have succeeded neither in winning the complete sympathy and interest of the country which has taken them under her protection, nor in arousing the attention of the nation to which they owe their origin. If, indeed, England looks upon them only as rough farmers, honest and homely, it is true, but incapable of much progress, France concerns herself even less about them. Only a few years ago their existence was either entirely forgotten in France, or else they were believed to be living almost as savages.

They have never been savages, but it cannot be denied that their manners and appearance remain those of uncultured peasants. It would hardly become France to complain of that; for it was France who, after the English conquest, abandoned her children with a light heart, and it was her officers and gentlemen who deserted the devoted Colonies in favour of the attractions of the less austere French Court. Perhaps even the English may have cause to say, "Mea culpa," too, for, as far as we know, they have neither made any attempt thoroughly to investigate the cause of this intellectual inferiority, nor have they sought to remedy it. It is difficult to justify such indifference on the part of either England or France. The study of the history of the French-Canadian people offers much of interest from more than one point of view, for the French-Canadians have a grasp of

constitutional matters, they have a faculty for the discussion of public affairs, and they are capable of material and far-reaching reform.

However, Canada suffers less from being unknown than from being misunderstood.

None seemed better qualified than the French to produce an honest and trustworthy account of French Canada, but the subject has not been approached from an honest and trustworthy point of view, and we make no secret as to the reason. Such impressions of Canada as have been gained by French travellers have all been inspired by preconceived ideas or biased motives. To those for whom everything is tinged with Chauvinism the proverbial attitude of the ostrich is attractive, and they cry "I have seen," though all the while they have resolutely buried their heads in the sand. Bombastic books and pamphlets, which describe with the utmost enthusiasm the "love cherished for France by the Canadians," the "fervent wish felt by the Canadians again to become French," are brought back to us from Canada. Such talk is sickly sentimentality. Too strongly to condemn such imaginary patriotism is impossible; to misrepresent patent facts for the mere pleasure of doing so is wholly indefensible. Whatever her future may be, French Canada will never again be for France, and her definite intention to that effect is clear. To study the country with an open and unbiased mind will convince us of the truth of this statement.

Perhaps it would be as well to touch, in passing, on the various writers whose outlook in Canada seems bounded by external features alone. The pretentious example of M. Paul Bourget has been followed by men who evidently believe that the outward appearance of Canada represents its inner spirit, and who overwhelm us with a mass of trite and diffuse description, for the most part very indifferently written, and stories such as the "Guignolée" are inflicted upon us until we are sick of them. These stories may originally have had the merit of being picturesque, but they fail to give us the

least real insight into Canada. Some writers, on the other hand, concern themselves only with purely economic questions, which are doubtless of importance, but, being an effect rather than a cause, they do not explain Canada as a whole.

At last to the Land of Snows came some Frenchmen who both knew what to look for and what to avoid; they were men who prized silence highly, and who were scrupulously careful to hide from their readers all that they had discovered in Canada. During the last two or three years they have granted to certain of their countrymen the privilege of letting fall on the public, ray by ray, a little of the light which shone upon those pioneers during their brief sojourn in Canada. None of the light should now be kept back, and it must be realised that, unless a study is made of the clerical question, it is useless to hope to understand French Canada. It is this question which holds the soul of Canada in an iron grip. Facts alone need be taken into consideration here, and these facts are not merely of historical and speculative interest—they belong to the order of things which are eminently practical and instructive. The clerical question comes home to every nation, to France as well as to England; but it is of vital importance to England, who owes it to herself not to remain in ignorance of the very significant facts which are occurring at this moment in one of her finest Colonies.

Ever since 1760, when the articles of capitulation were presented by M. de Vaudreuil to General Amherst, the trace of the *congréganists* is clearly indicated by the amount of attention bestowed on clerical affairs. At that date, the Jesuits already held the province of Quebec as their undisputed domain, and the secular clergy were wholly infected by their ultramontane spirit. When Père Bréboeuf and various other Jesuits landed on the Canadian coast on June 19, 1625, they brought with them the very essence of Romanism itself, and at no time did the traditions of the Gallican Church carry any weight in Canada. By summoning the Jesuits to Canada, the Order of St. Francis gave them an opportunity of estab-

lishing themselves in the country, and this they proceeded to do in the most diplomatic manner. They began by securing for themselves the *rôle* of heroism and martyrdom; and then wasted no time in gaining property, privileges, and finally every form of influence. For a time, perhaps, they may have found the results of the English conquest rather disturbing, for the Government forced them to leave the country, but they had for consolation both the hope of a speedy return, and the knowledge that they left behind them a clergy wholly impregnated with their mode of thought; and still less did the clergy regret English dominion, for they realised to what extent the influence of the French philosophers and the encyclopedists was imperilling the Church of France, and they foresaw evil days ahead.[1]

There is no reason at all to doubt that the clerics hoped to obtain from the British Government a still greater liberty and a wider sphere of action than they had possessed under the former *régime*. The British Government showed its statesmanship by making use of every expedient that could tend to conciliation, and though it imposed certain restrictions upon Catholics, it left them as unfettered as possible. Thus did the protestant King of England uphold the authority of the Catholic Church, which swayed the hearts of sixty thousand Canadians. When the transfer of the Colonies was effected, the Canadian ecclesiastics hastened to make their allegiance to the British Crown, and at the time of the American invasions in 1775 and in 1812, they gave ample proof of their loyalty;[2] and, says a Canadian writer, "the zeal displayed by the two bishops, Briand and Plessis, in their efforts to maintain the confidence of the Government was only equalled by their endeavours to win concessions from their rulers."[3] It is

[1] "The supreme benefit conferred upon us by the Heart of Jesus was that it dragged us out of the arms of the Mother-country in time to save us from the fatal effects of the Revolution." ("The National Flag," a Canadian pamphlet, 1904.)

[2] "History of the Seigneurie of Lauzun." By J. Edmond Roy, vol. ii.

[3] "The Canadian Clergy: Their Mission and Work." By L. O. David, Montreal.

difficult to deny that the priests have, so to speak, pressed the advantages of loyalty on the French-Canadians, whose own immediate interests have been confused with the permanent interests of the clergy. The clergy, and this is the gist of the whole matter, have, under the British dominion, not only kept all their former liberty, but they have acquired still greater advantages than they had hitherto possessed.

They are, even in these days, abundantly profiting by all that was won for them at the time of the conquest. If their numbers, during the first thirty years of the British rule, did not increase very perceptibly, it was owing to the attitude of the Government, which forbade recruiting for the Canadian Church abroad; but in 1793, when the veto was removed, the numerical forces of the priests, swelled by a large and steady influx of French ecclesiastics,[1] grew with rapidity, and this influx, far from having ceased, is even now on the increase. It is interesting to observe the powers of adaptability shown by priests and *congréganists*, who, in France, are the avowed enemies of England and of the *Entente Cordiale*, but who can yet so easily transport themselves and all that they value to the monasteries and livings of a British colony. Such contradictions are very human. The majority of the Canadian priesthood was therefore composed of Canadians and Frenchmen, and of Frenchmen who could not, as a rule, lay claim to much intellectual distinction. They were mostly the residue from the seminaries, and, with a very few exceptions, they were possessed by a hatred of all spiritual independence; French ultramontanism brought reinforcements to Canadian ultramontanism. Congregations simply swarmed, and in 1840 the Jesuits founded their College at Montreal. The list of congregations of men which have been established in Canada is in itself significant. There are, at this present moment, to be found members of the Order of St. Sulplice, Jesuits, Brothers of the Order of St. Viator, Maristes, Domini-

[1] I do not mention the Irish clergy, as this article only refers to the French-Canadians.

cans, Fathers of Christian schools, Oblate Fathers, Fathers of the Immaculate Virgin, Fathers of the Holy Sacrament, Franciscans, Brothers of the Order of St. Gabriel, and of St. Ploermel, Trappists, Redemptionists, Brothers of *le Sacré Cœur du Paradis*, of the *Congrégation de Marie*, *Chanoines réguliers de l'Immaculée Conception*, *Basiliens*, *Eudistes*, &c.

Who can wonder that they all flock to Canada? The Province of Quebec is, as a Catholic writer puts it, the most highly favoured stronghold, the very Eldorado of Catholicism. This description is in every way justified, for the Canadian priests, both regular and secular,[1] are undeniably possessed by a craving for the accumulation of wealth, which craving they contrive to gratify in various ways, though the levy of the dime appears to be the most profitable source of revenue.

> Dues and dime thou shalt pay
> Faithfully to the Church,

says one of the Church commandments, printed in the Canadian Catechism, and to fail to pay one's dime constitutes a serious sin—in fact, one of the sins which comes into the list of those dealt with by the bishop. Is not the levying of the dime, so to speak, a "divine right"? "God Himself," writes a Canadian bishop,[2] "has assigned to us as our heritage both dime and temporal revenue." The Canadian people should, no doubt, render to God what is God's; but Cæsar in the shape of the law, has had to be invited to enforce legal penalties on those for whom spiritual coercion has proved inadequate. No. 27 of the Capitulation articles asked that the British Government should make the payment of the dime obligatory, and it became law.

At the end of the war, while their parishioners were realising with sad hearts all the havoc and ruin that had been brought upon them, the priests were mainly occupied in seeking to recover such debts towards the Church as had fallen into arrears.

[1] There is very little difference between the regular and the secular clergy in Canada. Very often a *congréganist* does the duty of a *curé*. The pervading spirit everywhere is purely *congréganist*.

[2] Mgr. Bourget, in his circular letter of December 31, 1849.

A letter from the Curé Youville to the Grand-Vicar Briand is typical of this. "Are the debts contracted by the parishioners towards the Church payable in kind? Do you advise legal proceedings against the debtors? . . . My people also owe the dime of 1760 . . . I await your advice on all these points." And M. Briand answered, "Let them pay in kind. You may exact the dime of 1760."

Such was the clerical pressure brought to bear that when in 1864 the Canadian Government put an end to the feudal system, "all privileges of an ecclesiastical nature were exempted from the operation of this reform. In 1877, the Civil Code confirmed the Church's legal right to the levy of the dime, and thus fixed its assessment: for farmers' families, one twenty-sixth of the harvest; for the families of other than farmers, one piastre (4*s.*) per communicant. Large families are common in Canada, so the dime can reach £2, £2 8*s.*, and £3.[1] Nor do the clergy entirely depend on legal support, should there be any difficulty about recovering the dime. The following is an instance taken at random. The Abbé T—— was growing old, and as he was a staunch supporter of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whom his bishop could not abide, he was in constant dread of being turned out of his living. Though he had saved over a hundred thousand dollars, he had no intention of allowing certain debts owing to him by his parishioners to lapse. He decided to have his church enlarged, insisted on the contractor only employing such men as had not yet paid their dime, and the excellent curé paid the workmen himself every week, after having deducted the larger part of their wages as due to himself.

To the levy of the dime must be added various house-to-house collections, one of which is particularly profitable. In the country it is called the "Visit of the Child Jesus." You must understand that, every January, the curé, accompanied by his churchwardens, visits each family in his parish, and

[1] According to actual official statistics, there are 3400 families of twelve living children in Quebec.

receives from them what are in truth obligatory presents. Presents, we know, cement friendship. These presents may take the form of eggs, or bacon, or wheat, and these gifts in kind are soon changed by the curé into good honest money, for the following Sunday, instead of saying vespers, he sells the things by auction in the sacristy.

The thirst for luxury both in church and parsonage infects the Canadian clergy as much as does the craving after personal wealth. On this point the study of parochial accounts will be found instructive. Just after the war, it will be seen that £3514 was spent in the decoration alone of St. Joseph's Church, and that in 1773 there was an outlay of £1304 for the gilding of the tabernacle of the altar, &c. In his circular letter of December 2, 1850, the Archbishop of Montreal attempted to explain away this undeniable taste for luxury.

> Perhaps to some people the new bishop's palace may appear rather too sumptuous, but I must confess that on this point I gave way to an impulse of charity and of patriotism . . . especially as the cathedral town has not spent a farthing on the palace, which has been built through country subscriptions alone.[1]

On January 30, 1904, the curé of St. Louis de France de Montréal asked for subscriptions towards church bells.

> I want subscriptions on a large, on an abundant scale, good measure, running over [he said]. When you answer my appeal, you should send me a bank note, or at least some gold. Better still, a considerable number of you can afford to send a good cheque, payable to my order, for $25, $50, or $100.

When one reflects that the majority of Canadians have no private means, the priest's reference to "a considerable number among you" gives pause. But again and again we see the poor fanatical flock disburse at the imperative order of the shepherds. In 1890, the twelve thousand French-Canadians who were inhabitants of Hull provided the funds for a large church, which cost $150,000; a parsonage at $26,000, and the church ornaments at $30,000. The previous church had cost $80,000. The fire at St. Cunegonde on January 19,

[1] Circular letter of December 2, 1850.

1904, burnt the church and threatened the parsonage. The damage done to the church was estimated at $100,000. The parsonage, which possessed various works of art, was insured for $27,000, and was said by the papers to be worth $70,000.[1]

It is not surprising that, during the last two hundred years, the Canadian Church has acquired enormous property in land as well as in personalty. Already in 1763 good ground to the extent of 223,333 acres was in its possession. What does the Church not now possess? Needless to say, I refer equally to the congregations. The fabulous riches of St. Sulplice are well-known, but after all, all the congregations in Canada are rich. Paragraphs are frequently seen in the newspapers, such as, for instance, "The Sisters of Mercy in Ottawa have sold five lots of ground for $40,000." This enormous "banking up of mortgaged lands" is what was denounced by M. Waldeck Rousseau as a national danger in his own country. At this actual moment, French-Canadian capital is in the hands of Rome.[1] It is curious to study the various forms in which is displayed this rapacity, this bitter love of gain. There is an amusing *naïveté* about some of the methods employed in money-getting; for instance, the clergy of St. Viato, when making an appeal for the articles absolutely essential in an agricultural orphanage, asked "for the sacred vessels and linen, the cloths for the altar, the albs, surplices and stoles, ornaments for Mass and Benediction, missals, the canons of the altar, the Stations of the Cross, &c," and the clothing for the orphans came last on the list. But as a rule the Church of Canada has shown more astuteness in its pursuit of wealth; for instance, it has succeeded in getting itself exempted from all municipal taxes. Half the town of Montreal belongs to the Order of St. Sulplice, and the other half pays all the taxes. When in 1875, a few laymen announced their intention of having this abuse done away with by the Canadian Parliament,

[1] It is known that under the Canonical Laws of the Church the Pope claims the ownership of all ecclesiastical property, and can dispose of it as he wishes.

seven bishops instantly threatened them with excommunication should they persevere in their campaign against the Church.

These things, however, are as nothing when compared to the commercial dealings on which Canadian priests and *congréganists* embark. These business undertakings vary, but most remarkable are the lotteries, which Government is weak enough to tolerate; and on the proceeds from these lotteries, as much as by the money brought in by the numerous collections, are built rich and imposing convents, which in their turn become ecclesiastical markets. The convents of the Good Shepherd take in laundry work. The Trappists are more enterprising, but as their manufacture of alcohol was illegal, their still was seized one fine day. As to the Jesuits, the Dominicans, the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, and the Oblate Fathers, they devote themselves entirely to the sale of Gregorian masses. They, for their part, traffic in the souls of the dead. Valleyfield, on October 15, 1901, in *Le Journal: Rome Ecclésiastique*, thus explains the origin of this commerce:

> One day, St. Peter was complaining that after his death he would be able to do nothing more for the poor souls in Purgatory, and our Saviour said to him, "I will gladly accord thee a privilege which shall be thine alone—that every soul in Purgatory for whom thirty consecutive masses shall be said shall immediately be loosed from its debt towards Me, and more than that, I will deliver that soul from the debt of the offering made for it."

This praiseworthy business of selling masses for the dead was probably found very lucrative, for the following notice appeared in June 1901, in the *Messenger of the Blessed Sacrament of Montreal:*

> Our lords the bishops have decided that in future 50 centimes instead of 25 shall be paid for Gregorian masses, and such masses shall take precedence of those for which 25 centimes have already been paid. . . . All persons anxious to avail themselves of this are recommended to insert a clause in their wills to the effect that the sum of $15 should be paid at once for masses for the repose of their souls. . . . Rather than there should be any delay in paying the $15 for the thirty Gregorian masses, immediately after death, it would be better to economise on the funeral. . . . Do not let us forget that, with a very few exceptions, it is the fate of the dead to be forgotten, and therefore let us ensure our eternal happiness while there is yet time.

The same train of ideas is to be seen in the rules and regulations for the congregations of young people in the parish of St. Jacques de Montréal. The points on which the rules and regulations mainly dwell are those dealing with subscriptions, and though these subscriptions are small, yet many drops make an ocean. One of these regulations is particularly striking:

> Any member of the congregation who dies without having paid his annual subscription during the three months' limit of grace allowed for payment will have no claim on the spiritual privileges accorded by the congregation. But if this member had already belonged to the congregation for several years, and had observed the rules, he would at death lose none of his privileges, always provided that his subscription for the current year was paid by his family.

It is needless to dwell on the very painful aspects of such traffic, such pious blackmailing, in matters of death and the world beyond the grave.

Life in a colony allows of the clergy trading openly in the country, and this in Canada they usually do for their own personal benefit. Of their commercial methods the following instance is typical. M. the Abbé G., traded in old horses, and also owned a flour-mill and a cheese-dairy. The flour-mill was a successful business, and the curé sold it very advantageously. The cheese-dairy, on the other hand, turned out a complete failure, and had to be closed. But all comes to him who waits; and after some years to the curé arrives a Frenchman anxious to find a paying business, and to settle down in Canada. M. the curé did not lose the chance of selling him the cheese-dairy as profitably as he had previously disposed of the mill. A few months passed, and the Frenchman discovered a little late how much he had been duped, and returned half ruined to Europe. It is said that there must of necessity be a large element of trickery in all trading, but is a representative of God justified in deceiving his customers from beginning to end? The dollar is Canada's supreme God, as is the case elsewhere, alas! even in the very temples of God. Mr. Muller saw this alarming notice in a

Quebec church: "The front places are charged five sous, the back places three sous. If any one refuses to pay, the church-warden will take his name, and he will be summoned if during the next twenty-four hours he remains obstinate."[1] It may safely be said that, when some good curé ascends the pulpit his sole topic will be that of money. "Pay for your places, pay for your entrance, pay your dime, pay your assessment, pay Peter's pence, pay for this, pay for that."

In that delightful modern edition of "Paul and Virginia," a tale by Villiers de l'Isle Adam, two young lovers mingle their vows of eternal love with financial discussions. "While I was listening with rapture," says the writer, "to the sound of a kiss, the two love-birds disappeared, and I heard the echoes whisper, 'Money, a little money.'" The breath of the Catholic Church in the province of Quebec wafts these divine words across town and country, though with a little variation, 'Money, *much* money.'"

We have seen how the Canadian clergy, already strong in power and organisation under the French rule, found their position not only upheld but strengthened by the English Government; how, under the British *ægis*, the wealth and numerical force of the Church developed, and we have had instances of the very businesslike spirit which it still possesses. It is now time to examine more closely into some of its characteristics. To begin with, a curious childishness, a feature which is by no means of recent growth, is obvious in the order issued on February 20, 1735, by Mgr. Dosquet. The bishop, he says, "has learnt with grief that certain priests have worn wigs unnecessarily. They are much to be blamed for giving way to such slackness." Stimulated, no doubt, by Mgr. Dosquet's example, Mgr. Bourget, on November 26, 1860, addressed to his flock a circular letter concerning crinolines:

a form of garment which militates against decency . . . a fashion as ridiculous

[1] "Round the World—in Canada," by C. Muller.

as it is improper. . . . Pious people must be induced to set a good example and cease to wear this article of dress; though, should they refuse to do so, they are not to be denied the Sacrament. It is to be hoped that modesty, the greatest glory of the devout sex, will be universal.

It must be admitted that the crinoline has nothing to commend it from the point of view of beauty; but does not the interference of the bishop in a matter which concerns dressmakers and tailors alone verge in itself on the ridiculous and the improper? Nor did the Archbishop of Montreal content himself with this one form of sumptuary crusade. On August 25, 1868, another circular letter was issued, prescribing the "dress worn in convents as a model for secular persons." On December 8 of the same year a third letter appeared, expressing the archbishop's hope of seeing "all persons of the female sex with their heads modestly veiled in church," and also that he "wished a genuflection, not a curtsey, to be made at the altar." Who can wonder if, in our own days, curés are to be found fulminating in the pulpit against the shape and the colour of their parishioners' hats? To these trivialities an extraordinary prudishness is closely allied. Protestant puritanism is always ridiculed, and to defend it is far from my intention, but it must be admitted that the Catholic puritanism which reigns supreme in Canada is far worse. M. Remy de Gourmont aptly describes the colony as "always having been governed by religious laws, like a convent," and the following story illustrates his meaning. Before starting for Canada Mlle. Th. V., a clever lecturer, and the friend of a well-known monk, who had died, was received in audience by Mgr. Merry del Val, and Pius X.'s Secretary of State could not resist giving her a warning. "Oh, you're going to Canada? Take care, then. Over there everything is a deadly sin." *Si non e vero, e ben trovato.* Although public morality does not attain a particularly high level in Canada, nearly every description of sin is held to be a mortal one. The most innocent amusements are denounced by Canadian preachers, and in the country waltzing is ruthlessly proscribed. A writer, who,

however, preserves his incognito, exposed this form of puritanism in a Canadian review, *Le Journal de Françoise.* He quoted actual sentences where the preacher positively asserted that the people who came out of houses where there was dancing came out dishonoured, that those who frequented theatres were of the scum of the earth. "Alas," says the writer, "what bad company the good father must have kept in his youth!" and he adds, "they preach to us a childish religion. . . . Hell, above all, is described to us in the most fantastic, the most unlikely colours." These horrible threats, this mania for exaggeration, give the final touch to the puerile attitude of the Canadian clergy, who are always ready to lament over the "licentiousness and the depravity of morals," and to deplore the perdition threatening a country, a diocese, "fallen from its ancient splendour" (Bishop's circular letter). In short, Catholicism as seen in Canada contrives to show as much superstition and childishness as it displays aptitude for business.

We need, therefore, hardly be surprised that the French-Canadian race has not yet reached that level of intellectual development to which it has every right to aspire, though, on the other hand, the quasi-indifference manifested by the British public over the moral subjection of the French-Canadians may well astonish us. It is to be hoped, however, that little is needed to awaken general interest, and, the attention of the general public once aroused, the solution of the clerical problem in Canada will speedily be accomplished.

R. DE M.

BY AN IRISH STREAM

THE morning was gloomy and the sky overcast as Dan and I started for the upper reaches of the river. The clouds wreathed the mountain tops in fleecy masses, and the wind veered and shifted in all directions, uncertain as to which quarter it would set in blowing for the day. The hedges dripped with moisture, and the wide bog tracts presented a cheerless aspect as here and there in the distance the wind, sweeping down the mountain sides, drove sheets of mist across the dreary waste. The few sheep scattered over the untilled fields added little life to the scene, and the roadside donkeys wore that inert, forlorn, and dejected look which an Irish donkey on a damp, raw morning alone can wear. Equally dejected looked the inhabitant of an occasional cabin, as he stood silhouetted against the dark, grimy background in the half-closed doorway.

"This is not promising," I said to Dan after a while, as we mounted a rise in the road and saw the far end of the valley shut out by the driving mist. "If the wind gives a twist more the west," said Dan, "we'll have heavy rain, and it's then likely to clear afther twelve o'clock, when the flood will be on, and we are sure to get a fish or two." The hope that springs eternal in the angler's breast, often groundless enough when inspired by the optimisms of an Irish gillie, spurred us, and we paced along for the bridge. Here Thady, ever on the look-out, met us, wearing a countenance that in past days would

have made the fortune of a city mute. "What is the matter with him?" I asked Dan as we walked a little in advance. "The American post was in yestherday," said he, "but Thady didn't get a letther from his childhern." How much human misery in Ireland is wrapped up in those words, "didn't get a letter from his children." The endless emigration to which nothing seems a check; the wrench to family ties in a land where the domestic instincts are so strong; the heart-burnings and yearnings for the absent; the heart-sinkings and anxieties when news does not come—God alone knows the sum total of it!

The bridge is a very pretty spot; it spans the river where it rushes through a narrow chasm in a rocky stratification, the water being broken and diverted by great boulders that form the bed under a sharp declivity. Up the river the valley contracts, a by-road running along the banks until it ends in a *cul de sac*, out of which there is no way except over a particularly steep mountain mass more than 2000 feet high. Away to the right a road leads over the mountains to the south by a wild and lonely pass, in which we had an interesting motoring experience the previous year; we successfully negotiated the pass, the odds being just with us.

This day the whole prospect was depressing, and we debated the chances of the pools above and below the bridge. Seeing a fish rise near the north buttress we cast there and fished for awhile. But the wind had freshened, and now blew in angry gusts up stream, beating on the water with a force that made casting almost impossible, and giving that cold, steely, swift ripple to the surface that rendered it a sheer waste of energy. "There's the rain," said Dan, at last, "we had betther make for the cave." There was a hollow in the low cliff overhanging a stretch of the river down stream; here a few stones had been placed for seats, and we found it afforded us ample shelter. "I must thry and make Thady talk, sir," said Dan, "'twill take the load off him from thinkin'." Some specially ordered tobacco attractively done up in the manufacture, brought a momentary

gleam of pleasure to Thady's gloomy face. We smoked in silence, watching the rain as it struck with a slashing noise on the river, while the wind whistled fiercely through the rocky defile. "Who lived in that dismantled house on the side of the bog beyond the blacksmith's?" I asked, hoping to get Thady to tell some reminiscences which, I understood, was attached to it. "Me father," said he, "and I was born there." "How did you come to leave it!" I asked. "Oh, we had trouble with the Laigue," he replied. "Were you not a member of it?" "I was to be sure," he continued, "and me father was a mimber of the com-mit-tay." "Tell us about it," I said, "and thank God, as Dan says, for tobacco and matches, and with your story we may laugh at the rain." "Ay, do, Thady," cried Dan, "it's about the finest bit of boycottin' and divilment that was ever done in my time." "Boycotting," I said, in a surprised tone, "Thady boycotted!" "To be sure he was boycotted," said Dan, with an air of historical assurance, "and if Thady didn't make the boycotthers dance in their shoes, and make them run 'hell for leather,' with the 'divil at their heels'—well 'the divil is a witch.'" "Well, it was this way," said Thady. "Years ago me father gave poor ould Pat Duffy that worked for him a bit of land to squat on, and built a bit of a cabin for him. When he died, the widda was allowed to keep it on, and the childhern went to America, all ov thim exceptin' Jimmy, You know Jimmy, sir?" "Yes," I said. "Well, he's not a bad sort of a poor divil, but he never did a good day's work in his life. He was no use to me father; he'd be at any divilment rather than work. When he was wanted to cut turf, sow a crop, or cut hay, he'd be afther hares or rabbits. He'd be out all night poachin' salmon or card-playin', and there wasn't a wake in the whole counthry-side he wouldn't attind, and when he did work in the daytime, it's sleepin' he'd be through the half of it. Well, when the Laigue was started we all became mimbers of it; but there was nothin' to do when we met exceptin' to pass thim things —what d'ye call thim?" "Resolutions," I said. "Yes, sir,

that's it—risolutions about rint, and to get what ye could from the agint in the way of gates, fincin', thatch for the house, and anythin' that way. We were all on the best ov terms until poor Molly Duffy died. We gave her a good wakin'; me father and mother did all they could to give her a respictable funeral, for the divil a copper Jimmy had to bless his face with. Well, me father had often tould Jimmy that if anythin' happened his mother out he'd have to go, for he wanted to have a man in the cabin that would do an odd day's work when he wanted it, at dacent wages; for me father wasn't a hard man. Afther a month or two Jimmy made no signs to go, and, begorras, me father at last served him with a notice to quit. Just at the time Father Tom was unfortunately away. His nephew came home from America with a lot of money, and he took Father Tom to Rome to see the Pope. We were all in grate glory to see him go, for he was the first priest that ever wint from this parish, and he promised to bring back a blessin' from the Holy Father, for the sorra a black sinner was among the whole ov us." "There soon was," said Dan, "and it was a curse y'rd have got instead ov a blessin' if the Pope knew but all." "Well," continued Thady, "we had a new curate, and he was a terrible Laiguer, and down on all renagers, and so much the worse for me father when he was made out one. Well, Jimmy brought his case before the Laigue, and although me father was right enough in evictin' him, he was wrong when it wasn't done be the ordher of the Laigue, and me father bein' a com-mit-tayman could have done it on the spot. They didn't care a rap for Jimmy and his cabin, and most of thim had come to me father at one time or other for help and advice; but the honour of the Laigue was at stake, they said, and they sthruck aginst me father. Father Pat was presidint, and the ordher was that me father should apologise, pay a fine to the Laigue, and put back Jimmy. If me father was wise he'd have given in, and Jimmy in time would have to go; but he was a hot-timpered man, and he fired them all to —— sooner than go before them. He

had a grand power o' words, me father had, sir, and the boys called him the 'Counsellor.' 'A nice secrethary,' he said, when he got the letther, 'with his pothooks and hangers! I could write betther meself, and me an owld man, with a sthraw. The mane churlesum hound; whin his mother was laid out, although he had money and shtock, he waked her upon porther. The dirty spalpeen! little larnin' his father had when he worked for mine at 4*d.* and a male a day, and glad to get it. splay-foot shoneen bocha, the threasurer, too, must sign it, with his one eye lookin' up the chimney and the other skimmin' the pot. A nice threasurer to talk to an honest man, that never had a disgrace in his family. A rogue and the son of a rogue from the back of godspeed! he shtuck me with a spavined pony, and kind blood for him when his father and uncle put in their time for sheep-stealin'; hanging was too good for thim, and God be with the time when they would have got it without judge or jury.' But I couldn't tell ye all he said, sir. Me mother cried and said her bades kneelin'. She begged him to consint to the Laigue, and go to confession for his 'wicked tongue.' All day long she was at him, and me father would cry out, 'Hould yer tongue, woman, and go on with yer prayers. Me tongue isn't wicked, it's only timper, and ament I tellin' the truth.' But a d—m bad timper it was durin' that time, and never in the whole histhory of Mullinahone parish was the family ginerations so malfoosthered as me father gave it in thim days. Every mimber of the com-mit-tay came in for a wipe of his tongue, and he belted their seed, breed and gineration until he didn't lave a dacent stitch to cover the carkiss of one of thim. Sorra consint would me father give, and some of what he said came to the ears of the mimbers, and it only made matthers worse, and so the ordher went out and we were boycotted. Well, sir, ye'd betther be in hell than be boycotted. As luck would have it we were only savin' turf at the time, and we could just manage to do that same, although we were short in the winther. We could get nothin' at the village, nor in the town. I had to go twinty miles for what we wanted, and if it

lasted longer the ordher would be given to boycott us there. Me mother got sick, and Father Pat would not come to the house, and afther the first Sunday at Mass we didn't go again. Every one in the chapel thrated us as if we had the cholera or the black faver." "Did not your relatives speak to you?" I asked. "Sure we're nearly all related here, sir: if you fling a stone and hit one of us you hit us all. No one spoke to us. You could naither buy nor sell; you wouldn't get a light for yer pipe from a sowl in the place when yer boycotted, nor the light of heaven if they could help it, nor a man to make a grave for ye when yer dead. It's a wicked invention, no grater curse can be put upon a family, and the divil must have put a blisther on the tongue of the man who first spoke it. It's a tarrible insthrumint of vingence: ye have no one to do a hand's turn for ye, not a dance nor a wake nor a weddin could ye go to, and to be denied all the rites of the church—well, sir, 'twould break the heart ov a stone. But the Laigue were gettin' tired of it, and at last they determined to attack the house and give us a thunderin' big fright. Howsumever, I got wind of it." "How was that?" I asked. "Dan can tell ye, sir," replied Thady, "his uncle married me wife's sister." "That wasn't the raison," said Dan, "he taught me how to fish," giving me an expressive look. "That excuses most things," I said, "short of manslaughter and a few other offences, even informing." "That wasn't informin', sir," replied Dan, in an offended tone—"informin' is tellin' a peeler or a magistrate." "Oh, of course," I said, "you are right," hastening to cover my blunder and apparent want of metaphysical distinction and knowledge of the analytical workings of his Irish mind. "Dan and I," continued Thady, "arranged where to meet when he saw smoke from our turf-bank, and airly next mornin' I gave the sign, and he came over to the little wood in the hollow beyant. I thought all through the night how I could circumvint the bhoys, and I tould Dan to beg the schoolmasther to come and meet me in the same place afther school for the sake of ould friendship, for we

were bhoys together. He came sure enough, although it was as much as his life and place were worth. He was a wondherful man for knowledge, sir, and they made an inspecthor ov him aftherwards. He had as many bottles in his place as a docther's shop, and a gran' mashine that would twist yer arms up when ye held hould ov two little brass handles, and, begorra, ye couldn't put them down for the life ov ye, if ye had the strength ov a bull. The people all thought at first that it was the divil that was locked up in it. But it was a gran' thing for the rumatics, and many is the pound o' butther he got from me mother for an odd twist of it, and it used to do her a power o' good. As for beetles, spidhers, bugs and butterflies, and herrubs and things wid quare names to thim, begorra 'twould put ye into a lunatic asylum to thry and think o' thim. I tould him all me thruble, what the bhoys were goin' to do to us, and that it would be the deth ov me poor mother. He promised to help me when I tould him ov the plan I had, and he wint off and in about an hour brought me a box and tould me how to use the stuff that was in it. 'The sin will be on me more than you, Thady,' says he, 'and God forgive us both if any bad luck happins. The Laigue is good enough in its way,' he wint on, 'whin it protects men against tyranny, but that's no raison why it should be usin' tyranny on yer father and mother, and all for the sake of Jimmy Duffy, that was the laziest good-for-nothin' gossoon that iver torminted the life of a poor schoolmasther. Why doesn't he become a sojer and get out ov this,' he says, 'and go and shoot naygurs instid of rabbits.' 'He's in the mileetia,' says I, thryin' to cool him. 'Mileetia,' says he, 'the curse of Crummle on the mileetia and the waste ov good money on thim—they're good for naither' town nor counthry. The sojers are bad enough, but they take off the wild bhoys; but the mileetia are worthless divils and stay at home. They're the scruff of creation,' he said, gettin' hotter, 'and there's not as much ov the grace ov God in a rigimint o' thim as would save the sowl ov a midge, if he had one. Thim's first principles, Thady,' says he, 'and

shtick to thim.' 'That's what I mane to do to-night,' says I, 'and good luck to ye,' and off he wint in betther twist nor whin he came. What he ment by first principles the sorra one o' me knows, but sure you know, sir, and that's enough." "Get the best of everything, Thady," said I, evading logical definitions, "is a good first principle." "Faith that's thrue, sir, and that same is not so aisy when the luck is agin ye, for the worst comes and not the best, and, begorra, ye have to shtick to it. But the schoolmasther was a gran' man for oratin. He'd knock ye down with one o' them first principles that the divil himself couldn't stand up aginst, and sure Father Tom and Father Pat couldn't hould a candle to him in argufyin'. Sure it's a judge he ought to be, he'd make grate spache in hangin' a man. Well, sir, I made me priperations, and Dan tould me the bhoys were to meet at the cross roads a couple o' hundhred yards this side o' the haunted spot. Near it in the corner ov one ov me father's fields was an ould cowshed. Here we were buildin' a clamp ov turf, and when it was dark I brought down the things I wanted to be aiqual to the bhoys. I had a fine deer's head I got a few days before in the bog, me mother's cloak, and a big pitchfork. I tied pieces of stick to the prongs and covered them with stuff steeped in paraffin. There was no moon and I waited and watched, when about 9 o'clock I heard steps on the road going towards the cross. 'They'll be soon here,' says I, and I got me things ready, and in about half an hour I heard thim comin', and when they were near I was over the wall with an halloo ye'd hear a mile off. There I was, with a head and horns on, all a blaze of light, a pitchfork with a flame of fire on the top, and a long black cloak coverin' me to the heels. I cut capers and roared like a bull. Ye niver heard anything like the scrames and yells of the bhoys; they howled and prayed to the saints, the Vargin, and all the holy angels in heaven to protict them. Half o' thim were lyin' on the road in a fit and the rest flying back, thinkin' the divil was at their heels. I was soon back in the field, threw

the fork into the cowshed, off with the horns and covered them with the cloak, and made home as fast as I could, as the police barrack was close by and I didn't want to be caught, whoever else would. I threw the head and horns into a bog-hole near the house and covered them with whin bushes. So I felt safe that nothin' would be found if a search was made. Well, next day the police came to our place as me father and meself were suspected. Me father knew nothin' ov it, he was asleep and in bed, and then he heard all about the divil and the haunted spot, how that he was seen in a flame ov fire, with horns as high as the house and a pitchfork twenty yards long, and that he was covered with long hair like the mane of a horse, that he had shplit hoofs, and came out ov the ground and wint back again with a howlin' yell that was heard over the sivin parishes. Five or six ov the bhoys were found by the peelers in a tarrible fright, and two o' thim were in their beds over it. The sargint axed me a lot ov questions and looked at me hands, but the schoolmasther tould me how to use the shtuff, and the sorra blisther was on a finger ov mine; but it was 'cute of the ould chap to suspect, for, begorra, he had the right sow be the ear if he knew but how to hould it. It's gran' shtuff intirely, sir," said Thady after a moment's pause. "What's this ye call it?" "Phosphorus," said I. "Yes, sir, posperus, that's what the schoolmasther said it was. I wondher is there much of it in the world." "There must be a lot of it in hell," said Dan, "judgin' be all accounts; sure it must take millions o' tons to keep it goin' if all we're tould is thrue. Sure, when ye begin to think ov thim fires and the divils pokin' thim up about ye, isn't a man a fool to be committin' sin and dhrivin' himsel' into them?" Dan's moralising was frequent; though sometimes intrusive, it was never without its special point of view, but it occasionally got us out of our depth, as now, when he suddenly asked, "Tell me, sir, has hell a bottom to it?" I referred him to Father Tom, and asked Thady what was the end of the boycotting. "In about a week," he continued, "Father Tom came home, and he and

the curate and the secrethary came over to see me father, and afther a grate dale of talk and palaverin' the boycottin' was taken off, me father had to pay the fine, and Jimmy had to go. But the next Sunday at Mass Father Tom gave us a tarrible ratin' from the alther over the work that wint on whilst he was away. Ye remimber it, Dan." "I do, to be sure," said the latter, "wasn't I in a cowld paspiration the whole time. 'Some of ye,' ses he, 'have been seein' the divil with horns and hoofs and flames, but that's an innicint divil to the one ye can't see, the wickedist and the worst and the blackest, and that's the one in yer own bad hearts. I'll take good care,' he wint on, 'that as long as I'm here he'll not shake a tail [1] in this parish, and I'll go bail that there will be no more boycottin' nor any such work of Satan aither. I brought back the Pope's blessin' to ye, but I won't give it," he ses, in a voice of thundher. 'Go down on yer knees, every mother's son and daughter of ye, and pray for forgiveness, and take the blackness out of yer hearts. I'll put penance on ye, and not a man is to smoke tabacca for a week, nor a woman to go into a naybur's house to gossip durin' the same time.' You should have heard the groans, sir. I thought they'd shplit the roof. Father Tom had us as tame as ducks, and we got the Pope's blessin' afther all, for he was the kindest-hearted man that ever sarved Mass, and sure, we'd all die down for him. Me mother never rested till she got me father to build another house away from the one where we suffered so much. He was mad wid me when I tould him what I had done, and he not in it; but I aised him by sayin' there couldn't be two big divils, and besides, ses I, ye'd be at thim with the pitchfork, for ye couldn't keep yer timper.' 'That's thrue for ye,' ses he, and maybe it was well the way it was, for I made betther terms aftherwards by knowin' nothin' about it! But it was grand to see him when he reshumed attendin' the meetin's of the Laigue. They made him chairman of the com-mit-tay, and he was a holy terror about the rules. There wasn't a man

[1] That is, brew mischief.

among thim that he didn't get convicted for a braich of them. They couldn't say a word agin him—when he'd say wid a turn of his lip, 'I bruk them meself, bhoys, and had to pay more than ye, and if ye want the same thratement, well, ye can have it, and welcome.' We had the grandist banner in the county, and it was all paid for out ov the fines. 'I'll make those ginthry curse the day they boycotted me, Thady,' he used to say, 'and, begorra, he did; and the quare thing is, sir, they liked him all the betther for it.'"

"We're boycottin' the fish now," said Dan, knockin' the ashes out of his pipe. "The rain is clearin' off now, sir, and ye'd betther have a cast. I saw a fine peel jump below the point, and if ye put up a 'thunder and lightning' and cast down over him he is sure to rise." At the spot indicated the stream curved against a shelving bank and formed a deep pool under a sandy spit, an excellent lodge for a fish. Acting according to Dan's injunction out went the line, and with the wind in our favour, blowing at an angle across the stream, we fished down. After a few casts there was a roll, a touch, and in a moment away went the reel with a whirr twenty yards out in a run. We played our fish to the entire satisfaction of Thady—severest of critics when he gets a "black fit" on. He gaffed him, a nice seven-pounder. But the day was unpleasant and we abandoned sport satisfied with the morning's experience.

And as we walked home I thought of it all—the everlasting Irish question, with its intricacies and endless complications. The attempts of the well-meaning representatives of successive Governments to settle it on the one hand, and the League, the strike against rent, the boycotting, the evictions on the other—the futility, the recklessness and the inhumanity of it all! Is there a way out in the twentieth century? Let the peasant be rooted in the soil by all means; we are committed to the process; but let us be sure that the roots will strike. They will not unless the habits of the peasant are changed for the better, his surroundings improved, and his lot brightened.

He must be taught how to make the most out of Nature and her conditions in order to induce him to stay at home and find true prosperity there and greater happiness than he would abroad. Then, and not until then, will the blighted lives and empty hearths such as Thady's cease to exist by thousands in the land as they exist to-day.

"LEMON GRAY."

THE QUEST OF PROLONGED YOUTH

> We make the third part of medicine regard the prolongation of life; this is a new part, and deficient, though the most noble of all; for if it may be supplied, medicine will not then be wholly versed in sordid cures, nor physicians be honoured only for necessity, but as dispensers of the greatest early happiness that could well be conferred on mortals; for though the world be but as a wilderness to a Christian travelling through to the promised land, yet it would be an instance of the divine favour that our clothing, that is our bodies, might be a little worn while we sojourn here.—BACON, "Advancement of Learning."

FAR in the long ago the adventurous, restless mariners of Greece sailed away in search of Hyperborea—the land beyond the winds, where the sun shone always and life was unending youth. The beautiful land was never found, or if any found it they never cared to return. Centuries after, when the existence of America was revealed, men thought it might be there, beyond the seas; and we recall the endeavours of Ponce de Leon to find the legendary Isle of Bimini, a draught of whose waters would dispel the cares of age.

In the interval alchemy had been born, and we know that its mysteries were dominated in the main by two thoughts: the one was the wonderful stone which should transmute the baser metals to gold; the other was the elixir of life which should banish death.

Mariner and alchemist failed alike. To-day most of the mystery is gone, with its Hyperborea and all its kind. The lands beyond the winds are known. Scarce a foot of the earth worth treading has escaped the explorer's heel. Alchemy, like astrology, was the larva from which a great science should spring; from this strange chrysalis chemistry was born. When it came forth it gave over the quest of the philosophers' stone, the elixir of life as well.

But man has not. In proportion as life has grown more interesting, more varied, more wonderful, in proportion as the world has widened, as knowledge has come, as we have learned to see beyond our eyes, to hear beyond our ears, to feel beyond our primitive senses, the desire to live has been intensified rather than satiated.

But still, in the face of all our wondrous advance in knowledge, we die; still we grow old. In some regards we are no wiser, have got no further, than the savage cave-dweller of twenty, it may be forty or a hundred, thousand years ago.

It is strange, for next to poverty and disease, the most dreaded thing in this world is death; and beyond doubt, after the dread of death, comes the dread of old age. If there is any disease in the world it is this. No one looks forward to it with eager anticipation. Nobody welcomes it, nobody enjoys it. There is no one who would not escape if there were any way in human power. It is a disease, that is to say it is essentially a pathological condition. There are not a few of the most eminent physiologists living who regard it as practically a specific disease. If you turn to medical text-books, you will find senile degeneration there described *in extenso*, premature or precocious senility as well. But for it there exists no therapy, no cure. Is it, for all that, a wholly hopeless problem?

It may be that we shall never learn to avert old age. It may be, but there is no *à priori* certainty. Whether we do or not, it seems possible that we may at least learn its cause.

At the present time of the cause of old age we know practically nothing whatever.

Further than this, there exists, so far as the writer's knowledge extends, but a single work written within recent years which attempts to elaborate even a working theory as to the cause. We have, of course, Metchnikoff's well-known ideas, sketched in various articles, and in his recent book, "La Nature Humaine." We have the teleological conceptions of Weismann; we have the arterio-sclerosis picture of Demange; and there is a multitude of smaller contributions, dealing with various phases of the malady. They are all of them essentially sketches; do any of them offer a clue?

I

In a work appearing four years ago, Dr. M. Mühlmann, a physician in Odessa, put forth an explanation as simple as it was uncompromising. The solution which he gave was to all intents and purposes a geometrical proposition. His idea was simply this:

If you take the simplest form of life, a single-celled plant or animal, you will perceive that the first condition of its existence is that it *grows*. It cannot stand still. If it does not grow it dies. In order to grow it must have food materials, and, with some exceptions noted, air. These materials of growth it takes up through the entire surface of its body.

The inevitable consequence of growth is that when the cell has reached a certain size, it divides in two. If this process of cell-division results in two separated individuals, the life of each is but a repetition of that of the single cell from which they sprung. But if the dividing cells remain united, that is to say, in contact one with another, the conditions of life and nutrition are changed. Instead of presenting the entire surface of a sphere for the intake of food and air, each cell will have only a little more than half. The balance is taken up by

the contact wall between them. When these two cells again divide, they do so transversely, with the result of forming approximately a square. The free surface of each cell is again reduced by another contact wall. With the third division, the direction of cleavage of the cells is again changed, with the result of forming a double layer with four cells in each. Again the free surface of each cell is diminished.

Mühlmann's theory is that the nutrition of each cell is directly proportional to its free surface. With the reduction of this free surface, nutrition is reduced. The result of this reduced nutrition is degeneration in a very broad sense.

Following out this process of cell development, it is apparent that in the cluster of cells formed with a fourth division, two interior layers will be formed, each containing two cells which have no free surface whatever; two others will have but a very slight free surface. As the process goes on, there is an inevitable increase in the number of cells with no free surface, that is to say, in the number of cells which must be dependent for their nutrition upon such materials as they may gain from the cells adjoining them. These interior cells tend to atrophy and disappear. The result is the formation of the familiar little cup-like figures of the so-called gastrula stage of the developing embryo. This, and the succeeding figures as well, are, in the Mühlmann view, simply the result of a geometrically conditioned insufficiency of nutrition in the inner layers.

Mites and monkeys, mice and men, are simply complications of these primitive conditions, with millions or billions of cells organised together into a community of interest, instead of one or a few. All of them have a like origin, that is to say, every individual originates by successive cell divisions from the single primal germ cell.

The whole process of development, Dr. Mühlmann holds, is but a repetition on a broad scale of these geometrical conditions of associated cell growth. The atrophy of the interior cells leads eventually to their destruction, with the result that

in the developing mass there are formed hollow spaces which coalesce into tubes. These eventually result in the ducts, arteries, veins, alimentary canal, &c.

The whole process is dominated by the simple mathematical fact—that while the mass of living material increases as the cube of unit dimension, the free surface exposed to the exterior, or to the interior vessels and tubes, can only increase as the square. Presumably as the result of the physical and chemical organisation of the cell, this insufficiency of nutrition gives rise to the extraordinary complicity of organs, glands, ducts, and arteries of which various animal forms are composed. Growth may continue for a more or less indefinite period; but the inevitable condition is that of an increasing difficulty in obtaining building materials which must finally end in a standstill. This is old age, and finally death.

It follows from this theory that the beginning of cell degeneration, which finally leads to the destruction of multicellular organisms, lies in the first division of the germ-cell. This is to say that old age begins with growth and is the geometrical result of the dividing cells remaining in contact or union with each other.

It follows further from this that the most obvious evidences of senile decay will be found in the cells which, by reason of their location with reference to the channels of nutrition, have the greatest difficulty in securing oxygen and food. The proof of this Dr. Mühlmann endeavours to find in a detailed examination of the different organs of the animal body.

The organs which lie farthest from the sources of supply are the nerves and the brain, and this is precisely the part of the organism which first ceases to grow. In the human animal, the brain and nervous system attain their maximum growth at fourteen or fifteen years, Next in remoteness come the bones of the skeleton, which attain their maximum weight at about twenty. Then come the muscles, which continue to grow up to thirty or forty. Finally we have the most exteriorly situated parts of the body, the skin, the lungs,

the linings of the alimentary canal, &c., which continue to grow up to a period of advanced age.

Such in very brief compass, as nearly as I may present it, is the theory. It has the merit, as I have said, of being the first systematic attempt to account for the phenomena of old age and natural death. The modest volume in which Dr. Mühlmann presents his ideas, "Die Ursache des Alters," is written with a clearness, simplicity and incise argumentation which make it a model of scientific literature.—But will the theory hold?

It is obvious that if the cause of decay which we call old age in animals, ripening and fruition in plants, is inherent in the nature of the organism itself, any attempt to prolong life is simply folly. So Dr. Mühlmann holds. He does not touch upon the botanical side of life at all. He does not attempt to explain, for example, the potential immortality of a garden hedge, regularly trimmed down. His arguments and his illustrations are based wholly upon the animal organism. What are the difficulties?

One of the very first objections that would occur is the very obvious one of the average duration of life. If the theory were true, one would expect that the simpler the organisation, the longer the life. If complexity of cell organisation means increasing difficulty in nutrition, then we should expect to find animals with millions and billions of cells shorter lived, and those with but a few, longer. In general the reverse is the case. Weismann and others have pointed out that, very broadly, age increases with size. Thus for example, while may-flies live but a few hours, moths but a few days, elephants and whales may live to be two hundred years and more; great trees still longer. The huge Andasonias of the Cape Verde Islands are said to live six thousand years.

It is evident, however, that even here there is no "law." Carp and pike may live to be as old as elephants and whales. The horse lives to be forty, but so do cats and toads; a sea anemone is known to attain over fifty years. Eagles and

vultures are said to attain a vast age, a hundred years and more; but so do ravens with not a tenth part of their bulk. There is a wide difference in the size of a pig and a cray fish; but they attain about the same age—twenty years.

Moreover, on any purely geometrical theory of old age, it would be difficult to account for the fact that members of the same species, with practically the same size and organisation, vary very greatly in the duration of life, hence, in the onset of old age. Thus, while a female moth lives but three or four days, the male may live two or three times as long. On the other hand, while male bees live but a few months, the queens may live several years. Male ants live but a few weeks, but the queens normally live for five or six years at least. There is not a vast difference in size or organisation in, let us say, a canary or a blackbird or a cuckoo; but while the canary lives only about ten years, a nightingale may live nearly twice as long, and a cuckoo three times. Probably it would be difficult to show that there is any striking difference in the longevity of very short and very large men, or between giants and dwarfs.

In a word, it is not clear that size or complexity of structure are the determining factors in the duration of life, hence not a cause of an early or late arrival of old age.

Again, it is a matter of the most familiar observation that the momentary cutting off of the oxygen supply means unconsciousness and speedily death. The first to feel the lack of oxygen are the brain and the nerves. The condition of their life is an incessant renewal of the supply. This does not seem to accord with the Mühlmann theory, since the nerves, being situated in the most deeply protected parts of the body, should be the last to feel the effects of a reduced supply. It is difficult to account, in this view, for their extreme and almost instant insensibility.

Moreover, it is the recent observation of some Italian investigators, who examined a number of subjects between seventy-five and eighty-five years of age, that while the

nerve-cells had plainly undergone a process of dissolution. these cells were in the most intimate relation with the course of the blood-vessels. The Italian authors therefore drew the obvious conclusion that the degeneration of the nerve-cells was due to changes in the blood-supply itself.

Again, Demange, in his very carefully detailed picture of the degeneration of the arteries, shows that decay begins with the internal coat of the arteries, that is to say, in the cells with the easiest access to the materials of nutrition. It is the middle coat, the muscular coat, which is next attacked; the exterior coat last. This again is precisely the reverse of what should take place if Mühlmann's theory were correct.

For another thing, while death in man and the higher animals usually comes with any prolonged cessation of consciousness, this is not necessarily the case. The seat of consciousness is the brain, and innumerable experiments upon dogs, monkeys, pigeons, frogs, and other animals have shown that the entire great brain may be removed and the animals live on for an indefinite period. If the degeneration of the nervous system were the initial event in old age then we should reasonably expect that the removal of the most important part of the nervous system would mean rapid senile decay. This has not been observed.

Finally, it has been repeatedly shown that with care and attention some forms of life may be prolonged to several times their natural period of existence. Sir John Lubbock, now Lord Avebury, succeeded in keeping alive queen ants, whose natural period of life is about five years, for thirteen and fifteen years. There is no essential difference between the organisation of ants and that of man. We may, therefore, conclude that whatever may be the measure of truth in the Mühlmann theory, a considerable prolongation of human life is not, *a priori*, a hopeless task.

II

The process of old age as sketched by Demange is essentially that of insufficient nutrition, brought about by the disorganisation and decay of the finer blood-vessels and capillaries. The idea that "a man is as old as his arteries" dates far back. It must have been a very early observation that the arteries often harden and take on almost a bony nature with advancing age. It may come early in life. Then it is accounted a disease, and bears the name of arterio-sclerosis, that is to say, artery hardening.

Demange endeavours to reveal this process as not merely a universal accompaniment, but as the cause of old age. A very general accompaniment it undoubtedly is, but universal it probably is not. The blood-vessels of individuals who had attained one hundred years and more—the celebrated Harvey reports the case of old Parr, who died at the age of one hundred and fifty-two years—have been found with no evidence of the inroads of arterial hardening. On the other hand, it may appear very early and yet not result in senile decay. The cause of old age therefore it can hardly be.

It might be added that even if it were it is to be noted that the arteries themselves are made up of a countless multitude of cells, formed and nourished like other cells. We should still have to inquire what makes the arteries grow old. It cannot be mere wear, for degeneration does not appear earliest in the larger arteries where the blood torrent is strong and swift; but in the finer vessels where the force of the current is reduced to its lowest point.

In a word, arterial degeneration is but a part of the general decay to which all the organs of the body are subject. The connection between arterio-sclerosis and old age is not a causal connection; the two run parallel rather; the first is but a form and evidence of the latter.

III

The representation of old age offered by Metchnikoff, like that of Demange, is founded upon a microscopic examination of the tissues, but the picture is altogether more enlivening. The famous Russian pathologist extends to the field of senile decay essentially the same conceptions which he introduced with such brilliant success into the explanation of the manner in which the body fights disease.

Every one recalls how he describes the battles of the phagocytes or devouring cells with the hosts of invading bacteria—of how, when there is any break in the bodily defences, as in a wound, an inflammation and the like, the large uncoloured cells of the blood- and lymph-vessels march out almost in battle array and eat up all the bacteria they can find—of how sometimes these devouring cells take in such quantities of bacteria that they have indigestion and die, and that in this case, or through insufficiency in number of the phagocytes, the disease makes inroads, gains head, and may accomplish the destruction of the body; but if the phagocytes are victorious we get well.

Some such struggle Metchnikoff finds between the cells of the living body, and that when some of these devouring cells attack, not disease-bearing invaders from without, but the noblest elements of the tissues instead, we have the phenomena of old age.

For example, one of the most familiar facts of advancing years is the whitening of the hair. What causes it? Metchnikoff for the first time has offered an explanation. The hair, like other portions of the body, is made up of cells; the exterior layers are filled with grains of pigment which give the hair its specific colour. Under influences at present entirely obscure the larger cells, constituting the marrow of the hair, begin to show a curious activity, and proceed to devour or absorb all the pigment within their reach. They abstract it

from the other cells. Stuffed full of these pigment grains, these cells become mobile, and in their migration carry away with them the substance which gives the hair its colour.

Metchnikoff distinguishes among these devouring cells two varieties; the one which he calls the microphags, that is the little devourers, whose main business is with the defence of the organism; these are always mobile, and wander about in the blood, the lymph, and the tissues; and the second variety, the macrophags, sometimes mobile, sometimes fixed. Old age is the work of the macrophags. Everywhere throughout the body, in the brain, in the nerves, in the important organs, Metchnikoff pictures these devouring cells as attacking the most active elements of the tissues, that is to say, brain cells, the liver cells, the kidney cells, and converting these into a sort of connective tissue, no longer able to carry on their former functions.

This in no essential way differs from the general picture of fatty or fatty-granular degeneration which all authors unite in describing as the noteworthy fact in the tissues and organs of the old. The element of interest added by Metchnikoff is the dramatic way in which this degeneration is brought about, namely, through the agency of these specific devouring cells.

It could not fail to be of interest and doubtless of enlightenment, if we had here seized the true mechanism of old age; but, as so often happens, it may be that its author has mistaken a part for the whole. It seems clear enough that such a struggle between the tissues does take place, and without doubt it is associated with the general phenomena of decay. But more than one investigator has risen up against Metchnikoff to show that the decay may yet take place without the intervention of the macrophags at all. In a word, the nerve cell, the liver cell, the elements which carry on the actual work of these organs, may degenerate and be resolved into fatty-granular substance and connective tissue, apparently without the intervention of any visible outside agency whatever. The ageing of the body is the ageing of the cells; but

we do not yet understand what it is which makes the cells grow old, what makes us die.

IV

The origin of death is a subject that must have fascinated many a mind. Of all the theories yet offered, probably that of Weismann will hold best, if for no other reason than that it is rather vague and goes but a very little way. He conceives death and, *à fortiori*, old age, as simply a part of the universal adaptation of organisms to their environment. It is easy to see that there is a limit to the amount of life which could be sustained on earth. If therefore any species or form of life were immortal, it would, by the mere process of reproduction, some time or other reach the limit of numbers which the earth could support.

In point of fact this limit could be reached in a very short time by the simplest and smallest forms of life we know. If bacteria could go on reproducing for a few weeks at the same rate that they divide and multiply in the test-tube, their bulk would fill the waters of the ocean.

Supposing a beginning of life at any given time, there would therefore ensue, sooner or later, a struggle for existence among the individuals, in which the weakest would go down, the strongest, best adapted, survive. If the mere conditions of existence therefore account for the appearance of death in this world, it is not difficult to see how a process of selection might fix a natural term of life to the various forms which make their appearance. Weismann does not carry his theory far; with him, old age and death become the working of a vague teleology, and teleology is about done for in the rational explanation of the appearances and happenings of this world.

In its logical working out, the Weismann idea would refer old age to conditions inherent in the organism of each individual; and this is essentially the idea of the majority of

writers, Canstatt, Johannes Müller, Verworn and others who have touched upon this subject at all.

But what are these "inherent" conditions? It is very easy to say that natural old age is simply mal-nutrition; but this is a description and not an explanation. We wish to know the cause of mal-nutrition. In the human body, what we call growth continues up to around twenty-four to twenty-eight. Then for about an equal period, the balance of the bodily exchanges, the balance of nutrition and usury seems to be fairly maintained; then a decline sets in. Why should we cease to grow? After having been kept up so long at a general level, why should there be this rather abrupt decline?

Obviously we need a theory of growth; but if we had that, then we should know what is life. We have neither the one nor the other.

What is yet more exasperating, it does not seem as if we can get hold of a single general fact, a single principle, for the conduct of life which will in any way notably prolong life. A great deal of pious nonsense has been written, many excellent rules prescribed, for the attainment of happy old age. They do not seem worth a great deal.

It is rather discouraging to find that neither health, wealth, enjoyment of life, mental or muscular vigour, careful living, good habits or bad, nor exterior conditions, seem to have much to do with the age to which one lives. Country folk do not attain a greater average age than city folk. The neurasthenic, the hypochondriac, the valetudinarian and the invalid seem to stand as good, or better, a chance for attaining a great age than a robust, vigorous individual who never knew a day's illness. Brain workers do not live longer than farm labourers. A tailor will live to be quite as old as a king. Free users of alcohol, tobacco and other poisons often live to be ninety and a hundred, where teetotallers will die at fifty or sixty.

The daily dose of laudanum taken by de Quincey rose to a good sized wine-glass; a few drops of it would have killed an ordinary man or woman. Coleridge was almost as bad.

Coleridge lived to be sixty-one, De Quincey to seventy-four. De Quincey especially was a thin, big-headed, rickety little man. He probably never knew what physical vigour was. He had no robust constitution to destroy.

It is a familiar tale that Herbert Spencer put his affairs in order at a little past forty, and never expected to complete his projected philosophy. He was a life-long invalid, and he lived to be eighty-four. Darwin broke down at thirty-two: for the rest of his life he could not work for more than an hour at a time, when he had to give up and rest. He lived to be seventy years and over. The list could be extended indefinitely.

It is, to be sure, impossible to say that if a man had not been an excessive smoker, an excessive drinker, or an excessive user of drugs, he would not have lived twenty, or thirty, or forty years longer than he did. But the negative evidence is surely disconcerting. We do not order our lives. They are appointed for us; and within limits of practical *auto da fé* it does not seem to make a great deal of difference what kind of a life we live. If there is any kind of determination at all, the length of our days seems fixed in the organisation we inherit.

But even here there seems no predictable certainty. It is a matter of the most familiar observation that members of the same family do not always die at the same age. One could undoubtedly find an equal variation or an equal agreement in individuals unrelated either by family, nation or race. It was a remark of Tarchanoff that the various peoples of the world, whether they live in the heat of the equator or in the cold or the polar circles, and though they have an entirely different food diet and utterly different habits of existence, still show about the same average duration of life.

V

This is assuredly not a highly cheering outlook for the Ponce de Leons of to-day. Nevertheless there is in all this

little real ground for discouragement or pessimism. Physiology was born but yesterday.

It is difficult to realise how recent is our knowledge of the body, and of life generally, even of the things now taught to children. So great a man as Bacon died doubting the circulation of the blood. Newton did not know what happens in taking air into the lungs. Franklin probably never heard of oxygen; Lavoisier's discovery was made but the year before he died. The life of Laplace had ended before men knew the mechanism of the nerves; to Sir Humphry Davy it was new. Neither ever heard of pepsin. Gladstone probably died still believing in the separate creation of the species. Much, I had almost said most, of our knowledge of the more intimate processes of life has come within a very few years. Let us take a few examples:

(1) As to the mere chemical analysis of the bodily constituents. This was long ago supposed to be complete, at least so far as the recognition of elementary substances was concerned. Very recently, however, it has been shown that such out-of-the-way substances as arsenic and iodine are normal constituents of the body—not merely normal, but absolutely essential. It is needless to remark on the importance of the recognition of at least one of these. Of the poisons wherewith murders are committed, arsenic roughly forms, perhaps, 95 per cent. When a person appears to have died of poisoning, and traces of arsenic have been found, it is not very difficult to see that a chemist, ignorant of the fact that arsenic belongs in the body normally, might be led to believe that a murder had been committed. It would be foolish to exaggerate the importance of this; nevertheless it is entirely conceivable that, sheerly from ignorance, innocent persons have been condemned to death on this account.

Iodine, again, has been shown to be the important active principle of the thyroid, the little gland of the neck, and this in turn has been revealed as one of the important regulating

organs of the body. So, again, copper has been shown to be a normal constituent among some mollusks. We have learned, too, to know that the presence of mineral salts, salts of copper and iron and the like, are absolutely essential in the culture-solutions in which bacteria are grown. This may be but a trace so minute as practically to escape the familiar methods of chemical analysis, delicate soever as they may be. It is not improbable that minute traces of the salts are equally essential to the life functions in general.

(2) If a few years ago any one had been asked what was probably the most important single chemical constituent in the life process, one would undoubtedly have answered oxygen. On a superficial view, life seemed, chemically, more or less a form of oxidation. Deprived of oxygen for but a few moments, we die. Nevertheless, forms of life have been found, the so-called anærobic bacteria which may live in an atmosphere oxygen free. Not merely that, but some forms have been found to which free oxygen is fatal. Obviously then oxygen is not absolutely essential to the intimate process of life. It seems as if this fact may shed a deal of light upon vital chemism, and, indeed, the more advanced physiologists are coming now to believe that, so far as life is concerned, oxidation is rather a secondary or ulterior process, that the more essential vital processes do not involve the intervention of oxygen, and that, under some conditions, the *rôle* of oxygen may be taken up by other substances.

(3) From the various tissues of the body some curious extracts have been made: for example, a very valuable addition to the list of local anæsthetics which have recently been made is adrenalin. It is a powerful heart stimulant. It has also an extraordinary effect of constricting the smaller blood-vessels and capillaries, so that, applied to any part, it quite drives the blood away. This permits of many delicate surgical operations where the effusion of blood would otherwise be a hindrance, if not a bar. This substance is simply a liquid extract from the pair of curious little bulbs, about the size of

your thumb, which lie just above the kidneys and receive for that reason the name of the suprarenal capsules.

(4) Mention of these bodies recalls the singular *rôle* which they have been shown to play in health and disease. The suprarenal capsules belong to the class of so-called ductless glands whose functions in the body were so long a mystery, and of which the spleen, the thyroid, and the thymus are familiar examples. People who are accustomed to keep their eyes open have probably noticed now and then victims of a peculiar malady known as Addison's Disease. The skin of the patient turns a curious pale greenish-bronze colour, something in the same way as the victim of jaundice turns yellow. In all the centuries upon centuries—say for ten or twenty thousand years—in which medicine has been practised, the cause of this malady was an inscrutable mystery. Many facts go to show that it is due to the disease or atrophy or injury of these little suprararenal capsules which lie just over the kidneys. The new medication of the disease naturally bears in the direction of introducing into the body the active principle of these glands.

(5) A very similar discovery, but of far greater importance, is the extraordinary *rôle* played by the thyroid mentioned just above—the little glands which lie just in front of the windpipe in the throat. It has long been known that their inflammation or enlargement was associated with the familiar disease of goître. More recently it has been found that the complete excision of this gland practically means idiocy, and that, moreover, many forms of idiocy are simply the result of the mal-functioning or absence of these little glands.

It is so extraordinary as to be almost beyond belief. Nevertheless, the fact is to-day as well established as the circulation of the blood. What is more amazing still, extracts of sheep's thyroid fed to idiotic children very often means a normal mental development. It is one of the most amazing things in all the range of medicine. It has all come within the past fifteen years—the discovery of some Swiss doctors. The

particular form of idiocy known as cretinism is a familiar malady among the mountain populations, and it was the association of this with goître that led to the discovery of the *rôle* of the thyroid in intellectual growth.

(6) It has been very recently shown, too, that several other well-known diseases result simply from disorders of some specific glands. So, for example, at least one form of diabetes seems to be a disease, not of the kidneys as was so long supposed, but of the pancreas. So, again, certain forms of gigantism, or acromegaly, that is to say, the enormous growth of the bones, the development of a huge hump in the spine, and so on, seems to be associated with, and perhaps result from, the disease of a tiny little gland lying in the floor of the brain, known as the hypophysis or pituitary body. This last has not been clearly established as yet, it is true; but what has been established beyond all peradventure is the specific or local character of many familiar diseases whose origin was so long shrouded in obscurity.

(7) It is, of course, a commonplace to remark that our knowledge of the true cause of three-fifths of all disease is hardly forty years old. Practically speaking, before Pasteur, it was not merely that the wisest of physicians did not clearly know—they simply had not the remotest suspicion of the bacterial nature of infections. It is only within the last twenty years, through the labours of Metchnikoff and those who have followed in his footsteps, that the mechanism, the intimate nature of inflammations has been established. The system of therapeutics, based upon this new knowledge, is as yet in its veriest infancy. It has as yet been developed to a point of practical utility in but a few diseases. Yet its brilliant success in the case of diphtheria, hydrophobia, and one or two others leaves little doubt as to what it means for the future. That is eventually the establishment of a sure and certain specific for every infectious disease—its scientific, and in the light of recent developments as to the mode of action of the bacterial poisons, one might say, their mathematical cure.

It would be quite beyond the purpose of the present paper to draw out any extended list of recent achievements. It is twenty-five or thirty years now since we have known definitely the simple mechanism of animal reproduction, that is to say, that but a single sperm unites with a single ovum in the formation of each new individual. It is only within the last few years that we have come to a working knowledge of the mechanism of muscular contraction. One may search in vain in most text-books of physiology for the true cause of the beat of the heart. A physiology five years old gives no hint that the intestines secrete a ferment precisely as do the glands of the mouth and the stomach. It is only within this same period that we have come to know the true *rôle* of the ferments in general, that they are simply activating substances, which quicken the processes of digestion which would otherwise go on normally, but at a rate too slow for the practical uses of life. It is quite within this same period that physiologists have come to recognise the universal *rôle* of the ferments, that even the process of respiration, that is to say, the taking up of oxygen by the blood, is accomplished through the agency of a ferment. A text-book of physiology or medicine ten years old is out of date.

VI

The citations of recent progress are not, I hope, irrelevant. The intent was simply to make clear how very, very new is much of our knowledge of some of the most important vital functions, their *rôle* in health and disease; further, to enforce the obvious conclusion that much which yet remains obscure may sooner or later be cleared up, among other things old age.

It is hard, as yet, to perceive just where the opening lies, yet signs are not wanting to indicate that a sound beginning at least has been made. A great light may come any day.

The first fact to be laid hold of is that so well insisted upon by Mühlmann—that old age begins with the beginning of

individual life. We might almost picture an organism as a sort of clock, wound up to run for a certain period, then stop. In a less fanciful way we may draw out the life energy in a diagram or curve just as they do for a steam-engine or other machine. From its inception the curve falls steadily to the end of life; the only material exception to be noted is the middle interval, where the line runs almost level.

At first the rate of fall is extraordinarily rapid. Within the first three months of its life the human embryo has increased in weight something like four hundred million times that of the primitive germ cell from which it springs. In the succeeding three months this rate of increase has fallen to five thousand times; in the next three to two hundred and fifty times.

After birth the rate of growth, that is to say, the rate of expenditure of life energy, grows slower and slower. A newborn child increases in weight the first month 25 per cent. By the end of the year this has fallen to 2 per cent. After that it is still smaller. The rate of increase for the first year is 200 per cent. By the seventh or eighth year it has fallen to 10 per cent.; at twenty it has dropped to 1 per cent. or 2 per cent; at thirty it has practically ceased altogether. What is the cause of this rapid decline?

Increasing difficulty of nutrition may be the answer, but it is not a sufficient answer. It does not explain what is nutrition. What is the physical or chemical substance which makes us grow at all? We do not know, and until we do know it is evident that any explanation must be of the most empiric sort.

Just a gleam of light was afforded by the very interesting experiments of a young American zoologist, Calkins, on some of the simplest forms of life. It is very well known that the single-celled protozoa, microscopic beings of the amœba class, reproduce their kind simply by dividing themselves in two. It was this fact which led Weismann to advance the notion of the potential immortality of unicellular beings. But this did

not seem to hold in the face of the experiments of Maupas and others, who showed that while this process of division went on at a lively rate for a time, with the resulting production of an enormous number of individuals, yet little by little it began to slow down, and finally come to an end, just exactly as happens when the cells remain united in colonies to form multicellular organisms. The two processes seemed to all intents the same. The mere question of free surface, of absorbing area, was obviously not the decisive factor. The cause of this decline in energy, of this decreased vitality, must lie in the cells themselves.

It was left for Calkins to show that this inner cause was essentially a chemical one, and that with a simple change of diet the dividing process was resumed with the same energy as before. He followed the divisions of a single species through six hundred and more repartitions or generations, proving that with careful management the process could be kept up for ever. He demonstrated that Weismann's idea of the potential immortality of the protozoa was correct.

It is a very far cry from a single-celled microscopic organism, so minute that a very considerable number would find the area of a pin-head quite sufficient for their field of activity, to the billions-upon-billions of celled metazoa, such as whales and elephants and apes and men—organisms wherein the countless cells are differentiated so far from the primitive protoplasm as to form all the various organs and glands, the bones of the skeleton, the hard coat of the eye, the solidified glue of the nails, the hairs of the head, the enamel of the teeth, the wondrous substance of the brain, which may throb with beauty in a Keats, with melody in a Beethoven, or plan a the battle of Waterloo. Nevertheless one cannot reflect upon the experiments of Calkins without a feeling, a premonition, that here at last is a clue. There are substances which inhibit growth, speed it, stop it. Therefore, the substances which grow must be physical and chemical substances, and particularly and especially the substances which cause growth itself.

If man can find a way to renew the substances of a single cell, so that instead of wearing down little by little, until after fifty or a hundred divisions its growth stops, it will go on dividing for thousands and conceivably for millions of times, it does not seem inconceivable that he should find a way to prevent the wearing down of a cell-colony. If he may not arrest the wear wholly, perhaps he may at least slow it down. If Sir John Lubbock can keep a queen ant alive for two or three times its apparently natural term of existence, it does not seem impossible that we might very considerably prolong the period of human existence. Authentic cases are known of men and women who lived to 150 years and more, and in proportionate possession of their faculties. This is a full twice the traditional three-score-and-ten; and pious folk will hardly fail to recall the tradition of Methusaleh.

The energy of life is the energy of matter. Every day's work is a wearing down and exhaustion of physical substance. Every night's rest is a rebuilding and restoration of a fabric in part destroyed. This is no longer a theory, it is a fact which can now be attested by the microscope. The studies of Hodge and others have shown that with prolonged activity the muscle cells undergo a distinct and regular change. If, for example, two or three carrier pigeons be chosen from a flock and set in long flight, the cells of their muscles will present a very different appearance afterwards from those which have been at rest. If, moreover, one of the pigeons be allowed to rest after its long flight before being killed and dissected its muscles in turn resemble those of the resting pigeons. The tired-out cells have been restored to their normal condition, the products of fatigue have been removed, the substance destroyed has been replaced.

VII

Such is the clear evidence of microscopic examination. Life can restore, vital activity is a restoration, a daily and

hourly restoration. But can we ever get hold of the process so as to control it artificially? Are there fatigue *substances*? Is there any way to demonstrate chemically the revelations of the microscope? Curiously enough demonstration has come within the last year.

Dr. Wolfgang Weichardt, a German physician, has recently made a long and arduous series of experiments—800 or more in number—with the most amazing results. He takes test animals, guinea-pigs for example, puts them on a miniature treadmill and runs them until they fall dead from exhaustion. Then he expresses or concocts from the fatigued muscles of these animals a juice or sap. When this sap is injected into the veins of unworked guinea-pigs they show promptly all the outward signs of fatigue—can support no effort, their eyes stick out from their heads; at the end of twenty to forty hours they die. The sap concocted from the fresh, unworked animals shows no such effect.

Prolonged muscular activity, then, produces in the muscles a poison which, circulating through the body of the animal, causes its death. This poison is a definite substance, which, injected into other animals, produces identically the same effects. It is in its action evidently much the same as the poisons elaborated by bacteria. Following the nomenclature in vogue Dr. Weichardt calls this an *ermüdungs-toxin*, that is, a fatigue-toxin or fatigue-poison.

But Dr. Weichardt's fascinating experiments did not stop here. We have learned of late years to fabricate anti-toxins—serums, which, injected into the animal body, protect the animal against the disease. Why should not the fatigue-toxins produce an anti-body, just like the rest? Dr. Weichardt has shown that they do, and moreover he has shown that, just as in the case of the bacterial poisons, a very little fatigue-toxin injected into the veins of an animal produces an excess of anti-poison, so that it is to-day literally possible to inoculate an animal against fatigue. The German experimenter has shown that animals and even human beings

thus inoculated are capable of a much more prolonged exertion than without it.

All this is curiously and wonderfully near a pregnant suggestion thrown out by Metchnikoff. Basing his idea upon the established fact that the various toxins which, in sufficient quantity, are so destructive to the cells of the body, stimulate rather than kill the cell when administered in minute doses, Metchnikoff conjectured that some cyto-toxins might be found which would reinforce the ageing cells and stimulate them to renewed youth. At least for the temporary wear which results in muscular fatigue, Dr. Weichardt has realised Metchnikoff's idea very closely.

What is the chemical *rôle* of these fatigue-toxins and anti-toxins? We know that increased muscular activity requires an increased supply of oxygen. If we run we must breathe deep and hard. In the course of his investigations, Dr. Weichardt found that a much larger quantity of the fatigue-poison could be obtained when the tired-out muscles were treated with reducing substances, that is to say, with substances which rob oxygen from others. The fatigue-poisons disappear spontaneously when the muscles are given time to rest. It is conceivable that they are simply flushed out by the circulation of the blood, but there is much in the recent advance of bio-chemistry to indicate that they are simply oxidised.

We know that in chemical reactions very often the process is stopped by the accumulation of the products of the reaction. This is exactly what happens in electrolysis, when the products of the reaction accumulate about one of the electrodes. The reaction continues if we have some means of preventing or removing this accumulation—that is, a depolariser.

The idea is growing up nowadays that the *rôle* of oxygen in the chemical reactions of the body is essentially that of a depolariser. This may be the *rôle* of the anti-fatigue poisons. It may explain the reputed action of formic acid in preventing and relieving fatigue.

All this might seem going a little far afield were it not for two noteworthy facts. The first is that old age is in some sense merely accumulated fatigue; the second is that one very striking condition, if it be not an essential condition, in old age, is lessened oxidation.

Whatever else may be its *rôle* in the vital chemism, we know well enough nowadays that a great and essential office of oxygen lies in neutralising, removing, preventing the accumulation of the natural poisons produced by the bodily activities. Conceivably lessened oxidation means an accumulation of these toxic products, which results in senile decay. If this were true, then if we could get hold of some way of maintaining and stimulating this oxidising process, we should get a long way in the maintenance of youthful vigour.

Here again we have just a clue. A Russian pathologist, Belonovsky, has recently shown that the hemolysins, the poison serums which in quantity destroy red corpuscles, stimulate the production of the corpuscles when administered in very minute doses. This discovery has already been utilised to good effect in the treatment of the familiar disease of anæmia. Whether it will be of avail in warding off the kindred conditions of old age remains for the future to show.

VIII

We here reach the borderland of acquired knowledge. What lies beyond we can only conjecture. The enormous body of more or less connected knowledge already built up, regarding the vital chemism, the *rôle* of the ferments, the serums, the anti-toxins, the body destroyers and the body builders, can hardly fail to prove a powerful engine for further advance. The marvellous progress realised in the past thirty or forty years will not stop short now. It is but a halting imagination which conceived that it will cease before it has reduced all vital phenomena to the action of known chemical and physical forces.

And this complete descriptive knowledge is but the prelude to the higher achievement which is the more or less conscious aim of all rational scientific investigation ; this, in the phrase of one of the most distinguished of present-day physiologists, is *the control of phenomena.*

At the present moment the especial need in the study of old age is concerted investigation. There is need first of all of a complete and accurate knowledge of the changes in which old age consists. As yet the facts are slight. Instead of the finished picture we have but a bald sketch. Investigators can be had in plenty ; the need is money, and its intelligent expenditure. Amid all the millions so recklessly thrown about nowadays, the half of it perhaps with little chance for gain or good, surely it seems as if some of it might be diverted for a thorough exploration of this little known field.

It is curious to reflect what might already have been achieved if twenty years ago even a slender corps of investigators could have been set at work with adequate funds. Possibly some Mecænas may yet arise, interested enough, either on his own account or for his kind, to look forward to what might be realised ten or twenty years hence if we begin now—and set the search going.

DR. CARL SNYDER.

THE EFFECTS OF CIVILISATION UPON CLIMATE

ALTHOUGH men in their pride may on occasion think otherwise, nothing can alter the eternal purposes of Nature. Over and above the fretful workings of humanity, the great mother, supremely calm, pursues the even tenour of her way. Countless generations may come and go, each more energetic than the last, vast and far-reaching schemes be carried into effect, yet "they shall all wax old as doth a garment." Nevertheless, it would be idle to deny that mankind is often able, for a while at any rate, to work in opposition to natural laws; any mark which he may leave, however, will be purely temporary, to be effaced completely by the passage of time. Still the fact remains that the human race may continue to hold its own against the forces of nature over a comparatively long period.

One of the most interesting points which arise out of the consideration of man and the natural world is the question as to whether the developments of civilisation may in any way affect the climatic conditions prevalent in the different countries of the earth. The subject is not by any means new, neither is it one concerning which there is universal agreement. Indeed, it is an oft debated matter upon which many authorities find themselves at variance. By some it is positively asserted that the relatively tiny efforts of man cannot have the least power to bring about meteorological

change; and, whilst one fully appreciates the insignificance of human endeavour, yet the evidence which can be brought forward in favour of the theory of artificial interference with climate serves to show that the idea is not such a fanciful one as some would have us believe. There is no doubt that when the possibility of artificial climatic change was first mooted a great deal of exaggerated statement was brought forward, and in recent years there has been a strong tendency to discredit the theory as a whole on the ground that so many of the original assertions have been proved to be entirely fictitious. The question is very fascinating and one of peculiar interest to the citizens of the vast British Empire, which in its many parts, covering one-fifth of the globe, is subject to every conceivable form of climatic condition.

It has always appeared to the writer that people who scout the idea of anything that man may do affecting the weather (putting aside the question of climatic change for the moment) can scarcely realise the extremely local character which is often a feature of meteorological conditions. An instance like the following is no uncommon happening: In a particular district fine, bright weather may be constant throughout the day, whilst a few miles distant heavy storms of rain will be experienced. This clearly shows that the area over which a particular type of weather is prevailing may be comparatively small in extent. Viewed in this light it does not seem so difficult to believe that in a given locality the weather might be influenced by some artificial feature. We need not go very far away to find an incontrovertible proof that this is so. No one will say that the huge city of London does not affect its own weather. The volume of smoke which arises from hundreds of thousands of chimneys turns day into night on many occasions when it would otherwise be fine and sunny. Moreover, the smoke from the great city is not only obnoxious within the borders of the metropolis, but its influence is felt over a much greater tract of country than is generally supposed. In Berkshire, forty miles away

from London, an observer has remarked that the prevalence of an easterly wind during a number of hours frequently results in the sky being overcast with dull yellow clouds, evidently charged with sooty smoke. The people of the Oxfordshire hill villages are well acquainted with the effects of London smoke, and even during bright summer weather, should the wind happen to shift to the right quarter, the clearness of the atmosphere will be obscured by a blue haze and a distinctly sulphurous smell will be noticeable in the air. Of course, it may be truthfully said that London does more than influence its weather—it affects its climate as a whole. Even in the finest weather the canopy of sky over the metropolis is more or less obscured by the smoke veil—it is never entirely clear.

The presence of a large number of buildings in any situation will raise the temperature of the locality, whilst the influence of the warmth arising from a large number of fires must not by any means be overlooked. Experiments conducted in London, Berlin, and Paris serve to show that the average annual temperature in the cities is two or three degrees higher than in the surrounding country. At certain times of the year there is often a greater difference still, and it is noticeable that in cities sudden changes are not felt to the same extent that they are in the open country. In fact, we may imagine that London is enveloped by a great covering of warm air, which serves to repel the onslaughts of cold, for a time at any rate. Most people must have noticed how the trees and shrubs in the London parks burst into leaf a good deal earlier than is the case with specimens under less sheltered surroundings, and we may take it that plants are the best guarantee as to the mildness of any situation.

After all, of course, London and its like are not very big matters as far as area is concerned; at best the influence which these cities may bring to bear will extend not more than a few square miles. It will be necessary to push the point of the possible effects of civilisation upon climate to a much greater

issue. Is it conceivable that man by his works may affect the climatic conditions of large tracts of land, whole countries in fact? In the first instance we can hardly do better than take England as an example. It is well known that during the last two centuries there has been an immense reduction in the amount of marsh land in this country; notably in the Fen district, if a particular instance is desired. Now damp soil is always colder than dry, and as may be imagined the amount of moisture in land has a very decided effect upon the temperature of the atmosphere. Conceive a huge area of land many miles in extent, which from a very wet state has been artificially drained for purposes of cultivation into a dry condition. It must be admitted that it does not seem a very far-fetched idea to hold that such a change would bring about a very definite, and probably permanent alteration in the climate. This is what has actually taken place in England, for it is a proved fact that the temperature in this country is appreciably higher than it was several hundred years ago. Although accurate observations have not extended over a sufficiently long period to establish the fact with mathematical exactitude, we know that Glaisher in his time computed that the mean temperature at Greenwich had risen two degrees in the preceding hundred years. Very old people are frequently heard to remark that the winters are not so severe as they remember in their childhood's days, and whilst giving every allowance, the observation is made so often and by such a number of different people, that one cannot help attaching some weight to the statement. Severe winters do not appear to visit us so often as was the case formerly, and certainly British winters are later in coming than they used to be, for it is very rarely that any prolonged spell of cold is experienced until the New Year. The old fashioned winter often commenced in December, or even in November, as is very evident from the records which have been handed down to us. A typically modern winter was that of the year 1895, when the rigours of the season were scarcely felt until February, and were extended well into March. There

seems to be a clear reason for this. The well-drained lands of Britain are so thoroughly warmed by the summer sun that it takes a longer time for the icy grip of winter to take hold of the country; even when at last winter does appear the increasing power of the sun as the season draws away towards Spring exerts a powerful influence in the modification of the cold weather. The vast "tundras" which form so large a part of the northern portion of Siberia doubtless exert a powerful influence on the climate of that desolate region. On account of the exceedingly marshy character of the land, it is so thoroughly chilled that even in the height of summer, on days when the sun is oppressively hot, the soil is frozen hard within a few inches of the surface. Doubtless if these great bog lands could be drained of their super-abundant moisture it would lead to a diminution of the severity of cold experienced during the winter months.

The point as to whether the presence of large tracts of forest land may in any way influence climate is one around which there has been an immense amount of controversy. It has been definitely established that the presence of large numbers of trees in tropical regions, notably in South America and Africa, has a tendency to reduce the temperature of a locality. This fact is readily to be understood, for it is only reasonable to suppose that country thickly covered with jungle is not so exposed to the burning rays of the torrid sun, and as a consequence the land does not get so heated. One of the principle causes of the intense heat of deserts is the fact that the ground is entirely unprotected by vegetation and absorbs the heat of the solar orb without interruption. The destruction of a large tract of forest in the tropics would be calculated to result in a marked increase in the temperature of the district. In their capacity as shelterers from strong and cold winds trees are by no means to be despised. Large belts of forest land will often afford protection in this respect to considerable areas of country, as settlers have found out to their cost after deforestation has been carried out. It is said

that in the State of Michigan, where formerly peaches were cultivated to a large extent, since the disappearance of the forest land their production has been rendered impossible owing to the disastrous effects of the cold winds in the Spring time.

Most important of all, however, is the question concerning the probable effects of forests upon rainfall. In spite of a great deal of conflicting evidence upon the subject it may be concluded that large numbers of trees (not mere isolated groups), do have a real influence upon the amount of rain which is experienced in a district. Trees, as is well known, increase the humidity of the atmosphere by the evaporation of moisture from their foliage, and it is only natural to suppose that this is precipitated again in showers. It is generally believed that the destruction of the forest land in Central India has led to a diminution in the annual rainfall, and the same thing has been felt to an alarming degree in some of the smaller West Indian islands. In America it is positively asserted that the cutting down of the virgin forests has resulted in long spells of drought. It is observed as well that storms are of greater violence, seeming to point to the fact that the trees had an equalising influence upon the climate. So concerned are the inhabitants at what they deem to be the consequence of deforestation that they are taking steps to replant all available pieces of land with saplings. An observer in South America has noticed that the clouds generally hang over the forest land. He says:

> In the Corderilla at Bogota, clouds with rain falling from them can be seen hanging over the forests, while near by over ground which is covered with shrubs, or is used for agriculture, the sky is blue and the sun is shining. It appears further that this open country has been deforestated, and that with the change in the covering of the soil the climate has also changed to some extent.

In another and very important way in the tropics where dews are heavy, forests largely enhance the precipitation of moisture. During a thick morning mist an immense amount of water condenses on the millions of leaves, and this with a

steady drip falls to the ground beneath forming a very good substitute for rain. One instance may be cited where the water supply of a large establishment is almost entirely derived from moisture droppings from trees—that of the garrison of a naval station in Ascension Isle. It is mentioned by Abbe in "Forest Influence" in the following terms:

> The principal water-supply for the garrison of this naval station is gathered several miles away at the summit of Green Mountain, the upper part of which has always been green with verdure since the island was discovered; almost all of this water comes from slight showers and steady dripping of trees enveloped in cloud fog on the windward side of the mountain.

As may be imagined, if the trees be not too thick in growth to obstruct the light grass and small, tender herbs will flourish under the branches in such a way as would not be possible in the open country. This knowledge might be turned to good account by agriculturists in tropical regions where it is often so difficult to grow green food for cattle.

The fact having been established that deforestation will be likely to cause a reduction in the amount of precipitated moisture in a district, the point arises as to whether by the replanting of the one-time forest land the climatic conditions might be changed so as to bring about a more abundant rainfall. The question is one which it is most difficult to answer with any certainty, as it is not easy to obtain any decided data on the matter at present. The destruction of forests is a work which can proceed with great rapidity, but their entire replacement is a very slow business which it may take many generations to complete. In Germany it is said that there is good reason to believe that in certain districts where extensive reforestation has been carried out, the result has been an increase in the amount of rain and a general reversion of the climate to its original state. In America, too, as has been already noted, the idea that spells of drought might be prevented by reforestation is generally credited, although there is little that is reliable in the way of evidence to be brought forward. After all, there is nothing very far-fetched in the

idea that the replanting of forests might restore a climate to its condition before the denudation of the land, if we accept the theory that trees influence climate at all.

It is a remarkable thing, although at first sight the statement may seem to be a confusion of cause and effect, that all the desert regions of the earth are practically destitute of trees. Of course, in a general sense, it must be admitted that the trees are not there because of the rainless character of the climate; still one may venture to opine that, could large sections of the Sahara desert be irrigated and clothed with forests, even that thirsty land might be blessed with grateful showers. It is likely that in years to come some interesting changes in the climate of Egypt may delight the meteorologists of the day, as the result of the extensive schemes of land irrigation which are making many a barren spot "blossom as the rose." If afforestation leads to an increase in the annual rainfall of a country, we in England may be pardoned for wishing that the various societies, now actively propagating the doctrine of tree-planting, had never seen the light of day. Rain is a good and excellent thing in its way, but in these last few years, when we have been feeling the full effects of a "wet cycle," one can hardly view the prospect of additional downpours with equanimity.

To sum up the whole matter it is impossible to deny that man and his works do influence climate to a greater or less extent; the spread of civilisation in a new land has a real effect on the annual tale of weather. The study of the subject is in its infancy, and research in the matter is beset by peculiar difficulties owing to the fact that definite evidence is long in coming and not easily obtainable. That special attention to this particular branch of meteorology will be given in the future there can be no doubt, and with the more reliable data which the student will then have at his command some valuable conclusions may be expected. At the present time the fact that extermination of swamps and drainage of land tends to raise the temperature of a district, is worthy of serious

attention. Many parts of the world would become more readily habitable both for animals and plants if the land could be released from the iron grip of frost during the summer and the winter season rendered less severe, even though it was only a mean annual increase of a few degrees. Of course, with our present resources schemes of this kind could not be carried out by one generation; rather will they be the outcome of the gradual spread of civilising influences brought into being by the energetic nations of the earth.

S. Leonard Bastin.

THE HUMAN STATE

THE human state has often been considered from two divergent points of view, the optimistic and the pessimistic.

According to the latter, man is a being liable to a multitude of diseases, more or less painfully conscious of physical decline and of the inevitableness of death, experiencing a predominance of painful over pleasurable emotions, possessing by reason of his reflective faculty a realisation of a series of antinomies between his desires and his ends, affected by climatic conditions, in need of food and condemned to the labour of procuring it, exposed to injustice and misfortune—a speck of animated matter whose presence on the earth is vain.

This view, or variants and extensions of it, has been held and expressed at various times in the world's history, chiefly by reflective individuals whose physical and mental composition made them sensitive to the worst aspects of existence. In the East, the Ecclesiastes of the Bible and Cakya-Mouni, in the West, Schopenhauer, have been its best exponents. It has been more an attitude of mind than a school of thought, for the reason that, leading logically to a negation of existence, it is opposed to the strongest impulse of the race. As such, it has generally excited reprobation, and its expression has, on the whole, been scanty. Its contentions are for the most part true; but their truth is isolated truth, divorced from other truth which, in the consideration of the human state, may not be separated from it. It is true that death is a conscious

fatality from which men shrink ; but it is also true that in the majority of cases death is a painless process, occurring generally at an age when the senses are enfeebled. It is true that the diseases of the human body are not few ; but it is also true that the majority of men pass the greater number of their days immune from painful malady. It is true that for most men the toil for sustenance is constant ; but it is true, also, that rational toil or industry is essential to the maintenance of pleasure-yielding health. It is often true that the pains of life appear to outweigh the felicities ; but this is not wholly true if we count among the pleasures of existence the pleasure of existing. It is true that men are exposed to misfortune and injustice ; yet it is also true that the normal state is not one of extreme misfortune, and that there *is* some justice in the world, the sum of which men's efforts tend constantly to increase. Finally, although it may be true that men exist upon the earth for no specific purpose, it may be also true, as we shall see, that there is a purpose which they have not yet discerned.

The optimistic view of the human state, generally enthusiastic, holds that the pains of life are compensated by the pleasures ; that humanity is of its nature good ; that existence is a privilege ; that the ecstatic sentiment of love, though transitory, atones for death ; that there are few ills by which men are afflicted that have not some redeeming feature ; that if we only interpret circumstance aright and make a true use of our reason, we need not suffer from misfortune ; that there is satisfaction in the exercise of the physical and mental faculties ; that in the spectacle of nature there are lasting joys. Evidently this view neglects to take into account the accusations of the pessimists, and, however much illusion it may contain, it is certain that it is rich in vital incentive, that life will be pleasurably lived under this conception, and that it will exhibit much of its freshness and its strength. Nevertheless, from the point of view of stern reality, neither of these conceptions may be accepted, because both incline to exaggeration.

The human state is not one which, considered in its total aspect, can logically give rise either to great enthusiasm or to great despondency; for, on the average, its pleasures and its pains are balanced, and although there are lives where the balance leans excessively to one side or the other, yet in the great majority of cases, an equilibrium is steadily maintained. Although no man ever elected to be born, few men ever wish to die; and therefore it must be that human life, as it has been lived, is found to be endurable. Man, the effect of an unknown cause, is impelled to live, to give and to relinquish life, by an influence the secret of which lies wrapt up in the principle of life itself. He is, in this sense, automatic, and as such he may not deviate from the plan of life without contradicting the principle from which he springs. Whatever nature is, it is plainly evident that nature has prescribed a course from which the human being may not swerve, a course which he must pursue as long as he is destined to take part in existence. Therefore, perceiving the uselessness of wishing that the state were other than it is, that death were non-existent, or that pleasure was more abundant and less evanescent; man early invented stoicism, or resignation to the inevitable play of forces on his mind and body.

Well, stoicism of some degree is an attitude the necessity for which naturally impresses itself upon the mind in the experience of life, and the stoics of antiquity did no more than emphasise a condition of existence. For the great majority of men the vicissitudes of life make repeated calls upon the fund of physical and mental resistance which man possesses in a degree that is only truly realised when the circumstances arise to call it forth. Moreover, however austere stoicism may at times appear, as it does when practised in excess of necessity, it partakes of the nature of a pleasurable state, since it meets the ills of life by a permanent attitude of mind which averts their sting. Stoicism, indeed, has therapeutic value, and in nervous maladies it is capable of curing. It considers existence neither as a comedy nor as a tragedy, but as a drama which, for some

unknown reason, it is given to consciousness to know. Few men can go through life without finding it necessary at times to contemplate it from the stoic point of view, because that point of view is the only one that serves for all the circumstances of life: in one sense stoicism is a narcotic, administered by the reason or the will. But if the human state be such that stoicism is required to counteract its ills, it is evident that the pessimistic contention of its inferiority is not without foundation. The human organism, moved by the life impulse, is constantly in need of developing a resisting force within itself, and therefore a state where such a necessity exists, is not that which we may conceive as the best possible.

Exponent of a vital principle having its origin in the early stages of the earth's history, composed of some of the principal elements of that earth and of the universe, man in all probability reached the human condition after long stages of transition from other forms of life, with the highest of which he still has common traits. Born, like all mammalians, from ova, he acquires a consciousness before his birth, a consciousness which continues to develop afterwards until he eventually appears in the world as a rational being of a highly elaborate nervous system, liable to diseases due to climatic or hereditary causes, to errors of his judgment, or faults in his knowledge, a being possessing a mind that is capable of unravelling natural secrets which were not revealed to him by intuition, but which has hitherto proved itself unable to discover the reason of existence or the primary source of life, a mind which is at times a torment and at times a solace to itself, but which is always conscious of the necessity of ending life in a cessation of the personality, in a separation from earthly interests. Finally, man is a being so conditioned that he is in daily need of maintaining the forces of his body by food, the consumption of which is itself one of the causes of his physical decay. And yet the life state itself, the actual sense of existence, is in the absence of ills a condition of enjoyment, a satisfaction of the nature of a privilege, a condition to which no termination is desired. So that we have a

constant contradiction between the state considered in its essence, and the state considered in relation to the causes by which it is affected.

Now, it is these causes, disease, recurrent need of food, deficient social justice, and unequal distribution of advantage, that have led men to inquire whether the human intellect, which has shown itself capable of great development, may not discover means whereby these imperfections of the human state may be modified, if not removed, and a type of human being formed less at the mercy of the evils which have hitherto been considered to be inherent to humanity. Hence we have seen, along with the progress in curative medicine, the gradual rise of preventive medicine aiming at the eradication of disease, and powerfully aided in the last ten years by the revelations of bacteriology. To this have been added hygiene and sanitation, resulting in the practical destruction of epidemics and the removal of the fear they caused. Knowledge has been gained of the nutritional and therapeutic properties of foods, and the possibility has even been contemplated of discovering more concentrated forms of nourishment than those hitherto employed. Moral philosophers and reformers have long laboured, and not without success, to improve the relations between men. Many of the sciences have contributed towards this end. Quite recently, biology and social science have combined to construct a system of eclectic mating whereby the selective process, already to some extent at work in human marriage, is consciously and conscientiously pursued so that the race may be improved; and this system, which embraces not a few fallacies, though of its nature aristocratic and opposed therefore to a well-marked tendency of modern times, and though conducing, in spite of the denial of its founder, to the creation of a residuum of unfit individuals condemned to mate together for a long period preceding elimination, nevertheless contains injunctions which, if followed, must help the other agencies at work for the production of a sound heredity. Man has at last perceived that instead of passively submitting, with the aid of resigned stoicism, to the

evils which it was long considered "flesh is heir to," he may by taking thought, oppose them and prepare for himself a better state.

The advance of the sciences, including political science, has had the effect of giving to man a new power, the power of amelioration, and of engendering a new hope, the hope of more perfect being, so that even the compunction which some men experience for introducing children into a world in which they have themselves been sufferers, may eventually be diminished or removed. Given that greater equalisation of the world's wealth had been reached than exists at present, and that morals had so progressed that material misfortune, due to organised deception, had become unknown; it is plain that man, born healthy, wisely reared and nourished, freed from organic disease and from mental maladies, living in an uncongested world, would lead an existence approaching the ideal. Less engrossed by the sustentative necessity, unexposed to the predatory enterprises of neighbours, preserving a better balance between his forces and the demands of his daily life upon them, he would be enabled to experience more fully than hitherto the essential pleasure of existence. Life, subject to less vicissitudes, might be planned more surely; there would be a greater confidence in human things. The complexities too thoughtlessly accumulated by civilisation would give place to a greater simplicity, which, though not synonymous with a rudeness no longer possible, would be a nearer approach to natural conditions. Such an existence is not without the bounds of possibility, and it is certain that its foundations have been laid. If it were reached, however, there would still remain obstacles to the complete enjoyment of existence. There would still remain the liability to suffering from climatic causes, from any disturbance of the earth's interior, from any cosmic change, and, above all, from the knowledge of the fate of death.

For the first of these obstacles no remedy has as yet been found. No means have been devised whereby the

inequalities of temperature and of atmospheric pressure may be removed. Considering the relative positions of earth and sun and the inclination of the earth's axis, it is plain that man must always experience extremes of heat and cold, that he can only preserve himself in some measure from their effects by artificial means, and that his globe will be long exposed to earthquakes and eruptions. But the suffering from the first of these causes is not on the whole excessive, from the second far from general, and from the third as yet unknown. Death, the last obstacle, is far more formidable. It is the stubborn fact which has given rise to pessimism, which has been the eternal cause of sorrow and discouragement. Hitherto it has seemed an evil, in so far as it involved the cessation of existence, that admitted of no palliation, an evil which was the more grave because its anticipation clouded the latter half of the majority of lives. No doubt the exact date of the renunciation is concealed, but the realisation of its proximity increases as life proceeds. There is no period, unless at the extreme limit of longevity, when, as has been said, it is not possible to hope for two more years of life; but two more years, when the aspiration is unlimited existence, is a short respite!

Hitherto those who have reasoned about death, in so far as its natural aspect is concerned, have found no solution for the problem it presents save resignation. Recently, it is true, Finot has discovered some satisfaction in the fact that life, as life, does not end in the grave, but is prolonged in the lower forms which spring from the decaying body. But an inquirer who can derive comfort from such immortality must, indeed, have reached an identification with nature such as few are ever likely to attain. The human personality is a fact which, in relation to death, is self-contained. The knowledge of a vermiform continuation is not likely to promote the happiness which men, as they exist on earth, are forced to seek, to satisfy a craving of their nature; and the quest must certainly be made in a different direction.

Among those who have studied death, especially in its

bearing upon human happiness, Metchnikoff has alone the merit of having made what may be called a practical attempt to divest it of its gloom. Discarding metaphysical assumptions and placing himself on the ground of science, he reached the conviction that the pain of death was largely due to the fact that old age, being pathological in the vast majority of cases, death which resulted from it was not physiological, but accidental, and that if by hygiene, sobriety, suitable pure diet, rational living, and the use of certain sera, we could attain to an old age free from organic malady, then we should arrive at the natural termination of existence, which is rarely reached at present, and that we should acquire the instinct which we do not now possess, the thanatic instinct. Gradually, without pain, attaining to a longevity of a century or considerably more, man, he considered, should reach a period when, surfeited with life, he should come to will what nature wills, and the greatest of the disharmonies which have hitherto existed in his state would cease. No longer would death surprise him before he had finished his "physiological development," but it would receive him at a time when, from natural causes, from the attainment of the natural span of life, the instinct of life would have become replaced by that of death. Morals, legislation, and science should co-operate towards this end, which would be the true object of existence. The achievement of this result, combined with the prudential regulation of childbirth, must, according to its author, improve the human lot, conquer pessimism and regret.

Now, it is evident that if it be possible by the course prescribed to reach the instinct of extinction, this solution offers solace. If with sound tissue and healthy organs, in possession of his faculties until the last, man could reach the desire of finality, his position would be better than it hitherto has been. But Metchnikoff himself admits the difficulty of realising these conditions. The instinct which he conceives as necessary to the completion of the life state has not yet been recorded: it must, therefore, be evolved, and the time required

for its evolution is unknown. Also, if physical efficiency be preserved until the last, it is not easy to understand why the mind should be so much more weary than the body, that it should wish for death. However this may be, it seems that the ideal of long and healthy life, terminating in a truly normal end, is one which, if attained, would increase the value of existence. It may be in our power to reach this consummation by ascertaining and fulfilling the requirements of nature which men have tended to oppose. Outside the supernatural order of ideas, in which solace, conditional upon belief, is offered, but with which we are not here concerned, no consolation for human ills is to be found except in the production of a state longer and more robust than that which we experience. Human effort has been so much devoted to the exploitation of the earth as a source of pleasure and to the development of purely intellectual pursuits, that the natural interest of the species has been not a little overlooked. If we have no certain knowledge of our origin we may still do something to control our destiny on earth, and even those who anticipate an after life may at least contribute to the perfectation of the present positive existence. Whether we and our planet trouble uselessly what Schopenhauer held to be the happy rest of nothingness, the fact that we, as sentient beings, are liable to pain renders it needful, if we care for the welfare of posterity, that we should labour to remove from life that suffering which we can conceive as due to error or to ignorance.

If this perfectation were achieved, life would doubtless flow more smoothly and more surely. The regretful feelings inseparable from the contemplation of the more sombre features of existence would give place to a contented acquiescence in the course of nature, and living would be calm and lasting happiness. Unfortunately for the completion of the picture, if individual solicitude were set at rest, racial solicitude might still exist. Man is inquisitive by nature, and yet he is in total ignorance of the end for which his species lives, or whether it has any other end than to continue illustrating the principle of

life as long as the world lasts, without ever reaching a goal that may be seen to be more definite. This ignorance of racial destiny was one of the accusations of the pessimists, an accusation for which no adequate reply was found. Is it possible that the life struggles of countless centuries, the loves of myriads of men and women, the constant growth of knowledge, can have no more specific purpose than the ceaseless prolongation even of a perfected state? It sometimes seems that so much energy should not be uselessly expended; that there must be a resultant. But where or how? Speculation may show us men attaining, by constant labour, to a knowledge of the origin of things, and arriving through that knowledge at some identification with the originating principle; but little satisfaction can be gained from speculation, and when hypothesis has done its best, we are still without firm ground on which to tread. We have still no solid answer to the question, Wherefore do we live? It is agreed to-day that it is hazardous to assign bounds to the accomplishment of science. It may be in the power of science to solve the riddles which perplex us now, and some may be content to place their trust in it and to require no other racial hope than that which it affords. But science is a body of knowledge and of theory, and lately, as an induction from the discovery of radio-active substances, we have seen it steadily maintained by a physicist, Le Bon, that matter is in constant process of disintegration, and that the universe is in course of re-absorption into the ether whence it came. If this were true, humanity would share the fate of matter. It would have lived and strived, as far as it could see, in vain.

And yet men act all through their lives in view of definite results, and incline to think that the collective action of their race cannot be quite vain. In thinking thus do they delude themselves? At the present stage we do not know. If we accept the life condition, we must be content to live in this uncertainty with the faint hope of perceiving in our lifetime a glimmer of the truth.

F. Carrel.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

I

HARK! The women's voices—carding wool and singing,
Sound of spinning-wheels and laughter is the morning bringing,
Bright and golden dancing dust in the sunlight streaming,
Straight from heaven through the window on bronzed faces gleaming.
And a little child in bed
Counterpaned in brown and red
Hears the geese without the door,
Beat of flail on hovel floor,
All the sounds of home that mingle in a pleasant humming,
Sounds of things to live for ever in the artist coming.

II

Primitive his people in a land of tillage;
By a massive coast forbidding nestled Gruchy village:
Desolate and wild and tragic rose the rugged cliff volcanic,
Many a ship in many a tempest wrecked upon its rocks titanic.
In a little valley folded,
Open only to the ocean,
Was the mind of Millet moulded
In a simple pure devotion,

And the psalms became his schooling—Virgil—and the book of Nature,
And he ploughed and sowed and garnered and became of manly stature.

III

Then his gift grew heavy and he knew his calling,
Gave his life and strength to follow—stumbled nearly falling—
Knowing only through all darkness that he knew the right for ever,
Never swerving from his purpose—never slacking in endeavour.
Then he faced a stubborn city,
Cold disdain and jealous plot,
Scorned for praise and starved for pity,
Suffering and complaining not:
Only in the Louvre the masters all their silent lore imparted
And he knew he was with brothers in one kinship mighty-hearted.

IV

Sense he had of action, in repose or motion,
Sense of plastic loveliness large as his devotion,
By no artificial grace, by no misery tainted;
Truth of thorn, truth of rose, sun and shade he painted.
"Ever try," he said, "to make
Trivial express sublime."
And his simplest subjects take
Greatness for enduring time:
More than allegoric meaning, beauty wed of fact and mind
Known and rendered, felt and given, seen in life and so designed.

V

Last the laurels, tardy honours and the tributes—recognition
Of the art of his creation—his invincible volition

He was Knight who had been outlawed—he was Judge who had been banished,
And he still worked on in silence till the light of power vanished,
And a man of three-score years
Wakened on a bed of pain,
Heard the bay of dogs and cheers
While a hunted stag was slain,
And he said, " It is an omen ; " and the door became a portal
As death entered for his guerdon, leaving us the work immortal.

A. Hugh Fisher.

THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE

CHAPTER IX

THE MOUNTAIN FARM

COED-ITHEL stood in the middle of an orchard; a plain stone-tiled farm-house with no pretence to an approach, save a track over the grass from the yew-shadowed gate to the door.

A low uneven wall, built without mortar, of great boulders and slabs of stone, coated with moss, and sprouting with heavy ferns and pennywort, enclosed the orchard; and though the old garden of the Duke's imagination was non-existent, there was a large plot of ground, fenced in from the chickens, at the back of the homestead, which was devoted mainly to growing potatoes, cabbages and onions, but was also well stocked with the roots of old-fashioned herbs and cottagers' flowers.

It had not occurred to Jeanne to telegraph and warn her uncle of the intended visit; a telegram, as she very well knew, would have startled him much more than her sudden appearance; besides entailing a payment of porterage, which would have annoyed him considerably.

Since Dunham had refused to permit her to make a brown

paper parcel of necessaries to carry under her arm (which would have been much more convenient), and had, instead, insisted upon encumbering her with her late aunt's heavy travelling bag—Jeanne had been obliged to leave her belongings at the station, to be called for later by John Evans, her uncle's man.

She carried in her hand only her shabby desk, containing the family treasures, from which, true to her brother's injunctions, she would not be parted.

The daylight was beginning to fail as she walked rapidly along the main road, and turned into the narrow lane, which led upwards to the open path over the hills to Coed-Ithel.

A joyous sense of freedom regained caused her heart to lighten and her face to glow; as, with the ease of youth and strength and long habit, she climbed the steep and stony track over the mountain, pausing now and then to cast a glance of recognition at the familiar landscape.

Breathless, but beaming, she presently pushed open the orchard gate, sped across the grass, lifted the latch of the farm-house door, and stepped into the kitchen.

A pleasant sense of home-coming, never before experienced, brought the tears to her glad brown eyes.

She had not known that the familiar place of her childhood was dear to her, before she went to London. Often and often had she and Louis grumbled over its smallness, its homeliness, and its distance from Tref-Goch, once the centre of life to both.

Now its very remoteness from the dwelling-houses of other men seemed to make it more truly a place of rest.

She closed the door and came softly round the old solid oaken screen, built into the wall, that sheltered her uncle's patchwork covered arm-chair from draught.

One half of the well-scrubbed white deal table was laid for tea. A big loaf, a black-handled knife, a square lump of fresh yellow butter, a red earthen pitcher of milk, and a pot of jam.

The black teapot stood warming on the hob, and the kettle was boiling.

Well-known sounds in the back-kitchen told her that Uncle Roberts had come in and was cleaning himself at the pump.

Not wishing to startle him too much she rapped on the wooden screen with her knuckles, and stood there smiling and dimpling.

Uncle Roberts came forth immediately, clumping heavily across the tiled floor of the back-kitchen in his heavy boots, wiping his hands with a cloth, and peering under his bushy brows to see who it was.

"I've come to pay you a visit, uncle," said Jeanne.

Llewellyn Roberts was not a demonstrative man; he endured the kiss his niece bestowed upon his hairy cheek with equanimity, and said, "Well, to be sure!" in surprise.

It did not occur to him to express any pleasure at her advent, but Jeanne knew him well enough to be quite sure he was glad to see her.

"You got my letter, uncle, didn't you, about Louis going to Somaliland?"

"I got it right enough," said Uncle Roberts,

He went to the bottom of the deal staircase and called loudly:

"Sally Morgan! Here's Jenny come home," and then with a nod, retired to the back-kitchen to complete his ablutions.

Granny Morgan was less impassive than the farmer.

She was a rosy little old woman, with a white cap tied under her chin, and a short full woollen skirt cut well above her blue stockings and neat clogs.

Though, like the farmer, she loved Louis the best—she was yet very fond of Jeanne.

"Well, to be sure, my deary, this is a surprise. So here you be come home! Just in time for your tea," she kissed Jeanne heartily. "Have you brought any news, deary?"

"Louis was just starting for Somaliland when he last wrote, Granny, and he says it won't be long before he comes home."

"Oh, my, what a day 'twill be—the lads down to Pen-y-waun be going to carry him shoulder high the day he comes—they talk of fireworks and all sorts. And he'll be grander than ever, with all this money."

"It won't change him, Granny."

"No, it won't, my deary, for the lad's not the sort to change. Well, if I didn't always say he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth! It's to be hoped they *won't* be keeping him out there much longer."

Then she raised her voice and cried to the back-kitchen:

"Robert, your tea's waiting."

She poured the boiling water into the teapot and set it on the table.

"You'll be wanting something after your journey, deary. Don'tee stop for nobody, but just set to."

But Jeanne knew better than to incur her uncle's displeasure by beginning before he had said grace.

Uncle Roberts stood in his place, and asked a blessing with his eyes shut, and Granny Morgan put the bread platter at his elbow.

Jeanne had not enjoyed a meal so much for weeks.

How delicious to her was the home-made crusty bread, the yellow butter slightly salted! She abjured the tea, and drank her accustomed measure of new milk from her own blue china mug, inscribed in gilt letters, "A present from Monmouth."

Uncle Roberts was evidently cudgelling his brains for the reason of his niece's sudden appearance; but being chary of words, preferred thinking to asking questions.

Presently he brought forth the result of his cogitations.

"Be there anything wrong with this fine fortune his aunt has left to Louis?"

"Oh no, uncle. Mr. Valentine, the lawyer, says it is as safe as the Bank of England."

"Don'tee get putting your trust in lawyers," said Uncle Roberts, gloomily.

"They have been—I mean the firm—lawyers to the Marneys of Orsett for three generations," said Jeanne.

"That sounds respectable, farmer," said Granny Morgan, who was of an optimistic disposition.

Uncle Llewellyn allowed it to be in Mr. Valentine's favour.

"Who's taking care of this fine house, now you've come away?" he asked, rather anxiously.

"The servants," said Jeanne.

"You've been and left Louis' house to servants! Why, 'tis chock full of valuable things, bain't it?" said Uncle Roberts. "They ought to be took care of."

"But there are fifteen servants to take care of them, uncle."

"Farmer! you bain't reasonable," said Mrs. Morgan. "Them upper servants aren't like the girls we keep. Wasn't it on the letter you sent, my deary, that the housekeeper or such had been with the old lady forty or fifty year?"

"They have all been with her for years and years. Oh, uncle, if you could see how respectable and to be trusted they are," said Jeanne, almost appalled by such doubts. "Besides," with a perception that no words of hers could convey the full measure of Pyke's and Dunham's respectability to her uncle, "if it comes to that, uncle, the lawyer's clerks or the Government or somebody, have taken lists of everything in the house, down to the very spoons."

"That will be for probate," said Uncle Llewellyn. "These 'ere death doos will come pretty heavy on Louis, I'm thinking."

"But you've always held the rich should be taxed, haven't you, uncle?" said Jeanne, timidly.

"In the abstrack,—yes"—said Uncle Roberts, pulling his red beard. "Tax the rich, I says—in the abstrack."

Uncle Llewellyn did not like argument; which, being interpreted, meant that he liked to state his own opinion, but did not wish to hear the opinion of any one else; so his womenkind were respectfully silent, and he recovered his spirits.

"But I daresay there will be plenty left."

"Mr. Valentine says Louis will be very rich."

"H'm," said Mr. Roberts, and it was plain that he was not altogether delighted at the prospect.

"What fair beats my understanding is — why the old woman didn't leave her money to you," he said, thumping the table. "The lad being started and doing well for hisself, and having me to look to besides, and you being with her. It makes me feel fair evil to think of it. Did she take anything amiss with you?"

"No, indeed, uncle; we were the best of friends. Mr. Valentine said it was because she liked me so much that she decided to alter her will, and leave her money to Louis instead of to charities."

"'Twas a rum way of showing her liking for *you*."

"Oh, Uncle Roberts, you know it comes to just the same thing. Louis and me! I would rather Louis had it."

"You was all for giving up everything to him, deary, all your life. But you see if he doesn't make it up to you when he comes home. Wednesday's children is all for loving and giving, and you was both born of a Wednesday."

Uncle Roberts grunted, and pushed back his chair.

When tea was over, and as Jeanne assisted her to wash up the tea-things, Mrs. Morgan explained the cause of the farmer's depression.

"He's been worriting hisself like ever since the news came, and no wonder. There he was, thinking that the lad would come after him here; and all his affairs settled so he wouldn't have nothing to fret over on his deathbed when his time do come, as come it must. And quite pleased to think your aunt should have you up to town to make a lady of you and provide for you; and now he's all unsettled. I know his mind misgives him, but the boy will be took up with this fine fortune and look down on the farm like; and yet he can't abear to be at the trouble and expense of going over to Tref-Goch and letting Lawyer Williams alter his will. 'Sally Morgan,' he

says to me, 'I thought that was over and done with.' He've not been the same man since. Thinking may be 'tis *you* as ought to have the farm now, in justice."

"Oh, don't let him alter anything. But I'll tell Louis to write to him, for he will never listen to you or me," said Jeanne. "But if the Rector would advise him to put off making any changes till Louis comes home, that would be the best."

"Dear heart, the Rector and his wife been away this many weeks. Most ever since you left."

"Away!"

"'Tis that Cissy at the bottom of it all. They say her wouldn't answer her mother's letters, so poor Mrs. Davies at last her took to her bed with grief and spite, to think her own daughter should treat her so. And she couldn't keep it to herself, for Molly Jones at the Post-office her spread it abroad as Mrs. Davies wrote five letters and a post-card running, and never a one come back from Mrs. Watson for her."

"But why won't she write?"

"They say she's too stuck up; but perhaps 'tis just that she's took up with her long family, and got sick of wasting so much money on stamps, for they say she's a long ways off in South America, travelling with her old gentleman. Mrs. Davies was always terrible over-fond of Cissie, and now the girl's paying her out for it. 'Tis always the way. But she was that bad, poor thing, as the doctor advised her should go to foreign parts. Ah, well, I miss her, for she gave me many a box of patent medicine one way and another, and my inside not being what it was, needs a lot of physic."

But Jeanne grew impatient of the symptoms Mrs. Morgan now proceeded to describe in detail, and brought the conversation back to her uncle.

"Yes, he be terrible interested with all the lad sends, though he bain't fond of writing letters nor yet of reading them, as a rule. But he boasts away, when he thinks I aren't listening, to John Jones and Davy Griffiths, whenever they comes here.

Men's all alike, my deary; they be ashamed of loving their own flesh and blood till they be away from them, and then out it comes—willy nilly."

She nodded and winked at Jeanne when Uncle Llewellyn grumbled at having to send John Evans all the way to the station for Jeanne's bag.

"Nice fine lady ways you've got into, Jenny," he said, shaking his head at her.

"There's Louis' photographs in the bag; they were too big to fit into my desk. He was photoed before leaving South Africa," she breathed.

"What was that for?"

"For me—and for you, uncle. He's changed ever so; as one would expect in so many years," she said, with her pretty timid smile.

Uncle Roberts made no answer, but she heard him presently shouting to John Evans to make haste, and not be all night fetching the things up from the station.

Jeanne, finding herself alone in her little attic beneath the roof, hung the miniatures again on the brass hooks Louis had placed for them long ago, over the tiny fireplace. She was for the first time struck by the incongruity of their surroundings.

What had her silk-clad, jewel-decked, powdered, beribboned ancestors to do with this white-washed room and flock paper?

How very very small and poor it all looked! How hard the narrow bed, and rough the cotton sheets; how small and lumpy the pillow, stuffed with poultry feathers by old Granny Morgan's wrinkled hard-working hands!

Jeanne blushed with shame at herself for noticing such things, and for the reflection that crossed her mind that dear old Granny was much less refined in speech and appearance than Dunham, and would probably curtsey to Mrs. Pyke in her black silk gown and Chantilly lace cap. Was it possible

that the old woman's endless stories of her ailments had become fatiguing instead of interesting to hear; or that she could draw comparisons between the manner of serving meals in Grosvenor Square, and in the farm-house kitchen, to the disadvantage of the latter?

The pricking of her conscience reminded her of many a reproof she had bestowed upon Louis in the past for grumbling when he returned from school or college, at some of the primitive domestic arrangements at the hillside farm; and it reminded her also of the sweet-tempered meekness with which he had received her ignorant assurances of their perfection.

How little she had known of the world then! She thought she knew a great deal now, and kneeling very humbly by the narrow bedstead, prayed God not to allow her experience of grandeur or luxury to make her proud, or disdainful of the lowly roof which had sheltered her childhood.

To that prayer she added her passionate entreaties for her brother's safe and speedy return.

How often she had knelt beside that bed, sobbing and praying, through the dark days of the South African War! And here was Louis going blithely forth to fresh danger. She thought of his words.

"*God has been very good to me. Why should this luck come to me, when every fellow out here would give anything to go?*"

"Why indeed"? thought Jeanne, ruefully.

As she blew out the candle and laid her brown head on the small hard pillow, she shivered a little, for though the weather was surprisingly mild for the end of January, yet the fireless attic was a great deal colder in this fresh atmosphere than her luxurious bedroom in Grosvenor Square.

The forlorn sense of being again alien to her surroundings returned upon her in the darkness.

She was fond of Uncle Roberts, but she had nothing in common with him, and had talked more to Aunt Caroline in a few hours than to her uncle in her whole life-time. Why,

indeed, had she not talked less and listened more? she thought remorsefully.

Cousin Denis was even more companionable than Aunt Caroline, partly because he inspired her, in spite of his dukedom, with less awe; partly because he was of her own generation.

Was it because the descendant of the de Coursets had more natural affinity with these fine people than with the sturdy honest farmer to whom she had been all her life indebted for her daily bread? Jeanne hoped earnestly that her feelings held nothing of ingratitude.

With all her might she respected Uncle Roberts; respected him in spite of his oddity, his silence, his fiery bristling unkempt hair and beard; his lengthy expositions of the Scriptures; his contempt for everything he did not understand; and all these things had been sore trials in their time to Louis and herself.

She respected his independence, his piety, his industry, his solid stolid kindness of heart, his stern uprightness.

Yet now she had seen him again she wondered how she had thought it possible to ask his advice.

When had she or Louis asked counsel of Uncle Roberts?

It had never occurred to either of them, in their confident youth, and with their consciousness of a superior education, but that they must know better than he.

"Still—I will ask him; for there is nobody else," Jeanne finally decided, after an hour's wakefulness, and anxious pondering over the situation; but her mind was filled with misgivings as she fell asleep.

In the early morning, waking to sunshine, she forgot all her troubles and went out rejoicing.

She climbed the rocky grass slopes above Coed-Ithel, among the dead bracken, to the source of the mountain torrent that supplied the farm with water, finding its way thence to the great river which ran through the valley below; there had

been heavy rains, and the stream was doubled in volume, rushing loudly over the moss-grown rocks which impeded its course, and foaming and seething round every obstacle.

Though the sky was of a brilliant blue, the sun, newly risen over the opposite mountain, was hidden by a wandering army of purple clouds; which, passing over the valley, cast its deep shadow on the brown hill-sides.

The song of the birds, deceived by the unseasonable mildness into the belief that spring was closer at hand, resounded far and near.

Just below her glistened the slab-tiled roof of the farm, and its outhouses, also built and roofed with grey stone, and held together by hundred-year-old stems of giant ivy, which like a thousand hairy snakes coiled about them; holding aloft a heavy weight of luxuriant polished foliage above the reach of the farmer's shears.

She looked down upon the farm, which appeared very small and solitary, standing in the bare orchard; and yet a long way further down yet, into the valley below.

The distant saw-mill's steady hum came clearly to her ear through the still air; not a breath stirred; and from the little white homes dotted over the opposite mountain side, the thin blue wood-smoke shot steadily upwards against the leafless trees.

What sound more cheerful than the rushing of the mountain stream, through this country of ivy-grown, moss-covered stone walls, and crumbling ruins; of wild bracken, royal fern, and red soil; of emerald mistletoe crowning gnarled and lichened apple-trees; of solemn giant firs, and sombre twisted aged yews?

As Jeanne climbed the mountain path, and turned to look yet again upon the wide stretch of cultivated country below, the sun flooded the valley, and the purple shadows of the cloud fleeted across the hills and vanished; leaving brown wood, green field and wet glistening roads alike gilded with the brightness of the morning glory.

It caught the brown river, bubbling over the weirs, and turned the sparkling ripples to flashing diamonds; it caught the red-brown plough-land, the red-brown brushwood, and the red-brown fern dying on the hills, and their ruddiness grew transparent as fire. It caught the smoke from the mop-stick factory in the village, and turned it into wreaths of floating silver.

Jeanne thought of the London fog, and stretched her arms above her head, and laughed aloud for gladness as she ran down the hill again, and entered the bare orchard where sheets and sheets of snowdrops, with their white and green bells, were drooping in the sunshine, the only flower visible save a solitary aconite or so in the garden, and the burden of yellow scentless winter jasmine nailed against the wall.

"Have ye gone clean daft, Jenny?" said Uncle Roberts, regarding her with amaze, as she dropped on to her knees in the wet grass to gather the snowdrops. "One would think ye'd never seen the place before."

"I have never missed it before," Jeanne said. "Oh, Uncle Roberts, I want to ask your advice—if you could spare a moment to talk to me." She was surprised at her own boldness.

"D'ye think I've time to stand talking this hour of the day?" said Uncle Roberts; and he refused to take his eyes off John Evans, who was unloading the split trunks of dead apple-trees from the cart, and carrying them into the wood-shed.

After supper that evening the farmer proved more amenable.

Jeanne brought him his pipe, and filled it for him, and gave Granny Morgan a look which was a preconcerted signal between them, and the old woman slipped upstairs, nothing loth, to her well-earned slumbers.

Jeanne brought her wooden stool and sat at her uncle's knee, as though she were a little girl again; but now she felt

much older and wiser and more experienced than he, even though she was about to ask his advice.

He glanced down upon her little bent brown head, and the glance was not untender; in fact, it was as near a caress as a glance could be; but Jeanne did not see it, and it did not trouble Uncle Roberts in the least that she should not know how kindly he thought of her; probably he thought it would have been bad for her to learn the extent of his fatherly affection for her and her brother.

Then he smoked in peace, and had Jeanne not made haste to break the silence, he would have fallen sleep, as he usually did after supper, taking a nap in his armchair as a kind of preliminary canter before going to bed.

"Uncle Roberts, you used to say you meant to go to London some day to see all the sights."

"Aye," said Uncle Roberts, very placidly, "so I do."

"Couldn't you come now?"

"What?"

"Couldn't you come now, at once? It seems to me it would be a very good time to come. Since Aunt Caroline's death," hinted Jeanne delicately, "life seems to me to have grown so very uncertain."

Uncle Roberts, with some uneasiness, assured her that he felt as well as ever he did in his life, and she hastened to apologise.

"I was not exactly thinking of *that*. But there I am, Uncle Roberts, all alone in that big house."

"I thought you said there was fifteen servants."

"I mean—not counting the servants."

"Jenny," said Uncle Roberts, "never let me hear you say you don't count servants. Ain't they flesh and blood the same as you be? This is what comes of riches. Flesh and blood is nothing. Fellow creatures is nothing."

"Oh, uncle, indeed you misunderstand. They are very far from being nothing. It is I who am nobody in the house, and, if anything, frightened to death of them all."

"Do you mean they put upon you?" said Uncle Roberts, preparing to get angry with his fellow creatures.

"No, no; they mean very kindly! But you see, even if I *wanted* to be friendly with them, they would keep themselves to themselves. They pride themselves on knowing their places, and try as you will—so far will they go, and no farther."

"Quite right too," said Uncle Roberts, approvingly. Platitudes always appealed to him, especially if they sounded at all Scriptural, whatever their sense.

"If you came up," said Jeanne, "you would sit in the—parlour with me," she was obliged to use a word within the scope of Uncle Roberts' imagination. The drawing-room might have aroused his contempt; and the morning-room would have suggested a separate apartment for each portion of the day, and excited his ridicule.

"What should I do there?" said Uncle Roberts.

"Why——" said Jeanne, and stopped short. After all, what would Uncle Roberts do in the morning-room, where she found next to nothing to do herself, in spite of her education, her love of dreaming, and her letters to and from Louis?

Uncle Roberts in his old coat, and carpet slippers, looked very comfortable and good-natured, as he leaned back in the patchwork-covered armchair, and smoked his cherry wood pipe.

"There is a large comfortable room, with big leather armchairs, behind the dining-room," she said, unconsciously thinking aloud,—"the walls are lined with bookcases. You could smoke there—for it is called the smoking-room. And we needn't be indoors all the time, for we could go and see the sights."

"I think I see myself," said Uncle Roberts, taking his pipe out of his mouth after a long pause, "going to see the sights in February, and the lambing coming on."

"I forgot the lambing," said Jeanne.

A dismayed silence ensued.

"When I talked of going to London—but I done for sixty year without going anigh the place"—said Uncle Roberts,

unusually loquacious, "I was thinking of taking you both, boy and girl, along with me. "I guess I'll wait now till Louis comes home."

"But what am I to do?"

"Your dooty," said Uncle Roberts.

He smoked for quite five minutes without a word, to let this recommendation sink into Jeanne's understanding.

"You wrote me, awhile back, when your aunt was took, poor soul (ready or unready, I'd be sorry to say which, nor it ain't for any one to say), you wrote me you'd settled with her man of business that 'twas your dooty to stop and take care of Louis' house and furniture for him."

"Yes, I did," said Jeanne.

"And I sent you a post-card—not being so ready with my pen, nor so free with my stamps, as some," said Uncle Roberts pointedly, "and I said, 'Dear Jenny, so be it,' or words to that effect."

"Yes," said Jeanne, and she stifled an hysterical laugh.

"If 'twas your dooty to stop then, 'tis your dooty to stop now," said Uncle Roberts, decidedly.

"But if people call on me——"

"Well, what harm can they do?"

"A—a cousin of Miss Marney's has called upon me," faltered Jeanne, "and Dunham, my aunt's maid, thinks he ought not to come because I'm alone. He has only been once. But he—he might come again."

"Ain't he respectable?"

Jeanne hesitated imperceptibly.

She felt that if she mentioned that Miss Marney s cousin was a duke, her Uncle Roberts might once and for all declare that his respectability was very improbable. With burning cheeks and downcast eyes, she suppressed the dukedom.

"He is *most* respectable," she said firmly. "A very quiet young man, and—and *lame*."

"Does she think I haven't brought you up to know how to take care of yourself"—he said, with rising wrath—"the

best educated, best behaved girl in the parish—that you can't be trusted to have a young man call on you, with fifteen respectable old family servants in the house, at your back?"

"I daresay it's just because she's an old maid, and has old-fashioned ideas," said Jeanne, soothingly.

"So have I old-fashioned ideas. But I never heard that a respectable young man couldn't call on a respectable young woman; nor I don't hold with such notions at all. This is what comes of living in rich men's houses; imputing evil where none exists."

"If *you* didn't think it wrong, Uncle Roberts—and as he's a cousin of Aunt Caroline's, I would like to see him now and then—that is, if he ever does come again—for I find London very lonely. It is a very dull place."

Uncle Roberts considered. A quiet, lame young man did not sound very dangerous, and Jeanne was a steady sensible girl. Also he was indignant that Miss Marney's servants should venture to criticise his niece.

"I can't see no harm in your seeing him now and again, Dunham or no Dunham," he said, obstinately.

CHAPTER X

CECILIA

So Jeanne found herself once more alone in the Grosvenor Square house; but this time fortified by her Uncle Roberts' opinion that here, and here only, lay her duty towards her brother.

As she entered the hall, she was surprised to find that, again, she experienced not a little of the pleasant sensation of home-coming.

She opened the door of the morning-room, and looked quite affectionately at the familiar furniture. After all, how pretty and luxurious it now appeared to her!

Even though she might consider it far more delightful and

interesting to pluck a handful of snowdrops, fresh from the wet earth, for herself; yet she could not refuse to acknowledge the loveliness of the forced spring flowers which filled every corner of the morning-room.

Jeanne was too inexperienced to be aware of the cost of those flowers. The florist's bill was presented quarterly, and as it had been agreed that the accustomed ways of the household should be continued without change until Louis's return, no check had been placed upon Hewitt's taste for decoration.

The great pale waxen bells of hyacinths in gilt baskets filled the room with an almost overpowering sweetness. Daffodils and yellow tulips shone like sunshine in dark corners; a sheaf of lilies of the valley was set beside the Book of Beauty, and the silver bowl was filled with large double Parma violets.

"It is like spring come indoors!" cried Jeanne, with a long breath of delight.

"I am very glad you are pleased with it, ma'am," said Hewitt, with almost a gardener's pride (for had he not set the flowers in their places with his own hands?) "A card has been left for you, ma'am, during your absence," and he presented decorously a small solitary pasteboard in the midst of a large salver.

On the card was inscribed the name of the Duchess of Monaghan, and above the name was scribbled, in a very illegible hand writing:

Wednesday, 4.30. *Music. Very small.*

Jeanne was obliged to apply to Dunham for the meaning of this mysterious communication.

"It means her Grace will be At Home on Wednesday, ma'am, to be sure," said Dunham. Her sallow wrinkled face grew quite pink with excitement, "and she hopes you will come at 4.30, and there'll be music going on."

"Do you mean she will be giving a party?"

"If it was a *party*, ma'am, it's not very likely she would ask you, with your poor aunt not two months in her grave."

"I would not like to show any disrespect to Aunt Caroline. I will write and explain," said Jeanne.

Dunham instantly relented and took the opposite view.

"It isn't likely the Duchess would wish to show disrespect either, Miss Jane, you may be very sure of that. You see how careful she has been to write 'very small.' That means there's but a few invited; not half London crowding to her house as she'd have if she was giving a real party. Being a relation and nothing formal about the invitation I don't say you mightn't go. I'm sure my poor lady would have liked to think they remembered the connection, however late in the day."

"I wish I had been at home when she called; I could have asked her all about it," said Jeanne regretfully.

"Bless me, ma'am, you don't think she asked for you!" said Dunham, reproachfully. "The footman just handed in the card. But she was in the carriage, for I saw her myself from the window. 'Tis a great compliment her coming at all. You being but young, as one might say, and her such a great lady, and the penny post so handy for invitations. Depend upon it, she repents not having shown more civility to my poor lady while she could, and is trying to make up for it. But to ask to come in on a first visit! I don't know, to be sure, what may be the fashion nowadays; but in my poor lady's time she would never have dreamt of anything but leaving her card at the door for that," said Dunham, tossing her head.

"Wednesday, and this is only Friday. What a long time to wait!" said Jeanne, excitedly. "However, it will be something to look forward to. And, Mrs. Dunham, I—I asked Uncle Roberts if it would matter very much if—if my cousin —I mean the Duke—called upon me now and then whilst I was here alone—and he said he could not see any harm at all in it."

"No more can I, ma'am, now his mamma have been," said Dunham, with great dignity. "It just makes all the difference in the world, as I told you, Miss Jane, if you remember. I'm

sure his Grace can't call at this house too often to please me. I'm only sorry he didn't think to come a little sooner, when your poor auntie was alive to hear of it."

Jeanne could not help feeling that Dunham, as usual, had got the better of her in her small attempt at self-assertion.

On the morrow the current of her thoughts was changed by the appearance of a paragraph in the *Morning Post* to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Hogg-Watson had returned from their travels in South America to their home in Queen's Gate.

"This time there cannot be any mistake in my going to call," Jeanne said to herself, with not a little pleasurable excitement. "If I know anybody in this world it is Cecilia! And there *could* not be two couples with such a name as Hogg-Watson travelling in South America at the same time. And after all, though Cecilia and I had many quarrels, we had a good deal of fun together too. She had probably improved in all sorts of ways since she married; she can't be spoilt like she used to be. And I long to see her children. I can ask them all to come and see me. How delightful and cheerful it will be!"

She drove across the Park to Queen's Gate that very afternoon, without waiting for Sunday to intervene that Cecilia might get settled.

Mrs. Hogg-Watson was at home; and a very smart parlour-maid conducted Jeanne upstairs, and into a large empty drawing-room.

Jeanne looked round her, and decided that the apartment bore the strong impress of her friend's personality.

Cecilia was fair, and her favourite colour in her girlhood had been blue. Consequently the room was almost dazzling in its variety of azure tints.

The walls and carpet and curtains were blue; the furniture was covered with blue brocade; and the water-colour drawings which were hung upon the walls appeared to have

been selected solely for the hue of the sea and sky, which predominated therein.

All the cushions wore white muslin covers tied up with blue sash ribbons, and the writing-table appointments were of blue morocco.

"I suppose Cecilia will wear a blue dress. I wonder why she is so long," thought Jeanne, after a few minutes' patient waiting. "I am sure she will never guess who it is; for though I said my name three times, I saw the maid had not the least idea what it was."

When Cecilia at length came into the room, however—rather breathless and apologetic,—with the air of one who has just completed a hasty toilette,—she was not wearing blue, but a fawn-coloured gown of a very elegant Parisian make, closely fitting her tall full figure, which had amplified since her girlhood.

But her charms, though somewhat full-blown, were still considerable; and, in spite of a double-chin, she possessed every claim to be considered a handsome woman that could be set forth by a white skin, healthy colouring, abundant fair hair, and fine proportions.

Perhaps it was Jeanne's fancy, that on perceiving who it was, Cecilia drew back momentarily, and dropped some of the *empressement* with which she had been prepared to greet her visitor.

"Good gracious, I had no idea it was you, Jenny," she said. "Fancy *your* being in London. What are you doing here, pray?"

She kissed her erstwhile playmate in rather a perfunctory and affected manner: and Jeanne's easily disturbed colour rose.

When, in the candid days of childhood, Jeanne and Cecilia had disagreed—which was not seldom, and would have been oftener but for the yielding disposition of the younger—they had called each other Jenny and Cissy. At other times they had been always Jeanne and Cecilia; thus by mutual consent, solacing each other's wounded dignity by ignoring the detested

nicknames bestowed by homely and undiscerning parents and guardians.

Jeanne, though meek, was yet but mortal woman, and she returned Cecilia's greeting with spirit.

"I am in London because I live in London; and I came to visit you, *Cissie*, because I saw you had just arrived."

Cecilia executed a well-acted little start of surprise at the sound of her abbreviated Christian name; but Jeanne's determined bearing did not relax in the slightest degree, though inwardly she was conscious of a disgraceful inclination to shed tears.

"We have been absent from home a long time; travelling in South America," said Cecilia, with elaborate politeness.

"So I saw in the papers," said Jeanne, with equally defiant formality.

There came a feeble rattle at the door handle.

Jeanne looked at Cecilia with a sudden interest she could not help, and Cecilia thawed a very little.

"Open the door," said a child's voice without.

"It is Joey. How very naughty! The children are never allowed in the drawing-room without being sent for," said Mrs. Hogg-Watson, affectedly. But she rustled across the blue carpet to open the door.

Jeanne rose too, in her excitement. Fancy Cecilia with children of her own! She almost forgot the frigidity of her old friend's reception in her desire to behold Joey.

"Oh, let me see him!" she cried.

"I dress him rather quaintly. He is number four. I have had seven altogether, isn't it awful?—in nine years," said Cecilia languidly. "I lost one—pneumonia. You see he is dressed as 'Bubbles,' after Millais' picture."

The back view of "Bubbles" was distinctly captivating; there was the little green suit and frill, and Joey's large mop of flaxen curls crowned his shrimp-like body. But when he removed his head from his mother's skirt to look at the visitor, alas! the face was the face of Mr. Hogg-Watson, and any-

thing less like the face of "Bubbles" could hardly be conceived.

"He has beautiful hair," said Jeanne.

"Hush, he will hear, and I don't want him to be made vain," said Cecilia, without looking at her.

"Where have you been walking, Joey?"

"In Tensington Gardens," said Joey.

"Did Nana leave that note for Mammy?"

"Yes, Nana did leave it."

"What are you trying to get away for?"

"I want to tee the tarriage," said Joey, struggling from his parent's embraces, and escaping to the window, whither Cecilia pursued him.

During this conversation Mrs. Hogg-Watson devoted both her eyes and her attention exclusively to her son, whilst her visitor sat apart, embarrassed and neglected, on the sofa; to which she had returned on finding her overtures to Joey repulsed. Whence this newly acquired absence of mind, and affectation of languor on the part of Cecilia, who had always been rather brisk and decided, even sharp, in speech and manner?

Was it the result of marriage, or merely assumed to overawe her humble friend? Cecilia had never been very sympathetic, Jeanne remembered, but at least she had been *real*, and even full of vitality.

Her disappointment was keen, but her heart was too tender to give up all her hopes of friendship in a moment, and she took the unwise course of reminding Cecilia of that humble past which Mrs. Hogg-Watson greatly preferred to ignore.

"I have just been down to Pen-y-waun, Cecilia," she said, wistfully. "But the Rectory was shut up, as of course you know. Mr. Jones of Tref-Goch takes the duties. It's ages since you've been there, isn't it? The old garden looks exactly the same, and the swing is still up where we used to play. And when I saw your name in the paper I was so glad, for it seemed to make London less empty all of a sudden."

"London empty!" said Cecilia, with a shrill laugh, "I have scarcely a moment to myself, even at this time of year."

"I suppose *you* have a great many friends," said Jeanne, with a sigh.

"Heaps—of a kind—acquaintances and so forth," said Cecilia vaguely. "But they come and go"—she added in a hurry, as though she were afraid her old friend was about to ask her for introductions to this wide and evanescent circle.

She affected once more to be absorbed in her son.

"Come away, Joey, and don't flatten oo' little nose against the window-pane any more. Won't 'oo tum to oo' mammy like a dood boy?"

Jeanne's rising tears were dried by the scorn which all honest natures, however gentle, feel for affectation.

She began to button her little black cloth jacket,—which she had opened on account of the heat of the unscreened fire—preparatory to rising.

"If she can't be natural I won't stop and make ridiculous conversation with her," she thought, and her face burnt with indignation.

"Dere's de tarriage," said Joey, ignoring his parent's blandishments.

"What carriage?"

"Mine," said Jeanne, in a trembling voice, and she rose from the sofa.

"Yours! What do you mean?" said Cecilia in her natural tones of alert curiosity. "Who drove you here?"

"My coachman," said Jeanne, with a dignity belied by her beating heart.

Jenny to be going about in a large double brougham, drawn by a pair of fat grey horses, and driven by her own coachman!

Cecilia was astounded.

"Are you married?" she cried, with a gasp. It appeared to her the only possible solution.

"No, I am not married, and the carriage belongs to

Louis," said Jeanne, repenting of her unwonted assumption of a magnificence not truly her own.

"Louis!"

If Cecilia wished to hear more, she must swallow all pretence to indifference, and ask questions. This was Jeanne's revenge for the coolness of her reception.

Mrs. Hogg-Watson's curiosity easily overcame her exclusiveness.

"Run away to the nursery directly, Joey. You are crumpling the curtains, you naughty child. Go at once," she said, in a voice which Bubbles apparently recognised as one to be feared and obeyed, for he trotted obediently out of the room, leaving the door open, which his mother shut behind him.

"You are not going yet, Jeanne? Oh, I see, the fire is scorching you; let me put this screen. Sit down again for heaven's sake, and tell me about Louis. Is he in London?"

"No, he is in Somaliland, or on the way," said Jeanne, "and I'm taking care of his house, which was left to him last December by my great-aunt, Miss Marney of Orsett."

"I'm sure I never heard of her," said Cecilia, staring.

"No, we never thought about her. Uncle Roberts knew she was alive, but he did not even know where she lived. Till she sent for me; and then she died; and so here I am, all alone, at 99 Grosvenor Square."

"Grosvenor Square!" cried Cecilia, gasping once more.

"It's not one of the largest houses," said Jeanne, apologetically. "Mrs. Dunham says they differ very much. But it seems like a palace to me, of course."

"*Grosvenor Square!* Do you mean round a corner—in a side street?" said Cecilia, suspiciously.

"No, I do not. It is *in* Grosvenor Square."

"But then—your aunt must have been very rich."

"Yes, she was very rich, and she has left everything she had in the world to Louis."

"And nothing to you."

"It is the same thing," said Jeanne.

"My dear! It's nothing of the kind. If you were married you'd find that out quickly enough! Now how *like* mamma! (who wrote only a few weeks ago, on a postcard—and said you had gone to London)—not even to mention it was Grosvenor Square!" said Cecilia, indignantly. "Of course I thought you had just gone up for a treat. She merely put a P.S., 'Jenny going to London.' I suppose you know mamma and I have a coolness? We quarrelled outright six months ago, and I decided not to answer her letters at all till she had calmed down. So she seldom writes now."

Jeanne's discretion was outweighed by her pity for Mrs. Davies.

"Oh, Cissy," she said, "you have almost broken her heart."

Cecilia could bear home-truths without wincing—from people who lived in Grosvenor Square.

"It's all very well, Jeanne," she said, in deprecating tones, "but you've no idea what it is to be married, and your people expecting you to go on just the same as though you were a little girl at home, and write to them everything that happens, about twice a week. Actually on my honeymoon mamma wrote to me every day, and expected me to answer her letters! Not but what I had more time then than I have ever had since, for Joseph went roaming round moping old picture galleries from morning till night, and nearly drove me mad till I hit on the excellent plan of saying it gave me neuralgia, and let him go by himself. Why can't mamma console herself with Tom or Jim? They would be only too glad; but no, she must run after me because I am the only girl, though she has two sons. I suppose she has cried over my heartlessness to you many a time, and said I put nothing in my letters when I did write?"

"Oh, Cecilia, would she be likely to give you away like that to *me?*

"Well—I didn't put much," admitted Cecilia. "How could I? Living in another world as I do, and mamma not knowing any of my friends? What was there to say?"

"There were the children."

"Oh, the children. The way people go on about them. I'm sure I'm a good mother if ever there was one. I try to make pictures of them. What clothes and hair will do *is* done. But it's a little hard on me that they are *all* Hogg-Watsons. You remember what a pretty child I used to be," said Cecilia modestly. "But really otherwise I have little to do with them. Joseph is a great authority on education and health, and mamma's old-fashioned ways would not suit him at all. I should be obliged to keep them apart if only for that. Imagine, he chooses their nurses and governesses—all German—and even their toys and pictures and diet lists. Luckily such things don't interest me, or I should have rebelled long ago. But think of mamma interfering! You remember the ridiculous way she used to dose us with her patent medicines, and I am sure we learnt nothing at all with the prim old governess she thought so much of."

"We did not learn much," Jeanne was obliged to admit.

"I feel the defects of my early education terribly, I can assure you, now that I am married to a celebrity," said Cecilia.

"Is he a celebrity?"

"My dear! Crowned heads visit him!" said Cecilia reproachfully. "He is known all over Europe and America, and his scientific books are standard works. But I suppose they think nothing of that in Pen-y-waun and Coed-Ithel. Though to be sure I am obliged to be very careful what I let out to mamma about who comes here, or she would expect to be asked to meet them on the spot, a thing I scarcely expect myself. They think nothing of asking Joseph to their houses and ignoring my existence altogether."

"And does he go?" said Jeanne.

"Well, sometimes I am bound to say that he does," said Cecilia candidly. "Though it makes very little difference to me," she added pathetically, "for when he stays at home he is so absorbed in his work that I scarcely see him."

"What is his work?"

"Don't ask me," said Cecilia, shuddering. "He calls himself a bacteriologist, and dreadful things of that kind, which I don't even pretend to be able to pronounce. Chiefly dissecting germs and microbes, so far as I know. He never speaks of anything connected with his work to me, and he has forbidden me to speak of it to him. You know how cranky these professors are. He is a professor of chemistry and all sorts of things, you know, and a member of scientific academies in Rome and Philadelphia and Berlin and heaven knows where. I often tell him he forgets he has a wife at all. Think of dragging me all over South America collecting mosquitoes, and then coming home in February, of all times!"

"Did you take the children?"

"Good heavens, no, we were uncomfortable enough without that. As far as that goes, he wanted to leave me with them. But I insisted on going with him, and for once I got my way. Jeanne, stop and have tea with me, and you will see him. He condescends to come in for a cup of tea sometimes, though he hates this room, simply because it is done up according to *my* taste."

"But I saw him at your wedding. Still, it was only for a moment, and I don't think I should recognise him," said Jeanne.

"It is so long ago—nine years," sighed Cecilia. "*You* must be getting on, Jeanne; and yet I declare you look as childish as ever. I wonder you never married. Do you mean to say there has been *no one*—absolutely no one——?"

"No one at all," said Jeanne blushing.

"Not in all these years."

"There is Louis. He has been enough for me. We are too fond of each other, I suppose, to think about falling in love."

"Oh, my dear, ridiculous! Brothers and sisters are all very well, but they are not everything. Well, you surprise me, for I always thought you pretty—in your dark sort of

way, you know. But perhaps now you are up here, we shall see! How you blush! Does that mean that you have some one in your eye?"

"I have no one in my eye," said Jeanne, almost angrily. "Oh, Cecilia, do not talk about it, please."

"You are surely not going to be coy?" said Cecilia severely; "at your age, Jeannie, it would be a pity if you could not talk things over sensibly. Why, at twenty-five I was the mother of six already, and a seventh—but no matter. So you have not even had a chance to get married! Though, to be sure, who is there to marry at Pen-y-waun? It was a miracle Joseph turning up. I shall never forget my first view of him at the archæological picnic at Tref-goch. (Archæology is his recreation—his *recreation*, if you will believe me!) He went poking about the ruins in spectacles, and gave a lecture afterwards, and I didn't understand a single word of it, and thought what a dull creature he was."

"And yet you married him in a month!"

"My dear, anybody would have married Joseph if he'd wanted to make them. He's one of those ugly powerful men who fascinate women," said Cecilia solemnly. "Nobody can say I have a jealous disposition, but if you could see how they run after him still! I only wish they could see him at home in some of his moods. I assure you, Jeanne, he is absolutely violent when he is annoyed, and I verily believe he has the worst temper in the world."

Jeanne, somewhat shocked and distressed by such revelations, sought in vain for words to convey her sympathy as delicately as possible to this much-enduring wife; but she was relieved of her difficulty by Cecilia, who calmly proceeded to add,

"Not but what I rather like a man with a bad temper, myself. Well—to return to that picnic; there were half a dozen women there, trying their best to attract him by jabbering science to him. If they had but known how he hated it! If there is any jabbering of that kind to be done, he naturally likes to do it himself. He determined to marry me the instant

he set eyes on me. He has a weakness for fair complexions. You see what a wreck mine is now. But what can you expect? Seven children in nine years," she repeated mournfully.

"I think, Cecilia, if you ask me, that you are much better-looking than you used to be," said Jeanne, consolingly, "and you know you were always pretty. Of course you are a little plumper. But not more than is becoming."

"I'm sure it's very kind of you to say so," said Cecilia, in pleased and softened tones. "Of course I have every advantage of dress now to set me off. I will say Joseph doesn't grudge me that," and she glanced with some complacency at her own reflection in the pier-glass opposite the sofa. "Well, Jeanne, we were always friends, you know, off and on—and if I was a little reserved when you first came in, I hope you will put it down to"—she paused imperceptibly—"to my thinking you were on mamma's side, and all that; and come to reproach me, as the Pen-y-waun neighbours do whenever we meet. As though a celebrity's wife, in another sphere—*could* keep up with them all."

Jeanne accepted her friend's apologies very willingly; and if any doubts of Cecilia's sincerity still lurked in her heart, did her best to suppress them. She was at once too lonely and too generous to desire any quarrel with her first friend. Even if Cecilia were not so disinterested in her affection as could be wished it must still be more lively to sit and talk with her, than to mope in solitary silence at home.

"So your aunt left you no money. I must say that was a great shame," said Cecilia, warmly. "What will become of you when Louis marries? So good-looking as he used to be, he is certain to marry now. Why, even in the old days I used to think—if he hadn't been younger than I——"

"He never showed the slightest inclination to marry anybody," said Jeanne, jealously.

"Not to you, I daresay," said Cecilia, shrewdly. "One's brothers don't tell one everything."

"My brother does," said Jeanne.

"Oh, my dear! So you think! But one never can tell with one's brothers. Look at Tom. What a creature he has married! I never see him now."

"Louis is very unlike Tom."

"Men are all alike in some ways, my dear," said Cecilia, with the pitying superiority of the married woman talking to the spinster. "Of course Louis will marry now that he is rich. Surely you couldn't be so selfish as to wish him not to?"

"Some day, of course," said Jeanne. "I want him to marry. But he promised me faithfully long ago, that he would never marry any one I didn't like—so it will be all right, and I shan't mind—when the time comes. Still I may hope, without being selfish, that it won't come just yet. He has his career to think about first."

"I don't see how one can expect to like one's brothers' wives," said Cecilia. "They always marry some horrid woman or other. Men are so easily taken in. Joseph's sisters can't bear me, and I never even trouble to be civil to them, knowing very well that it would be no use. He goes to see his people by himself, and as they are all scientific together, I'm sure it's no loss."

"But you'll come and see *me*," entreated Jeanne.

"Certainly I will," said Cecilia. "I can assure you I know very well what it is to be alone. Joseph goes to the most outlandish places, and if he can slip off without me he will. Imagine at his age, going out to South Africa!"

"To fight!"

"No—no, not to fight—he was a surgeon in his youth and thought he could be of use. Of course nobody wanted him. I felt sure of that. He was much too old. But that is Joseph all over. If he has made up his mind to do a thing, he does it. So off he went in spite of all I could say; though he was quite violent when I suggested I might go with him and nurse some of the officers. My heart goes out to wounded men. But you will be wanting to go shopping, Jeanne, and I really might help you over that——" she cast an expressive glance at

Jeanne's plain dress. "I can show you where to buy all the nicest clothes; and you can't be wearing mourning much longer, just for a great-aunt."

"Indeed—I want to show every respect in my power to poor Aunt Caroline. It is the least I can do," said Jeanne.

"I suppose Louis inheriting her money *does* make a difference," said Cecilia, calmly.

Jeanne gave up all attempts to explain that the fortune had nothing to do with it.

There were some things Cecilia had never been able to understand.

One was Jeanne's reverence for her French descent, which Cecilia had always honestly deplored; and they had once called each other Jenny and Cissy for a week because she had casually remarked there was generally something rather fishy about foreign blood.

Louis had finally forbidden his sister to mention the sacred subject of the *ancienne noblesse* at the Rectory; and as she implicitly obeyed his orders, the cause of this particular quarrel was eventually almost forgotten.

"I will go shopping with you, or do anything you like," said Jeanne, happily, "and I hope you will come to me as soon as possible, for I long to show you the house."

"Let me just take a squint at my engagement book, and we'll settle it at once," said Cecilia, importantly. "And—let me see—how tiresome of Joseph, I want you to know him so much, and he does not seem inclined to come in; they must have told him I had a visitor. How would it be if I brought him to dine with you one night, quite quietly, you know, only our three selves—in Grosvenor Square?"

"It would be very kind of you, indeed," said the lonely lady, gratefully.

(*To be continued*)