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IN THE CITY

IS it heaven and its city-porch,
Or a ceiling high-hung of old
With lacquer fumed and scrolled
Of many a festal torch ?

High heaven it is, and the day
With its London doom of smoke
No storm can quite revoke,
No deluge wash away.

When their march and song grow mute
In the city's labyrinth trapped,
The storms themselves are wrapped
In draggled shrouds of soot.

Whirlwinds, by lightnings paced
To run their wild career,
With ragged gossamere
Of fine-spun carbon laced,

As soon as they quit the shires,
Are lost beyond all hail :
The mightiest tempests quail
In the midst of a million fires.

But the heavens are clear to-day
Though their London doom of smoke
No storm can quite revoke,
No deluge wash away.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE RUSSIAN NATION

"Das empfängliche, eimdrucksfähige Wesen der Russen, ihr Weiblicher Character, ihr Mangel an Spontaneität und ihre grosse Fähigkeit der Plasticitat und Aneignung machen aus ihm eim Volk, das die Hülfe anderer Völker nöthig hat. Sich selbst überlassen, schlafen sie leicht ein bei den Tönen ihrer ewigen Gesänge" wie der Chronikenschreiber der Porphyrogäneten sagt."—ALEX. HERZEN ("Memoiren," p. 16).

I

THE history of a people often appears to superficial observers to be nothing but a chaos of events governed by hazard or by that capricious goddess called Fate. But on closer investigation it becomes evident that it is a clear and regular, almost inevitable consequence of the racial mentality and temperament. Nations and races, like individuals, do not feel alike, do not think alike, do not conceive the same ideas, and are not equally impressed by the same external forces. They do not act and conduct themselves in the same manner under exactly similar circumstances.

"Each race possesses a mental constitution as unvarying as its anatomical constitution." The mental superiority of the white race over the yellow and black races is incontestable. But even the white race in itself contains many elements, distinguished by manifold mental characteristics. Englishmen and

Frenchmen, Spaniards and Russians belong to the white race, but the divergence and differentiation existing between them are great. Not only in external appearance but also in mental constitution do they vary. This mentality is to be found at the basis of a nation's conduct. It models and shapes the course of its history, its past, its present, and its future. Race with its distinguishing features, physical, mental and moral, its temperament and character, established and consolidated by heredity, regulated also—to a certain extent only—by physical milieu or environment, determines the history and institutions, political and social, the civilisation and culture, the arts and sciences of a people. Historical events do not fashion a people's character, but, on the contrary, history in itself is a result engendered by the mentality of a race. Given the same opportunities, different races would obtain dissimilar results. With individuals as well as with nations the same cause does not lead up to an equal issue. The same motive, the idea of danger, the idea of honour and dishonour, will not produce the same effect upon differently constituted individuals as well as whole nations. In order, therefore, to understand the historical development and vicissitudes of a nation, and the reason, sometimes apparently mysterious, why it has not kept equal pace with others, one must seek for an explanation in the mental constitution of the race. I have tried to analyse, in the following pages, the psychological character of the Russian nation, which, to my mind, explains its national destinies in the past.

It is time that Western Europe should get a glimpse into the mentality of the race that forms the nucleus of the Russian Colossus and shape her steps and measures in future accordingly. It is advisable to know exactly the character of the Celto-Slav, and to judge of the extent to which he is an instrument in the hand of a reigning family of a German or Scandinavian origin.

I must point out that my analysis is based, first and foremost, upon personal observation, extending over many years,

upon an intimate acquaintance with the popular character and with all sorts and conditions of men. It is further corroborated by testimony drawn not from second-hand sources but from eminent Russian authors who have analysed and described the character, the virtues and faults of the Celto-Slav in their minutest details, mirroring the national soul with a scrupulous fidelity. Only when one has lived among a people and had many opportunities to penetrate into that Sibyl-cave which the national soul represents, is one able to distinguish clearly, in spite of superficial contradictions, several general traits common to all the members of the race. Such dominant traits force themselves out in action and mould the nation's destinies to good or bad issues.

II

It is difficult to find a clear and precise formula by which it would be possible to label the psychological traits of a nation. A formula is too narrow to encompass even the psychology of a single individual. The moral portrait of a nation must therefore be minutely sketched if we wish to gain a clear and precise notion as to its mentality.

In the case of Russia the difficulty seems—according to many psychologists and sociologists—to be still enhanced. It has often been observed that in the presence of the Russian nation one cannot help experiencing a feeling of something vague, unfinished, and fluctuating. The Russian seems to be in a state of becoming and crystallisation. Being a young people, there is as yet no fixity, no permanent, fundamental trait in the Russian.

To my mind [says a prominent French author], the Russian somewhat resembles the soup he drinks. You know this national Russian soup and remember it with horror. You find in it everything: fish and vegetables, beer and cream, ice and mustard and I know not what else: excellent and disgusting things. You never know what the next spoonful might bring forth from the silent depths. Such is the Russian soul; it is a scalding tub where a great variety of ingredients ferment in perfect confusion: sadness and folly,

heroism, weakness, mysticism and practical sense. You may fish up anything, according to your luck, but always that which you least expect.

These observations are but partially true. If the Russian nation impresses us as fluctuating and inconstant, as a psychological riddle baffling analysis and investigation, it is not the result of its still being in a state of becoming and development: neither is it a sign of youth. The inequality and inconstancy, the vagueness and chaos, are fundamental traits of the national soul and character which neither time nor historical events ever obliterate. The Russian nation has a fixed character and is perfectly constant in its inconstancy. If it were permitted to ascribe sex to races as well as to individuals, I would say that psychologically the Russians are a feminine race.

The psychology of woman, too, has somewhat baffled and perplexed the philosopher and sociologist. Hence the multitude of contradictions in judgments relating to woman. She is considered changeable, but her very changeableness is a fixed regular trait of her character. Man, anthropologists maintain, has been intended by nature for origination and creation, woman for conservation and integration. The creative faculty is therefore less, the imitative more developed, in woman than in man.

The woman never, nowhere and in nothing can make a starting-point [says a lady author (Laura Marholm, "Psychology of Woman," p. 235), speaking of her own sex]. All she does, performs or suggests, represents always but a deviation, a connection with or continuation of something already produced, existing, done; in mental spheres she is subject to this law as well as in physical, and whether or no she succeeds in subjecting the physical side, the mental will not be altered.

Woman is thus less creative and less active than man, less inclined to invent and to innovate. But just because her creative faculty is small, her imitative and assimilative faculties are highly developed. She is more apt, in consequence of a certain feeling of inertia, to repeat and to copy. On account of her faculty of imitation and her promptitude to assimilate, woman adapts herself to environment, to changes of milieu and

circumstances, much more quickly than man. On the other hand, however, imitation involves submission to customs, habits and prejudices, absence of personality, want of originality and depth. Just because of her feeling of inertia woman's adaptation to environment, her *apparent* inconstancy, are only true as far as outward versatility and pliability are concerned. In everything relating to the very essence of her being she is constant in her sentiments and conservative in her opinions and prejudices. She is misoneistic, *i.e.*, opposed to everything new, revolutionary and progressive. (*Cf.* Lombroso, "The Man of Genius," p. 138.) In revolutions (except in religion) women have always been in a small minority, not being found, for example, in the English Revolution, or in that of the Low Countries, or of the United States. They never created a new religion, nor were they ever at the head of great political, artistic, or scientific movements. On the contrary, women have often stood in the way of progressive movements. Like children, they are notoriously misoneistic: they preserve ancient habits and customs and religions. In America there are tribes in which women keep alive ancient languages which the men have lost. (Ibid.)

All that has been said with regard to woman is applicable to the Russian nation. Psychologically, the Russian has all the characteristics of the woman, all the faults and all the qualities: patience and submission, superficial love of novelty, but fear of radical change and innovation. He is outwardly imitative and assimilative, but fundamentally misoneistic and conservative; he is inert, indolent, indifferent, insensible and submissive. Fatalism and gregariousness, absence of individualism and personality, of initiative and individual genius, a lack of originality, of a sense of personal responsibility and independence of judgment, constitute the fundamental psychological traits of the Russian. Like a woman, the Russian nation receives and produces under the stimulus of a productive force, but alone it is barren. Prominent, however, is the Russian's lack of self-sufficiency and self-reliance. Like

woman, children, and all weak natures, he never relies upon his own strength. He does not find the justification of his acts in himself, but he always looks for it to some one else.

This submissiveness is the determining factor in the life and actions of the Russian. It has manifested itself in Russian history, institutions and civilisation. It is the prime source whence all the other defects and qualities of the nation emanate and traverse, as so many currents, the national life in its economic, religious, social and political provinces. With this Ariadne thread in our hands, it is easy to find a way in the vast and complicated labyrinth which the Russian national character is supposed to be. Nearly all the defects, and even the apparent qualities of the Russian, are the result of that small quantity of self-sufficiency and self-reliance which he possesses, of his weakness of character, and his continual search for somebody upon whom he can cast his responsibilities. The Russian is thus elastic and changeable in his humour. He is at times melancholy, and at times of exuberant gaiety. Although he is hospitable, sociable, and familiar, one cannot rely upon his promise. His will-power being weak, he is impressionable and enthusiastic; this enthusiasm, however, which travellers have so often noticed, is very superficial and soon cools down. Concentration of the energetic faculties and *active* opposition are traits generally foreign to the Russian. His assimilation and adaptiveness are only superficial, and are a sign of a weak character. When strong and original personalities change, their change is complete and radical, whilst weak, pliable, reed-like natures change only superficially.

Another characteristic peculiar to the Russian, and indicative of his lack of individualism and of his weakness of character, is his sense of sinfulness and insignificance. "What am I? I am nothing," is a favourite Russian phrase. In this respect, as in many others, the Russian resembles the Buddhist, shunning self-assertion and aspiring to annihilation of his Ego.

It has further been pointed out by an eminent sociologist (Ferrero, "L'Europa giovane") that the two prominent and

most original qualities of the Russian are his indifference to death, which naturally leads to general insensibility, and his spirit of resignation or fatalism. Such traits, the author admits, betoken the barbarian, but, united in a civilised race to other superior qualities, they will centuplicate its strength in the struggle against nature and men. This I do not deny. In the struggle for existence it is not the intellectual strength of the highly-cultured individual, but the brutal force of the barbarian that mostly prevails. It has become a truism that in the survival of the fittest, the fittest is not equivalent to the best. In the struggle for supremacy between nations it is not the highly-intellectual races that prevail in the end, but those who are superior in number, and with whom individual life counts for nothing. If, therefore, the barbarian traits of resignation and indifference to death, which are so prominent in the Russian, will in the end procure for Russian autocracy a paramount influence in Europe, it nevertheless remains a fact that, psychologically, the indifference to death and the sense of resignation to everything ordained by God, Nature and Tsar are part of the Russian's dependent character, and of his Buddhistic tendency towards annihilation and obliteration of personality. Like Oriental despots, like Djenghis Khan and Tamerlane, the Romanov family avails itself of these qualities for its own purpose. A prominent French author (Legras, "Au pays Russe," p. 35) seems, however, to consider this indifference and spirit of resignation as qualities of a high moral order.

> The Russian cares little for the morrow. For him the present hour is everything, the future is only a dream to which reality is not to be sacrificed. In the conduct of daily life, such a carelessness for the morrow is often cruelly punished; but in moral life it often produces admirable effects. What we call the resignation and fatalism of the Russian people is nothing else but the carelessness as far as the morrow is concerned. What is the use of exciting yourself? You cannot change the present: and as to the morrow, it is immaterial.

I cannot agree with these remarks, which are somewhat

contradictory in themselves. Is not carelessness the *result* of fatalism and of lack of energy rather than their cause? Is the Buddhist, Nirvana-aspiring, superior to the energetic European? Is the Egyptian Fellah, with his *Kismet*, morally superior to the energetic, initiative Englishman?

Besides indifference, insensibility and resignation are due to either strength or weakness. Insensibility and resignation with the Russian are the result of a weak, submissive character, and not a sign of self-control and stoicism. What cannot be altered must be accepted. "You cannot break the wall with your forehead" is a favourite Russian proverb. The Russian is resigned because he is passive, and he is passive because he is not endowed with sufficient will-power, independence of character, and self-reliance, which enable men to object, oppose and revolt. It is this weakness and passivity that make the Russian bear not only the inclemency of the weather, but also the oppression of his political institutions, which he could change if he cared to make an effort. But passive resignation requires less strength and energy than active resistance. It must, however, be admitted that the characteristic traits of the nation, viz., submissiveness and lack of self-assertion, which constitute the Russian's inferiority from the point of view of civilisation, become qualities in the Russian soldier. The courage of the Russian is the result of resignation and fatalism, and never abates.

> The real hardships of war [says Ferrero ("Il Militarism")] consist in the long marches; in the long spells of hunger and thirst to be suffered; in the nights passed sleeping in the mud under the pouring rain; in the illness to be borne without doctors or medicines; in the discouragement at feeling one's self no longer master of one's own destiny, stripped of all human worth, deprived of the absolute and unconditional right to live.

For all these hardships the Russian soldier is exceedingly well prepared, not only by reason of his temperament, but also by his mode of living and his social and economic condition in times of peace. He never enjoys the luxuries of "human dignity" and "unconditional right to live." The basis of

military organisation consists in blind submission and hierarchy, and the Russian soldier has too little individualism to revolt against them. He therefore never, or at least very rarely, loses his confidence in his superior officers. Russian history also shows—and the present war furnishes additional examples—that the Russian, on account of his resignation, is not easily discouraged when he meets with failures and even disaster. "Nitshevo" ("Never mind") is his consolation.

Russia's failures in the present war are not the fault of her soldiers, but are due to the incompetency of her generals and officers. And yet the disasters have had a comparatively small effect upon the army in general. In any other country Kuropatkin's repeated defeats, added to the unjust government, the despotic and violent administration and general wretched economic state of the country, would have led to a military insurrection and *general* revolution. In Russia, however, recent events have only tended to convince the lovers of liberty that salvation can only be gained by the individual assassination of the ruling despots and the oligarchy.

The Russian's indifference to death is also not a sign of strength but of weakness. In fact, all strong and powerful personalities love life. They cling to it "like children to their mother's breast." Very reluctantly they leave "the cheerful wontedness of being and action." When Odysseus, meeting Achilles as the leader of dead heroes in the nether world, extols his glory among the dead, the latter replies:

> "Rather would I in the field as daily labourer be toiling,
> Slave to the meanest of men, a pauper and lacking possessions,
> Than 'mid the infinite hosts of long-vanished mortals be ruler."

In further corroboration of the above statements I shall quote a Russian author, who, with critical scalpel in hand, has analysed the Russian soul, and who expressed similar views. Tshadaieff[1] wrote as follows in his famous letter (published 1836):

> Foreigners have counted among our virtues that reckless temerity and carelessness which is noticeable among the lower classes of the nation especially:

[1] Œuvres choisies. Paris, 1862.

unable, however, to observe anything but isolated effects of the national character, they could not judge of the whole. They have not realised that this very trait which makes us so audacious has also made us incapable of depth and perseverance. They have not understood that this quality of being indifferent as to the hazards of life is also the cause of our indifference to every good and evil, to truth and falsehood. It is this very indifference that deprives us of all the powerful motives which, expressed in action, lead man up to mighty issues and to perfection. They have overlooked the sad and painful fact that this lazy and passive audacity is the cause of even our upper classes not being free from those vices which elsewhere are to be found among the lower strata only. They have not seen that, if we have some of the virtues of primitive peoples, we have none of those which are the appanage of highly advanced and civilised nations (p. 25).

III

Another trait of the Russian is his religiosity. Russia produces the impression of a vast temple full of holy images, ikons, and burning candles, before which men and women of all sorts and conditions, rich and poor, master and servant, prostrate themselves. "Moscow, the Holy City, the Mecca built after the model of London," is a vast oratory where a million people are continually praying, from morning till evening, in the temples, in the houses, in the taverns, in the streets and public squares. The inhabitants continually interrupt their daily occupations for a hastily-recited prayer, a sign of the Cross, a bow or a genuflexion before every church (and there are many in the old Russian capital) and every ikon. (*Cf.* Ferrero, "L'Europa giovane.")

Paris never goes to bed, and Moscow never ceases to pray. In spite, however, of outward religiosity, the Russian is lacking in religious sentiment. Christianity has not yet penetrated the Russian masses. Whilst accepting the ceremonies of Byzantium, the Russian people have learned little of the ethical teachings of Christianity. Russian authors themselves go so far as to deny the Russian religious sentiment. In spite of external devotion, of pilgrimages, holy images, miracle-working, crowds flocking to churches, candles given

to patron saints, holy bones of saints dug up and worshipped by Tsar and peasant, there is no religious faith in Russia. External devotion does not necessarily suppose real religious sentiment. There is a great amount of religiousness among the Russians without that sense which Carlyle might have called religiosity. "There is a vast difference between the religion of the savage who models his fetish and the notions held by Hegel, Renan, and Max Muller, between the beliefs and creeds of barbarians and the etherealised religion of a Schleiermacher." The former is cradled in a sense of dependence and weakness, and is the *cause* of morality; the latter springs from the source of independence and strength, and is the *result* of a moral sentiment. The best proof for this statement is to be found in the many crimes and atrocities committed by religious people, crimes that had been sanctioned by their respective religions and thus relieved the criminals of the burden of personal responsibility. The famous missionary-traveller Baker, wishing to convert Commoro, the Latouka chief, said, "If one does not believe in a future life, why should a man be good if he finds his interest in being wicked?" To this Latouka replied, "The majority of people *are* bad: when they are strong they rob the weak. The good people are all feeble: they are good because they are not strong enough to be bad." One might imagine Commoro had read Nietzsche. With the Russian, therefore, the religion is not an inner conviction, but, as with primitive people, children, women, and all weak natures, the sign of a dependent character, lacking entirely in self-sufficiency and a sense of responsibility.

The first and foremost sign of weakness of character, of absence of personality and self-reliance is to look round for protection, for a power to whom one can cling, and upon whose shoulder the heavy burden of personal responsibility can be shifted. Weak natures feel free from guilt if some higher authority has absolved them, while strong personalities either find justification for their deeds in their own consciousness or

not at all. The absolution of an authority, ecclesiastical or lay, can never eradicate the sense of responsibility from the mind of a strong nature if it is really there, while the mentally feeble reposes upon it as upon a soft cushion. Most people, in fact, require some outward power. They cannot be otherwise than heteronomous. They justify their actions and thoughts, either in words or in thought, before some one else, either a personal God or a beloved, honoured, or feared man. Few can stand the idea of being *alone* in the wide universe.

A child, for instance, is quite at ease if his mother assures him that his crime is no crime. It is for this very reason that confession brings so much consolation and comfort to weak natures, and appeals mostly to women. The Reformation, therefore, which was an attempt at an emancipation of personality, and a crystallisation and establishment of the Ego, did away with it. Unbridled individualism, opposition to ecclesiastical authority, led to an emancipation of the human spirit from restrictions, and liberated the mind from spiritual bondage and religious dependence.

Therefore repentance and confession with a view to obtaining absolution emanate from a source of weakness. Frankly to admit an error is often a sign of strength and independence, but to confess a sin with a view to obtaining absolution from another distinctly indicates a weak character. No external power except our own self can undo our acts or alter the essence of our nature.

The Russian's dependent character and his lack of self-sufficiency and self-reliance are perhaps still further manifested in his criminology. It has been pointed out that the statistics of criminality are smaller in Russia than in many countries of Western Europe. Comparing the number of suicides committed in various countries, one finds for a million inhabitants 311 in Saxony, 210 in France, 133 in Prussia, 130 in Austria, 90 in Bavaria, 66 in England, and only 30 in Russia. This low number of suicides committed in Russia is ascribed by Russian authors to moral strength. Again, the number of people

condemned for homicide is as follows: For every million there are 96 in Italy, 55 in Spain, 22 in Austria, 15 in France, 10 in Russia, 9 in Germany, and 6 in England.

This has been attributed to the Russian's high moral sense and low state of civilisation. I venture, however, to think that in the case of the Russian the very small number of suicides is not due to moral sense but to that lack of self-sufficiency and self-reliance, to the absence of personal responsibility and energy, which I have already pointed out. If the small number of suicides and homicides committed by Russians were really due to a moral sense, then criminality in general ought to be low. This, however, is not the case. The number of thieves, for instance, is unlimited, and many murders are committed, mostly *in common.* This last fact in itself is of high psychological significance, and shows that if there are less passion crimes the fact does not at all bear testimony to a deeply moral nature but to a dependent character. It is not due to strength but to weakness. This gregariousness is somewhat akin to the nature of the child who fears to venture alone into the dark but who takes heart if there is some one else with him. Crimes committed in common are therefore more numerous in Russia than in other countries. The Russian's lack of self-sufficiency finds a justification for his murder and act of violence in the deed of his comrade and the possibility of shirking his individual responsibility. Returning to my comparison between the psychology of the Russian and that of the feminine sex, it is interesting to notice that the same facts can be observed with regard to woman. Less women than men are imprisoned. The criminality of woman, as compared to that of man, is 1·5. (*Cf.* Fouillée, "Tempérament," p. 253.) Is this really a proof—as some psychologists at once conclude—that woman is less criminal and cruel, more moral and better than man? Not at all. Such a conclusion is undoubtedly erroneous. A woman can be as cruel as man and even more so. When she has an opportunity of shifting her responsibility upon others, when she is sure that confession will absolve her or

political and social circumstances assure her perfect impunity, she seldom shrinks from committing atrocious crimes.

It is historically known that in great social upheavals, as in the French Revolution, the women were much more passionate and cruel than the men. In the Arena of Rome they enjoyed the spectacle of prisoners torn by wild beasts. In the Middle Ages they enjoyed the sight of *autos-da-fé*, and deliciously inhaled the smell of roasted heretics, sorcerers, and atheists !

The comparatively smaller number of female prisoners is only due to the fact that woman is weaker in character, and not so self-reliant and self-sufficient as to take the responsibility upon herself. The low criminality of woman is not the *result* of her religious feelings, but, on the contrary, her very religiousness is due to a feeling of dependence, to a want of strength and power of personality.

Madame Necker says somewhere, speaking of the difference existing between the mentality of man and woman: "Their Ego is stronger than ours." Crime and genius, science, art, and politics, which are the feature of man, emanate from the same psychological source. "The lower criminality of woman," says Lombroso, "is a sign of her inferiority. Being morally and intellectually less powerful than man, she is also less criminal."

The Russian, too, like a woman, is not less inclined to commit a crime, but it is his lack of self-reliance that keeps him back. Not moral sense, not religious feelings, not strength but *weakness* is at the bottom of it. Give him an opportunity, an opportunity where he can commit crime with impunity, by order, and neither his moral sense nor his kindness will keep him back. A whole village will collectively perpetrate atrocities where individuals will hesitate. Responsibilities are much more easily shirked in the former case. One might say without exaggeration that the Russian, compared to the Western European, is a cowardly criminal. "In every Russian of our days," says Dostoievsky, "there is

the germ of a hangman." This will explain another famous sentence of Dostoievsky. "The strongest and most valuable portion of the nation," he wrote, "is to be found among the criminals of Sakhalin." Dostoievsky, and later on Gorky, have both analysed the Russian soul, and laid bare its most hidden cells, and both, curiously enough, sing almost a hymn of praise to the Russian criminal. Is it because they admire crime and transgression? Of course not. But both these authors know their people well. They have grasped the springs that move the great wheel of national conduct, they felt the pulse of their nation, and knew how the blood throbbed in its veins.

With remarkable insight Dostoievsky and Gorky noticed the defects of their nation, and pointed them out unflinchingly. With pitiless hand they have torn away the curtain that concealed the hidden recesses of the national psychology. Strength and independence of character, self-assertion of individuality and of self-will, is what they miss in Russia. They find it, to a certain extent, among the criminals and transgressors. These at least manifest their self-will, and assert their Ego even in their very destruction. In a nation which is lacking in a sense of personal responsibility and individualism, which is composed of submission, obedience and blunted intelligence, where every affirmation of will and self-assertion is an exception, it must naturally follow that the most assertive characters are to be found among the transgressors and criminals.

Here we have the key-note to Dostoievsky's and Gorky's works. They both depict the incompleteness of the Russian soul.

IV

Russian apathy and resignation, visible in the daily life and conduct of the people, have further been pointed out by other Russian authors. Whenever it is a question of ameliorating his position, of settling a question of importance that would

enable the peasant to live in a more respectable manner, he loses, as if through some fatality, his understanding and capacity. His powers of attention and observation, his perspicacity, and even the last shadow of his sense of justice suddenly disappear. Apathetically, in a brutal spirit of resignation, the peasant will see his children die without moving a step to save them. "In such matters," exclaims a famous Russian author (Glyeb Ouspensky, one of the greatest authorities on the Russian peasant), "the Russian peasant is of surprising helplessness and stupidity."

Chekhov, too, in his work, "The Moujiks," a work which Tolstoi declared one of the best sketches in modern Russian literature, and which is characterised by its veracity and minute portrayal and description of the peasant's life in modern Russia, shows how the causes of the misery of the Russian masses, although the immediate result of the material conditions of their existence, are to be sought much deeper and are due to the apathy and want of energy in the national character. A paralysing timidity, a complete lack of initiative and boldness, are what he notices everywhere. "Our individuality is weak," says one of his heroes.

Indolence and carelessness characterise the Russian. The fatalistic indifference is only more noticeable among the peasant who does not hide it, but the more refined classes are equally affected by it. "Why are we tired?" "Why, when we fall, do we not make an effort to rise?" "Why, having lost one thing, do we not look for another?" Dissatisfied with his lot, the Russian is proud of his resignation. Personal energy, effort and affirmation of individuality, which make life worth living, are missing in Russia. "Why hinder people from dying," says one of his types, "if death is the normal and lawful end of us all?" The renunciation of any desire to manifest will-power is his characteristic trait.

"We are weak, we are weak," says another of Chekhov's types. "It needed only the first touch of actuality to make me lose heart and surrender." ("Ward No. 6.")

In a few words, placed in the mouth of Wiseacre, Chekhov traces the general Russian attitude. "I don't want anything"; or, "All lay down, the door opened before the wind, and snowflakes whirled through the hut. But no one rose to shut it, all were too cold and lazy." ("In Exile.") Chekhov, too, loves energy and strength and individualism, which he misses in his people. Like most Russian authors, but still more so, he is pre-eminently national. He penetrated the Russian soul to its innermost recesses. They are not exceptional types who are affected by inertia and fatalistic paralysis; it is Russia, the Russian character, the Russian soul that is steeped in it. There is not enough energy to struggle for individual emancipation, there is not even the desire to do so. Those in whom the spirit, wishing for self-assertion, begins to move its wings suffer a little more than the others: that is all. They commit suicide when they have sufficient courage to do it, but mostly they resign themselves, lacking even the energy to assert their self-will in this last act of independence. "Everything is done against their will," says one of his heroines. According to Chekhov, the causes are not to be sought in external circumstances but in the very being, in the psychosis of those millions of individuals who form the Russian people. Indifference and resignation, psychical paralysis and torpor, are traits that characterise all classes, but they are more noticeable among the peasants.

A vivid description of the peasant's life given by Chekhov illustrates his statements. A hut (izba), consisting of one room, is inhabited by a family composed of the old moujik and his wife, two sons and their wives and eight or ten children. In this miserable room, which rarely has a window, and the walls of which are black from smoke, all these beings eat and drink and sleep. Here the women bear children and spin and weave. Here a lamb lies peacefully near a naked boy, and the suckling plays with a pig; here a cock accompanies with gay trills the bleating of the goat. The gleam of a paraffin-oil lamp, without a glass shade, sheds its light upon

this picture of domestic felicity, patriarchal in its simplicity and peacefulness.

Food consists mostly of *shtshee—i.e.* of hot water in which a cabbage floats in solitary majesty surrounded by a few boiled potatoes. When the moujik discovers a piece of fat in this soup he feels a pleasurable sensation somewhat similar to that of Columbus when he perceived land on the vast ocean. This is the ordinary meal. Milk is kept for the children. Meat is only tasted on holidays, a chicken on Christmas and Easter. Sometimes there are even no potatoes.

"They ate their black bread with great avidity. The tea had a fishy taste, the sugar was very dirty, and the bread was covered with beetles.

"On Sunday a herring was bought in the public-house and boiled. At mid-day the herring-soup was eaten with bread, the herring itself being put aside by the old woman." Surely there must be something wrong and rotten in a nation if millions and millions of individuals can endure such a life with apathy and resignation.

A fire suddenly broke out in the village. A hut is burning—and a great bustle and noise ensue.

Women are crying, children are howling, sheep and fowls and cows are let out into the main street. What are the inhabitants doing? The moujiks, the majority of whom are drunk, stand round and look on sheepishly and brutally, not knowing what to do. None of them knows what to do, none of them *can* do anything. He is waiting for some help outside. Whole villages are thus burnt down. Thus the peasant often regrets the good old days when he was a serf, was beaten and maltreated, but had not the worry to care for himself, for his own sustenance. "They are rude, dishonest, dirty and quarrelsome, living more like brutes than human beings."

Instead of thinking of the morrow he will spend his last copper on drink. It is a well-known fact that in famine-stricken communities the public-houses are full. And when the peasant is asked why he spent his money on drink under such circumstances, he will say: "We have nothing to eat,

we are going to die of hunger; let us, therefore, have at least a drop and drink oblivion: it is merrier thus." "Let us *hunger* and drink and be merry, for to-morrow we shall die." Typically characteristic of the Russian who endures oppression and suffering, and instead of making an effort to shake them off, submits and resigns himself.

The famous *mir*, that communal and municipal organisation, has often been quoted as an ancient institution showing the people's love of independence and self-government. The *mir*, however, is only a Tartar institution, and gives also proof of a lack of individual initiative rather than of a spirit of independence. Communism is a primitive tendency, the result of weakness and dependence. When civilisation advances, the individual competition becomes more developed and marked. The *mir* and the *artel* are only due to the Russian's feeling of gregariousness.

The inhabitants of a village, for instance, go forth in spring to work on the railway line at a distance of 500 versts, and return in autumn, and these workmen will not only work, but also play and drink together. Even the orderly and sober moujik that might be among them will contribute his equal share and return home as poor as the drunkard. It never enters his mind that it is quite unnatural, and that he has a right to protest.

"Germany is nothing, the individual German is everything," Goethe says somewhere. These words of the great individualist do not express the real state of affairs in Germany, but rather an ideal that Goethe wished for. In any case, they could never be applied to Russia. The individual Russian is nothing, the Government is everything, or a great unit, all the millions of Russians being so many noughts added to it.

Such are the mentality, the national character and psychosis of the Russian. The course the nation was destined to take during its past existence is the result of its characteristics, and it is upon these very same characteristics that its future destiny depends.

A. S. Rappoport.

AVE ATQUE VALE, HONESTATES

WHEN the late Queen of venerated and respected memory died, when that long life of good example in all those ordinary, commonplace, everyday virtues which go to build up the national character drew to its appointed close, a friend of mine, a very critical foreigner who had lived many years in England, pointed out to me that we were at the end of a moral epoch, the period of respectability. The generation that was just entering on life with nervous eagerness would not, in his opinion, continue the staid traditions of an elder England. They would be more "continental" than their fathers in their manners and customs, and in their outlook on life. Not that my friend had any very high regard for the older school of British deportment; our cherished respectability he regarded as a stodgy pose. The influence of the new Sovereign, he thought, would brighten our national life; our new contact with France, which we owe so largely to him, would brush away our cobwebs and civilise us to some extent. Yet he looked to the future with some apprehension, for he saw that we would wear our rue with a difference; we would grow more avid for pleasure and more brutal in pursuit of it. The latent savagery of the British character would develop into an unlovely prominence once the old restrictions were gone. This "solution of the bonds of obligation" would be most evident among the lower classes, who were less accus-

tomed to the exercise of self-restraint. He instanced the great and obvious change which had come in the temper of the average crowd, the great growth of nervous excitability, all the many symptoms of collective hysteria which marked the Mafficking epoch. The crowds in the streets had acquired quite a new physiognomy, the types seemed markedly different from those of a few years before. One curious feature of this moral change was the sudden increase in the statistics of a crime we regard as peculiarly French, the *crime passionel.* The Press, faithful index of the national temper, displayed an ever-growing restlessness; the old steady reserve of insular pride had given place to a blatancy of national self-assertion, a moral recklessness which seemed alien to our traditions. Everything seemed to point to a change in the national temperament.

Are we really at such a period of transition? The late war brought a time of intense excitement, England lived in a fever. Now that the cold fit of financial deficit and trade depression has succeeded the hot, we still find these symptoms persisting in a milder form. We have our Yellow Press still with us, and the public thirst for amusement has grown to a degree our fathers would have regarded as unwholesome. To find a parallel with our devotion to cricket and football, not to speak of racing, we must go back to Byzantium or old Rome, not in the days of their glory but of their decline. Never since those remote times has the mere spectator of the public games loomed so large in a nation's life. In the palmy days of the prize-ring we had something faintly similar, but on a much smaller scale. The giant crowds of to-day that follow football are a product of twentieth-century conditions. The cheapening of transit has made the working man a "sports-man," he can attend a Cup match with the best. The game is brief and thrilling, its points appeal alike to his sense of skill and his fighting instincts. It bears to cricket much the same relation that bridge does to chess. Bridge and football alike give to the tired the rest of a strong sensation, a rest that is not always healthful. At one end of the social scale the

worker is agog for excitement, at the other the millionaire seeks new modes of titillating a palate jaded by excess.

Reserve has taken refuge among the mid-middle class, among those who are not of the Smart Set, who lack the wealth or impudence required to give them footing in the fashion columns, yet who hold their heads too high to relish the pleasures of the vulgar. This ever-decreasing body forms a social oasis where Mid-Victorian respectability still lingers. It is made up of quiet business folk, of steadygoing but unambitious professional men, of those families who form the bulk of the military, naval, and clerical castes, and of the smaller squirearchy. You will know them by the raiment of their women, by their grave and earnest demeanour, by their dignity and decorum in public places. However dowdy their wives and daughters may be, however homely their features, the least observant can see that they are gentlewomen. They keep alight the sacred fire of gentility, and carry into the twentieth century the traditions of Mansfield Park. Models of propriety and decorum, these survivors from the great Victorian Age include all that is dignified, all that is respectable, and much that is dull in England. But they are the very salt of the earth, and help to keep the body-politic fresh and sweet.

To be respectable is to possess the outward sign of an inward grace, the fine flower of humble worth. The word calls up no visions of rank or wealth; it is neither coroneted nor gilt-edged, but blandly plain and unadorned, save with the consciousness of rectitude. It deprecates envy and asserts integrity; it is a worthy word. Handmade and homespun, rich with all the sentiment of a sentimental age, it breathed a gentle melancholy from some Morland cottage. In the country gentle and retiring, in the towns it grew to strength, knowing itself, and fashioned life to its similitude, the Demiurge of a new world. In France sentiment brought revolution, in England respectability wrought reform. The townsfolk of England were no visionaries, they cut no throats

for the love of humanity; it sufficed for them to assert their worthiness. No force can withstand the impact of modesty grown aggressive. Podsnap entered on his kingdom.

The Age of Victoria witnessed the rise and fall of the great British middle class, those Puritans of the nineteenth century. For two generations they moulded the land to their will, everywhere setting up the machine to hammer the souls of men into uniformity. England was one vast factory, her life the rhythmic rattle of the loom, the seismic throb of the engine. In the systole and diastole of that mighty mechanical heart the ruddy rustic was swept from the lungs of his village through the arteries and veins of mine and factory, to be flung at last, poor bleached corpuscle, into some fœtid cell of workhouse or jail. Not the man alone, but the gravid woman and the scarce-weaned child. And on the wings of steam the burgess soared upward towards the empyrean of the peerage, for he had learned to make others work for him, tending the machine he had made. From exploiting the toil of others he progressed towards finance, the hoards of others worked his will, and he tithed men's possessions as he taxed their bodies. He cultivated the arts on his dividends, and grew spiritually emancipated. The smoke and grime of the factory passed from out his life, his mental horizon grew broader. The facile philosophy of the machine no longer satisfied him. He sought a more spiritual conception of life, he could no longer picture the universe as a vast power-loom, so he abandoned the worship of Baal and sought other gods.

The worker remained perforce in the shadow of the machine. To him it was life, rigid, forceful, emphatic, unpitying, all-pervading. The burgess, the master of the machine, saved his soul alive by stern self-discipline, by an ordered existence based on worldly prudence tempered with religious fervour, and above all by the reasonable hope of ultimate retirement from business. But what hope has the toiler of ultimate retirement save to the workhouse? He must fight

the machine still tied to it. To save himself from absorption, from utter brutalisation, he must fight armed with a sterner self-discipline, a larger respectability than his employer. If not, the machine will devour his soul as it uses up his body; it will own him here and hereafter.

It may well be that some dim perception of this verity prompts the workers to wrath whenever twitted by divines in easy circumstances under whom the emancipated middle-class sit attentive. Horny-handed toil is not pachydermatous. We have had an amazing gust of anger stirred by a casual commination smacking rank of the pulpit, the *obiter scriptum* of a well-known pastor. It is the acknowledged privilege of the preacher to correct his brethren, to deal faithfully with their backslidings. The incriminated matter did not notably exceed this customary licence, yet Labour from Battersea to Bermondsey was up in arms. Leviathan roared, and able editors enshrined his bellows in many columns. King Demos, like the Kaiser, takes a serious view of *lèse majesté*. Yet when kings of old had prophets to rebuke their failings, the old-time seers did not measure their curses with a micrometer screw. The king's jester, too, unwhipped could speak his mind, and in a rough age his bauble was as a rod of righteousness. With King Labour jester and prophet must walk delicately. Such at least is the surface moral of the late unpleasantness. But let us look deeper.

The Seraphic Doctor of Nonconformity has the strange gift, which he shares with Lord Rosebery, of rousing perfervid argument with the lightest of his winged words. He gives to pulpit platitude a weird genetic force; the somnolent rebuke hisses like Medusa's head, sadly vexing even to those who are proof against petrifaction. The people have been touched, and on the raw. The whip-lash descended at the psychological moment. Under the giant pressure of the machine myriads of toilers are coralled; it is the Age of the Herding of the Hands. In factory, workshop and union the labourers congregate, pushing, hustling, shoving. Needs must that they feel their

fellows' elbows when elbow-room grows scant; the touch transforms the throng into a crowd with a new group-life quick and passionate, the avidity of the mob for good or ill. Salaried muscle has grown class-conscious by consolidation and class-proud as a consequence.

> The dewdrop merges in some slender rill,
> Yielding its own to win the torrent's pride;
> The stately stream the foaming freshets fill,
> To lose itself anew amid old ocean's tide.

No longer are the toilers disposed to order themselves lowly and reverently before their betters; rather will they ask, "Who are our betters?" Social stratification is a volcanic process; the middle classes did not win political power and worldly esteem without sundry eruptive splashes of mud and scoriæ. The worker with his hands now claims due rank and precedence, and fights, as the burgess fought, for his right. Between noble and roturier it was a strife of birth against wealth; between burgess and worker it is wealth against worth. The middle classes won by compelling respect, Labour would win by being respectable. What wonder, then, that the toilers are angered when their title-deeds to esteem were challenged? What can the pastors of the wealthy know of the trials of the poor? Can they dare to weigh the sins begot of boredom with those engendered by the soul-stamp of the machine? Could they be so certain of their own virtue where life was one drab weary grind? Could they even be sure of remaining respectable? For it cannot be questioned that the external order and decorum which constitute respectability are somewhat difficult of attainment under adverse conditions.

What though Factory Acts and Sanitary Statutes have contributed to make physical life possible and tolerable for the worker, the essential monotony of modern toil remains unchanged. In the old days of craftsmanship the artisan had an artist's joy in his work. He gave to it something of himself, it was an embodiment of variety in similitude. Now he is a machine-tender, an animate engine controlling inanimate

force, with no personal influx on the mutual product. The hand of the craftsman "wrought in a sad sincerity"; the set design was interpreted, not copied; there was ever the personal note, however slight. Now the machine copies and the workman merely feeds it. Save for the very aristocracy of labour, the designers of the machine, the human spiritual element of toil has disappeared. Physical alertness and attention there must be, for mechanism is not yet infallible. Accidents occur in the best regulated factories, and the Man must be there to cope with Chance. Chance and the Casual alone call for the human operative; were the machine perfect the factory could be run by clockwork. As the hand of the dyer is subdued to that he works in, great industry has forged the souls of men into the likeness of its own engines, exacting from them a docile uniformity quite inhuman. Physiologically the process should involve hypertrophy of the nerve centres governing secondary reflex action with a growing atrophy of the centres of conscious human action, a steady brutalisation of the worker from the psychological and moral points of view. When the hours of toil close and for a brief space the worker owns himself, the reaction comes. The well-to-do can amuse themselves soberly and decently, but what opportunities has the working man? How expect him to take his pleasures sadly for whom work has no joy? His repressed self clamours for outward expression in modes not always seemly. Physically fatigued and mentally starved, he craves strong emotions and crude excitement—the horse-play of the soul. The force which drives the working man to excess in drink, to gambling and other unedifying methods of spending his leisure and his substance, has its origin not in class-depravity but in the soul-numbing conditions of his ordinary employment.

If such be the state of the skilled worker, what must be the fate of the unskilled casual labourer? His toil may perchance be less monotonous, but its very uncertainty breaks down character: from casual labour to permanent pauperism is but a step. The true proletariat in the ancient sense of

that ill-used word is the mass of casual labour, the men who live, or rather exist, on odd jobs eked out with so-called charity and poor relief, an unassimilable fæcal element in the body-politic swollen by every succeeding industrial crisis. Modern industry has no use for the broken-down serf; to-day as of old Moloch loves young blood. By the age of forty the man is digested and what is left is but a Poor Law excrement.

Does it not savour of the humorous that the economically helpless should hold in the franchise the ultimate reason of government? Leviathan can make and unmake Ministries, he can change the coachman of State. What if he should take the whim to handle the ribbons himself? Up to the present it has been the political good fortune of the dirigent classes that they have omitted to educate their masters; the omission has left them in undisturbed possession of power. But there are signs, very evident for all who look beyond mere party warfare, that Labour is finding itself, to the ill-concealed discomfort of the Tadpoles and the Tapers. It is the conjunction of great organised industry with a popular franchise which makes for change: unhammered by the machine, Labour would have continued politically amorphous. Now our masters are educating themselves, and their growing class-consciousness gives furiously to think. As yet they have evolved no class-culture of their own, the machinery of the schools was devised on middle-class lines with an ideal of citizenship rooted in respectability, the ethical flower of unsectarianism. Perish all dogmas, save decorum!

We are at a period of transition. The influence of the oldstaid Victorian middle class is passing away. If it made life dull it rendered it at least decent. The present generation has no such care for propriety or for self-restraint. Life has grown richer, more full of colour, less correctly insular. We may not be worse than our fathers, but we are less reserved. What will it profit John Bull if he ceases to be a hypocrite only to become a brute? There lies the danger. We may laugh at respectability as the mere figleaf of national decency,

the mere outer husk of good morals. When the hermit-crab finds his quarters too cramped and leaves them, he takes care that the larger shell is ready for immediate occupation lest he lies naked to his enemies. His abandoned shell becomes the habitation of some smaller crab, who is vastly proud of his new dwelling. So Labour crawls painfully, yet with exultation, into the discarded respectability of a hedonistic middle class, still, alas! seeking for itself a new moral integument.

JOHN HOWLEY.

BEETHOVEN

I

THE foundation of Beethoven's art is, as Wagner pointed out, a great innocence. It is the unconscious innocence of the child and the instructed innocence of the saint. Beethoven is the most childlike of musicians, and of all artists it is most natural to the musician to be childlike. There is, in every artist, a return toward childhood; he must be led by the hand through the streets of the world, in which he wanders open-eyed and with heedless feet. Pious hands must rock him to sleep, comfort his tears, and labour with him in his playtime. He will speak the wisdom of the child, unconsciously, without translating it into the formal language of experience.

Beethoven's *naïveté* can be distinguished at every moment in his music; in his simplicities, trivialities, in his ready acceptance of things as they are, and, again, in his gravities and what may seem like over-emphasis. It does not occur to him that you will not take things as simply as he does. His music is "nature, heard through a temperament," and he hears the voices of nature with almost the credulity with which he hears the often deceiving voices of men.

Modern musicians are on their guard, even against nature. Wagner is never without the consciousness of so many things which his critical intelligence whispers to him that he must refrain from. What modern painter was it who said that

"nature put him out"? Wagner takes elaborate precautions against being put out by nature, and, after that, against allowing any one to suppose that nature has put him out. But Beethoven surrenders. It is unthinkable to him that a sound could deceive him.

It is usual to compare Beethoven with Shakespeare; but is he, in any sense, a dramatist? Is he not rather, if we are to speak in terms of literature, an epic poet, nearer to Homer and to Milton than to Shakespeare? When Beethoven becomes tremendous, it is the sublime, not in action, but in being; his playfulness is a nobler *Comus*, a pastoral more deeply related to the innocence and ecstasy of nature. He has the heroic note of Homer, or of Milton's Satan, or of Dante, whom in some ways he most resembles; but I distinguish no Lear, no Hamlet, no Othello. Nor is his comedy Shakespearean, a playing with the pleasant humour of life on its surface; it is the gaiety which cries in the bird, rustles in leaves, shines in spray; it is a voice as immediate as sunlight. Some new epithet must be invented for this music which narrates nothing, yet is epic; sings no articulate message, yet is lyric; moves to no distinguishable action, yet is already awake in the void waters out of which a world is to awaken.

II

Music, as Schopenhauer has made clear to us, is not a representation of the world, but an immediate voice of the world. The musician, he tells us, "reveals the innermost essential being of the world, and expresses the highest wisdom in a language his reason does not understand." "We may take the perceptible world, or nature, and music, as two different expressions of the same thing." "Accordingly, we might call the world 'embodied music,'" music differing from all other arts in this, "that it is not an image of phenomena," but represents "the thing itself which lies behind all appearances." In the language of the Schoolmen, "concepts are *universalia post*

rem, actuality *universalia in re*, whereas music gives *universalia ante rem*."

It is thus that the musician joins hands with the child and the saint, if, as we may believe, the child still remembers something of

That imperial palace whence we came,

and the saint lives always in such a house not made with hands. The musician, through what is active in his art, creates over again, translates for us, that whole essential part of things which is ended when we speak, and deformed when we begin labouring to make it visible in marble, or on canvas, or through any of the actual particles of the earth. All Beethoven's waking life was a kind of somnambulism, more literally so than that of any other man of genius; and not only when deafness dropped a soft enveloping veil between him and discords. "Must not his intercourse with the world," says Wagner, in his book on Beethoven, "resemble the condition of one who, awakening from deepest sleep, in vain endeavours to recall his blissful dream?" To Shakespeare, to Michelangelo, who are concerned with the phenomena of the world as well as with "the thing itself which lies behind all appearances," something is gained, some direct aid for art, by a continual awakening out of that trance in which they speak with nature. Beethoven alone, the musician gains nothing: he is concerned only with one world, the inner world; and it is well for him if he never awakens.

Why is it that music is not limited in regard to length, as a poem is, a lyrical poem, to which music is most akin? Is it not because the ecstasy of music can be maintained indefinitely and at its highest pitch, while the ecstasy of verse is shortened by what is definite in words? There are poems of Swinburne which attempt to compete with music on its own ground, "Tristram of Lyonesse," for example; and they tire the ear which the music of Wagner's "Tristan" keeps passionately alert for a whole evening. This is because we ask of words

some more definite appeal to the mind than we ask of music, and an unsubstantial ecstasy wearies us like the hollow voice of a ghost, which we doubt while we hear it. Music comes speaking the highest wisdom in a language which our reason does not understand; because it is older and deeper and closer to us than our reason. Music can prolong, reiterate, and delicately vary the ecstasy itself: and its voice is all the while speaking to us out of our own hearts. To listen to music is a remembrance, and it is only of memory that men never grow weary.

Music, says Wagner profoundly, "blots out our entire civilisation as sunshine does lamplight." It is the only art which renders us completely unconscious of everything else but the ecstasy at the root of life; it is the only art which we can absorb with closed eyes, like an articulate perfume; it is the only divine drunkenness, the only Dionysiac art. Beethoven's Tenth Symphony was to have been a direct hymn to Dionysus. "In the Adagio," he noted in his sketch-book, "the text of a Greek myth, *cantique ecclésiastique*, in the Allegro feast of Bacchus." It was to do what Goethe had tried to do in the Second Part of *Faust:* reconcile the Pagan with the Christian world. But it was to do more than that, and would it not have taken us deeper even than the Hymn to Joy of the Ninth Symphony: to that immeasurable depth out of which the cry of suffering is a hymn of victory?

Music, then, being this voice of things in themselves, and the only magic against the present, it will be useless to search into Beethoven's life, and to ask of his music some correspondence between its colour and humour and the colour and humour of events. Let us take an instance. In the year 1802 Beethoven wrote that tragic confession known as the Testament of Heiligenstadt. The whole agony of his deafness has come upon him.

> I must live [he says] like an exile. . . . Such things brought me to the verge of desperation, and well-nigh caused me to put an end to my life. . . . I joyfully hasten to meet Death. If he comes before I have had the opportunity

of developing all my artistic powers, then, notwithstanding my cruel fate, he will come too early for me, and I should wish for him at a more distant period; but even then I shall be content, for his advent will release me from a state of endless suffering.

And, on the outside of the sealed packet, to be opened only at his death, he writes: "Oh, Providence, vouchsafe me one day of pure felicity!" Now it was at this period that Beethoven wrote the Second Symphony. I turn to Berlioz's analysis of it in his "Etude critique des Symphonies de Beethoven," and I read:

Le *scherzo* est aussi franchement gai dans sa capricieuse fantaisie, que *l'andante* a été complètement heureux et calme; car tout est riant dans cette symphonie, les élans guerriers du premier *allegro* sont eux-mêmes tout à fait exempt de violence; on n'y saurait voir que l'ardeur juvénile d'un noble cœur dans lequel se sont conservées intactes les plus belles illusions de la vie.

"Les plus belles illusions de la vie!" "The fond hope I brought with me here," writes Beethoven at Heiligenstadt, "of being to a certain degree cured, now utterly forsakes me. As the autumn leaves fall and wither, so are my hopes blighted."

Twice in Beethoven's life there is an interruption in his unceasing labour at his work. The first time is during the three years from 1808 to 1811, when he was in love with Thérèse Malfatti; the second time is from 1815 to 1818, after his brother's death. During these two periods he wrote little of importance; personal emotion gripped him, and he could not loosen the grasp. During all the rest of his agitated and tormented life, nothing, neither the constant series of passionate and brief loves, nor constant bodily sickness, trouble about money, trouble about friends, relations, and the unspeakable nephew, meant anything vital to his deeper self. The nephew helped to kill him, but could not colour a note of his music. Not "his view of the world," but the world itself spoke through those sounds which could never shrink to the point at which these earthly discords were audible. Music is a refuge, and can speak with the same

voice to the man who is suffering as to the man who is happy, and through him, with the same voice, when he is suffering or when he is happy. It is here that music is so different from literature; for instance, where the words mean things, and bring back emotions too clearly and in too personal a way. The musician is, after all, the one impersonal artist, who, having lived through joy and sorrow, has both in his hands; can use them like the right hand and the left.

And just as the musician can do without life, can be uncontaminated by life, so, in his relations with other arts, with the mechanism of words and the conditions of writing for the stage and such like, he will have his own touchstone, his own standard of values. During a great part of his life Beethoven was looking out for a libretto on which he could write an opera. His one opera, *Fidelio*, is written on a miserable libretto; but the subject, with its heroisms, was what he wanted, and he was probably little conscious of the form in which it was expressed; for with him the words meant nothing, but the nature of the emotion which these words expressed was everything. When he said, speaking as some have thought slightingly of Mozart, that he would never have written a *Don Giovanni* or a *Figaro*, he merely meant that the very nature of such subjects was antipathetic to him, and that he could never have induced himself to take them seriously. Mozart, with his divine nonchalance, snatched at any earthly happiness, any gaiety of the flesh or spirit, and changed it instantly into the immortal substance of his music. But Beethoven, with his peasant's seriousness, could not jest with virtue or the rhythmical order of the world. His art was his religion, and must be served with a devotion in which there was none of the easy pleasantness of the world.

And it was for this reason that he could find his own pasture in bad poets, like Klopstock, whom he carried about with him for years, like a Bible. Goethe, he admits later, had spoiled Klopstock for him. But still Klopstock was

always "maestoso, D flat major": he "exalted the mind." He brooded over Sturm's devotional work, "Considerations on the Works of God in Nature," because he found in it his own deep, strenuously unlimited, love of God. It was the fundamental idea that he cared for, always; and, for the most part, this drew him to the greatest writers: to Homer and Shakespeare for heroic poetry, to Plutarch for the lives of heroes. And he was incapable of unbending, of finding pleasure in work which seemed to come from a less noble impulse. During his last illness one of Scott's novels was brought to him, that he might read something which would not fatigue him too much. But after a few pages he tossed the book aside: "The man seems to be writing for money," he said.

There stood on Beethoven's writing-table, during most of his life, a sheet of paper, framed and under glass, on which he had written carefully three maxims, found by Champollion Figeac among the inscriptions of an Egyptian temple:

Je suis ce qui est.—Je suis tout ce qui est, ce qui a été, ce qui sera; nulle main mortelle n'a soulevé mon voile.—Il est par lui-même et c'est à lui que tout doit son existence.

When I said that Beethoven had the innocence of the saint as well as that of the child, I was thinking partly of that passionate love of nature which, in him, was like an instinct which becomes a religion. He wrote to Thérèse: "No man on earth can love the country as I do. It is trees, woods, and rocks that return to us the echo of our thought." He rushed into the open air, as into a home, out of one miserable lodging after another, in which the roofs and walls seemed to hedge him round. Klober the painter tells us how, when he was in the country, he "would stand still, as if listening, with a piece of music-paper in his hand, look up and down, and then write something." He liked to lie on his back, staring into the sky; in the fields he could give way to the intoxication of his delight; there, nothing came between him and the sun; which, said Turner, is God.

The animal cry of desire is not in Beethoven's music. Its Bacchic leapings, when mirth abandons itself to the last ecstasy, have in them a sense of religious abandonment which belongs wholly to the Greeks, to whom this abandonment brought no suggestion of sin. With Christianity, the primitive orgy, the unloosing of the instincts, becomes sinful; and in the music of Wagner's "Venusberg" we hear the cry of nature turned evil. Pain, division of soul, reluctance, come into this once wholly innocent delight in the drunkenness of the senses; and a new music, all lascivious fever and tormented and unwilling joy, arises to be its voice. But to Beethoven nature was still healthy, and joy had not begun to be a subtle form of pain. His joy sometimes seems to us to lack poignancy, but that is because the gods, for him, have never gone into exile, and the wine-god is not "a Bacchus who has been in hell." Yet there is passion in his music, a passion so profound that it becomes universal. He loves love, rather than any of the images of love. He loves nature with the same, or with a more constant, passion. He loves God, whom he cannot name, whom he worships in no church built with hands, with an equal rapture. Virtue appears to him with the same loveliness as beauty. And out of all these adorations he has created for himself a great and abiding joy. The breadth of the rhythm of his joy extends beyond mortal joy and mortal sorrow. There are times when he despairs for himself, never for the world. Law, order, a faultless celestial music, alone existed for him; and these he believed to have been settled, before time was, in the heavens. Thus his music was neither revolt nor melancholy, each an atheism; the one being an arraignment of God and the other a denial of God.

III

Beethoven invented no new form; he expanded form to the measure of his intentions, making it contain what he wanted. Sometimes it broke in the expansion, yet without

setting him on the search for some new form which would be indefinitely elastic. The *Missa Solennis*, for instance, grew beyond the proportions of a mass, and was finished with no thought of a service of the church; the music went its own way, and turned into a vast, shapeless oratorio, an anomaly of the concert-room. *Fidelio* is an opera which has not even the formal merits of the best operas produced on the Italian method; it lives a separate life in divine fragments, and is wholly expressive only in the two great overtures, of which only the second is properly speaking dramatic, while the third transcends and escapes drama. In the second overture, music speaks, in these profound and sombre voices, as in a drama in which powers and destinies contend in the air. The trumpet-call behind the scenes attaches it, by a deliberate externality, to the stage. But in the third overture, where music surges up out of some hell which is heaven, that it may make a new earth, there is hardly anything that we can limit or identify as drama; not even the trumpet-call behind the scenes, which has become wholly a part of the musical texture, and no longer calls off the mind from that deeper sense of things.

Yet, if we follow Beethoven through any series of his works, through the sonatas, for instance, or the symphonies, we shall see a steady development, almost wholly unexperimental, and for that all the more significant. Each of the symphonies develops out of the last, each is a step forward; not that each is literally greater than the last, but has something new in it, an acquirement in art, or a growth in personality. That this should be so is the only excuse for an artist's production; only secondary men repeat themselves; the great artist is incapable of turning back. As he goes forward, the public, naturally, which has come to accept him at a given moment of his progress, remains stationary; and when the public is not wholly dominated by a great name, so that it dares not rebel enough to choose after its own liking, there comes a time when the public ceases to comprehend, and begins to prefer, that is, to condemn.

The public of Beethoven's day, like the public for which and against which every great artist has worked, forgot that its only duty is to receive blindly whatever a great artist, once recognised as such, has to give it; that its one virtue is gratitude, and its cardinal sin, an attempt at discrimination. Beethoven had not to wait for fame; his earliest compositions were admired, his first publication was well paid. "Publishers dispute one with another," he wrote early in life: "I fix my own price." Yet, at the same time, he was never, up to the very end of his career, taken entirely at his own valuation, and allowed to do what he liked in whatever way he liked. In 1816 the Philharmonic Society sent one of its members to ask for a new symphony, and to offer £100 for it. Beethoven, who had already written his Eighth Symphony, was about to accept the offer, when it was intimated to him that the new work must be in the style of his earlier symphonies. He refused with indignation, and London lost the honour of having "ordered" the Ninth Symphony. Ten years earlier he had begged for the post of composer to the Vienna opera, engaging to compose an opera and an opera-comique or ballet every year, in return for a very moderate salary. The letter of request was not even answered. Before that, *Fidelio* had failed, and the critics had assured one another that "the music was greatly inferior to the expectations of amateurs and connoisseurs." In other words, Beethoven, recognised from the first as a great artist, was never accepted in the only way in which public appreciation can be other than an insult: he was never wholly *hors concours*. Just before his death, one of his intimate friends took it upon him to say that he preferred a certain one of the last quartets to the others. "Each," said Beethoven, once and for all, "has its merit in its own way."

IV

Wagner has pointed out that it was bodily motion which first gave its beat to music; that is to say, that the articulate

life of music comes from what is most instinctive in life itself. All instrumental music has its origin in the dance, and in the symphonies of Haydn we have little more than a succession of dances with variations. And Beethoven, in one movement, the Minuet or Scherzo, gives us, as Wagner says,

> A piece of real dance-music, which could very well be danced to. An instinctive need seems to have led the composer into quite immediate contact with the material basis of his work for once in its course, as though his foot were feeling for the ground that was to carry him.

Is it not here, in this solid and unshakable acceptance of what is simplest, most fundamental, in life itself and in the life of music, that Beethoven comes into deepest contact with humanity, and lays his musical foundations for eternity? And he is himself, first of all, and before he begins to write music, a part of nature, instinctive. In Beethoven, the peasant and the man of genius are in continual, fruitful conflict. A bodily vigour, as if rooted in the earth, is hourly shattered and built up again by the nerves in action and recoil. And, in the music itself, quite literally, and almost at its greatest, one hears this elemental peasant; as in the *Allegro con brio* of the Seventh Symphony, with its shattering humour. It is a big, frank, gross, great thing, wallowing in its mirth like a young Hercules. Often, as in the last movement of the *Trio* (Op. 97), he disconcerts you by his simplicity, his buoyant and almost empty gaiety. It is difficult to realise that a great man can be so homely a child. No one else accepts nature any longer on such confiding terms. And he has but just awakened out of an *Andante* in which music has been honey to the tongue and an ecstatic peace to the soul.

This simplicity, this naïve return to origins, to the dance-tune, to a rhythm which can swing from the village band in the *Scherzo* of the Pastoral Symphony to the vast elemental surge of the *Allegro* of the Choral Symphony (as of the morning stars singing together) leads, now and then, to what has been taken for something quite different from what it is: an apparent aim at realism, which is no more than apparent. In

the whole of the Pastoral Symphony one certainly gets an atmosphere which is the musical equivalent of skies and air and country idleness and the delight of sunlight, not because a bird cries here and there, and a storm mutters obviously among the double basses, but because a feeling, constantly at the roots of his being, and present in some form in almost all his music, came for once to be concentrated a little deliberately, as if in a dedication, by way of gratitude. All through there is humour, and the realism is a form of it, the birds' notes on the instruments, the thunder and wind and the flowing of water, as certainly as the village band. Here, as everywhere, it was, as he said, "expression of feeling rather than painting" that he aimed at; and it would be curious if these humorous asides, done with childish good-humour, should have helped to lead the way to much serious modern music, in which natural sounds, and all the accidents of actual noise, have been solemnly and conscientiously imitated for their own sakes.

Is Beethoven's act in calling in the help of words and voices at the end of the Ninth Symphony necessarily to be taken as leading the way to Wagner, as Wagner held, and as at first sight seems unquestionable? Is it Beethoven's confession that there comes a moment when music can say no more, and words must step in to carry on the meaning of the sounds? If so, does not the whole theory of music, as the voice of nature itself, as an art which has arisen "from the immediate consciousness of the identity of our inner being with that of the outer world," as Wagner calls it, fall to the ground? It seems to me that in adding voices to the instruments, Beethoven did no more than add another exquisitely expressive instrument to the orchestra; in adding that instrument he added words also, because words support the voice, as the shoulder supports the violin. But I contend that the words of Schiller's "Hymn to Joy" might be replaced by meaningless vowels and consonants, and that the effect of the Choral Symphony would be identically the same. Beethoven's inspiration consisted in seeing that the effect of exultation at

which he was aiming could best be rendered by a chorus of voices, voices considered as instruments ; he was increasing his orchestra, that was all.

Wagner, it is true, realised this ; but, having realised it, he goes on to conceive of a Shakespeare entering the world of light simultaneously with a Beethoven entering the world of sound, and a new, finer art arising out of that mingling. Here, of course, he becomes the apologist of his own music-drama ; and it is in its claim to have done just this that it demands consideration. Has Wagner, in subordinating his music, if not to the words, at all events to the action, expressed partly by the words, really carried music further, or has he added another firmer link to the chain which holds music to the earth ? Music-drama, since Wagner has existed, there will always be ; but may there not be also a music more and more "absolute," of which voices may indeed form part, but voices without words, adding an incomparable instrument to the orchestra ? Why need music, if it is the voice of something deeper than action, care to concern itself with drama, which is the ripple on the surface of a great depth ? As it dispenses with the stage, or the conscious exercise of the eyes, so it will dispense with words, or the conscious exercise of the mind through the hearing, and, in an equal degree, with the intrusive reasonings of a programme, at the best but misleading foot-notes to a misinterpreted text.

V

In the later works of Beethoven we see his attempt to express himself within a fixed form, and yet without losing anything of what he wanted to say, through the pressure of those limits. "From the time," says Wagner, "when, in accord with the moving sorrows of his life, there awoke in the artist a longing for distinct expression of specific, characteristically individual emotions—as though to unbosom himself to the intelligent sympathy of fellow-men—and this longing grew into an ever more compulsive force ; from that time when he

began to care less and less about merely making music, about expressing himself agreeably, enthrallingly or inspiritingly in general, within that music; and, instead thereof, was driven by the general necessity of his inner being to employ his art in bringing to sure and seizable expression a definite content that absorbed his thoughts and feelings," then, says Wagner, begins his agony.

And this agony is the effort, not so much to say in music things really or merely individual, but to force music to tell some of its own secrets, still secrets to Beethoven. The deepest poetry and the deepest philosophy in words have been for the most part questions to which no answer has been offered; like the soliloquies of Hamlet and the 38th chapter of Job. When Beethoven is greatest his music speaks in a voice which suggests no words, and is the outpouring of a heart or soul too full for speech, and says speechless things. And at last Beethoven cares only for the saying of these speechless things, and because he cares supremely for this he refines his form, through which alone they can be spoken, with a more and more jealous care, fastening upon the roots of sound.

In Beethoven's later work, and especially in the last quartets, he seems actually to rarefy sound itself. What is this new subtlety and poignancy which comes into the notes themselves, as they obey a master who has proceeded by one exclusion after another, until he has refined sound to its last shade, or sharpened it to its ultimate point? Already, in the Quartet in C major (Op. 59), in which a form is filled without excess and without default, a new colour comes into the harmonies, as they reach after an unlimited strength, seeking to avoid all merely formal or limiting sweetness. They have passed through fire, and come out changed, a new body which has found a new soul. Here there is drama, an ominous and mysterious drama, in which the instruments are the persons: tragic cries surge up and are quieted; one hears the death-drum beating, perhaps only in their veins. The discord has found its place, liberating harmony, and, in the final fugue, one

sees the strictest of forms set dancing and hurrying, with a meaning not only in the notes, but in some not easily followed process of thinking in music, with an actual intellectual ecstasy.

In the last quartets form is so completely mastered that form, as limit, disappears, and something new, strange, incalculable, arises and exists. The purity of its harmony is so acute that it is at once joy and pain, harmony and discord. Beauty, brought to this intensity, at moments goes mad with delight. There is a gay, mysterious, entangling gravity, a kind of crabbed sweetness, in which sweetness becomes savour. At times, as in the *Allegro* of the Quartet in B flat major (Op. 130), sound passes into a fluttering of wings, as Psyche, the butterfly, soars at last into sunlight. The music began with elfin laughter, turned serious, and meditated with fine subtlety, and then, in the frank and childish return "alla danza tedesca," seemed to go back to the first things of the earth, as to one's roots for new sap. And then, in that *Cavatina* which Beethoven wrote weeping, one overhears a noble and not despairing sorrow, which can weep but not whimper; an imploring, sadly questioning, unresentful lament; the most reticent sorrow ever rendered in music. To have written this movement is as great a thing as to have built a cathedral, in which, not more truly, the soul shelters from its grief.

When I hear the Quartet in F major (Op. 135), it seems to me that music has done nothing since, that it contains the germ, and more than the germ, of all modern music. It was such things, no doubt, as the Walkyries' Ride of the second movement, the *Vivace*, which seemed unintelligible, insane, to the people who first heard them, even after hearing all the symphonies. With the first notes of the first movement we are in the heart of music, as if one awoke on board a ship, and was on the open sea, beyond sight of land. Here, and to the end, every note has its separate meaning, its individual life, and is more than the mere part of a whole. There is so much

music which, because it is leading to something, does not stay by the way, conscious of itself, perfect as an end, though it is also perfect as the means to an end. In the *Lento* Beethoven prays; there is in it a peace so profound and yet acute that it is almost sad; yet it is neither joy nor sorrow, but a hymn to God out of sorrow, itself faith, resignation, and a sure and certain hope of the "rest that remaineth." Even Beethoven never made a more beautiful melody, nor was there ever in music a landscape of the soul so illuminated with all the soft splendour of sunlight. The *Grave* leading to the *Allegro*, with the words, "Muss es sein? Es muss sein" (the "painfully made resolve"), seems willing, for once, in a kind of despair or distrust even of music, to fix a more precise meaning upon sounds. It is no more, really, than the irrelevant, touching, unneeded outcry of the artist afraid that you may be overlooking something which he sees or hears, no doubt, so much more clearly than you, and which he cannot bear to think that you may be overlooking.

VI

In spite of Holbein, Dürer, and Cranach, in spite of the builders in stone and the workers in iron, the German genius has never found its complete expression in any of the plastic arts. Germany has had both poets and philosophers, who have done great things; but it has done nothing supreme except in music, and in music nothing supreme has been done outside Germany since the music of Purcell in England.

Dürer created a very German kind of beauty; philosophers, from Kant to Nietzsche, have created system after system of philosophy, each building on a foundation made out of the ruins of the last. Goethe gave wisdom to the world by way of Germany. But Goethe, excellent in all things, was supreme in none; and German beauty is not universal beauty. In Beethoven music becomes a universal language, and it does so without ceasing to speak German. Beethoven's music is national, as Dante's or Shakespeare's poetry is national; and it

is only since Beethoven appeared in Germany that Germany can be compared with the Italy which produced Dante and the England which produced Shakespeare. On the whole, Germans have not been ungrateful. But they have had their own ways of expressing gratitude.

A German sculptor has represented Beethoven as a large, naked gentleman sitting in an emblematical arm-chair with a shawl decently thrown across his knees. In this admired production all the evil tendencies, gross ambitions, and ineffectual energies of modern German art seem to have concentrated themselves. It is to be regretted that Beethoven, rather than any more showy person, Goethe, for instance, with his "Olympian" air, or Schiller, with his consumptive romanticism, should have been made the conspicuous victim of this worst form of the impotence of the moment. There is a sentence spoken by Emilia in that novel of George Meredith which no longer bears her more attractive name, through which we may see Beethoven as he was: "I have seen his picture in shop-windows: the wind seemed in his hair, and he seemed to hear with his eyes: his forehead frowning so." To look from this visible image in words to the construction in stone of Max Klinger is to blot out vision with the dust of the quarry. During his lifetime Beethoven suffered many things from his countrymen, and now that he is dead they cannot let him alone in the grave; but must first come fumbling with heavy fingers at his skull (we are told its weight), and then setting up these dishonouring monuments in his honour.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

GREAT BRITAIN AND GERMANY

FURTHER LIGHT ON THE SITUATION FROM HIGHEST OFFICIAL SOURCES

WHEN the telegraphic summary of Mr. Lee's Eastleigh after-dinner speech reached Berlin on February 4, it produced a strange shock in the Castle, the Foreign Office, and the Imperial Navy Office. It acted like a bolt from the blue, because assurances admitting of no doubt had been given on our side about our pacific intentions, whereby the German scare of a few weeks before had been completely dissipated and shown to be groundless. But the surprise of those connected with the Flotten Verein, and with the publicists whose cue is to agitate for an increase of battleships to the German fleet, was rapidly converted into something like elation, for they greeted the news as another hook upon which they could hang their agitation for more ships and acceleration of shipbuilding. The subsequent version of the phrases given by the Civil Lord of the Admiralty allayed the flutter of excitement and astonishment raised in political circles, and amongst the masses of the public; but the effect of the pronouncement that the British Navy was looking towards the North Sea, and in the event of war would get its blow in first, and before the other side had had time to read that war had been declared, has not evaporated in certain spheres, and the Flotten Verein will lose no opportunity for making capital out of it.

Consequently, even with the very best desire to shield Mr. Lee, and without making a personal attack on him, as did the Right Hon. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in the House of Commons, no champion of Great Britain's naval strength can avoid reckoning his speech amongst the category of those things that had best have been left unsaid. There is no sense in affording fuel for an agitation in Germany that runs the risk of setting Britain and Germany by the ears. If we were within measurable distance of war with Germany—which we are not, and, so far at least as an initiative from the side of England is concerned, in all probability never will be, if for no other reason than because we could take nothing worth the taking from Germany in the event of victory—there would be no reason for suppressing blustering boasting; if, further, we were living in ordinary times, and not in a period of hyper-sensibility of nerves, such a speech might have been allowed to pass almost without comment. As things are, however, we could not possibly derive any advantage from remarks uttered without reflection that, even if only meant for home consumption, were bound to irritate the susceptibility of foreigners who would be sure to take them as directed against themselves. In whatever light they were read, *Germans* took them as directed against themselves, and that unlucky alleged reference to the getting in the first blow before the enemy could read the declaration of war in the newspapers struck the very chord that had generated the panic of a few weeks before. It is reasonable to expect that public men should weigh their words and calculate the effect they are likely to produce.

The report that a Civil Lord of the British Admiralty had uttered words which were interpreted as a menace made a far greater impression upon a Teuton, owing to the very nature of his training and up-bringing, than it doubtless did, or could have made, on the average Englishman. The average Englishman would know at once how much weight was to be attached to the opinion of a Civil Lord of the Admiralty, with whose functions he is more or less acquainted; but Germans were

impressed by the title and by the fact of his being an official whose name figures in the list of Mr. Balfour's Ministry in all books of reference. Some of the papers spoke of him as Lord Lee, and thought he was Lord Selborne's *alter ego*. It was thought to be inconceivable that an official could state in public what his chief would not endorse. Thus the Admiralty, and, of course, the British Government, were thought to be speaking through Mr. Lee. Under the conditions obtaining in Germany, Mr. Lee would have received a reprimand that would have been followed by his retirement.

I have frequently discussed the matter with leading German politicians, and amongst the communications made to me on the subject was the subjoined, which, coming as it does from one of the chief officials of the Berlin Foreign Office, must assuredly command attention:

Mr. Lee's remarks were very generally accepted as an *exposé* of views obtaining in naval spheres in England; and as such they created a very painful sensation in Germany, especially in the form in which they were at first communicated to us. I can assure you that a number of persons of high standing hastened to inquire if anything had happened between the two Governments that justified language which was here interpreted forthwith as a significant menace; and letters reached me from friends who had been in our diplomatic service, in which the writers showed that they felt certain that a very dangerous state of friction prevailed between Berlin and London. We may distinguish between the opinions of the various classes who were affected by the news. There was the general public; the enthusiasts for an increase to the fleet; and official circles.

With the general public the prevailing feeling was one of irritated astonishment. People said to themselves that they had been led to understand that the efforts made during the last few months on both sides to dissipate old misunderstandings and to smooth the way for restoring former friendly relations had been successful. Why, then, this sudden check? In Germany these efforts had met with universal approval, because, despite frictions of various kinds, the national instinct of Germany always slides back to the conviction that Germans and Englishmen are linked together by more natural and consequently by closer ties than those that could possibly subsist between Germany and the Latin or the Slav peoples. Herein old recollections of former centuries always play a part. Amongst the country people, for example, you will find an instinctive readiness to believe that some day or

other the French and the Germans will have to fight out their differences again; and in the eastern provinces you will see there is also a feeling, though a less pronounced one, of the possibility of Germans crossing weapons with their Muscovite neighbours. On the other hand, you will not observe anywhere amongst the country folk of Germany a shadow of a disposition to admit that it will ever be necessary to conduct hostilities against England.

Every villager in Prussia is acquainted with the historical relations of the two countries; he knows that the English were the sole allies of Frederick the Great; that they and the Prussians fought together at Waterloo; and that Blücher was carried on the shoulders of the crowd through the streets of London. These are traditions of a friendly nature that are taught in the schools and are implanted in the minds of the German people; and in view of the frictions of the past few years, special reference should, from time to time, be made to them on both sides. In the minds of the Germans there is engrafted a friendly and admiring feeling for England, in the country districts as well as in the towns, and above all in the towns on the sea-coast. The reception King Edward met with at Hamburg, when he was last in Germany, bears testimony to the truth of what I have just said about the towns near the sea.

Count von Bülow has been at pains for a long time to restore cordial relations between Germany and England, and his efforts in this direction have met with the full support and approval of the general public in the Empire. This is one of the main reasons why they were irritated as well as astonished when they saw that obstacles were being thrown in the way of the endeavours that were being made on both sides to effect a *rapprochement*. When Mr. Lee took off the sting of his remarks by his subsequent explanation, our people were content to think that he did not mean to say anything of an unfriendly nature, as at first appeared; and this disposition was strengthened when they discovered that he did not occupy the position of a member of the Cabinet, and so was not initiated in the secrets of the Government, and did not speak with the authority of a Cabinet Minister. At first his title of Civil Lord of the Admiralty gave a kind of nimbus to him, which was later dissipated. For our political circles it was, therefore, satisfactory to find that amongst the masses the incident passed off without leaving any deep-rooted traces of irritation—a proof to us that whatever ill-will may have been entertained a few years ago was merely transitory, and has now in general disappeared.

With the navy enthusiasts, on the other hand, it has been different. These persons are organised together in the Flotten Verein, which is an association founded for purposes of agitation. They seek for everything that supplies them with material adapted for agitation purposes. Mr. Lee furnished wonderful weapons that fell into their laps unsought and unexpectedly; and it is absolutely certain that the Verein will exploit their opportunity for all it is worth.

Furthermore, it must be remembered—and this is very probably not

understood in your country—that the members of the Flotten Verein, certainly those who have any influence in it, do not dream of making an attack upon England, however much they may advocate an increase to the size of the German navy. Their agitation is defended purely and simply on the ground that they believe Germany to be weak as a naval Power, and from the conviction that the minimum of defensive strength provided by the Government Navy Act of 1900 is inadequate in view of the alterations that have taken place since that date in the relative conditions of the other Powers. What was then considered to be the minimum demand to be made upon the Reichstag is now declared by the Flotten Verein to be considerably behind what the country requires for defensive purposes. But even though the Flotten Verein puts forward propositions that contain more wide-reaching demands than those of the Government, it does not dream thereby of making a demonstration or menace against England. Moreover, the Flotten Verein leaders know very well that Germany's naval authorities do not show the slightest disposition to support the Verein's demands; and this is why the Verein turns to the masses and to the Press in order to agitate here for what it aspires to achieve. Mr. Lee's speech will henceforth be a standing source of argument for purposes of agitation, and the English may be quite certain that, as often as they see it cited in the Press as a warning for the increase of the German fleet, it will be the Flotten Verein that has instigated the quotation.

And now, turning to the opinions prevailing in official circles—civil and naval alike—I may say that even before Mr. Lee's voluntary explanation came there was no sign of alarm. Perfect confidence was placed in the indisputable assurances of amicable and pacific sentiments entertained in England; so that, even on the assumption that the words about "getting its blow in first" were really used, they were only regarded as a slip of the tongue that was not to be taken seriously. In the diplomatic treatment of the matter perfect equanimity was displayed. The suggestion of a Paris journal that Mr. Lee had advocated the resorting to Japanese methods of warfare, as well as the conclusion drawn therefrom that an official plan existed at Whitehall for surprising Germany with a sudden attack, were dismissed with a smile.

German politicians feel sure that the leaders of British policy are sufficiently convinced of Germany's pacific and friendly sentiments, as expressed quite recently by Count von Bülow in the Reichstag, not to have permitted themselves to be identified with a hostile menace such as was contained in the first version of Mr. Lee's speech.

I can also positively assure you that this speech of Mr. Lee will have no practical influence on the active naval policy of the German Government: that is to say, it will not be utilised as a basis for asking in the Reichstag for an increase to the fleet. No doubt enthusiasts for an increase to the navy as well as the Flotten Verein will try to exercise pressure upon the Government in the sense of an acceleration in shipbuilding, as well as of a very considerable addition

to the naval programme; but there will be no acceleration whatever in ship-building, nor will the number of the ships provided for in the naval programme be increased. The German Government only intends to continue in the same path as regards its naval programme that was traced out from the very beginning—namely, the creation of a fleet for defensive purposes and for the protection of German trade abroad; a fleet that will be adequate for the requirements of Germany, but at the same time will be a source of menace to no other country whatsoever.

I have very little doubt that these authentic remarks about the trend of Count von Bülow's general policy and of the naval policy of the German Government towards England will be treated with scepticism in many quarters on your side of the Channel, where distrust of Germany and of German statesmen has for long been the order of the day. On the strength of an inaccurate report connected with Herr Paasche's speech at Kreuznach, Count von Bülow's remarks made to me last November * were accounted for by a writer of some eminence on the ground that in the first place a "frame of mind" had to be created which would induce the members of the Reichstag to vote the money for a fresh naval programme, and in the second place that it was desirable to keep alive the anti-British feeling in Germany with a view to future uses. When Admiral von Tirpitz announced in February what the contents of his contemplated Navy Act Amendment Bill would be—namely, an appeal for the restoration of the six large cruisers for foreign service struck out by the Reichstag in 1900, and for seven new torpedo-boat divisions (*i.e.*, forty-two new destroyers) in place of the seven small cruisers likewise struck out in 1900, it was again inaccurately reported in London that the Naval Secretary had announced his intention to apply for more *battleships*, a report which I admit was taken from German newspapers. Where was the necessity of creating a "frame of mind" for a new naval programme? The Naval Secretary declared he would ask for considerably less than it was anticipated he would ask for. He adheres to his original programme, as foreshadowed in the conversation above recorded which took

* *Cf.* "The Nineteenth Century and After," December 1904.

place some days before Admiral von Tirpitz revealed the contents of his intended Amendment Bill.

It may be submitted that Germany is rather sore that we were able to effect an alliance with Japan in the East and an *entente cordiale* with France, and that these results, arrived at without the German Government being even informed by us of what was contemplated, show every sign of stability. Be this as it may, it is quite certain that at the present juncture the Berlin Government is most anxious to maintain amicable relations with us. It may suit the purpose of German publicists to show how sour they find the grapes by foreshadowing a dangerous situation for us the moment the war terminates in favour of Japan; but we can afford to pass over this music for the future as unheard. There will be no repetition of an interference like that of 1895; and the Powers that have predominant interests in the Far East will doubtless know how to take care of themselves.

What, however, is the object of attributing to the German Chancellor a deep-laid plan for keeping alive the anti-British feeling in Germany when that feeling has all but disappeared, and when, at the time these words were used, efforts were being made, with the encouragement of the Chancellor, to dissipate all regrettable misunderstandings between Germany and Britain?

The failure to comprehend the efforts of the leading statesmen of the two countries at the present juncture to dissipate existing misunderstandings, and the desire of Count von Bülow to employ methods calculated to attain this end, seem to me to be deplorable. The trend of events will necessarily show that a policy of animosity towards Britain could not possibly form part of Count von Bülow's political programme. It is conceivable that many of the methods employed by the German Government within the last few years have not appealed to British notions; but what is there to show that such methods are likely to continue? The course of diplomacy is not tied down to one hard-and-fast line of action. The

scenes are constantly shifting, and those statesmen prove the best political stage-managers who can adapt themselves more skilfully than their colleagues to the exigencies of these changes. At the present juncture eruptions of far-reaching significance are in process of development, and I see no reason for not attaching significance to the words recorded above from the mouth of a statesman in touch with his countrymen: "The national instinct of Germany always slides back to the conviction that Germans and Englishmen are linked together by more natural and consequently by closer ties than those that could possibly subsist between Germany and the Latin or the *Slav people*" (my italics). These last words are a truism, but the stress always laid by German statesmen on the relations to be kept up with "our traditional friend" is naturally utilised in England to eliminate the possibility of good relations existing simultaneously between Germany and Russia and Germany and England. The truth cannot, however, be dissimulated that educated Germany abhors the Muscovite system, and the masses of the German people have now less sympathy than ever with Russia; whereas educated Germany and commercial Germany lean towards England, and the masses of the German people have no inborn instinct against England, but have been taught to look upon England as the protectress and promoter of the freedom of the people.

In view of the political changes that are generating in the world, are Britons to submit to the dictates of a bickering, cantankerous, wrangling minority, and thus acquire the epithet of a "nation of naggers"? Surely there is nothing so disastrous to business relations as petty litigation and cavilling. Why always be seeking the mote in one's neighbour's eye instead of attending to the beam in one's own? I would submit a like question, *ceteris paribus*, to the German nation, but am desirous, at the same time, of laying stress on the fact that the merchants and manufacturers of the German Empire —the men on whom the welfare and prosperity of the working classes as well as their own depend, the men who are the back-

bone of the practical intelligence, the power and wealth of the Empire—have at length stepped forward from their reserve and have given a demonstrative denial to the wild falsehoods about deep-rooted Teuton hostility to England and the English that have been current in Britain, and have been misleading the British public for the last few years.

The Minister of Trade and Commerce, Herr Möller, when addressing the German Associated Chambers of Commerce a few weeks ago, laid stress upon the necessity that German men of business should take a more leading part in the affairs of the country. The Government, as well as other circles in the Empire, are tired of pedantry and mediocrity and one-sidedness in public life, and are clamouring to see men of practical intelligence participating in the discussion and direction of national business, as is the case in England.

The Germans, however, must also try to realise the position of things. Hitherto German traders and manufacturers have received the same privileges as native British traders and manufacturers in the markets of the United Kingdom and of the Colonies and dependencies of the British Empire, whilst the German Empire has raised up a commercial fortress defended by tariffs, menacingly glaring at us as so many pistols and cannons, in their character of potential destroyers of British trade and industry. Some means must be devised on this side to create a *modus vivendi*, a system that does not aggravate the difficulties of British competitors in return for the generous treatment that has always been meted out on British soil to German competitors and colonists.

The mutual distrust of the navies of the two countries must also be taken into account. The fact cannot be blinked, that, whilst the Germans want us to believe their assurances of the "defensive" nature of their concentrated fleet, the talkers in their Press have unfortunately not grasped the fact that neither does Britain's fleet exist for aggressive, but for defensive purposes. This fact was pointed out by another Civil Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. E. G. Pretyman, M.P.,

shortly after Mr. Lee delivered his speech; but his words were not dwelt upon by the German Press. People in no sphere of the German Empire can understand that no British Government would remain in office if it were known that they contemplated a war of aggression in Europe; but, as this is quite true, Germany may rest assured that a naval war between Germany and England will neither commence nor be provoked by Great Britain.

In conversation with one of the highest naval officials in Berlin a short time ago, I pointed out that some people amongst us are fond of declaring that German professors are never weary of telling us that the British Empire is bound sooner or later to go the way of all other empires in history, and that consequently the quotation, "This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and the inheritance shall be ours," *is the view of that section of German opinion, official and unofficial, which is responsible for the growth of the German navy.* I showed him a quotation that put the case in these words. His reply was:

I cannot tell what authority German professors or German pastors cite for promulgating views of this kind; nor am I responsible for the exaggerations of the Flotten Verein, or for the views of uninitiated naval or military officers. But I do affirm to you most emphatically, and you may tell it to your countrymen, with as much emphasis as you like, that such ideas are preposterous and mere rubbish.

How can anybody who is capable of gauging the relative strength of the two navies entertain the idea that the German navy, either now or within any period of time that we can foresee, could contemplate the possibility of annihilating the British navy? Why, even the letter as well as the spirit of the much-quoted preamble to the Navy Bill introduced in 1900 is misrepresented in your country. We do not in that preamble even contemplate the possibility of victory; we talk only of the certainty of our own annihilation or defeat in the event of war. It is there said: "Germany must have a battle-fleet of such strength that a war with even the most mighty naval rival would be attended with such dangers that the power of the latter would be jeopardised." We do not speak of the British navy; but for purposes of argument apply them, if you like, to the British navy, or to any other strong navy, such as that of France; but if you do so, do not omit to quote the

context. I have never seen the context quoted in England. The very next words of this context runs as follows:

> For this purpose it is not absolutely necessary that the German battle-fleet should be as strong as that of the mightiest naval Power, for a great naval Power will generally not be in a position to concentrate all its forces against us. But even should it succeed in meeting us with very superior forces, the overthrow of a strong German fleet would so considerably weaken the opponent that even after victory its fleet would no longer be sufficient to secure its own power.

Now our meaning is that we do not contemplate, and never have contemplated, naval aggression against Britain; but we wish to have a navy of such a strength that the mightiest naval Power would hesitate before attacking us for fear of the consequences even of victory. In the case of England, we do not anticipate that the British fleet would not be the victor. In order, however, to be placed in the position sketched out by the Navy Act, Germany claims the right to decide for herself what the strength of her navy shall be.

We German naval officers have met and associated with British naval officers all over the world. We look upon the latter as our comrades *par excellence*; we get on with them better than with the naval officers of any other country. It is an outrage to declare that the aim and object of German naval policy is to fight the British navy, and to say they aim at defeating it is too stupid for consideration.

Your people have a very false idea of our Emperor if they attribute to him sinister aims of this kind. We should be setting ourselves an impossible task, and wantonly risking our own position in the world. If we pointed out, in the preamble to the Navy Act of 1900, the certainty of our defeat and the risks that would be run by our conqueror, what do you suppose would be the consequences of *defeat* to *us*? If the position of our victor would be affected so seriously *vis-à-vis* to the *tertii gaudentes*, what would be our position? Surely our interpretation of our own words is a justifiable one. The war your countrymen credit us with preparing for would inevitably, according to our own words, spell absolute ruin to *us*; and do you suppose that we are going to run our head against such a wall? No; we are not preparing our navy for an aggressive war against England or any other Power; but we feel it to be our bounden duty to prepare ourselves for every possible eventuality on the principle of *si vis pacem, para bellum.* If people will not believe our assurances, I can say no more.

I note that the reports that the German fleet had been mobilised last autumn, and the Christmas leave of the men had been curtailed at Christmas, have been recently reaffirmed. This is all nonsense; there is not a word of truth in the reports. People talked of a feverish haste in the dockyards. They do not know what they are talking of. Our ships were undergoing their annual repairs, and, as we have a scarcity of dockyards, we make experiments

to see how the arrangements are best made. Whoever inferred from this that we were making preparations for war must be very poorly posted in our naval matters.

Sir Thomas Barclay's reception in Berlin by the German Associated Chambers of Commerce furnishes material which may be handled as a suitable pendant to what has been said in the above lines. It was a striking demonstration of the groundlessness of those acrimonious accusations of the deep-rootedness of hatred to Britain in the German people, rather too recklessly made by agitators who seem determined to hold up Germany to general obloquy in England in revenge for the sins of ill-guided Teutons during our South African War, and for the wild and senseless lucubrations of irresponsible and fantastic professors and publicists.

Sir Thomas Barclay was originally introduced to the business world of Germany as a philanthropist, with business habits and business qualifications, bent on solving in an unofficial way to the best of his power the difficult problem how best to dissipate all the clouds of misunderstanding that are, and have been for so long, obscuring the international sense of proportion of Germans and Englishmen. He succeeded in gaining the confidence of those he met.

In the month of February the German Associated Chambers of Commerce (the Handelstag) are wont to hold their annual meetings, and the members dine together on that occasion at a banquet. The Handelstag determined to invite Sir Thomas Barclay this year to come over to meet and converse with its members, and it should be noted that the gentlemen who then foregathered in Berlin represented every branch of trade and industry in the German Empire. The demonstration that was then enacted was not got up by the official world, but was marshalled by the representatives of the commercial intelligence of the land—the chief manufacturers and the chief merchants, whose action was only warmly approved and supported by the Government. There was no gush about it. The whole series of receptions was characterised by dignity

and solidity befitting the present independent condition of German trade and industry.

On February 15 the Associated Chambers gave a banquet, to which they invited Sir Thomas Barclay. He delivered his speech in German, and touched the chief chord at once by saying that the two peoples did not know one another well enough. This want of knowledge of one another was one of the chief causes of misunderstanding between nations. "What knows he of England who only England knows?" Should one not adopt the proverb *Nosse amicum* as well as the old Roman adage *Nosse hostem?* The speaker traced how it was that the *entente* between the French and the English peoples was brought about; how not so very long ago every point of difference was regarded as a reason for war. Suddenly merchants and manufacturers of the two countries put their heads together and determined that they would raise their voice and see that their wishes were listened to. The British Associated Chambers of Commerce held a meeting in Paris and demonstrated to the world and to the Governments and peoples of Great Britain and France that British trade and industry cried "Stop!" to the machinations of agitators. All classes supported the movement, and clamoured for peace and reconciliation. Then followed arbitration treaties, first between France and England, whose example was speedily followed by other countries. A good deal lies between everlasting peace and everlasting wrangling that practical men could realise even if the dream of the philosopher were still unrealisable. Trade was based on credit, credit on confidence, and confidence on honesty. Men of business had a sense of proportion, and the guiding principle of industrial life was to regulate one's methods according to the ends one has in view. Statesmen should in this respect act like men of business. The greatest interest of a country engaged in trade and commerce lies in peace. "The greatest interest of England is peace," said a former Lord Derby. Could we not say with equal truth that the greatest interest of Germany, France, Italy, and the United States was peace?

I need not tell you [said Sir Thomas Barclay] that the present strained relations between Germans and Englishmen react very unfavourably on trade. Every pin-prick in the Press is accepted as emanating from responsible sources, and despite the efforts of the two Governments mutual ill-will is engendered, rendering the future uncertain and discouraging every kind of enterprise. Let us hold out our hands and declare that it is our mutual interest to further good relations between the two countries. The world is large enough for both of us, and our industrial rivalry is a manly struggle, that develops and hardens our manly force. Let us, if possible, lessen the causes for increasing our armaments for war, and put an end to our mutual distrust for one another as to our future policy. I trust that this movement will meet with support all over Germany, and that my fellow-countrymen and you will be convinced that it is our mutual interest to show patience towards one another, and to bring about close union between the Western Powers for the purpose of maintaining good and pacific relations.

In response to this speech, which was received with unanimous, loud, and lasting applause from all sides, the President of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, Geheimer Commerzienrat Frentzel, rose to reply. He said:

I am entitled to speak on behalf of the representatives of German trade and German industry who are here assembled, and on behalf of those who sent them, and in their name to endorse the views just expressed. And I think I am not wrong in assuming that the other professions, and amongst them I include all the educated classes of our Fatherland, are of the same opinion, and that isolated utterances to the contrary that may be found in individual organs of the Press do not meet with real support in Germany.

It is very natural that this should be so, for we have to thank England for a great deal. English literature has long been loved and honoured by Germans, and it is not necessary for me to remind you that William Shakespeare has, intellectually speaking, also become for us Germans one of us, and that he was the leader and pattern for our intellectual heroes in the days of our best classics. Similarly in the many fields of science, but above all in the field of technics. The English were our leaders and instructors here also. There is hardly a monumental building in Germany for technical education where you will not find some symbol of the memory of Watt and Stephenson. And the English, too, have willingly learnt from us; and names such as those of Alexander von Humboldt, Helmholz, Virchow, Bunsen, Kirchhoff, Gauss, and many others are as esteemed and honoured in England as they are in their own Fatherland.

. . . Is it not quite natural that we should always have seen in England a nation that stands in close and congenial relations to ourselves, especially as the political history of the last centuries shows that in this field also the two

countries have almost always followed similar aims; while statistics demonstrate that as regards exports and imports each is amongst the other's best customers?

. . . We wish that relations of honest friendship may exist between the two countries, such as are characteristic of manly and energetic natures, each side allowing for the peculiarities of the other, and each ready to give the other his due. . . . I again thank Sir Thomas Barclay very cordially for coming to-night and for giving us an opportunity for exchanging our thoughts; and I trust that what we have said will be gladly re-echoed in the minds of our fellow-countrymen on both sides.

These words were also greeted with applause, and the German Press of the capital and the provinces dealt with the question at some length and in sympathetic terms.

Several representatives of the British Press were honoured by the Associated Chambers of Commerce with invitations to this banquet, where they were enabled to hear for themselves from the leading men of German trade and industry that a strong desire exists in these spheres for a restoration of those good relations between the two countries to the severance of which they did not contribute, for it was brought about by conditions over which they had no control.

Nobody will deny that Germany has become one of England's greatest rivals. Whereas Germany formerly imported her iron from England, it is Germany now that exports a large quantity of that metal to England. Germany now builds her own warships, and her shipbuilding yards have acquired a world-wide reputation; she can construct machines so as to compete with us, and has taken from us our supremacy in the chemical industry. But none of the leading manufacturers of Germany could be caught napping about the real extent of Britain's commercial position, whatever their justifiable pride about the position they have acquired through their own push, energy, and diligence. The opinion seems to prevail in German commercial circles that the factors they claim as indispensable for modern mercantile and commercial life would remove the chief causes of the complaints raised against English men of business if they were placed in the

way of Englishmen. To do this rests with our own people. They have the material as regards men; all that is wanted is a reform in methods, and a little more elasticity as regards the adaptation to modern requirements.

If Sir Thomas Barclay's visit to Berlin has attained nothing else—and pessimists will not be wanting to see nothing in it but an interchange of phrases—it has at least demonstrated beyond the power of denial the ponderous fact that the manufacturers and merchants of Germany have unanimously declared at their this year's meeting in Berlin that they have no sympathy whatever with those who foment enmity between Germany and England, and that they desire to see the two countries living on amicable terms whilst continuing their competitive struggle in their respective fields of labour.

J. L. BASHFORD.

BERLIN, *March* 1905.

POPULAR SONGS OF OLD CANADA

A MUSICAL and light-hearted people the early settlers of Canada were, and their descendants to-day have lost none of the old characteristic of the race. Hard work and privation do not discourage them, and at the close of a trying day's toil, after the tea things have been laid carefully away, and the head of the household has smoked his pipeful of home-grown tobacco, it is no uncommon custom for him to take down his violin and play a programme of dances for the young people. Sometimes he takes a hand in the dance himself, doing his share with the nimblest of them. At ten o'clock the impromptu ball comes to an end, and all retire from the merry scene to seek repose against the next day's labour.

The ballads brought over the sea by the soldiers, sailors and peasants from Provence, Normandy, Brittany, Saintonge, Bas Pitou, Franche-Comté, and other parts of France, have been well preserved all these years. Most of them belong to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries ; few of them had names, and fewer still had been printed, until Mr. Ernest Gagnon, a close and zealous antiquary, made a journey among the people, and took down from their lips the words and tunes which had been transmitted from one generation to another with little mutation. But while in the parent land many

of these old songs have disappeared entirely and are no longer known among the peasantry, it is curious to observe that they continue to exist in Lower Canada, and are sung to the same ancient airs in vogue three centuries ago. An occasional change in the words may be noted, and some Anglicisms have doubtless crept in, but for the most part the ballad is the same. A student of folk-lore, living in France, not long ago collected in Quebec province several specimens, of which, for years, all trace had been lost in the country of their origin. Their authorship even is unknown. As the quaint collector remarked, they simply grew.

In his instructions to the committee appointed in 1852, at the suggestion of Louis Napoleon, to search for French ballads, M. Ampère noted these marks of the ancient ballad: The use of assonance in place of rhyme; the brusque character of the recital; the textual repetition of three and seven; and the representation of the commonest objects of everyday life as being made of gold and silver. An English writer, Mr. Edward Farrer, says that "the Canadian ballads are the pure and unadulterated article of the Middle Ages." Indeed the French collectors have actually been indebted to their trans-atlantic kinsmen for some of the best specimens of the ballads of Normandy and Brittany. The first three verses of "En roulant ma boule" will give the reader a good idea of the subject-matter and style of these ballads. The king's son is a leading personage in many of the ballads, and his weapons and accoutrements are always of gold and silver. In some ballads, the "Claire Fontaine" for example, a love-sick youth discourses with a nightingale on the merits of his mistress; others deal with seafaring incidents; and others, again, with field sports and military adventures. The habitant holds fast to the ballads of his forefathers, as to their language, religion, and legends. In all things he is a strict Conservative. To the Church he renders faithful obedience. Every island and rock in the St. Lawrence marks the scene of a miracle, or of the exploit of some sainted missionary, and wherever he

goes he carries with him a primitive belief in the Christian mysteries which rarely succumbs to the materialism of these latter days. Messrs. Champfleury and Marmier, who have studied this subject, have also noticed the same characteristics of the French-Canadian of the present day. And this opinion is also shared by Dr. Hubert Larne in his papers on Canadian folk-lore and the songs of old Canada.

Some of these songs have excited a good deal of controversy. The most popular of these is "A la claire fontaine." "On n'est par Canadien sans cela," says M. Gagnon. It is said to be of Norman origin; others aver that it was first sung in La Franche-Comté. M. Rathery says that it was transported to Canada by a family of French emigrants, probably from Brittany, during the reign of Louis XIV. Larne declares that its origin is completely lost. No fewer than five versions of it have been found. Bourinot, a careful investigator, sides with Champfleury, and gives Normandy as its birthplace. It is a delightful love-story, and the words are allied to a most attractive air. Three of these songs express the regret of a young girl for the loss of her friend Pierre, while the Canadian version represents the lover regretting the refusal of a bouquet of roses from his mistress, doubtless in a moment of pique, or, mayhap, a lovers' quarrel. Some years ago this ballad was sung in a theatre in Paris, with its own Canadian air, amid great applause. At carnival gatherings, when the cloth is removed, it is always called for, and all present join in the refrain. We give the Normandy version, as it is the one always sung in Canada:

A la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné.
I' y a longtemps que je t'aime, (*bis*)
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné,

Et c'est au pied d'un chêne
Que je m' suis reposé.

Et c'est au pied d'un chêne
Que je m' suis reposé ;
Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.

Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait ;
Chante rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai.

Chante rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai ;
Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer.

Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer ;
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans pouvoir la trouver.

J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans pouvoir la trouver ;
Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai.

Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai ;
Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier.

Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier,
Et que le rosier même
Fût dans la mer jeté.
I' y a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

A good many translations have been made of this spirited ballad. Mr. William McLennan's version, however, being the best, I give it here :

Down to the crystal streamlet
I strayed at close of day;
Into its limpid waters
I plunged without delay.
I've loved thee long and dearly,
I'll love thee, sweet, for aye.

Into its limpid waters
I plunged without delay;
Then 'mid the flowers springing
At the oak-tree's foot I lay.

Then 'mid the flowers springing
At the oak-tree's foot I lay;
Sweet the nightingale was singing,
High on the topmost spray.

Sweet the nightingale was singing,
High on the topmost spray;
Sweet bird! keep ever singing
Thy song with heart so gay.

Sweet bird! keep ever singing
Thy song with heart so gay;
Thy heart was made for laughter,
My heart's in tears to-day.

Thy heart was made for laughter,
My heart's in tears to-day;
Tears for a fickle mistress,
Flown from its love away.

Tears for a fickle mistress,
Flown from its love away,
All for these faded roses
Which I refused in play.

All for these faded roses
Which I refused in play—
Would that each rose were growing
Still on the rose-tree gay!

Would that each rose were growing
Still on the rose-tree gay,
And that the fatal rose-tree
Deep in the ocean lay.
I've loved thee long and dearly,
I'll love thee, sweet, for aye.

One of the most famous of the old songs of Canada is "Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre," which goes with a swing and is the favourite ballad sung after dinner at banquets, and even in the Canadian House of Commons, at the close of every Session of Parliament at Ottawa. In the habitant's home in the country it enjoys great vogue. It has quite a history. Father Prout, in his "Reliques," says:

Who has not hummed in his lifetime the immortal air of Malbrouck? Still, if the best antiquary were called on to supply the original poetic composition, such as it burst on the world in the decline of the classic era of Queen Anne and Louis XIV., I fear he would be unable to gratify the curiosity of an eager public in so interesting an inquiry. For many reasons, therefore, it is highly meet and proper that I should consign it to the imperishable tablets of those written memorials.

And further, he adds:

It may not be uninteresting to learn that both the tune and the words were composed as a lullaby to set the infant Dauphin to sleep; and that, having succeeded in the object of soporific efficacy, the poetess (for some make Madame de Sévigné the authoress of "Malbrouck," she being a sort of "L.E.L." in her day) deemed historical accuracy a minor consideration. It is a fact that this tune is the only one relished by the South Sea Islanders, who find it "most musical, most melancholy."

Chateaubriand, in his "Itinéraire de Jérusalem," says the air was brought from Palestine by Crusaders. In "French Songs," by John Oxenford, there is a note by Dumersan and Ségur, suggesting that the words were probably brought back by the soldiers of Villars and Boufflers after Malplaquet. The great Napoleon is said to have admired the song very much. It haunted him, and he was often heard humming it when getting ready for battle. "The Emperor," says the Count de

Las Casas, in the "Mémorial de Sainte Hélène," a few weeks before his death, in speaking of this song, remarked, "What a thing ridicule is; it bedims everything, even victory." And then he laughed to himself as he hummed over the first couplet:

Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra.

And, during the Red River Rebellion of 1885 in the Canadian North-West, when footsore and weary after much marching, the French-Canadian 65th Regiment, almost exhausted, paused a moment to rest, one of their number was heard to remark, "Ah! when will we get home?" "Ah, mes garçons," laughed General Strange,

"Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,
Mais quand reviendra-t-il?"

With characteristic light-heartedness the men caught up the air, and the march was resumed without further murmuring.

In popularity "En roulant ma boule: Chanson du canard blanc," ranks next to "A la claire fontaine." It is a favourite with snow-shoers on their tramps into the country, and at the camp fire it is often heard. It has a ringing air, pitched in a high key, as, indeed, all these songs are, and the refrain is catchy and easily taken up:

Derrièr' chez-nous, y a-t-un étang,
En roulant ma boule.
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
En roulant ma boule.
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule.

"Alouette" is another rousing marching song. It affords splendid scope for the improvisatore to exercise his talent for rapid verse-making. It is also sung in the cabins and lumber

camps, and ranks high in the esteem of the canoemen and voyagers. It is frequently heard on the waters of the St. Lawrence, the St. Maurice, and the Ottawa, and in the expedition commanded by Lord Wolseley his gallant French-Canadian contingent of raftsmen sang this and other songs on the River Nile, which served as an inspiration during the prosecution of their hazardous and difficult task. Here is another characteristic voyager's song :

Parmi les voyageurs, y a de bons enfants,
Et qui ne mangent guère, mais qui boivent souvent ;
Et la pipe à la bouche, et le verre à la main,
Ils disent : Camarades, versez-moi du vin.

Lorsque nous faisons rout', la charge sur le dos,
En disant : Camarades, ah ! Grand Dieu, qu'il fait chaud !
Que la chaleur est grande ! il faut nous refraichir ;
A la fin du voyage, on prendra du plaisir.

Ah ! bonjour donc, Nannon, ma charmante Lison,
C'est-i'-toi, qui porte des souliers si mignons ?
Garnis de rubans blancs, par derrièr' par devant,
Ce sont des voyageurs, qui t'en ont fait présent.

There are at least twenty of these songs, all of which are in constant requisition, and regularly sung by those hardy raftsmen while pursuing their calling. As Mr. Gagnon, himself a cultured French-Canadian, in his " Chansons Populaires," says, many of the songs of old Canada " have no beauty except on the lips of the peasantry," so may the same dictum be applied to the sea and river songs of the seafaring populace and canoemen.

Strictly speaking, " Brigadier " is not a Canadian song at all, nor is it of very ancient extraction, but of its great popularity with the people of French Canada there is no doubt. It is sung at all festive boards, and at every public gathering it always occupies a place of honour on the programme :

Deux gendarmes, un beau dimanche,
Chevauchaient le long du sentier ;
L'un portait la sardine blanche,
L'autre le jaune baudrier.
Le premier dit d'un ton sonore :
Le temps est beau pour la saison.
Brigadier, répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison.

The air of "Le pommier doux," says McLennan, who has Englished the song very cleverly,

is familiar to French and English alike, and with its modern words and title or "Vive la Canadienne" has been very generally accepted as our national air. It is sung in Franche-Comté, but to an air different from ours, and lacking the verse "Les feuilles en sont vertes," which is so decided an addition to our Canadian song.

As an illustration, these verses will suffice :

Par derrier' chez mon père,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Par derrier' chez mon père,
I' y a-t-un pommier doux ;
Tout doux,
I' y a-t-un pommier doux.

Les feuilles en sont vertes,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Les feuilles en sont vertes,
Et le fruit en est doux ;
Tout doux,
Et le fruit en est doux.

Young Jean Baptiste, born and bred in a musical home, however humble in its surroundings, is not many weeks old before he finds his infant slumbers lulled by this touching distich, which is repeated over and over again until the drooping eyelids close, and the last rock to the cradle is given by the friendly elder sister :

Dors, bébé, dors, ferme tes beaux yeux,
Dors, bébé, dors dormons tous les deux.

Should he awake, his ears are greeted with the musical refrain :

Ma petite Jacquelaine de se Marie Jean,
Dors et mon fils fais dodo,
Dérange dont point ta mère,
De la carotte au choux.
Dors, dors, dors, mon fils,
Fait dodo, dodiche, dodo.

As age increases, and the cradle comes to be occupied by another—for French-Canadian families run from ten to twenty-eight—our baby, at eventide, is walked about the room in the strong arms of the mater, who sings softly, in a low crooning voice :

Papa est en haut, il nous fait des sabots.
Mama est en bas, nous tricote des p'tit bas.
Fais dodo la pinoche, pinoche, fais dodo, fais
Dodo, fais dodo, la pinoche.

The most popular of the sleepy songs is the famous "Poulette grise," which is still sung in both Old and New France. There are several versions of the ditty, the best of which is, certainly, the following :

C'est la poulette blanche
Qui pond dans les branches,
Ell' va pondre, etc.

C'est la poulette noir
Qui pond dans l'armoire,
Ell' va pondre, etc.

C'est la poulette verte
Qui pond dans les couvertes,
Ell' va pondre, etc.

C'est la poulette brune
Qui pond dans la lune,
Ell' va pondre, etc.

C'est la poulette jaune
Qui pond dans les aulnes,

Ell' va pondrer un beau coco
Pour son p'tit qui va fair' dodiche,
Ell' va pondrer un beau p'tit coco,
Pour son p'tit qui va faire dodo,
Dodiche, dodo.

Another cradle-song, entitled "Pinpanipolo," equally good in manner and in story, is exceedingly popular with Canadian nurses. Of course the lusty young French-Canadian has, like his English brother, a goodly share of nonsense verses. The English boy submits, with, perhaps, a frown or two, to the indignity of the old familiar:

Knock at the door.
Peep in,
Lift the latch,
Walk in.

Jean Baptiste listens with becoming gravity to "Ventre de son—estomac d'grue—falle de pigeon—menton forchon—bec d'argent—nez cancan—joue bouillie—joue rôtie—p'tit œil—grat œil—soucillon—soucillette—cogne—cogne—cogne la mailloche."

And here is the French version of the button story: "Riche, pauvre, coquin, voleur, riche, pauvre, coquin, voleur, riche, etc.," until the last button on the coat is included in the count.

Songs there are for merry round games, the most amusing being the one described by De Gaspé in his excellent account of "Les Anciens Canadiens." In the convent, as well as in some of the secular schools, this pastime is regularly played at the recreation hour. The children take hold of hands in a circle, and, while running round and round, repeat:

Ramenez vos moutons, bergère,
Belle bergère, vos moutons.

One breaks away from her companions on the left or right, opening the circle, and runs about, in and out, followed by her mates, who still keep hold of hands, in a string, until the

chain is reunited. There are two versions of this pretty dance and game.

As soon as young Jean Baptiste has attained the dignity of pantaloons, he joins a snow-shoe club, and sings, thereafter, his own melodies, "En roulant ma boule," "A la claire fontaine," "Brigadier," and "Alouette" being the favourites in his somewhat extensive repertoire.

GEORGE STEWART.

THE LATER BOURBONS

THE strength of this book[1] lies in its review of French society and economic conditions, of French literature, art, and philosophy during the epoch of Constitutional Government which intervened between the First Empire and the Revolution of 1848. The political affairs of the period, domestic and foreign, are sketched in the first two chapters, in which the narrative is closely compressed and absolutely colourless. In the remaining and far the larger portion of the volume the treatment is more generous; the outlines are filled in; there is a sense of light and shade; and the picture, though still drawn with an almost excessive impartiality, is vivid, clear, and interesting. Numerous portraits of distinguished men, and reproductions of contemporary views depicting famous scenes, customs, fashions, &c., enliven the text and supply effective illustrations of the narrative.

"France," says M. Weill, "contains in reality two different countries—Paris and the provinces. It was during this period that the domination of Paris was most incontestable." He therefore describes Paris first, then provincial France. The Court, as a leader of society, fell comparatively into the background; society, dominated till 1830 by the *salons*, was split up between the Faubourg St. Germain, the Faubourg St.

[1] "La France sous la Monarchie constitutionelle (1814–1848)." (Bibliothèque d'Histoire Illustrée). Par Georges Weill. Paris: Société Française d'éditions d'art.

Honoré, the Chaussée d'Antin, and other less notable groups. Under the Restoration political conversation abounded; in the reign of Louis Philippe it was no longer fashionable. Under the influence of growing wealth and luxury, the older barriers gradually broke down, but new ones were set up; the rich were courted; foreigners pressed in—Russians, Americans, English; *esprit* faded away; the "mode nouvelle du cigare" drew off the men into the smoking-room; the cult of the piano destroyed conversation. The *haute bourgeoisie* began more and more to take the lead. It was characterised by a hatred of despotism and a distrust of the Court; it paraded the aristocracy of fortune against the aristocracy of birth; it worshipped order and practised the family virtues; it was philanthropic towards the lower classes, on condition that they recognised their inferiority. But it had no sentiment, no art, no poetry; it failed entirely to understand what was wanted to lead a people emancipated in 1793. It was a close corporation, since 1830 the sole repository of power; and it clung to power till it fell.

Between Paris and the provinces the one link was the vast army of "fonctionnaires." Place under Government became a general object of competition; favour was the grand avenue to fortune; successive Ministries turned out their predecessors' nominees and put in their own. Corruption and indolence took a deadly hold of the bureaucracy. Life in the provinces was dull and unambitious; classes kept apart; the nobility, the lawyers, the tradesmen formed each their own society. Otherwise wealth was the criterion, and the wealthy would now seem poor; a family was regarded as rich at Nantes which could spend £500 a year. The working classes were poor and ignorant, miserably housed and fed. Class distinctions prevailed everywhere; ideals and ideas differed. "If there was one idea common to all the subjects of Louis Philippe, it was that France, in spite of the superiority of other nations in numbers, military strength, or commerce, was the first country in the world."

The religious movement of the period claims a chapter to itself, and one of much interest, especially in view of present disputes. The *émigrés* and the orthodox clergy united after the Restoration in upholding "the league of throne and altar." But the French priesthood was divided between Ultramontanism and Gallicanism. In this dispute of long standing the greatest religious force was Lamennais, the impassioned Breton, the keen dialectician, at this time an ardent supporter of Ultramontane views. The "Congrégation," the centre of Jesuit activity, laboured for the same ends. Missions were energetically propagated, within and without France; vigorous and persistent efforts were made to capture education. The campaign was at first successful: Liberalism was suppressed in the University; between Liberals and Clericals a fierce combat ensued; the *mot* of Gambetta was already the watchword of the Opposition. The tide turned with the Revolution of July; and one of its most remarkable effects was that Lamennais turned with it. The author of the "Essay on Indifference" made a pact with liberty; the altar, so far as he controlled it, severed itself from the throne, at least from the throne of the Reaction. Montalembert and Lacordaire started *L'Avenir;* and, when that journal was condemned by Gregory XVI., Lamennais broke also with Rome. Another remarkable change now occurred. The dislike of the *bourgeoisie* for the reactionary Church gave way to a different sentiment, now that the clergy were, at least partly, infected by the Liberalism of Lamennais and his friends, and rendered innocuous by the Revolution. With friendly feelings religion made way; the middle class, hitherto indifferent or hostile, became *dévote.* Journalism aided orthodoxy; *L'Univers,* under Veuillot, championed the cause of religion; Montalembert directed the political action of the party; the preaching of Lacordaire, "the new Savonarola," thrilled Paris; associations like the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and the Little Sisters of the Poor carried their enthusiasm all over France. But if the faith made headway among the electors, it lost ground with

the unenfranchised masses, the peasants and the artisans; the attack on the University resulted in a drawn battle; and religion widened the gulf already yawning, before 1848, between rich and poor, the cultured and the ignorant, the governing and the governed classes.

As the liberal movement of ideas affected politics and religion, so, too, it affected literature and art. In literature it took the form of Romanticism, scorning the classical tradition which savoured of the "ancien régime." Romanticism was individualist, with a tendency to be anarchical. "Instead of depicting general feelings, it placed the individual on the stage." If, in expressing their emotions, the Romanticists not infrequently became sentimental, they at least preferred truth to convention, and naturally, in a new age, rebelled against the bonds and traditions of the old. Affected by the failure of so many upheavals in the name of liberty, they displayed the melancholy of the disillusioned; they suffered from "l'ennui de vivre, naturel à toute âme bien née." They fled to inanimate nature as a refuge from human disappointments; the picturesque, hitherto wanting in French literature, came into vogue; hence a new love of the country, of local colour, and a passion for the past. Religion itself became picturesque, and was seen to afford openings for literary treatment. The movement starts with Rousseau; Chateaubriand made it fashionable; translations of Shakespeare, Schiller, Scott, and Byron lent it inspiration; under Charles X. it took Paris by storm. Of the brilliant company which sparkled under the later Bourbons, Victor Hugo was the first, in his many-sided activity, his lyrics, his dramas, his romances. The production of "Hernani" preceded by five months the Revolution of July; it was itself a revolution. The great writers of the epoch were almost all the begetters or the offspring of the Romantic movement—Lamartine, de Vigny, de Musset, Gautier, Béranger, George Sand, Dumas. It affected history: Thierry described the romantic Conquest of England; Barante the adventurous life of Charles the Bold;

Guizot the sad fate of another Charles; Thiers gave a mighty impulse to the cult of Napoleon, by depicting the glories of the Consulate and the Empire; Lamartine's "History of the Girondins" prepared men's minds for the Revolution of '48. In Michelet the movement culminated; "an ardent spirit, a passionate student, a visionary genius, he completed what Thierry had begun—the evocation of the Middle Age."

Art was powerfully affected by the romantic movement. "Delacroix, Delaroche, Ary Scheffer, and many others were inspired by Scott or Byron." Landscape began to flourish—not the conventional and artificial landscape of Watteau and Fragonard, employed as a background to a highly artificial human society, but the truths of nature and rural life as portrayed by the Barbizon school. On one side at least—as actuated by the realistic impulse which was opposed to convention as Romanticism to Classicism—Balzac himself may be regarded as an outcome of the movement: the great Balzac "whose 'Comédie Humaine' is a document of the first order on the France of Louis Philippe."

The realistic impulse, again, combined with a humanitarianism derived partly from the Revolution, partly from the religious and philanthropic ideas of Lamennais and his followers —such was the principal force which produced the most notable French philosophy of the day. Politics and religion coloured and limited the thinkers of the Restoration; according to Renan, they shirked metaphysics, and their system, so far as they had one, was a medley of benevolent platitudes. Victor Cousin tried to adopt Hegel, "to found a philosophy suitable to a liberal government." His ideas, "extolled by the Doctrinaires and agreeable to the Romanticists, triumphed along with them in 1830." What was vague or commonplace before received regularity and point in the hands of Comte, who, rejecting revelation and scorning metaphysics, adopted the standpoint of natural science in regard to knowledge, and that of humanitarianism in regard to conduct. For him, with a practical end in view, sociology was the crown and

culmination of all the sciences. However defective as a system of philosophy, however *bizarre* in dogma and ritual, Positivism and the Religion of Humanity are at least important and interesting as embodying some of the chief tendencies of the age.

But the most effective outcome of this philanthropic and optimistic sociology is to be seen in the teaching of those audacious theorists who founded modern Socialism. Two great facts confronted the social thinkers of the day—on the one hand the growth of national wealth and the power of capital, on the other the weakness, ignorance, and poverty of the masses. If agriculture remained nearly stationary, industry advanced rapidly, though still far in the wake of England. In spite of Bastiat, protection held firm. The rich became richer, and wealth counted for more and more in the State; the poor remained poor and degraded. Railways, manufactures, commerce—the growth of which M. Weill describes in a few rapid and vigorous strokes—seemed to benefit only the capitalist. The study of economic facts and relations on the lines of Adam Smith was naturalised in France by J. B. Say; but Say's individualism, an essentially middle-class doctrine, satisfactory to the prosperous, appealed neither to the social reformers nor to the masses. Sismondi began as a pupil of Adam Smith and a supporter of *laissez faire;* "the sufferings caused by the new industry made him change his mind"; but he had no remedy to propose, or none that did not appear to him worse than the disease. Saint Simon and Fourier, stimulated by the teaching and example of Owen, went further. The former, in a series of disjointed and spasmodic pamphlets, insisted that "the Government, invested with absolute powers, should organise the State with a view to the physical, intellectual, and moral amelioration of the poverty-stricken masses." The latter, distrusting or disbelieving in Government, relied upon voluntary association to attain the same end. On both these writers the influence on the one hand of Comte, on the other

of Lamennais, is apparent. The Revolution of July damped the hopes of the early Socialists; the power of the middle-class electorate seemed riveted on France. Socialism was discredited by its connection with Republicanism and revolt; and the failure of the *émeutes* of 1831–1840 encouraged the governing classes in their contempt. Naturally the Socialists became more bitter and extreme. Louis Blanc demanded the "organisation du travail" to destroy the "curse of free competition," and called on the Government to redress the balance between capital and labour. Proudhon, like Fourier, "rejected the intervention of the State, but displayed more violence than all the rest against property." His aphorism, "La propriété c'est le vol," became the watchword of the masses, the rallying cry of all who, for economic and social reasons, desired the Revolution of 1848.

Alike in its constitutional experiments; in the lessons it contains for the practical politician; in its splendid if often erratic literature and art; in its turmoil of ideas, religious, philosophic and economic; in the conflicts it raised and the questions it failed to solve, the period of the Constitutional Monarchy must be carefully studied by all who would understand the France of President Loubet and M. Combes; and the student will find a suggestive and impartial instructor in M. Weill.

G. W. P.

ABOUT "THINKING IMPERIALLY"

AT Washington a few nights ago it was my privilege to listen to an interesting philosophical discussion. The subject of death, not indeed of death as a threshold to the unknown, but of what death deprives the survivors, was under discussion; and we thought that Mr. Gladstone was dead in a sense that does not equally apply to Washington, to Bismarck, or Cavour. And when we tried to trace wherein death was sometimes positive, and then again only comparative, it seemed that the survival was an accidental survival, and must be attributed far less to the genius or character or capacity of the statesman than to some consequent of history; that unlike Prince Bismarck, whose functions were creative, Mr. Gladstone was in the position of executor for a great estate, the testamentary disposition of which he must have regarded as scarcely subject to his discretion. He found himself, as the successor of Peel, committed to distribute certain world-wide assets to the heirs of an estate where the entail had lapsed; so that with one statesman by the accident of history a volume opens, while with another a volume closes, and then when we proceeded to inquire what best accounted for Mr. Gladstone, where his mind was born, what was the fateful heritage from which it was not possible for him to escape, we said Yorktown.

This short historical retrospect need not be rejected merely

because it has its origin at Washington, for it may prove to be the verdict of the civilised world, and it is therefore important to consider how deep an impression Lord Cornwallis's disaster a century and a quarter ago must have made upon contemporary thought; how far it may have given a wrong political bias to a generation of statesmen yet unborn, and whether these maleficent impulses are even yet exhausted; or whether, on the contrary, they may not still be in sharp conflict with what a majority of our nation believes to be its manifest destiny. Let us revert very briefly to the position disclosed by the surrender at Yorktown. England had colonised and at great cost a large portion of the Continent of North America. To compare greater things with lesser, the colonists were disinclined to pay the costs of overseas administration, just as Rhodesian settlers are to-day unwilling to pay interest on the past expenditure of the Chartered Company. Accordingly war had resulted, a war involving hostilities with France also, and after a budget of disasters a British General had surrendered the flower of the British Army. Such was the disaster connected with the word Yorktown; the rebellion which there culminated seemed to our nation to be connected as cause and effect with the subsequent endless wars with France to which we found ourselves immediately committed, and with the addition of over seven hundred millions sterling to our National Debt.[1]

Is it any wonder then that the whole heart and conscience of our nation during the early years of the nineteenth century should have been vehemently anti-Imperial, that Colonies and colonisation were regarded as the sowing of dragons' teeth, and that those who were born within earshot of Yorktown, Peel, and Bright, Gladstone and Cobden, and who had studied contemporary politics as they appealed to Grenville and Percival, Portland and Liverpool, should in their differing degrees have regarded the immediate eviction of the Colonies

[1] National Debt (1775), commencement of American war, £128,583,000; (1784) conclusion of American war, £249,851,000; (1817), £840,850,000.

as the emancipation of England from an intolerable danger? "The heads of Parties," said Mr. Pulteney, "are like the heads of snakes, carried on by their tails," and the anti-colonisation of our statesmen was probably but the faint reflex of the determination of the masses of our people to get rid of the responsibilities of Empire. For those masses in our own islands were at that time being ground down by war taxes, and were without any representation at Westminster, the then franchise never reached them, so that they saw no palliation, still less any justification, in the rebellion of their colonial fellow-subjects, nor could they imagine that there was any remedy in Empire if conducted on a basis of taxation accompanied by representation. They saw only the portents of continuous and infinite disaster so long as we held any Colony to which we might thereafter be compelled to send troops in sailing ships to quell colonial turbulence. It was in an environment such as this that our statesmen of yesterday went to school. George Washington had "made a nation"; that was the right note; we also must make nations of our Colonies, but without bloodshed and before worse came of it. Philosophic Liberalism jumped at such a solution; encourage the Colonies it said, not to statehood, for we had no desire to sit at the feet of Washington and Hamilton, and too, their Federal principle of government was still in the experimental stage only; but we wanted a root and branch separation; let the Colonies only become nations and in a quarter of a century the nightmare of our colonial system will have been dissipated. Thus there was no theory, whether economic or politic, so visionary or so absurd that we were not prepared to support it if only it promised us this national nirvana.[1] No wonder that Napoleon wrote of a certain school of contemporary philosophy, "the

[1] *V.* Morley's "Life of Cobden." Cobden writes to Ashworth: "The colonial system, with all its dazzling appeals to the passions of our people, can only be got rid of by the indirect process of Free Trade, which will gradually and imperceptibly loosen the bands which unite our Colonies to us by a mistaken notion of self-interest."

economists are an accursed breed; there is no community so powerful but they can shatter it." And this is why Mr. Gladstone is already so "dead," and why the Liberalism of fifty years ago is held up to the world's contempt. To-day there hangs on every cottage wall the map of a hemisphere, and geography even more than history has become the schoolmaster in our politics. In North America that map shows us the splendid example; in South America the warning. Label America north of Panama Federal and south of Panama National, and we have already more than half written the history of Liberal decadence in the past fifty years. Recall for a moment the welter and chaos of those chess-board nations of Spanish descent in South America: What Freedom! What Liberty! More and more nations are there in "the making," each individual forming these nations sleeps with a gun in his bed; his idea of freedom a flag to wave, of liberty a throat to cut. Contrast with this bloody nationalist tyranny where a whole vast peninsula groans under the curse of enforced military servitude—a tyranny to which, after Majuba, Mr. Gladstone was prepared to surrender South Africa—contrast with this the splendid results of the Federal system in North America; the United States, the Canadian Federation, the Federation of the Mexican States. Contrast for one moment the Federal Home Rule of the States of Ohio and Pennsylvania, or of Ontario and Manitoba, with National Home Rule as we see it in Bolivia or Venezuela; and yet when Federation, that blessed pacific system which secures freedom, and which avoids militarism, was in awful danger, Mr. Gladstone saw in secession not a struggle in which all liberty would have been engulfed, and out of which two or twenty States, each with a standing army, must emerge, but he saw in it Georgia and Virginia or South Carolina "rightly struggling to be free"; he saw or affected to see that "Jefferson Davis had made a nation."[1]

[1] No authority on a question of terminology would carry more weight with Mr. Gladstone than his friend Lord Acton. Mr. Herbert Paul writes in his

I may be permitted perhaps a short personal digression. In 1885, having lived for some years in the United States, I had come to regard the State Right or "Home Rule" system of their confederation not merely as the formative process to apply to our Empire, but as a panacea for the larger disorders of the entire world; it seemed to me that it should be applied, and if necessary by force, and from without, to the Balkan Peninsula and to Russia, and that it promised there also the results we admire when we think of Washington. Forty-five "sovereign" States in America elect forty-five Parliaments; these Parliaments select each two senators (or "ambassadors") to represent them in the Federal Senate. The "prerogative of their citizenship" is, as Mr. Blaine expressed it, in the "privilege" or monopoly of their vast market—a market protected against the intolerable competition of alien or yellow labour, protected indeed against the product of any labour which submits to a degraded and unworthy standard whether of living or morals. Of course British labour which subjects itself voluntarily to a sweated and an unrestricted competition with Asiatic labour, thereby incurs the disabilities which the American high tariff is intended to interpose. Now, how had this vast Free Trade area which we call the United States been assembled? At the first Constitutional Convention at Philadelphia the permission to trade freely was made a monopoly for such of the thirteen States as agreed to become partners in the proposed Constitution. The imports from any States which remained outside that Constitution were to be subjected to the same tariff which was levied on foreign countries. This principle—the monopoly of the market—was, as we might expect, strenuously opposed by the "Anti-Federals," as they were even then called. The Constitution, however, was agreed, and after a short delay was ratified by eleven of the thirteen States, only Rhode Island and North

preface to Lord Acton's letters to Mary Gladstone: "By 'Nationalism' Lord Acton meant the complete and consistent theory that the State and the nation must be co-extensive."

Carolina remaining out. When the tariff schedules were being arranged in the First National Congress it was at once evident to North Carolina that were her products excluded from the one great market at her gates, her people being within the area of magnetic disturbance, would be forced to migrate to that market, and in 1789 North Carolina ratified. In Rhode Island the Anti-Federal bias was even stronger; her insular position made her more "national" than any of the units on the mainland, and it required the most coercive tariff conditions embodied in a Bill actually before the Senate, to satisfy her legislators. In 1790 Rhode Island ratified, and thus the entire thirteen original States were included in the Constitution.[1]

Again, the high tariff of 1832 threw no doubt a considerable strain on the Southern Slave States, which then as much later advocated the buying of everything, men and women included, in the "cheapest market." The Legislature of South Carolina went so far as to pass an Act of nullification, which was only formally repealed after President Jackson had seized Charleston harbour with Federal war ships, and had proceeded to collect the tariffs. That the cement of a Federal system is in the tariff —this is the first lesson the Englishman learns who looks for the genesis of that vast orderly preferential system which lies between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and having assimilated that I had derived also great comfort from Thomas Jefferson's statement in the Declaration of Independence that "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." There is the Magna Charta of the white man everywhere; and it seemed to me that Ireland, half her population having been driven to foreign lands by foreign competition in her home markets, was still entitled to neither more nor less than that State Right which belongs to every State of the American Federation. Whether when clothed with all the authority of a State and when protected within the Federal area from the unrestricted imports from alien nations she was still dissatisfied with her position, this would

[1] "Enc. Brit.," vol. xxiii., pp. 145, 754.

be comparatively of little consequence to Great Britain; our conscience would be clear, our withers unwrung, our Parliament House our own, and the duty and decency of our public life secured. In 1885 I had gone down to a midland constituency[1] and had made a strong Home Rule speech to a Liberal four hundred; the meeting was apparently in the control of Land Nationalists, anti-vaccinators, and the intemperate advocates of temperance; my Home Rule declaration was as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. A few days later I was staying at Coombe with the late Lord Wolverton, at that time a member of Mr. Gladstone's Government, and I outlined to him the State Right platform of the United States Democracy and urged its application to Ireland. Greatly to my surprise, my host assured me that the lines of a Home Rule measure for Ireland, to be introduced the coming Session, had been agreed during the last few weeks and under his very roof at Coombe; but he said, "not on Federal lines; *Mr. Gladstone does not believe in the Federal principle of Government.*" Hinc illæ lachrymæ. The old poison of "nation making," the "remember Yorktown" was still the obsession of the Liberal leader. The predominant partner was aroused, and was in no mood to make nations within our own islands. We recalled Mr. Gladstone's awful indiscretion. "Jefferson Davis has made a nation," a making which would have torn to tatters the Federal Constitution and replaced a pacific Federation, with a congeries of nations armed to the teeth. We recalled, too, Majuba, and Kruger's "nation making" on the South American plan, although that bloody acceptance had not then quite matured. I do not suggest that public opinion then, indeed scarcely to-day, recognised the great gulf fixed between Nationalism and Federalism, between a legitimate and an impracticable Home Rule system; but, as Lincoln once said, "everybody knows more than anybody," the distrust was intuitive, and Parnell's Home Rule, "last link" Home Rule, was too near to Jefferson Davis and too far

[1] Barrow-in-Furness.

from Thomas Jefferson, and therein lay its condemnation and the Liberal disaster to which Free Trade and nation-making had been pointing ever since Yorktown.

II

In the preceding chapter I have endeavoured to point out the inevitable effect of a disaster such as Yorktown. That from the bloodshed and the vast cost of our colonial conflict would emerge a panic philosophy such as would generate in both politics and economics strange and unnatural theories of Government claiming a pseudo-scientific sanction, the acceptance of which, by our prosaic business-like community, must puzzle the outer world. Germany, France, America had no self-governing Colonies which they desired to throw off and make nations, and therefore they saw no merit in our anti-Federal trend, supported as it was by a fiscal policy which had for its purpose, in Cobden's words, to "gradually and imperceptibly loosen the bands which unite our Colonies to us." Foreign nations had, indeed, admired and envied that expansive and highly Protectionist England, of which Frederick List wrote in 1847:

> At all times there have been cities and nations distinguished above others in industry and commerce and shipping, but such a supremacy as England's the world has never yet seen.

So that there is no reason for the surprise, so often expressed, that England has found no fiscal imitators except Turkey. It would be strange if we had. While we have been experimenting along the lines of Separatism to be induced by Free Trade, other nations, especially the two great educated democracies, America and Germany, had adopted a Federal system, based on Mr. Blaine's famous aphorism, that the privilege of free market is the prerogative of citizenship. The panic bred of Yorktown had taken Great Britain into devious byways, including the support of the infamous Holy Alliance. She had lost, and I think properly, lost the respect

of the civilised world because the cowardice of her statesmen had employed all her moral influence to strengthen the National and to weaken when possible the Federal system of Government; and she antagonised that protectionist system which can alone assist her working classes in their struggle for shorter hours and higher wages.[1]

But in considering the anti-colonial policy which grew out of Yorktown, by far the most important result of Free Trade had been the consequent distribution of population. Of course, to Cobden and Peel the idea of continuing our then existing preferential tariffs so as to direct our emigrants to settle in our own Colonies—this was subversive of their entire theory. The more populous and powerful a Colony the greater the risk of another Yorktown; and as the preferential tariff favouring the Colonies did visibly direct the stream of emigration, and especially to Canada, it was an all-important part of the Free Trade scheme to destroy this preference. The result has been truly remarkable. At once the United States became the magnet for the whole world's emigrants[2] and for its investments of capital. Few were the emigrants who dared to settle north of that imaginary air-line frontier which separates the United States from the Dominion of Canada, because not only had their preference in the mighty British market been taken away, but every bullock and every bushel of wheat raised there would have to pay a huge tariff tax before it could reach the neighbouring local market, perhaps only a few miles away, as in Michigan, Minnesota, or Dakota, where the richest customers in the world were attracting and attaching settlers by this very "privilege of market." I recall Sir John MacDonald saying to me at Ottawa, in 1888, "Subject to this double market inducement which our neighbours enjoy, namely, free access to the

[1] Mr. Bright said: "If the Americans make Protection their policy, they will have to give higher wages to their working classes—higher wages and shorter hours."

[2] Emigration to United States: 1831–1840, 599,125; 1846, Repeal of Corn Laws, 1851–1860, 2,598,214. "Int. Enc.," p. 832.

greatest protected market, that of the United States, and also free access to the greatest Free Trade market, that of Great Britain, to bring emigrants to Canada by any State-aided emigration is just to pour water in a sieve." And this is why the free lands of the United States—Illinois and Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, and Dakota—have filled up as by magic and are now spilling over, and while the lands south of that imaginary air-line frontier are selling to-day for fifty dollars an acre, and on the north, only fifty yards away, for five dollars. Land, Labour, and Capital, England had all three, and in endless abundance; but "remember Yorktown," and we have preferred to send our labour and our capital, not to our own but to alien lands. "The frontiers of the weak," said Lamartine finely, "are seas and rocks, the frontiers of the strong are men." Had we stimulated the settlement of our own waste places by a generous preferential tariff and by State railways, Canada would to-day have a trebled population, Australia and South Africa double. In South Africa, had the proper steps been taken to settle it by railways, by assisted emigration and preferential tariffs, our people there would have been in a position of unassailable predominance before Majuba was heard of. But now what has happened in the last sixty years to the creed of Peel and Cobden, to this scheme of making many nations by the undoing of one through the abrogation of all preference? What will the historian have to write? He will write that in Great Britain the community has been almost unanimous, that the political separation of the units is wrong, but the economic policy right; he will record also that in Greater Britain those communities, while unhappily largely in agreement as to separation, yet contain scarcely a corporal's guard of free traders! Well and truly we have builded our political Babel; had the whole world conspired to invent theories of Government which, after a century and a quarter, might still continue the tradition of Yorktown, no combination could have been discovered more poisonous nor more formidable than Nationalism and Free Trade; and unless Providence has some particular desire which would be

thwarted if the British Empire fell apart, it is far more than probable that the new school books which advocate Federation through Protection will have been written a full generation too late. That "Free Trade" will be presently banished from our islands on economic grounds is, indeed, probable; the masses will see to that. But it will have served its purpose but too well in fostering the growth of our most formidable trade competitors, in stunting the growth of our Colonies, and in directing the best efforts of their statesmen toward entangling alliances with other countries, whether those alliances are political or only commercial. That Free Trade would "loosen the bonds which unite" Ireland to us, and this not "gradually and imperceptibly," but in sight of all men and with a tragic rapidity—at least, this one prophecy of Cobden's has arrived at fulfilment.

In his last recorded conversation with his friend Mr. Leonard Courtney, Mr. Herbert Spencer bequeathed to his country his condemnation of the proposed return to Protection. Mr. Spencer said that not to be permitted to buy in the cheapest market was in transgression of human freedom; that, in short, a man's shilling was his own, and he has an inalienable right to spend it wherever he can get most value for it. Here is the moral theory of free imports, a theory which many will still regard as worthy of consideration who have long since discarded the economic theory as absurd. But when a man buys in the "cheapest market," what is it that he buys? We no longer permit him to buy a slave; thus far, at least, we limit his freedom, and reduce the purchase power of his shilling. Let us see how nearly the moral theory of buying in the cheapest market comes to buying cheap men and cheap women. The United States census of 1880, which was presided over by that great economist, Professor Francis A. Walker, showed that the annual gross wealth product of the United States at that time was nine thousand million dollars. These figures were very completely analysed by Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, in a work called "The Distribution of Products,"

and Mr. Atkinson was able to show that of this sum of nine thousand million dollars, eight thousand one hundred millions were paid away in wages to labour, leaving nine hundred millions for the renewal of and the additions to capital. The figures were subjected, both in America and England, to close scrutiny. Mr. Atkinson is a devoted Free Trader, and therefore in a country like America, which bristles with Protectionist pens, his statistics are always examined critically, if not with actual hostility. I do not think that the estimate of distribution at which Mr. Atkinson arrived was in any way impaired. The figures of my Free Trade friend had an added interest for me, because they seemed to explode the theory so often heard that the American high tariff destroys an equitable distribution of products. If, in a country so begirt with a tariff wall, nine-tenths of all wealth produced inside is still paid away in wages to labour, at least faultiness in distribution can hardly be alleged against Protection. But let us suppose that in Great Britain the distribution of wealth is only equally good, then when a man buys a pair of boots for a sovereign in the cheapest market, what is it that he really buys? He buys labour to the amount of eighteen shillings, or ninety per cent., to which Nature, assisted by Capital, has added a subscription of two shillings. So that freedom to buy in the cheapest market is hardly anything else than the freedom to purchase men and women, and it is this freedom which, quite unrestrained as now by any racial consideration, has made in very many of our most important industries our own men and our own women cheap, by making them expose themselves in the same market place where black men and women and yellow men and women are equally on purchase. The only British working man, I believe, who has ever yet become a Prime Minister is Mr. Watson, lately the Federal Premier in Australia. Mr. Watson's recent statement[1] is certain to secure the respectful consideration of his own class in Great Britain. Mr. Watson

[1] *Times*, November 17, 1904.

says: "As a Trade Unionist I believe in restricting injurious competition in all phases of industrial activity." Mr. Watson, we may be sure, disagrees with Mr. Herbert Spencer; he sees some better direction for human freedom than the permission to buy labour in the cheapest market—in a market where yellow labour, black labour, and white labour has all been sweated down to a common level of indignity.

Oh! men with sisters dear,
Oh! men with mothers and wives;
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures lives.

III

To recapitulate very shortly. Great Britain has wandered in the wilderness for a hundred years, led there by those (let us be quite fair to them) who could not foresee that the Federal system buttressed by Protection was destined to prove a very brilliant success. We have, it is true, accumulated during those wanderings; and, as Professor Seeley said in sheer absence of mind, a vast and mostly desert Empire, only held together by the recognition of a sphere of influence attaching to the Crown; a moral and somewhat mediæval tie which is worth for this particular purpose perhaps another ten years' purchase.[1]

[1] In 1887 I had some controversy in the *Times* with Professor Goldwin Smith, who thought that a commercial union of Canada with the United States was imminent. I was at the time in India. The *Bombay Gazette* had an editorial on the subject; the subjoined is a portion of my reply, which they published (December 27, 1887):

"And while the movement for commercial union between Canada and the United States is one-sided and abortive, the movement for a complete fusion is probably fifty years off. If during those fifty years, possibly only twenty years, England has not been able to adapt her Constitution to the requirements of the crisis, then indeed we are likely to lose our whole Colonial Empire, and not only Canada. And that the basis of such a Federation must be commercial union—revenue collected on imports from the outside world, no one doubts

In short, what we call the British Empire is to-day a vast desert—Canada and Australia, South Africa and Oceana, some eleven millions of square miles needing but capital, and especially labour, the touch of Ithuriel's spear. Our Empire's symbol seems even to me who have travelled it and love it, those endless eucalyptus forests in the Australian bushland, their stillness only broken for the traveller over magnificent distances by the unearthly laugh of the mopeoke.[1] True, we have also within the Empire India populated by myriads; these myriads, if we are to believe that very competent Free-Fooder, Lord George Hamilton, are "intensely Protectionist," so that apparently the only converts we have made to Free Trade within the Empire are some three hundred million Asiatics, who take their medicine because we force it down their throats.

With millions of white men and women educated at our expense, who could have been planted by a generous preferential tariff in Canada, Australia and South Africa, we have yet preferred to endow and enrich the United States, where, instead of being our best customers, they have become our most formidable competitors.[2] Let us suppose then that with one mind in one house we were to admit the folly of the past

who has any knowledge of colonial requirements. What Canada and Australia are fairly entitled to say to the Mother Country is this: 'We are your best customers. The *per capita* consumption of English goods in the United State is very small, with us it is very large. Therefore, protect our exports to your markets at the expense of the United States. The less you buy from the United States and Russia the more you can buy from us and India, and the more you buy from us the more we will buy from you.' More important still to the Colonies is the fact that by discriminating in favour of their produce the Mother Country will direct the better class of her emigrants to settle within their boundaries instead of, as now, making a present to the United States of more than two-thirds of those outward bound."

[1] *Dacelo Gigas*, the Giant Kingfisher.

[2]

White Population.	Annual Purchases from U.K.	Av. Tariff.
U.S., 80 000,000	... 24,000,000 ...	73 per cent.
Canada, S. Africa, Australia, 11,000,000	... 60,000,000 ...	9½ „

century, and that we now agreed to exchange Nationalism by Free Trade, for Federalism by Protection; is it too late? Is the work much harder than that to which Washington and Hamilton set their hands? Is there any prospect that we may recover the position which we have forfeited in the Nations?[1] In the political struggle of the next few years we must await the reply to such a question; all else is prophecy. The psychological moment no doubt was in 1885, when our commercial position was still very strong, and when, had Mr. Gladstone proposed a Federal and a Fair Trade settlement of the Irish question, Ireland to form one or two States in a Protected Federal Union, the two Irish State Legislatures and those of the participant Colonies to be represented in a reformed Second Chamber, the support which such a proposal would have received, at least at home, might have obliterated all distinctions of party and won the Empire. Still, the response from the Colonies may perhaps be more generally favourable now than at that time, and this for a reason which offers us just that encouragement and opportunity which Hamilton lacked. For the War of Independence once concluded, the thirteen original States of the Union were in no serious danger from without. With thousands of miles of ocean frontier, and before the age of steam, their development was little likely to be again interfered with by any overseas foe. It was Hamilton's difficult task to persuade the States that unless saved by the Federal system their future foes would be of their own household, and that thirteen nations growing up side by side must presently require thirteen standing armies. "We must learn," as he said to Madison, "to think Continentally"; this was the difficulty with which he was confronted. Centralism of any kind seemed to the framers of the American Constitution another name for

[1] So lately as 1880 we manufactured twice as much pig-iron as America, and three times as much as Germany. Now both these countries have far outstripped us. Population—Present rate of white increase per decade: British Empire, 5,000,000; Germany, 8,000,000; U.S., 13,000,000.

tyranny. Were they to exchange for an Administration centralised at Westminster another centralised at Washington, and if so, how were the several "State Rights" to be safeguarded? "Nationalism"; to be let alone to "run one's own show"; Sancho Panza's pathetic desire to govern an island; this, with all it involves, is so extremely appealing to the plain man that Hamilton's success in federating those thirteen States, which were threatened by no common danger, has always seemed to me as hardly less than supernatural; as though the word needed the beacon light of the Federal Experiment to guide it, and not man but Providence had lighted it with kindly hand. I have drawn attention in the previous pages to the preferential coercion by which alone North Carolina and Rhode Island were brought into the Union; but Hamilton owed the acceptance of the Constitution not only to Protection but to his "Assumption Act"; the various National Debts of the thirteen States were lumped together, and their obligations assumed by the terms of the Federal Constitution. So that while it was Protection that brought the States in, it was the Assumption Act which more than once prevented them from breaking out. Now suppose we offer at a Federal Convention a generous preference, and an Assumption Act, how would this be regarded by the three huge units, Canada, Australia and South Africa, the inclusion of which would promise to our future Federation probably a hundred sovereign "States"? When in Australia, before their Federation, a Federation which has incurred such temporary odium that it makes the big task at hand still bigger, I lost no opportunity of discussing this question, "Australia Federal or Australia National?" With every desire to discover a Federal majority I found, or thought I found, that their Federal idea was limited by their coast-line. But the present war in the Far East is likely to confound all such Nationalist counsels. Japan is Australia's near neighbour; Japan has a population greater than that of France congesting in a few small islands, and, strange to say, modern scientific research seems to show that Australia is the ancient home of

the Japanese race. Now Queensland has excluded all Japanese immigration. Queenslanders are for Nationalism rather than Federalism; they desire a dependent Independence; that is, they wish the protection of our fleet while claiming a sovereign right to make laws which may strain or even snap England's relations with Japan. When it is convenient to be a "Nation" then Queensland desires to be "left alone"; but she has no mind to be left alone with Admiral Togo and his fleet. If, then, the Federal Constitution we are considering is framed on this basis—if no Representation, then no Tariff Preference and no Naval Protection—I suppose that Queensland and other spoiled darlings of Empire will consent to send Senators to Westminster. In the case of South Africa the presence of a common danger is even greater. The British taxpayer has been fined two hundred and fifty millions sterling because we had no Senators from the Cape and Natal who would have informed public opinion in time enough that Kruger was arming the Dutch to secure South Africa for the Vierkleur. True, we might have learned this in Lord Milner's despatches; but that is not England's way. Parliament is there for the purpose of our instruction, and we decline to learn our lessons in Blue Books, or through any other channel than that of parliamentary debate.

The problem of Canada's inclusion in the Federation is, of all, the most important and by no means the least hopeful. Unlike Australia and South Africa, the great Dominion is to-day at our very doors. Great Britain and Canada are the complement each of the other. We need Canada far more than the United States needs her. Indeed, I may go farther and say that the whole world is vitally concerned that Canada should not fetch up within the ring-fence of the 73 per cent. tariff of the United States. The opening of the Hudson's Bay route, which will give hundreds of millions to Canada's most fertile acres direct connection with Liverpool by water, will also make the market of Great Britain incomparably important, and the privilege of a preferred share in that market

more stimulating than a similar privilege in the market of the United States. Nor must it be lost sight of that, just as the development and consequent competition of the vast Western prairie States has submerged the agriculture of New England, so also the development of the Canadian North-West will destroy the prosperity of the farmers of Lower Canada unless the products of the new North-West find their way to Europe, not *viâ* the St. Lawrence, but *viâ* the seaports Nelson and Churchill on Hudson's Bay. These ports, although geographically in the centre of the continent, are actually nearer to Liverpool than New York is to Liverpool.

On August 7, 1888, addressing the United States Senate at Washington, Senator Sherman, of Ohio, said:

> I am anxious to bring about a public policy that will make more intimate our relations with the Dominion of Canada. Anything that will tend to the union of Canada with the United States will meet my most hearty support. I want Canada to be part of the United States. Within ten years from this time the Dominion of Canada will, in my judgment, be represented either in the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain or in the Congress of the United States.[1]

A day or two later I had an opportunity of talking over this idea with Senator Sherman. An English friend was with me, who, however, I regret to recall, is to-day member for a Conservative constituency and a "Free Fooder." Senator Sherman declared to us his conviction that the magnet of market would deliver Canada over to the United States, unless the magnet of the British market proved a greater attraction still; and he said with the only gleam of enthusiasm I ever discovered in him, "Were I you, young gentleman, I would use every effort while yet there is time to hold together your world-wide heritage in a Commercial Union, for there is no

[1] Lord Rosebery declared to his friends that he was much impressed by this declaration of Senator Sherman's, and that his speech of October 11, 1888, to the Leeds Chamber of Commerce was his reply to the Senator from Ohio I never entertained any doubt. "You cannot," said Lord Rosebery in that speech, "obtain the great boon of a peaceful Empire encircling the globe with a bond of commercial unity without some sacrifice on your part." If Canada was to leave us she would be pretty sure to adopt the tariff of the United States.

other way than our way." The warning of the great Ohio Senator, who should have been the Presidential candidate of the Republican Party in 1880, has been ever present to me since that discussion. It must be admitted that, if Scotland were politically affiliated with France, and yet France gave to French imports coming from Scotland no tariff preference at all over French imports from England, and if at the same time England walled all Scottish products out of its immense market, that then a proposal to Scotland from England to admit all her products duty free if she would consent to a political union, such a proposal would be very alluring to our northern neighbour. Indeed, unless France, on her part, met this proposal by a generous preferential, the offer from England would probably be decisive. And this is an exact analogy; this is the very standing offer of privilege and prerogative which America has made to Canada during all these years past; and but for a number of acrimonious disputes now settled, the Eastern Fisheries question, the Behrings Sea controversy, the Alaska Boundary question, which strained relations, Canada would probably have joined forces with the great free Republic to southward even before the sands had quite run out on Senator Sherman's prophecy. In order to avoid the grant of colonial preference in our market, which would have given offence to pawky economic purists, we have been for years past gambling with vast areas of the British Empire, our trump cards being the passions which could be generated between near neighbours by territorial disputes. Such is the "peace and goodwill" of the Cobden testament.

To use Lord Rosebery's words,[1] the people of this country will in a not too distant time have to make up their minds what footing they wish the Colonies to occupy with respect to them, or whether they desire their Colonies to leave them altogether. It is, I believe, absolutely impossible for you to maintain in the long run your present loose and indefinable relations, and preserve these Colonies as parts of the Empire.

[1] Leeds, October 11, 1888.

Ταῦτα θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖται; and it may be that when all is said and done portions of the Empire will refuse to ratify the proposed Constitution, even given Preference enough, Protection enough, and a cheapened money rate for their funded debts. But had North Carolina remained out in 1789 it is quite clear by the light of subsequent events that she would not have remained out many years, and the prodigious centrifugal forces of our Empire, consolidated on a basis of Naval Protection and of Tariff Preference, are likely to prove overwhelming when danger and disaster draw near. If, then, the future of the world, its peace and relief from militarism, its educational equipment with Home Rule through State Legislature, is to be secured by wide Federations, then indeed, if we Britons have done our world's work well, we shall be counted worthy, and we shall secure that Federation. But at least there is nothing to wait for. Time and delay are not on the side of the Federalist. Thirty per cent. of the present population of Australia is said to be British-born, while in one State of Canada,[1] so rapid is the process of Americanisation, this year will show an actual majority of its population unenfranchised Uitlanders. Fifty years hence neither Australians nor Canadians will any longer be our brothers; they will be our second cousins. The appointed time is now, while they are still our brothers in blood, and are instinct with the memories of the old cradle of our race.

IV

Just as the constructive genius of Hamilton crystallised in the phrase to "think Continentally," so also Mr. Chamberlain shows us the light on the mountain in the two words which form the title to these short notes. A phrase which carries whether for Hamilton or Chamberlain, for America or Great Britain, the warning each statesman intended to convey, but a

[1] British Columbia.

phrase the import of which was not yet fully known to Hamilton, is "Learn to *think Federally*." The sun has set in blood and fire on Nationalism, and with patience and with passion too the world has welcomed the emergence of the great Federal principle:

> Humanity with all its fears,
> With all the hopes of future years,
> Is hanging breathless on thy fate.

That is why we in England can afford to recall Yorktown, no longer in the panic attitude which unnerved a century of dead statesmen, but recall it with gratitude. And that too is why Washington and Hamilton must always be amongst the immortals in our Pantheon. "To think Federally!" It is just that which we owe to the State—to the vast protected pleasance within which jealously guarded we will rear up our peoples to a higher citizenship. But if the citizen owes this duty to the State, what is it that the State owes to the citizen? It owes him much; incomparably more than is comprised in the *laisser faire* dogmas of the Manchester economists. For those of us who reluctantly admit that for sixty years we have broken the citizen on the wheel of a merciless competition; that we have bid him fill his belly and clothe his nakedness if he can, in competition with Chinese labour—with sweated Jews and refugee Poles; if subject to this odious class legislation which was the permission to middle-class "haves" to buy cheapened men and cheapened women for their factories till one-third of or even one-tenth of our people, it matters not which, have been submerged in the struggle to survive, then I think it must be admitted that the unfortunate crippled soldiers in this ruthless war are entitled to compensation. Do not let us merely use the present moment when people are aroused to write a Federal Constitution at the Conference of the Empire; that, although infinitely important, is not what we mean by Tariff Reform. But let us feed the hungry and clothe the cold; let us

recognise that the credit of our even yet wealthy State belongs not to the few but the many; that it is because they are orderly and conservative islanders and protected from overseas invasion that the State credit is so good, and that the State credit is for them and should be used not for bankers or capitalists, but for the poor wrecks undone by Cobden. Now what has the Empire to offer them? I look at Canada at this moment where the new extension of the Grand Trunk from the Great Lakes to the Pacific opens up more than three hundred million acres of splendid wheat-lands. Canada offers to each settler 160 acres of land free. I have seen a similar land-grant system during the past quarter of a century fill Minnesota and Dakota and other vast areas in the United States to a present overflowing with farmers who once tramped in upon these States poor and footsore and who are to-day prosperous, thoughtful, splendid citizens. And one of these men will tell the tale of his life's success and tell it for all the others. "I arrived on the land with nothing. I located my quarter section.[1] I got my title deeds from the nearest Land Office. I went to the nearest National Bank, and on the security of my new freehold I borrowed eight hundred dollars (£1 per acre) at 1 per cent. per month. The money built me a house; fenced twenty acres, gave me two cows, two horses and a plough. I have repaid the mortgage, have reared a family and am prosperous." Such is the tale you will hear from the Rio Grande to Puget Sound. No doubt they were of all sorts and condition, these home-seekers on the vast prairie; some drank, others gambled their eight hundred dollars, but even so the Bank having foreclosed found no difficulty in securing a good working tenant; bad debts, such being the security, were almost unknown; the Banks have prospered not less than the settlers. And why cannot we meet the situation in the same way? Canada gives the land, let England lend the pound per acre, not at 12 per cent. but at $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. plus $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. sinking fund.

[1] 160 acres.

In 69 years the loans will have been paid off principal and interest, and we shall have established millions of excellent customers within our own citizenship. At the worst England may find it necessary to take possession of some farms, which, being improved and on the line of a railway, will be readily saleable. The late Mr. James G. Blaine used to estimate the value of an able-bodied emigrant to the United States at £300; such a one is worth as much to Canada, and because of his annual purchases in the English market he is worth hardly a less sum to England when settled in Canada, and when diverted from the United States. And, the economic aspect of this exodus apart, have not the millions wrecked by the legislation of 1846 as good a claim to our assistance as the Irish farmer, to whose needs we have recently subscribed 120 millions sterling for a similar scheme of land purchase?

It is objected to the two-shilling wheat duty proposed by Mr. Chamberlain that it will hurt the very poor; on the contrary, it should be for them a princely endowment; for they are the people we should remove, because it is their competition in the labour market which records the dwindling minimum wage and the increased poor-rate. A two-shilling "preferential" will yield annually some five millions sterling, which at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. will secure the interest on 140 millions sterling, the capital needed to make "squatter sovereigns" of a million families. These families should be selected not because they are well-to-do, but because they are poor; the building, the fencing, and some ploughing and sowing should be done by a Government contractor; when the first crop is nearly ready to harvest, then the home-seekers should be moved out. It will be objected that the wastrel, the slum son of our cities, would starve did the crop stand ready for the sickle; this was an objection often alleged against the early Mormon settlers in Utah. When I first saw these Mormons, a quarter of a century since, in appearance they were as the scum of the European capitals; a more physically ill-favoured community than that which worshipped in the tabernacle at

Salt Lake in 1878 it would be difficult to find. I visited Salt Lake again quite recently, and again attended service. The change was magical; in that beautiful healthful environment, amidst mountains and forest and falling waters, there had grown up another generation which to-day delights the eye. Who that has witnessed that change in a few short years will deny the theory of "indefinite perfectibility" for the human race?

One word in conclusion. In a very few years at most the entire fabric of Free Trade will have gone by the board; as it was cradled in cowardice, so it will find a dishonoured grave. Had England turned her back on temptation in the "forties," at the very moment when the great gold discoveries, the age of steel, of steam and of electricity, were but just across the threshold, England, mighty, wealthy, wholesome England, would have attained to such a predominance as would have transfigured the world. But the new experiment, still persisted in, has lost to the British Empire not only millions of her own sons who have gone to garrison the Great Republic, but it has lost the British Empire the support through immigration and settlement of millions of thrifty Germans and Scandinavians, whom forty years since a sufficient preferential in the one mighty market of the then world would have settled in Great Britain's Hinterland. And just as Essex or Sussex have been converted to weed-beds, and have thrown their rural population on the streets of our cities, so also Cobden and Peel are responsible for the tragedy of Ireland,[1] the disappearance of half her population, and the unrest of those who remain. It has made again the many problems of social progress—problems which must always be insoluble, given unrestricted competition in our home market with black and yellow labour, not merely hopeless, but the statesmen who have supported these reforms in good faith are

[1] From 1830 to 1840 Great Britain imported from Ireland (corn and flour) 27,663,286 qrs. (Parliamentary Paper, February 11, 1842); from rest of world, 17,241,952 qrs.

arraigned to-day at the bar of public opinion charged with insincerity. Of that statesman who very late in the day has revolted from what Carlyle aptly described as the calico millennium, I may be permitted to say, what was said of another man in another place, "We love him for the enemies that he has made"; and that probably is the only form of popularity which is compatible with greatness. The statesman it satisfies, nay, whom it guides, will never fail to disappoint his enemies, but who seeks some wider popularity will always disappoint his friends.

MORETON FREWEN.

QUAINT MEMORIES

"Why Lonicera wilt thou name thy child?"
I ask the gardener's wife in accents mild:
"We have a right," replied the sturdy dame;
And Lonicera was the infant's name.

SO I am not the only one to have "quaint memories." The poet Crabbe had plenty of them, and though I do not for a moment wish to link these poor pages with a name so celebrated, yet I sometimes wonder why most of his memories were so sad, whilst mine, on the contrary, are mostly such as to raise a smile. Whether it is a defect in my organisation, or a thing to be glad or sorry for, I know not; but certain it is, that I never seem to remember the serious or sad things of life half so well as I do the comical ones. I will only add that they are, almost all of them, actual personal memories of my own.

Perhaps, with the exception of "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," there are few passages so familiar to modern readers as "The old order changeth, yielding place to new," with its subjoined justification, "Lest one good custom should corrupt the world." Whether all the customs which my "quaint memories" will endeavour to recall should be characterised as "good" may be open to doubt; but at least some of them have a wholesome flavour about them with a copious element of "human nature," and I trust my readers will condone their rough-and-ready character for their natural-

ness and simplicity, and for the glimpse they give of past days.

I am not going to be prolix, but I shall start, as my best way of beginning, with an old rectorial home.

My grandfather lived in a beautiful little village at the foot of the Downs. The Parsonage was the only ugly house in it, and that was a square red-brick building, facing due north, "built for comfort, not for show," as he used to say, though I never could understand why it need have been so ugly to be comfortable, or the comfort to be found in facing north. The only sunny rooms were the nursery and kitchen, which looked as if they had been tacked on as a sort of afterthought, and which ran the whole length of the house. They were really parts of a building of an earlier date. The nursery windows overlooked the farmyard, which was full of old thatched barns and stables.

I remember hearing that, at the time of the machine riots, my mother and her sisters used to run to the top of the house every night before they went to bed, to see how many fires they could count in the distance; and my grandfather taught them all how to tie knots in the sheets so as to make a rope to let themselves out of window in case the barns or house be set on fire. They escaped *then*, though, years after, the barns were set alight with some loose straw in the yard, with the object of burning a farmer's ricks, which stood on the other side of the wall, as he had been using a machine. The wind suddenly turned, and the old buildings were burnt to the ground. A detective came from London, and he told my grandfather that he strongly suspected who the men were, for all the villagers were noticing among themselves that only three of all the men at the fire had waited to lace up their boots. Now those three men from that time were always seen together. They never trusted each other out of sight, and at last they all left the village together. The detective wanted to take them up on suspicion; but my grandfather told him he would rather lose everything than run the risk of

injuring the character of an innocent man. So if he could not prove the case, but only *suspected*, he was to leave them alone and go back to London.

Talking of that time, I remember an incendiary being traced in a very curious way. Some men were in a small lodging-house much frequented by tramps, and when they were all talking together one of them boasted that he could make any dog follow him if he chose. The others declared he could not. One man especially, who happened to have a white dog with him, was very vehement; he declared his dog would never follow a stranger, and they all began betting on the subject. The incendiary in question ordered a red herring for his supper, and having eaten some, gave a piece to the dog and put another piece into his shoe. The conversation turned to other things, and they forgot the stranger till it was time to go home, when looking round they found he was gone and the dog was gone too. It was a very foggy night, and the man walked on over the Downs to a farm miles away, where he set the ricks on fire. He was traced entirely by the white dog following him. The night was so dark that the people he met could not see him, but they could just see the white dog in his track. He was convicted and confessed the crime. My father was Chairman of the Bench at that time, and he told me about it.

The Rectory garden was wonderfully old-fashioned, with great yew hedges that must have taken many centuries to grow, and there were long gravel paths, with neat box edging, about a foot high, with a narrow border of flowers in front and big beds of cabbages, &c., at the back. There were only about four kinds of roses then that I can remember, the moss rose, the Maiden's Blush, the York and Lancaster, and the monthly. I think flowers bring back past days to one more than anything else except the face of an old friend. But both, alas! are fast dying out. One never sees a hen-and-chicken daisy now, and as for the hedges of sweet-briar, that were found in every cottage garden, with the rosemary, lavender,

and bergamots, they no longer exist. The sweet-peas and mignonette are there, but they, too, are different. There were huge strawberry beds at the Rectory, where you could feast all day long, and which were my grandfather's especial pride. And then there was the old well which was covered by a big yew that had been clipped into a summer-house, and was so thick that you could stand and find shelter under it during a heavy shower.

Only the road divided the Rectory garden from the churchyard, and the beautiful old Saxon tower, with its glorious peal of bells, was just the one object of interest seen peeping through the shrubs and trees from the windows of the Rectory. They always rang the bells on a foggy or snowy night to recall any wanderers from the Downs, where the numerous chalk-pits which are scattered about form a source of great danger to the unwary, or indeed to any one; for however well a man might know his way by daylight, in a snowstorm or a fog he would be very helpless.

I remember the old folks in the village used to talk of a gentleman, a "Mr. Woodward," who was clergyman before my grandfather, and they used to tell how, before the parson went to London on a visit, they all came to wish him goodbye and a safe journey, and that he might be preserved from highwaymen, and how, when he returned, they set the church bells ringing, and all the parishioners came to shake hands with him and congratulate him on his safe return. On the village Feast-day the people all marched in procession to church in their Sunday clothes, with well-scrubbed hands and faces, and so much was thought of this that it was the common saying, if any one looked dirty, "Poor fellow! he has not washed since Feast-day," or "Doesn't she look as if she wanted Feast-day to come again?" They always had service and a sermon on those occasions. One day the churchwardens came to Mr. Woodward with a petition for a new club sermon, as they called it, if his reverence would be so good, for they had had that one so many years that they seemed to know it

by heart. "Certainly," replied the rector, "I will give you another since you have learnt this by heart, and I will repeat it every year till you have learnt that by heart also."

Talking of Feasts reminds me of the old hiring-fairs, when the men would be ranged on one side of the market-place and the women on the other, standing in long rows, whilst the farmers would go up and down on one side and their wives on the other; then there would be a rush to the shops, and all the ploughboys who were happy enough to have been hired appeared with yards of many-coloured ribbons streaming from their hats, whilst those who had been hired as carters sported whipcord instead of ribbons. Meanwhile the farmers' wives were walking up and down the rows of girls, examining and questioning. If they wanted dairymaids you would see them feeling the girls' hands and pinching them, to make sure that it was a hard, dry, cool hand, fit for making butter, because, in those days, the butter was all made by hand, though now, as we all rejoice to know, the hands are not allowed to touch it.

I remember, one year, some undergraduates playing a cruel trick at this fair. They hired a large number of men and women of all kinds, and sent them to some place in Oxfordshire, Banbury, I think it was, and when they got there (and there was no railway in those days) they found there was no such person as the name they had been given. So they had all their journey for nothing, and lost their best chance of getting a good place that year. I remember hearing what a miserable scene it was when they all arrived, many from great distances, in carts and waggons and all kinds of conveyances, with their families and household goods, only to find they had been made game of by a set of heartless fellows. They were always engaged by the year, from one hiring-fair to the next, and if they accepted the master's shilling they, like the soldiers, were by law his servants for the year. Of course, there were booths and giants and dwarfs and juggling and dancing and buffoons of all kinds. I remember one man had a barrow

with sausages which he kept in boiling fat, and he kept shouting out, "Only a halfpenny a bite! come and try, come and try!" and when the unlucky ones came for a bite, the man took a sausage out of the boiling fat and held it to them on the top of a fork. They opened their mouths very wide, meaning to have a real good halfpennyworth, but soon found their mistake, and to their cost, poor things!

My old nurse used to take me down every Christmas Eve into the kitchen to hear the old clerk and sexton and the servants sing the Christmas Hymn. The last line, I never forget the way they rendered it:

Whilst gloory shone around,
Whilst gloo-o-o-ory shone around,
Whilst gloo-oo-oo-oo-oory shone around.

Then the mummers came in, a lot of carter lads, looking very sheepish, dressed up in a quantity of bright-coloured ribbons and paper hats, walking round and round in a ring saying:

Here bees I as yaint be it,
Wid my gurt yed and little wit;
Me yed's sa big, me wit's sa small,
I've brought me fiddle to plaze yer all.

Then followed a sham fight, and great was the delight when Dr. Bolus with his "box of pills to cure all ills" caused dead King George to jump up and fight again. What a strange jumble those old plays were! St. George and the dragon mixed up with King George indiscriminately; and how the people loved them! The mummers and Punch were about the last that lingered.

And again, how hospitable the people were! Every cottage you went into, especially at Feast-time, you had to taste their Feast-cake, I forget now the exact word they called it, and have some of their home-made wine, either cowslip or damson, or bullace, or hot elderberry; and oh! how thankful one was to slyly tip it over in some handy flower-pot when no one was looking!

It was a great time for family gatherings, and all the boys and girls who could get away from their different places were sure to come home for Feast-day. I can see the dear people flocking to church now. The men with their clean white smocks and broad-brimmed beaver hats and corduroy trousers and sticks, and the women with their black poke bonnets and clean print dresses, each one carrying her prayer-book carefully wrapped up in a white pocket-handkerchief. When the rector came into church all the congregation stood up and curtseyed to him, and again not a creature would leave the church till the rector and all his family had passed out. I always hated this arrangement, for it meant that we all had to hurry out of church the minute the blessing was said, for fear of keeping the people waiting.

The beautiful old church, as I said, with its fine Saxon tower, stood just outside the Rectory garden. The chancel was shut off by a fine carved screen, which hid two hideous square pews, one for the rector's family and one for the servants. There was a gallery at the west end, and when it came to singing, the clerk would give out "Let us sing, &c." in a stentorian voice, and then walk up into the gallery, and the instruments would all begin to tune up. The clerk played the big fiddle—then there were violins, hautboy, flutes, clarionet, &c., and the whole congregation wheeled round and stood at attention, waiting for the psalm to begin. On Christmas Day they indulged in an anthem, and it was wonderful! But what of the Christmas Hymn? The last two lines always impressed me most: "Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men, Begin and never cease"; or as they rendered it: "Be—gin and nee—var cess," which was at first given slowly and solemnly, but at each repetition it got more spirited, till at last it ended in such a profusion of shakes and quavers and demi-semi-quavers, and such a full choral accompaniment, as might well have brought the poor old rickety gallery down.

But though we laugh at all this, I have a strong feeling that the earnest, hearty reverence and devotion of those

simple people may put to blush many a fine service at the present day.

I fear I must have distracted them rather the first time I was taken to church, for directly they began to sing I began to sing too, and I went through the life and death of Cock Robin unflinchingly from beginning to end, in spite of all my poor old nurse's endeavours to silence me. I think they were too wise to take me to church again for some time.

My next curious memory in that dear old church was hearing my grandfather (who always robed in the reading-desk, as there was no vestry) begin a sort of smothered monologue, "What's come to the thing?" "I can't get into it!" "What have they done to it?" &c., evidently getting more and more angry. So I scrambled upon the seat, to peep over, and see what was the matter with grandpapa; and there he stood, very red in the face, looking dreadfully annoyed, and struggling in vain to get into his surplice. Another person had evidently seen that something had gone wrong, for the cook jumped up in her pew to see what was the matter, and then, to the surprise of every one, dashed out of her pew, made a rush at her master, seized the would-be surplice, and tore out of church as hard as she could. The clerk, thinking cook had gone out of her mind, set off after her, leaving the congregation staring at each other in speechless amazement. In a short time the clerk returned with the real surplice. The cook was seen no more. It transpired that the surplice was always carefully hung on a chair before the kitchen fire to air. That morning the poor old cook, who was a most portly person, had also placed some other raiment before the fire on another chair to air. The clerk coming in in a hurry, seized the nearest object and departed. Alas! he had taken the cook's nightdress!

I don't think any of the servants of that household had been less than thirty years in the family, most of them more. I remember my old nurse bought a wedding-ring, which she always wore when she went out visiting with her mistress, as she said they treated her with more respect in the hotels and

in the servants' hall if she had it on. How well I remember the dreadfully stuffy little yellow-bodied chariot, with the two little stools that let up and down, on one of which I always had to sit with my back to the horses, which made me feel too ill to speak.

Talking of those old chariots reminds me of an extraordinary accident that happened to my great-uncle, Sir Herbert Jenner Fust. He had just come out of the Law Courts, and was about to step into his chariot, which was waiting for him, when a friend spoke to him. As he was turning round to answer, his foot slipped and he fell with great violence straight across the carriage. The opposite door burst open, and his head and arms appeared, whilst his legs dangled out in front. He was so stout that, when wedged in in this way, it was found impossible to move him, and the carriage had to be broken up before he could be extricated.

I am running on from one thing to another rather tediously, I fear, but my readers must be lenient.

The old gardener, who lived between forty and fifty years in the family, was at one time considered half-witted; till, one fortunate day, a high wind blew a tile off the roof on to his head, as he was passing. The tile broke, and some splinters went into his head, and some of the brain came out. He was trepanned, but shortly after another piece of tile worked through, and some more brain with it; and when he recovered he was as sharp as his neighbours. The doctor said the reason was that his brain had been too tightly packed, like a calf's, and that, losing some, the rest had become serviceable.

Again another actor on my "humorous stage," but he won't linger there long.

The village postman, who came every morning from the neighbouring town, was my pet horror, because he was so fond of saying how he should love to walk all the way up to his knees in Protestant blood, which, to say the least, was not pleasing.

The Squire was of one of the oldest families in the county,

and a fine old English gentleman he was, and always kind and pleasant and nice. His wife was a tall, stately, rather severe-looking person, very much given to proselytising. She was very fond of filling her house with rich young perverts; and I can see her now, walking down the village, followed by a train of five or six of them, and stopping from time to time to point out some poor woman or child to them, saying: "*There*, young ladies, *there* is a fit object for your charity," and then walking majestically on, leaving them to follow her instructions. The poor people used to say, "Madam never puts her hand into her own pocket." I remember one poor woman telling my grandmother that Madam had had her up to the big house and tried so hard to convert her. She took her into the chapel, and as a great favour showed her a most precious relic, some saint's bones; when, to her horror, the poor woman exclaimed: "Why, blessee, ma-arm, that bain't nothing but a passel of chickens' bones!" Alas! she was never in favour again.

I remember another poor woman in the village, whose husband was very good to her when he was sober, but had an unpleasant way of thrashing her whenever he had had a drop too much. This began to occur too frequently to be altogether agreeable; so she watched for her chance, and one day he was brought home in a wheelbarrow, too drunk to be able to help himself. So she got the men who brought him to carry him upstairs and lay him on the bed; when she set to work and sewed him up in the sheet so tight that he could not move hand or foot, and there she left him. The next morning he woke and shouted to be released; but she calmly said, "You must wait. I did not thrash you last night because you were so drunk. You would not have felt it; but now you *can* feel, and I am determined you *shall* know what I have had to bear." She went downstairs, and soon came back with a long hazel wand, with which she belaboured him soundly. After a while she said, "I am tired, and my arm aches now, but don't be afraid, I won't leave you long, you shall soon see me again." And, true to her word, she repeated the dose about every three

hours, like any doctor's prescription. In the evening, after the last application, she told him that she was going to spend the night at a neighbour's, and that she would send some one to let him loose, but warned him that, if he ever laid as much as his little finger on her again, she should only wait; and the next time she caught him he should suffer ten times as much as he had then. The man never *did* touch her again, for, though he continued to drink too much, he never let himself go so far as to forget the consequences.

I should like to add another case of a brave woman which comes back to me. I remember a subscription being raised to reward her. She lived in a small cottage standing by itself in a neighbouring village, and was known to have saved some money, which she was afraid to send to the bank for fear it should break, and so she hid it in her cottage. One night she woke up to find a man in her bedroom, very busily employed in searching her drawers. Without making the slightest noise she drew a rattle from under her pillow, and creeping to the open window by which he had come in, knocked away the ladder, and sprang her rattle vigorously. The man at once made a rush for the window, and was scrambling out when, to his dismay, he found the ladder gone, and tried to get back into the room again; but the old woman was too sharp for him. "No, no," she cried, "thee camest in this way, and this way thee shalt go out," and with that she seized his legs and gave him such a sudden vigorous push that he fell headlong on the pavement, and there lay, utterly stunned, till the neighbours and the village constable came and secured him.

But memories crowd almost too thickly. My indulgent readers must forgive me. My gallery of portraits isn't complete yet. Here is an old gravedigger—a most eccentric, curious old man, a tremendous politician, a regular red-hot old Tory—and he would while away many a tedious half-hour, whilst waiting for funerals, in laying down the law for every one, from the Prime Minister downwards. He used to wear

a short jacket, breeches tied at the knee, and stockings which always had holes in the legs. He had a strange fancy. He regularly tied up his stockings from Michaelmas Day to Lady Day, but on Lady Day, no matter how cold or bad the weather might be, he let them down, to hang over his boots till Michaelmas Day came round again.

An old woman comes next. She was a fortune-teller who established herself on a bit of waste land on the way up the Downs. She pitched her tent there one summer, and was always observed to have her lap full of stones when on her way home, and by the time winter came she had built these stones up all round her tent, so as to form a regular cairn, in which she lived as long as I can remember. I think the lord of the manor tried to turn her out at one time, but if I am not mistaken she had been there so long that she had established a legal claim, and they had to leave her in peace till she died.

Perhaps these random recollections, seemingly somewhat disjointed, may piece together into a sort of rough mosaic of the old times. So I go on, not taxing my imagination but drawing upon my storehouse of facts.

My aunt was driving over the Downs to call on an old lady she had heard was ill. On the way she met the old lady's nephew, and stopped, saying, "Oh, Mr. ——, I am so glad I met you. I was going to inquire for your aunt. I hope she is better." "Oh, she is quite comfortable, thank you, ma'am, quite comfortable. We put her five feet underground yesterday; quite comfortable, thank you. Good morning," and he lifted his hat and departed, leaving my aunt in mute astonishment.

There was an old man who used to collect rents for my father and others. He always brought them at breakfast time, and with a low bow saying, "Your parding, gentlemen! Your parding, ladies!" he would sit down, and pulling off his long top boots, would empty the money on the floor, and then invariably followed the same little joke, "You see, ladies, no

one can steal the money out of my boots; it's too near my understandings."

Sedan chairs were greatly in vogue in my young days for going to concerts, dinners, and whist parties. The sedan chairs were brought into the hall, and the ladies got in and arranged their hoops and shut the door. Then two men came and shut down the lid, and running the poles through the slides, put two on their shoulders and two in their hands, and started off and carried the ladies into the house of their friends. This little arrangement prevented any danger of taking cold, and many invalids were thus enabled to indulge in little harmless festivities in their friends' houses. Two unfortunate old ladies who lived in Oxford were starting off in this way, but had hardly heard their front doors shut behind them when they were overtaken by a party of undergraduates with more wine than sense in their heads. They seized the poles from the hands of the men and scampered off as hard as they could tear, never stopping, in spite of the screams of the occupants, till they had deposited them safely in the middle of a big turnip field.

There was a very well-to-do tradesman who had lately married a second time, and the bride, being a Londoner, looked down with supreme contempt on the ignorance of country people. She asked me to walk out in her garden with her; and there, to my astonishment, I saw a large plaster of Paris figure of the Virgin and Child, stuck up on a pedestal. On my exclaiming in astonishment, she said, "Oh, you know it, do you? Yes, I bought it at the door, and I knew these country people would not be any the wiser, so you see I just wrote under it, 'Alfred the Great and his Mother.'" She told me she had given a ball to her friends the night before, as she wished to show them how things ought to be done; and amongst other innovations, I remember she said, she had had real turtle soup handed round in coffee cups, between the dances, because her ma in Clapham always said it stood to reason the poor things wanted something good to keep them

up when they were taking that violent exercise; and what was there in ice and negus to support anybody? Unfortunately, as I heard afterwards, the poor lady only incurred the furious wrath of her guests for having given them, as they told me, soup with such bad meat in it. "It was positively green!"

I used to hear a great deal of a certain lady who lived at a village on the Downs. She must have been a wonderfully clever old lady, who could turn her hand to anything—from lining her close-carriage to leading the hounds. She could manage the farm, the house, and the village, and was thoroughly respected and feared by all the inhabitants. As an instance of this, I remember that once an itinerant preacher or ranter came to the village, and the people flocked out to hear him. Having no other pulpit, he mounted on a large heap of manure, and was preaching away valiantly, when out came this imperious lady, and turning first to one and then to another of the audience with "What is the meaning of this?" "What are you all gaping about?" "Thomas! why aren't you digging the potatoes?" "Betsy! go home and mind your baby." "Sally! get back to your wash-tub." "Molly! what business have you out here, when you ought to be getting your husband's dinner," &c., till they all scuttled off like rabbits to hide in their holes. Then turning to the preacher, after thus summarily dismissing his congregation, she said, "And now, pray, what brought you here? Aren't you ashamed of yourself to pretend to be preaching God's Holy Truths on a dunghill? Get you gone, you dirty fellow, and never show your face here again, or I'll have you ducked in the horse-pond." And you may depend upon it he did go.

Those were queer times when the people were without education, few only learning to read a little from the old dames who kept their little schools and could barely read themselves, and when their pupils came to a difficult word used to tell them to "say Jerusalem and go on." What H.M. Inspectors

of the present day would say to this, or the C.C. authorities, I cannot tell, and, oh! the horrible atmosphere of those schools! I shall never forget one in Northamptonshire where they were teaching lace-making. The little cottage room was crowded with children, each with their little pillow and bobbins on their laps, and when you opened the door you felt you might have cut the atmosphere with a knife. Ignorance and superstition were prevalent everywhere. I remember there were the most ridiculous beliefs even amongst tradespeople. For instance, a few days after the birth of his son, one of them had a donkey brought to the door and the poor baby was placed on it, with its face to the tail, and the parents were firmly convinced that they had thus secured their child from ever suffering from whooping-cough! Charms of all kinds were much used and worn, and fortune-tellers greatly feared, though much resorted to. The most innocent things were supposed to bring good or ill luck. The unfortunate magpie came in for its full share, and the old rhymes about it—

1. Sorrow,
2. Mirth,
3. A wedding,
4. A birth,
5. Heaven,
6. Hell,
7. The Devil his own sell—

were really believed in to such an extent that I once saw a nurse, with a baby in her arms, jump up in a pony carriage to curtsey to a magpie at the risk of falling out, baby and all.

I am afraid I am carrying my readers, if any have followed me so far, into so many highways and byways that my little narratives may be almost bewildering. But I may be allowed to say of my stories

> That if they find them wondrous short
> They will not keep them long,

and so I ask permission to insert one more incident before I

end this paper. I shall then make a full stop till I meet my readers again.

The Earl of Liverpool, who was Premier early in the last century, was travelling *incognito* with my father. They had posted in his lordship's carriage from Sussex to London, where they put up at one of the large hotels of that day, in Oxford Street.

The next morning, after breakfast, they set to work writing as hard as they could, without waiting for the breakfast things to be removed, and continued hard at work trying to deal with the voluminous correspondence that falls to the lot of Ministers of State, Lord Liverpool being at that time Prime Minister.

They had left Sussex rather in a hurry, and Lord Liverpool had brought with him, in lieu of his regular valet, a country lad, whom he had only lately taken into his service. When the business was concluded, Lord Liverpool suggested that they should go out for a walk together, as he had people to see before they left town. Then, ringing for his servant, he ordered him to clear the table and put everything carefully away in his portmanteau, and have the carriage at the door ready to start directly he returned.

They came back, to find everything ready as he had ordered; and, having settled the account, they got at once into the carriage and drove off. But they had not gone far before there was a cry raised of "Stop thief!" On they drove, however, taking no notice, and never imagining for a moment that the uproar could refer to them, until quite a crowd surrounded the carriage and stopped the horses; and Lord Liverpool putting his head out of the window, saw the landlord of the hotel and his people gesticulating furiously, whilst the yells of "Stop thief!" continued.

His lordship, who was of rather a choleric nature, inquired what in the world they meant by insulting him in that way.

"But you have stolen all my plate—the tea-pot, the

coffee-pot, the cream jug, and all the silver spoons—everything. It is all very well for you to call yourself Lord Liverpool, but you are a regular set of rascally thieves, and I have caught you just in time; so come out of that carriage at once."

Lord Liverpool, utterly bewildered, shouted to his servant to know what it all meant.

The lad, frightened out of his wits, came blubbering to the carriage-door with, "Yes, my lord. You know it's not my fault, my lord. You know you told me yourself that I was to clear everything off the table and put it all into your portmanteau."

"You stupid fool!" screamed Lord Liverpool. "Of course I meant my *papers*" (with tremendous emphasis)—"all *my papers*."

"But you did say 'everything,' my lord, indeed you did."

Meanwhile the landlord had hauled down the box, seized the keys from the lad, and opened it; and there, in the middle of Oxford Street, before a gaping crowd, the Premier of all England had to disgorge his stolen goods, and make his peace with the landlord as best he could.

My father told me he often tried afterwards to bring the incident up, and get Lord Liverpool to laugh at it; but his lordship was far too sore on the subject. He was always so afraid of the story getting into the newspapers that he would never be tempted to talk or even smile at it, or allow it to be mentioned in his presence. How he succeeded in keeping it out of print I cannot imagine, when it would have been such "nuts" to the Opposition to have got hold of it.

Lord Liverpool's Life was published a few years ago, and I looked anxiously to see if this anecdote was mentioned. But it was not. The secret had been too well kept.

(*To be continued*)

SAINTE-BEUVE

IT would be easy to be supremely unjust to the eminent man whose first centenary we are celebrating to-day; to be so, one would only have to apply to Sainte-Beuve himself the methods of which he so freely made use in dealing with his contemporaries. Indeed, if we were to seek in the story and details of his private life for the meaning of his work we should begin by giving a most uncharitable portrait—not to say a caricature—of the author of the "Portraits littéraires" and of the "Causeries du Lundi," but we should find to our surprise that such investigation, minute, indiscreet, and, we may say, somewhat perfidious, could throw no light either on the origins or the formation, or the development, or even on the character and the nature of his talent. To put it in other words, whatever may have been Sainte-Beuve's habits in life, the intrinsic worth, the real interest and the historical value of his work lie in the very fact that we may dissociate it entirely from his life. Or, to be still more precise, if we grant that a portion of his work—the "Pensées de Joseph Delorme," his "Livre d'Amour," his "Consolations," his "Pensées d'Août"—can only be explained in connection with his life, it must be acknowledged that his poems are weak for that very reason; he is himself the man that has survived, the man whose gifts we still admire and whose memory we honour, only in his critical work, in his "Portraits," in his "Port Royal," and in his "Lundis," in which, indeed, his personality reappears, but

with the defects of his character veiled, erased, and finally done away with by the disinterestedness of his curiosity, his wealth of information, the insight of his mind, the precision of his judgment, and a high standard of impartiality. You will, I know, on an occasion such as this, allow me to limit myself to the critical work of your illustrious fellow-citizen, and to consider myself fortunate if I can make clear to you in a sketch, in one short address and without introducing doubtful anecdotes or gossip, the diversity, the extent and the originality, of his work.

What was criticism before Sainte-Beuve? And what rank in the history of our literature could be claimed by those who had devoted their powers to criticism? To find an answer to that question, we need only recall the paltry fame of a Marmontel, of a La Harpe, of a Ginguené. Boileau is the only exception, and he wrote verse. Generally speaking, the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries esteemed a critic little, if at all, above a "grammarian"; they saw that the latter had fewer opportunities of doing harm, and that therefore the former needed more tactful management. I do not say that to astonish you. Many great things have had small, I might almost say regrettable, beginnings. Literary emulation, which is very closely related to envy, has had as great a share in bringing about modern criticism as the refining of taste. And I am afraid that there are more traces of this somewhat humble origin to be found even in Sainte-Beuve's work than one would wish to find. No doubt it is partly owing to this its origin that professional criticism in France was for a very long time what it was in the "Satires" of Boileau himself, nothing more than the art of exposing faults in the works of others; of analysing them with a view to "disqualifying" the work; of seeking to gain as a writer either of prose or verse a reputation for wit and sarcasm at the expense of talent or even of genius. Voltaire, without being a professional, had excelled in that kind of criticism. And after him, at the close of the Revolution, Mme. de Staël and Chateaubriand, the one in her book

" Littérature " and the other in his " Génie du Christianisme," had conceived an ideal and had already given some specimens of a criticism that was more generous, more catholic and impartial, less intent on analysing and ridiculing defects, more ready to explain and define the beauty of a work. Villemain, in his chair at the Sorbonne, had gone even further. He had treated the literature of the eighteenth century as much in the capacity of an historian of the ideas, more especially the political ideas, of the eighteenth century, as in the capacity of " critic " in the strict sense of the term. None the less, the old criticism continued, and if we take all things into consideration, we find that it is to this latter rather than to the new criticism that Sainte-Beuve's earlier essays belong.

It is true that at that time (during the last years of the Restoration) romanticism had begun, and from that time continued, to stand in opposition to classicism, and this circumstance was not long in bringing about a renaissance of criticism. For, whereas the former criticism always urged its own rules and cloaked even its malice with " principles," romantic criticism was going to move in the opposite direction and tend to encourage that emancipation of the ego which, in a certain sense, is what romanticism means, and was thus to raise on the ruins of formal rules the throne of individuality. Romanticism was going to devote its energies to prove that the interest of any work, classic or other—of a tragedy of Racine or an oration of Bossuet—was not the work itself, " Andromaque," or " l'Oraison funèbre de Madame Duchesse d'Orléans," nor even Madame herself, still less Andromache or Pyrrhus, not even, considered by themselves, the subjects of Bossuet's eloquence or those of Racine's poetry, but wholly and solely the man—the poet or orator—who stood behind the work: Jean Racine himself or Jacques-Bénigne Bossuet. A work of art is looked on as being primarily the manifestation or the " representation," so to speak, of the author. The author translates himself and cannot help revealing his personality. He displays and unfolds himself in it. Purposely? That is

another matter, and beside the mark. At all events, we take him, we criticise him, just as he has given himself to us. We have him before us, with his qualities both good and bad (none of them necessarily connected with his writing), with his characteristic way of feeling and thinking, with his ideas of mankind and life; furthermore, with all that indefinable something we can never refuse to recognise in the influences of origin and education, and the subtle inspiration a man involuntarily receives from his contemporaries and his environment, with his tastes, his fads, his prejudices, his likes and dislikes, his very attitudes and gestures—all that sifted by means of an analysis of the works—that henceforward will be the raw material of criticism. The critic's products will be "Portraits," either head and shoulders only or full length, formal or homely, either with brush or burin; the works of the poet or the novelist serving merely as documents to corroborate the likeness and truthfulness of the portraits. And that, as you know, is what Sainte-Beuve did for eight or ten years, from 1828 to 1837. He produced portraits and indiscretions. And unfortunately for him, his indiscretions more than once erred on the wrong side of the pardonable. He was sometimes wanting in tact, sometimes—and this, perhaps, more frequently—in generosity. But it was by these methods—including even his indiscretion—that he succeeded in clothing the dry bones of classical criticism with flesh and blood.

You know what this theory of criticism led to in his hands, and it is almost unnecessary to refer to it. It is, for many people, the whole criticism of Sainte-Beuve, and the reason is that it is in this phase of his criticism that he has been most frequently followed. In the eyes of many people Sainte-Beuve's remarkable originality consists in his having transformed criticism from a lifeless analysis of letters to a living biography of men; and nowadays, for many people—too many people—a study of Molière or of Victor Hugo amounts to nothing more than a study of the better-known events of their life. There is no longer any question of judging, appreciating,

explaining, or discussing such works as "Tartufe," "Le Misanthrope," the "Contemplations," and the "Légende des Siècles"; it is rather a matter of investigating when and under what circumstances and with whom Armande Béjart was disloyal to Molière, of determining, with the help of dates and letters, the nature of the intimacy between Victor Hugo and Princess Negroni. Far be it from me to deny the interest of this kind of knowledge! But Sainte-Beuve was not the man to be blind to the fact that when this tendency is exaggerated the very purpose of criticism is lost. The great writers only interest us by reason of their works, I mean because they are authors, and as proof we may recall how little interest we take in the life either of Lefèvre-Deumier or of Boulay-Paty. And so, before speaking of men, one must be sure of the value of their work. Psychology, physiology, pathology, and other "ologies" certainly are interesting, but it is an interest which cannot but be ancillary. Sainte-Beuve was fully aware of it, and, unless I am very much mistaken, that is what is noticeable in the writings of his second style, the masterpiece of which is his "Port Royal."

No less clearly did he see, though he failed to say so frankly and emphatically enough, what was the fallacy of such biographical criticism and in what way it was misleading. For as a matter of fact Buffon's celebrated dictum, *Le style c'est l'homme,* is not true in any sense whatever, or, at any rate, if you prefer it so, it may be or it may not be true; sometimes it is just; often it is quite wrong. It would not be difficult to multiply examples. I think that in the whole history of our literature there is no temperament so well balanced, no mind better controlled, no conduct so prudent or astute as that of Rabelais. And could any one imagine such a state of things from the style of his "Pantagruel" or his "Gargantua"? Or, again, leaving aside all his other qualities, do you know any style more nervous—I should like to call it "decisory"—more trenchant, more authoritative than that of Bossuet? And yet his gentleness, which sometimes verged on feebleness, is attested by the

witness of all his contemporaries. I could say the same of the author of the "Soirées de Saint-Pétersbourg." The famous pages on "the executioner" and on "war"—which, by the way, I cannot help finding somewhat rhetorical—are by one of the most amiable, affectionate and tender husbands or fathers. It is true that, on the other hand, the author of that immortal idyll, "Paul et Virginie" and of the "Etudes de la Nature," which are so full of the spirit of simplicity, was of all men the most uncompromising and unsatisfactory companion, the most crochety, the most selfish and the least disinterested of men. It is clear then that it is often a mistake to look for the man in his work; he may or he may not be in it; it all depends on the work and on the man himself. Lamartine is perhaps wholly in such works as his "Méditations," his novels, his "Girondins"; but you only find a part of Balzac in his books, *disjecti membra poetæ;* and, to revert to our subject, the Sainte-Beuve of "Port Royal" is only a very distant relation of "Joseph Delorme" or even of the author of "Volupté."

Quite recently a number of letters of Sainte-Beuve have been published, the most important of which are those which form the correspondence with the Oliviers of Lausanne, and, as you know, they belong to the most troubled part of the great critic's life. In them he is always complaining that his health is giving way, and he comments in twenty different ways on La Bruyère's epigram: "Criticism is a profession which requires more health than genius." La Bruyère was right. Health of body, soul, and mind, that is the first requisite of a critic, and during the years between 1830 and 1848 Sainte-Beuve learned it by bitter experience. His private affairs in the meantime were in much the same state as his health. Modest though his tastes were—and they remained modest to the end, simple and bourgeois—his unrelenting industry failed to satisfy them, and want of funds often made him deprive himself of holidays. He also suffered humiliation—his pride was wounded; for it was just at that time (1830-1848) that the growing reputation of Musset, Vigny, Lamar

tine, Hugo, and others caused him deep offence, proportionate to his conviction that he himself was a poet; and he was quite ready to despise the humbler task to which he found himself bound by necessity. What more can we add? He felt the bitterness of discontent all the time that he was boasting of his independence, and he tortured himself by comparing his own condition with that of men like Villemain, Cousin, Guizot, Rémusat, Thiers, Mignet, ministers, peers of France, *conseillers d'Etat*, deputies—in a word, men of eminence; and he would ask himself for what reason? Then it was, just at the time when his letters, and also his "Chroniques parisiennes" in the *Revue Suisse*, under the shelter of a *nom de plume*, are full to overflowing of his hatreds and the bitterness of his heart, that he could so "abstract" himself in the first volumes of his "Port Royal" that there is hardly a trace of it all; so that of all his works, it happens that the one which is the most impersonal is precisely the one which he wrote at a time when he was most self-engrossed—and I have said nothing of the "little secrets of the heart." So true is it that a genuine writer, if only he is inspired with the importance of his subject, forgets himself whilst dealing with it, or, as it is sometimes expressed, subordinates himself to it and puts into it as little of himself as he can, and that involuntarily. That is what Sainte-Beuve, had he not known it already, would have learned at the school of Port Royal.

Elsewhere I have praised this fine book to the best of my ability; I look upon it almost as a model of the way in which literary history should be written, almost, indeed, as the masterpiece of French criticism in the nineteenth century. I do not agree with all its opinions, but I am an enthusiastic admirer of the whole, including the digressions which, with their profusion and diversity, express so well the contingency, mobility and hazard in the sequence of this world's events. Even the style itself does not displease me, with its reticence, its "repentings" and all its tangled metaphors, which it is so easy to ridicule for their laboured affectation. That extreme precision is never

anything more than a means of driving home the analysis of ideas or of completing the delineations of character more scientifically. And if, with the purpose of depicting these characters, or of explaining the minds of the seventeenth century, it sometimes comes about that the author takes the standpoint of his contemporaries, I cannot blame him for it, for it is a way of demonstrating, with a long gradation of shades, the perennity of human nature, and the fact that not only a whole period of our history, but even the whole of psychology may be found within the four walls of one monastery.

> Humani generis mores tibi nosse volenti
> Sufficit una domus . . .

It is thus that Sainte-Beuve's earlier style found in his second method its limitations and its improvements. "The Ego is despicable," it is the work that counts—the essays of Montaigne and the thoughts of Pascal—that is the trace that those men have left—or if you will, the furrow they turned in the field of human thought. The knowledge of the man and of his private life is of interest only so far as it may serve to elucidate the knowledge of his work. By all means let a close study of the life of Pascal and of Montaigne be made, but all that need be retained is that which throws light upon the history of their thought. Gather and study any and all "documents" that can be found, but let it not be thought that the task is done when they are published or even when the comments have been written. If amongst them there are some that are insignificant, let them be left aside for those whom our friend Nicole so picturesquely described as "shell-gatherers" (though very unjustly when he applied the term to Pascal); with a good story, there is the temptation of telling it even though it is not to the point; and it is easy enough to distort the meaning of a work by introducing elements which the author never dreamed of. Let the work be reset in the circumstances which gave it birth, and any effort to understand its genesis is an effort in the right direction. It did not fall from

heaven and we cannot explain it away by some hypothesis of spontaneous generation. If therefore the work be viewed in connection with the events which followed it, it will be seen how and why it would have differed ten years sooner, or twenty years later. "L'Introduction à la Vie dévote" would not be what it is if Saint François de Sales had lived in the reign of Louis XIV. Furthermore, the criticism of a work must not be overlooked, for the sincere criticism of a great work becomes part and parcel of it, so to say, and certainly influences the determination of its meaning. It would be impertinent to pretend to be able to take no account of it. And out of all these elements together an opinion may be formed entirely personal and original, personal for reasons outside cognisance and control, and such an opinion would participate in that kind of impersonality which alone, in its own sphere, is capable of making the great works of literature or art living forces in history. Even the confessions of Rousseau would hardly interest us if there were nothing but Rousseau in them.

And yet, what was it that was missing in Sainte-Beuve's second manner? Can it be said that anything was missing? Yes and no. There was nothing missing if literary criticism or history are an end in themselves. But are they and can they be an end and aim in themselves? Many think so, many go so far as to say so in their lectures; and it would be easy to draw up a long list of excellent monographs whose highest ambition is to be what they are—merely excellent monographs. As to the subject of the monograph, circumstances are left to decide, and no one dreams of speaking of (or of renewing discussions about) George Sand and Sainte-Beuve unless the celebration of their centenary happens to offer a natural and topical interest. There are other critics, still more independent, who leave it to the course of their own thoughts to decide. I know some who happen to look through a catalogue or delve in a second-hand book-store, and make that an excuse. Sainte-Beuve was never an amateur of this dye, and if, during the needy days of his early life he ran some risk of becoming one, he was saved by

the ideal of criticism which he always held before him. Not that the conception of this ideal was, even at that time, very precise or clear; it would be difficult, for instance, to find any very distinct traces of it in an article dated 1835 where it might be found, if anywhere, seeing that its title was "Du Génie critique et de Bayle." In it the author merely stated that one of the conditions of true criticism in the widest acceptation of the term is to have no personal art or style; and I can quite believe that he was right. Communion with the writers of Port Royal — Pascal alone excepted — could only tend to strengthen him in that belief. But he had also learned from the same masters, this time including Pascal, that this passiveness and this disinterestedness of criticism are good qualities only in so far as they lead to something, more especially to a completer, clearer knowledge and understanding of the truth. If I may so express myself, one cannot make an off-hand abstraction of one's tastes and of one's personality, not even in literature; but if a man suppresses his instincts and draws conclusions which are at variance with his impressions, there certainly must be some reason. It is this *reason* that cannot be found in the "Port Royal"; it is patent in the criticism of the "Causeries du Lundi."

In naming the "Causeries du Lundi" I name that part of Sainte-Beuve's whole work which is, without doubt, best known; if it cannot be said to be the most popular, it is at least the most admired. May we not regret that the illustrious critic did not always display that "passiveness" and "disinterestedness" which he commended with so much wit in his remarks on Bayle? The "Causeries du Lundi" are hard on the conquered of 1848; and from another standpoint, when we turn to the articles on Alfred de Musset or on Honoré de Balzac, we cannot but think that the critic is taking undue advantage of the terribly heavy handicap he has in having survived those whose momentary rival he had been. It may astonish you if I, addressing you to-day, assert that he often oversteps the mark in what he says concerning the men of

the Revolution and of the eighteenth century. Not indeed that he has treated them too drastically, for I for my part would endorse nearly every opinion he expresses. But, thinking as he did, he had no right to publish such judgments in 1850 or 1860; and surely we are not hypercritical if we look upon them as rather political than literary. With this reservation, I confess I think that one cannot exaggerate his admiration for or his praise of these "Causeries du Lundi." Men of letters, historians, worldlings, philosophers, men of science, not one of them fails to make himself at home in the infinite variety of this collection, not one fails to find in each subject the essence, however peculiar, of his own thinking. In the "Causeries du Lundi" the curiosity of the critic is found to be averse to nothing, his powers are equal to any subject of topical interest which current events suggest for his discussion; his ease and his adaptability are in no way inferior to his erudition. Mere ordinary monographs, as he called them; and, technically, they are nothing more; but it is difficult to imagine anything more instructive than these monographs; and when read one after another in unbroken succession and without a pause, these monographs give us a glimpse of connections and sequences, as the author himself saw them; and all these "observations of detail"—the too modest expression is his own—concur and converge in a common end and aim which might be termed "the natural history of the mind." To draw in outline the "natural history of the mind" was the purpose of Sainte-Beuve's criticism, a purpose which he was no doubt capable of discovering and adopting for himself—that is clear enough in the "Causeries"—but a purpose whose full import was not brought home to him until some time later; in fact—and perhaps it is time to insist on this—not until he came under the influence of those who are considered—and rightly so—his disciples.

When we study the work and the life of a writer, we lay great stress on all who have been his forerunners in the history of his particular *genre*, and we are at great pains to discover

the origin of his originality. We are also quite willing to investigate the influence which his contemporaries may have had on him. But we scarcely ever mention—if indeed we ever do—the influence of his disciples and his successors; and yet what writer or what artist ever escaped that influence, however small his share in life? There is more Quinault in Corneille than is usually supposed, and in Victor Hugo there is almost as much Leconte de Lisle. In much the same way Taine and Renan are disciples of Sainte-Beuve, but disciples whose principles, nay ideas, Sainte-Beuve did not disdain to adopt, and just as there is some Sainte-Beuve in the "Etudes d'histoire religieuse" or in the "Essais de critique et d'histoire," so there is some, and just as much, Taine and Renan in the last volumes of the "Causeries du Lundi" and more in the "Nouveaux Lundis." When disciples develop the ideas of a master and carry them to their limits, they bring about two results: in the first place, they set in prominent relief whatever systematic interdependence those ideas may have; secondly, they indicate exactly the boundaries which he will not exceed. For this service Sainte-Beuve is indebted to the Taines and the Renans. Whatever Sainte-Beuve saw of the expression of a reality or of the outlines of a future science in that "natural history of men's minds"—a nomenclature which may at first have been a mere metaphor to him—he owed it to the novel precision which Renan in his early writings gave to the physiological conception of Race. And Taine's ideas of the "mutual dependences"—which, according to the theory, unify in one "order" Colbert, the gardens at Versailles, Lebrun's battle scenes, and Racine's tragedies, making them all mere manifestations of the same phase of thought or feeling—all this, as it were, conveyed—if not actually revealed—to Sainte-Beuve the definite expression of what he had instinctively caught glimpses of in his "Port Royal" or in his "Causeries du Lundi."

But, though he drew inspiration from them, he judged them; and in two or three respects he refused to let himself

be carried away by the originality of their method. He did not consent to see with them nothing in a literary work save an example of a thought phase, nothing but an historical "document." For as a matter of fact he had seen quite clearly that, if sufficient labour be bestowed, every work may be explained by history—in other words, by the play of natural forces and the force of circumstance; everything in the work, except that one thing which is the real end of literary criticism —I mean the *quality* of Pascal's style and the *nature* of Racine's genius. For if the nature of Racine's genius was determined by the concatenation of events as rigorously as is claimed, why, in the same circumstances, was there only one Racine? And, granting the force of all the ingenious or instructive parallels which can be drawn between Pascal's language and that of his contemporaries in general, or that of the gentlemen of Port Royal in particular, if Pascal's style is his own, is it not true that he is therein unique and that therefore he can be explained only by the personality of Pascal? That is the peculiar domain of literature or of literary criticism, and Sainte-Beuve could not forget it. Before being a document on the customs of the age or even a manifestation of the personality of their author, a tragedy of Racine or a comedy of Molière, "Andromaque," or "Le Misanthrope," are primarily literary works, and as such appeal to our sensibility, stimulating or touching it by means which literary criticism has, in its turn, to analyse, by defining their nature, by explaining their power and by weighing their legitimacy. For we are not always right, as you know, in laughing when we laugh and weeping when we weep. Racine laughed when the dives of the epigram wept:

> . . . Sur ce pauvre Holopherne
> Si méchamment mis à mort par Judith.

And the tricks which made Molière weep when Armande Béjart played them on him, are the very ones which make us laugh in the "Ecole des Femmes." Furthermore, there are methods which are used to draw tears or laughter, or more generally

literary interest, which are not by any means of equal value; they may range from extreme refinement to the acme of vulgarity. This is what the author of the "Nouveaux Lundis" stood up for against the philosophical exaggerations of his young rivals; indeed he may be said to have been defending against them his own originality, and, so to say, taking care of his own remembrance in the minds of men.

I will not attempt to establish a comparison between the "Nouveaux Lundis" and the "Causeries du Lundi"; I will express no preference; I want to limit myself to one remark. The "Nouveaux Lundis," together with the first of his "Portraits Contemporains," are undoubtedly that portion of his critical work which is most like him. He had just been made a Senator, he was thenceforward free from the fear of need. He might at length lay down his pen if he so chose and the reputation which the work already completed had brought him would not diminish. He enjoyed his honours: the Cousins and the Hugos had been peers of France; he was a Senator of the Empire. He had regained the popularity which for a moment had been in jeopardy: two or three speeches had sufficed together with some touches of heterodoxy in his Monday *feuilletons*, touches which might be taken for opposition were they not the indirect and traditional way of flattering those in power. We may say that we have seen such tactics in France from the time of Rabelais until Sainte-Beuve's day—this trying to make the State believe that its authority increases by reason of every addition to the "province of free thought"; and if we concede that, we cannot shut our eyes to what there is of it in the "Nouveaux Lundis." But above all, there are a dilettantism, a scepticism, and at the same time an optimism, which are the expression of the last phase of Sainte-Beuve's thought; and it is fortunate for him and for us that the excess of it is hidden by his love of literature. If he had ceased to believe in all else (and such a change would not have been a great wrench to him), if he had come to disbelieve even those things which he fancied he believed, he

would still have had faith in the power of an apposite word, in the value of a cæsura or a run-on line, in the relative worth of the various styles, in literary glory, in, I am tempted to add, the sacerdotal dignity of criticism; and he was right, for that is what has made his name survive him.

We need such men, we need all kinds of them, men who place nothing higher than the glory of their profession, men for whom that glory consists in having well performed whatever their profession called them to perform. Amidst the countless forms of consciousness, few are more indispensable to the progress of culture and civilisation than professional loyalty, and I think of all the many virtues that may be ours, there are few that give us a more just title to honour or a better claim to the recognition of posterity. "Literature leads to everything, provided you can get out of it." Villemain, who is the reputed author of these words, is hardly a convincing example of his dictum. But change it to "literature leads much further if only you can be loyal to it," and Sainte-Beuve is a striking proof of our assertion. If nearly the whole of his work survives him—and it is now thirty-five years since he died—and if we may believe that it will survive him very long; if it is not only permissible but, I may almost say, obligatory for justice' sake, to forget what trace he has left therein of his weaknesses, in order that we may remember nothing but the breadth and the diversity of his characteristics; if the critic's veerings and contradictions—or are we to go so far as to call them his palinodes and metamorphoses?—cannot prevent our seeing from a distance the just proportions of the unquestionable unity of his thought; if it was his to reconstruct the empire of criticism by extending the frontiers and annexing whole provinces which a La Harpe and a Marmontel would have deemed barbarous and therefore unworthy of their attention; and if, in the history of the nineteenth century (one of its claims to originality is having applied criticism to all things, even where it was not required), the name of Sainte-Beuve is and remains representative of and synonymous with

criticism itself, we may feel assured that he owes it to his constant and passionate love of literature. He had not always a full measure of love for literary men, especially if they were his contemporaries; I have not sought to palliate the fact. This is no funeral oration, nor is it an academical panegyric. But I feel bound to say emphatically that he was a true lover of literature; he loved it with intensity and he loved it in all its manifestations. I might even go further and say, that in all the manifestations of the human mind as revealed by word or writing, he looked for literature and found it. He found it in the "Economiques de Sully" and in the "Journal de Dangean." And that is what no one before him had ever done, and it is quite probable that no one will again; the times in which we live are not propitious times for literature, and that is what assures him a unique position in history. How high? I cannot say. I leave that task to those who speak at the celebration of Sainte-Beuve's second centenary. I end by saying that superior as he is to all with whom one is tempted to compare him, he is comparable to none of those whose equal he seems to be—so different is he. Joseph Delorme, thou hast nothing to regret!—nothing with which to upbraid fortune; fortune knew what she was doing when she led thee towards criticism and turned thy steps away from paths in which thy rivals were triumphantly progressing, in order that she might lead thee to a way where none will ever tread except in thy footprints, where none can ever surpass thee unless it be by first following thy lead and being thy disciple.

FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.

A SIDE-LIGHT ON INDIA

THE BYLE

BULLOCK is what we call it, but its national name is *Byle*, and I make bold to say that no one has made himself properly acquainted with the people of India who has not well considered the Byle. Your travelling member of Parliament never does this, which sufficiently accounts for him. He makes his round of the country in the cold season, converses with "all classes of the people," and goes away as ignorant as he came and more securely barred against knowledge. He thinks he has seen India because he has seen samples of its human curiosities and heard the sentiments which they keep on hand to set before strangers. The fact is that, of all races in the world, there is none that can compete with the Hindoo in saying, and not only saying, but feeling and believing, things suitable to the occasion. Long practice has made it automatic with him. Knowing that he is looked at by a member of the great Sabha that makes laws in England, is enough of itself to change his whole nature for the time, and cause him to make a presentation of himself that his own mother would not recognise. Therefore, if you would know him, you must find means to look at him without his being aware of it. You must stand at the shop windows and catch his reflection as he passes. There are, indeed, no windows in the shops of his native village, but I speak figuratively. There are other mirrors in which the observant may

study him, and of these I do not know one that shows his very "form and pressure" so faithfully as the Byle. In its outward aspect it is only an undersized animal of the ox kind, with a queer hump on its back, which does most of the duties that are performed in our country by the horse, and, as I have said, we call it bullock, or, collectively, cattle. But the Byle is more than these words can carry. It is one of the most pervasive ingredients of the hoary life of India. An image of it in stone stands in front of nearly every temple in the country, symbolic of many things. The mother of it is the sacred animal of all Hindooism. In every town one or two favoured individuals of its race, consecrated to the gods, roam the streets and thrust their noses unchecked into the baskets of the corn merchants, fattening vicariously for their brethren at the plough or under the yoke of the creaking *Hakkery*. I warrant him who will take the trouble to study the Byle patiently that he will find a key to the mind of the Hindoo peasant and some insight into the tenour of his humble life.

A great Indian administrator is credited with the saying that he could find no difference between the English country bumpkin and the Indian country bumpkin but this, that when you perplex the former he scratches his head, whereas, when you perplex the latter he scratches his thighs. The saying sounds smart because that singular difference is indisputable, but it is only an index to constitutional difference which separates the two bumpkins as widely as the lands of their birth. The Byle will illustrate what I say. Try to imagine an English ploughman driving a team of Byles, or a Mahratta *koonbee* steering an English plough-horse. It is not imaginable. Try rather to imagine a monkey plunging for fish among polar icebergs, or a seal disporting itself among the trees of a tropical forest. The monkey was made for trees and trees for the monkey. So the Byle was made for the Hindoo and the Hindoo for the Byle. They have acted and reacted on each other for centuries and reflect each other now.

One of the very first things that strike an Englishman

about the Byle is the thickness of its skin. I do not mean merely that its body is encased in a crass hide. The words are true in their widest sense. The integuments of its mind and feelings are thick and tough. To stir it in any part of its nature strong stimulants must be used. And this is a notable example of the mutual adaptation subsisting between it and its master. For though we often speak of him as "the mild Hindoo," and with justice, since his nature and sentiments are essentially mild, yet his methods of giving expression to his sentiments are not delicate. When he walks with his friend on the public road, discoursing on household matters, he bawls so that you can hear him a hundred yards away. And when he addresses himself to his Byle, he is naturally still more forcible. To make it understand that he desires it to move on he commonly uses a *flagellum*, consisting of a short bamboo handle and a very long thong of tough hide. Swinging this round his head, he brings it down on his beast from above in such a way that the thong encircles its belly, stinging its tenderest surface for the space of half a fathom, with a report like a gunshot. This, done at intervals, keeps the Byle going, but the intervals are fully filled with other incentives, chiefly loud pops and strange noises quite unattainable to European lips. Sometimes, owing to overwork, want of food, a lame leg, a sore neck, or some other trivial cause, the Byle is more than usually sluggish. Then stronger stimulants are at hand. At the butt end of the whip handle there is commonly a sharp nail, which can be pressed into the flesh till the desired effect is produced. And there is always the poor beast's tail. That is another wonderful provision of nature. What could a Mahratta driver do with the tail of a horse? The tail of the bullock is long and thin, like a rope with a tassel at the end. Grasp it above the tassel and give it a good, firm twist, and you will inflict the torture of the rack with almost no exertion to yourself. If the bullock is very obstinate the screw can be tightened, but care should be taken not to twist the tail off, as careless drivers sometimes do; for this lowers the value of the

beast. A bullock without a tail is worse than a boat without a helm.

The Byle is steered partly by its tail and partly by a cord tied to its horns and connected with another cord which passes through a hole in its nose. As a rule it goes steadily along the road, only meandering a little from side to side; but many bullocks are possessed at times with a demon of perversity, which prompts them to go off the road down steep banks, into ditches, or over any obstacle that seems likely to upset a cart. In vain the driver tugs at their noses, heaps blood-curdling imprecations on their heads, and flays their backs and bellies. They just push steadily on in the direction of their choice until he springs from his seat, rushes to their heads and, grasping one nose-string in each hand, nearly wrenches their nostrils off and forces them back into the road. Then they go on quietly. They have horns, but it never occurs to them to impale him while he is treating them so. They seldom even kick. They just suffer calmly all that he inflicts, and when it is sufficient to overbalance their disinclination to proceed, they proceed. Sometimes the disinclination is unconquerable. Then the bullock lies down and seems to say, "Now, do what you like with me." This is very provoking, but the driver is too much akin to his beast to get into a passion. He dismounts and gazes at it and remarks that it had a double day's work yesterday and is tired out, then curses its mother and exchanges his whip for a thick bamboo. Taking this in both hands, he belabours it with all his might, while a friend assists the effect by trying to heave the animal off the ground by its tail. There is no malice in all this. You do not charge a carpenter with malice when he hammers a nail on the head to drive it into a plank. How the bullock feels about the matter cannot be told, for it makes no outward sign. When the driver sees that he is only wasting his strength, he stops beating, for he is a practical man. He has still one resource. He takes a thin, strong cord, winds it round and round the bullock's nose and stands back. This never fails. In a few moments the poor

animal struggles to its feet in an agony of suffocation. Then the cord is unwound and the cart proceeds till the beast lies down again.

I have said that the cart-driver makes strange sounds, such as pops like the opening of a soda-water bottle, chucks and chirrups, gurgles and appalling roars. This is indeed a most important part of the art of driving. Bullocks will not go without these noises. There is one particular note, a blast of sound midway between a hiss and a gasp, with which I have seen a master hand get a cart out of a most hopeless ditch when all other devices had failed. It seemed to galvanise the animals into a supernatural and simultaneous effort. Sometimes the Mahratta driver will fall to reviling his bullock, its mother, sisters, and aunts (all sacred animals), with a vehemence which you may mistake for a tearing passion if you do not know him. I have not decided whether this has any effect on the beasts, or only eases himself. Of course the bullock does not understand the import of the words and its "state is the more gracious," but the driver's voice is raucous and the din that he makes may stun and distress its ears. Besides, these imprecations are usually premonitory of blows, and it may learn to associate them. It agrees with this view that the Mahratta reviles most copiously when ploughing; for at the plough there are not two bullocks to drive, but eight, and the only chance of getting along at all is to keep at least four of them on an average straining at the yoke. But the bullock's nature is such that, when its neighbour begins to put forth an effort, it stops to rest. And the tails of only the last team are within the ploughman's reach. He may reach the second team with his whip, but he must scourge the rest with his tongue. And he does it. "Raja-raja-raja, pop, pop. Dih-dih-dih. Ho-ho-ho. Chendia! Thou corpse! Son of an abandoned mother! Brother of a cow buffalo! Ho-ho-ho, Raja! Dih-dih-dih-dih-dih. Pop. Dowlut! Dowlut! Pop. Dowlut!!! Thou . . . (unfit for publication)." So the torrent flows without almost a pause. Now Raja and Chendia

and Dowlut all know their own names, and as each one hears the volley levelled at it and enforced by the bodeful whistling of the long whip as it circles round the driver's head, presentiments of castigation no doubt admonish it to rouse itself and pull. So the whole procession keeps moving.

I sincerely hope that no one will gather from what I have said that the Mahratta is a brute who delights in cruelty, for he is not. I have described his methods when combating perversity or contrary circumstances, in order to illustrate how happily he and the Byle are suited to one another. If he tried the same methods (and he knows no other) on a Clydesdale plough-horse, awful things would happen, which might throw his very mind out of gear; for the horse is an excitable and thin-skinned beast. The Byle is not excitable. It has no superfluous spirit, nor is it ever in a hurry. It is stolid, patient and a creature of habit. In short, it is like him and he is like it, so the two understand each other and their lives run harmoniously together. A cartman's life seems to me a beautiful idyll, and often have I contemplated it with admiration and envy, standing on one of those great trunk roads that straggle down the steep western Ghauts to some picturesquely filthy little town, at the head of a broad creek which has been a gate for the outpouring of the wealth of the country since the days when ships of Tarshish brought Solomon ivory and apes and peacocks. Giant trees on either hand bend over the road and let fall great drops of dew, which make round holes in the dust, for the sun has scarcely dawned yet. The songs of birds on every side mingle with a hundred strange cries, the hooting of the monkeys, the rattle of the huge red squirrel, the moaning of the imperial fruit pigeon, the screaming of parrots, the rapping of woodpeckers, and the unearthly cries of hornbills; but one does not see much, for the forest is too thick. Jungle cocks are crowing to each other on all hands, and a turn of the road brings us suddenly on one of them, with a couple of hens in his company, picking up the corn that fell from a passing cart last evening. The cool air is perfumed

with sweet flowers, spiced with aromatic shrubs and tainted with the effluvium of a dead bullock. You see, a bullock will sometimes die on the march, and then it is dragged off the road and left for the jackals and vultures to finish. However, we are soon past that. Suddenly the sweet cadence of distant, deep-toned bells begins to beat time to the music of the birds. A long column of carts on their way down has turned the shoulder of a hill. They are not going up, I know, for there are no human voices, and bullocks cannot be got to drag a cart up a hill without the most fearful objurgations. Presently another turn of the hill brings them into sight, and it becomes clear that we shall have to get off the road, for the foremost cart is on the extreme right and the rearmost on the extreme left, and nothing can get between them, because the bullocks of each cart are pressing their heads into the one in front of them. It is vain to shout, for the drivers are all blissfully asleep in perfect confidence that their Byles will not do anything unusual. If they were horses they would need to be looked after; this is another reason why the Mahratta cannot get on with the horse. It is amusing to study the various attitudes of these men, so soundly slumbering on the tops of their loads. It matters not what the load is. It may be bales of loose cotton, piled six feet high, or bags of grain, or logs of firewood. Lay a native on his back and he will go to sleep without inquiring what is under him. If he cannot lie down, he will sleep sitting, or leaning against anything that offers. In this way they have been travelling most of the night, for bullocks feel the heat of the sun.

But now one driver after another sits up and yawns and makes sundry noises, by which man in a state of nature expresses that this is a weary world. As each man throws off his coarse, black blanket, you will see that he is dressed in the usual scanty loincloth and a *puggree*, or bandage of whitish or red stuff, rolled about his head; but some of them also wear a short jacket of cotton cloth, originally white. Across the back of this there may be an inscription in large blue letters, such as

HORROCK'S, or 42 YARDS, showing that the wearer was lucky enough to secure the end of a piece of cloth, which is both cheaper and more ornamental than the rest.

The cart, or "hakkery," is well worth a little examination. A rough and simple frame, put together without the use of nails, rests on two large wheels. The floor is of split bamboos; there is not a plank in the whole structure except the driver's seat. The pole is attached to the axle-tree, and the front part of the body of the cart rests on it. It projects about the length of a bullock, and across the end of it is the yoke. Just in front of the body of the cart a board is nailed across the pole for the driver to sit on. He sits astride, and from that position his toes can reach the ribs of the bullocks and his hands command their tails. The yoke rests on the necks of the bullocks, which appear to have been designed expressly to receive it. The hump prevents it slipping back, the horns prevent it slipping forward, and an iron pin and leather throat-strap prevent the bullock getting out sideways. A joint of hollow bamboo, containing grease for the wheels, hangs at one side, and the pariah dog trots under the body of the cart.

With this rough and simple machinery the whole carrying trade of the country is done wherever railways do not run, and one is ready to take for granted that the "hakkery" is one of the institutes of Menu. The fact is, though few know it, that this form of cart was invented by two ingenious British officers, of whom one died only a few years ago. Up to fifty years ago Western India had no cart except a ponderous vehicle mounted upon two solid discs of stone or heavy wood, and utterly unfit for ordinary traffic. These two officers saw that one of the most urgent needs of the country was a useful cart or waggon, to turn to account the new roads that were being opened up in all directions, and they set themselves to devise something which a Mahratta could understand and two bullocks could draw, strong enough for very rough work, cheap enough for a very poor people, and simple enough for a village carpenter to make or mend. The result was the "hakkery," a thing so truly

oriental in its conception, that the people fitted to it at once. No monument rewarded the inventors, but they can well afford to say, "Si momentum quæris, circumspice." The hakkery is now on every road, and it is difficult to see how the country ever got on without it. The Mahratta himself is unaware that he is indebted to the *Saheb* for this new link between him and his Byle.

To return to our caravan, the scenery all around is beautiful beyond description, but the Mahratta does not know this. His mind has not opened to the conception that there may be beauty in hill and valley. By beauty he understands bright colours, especially red and yellow. Nor does he notice the singing of the birds, but his ear quickly catches the murmur of a mountain stream, for that marks a camping-ground. Close by the stream there is a clearing in the forest, into which the carts turn one after another. Each driver jumps down, unyokes his beasts and leads them to the water, then turns them loose to graze and addresses himself to his own comfort. A few sticks are gathered, three stones make all the fireplace he requires, and his simple cooking pot is hanging from the bottom of the cart. While the rice is boiling, he goes through certain imperative ablutions at the stream, and then as many as are of the same caste sit in a circle and feed under the shade of a tree. Then they lie about and smoke and talk, and finally, having attained to the condition which has been described as "physiological contentment," each man crawls under his cart and enjoys his noontide sleep.

So the life of the cartman passes, like a pastoral lay, or a continuous picnic, as it seems to us looking on. But we must beware of reading our own feelings into the picture, lest we misread it altogether. It is more than doubtful whether those elements that give it most of its charm in our eyes are present to his mind at all. I am afraid that his Byles must be our interpreters again. He is enjoying, like them, the pleasantness of food and rest after work, and the sweetness of a brief liberty. But he, too, like them, is doomed to go

through life with a galling yoke upon his neck and a cruel driver twisting his tail. The yoke is a debt which he will never pay, and the driver is the village *Marwaree*. Happily for him he is like his Byle in nature as well as condition, and adversity well brings out the likeness. The "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" will find him encased in the same thick skin which arms it against the lash and the goad. He will not kick or plunge, or hurt himself with vain fretting. He will just plod along at his own pace, paying his creditor more or less according to the severity with which he is driven. The money-lender is no gentle driver; he knows how to use the lash and the goad, but he also knows his beast and the limits of his power over it. He knows that he must allow it enough of food or it will not work at all. He knows that if he overdrives it, it may lie down and refuse to move another step, taking with stolid patience all that he can do to it. And he knows full well that when it is dead he will get nothing more out of it. So he will drive it like a wise man, with his keen, cold eye fixed on his own interest, unclouded by pity or passion. He will keep it in life and working condition, without running any risk of letting it get too spirited and rush off the road. And when it sinks on the ground for the last time and is dragged off the road to make way for others, I daresay the old Shylock will grumble and say that this was an unlucky investment.

E. H. Aitken.

BEAUJEU

CHAPTER XII

IN HOLBORN FIELDS

MR. HEALY has left it upon record that M. de Beaujeu had always "a decent, natural affection for green fields." Also he "put a proper value on his own legs." So it seems they went often walking to the Islington pastures in that idle spring, and, returning one day across Holborn Fields, observed Mr. Dane in a hurry westward bound.

"Romeo goes to his pure Juliet," said Beaujeu with an ugly laugh.

Mr. Healy waited for it to end. Then, "And will you be jealous?" said he quietly.

"Jealous? Who, I?" Beaujeu laughed. "But I'ld not have the boy tie himself to a draggled theatre wench."

"'Tis benevolent in you," said Healy, and suddenly gripped Beaujeu's arm and stopped him behind a hedge.

For Mr. Dane had become part of a drama. Before him was a fellow in faded brocade with a draggled feather, and this hero had paused to settle his dingy ruffles where all the road was muddy save for two feet's space by the hedge. Mr. Dane had tried to slip round with an easy, "By your favour, sir," when the faded hero started suddenly forward and pushed him into the mire.

"Curse and confound me, sir," he cried. "Who a pox are you to jostle a King's officer?"

"The jostling was of your own damned awkwardness, sir," cried Jack Dane.

"Death and hell, fellow! No man shall use such words to me!" and the faded hero put up his cane to strike.

Jack Dane caught it and slashed it across his eyes: "So begad! And now I am your man when and where you will."

The bully had staggered back and was rubbing his eyes and swearing. Jack Dane laughed. "Beggar you, how do I know you're a man of honour?" growled the bully at last, still blinking.

"Faith, I should say you are little able to judge, sir."

"Enough, fellow, enough. Oons, but I'll teach you manners!"

Jack Dane bowed. "Where you have learnt them yourself, sir?" he enquired politely.

"So you shall never need them this side hell, sirrah."

"Oh, your humble servant without more words—Jack Dane I am, and you can hear of me at Locket's. Your friend will wait on me soon, doubtless," and with that he was going.

The bully caught his cloak: "Od's blood, sirrah, do you cry off? Odso, you shall fight now or taste the cane!"

"As I tasted just now? Well, sir, where you will, and the quicker the better."

At once the bully became courteous: he smiled and bowed, and "I like to meet a gentleman," said he.

Behind the hedge Healy and Beaujeu exchanged glances.

"There is a very pleasant meadow fifty yards away, sir, if you will do me the favour," said the bully, and parodied the fashionable bow.

"Sure and we will," Mr. Healy muttered.

The bully led the way. Jack Dane followed without a word. They turned off by a narrow muddy footpath across the fields, climbed a stile, and then the bully stopped and turned to Jack Dane. His red blotched face wore a grin. Mr. Healy and Beaujeu, silent gentlemen of great experience,

were again behind the hedge. "This will serve us, sir," said the bully with another bow to Jack.

Jack Dane looked round him. The sun was almost gone and the twilight shadows fell long and dark. On one side was a hazel copse, on the other the blackthorn hedge of Mr. Healy, between the two a strip of dank grass. The bully watched him with anxious eye. "Well, sir, well!" he cried. "My time is short!"

Jack Dane flung off his coat: "Pray remember—'tis by your choice that we are alone," said he. Beaujeu and Healy grinned at each other.

The bully showed a broken set of teeth: "Do you cry off now, sir?" he asked, sneering. Jack tossed down hat and coat and periwig, drew his sword and came forward bald and ready. More slowly the bully dropped his cloak, then clapped his hat firm on his head and saluted.

Jack stared. "Why, will you fight in your wig?" he cried.

"'Twill do for you, sir," snarled the bully, "and——"

"Oho, oho," muttered Mr. Healy, and Beaujeu and he, silent and swift, marched for the strategic position—the stile.

The swords crossed and clashed. The bully kept his distance, breaking ground again and again. Jack Dane pressed on sharply and the bully fairly ran from him. But, "Rustic, mighty rustic," says Beaujeu critically, and "Sure we'll not be learning much here," quoth Mr. Healy. But then from the hazel copse came the crash of bushes and trampling feet. Three men more rushed upon Jack Dane, who swung round and sprang away from them to the hedge.

Mr. Healy trussed his cloak about his arm, vaulted the stile, and dashed in between the four points and Jack. Mr. Healy's blue rapier whirled, a singing circle of light in the air, and the four bullies stumbled back, hampering each other. Mr. Healy shook loose his cloak and flapped it in their faces, and sprang in under their points and pinked a sword-arm neatly, and was out of reach again in an instant. So Mr.

Healy, a giant of agility, and Jack Dane was for trying to copy Mr. Healy's so simple deed, and had come doubtless to an end untimely but for Healy's cry of horror, "Be easy, now, will you? Be easy! Don't flush my covey." He was himself feinting, had only three points against him (for one hero was cursing and binding his arm), and was vastly happy.

Towards the flicker of Mr. Healy's blade M. de Beaujeu came delicately, swinging his cane.

The wounded hero saw him, and "Damme, boys, it's a diddle!" he roared, and was the first to run. But the others stood on no order in their going. They turned together and fled, Mr. Healy and Jack hotfoot on their heels, to the copse.

M. de Beaujeu was left in the midst swinging his cane. He heard some stamping, some oaths, then the gallop of horses. Then Mr. Healy came back laughing with his arm through Jack's. "Faith, Mr. Dane, never look so glum! They have their *in memoriam*. Two arms and one in the ribs, begad!" He picked up the cloak of the departed bully and wiped the blood from his rapier.

"I fear, Mr. Dane, we intrude?" said Beaujeu.

"Why, well for me you did! But I wish to God we had caught them."

"And who were they?" says Mr. Healy.

"Zounds, I would give ten pounds to know."

"Well, do you know I could guess," says Mr. Healy.

While Jack stared at him Beaujeu said coldly:

"If you will take my advice, Mr. Dane, you'll be pure of other men's women."

Jack Dane flushed. "What do you mean, sir?" he muttered.

Beaujeu shrugged his shoulders. "'Tis no riddle, Mr. Dane. My lord Sherborne fights for his rights."

"Zounds, sir, do you say Mistress Charlbury is his?"

Beaujeu laughed. "Nay, doubtless not his alone. 'Tis a lady of general kindness. But he appears to prosecute trespassers."

"Sir, if you mean insult to her——"

"Mr. Dane, I could not," said Beaujeu bowing. "Are you breathed, Healy? Let us be walking. Believe me, Mr. Dane, we speak and we act as your friends. A good-night."

Jack Dane made an ungracious bow and they parted.

Mr. Healy glanced at his friend: "'Tis the first time you've left me alone in a fight," said he.

"I would have had the boy schooled."

"You would be having him killed to teach him morals? 'Tis an austere affection that you have for him."

"He is all my kin in the world, and I'll not have him break his life for a wench."

"Sure and you love that same wench dearly, do ye not?"

Beaujeu smiled in the gloom.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BENEVOLENCE OF M. DE BEAUJEU

THERE was a crowd in Jeremy's. Coffee, smoke and snuff loaded the air, and fine gentlemen (who had all called themselves Whigs four years earlier) scraped each other's legs with their rapiers as they turned to whisper or listen. Rumours were flying about the town of quarrels at Court and the Council Board, so "when thieves fall out" they said at Jeremy's and debated politics marvellously. But in the window stood Mr. Wharton jesting on all heaven and earth, in a corner sat M. de Beaujeu alone smoking a pipe of his own Turkish tobacco, by the door a little man with bright eyes was teasing a waiter, and the three contrived to look careless.

A man came hurrying in with news writ large upon his face. He appeared to look for a friend, found one, and whispered something in his ear. A loud "Now, damme!" drew others in, and soon there was a covey chattering like rooks.

"Faith, they have a joke there," said Mr. Wharton. "What is the *mot*, Temple?"

One turned and looked round the room. "My Lord Halifax is struck off the Council," says he in awe-stricken tones.

The buzz of talk died suddenly. My Lord Halifax was the one man on King James's Council with a name for honesty.

"And Sunderland turns Papist!" the awed voice spake in the silence.

The fine gentlemen in Jeremy's stared at each other and spake not. Here was cataclysm indeed! So the King would have none but knaves to serve him, and Papist knaves at that! Then who was safe, or what? They were mightily exercised, and their eyes half-timorous, half-suspicious of their best friends. M. de Beaujeu glanced round curiously, and observed that the little man with bright eyes was doing the same. They two alone were unmoved. And the silence endured save for the waiter's footsteps. Then Mr. Wharton laughed loud. All turned to stare at him and still he laughed.

"Egad, gentlemen, you are a feeble folk," said he, and he laughed again. They crowded around him to ask what he thought. "Faith, I never think," laughed Wharton. "What, will you weep because Sunderland has found salvation? Sure, 'tis a gay day in heaven." He looked at his watch. "Well, we'll never miss him in hell. And I have the most pressing business. I have kept the lady waiting an hour. I'll have no time to stay for your *Te Deum* for Sunderland's soul." And so he went out laughing. But M. de Beaujeu from behind his blue cloud of smoke observed a glance pass between him and the little man with bright eyes. Beaujeu paid his reckoning. In a moment the little man went out and Beaujeu attended him ten yards off.

So a procession of three went eastward along the Strand with Mr. Wharton in the van. Mr. Wharton went straight to his house in the Lincoln's Inn Fields, and was surprised by

M. de Beaujeu arriving on the steps shoulder to shoulder with the little man.

"So you never think, Mr. Wharton?" said Beaujeu smiling. "You are perhaps like the King?"

Wharton stared at him, then broke out laughing. "You are passably diabolic," said he. "Come in with you!'

"And we will share your lady between us," said Beaujeu.

They passed to an inner room, and Mr. Wharton gave some care to locking the door. "Now, do you know each other?" he asked.

"Oons," says the little man, helping himself to wine. "I think the gentleman will know me again. He stared enough in Jeremy's."

"Sir, 'twas your philosophic composure that attracted me. I am Thomas de Beaujeu, a Huguenot gentleman, and heartily of your—philosophic—party."

The little man laughed. "And I am Will Green, and no gentleman. I write the news' letters, and so I am drinking Mr. Wharton's wine."

"Damme, Will, give the devil his due," cried Mr. Wharton. "My door was open before you fell to news' writing. Mr. Green is my friend, Beaujeu."

Beaujeu bowed. "I shall hope to see him mine," said he gravely.

The little man stiffened himself with a comical air of dignity, filled his glass, and pledged them. Then he filled it again and drank and smacked his lips. "Odso, Mr. Wharton, the King is a fool," he said with a small malicious smile.

Beaujeu smiled at Wharton: "Mr. Wharton proposes to thank God for it," said he.

"Plain duty, Mr. Wharton, no less," said Mr. Green chuckling, and spread out a big sheet of paper. "Mark ye, sir," he tapped it and looked at Beaujeu, "this goes for gospel in five shires."

"I compliment the evangelist." Beaujeu bowed.

Mr. Green chuckled. "Now, gentlemen, we begin mysterious. It works on your country squire. 'Strange rumours fly about the town. Honest men know not what to believe. 'Tis general talk that the hour is big with trouble for Church and State'—and so forth. I'll put something of embroidery to that. Then we go on: 'it may not be denied that late changes in the Church have sorely troubled the minds of good Protestants. The Deanery of Christ Church is given to a Papist, Dr. John Massey, who ——'"

"Eh, is that true?" cried Wharton.

"'Tis too dangerous to lie, Mr. Wharton."

"How did you hear?"

"'Tis the quality of the news' writer to have long ears," quoth Mr. Green. "We dilate upon masses in Oxford chapels, and then at the end we'll fire the great guns. '"Tis lately published that my lord Halifax is dismissed the Council. My lord Sunderland, who remains, hath turned Papist;' and I'll close shortly: 'On these things 'tis too dangerous to comment. Honest men are much anxious. In the country you will know what to think.'"

"Very neat, Will," said Wharton. "Devilish neat. It will flutter their honest dovecotes." He took up a pipe. "And how will it end, Will; how will it all end?" He glanced keenly at the news' writer from half-shut eyes.

"How does it end when you fight a fool, Mr. Wharton? You wait on him, wait, wait!" the little man stood up and mimicked sword-play. "Wait till he lunges a thought too far, and then—paff! Exit Master Fool on a hurdle." Mr. Green folded up his paper, put it away, and took up his hat.

"A moment!" cried Wharton. "Papists are taking commissions in the army. Have that in, Will!" Mr. Green made a note on his paper and departed.

Wharton turned in his chair and met Beaujeu's eyes. "My own motto was *qui sçait attendre*, Wharton," said Beaujeu quietly.

"You see how I wait," Wharton laughed, with a jerk of

his head to the door. "But, mark you, Beaujeu, 'tis to-day first that I think there may be something to wait for. I am not sure of it now."

Beaujeu smoked on for a while. "I suppose," he said slowly at last, "in your tender passages—with Lady Sunderland—you are urgent to convince her that her lord should keep the King as quiet as he can?"

"Why, begad, yes," cried Mr. Wharton. "Do I want him to hang us all?"

Beaujeu sighed. "You affect me to tears. Here are we yearning to see our good King set up the mass in Westminster —make Petre Archbishop—proclaim the Pope—and you must needs tell him 'twill be his ruin. My dear Wharton, 'tis merely the truth, so why the devil must you tell it?" Mr. Wharton gaped. "Pray reflect," says Beaujeu coolly. "Do you admire yourself as the saviour of Black James? Will you not tell your *amoureuse* that the country will bear anything, that 'tis the heart's desire of all to see good Father Petre Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury and old Sancroft burnt in Smithfield—or such fictions as your fertility provides? At least present me to Lady Sunderland as a gentleman who hath lately made a tour of the country and can assure her all the shires are vastly well affected to the King."

"You know," said Mr. Wharton pleasantly, "till I met you I thought I was something of a knave myself."

"Indeed, I perceive that you have the natural gift. You were perhaps less fortunate in early training."

"I was reared on psalms."

"I also. But for my capacity I thank kind kinsfolk, and——"

"Lyndaraxa perhaps?" said Mr. Wharton sharply, and made Beaujeu flush to his periwig.

"You remind me——" said Beaujeu coldly. "But first let us provide for the Sunderlands."

Wharton laughed: "Zounds, I'm with you. And I'll make you known to my lady. Sure you'll not play me false

with her, will you? My heart would break. But, begad, Beaujeu, remember 'twill be Greek and Greek."

"I believe I am passably Grecian. And now of Lyndaraxa. I would take it friendly if you would speak ill of her to my cousin Jack."

"Jealousy," says Mr. Wharton with unction, "is a sad vice."

Beaujeu's eyes flashed. Mr. Wharton observed his fingers clench on the pipe. "If the wench were here on her knees to beg me have her I would kick her out of the way," said he. Then, observing Mr. Wharton smile, "Do you doubt me?" he cried.

"Oh, lud, not I," said Mr. Wharton.

"I would not have a theatre wench in my family," said Beaujeu sharply. "That is all my concern with Mistress Charlbury." He rose, and Wharton saw the blood still dark in his scarred cheek. "You'll do it, Wharton?"

Wharton shrugged his shoulders; "My tongue is modestly scandalous," he remarked.

Beaujeu nodded and went out. Mr. Wharton, left alone, drew a long breath, then sprang up, flung open the window and stood in the draught of cool fresh air. It was curiously grateful—after M. de Beaujeu.

CHAPTER XIV

THE GALLANTRY OF M. DE BEAUJEU

Mistress Charlbury was complimented on her art by M. de Beaujeu. "Ah, mademoiselle, but not even on the stage of Paris have I seen so poignant a figure as your 'Almahide,'" said Beaujeu. And that was merely true, for he had never been in Paris.

"You are pleased to be kind, monsieur," said Rose.

Beaujeu put up a deprecating hand: "But no, mademoiselle. I am only honest—and that is quite different."

"Why, monsieur, for myself I would hope to be both."

"Mademoiselle, without doubt you are capable of everything. But we others, we cannot be honest and kind at once. So to you, since kindness would be impertinence, I am honest."

"Indeed, you explain yourself with great care," said Rose. M. de Beaujeu looked at her sideways, saw nothing but gaiety in the bright golden eyes, and lay back in his chair.

"Pardon, mademoiselle. I talk of myself because I dare not talk of you."

"I would that all the town were polite as you," said Rose, and her eyes grew darker.

M. de Beaujeu stiffened himself with a martial air. "Do me the honour to remember, mademoiselle," says he, "if any rogue take your name in vain the sword of Beaujeu" (he slapped the hilt) "is sharp to maintain that you are Queen of Honour, of Loyalty, of Art!"

Rose laughed: "Why, monsieur, you have discovered all my virtues vastly quickly."

"Mademoiselle," said Beaujeu, watching the dimple tremble in her fair cheek, "they leap to the eye. I have never beheld their match."

Some tone of his voice, a gleam (mayhap) of the eyes, made her start and frown and look at him strangely. He recalled mysteriously the past, this M. de Beaujeu. But now he was bowing and smiling with a somewhat Gallic air, and—

"Ah, mademoiselle, but I envy you!" he cried.

"If I were a man I would never envy a woman," said Rose sharply. "And why me of all women?"

M. de Beaujeu was leaning forward in the shadow, for her gaze was steady upon him. M. de Beaujeu made a gesture with delicate white hand: "To be mistress of all the town!" he cried. The girl's cheek darkened at the dubious phrase. "Eh, one must envy," says monsieur easily.

"Can you understand, monsieur, that I hate the town?" said Rose, coldly.

Beaujeu laughed: "I was sure of it, mademoiselle! These people of fashion, all busy with their intrigues and deceits, I knew they could not please you. One sighs for the air of the heath."

"The heath?" Rose cried, and leant forward, gazing.

"My moors of Auvergne," said Beaujeu. "They breathe to me yet. But, alas! I am exile."

"I am sorry," said Rose, simply. Beaujeu bowed. "I come from a heath country, too, monsieur." She smiled at him. "Do you know the wind that blows over the moors after rain?"

Beaujeu's face hardened. "I remember," he said harshly.

Rose watched him, and her eyes grew dark and tender. "We shall breathe it again perhaps—at last—you and I."

Beaujeu flung back his head, the black curls of his wig fell away, his face showed grim against the light, and the cold eyes glittered. "I shall never," said he. "Nor do I wish it—now." Rose had started. Rose gave a little gasp and caught at her heart. Her cheeks were white. Beaujeu's curls fell swiftly back to their place. "But what have you, then, mademoiselle?" says he, with an air of concern. "Alas, some pain? I will call your maid, then!" He rose.

"No—no—it is past," said Rose unsteadily. "Monsieur—you—you come from France?" Her eyes were dark and intent.

M. de Beaujeu in the shadow appeared amazed. "But yes, mademoiselle, from France. I am exile for my foolish faith," says he with a shrug.

"A good cause!"

"I am proud to win your praise." M. de Beaujeu stood with his back to the light that fell on her eager eyes. He was smiling. "One must always keep the faith, is it not so, mademoiselle?"

"Monsieur, you have the right to say it."

"That is my enduring consolation. . . . But, alas, mademoiselle, I have wearied you too long. I must pray

your pardon and go. Forgive that I have troubled you with my life—mine, a friend of two months. And, also—but pardon the impertinence—your pain just past, consider it, for the sake of your health, invaluable to your friends."

Rose smiled, and gave him her hand. Beaujeu bowed over it as if he were to kiss it. His lips did not touch. Beaujeu departed, and Rose sat in her low chair with her hands clasped tight on her knee gazing wide-eyed at nothing, and her low white brow was furrowed.

Indeed he was wondrous like, this Frenchman. That grim face, those glittering eyes—it was Mr. Dane's self in his heroical moments. . . Tom's very self. . . . Ah, but it could not be he come back to her. He had gone to the French wars, hating her, scorning her, would come back to her never. Dead he was now, perhaps, dead unforgiving; or happy with another woman held in that strong arm. . . . So the incomparable Charlbury, torturing herself for the hundredth time.

Nay, if even he had come back, he'd not have met her so. Though he thought her traitress and scorned her, he would never come in disguise to cheat her—to make her his mock. Mr. Dane would never be so cruel: nay, he was too great of heart, too noble.

And in Charing Cross a noble gentleman, M. de Beaujeu, remarked to himself: "She was alway a lady of an admirable fragrance," and walked to the Countess of Laleham's rout.

The case of the Earl and Countess of Laleham affords the only instance of Mr. Wharton's approval of matrimony. The gentleman was a Whig by three descents, the lady a Tory of pure blood; but neither he nor she was a fanatic in politics. Hence, as Mr. Wharton has written, theirs was the one house in town "where a good Whig might meet a pretty Tory without scandal to his reputation."

So, beneath my Lady Laleham's rose-pink tapestry, you may behold the robust beauty of my Lord Sherborne, Mr. Russell's saturnine face, Mr. Wharton's ugly mouth whispering close to the spun gold of my Lady Churchill's curls, the

Epicurean sneer of my Lord Halifax, the famed shell-pink cheeks, the serpentine grace of my Lady Sunderland. From the background, tall and stately in his old gold velvet, M. de Beaujeu studies human nature.

Towards him Mr. Wharton cocked a humorous eye, and on a chance coming whispered a word in the Earl of Laleham's ear. M. de Beaujeu was presented by the Earl of Laleham to my Lady Sunderland. My Lady Sunderland looked at him sideways from the corners of her almond eyes.

"You know our English language, monsieur?" says she.

"Ah, madame—" M. de Beaujeu made a gesture expressing joyful ecstasy—"I have never before been so glad of it."

"La, monsieur,"—my lady made room for him beside her —"you have not forgot your native grace neither. Do you know my Lord Sherborne?" who was on her other hand.

Sherborne bowed stiffly. "I have that delight," says the amiable Beaujeu smiling.

"And so you have come on your travels to see us?" my lady asked.

"Madame, to see you I would travel round the world," cried Beaujeu. "But yes. On my travels—eh, my compelled travels. I have had little disagreements with my king. Ah, you live in a happier country, you English!"

"Faith, monsieur, there are Englishmen who have had little disagreements with their king," said my Lord Sherborne, "and the tipstaffs would be blithe to see them. Have you met any of the kind on your travels? We call them rogues, do you know?"

"You call them that, my lord? Ah, truly! I remember I met one who had hired assassins to kill a better man. He was very proud of himself this—rogue, my lord, you say?" My Lord Sherborne flushed. "Rogue," murmured Beaujeu pensively. "I will remember. Rogue."

My lord's cheeks were very dark, his eyes rolling: M. de Beaujeu was smiling at him: and my Lady Sunderland, though vastly enjoying the sight, considered it necessary to

intervene: "Faith, monsieur, I had hardly believed you French. You are so big," said she naïvely, to draw wrath from this cool Frenchman.

She did not succeed. "We are little; is it not so, my lady?" said Beaujeu laughing. "You see in France it is treason to be taller than the king. He is five feet in his highest-heeled shoes."

"Ah, we English always admire a man who shames his own country," said Sherborne quietly.

"Always I have wondered why some my lords were admired," cried Beaujeu quick as a flash. "I could see no reason, I. My lord, you explain yourself. A thousand thanks."

My Lord Sherborne sprang up. "I'll receive them, monsieur, when you go!" he cried, and bowing to my lady, turned away to the sound of the gentle laughter of M. de Beaujeu.

"Faith, monsieur," says my lady, "you are mighty quick at making friends."

Beaujeu gave a shrug. "Ah, my lady, I can forgive him. He was alone talking to you. I should be angry with the good God if he interrupted in such case."

"Fie, monsieur," says my lady, casting down her modest eyes.

"Ah, you are shocked at what I say. My lady, 'tis nothing to what I think."

"Then are you most sadly profane——" My lady looked at him over her fan.

"In justice, madame," M. de Beaujeu murmured, laying his hand on hers, "you will blame also the cause."

"Who, I?" my lady allowed him to see her white bosom. "La, monsieur, do I make you profane?"

"Venus was never a Christian," sighed Beaujeu amorously.

At that my lady laughed outright. "Do you know, monsieur," says she, in another tone, "you make me think you want something of me."

"And I wish that I did for the pleasure of asking. But alas—no."

"La, you! And now you want no more to do with me. Faith, monsieur, you are French!"

"No, *mordieu!* For I would enjoy to have to do with you always, my lady, though I never did anything."

For an instant my lady looked at him frankly. "When I hear how you speak it," says she, "I wonder what you'ld have said had you been born to speak English, Monsieur de Beaujeu."

"Without doubt my tongue had been more bold," said Beaujeu.

"Preserve me from that!" cried my lady, laughing; and as my Lord Churchill came up M. de Beaujeu made his bow.

Beaujeu passed through the rooms, and was attracted by the harsh voice of Mr. Wharton. Mr. Wharton was describing to a circle of men M. de Beaujeu's rapier play. "In a word, Tom, like your own—infernal!" cried the Marquess of Twyford. Wharton grinned at Beaujeu through the crowd. Among them was my Lord Sherborne. Beaujeu tapped him on the arm, and judged from the face that turned to him that my Lord Sherborne had been much wrought by the eloquence of Mr. Wharton.

"I was to give you my thanks, my lord," said Beaujeu sweetly, motioning towards the door. They went out together. "Eh, it is better. Let us take a walk, my lord," and my lord saying never a word cast his cloak about him, and the two passed out to the park and the cool night air. "Your acuteness, my lord, will see that I wish to complain——"

"I hear no complaints from any man."

M. de Beaujeu went blandly on. "I was disturbed in my country walk by the necessity to drive off your bullies. They spoiled the landscape, you see."

"My bullies, sir?"

"Since you know what I mean, to explain—that would weary. I am charitable, I. Also your bullies were about to

spoil my dear friend, M. Jack Dane. You see? I wish not that he should be spoilt. You see clearly?"

"And I'll take your tone from no man alive. Do you see —do you see clearly?"

"*Enfin*—a so little affair we can settle quickly, you and I. I am ready always. But, my lord, but I am just, I. I confess that you have to complain yourself of my dear friend, M. Jack Dane. He is—do you say it?—in your way with your Mademoiselle Charlbury. *Bien*—punish him. I do say nothing to that. But kill him—no. Do you see, for that I will kill you. M. Wharton, he also will kill you. I think my friend Healy, he will kill you besides. But do you see, that you should drive him from Mademoiselle—we like that. Do that and we will rejoice with you. A hip-hip-hurrah for you, do you say so? *Bien.* And now I have told you—now, my lord, if you will, I will meet you at the end of a sword—*hein?*"

My Lord Sherborne stopped in his walk and stared at Beaujeu, who smiled at him politely through the gloom. "Wait," says my lord. "Do you tell me that you'll not back the boy against me with the Charlbury?"

"M. Jack Dane," said Beaujeu, "is my dear friend. And so I desire that the incomparable Charlbury should belong to some one else—some one for whom I do not care so much as this," he snapped his fingers: "by example—yourself, my lord."

"I'ld have you to know, monsieur," Sherborne cried, "Mistress Charlbury is a lady of honour."

"My lord, you will without doubt achieve her conversion. In that I covet for you success. Also, I do not wish that M. Dane should preserve her from you—or by marriage (oh yes, he is capable, that foolish boy), or by anything less mad." Sherborne stood before him peering at his face through the darkness. "Why?" said Beaujeu, with a laugh, since Sherborne appeared so ask. "*Corbleu*, I have told you. Because I have some affection for M. Jack—but for you and your incomparable Mademoiselle, my lord, none in the world. Ah,

bah, but how you have been foolish. To attack him with swords in the open fields! A *bêtise*. He is killed? *Bien*, she weeps for her martyr—she hates his murderer. He triumphs? Then she beholds a hero who has conquered by his sole arm many. They like that, women. Also, he has fought for her. We love the lady we have fought for *à merveille* we men. In all cases, my lord, you ruin yourself. Now see what you should do. You discover a day, an hour, when the Incomparable has granted M. Jack an audience to himself. On that hour you send to the Palace of your Incomparable your bullies. But not with swords (in fact, they do not know how to use them, your bullies)—with sticks, *corbleu*, with dog whips. *Bien*, they chastise him like a naughty boy. So to her M. Jack becomes ridiculous, and he, M. Jack, conceives himself betrayed by her, and will hate vastly your Incomparable. So—do that, my lord, and I give my word we have no quarrel for it, M. Wharton and I. *A propos*, I can tell you M. Jack has his little assignation with her on Friday at four afternoon. If it would apply, my lord, I would say *verbum sapienti*."

Sherborne stared at his smile for a minute, then "What have you to make by this?" he growled.

Beaujeu yawned: "I tell you a thousand times. The cure of M. Jack. Faith, my lord, I have no benevolence for you. You may go to the devil with her and I wish you God speed!"

"I'ld be glad to know if you want the Charlbury for yourself," growled Sherborne.

"I?" Beaujeu laughed. "I? *Mordieu*, I have never had an affection for women of the town."

Sherborne flushed: "You lie, and you lie like a boor," he cried.

But Beaujeu only smiled at him: "Eh, the pure passion! *Bien!* I am your servant always. But believe me, my lord, I desire for you and the Incomparable no worse than this—for each to possess the other. So I go to pray for your good

fortune. I kiss your amorous hands." With a laugh he turned on his heel and was lost in the gloom. An ability in vanishing distinguished him always.

My lord Sherborne stood still for a while. He found M. de Beaujeu a trifle confusing. But certainly there was something in what he said . . . He spoke with understanding, this Beaujeu . . .

And Beaujeu striding homeward much pleased with himself was entirely of that opinion.

CHAPTER XV

"A WOMAN WHOSE NAME WAS DELILA"

OVER a posy of rosebuds the golden eyes of the incomparable Charlbury laughed at Mr. Jack Dane. It was Friday afternoon.

"You make," says Mr. Dane gallantly, "all other roses ugly."

"Oh, the brave compliment," Rose cried; "Now for that you shall be rewarded—with a cup of my lord Sherborne's wonderful new tea." Mr. Dane sat down and scowled. "Faith I owe you that," says Rose generously, "He has had it brought all the way from the Indies, in a box of sandal wood, for me——" she paused and, with her head on one side, watched Mr. Dane glower at the floor. The dimples trembled in her cheeks and her eyes sparkled roguishly. "'Twas vastly delicate in him, was it not, Mr. Dane?" Mr. Dane grunted. "But do you know I doubt sandal-wood does not agree with tea?"

Mr. Dane laughed. "My lord has no taste."

"Now that is a mighty poor compliment to me," said Rose, pensively, and Mr. Dane must needs scowl again.

A while earlier on that bright afternoon Mr. Healy and M. de Beaujeu stood at the window of their house in Essex Street, looking out at the rising tide and the gay wherries

skimming over its golden waves. Beaujeu glanced up at the sun and "Will you walk, Healy?" says he.

"You're unrestful to a decent man," said Healy, yawning; "Have with you!"

Beaujeu turned westward. Mr. Healy, professing that to smell it gave him a feeling of superiority, desired to cross the filth of Covent Garden. So they came out to the fields beyond St. Martin's and the haycocks. "Do they not make you feel innocent, Beaujeu? Not even the breath of a haycock? Sure you're far gone! But—hola!" He muttered the cry in his friend's ear and pointed. Below them in the lane were some gentlemen gaudily clad. "'Tis two of our heroes in Holborn Fields," said Healy, "and two that might be their brothers in sin." Mr. Healy chuckled. "So two are still in their bandages praising my name."

The four halted, and at once Healy and Beaujeu fell, swift as mown grass, behind a haycock. The four gentlemen looked round, and the sunlight fell on unlovely faces. "You desire solitude, my dears?" muttered Healy, as the four searched the landscape. "'Tis a poetical taste but unsocial. Sure, Beaujeu, your cousin is a gentleman in much request." The four marched on up the lane, swiftly. Healy and Beaujeu arose dusting their clothes, and struck across the field with the long easy strides they affected when there was need to hurry. "Faith," says Mr. Healy, "you or I will have to put a sword through my lord Sherborne. 'Tis a harassing gentleman and would be the better of a decent hole in him." Then suddenly he sprang forward and broke into a run: "Damme, Beaujeu, you'll have the lad under the turf. 'Tis the lady's house they've gone into, our four evangelists."

"And what of it?" said Beaujeu (running himself nevertheless). "I told you she was a lady of general charity."

"You have told me a deal more than I believe. If 'tis nothing, why do you run?"

They rose together to a fence: "To congratulate the

Incomparable," said Beaujeu, "at the due time." Mr. Healy gave it up—and spared his breath for running.

And all the while Mr. Dane had been sitting at his ease under the apple green hangings of Miss Charlbury's sunny parlour. He held superciliously the tiny cup of French porcelain, and: "Does the tea please you, sir?" Mistress Charlbury asked, looking at him under her eyelashes.

"If 'twere poison," said Mr. Dane gallantly, "it would still please me—from that hand."

Her cheeks dimpled; she held up the dainty hand, rose-white in the sunshine: "La, the adored fingers!" she cried. "Why they are all your servants, Mr. Dane—"; and then as Mr. Dane moved to kiss them—"oh, merely to give you of my lord Sherborne's tea," said she, and folded her hands in her lap and looked down at them demurely.

Mr. Dane flung back in his chair. "Egad, you are as teasing as Lyndaraxa," he growled. At the word she started and gazed at him. Now she was not demure: there was pain in the wide eyes and fear. Mr. Dane was amazed and sprang from his chair and came to her: "Why, Rose, why so pale?" he cried.

"Why did you say it?" she gasped.

"Lyndaraxa?" She nodded and he laughed. "Why, to tease you, sweet. Faith, if I had thought you so," with an air of vast politeness, "I had never said so. Now why did it whiten your cheeks?"

"Did it so indeed?" Rose laughed. "Oh—oh, I think I was startled—and indeed it was a sorry jest, Mr. Dane. It is so hot, too," for now her cheeks were red and burning; she moved to a chair in the shade. "I am always tired in summer in the town."

Mr. Dane smiled down at her. "You are a country lass at heart," said he; then suddenly fell on one knee by her side and caught the adored hand: "Rose, if you hate it, why will you stay in the town?" he whispered amorously. "It needs not, dear, not another day. I am here but because you stay——"

"'Tis obliging in you," said Rose laughing, and trying to withdraw her hand. "Nay, Mr. Dane, nay indeed——"; but the torrent of romantic love swept on—

"Dear heart, let us go together, you and I. We've tasted the pleasures of the town, and bitter they are at last. Come away to the downs with me. I've a home for you that you'll love, and you——"

"La, Mr. Dane, I have heard it all on the stage. Nay; rise, for your own sake, rise. We are both ludicrous so."

Mr. Dane sprang up flushed: "Ludicrous, ma'am!"

"Indeed, I have no wish to wound you, but if you could see that what you talk of is folly, you would be happier."

"Folly, ma'am! And why?"

Rose played with her flowers a moment, then looked up and met his eyes frankly: "Since you ask, Mr. Dane—because neither you love me nor I you." Jack stared at her and at last laughed.

"Are my deeds and my words all a lie then? Oh, ay! 'Tis convenient to tell me so. My lord Sherborne is vastly a nobler swain than I. Pray heaven, ma'am, that he means you as honestly as I."

Rose drew herself up: "For that word, Mr. Dane, I'll leave you to blame yourself," she said very quietly.

"Nay, not I, ma'am," cried Jack. Rose turned away from him and rang the bell.

It was not answered at once. In the hall was the sound of a scuffle and a woman's scream, then the four heroes of the lane broke into the room together, and "Bottled the prigster, now, boys!" cried the leader, and with lifted cudgels they rushed at Jack. Rose caught at the mantel and stared amazed and dumb, but without in the hall two maids screamed efficiently.

Jack sprang back and snatched up a sturdy chair. With a full-armed rattling blow of it he swept the cudgels clear of him and sprang away safe to the open window. Then he hurled his chair in the heroes' faces and leapt down to the

garden, drawing his sword as he went. By the yew hedge he turned, breathing hard through his nostrils, bright-eyed, white of face. They were upon him and trying dangerously the temper of his rapier with their oak, when "Tally ho!" cried the joyful voice of Mr. Healy, and the impressive forms of himself and Beaujeu rose majestical in the air as they leapt the fence above the lane. "Occupy till I come, my dear," says Mr. Healy, feeling for his sword hilt as he picked up his stride again.

But his voice, his aspect, recalled to the heroes joyless memories. "Oh, curse me," gasped one, and the four turned and fled four different ways.

Beaujeu and Mr. Healy flung back their shoulders and checked thudding in the lane. "Sure, they are mighty shy," says Mr. Healy panting. Jack Dane, looking after the fugitives, laughed a bitter laugh (so laughs your hero, triumphant over his foes, yet in his tenderest affections wounded sore) and slammed home his sword.

Rose came to the open window white as death, her hand pressed to her heart. "Jack?" she murmured fearfully.

Jack laughed again. Jack made her a splendid bow. "Delila," says he, "good-night!" and turned on his heel and went out of the garden. He came full face upon Healy and Beaujeu. "Gentlemen," says he with another bow in the grand style, "I am your debtor again. It is for the last time."

"See if he is hurt, Healy," says Beaujeu carelessly, passing on to the garden.

"Zounds, monsieur, you had best go warily there!" cried Jack with a laugh. Beaujeu made him no answer, but Mr. Healy, who was regarding Jack with no affection, took him by the arm:

"Now will you be decently quiet?" says he. "In your ecstasies, my friend, you have forgot your hat. Will you get it? You are a thought picturesque without it."

"I do not pass that door again, Mr. Healy," cried Jack.

"Faith, 'tis cruel to the door. What has come to you now?"

"Why, M. de Beaujeu was right when he warned me against that ——"

"Stop!" cries Mr. Healy. "'Tis mighty ill taste to curse what you've tried to kiss, my friend."

"Begad, then, I'll call her the Incomparable. And so she is, and monsieur was right to say she would play me false." Mr. Healy looked at him curiously. "I was a fool—a fool!" says the hero in bitter scorn. "She 'ld feign to care for me and I believed her, and there in her room she made a mock of me—till my lady was tired and rang the bell for her master's bullies to come and thrash me."

"Humph!" said Mr. Healy, and looked him between the eyes. "Now, did I hear you call her something?"

Jack Dane laughed. His wit was a brilliant memory. "Why yes, 'Delila,' good-night,' said I, and damme, 'twas a fit farewell."

"Delila? Did you say so? Sure then you are Samson himself. Mr. Samson, good-night," said Mr. Healy, sharply, and turned on his heel.

Jack Dane looked after him, puzzled. Then, being in no temper for riddles, strode off to home and Mr. Wharton.

(*To be continued*)