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BLACK AND WHITE IN THE TRANSVAAL

THE LOCAL LABOUR PROBLEM

THE discussions in England during the past three years in connection with the vexed question of Chinese Labour in the gold mines of the Witwatersrand have shown that the whole conditions of the labour question in the Transvaal are most imperfectly understood. This is but natural when it is remembered that before the war the Transvaal was practically a *terra incognita* to the masses of the population in England, and that the very causes, events and results of the war, involving as they did the relations between two dominant white races, tended to obscure entirely the local labour problems. Further, the association in the popular mind of the name of the country with the gold-mining industry suggested a train of thoughts and of recollections of the life of glittering gold in early Australia, California, and Klondyke, which has no connection at all with the actual state of affairs in the Transvaal colony.

It is proposed to show from statistics in the possession of the Government Departments, the Municipalities, the Chamber of Mines, and the Chamber of Commerce, that the labour problems to be met and dealt with in the Transvaal are not such as can be solved (or even appreciated) by any merely *a priori* reasoning, or

by any generalities based upon or analogies drawn from the experiences of all-white countries. On the contrary, these questions must be studied on the spot and in strict connection with the position of the Transvaal in the general scheme of the South African colonies. Further, the considerations are wider than any mere questions of the method and rate of gold-getting on the mines or the colour by which that operation is effected. It must not, however, be assumed that therefore in the Transvaal there has sprung up a new Ireland, "Hibernia ipsa, hibernior," from which political economy is banished to Mars and Saturn, but simply that in South Africa capital and labour cannot be represented by symbols x and y and treated in their relation to each other as purely mathematical entities. The last and only accurate Transvaal census was held in 1904. From it are taken the following figures:

A. Population of the Transvaal (+Swazieland).

Whites	298,155	or 22	per cent.
Aboriginal Natives . .	1,021,577	or 75	"
Other Coloured . .	35,612	or 3	"

B. Population of the Witwatersrand.

Whites	92,410	or 40	per cent.
Aboriginal Natives . .	129,361	or 54	"
Other Coloured . .	14,357	or 6	"

C. Population of Johannesburg.

Whites	83,363	or 54	per cent.
Aboriginal Natives . .	62,524	or 39	"
Other Coloured . .	12,154	or 7	"

The respective areas in square miles are:

A. Transvaal .	111,196	equalling a density of	11	persons per mile
B. Witwatersrand	1,653	" "	165	" "
C. Johannesburg .	82	" "	1900	" "

Compare average density in England, 470 per square mile.

These figures take no account of the Chinamen working on the mines, who did not begin to arrive until the middle of

1904; under the item of "other coloured," however, is included a considerable number (?200) of non-indentured Chinamen working in market gardens, laundries, and small shops.

Certain broad conclusions can be at once drawn.

(1) That in the Transvaal as a whole there are nearly four coloured to every white person.

(2) That the whites are concentrated in the town areas, Johannesburg having about 28 per cent. of the whole white population of the colony.

(3) That a large number of Asiatics have already come into the Transvaal as licensed traders or free labourers.

(4) That the Transvaal is a very sparsely populated country, even as regards the black population.

Personal observation will soon make it apparent that Johannesburg is a town of males.

Among the white population over the age of sixteen years the number of males is almost twice that of females. On the municipal voters' roll of 23,338 in 1905 there appeared the names of only 1550 females.

Among the coloured population in the town the disparity is still greater, and while in 1904-5 there were registered 2964 white births, equal to a rate of 35½ per mille, there were only 573 coloured births, or less than 7 per mille, which indicates about ten coloured males to each coloured female in the city.

Therefore, if a portion of the white population can be described as "squatters," the black male population can only be classed as one of "trippers."

One result of such a state of affairs must be to make all labour of a transitory character. The white man seeks to rise, and to rise rapidly, in order that he may return to his family ties in Europe; the black man desires to make money rapidly but intermittently, in order that he may take a holiday at his kraal and thereby increase his family ties.

As regards the white man it will be found, as one would

expect, that it is chiefly in the more poorly paid avocations and among the least skilled that this lack of family life prevails. Let a white man get into a good permanent position and he either sends for his family or marries locally, and settles down. On the other hand, let a man of any push and capacity see that the job he is working on leads to nothing higher and he will abandon it for another even of a more precarious character, or seek a short cut to fortune by trekking or by speculation. In England a very different state of affairs obtains. The average working man and the average clerk have their family interests, their family surroundings, and to some extent their family traditions; in fact they have near to them all that makes for respectability on the one hand, and secures cheap social recreation on the other. Work of a routine kind at a bare living wage has therefore no terrors for them. They are content to go on in a groove, and to tell the truth they are often persons of but little enterprise. In an old country it is best so. A proletariat of Winston Churchills would be an appalling phenomenon, and would disorganise the constitution of the country. But further, the British working man has all the resources of an elaborate State organisation to smooth his path. Baths, libraries, schools, cheap transit—and cheap beer—are at his door. His wife, and his children when they reach the age of fourteen, can take up unskilled labour without losing caste thereby, and so can add to his income. The fact of his being a married and settled man has a protecting influence over the permanency of his employment, while in a new country it is often the married man with his hostages to fortune who is the first to be "retrenched" in salary, as he cannot afford to kick for fear of having to join the ranks of the unemployed. Again, as a consequence of the preponderance of males in the Transvaal towns, it is found everywhere that white men are doing the more "genteel" but not necessarily highly skilled work which falls elsewhere into the hands of females. The barmaid is practically unknown. It may be said that this is due to the law against their employment, which is so strict

that it prohibits women who are proprietors of licensed restaurants taking female partners without capital. In reality the law is the effect of the situation (as in Australia, where the state of affairs is very different), for the number of bars is enormous, and even the work in them which does not involve the actual selling of liquor is done by men. Again, in the very numerous "ladies'" shops there is a quite disproportionate number of male assistants. An enormous amount of the shorthand and typewriting work in offices is done by men, while the female book-keepers in shops, so common in England, are almost unknown, or where she does exist is a member of the family which keeps up the establishment. Female white servants are at a premium. Black men act as house- and chamber-maids, often as cooks, or even nurses. When white women do take on any of these occupations, or that of waitress in tea-shops (a favourite occupation, as furnishing one of the shortest cuts to matrimony), black "boys" must be supplied to do the washing up or other menial work. Laundries are run by Chinamen (who do not bring their wives), and the smaller sweetstuff or fruit shops by foreigners or Asiatics, who practically monopolise the door-to-door trade. The female tobacconist is practically unknown, and the female vendor of newspapers and stationery is comparatively rare. It is almost unnecessary to add that in some of the poorer districts the conditions of the mining camp still prevail to such an extent that the young white men do their own cooking and washing, and mend their own clothes.

As regards the black man, it must always be recognised that he has no desire to work, and apart from the presence of white men would not work; further, he has no permanent necessity to work. It is scarcely understood in England that one of the principal objects of taxes like the hut tax, now causing so much trouble in Natal, is to force the black man to do some work which will involve his actually earning some money. Otherwise there would have to be a resort to the old Dutch system of forced labour, if only to prevent the danger to the

white population which would result from an idle black population living entirely under tribal conditions and blocking the path of civilisation even when not concocting mischief.

The native does not consider work as the normal condition of his affairs, though this does not prevent him from becoming a good workman under proper supervision. He therefore does not naturally leave his kraal and ask for work with a view to making himself a proficient in a life's occupation. His labour is recruited, and an enormous sum is spent every year on this process. In fact, since its inception in 1901, the Native Labour Association has spent about one million of money upon this operation of recruiting for the mines. As the white population increases and life becomes more complex, so does the demand for native labour increase at a rate much more rapid than that of the whites which cause the extra demand. Town and industrial life makes much more exacting demands upon the supply than did the original agricultural and pastoral life. The scattered farms of the Boer farmer gave employment to a very limited number of natives, and these were to a certain extent stable and settled workers. They were (and are still) given a definite position on the farm. Their wages were to a large extent paid in kind. As a part of their payment they had a plot of land given them to cultivate for their own subsistence. This involved a breaking up of the tribal life and the bringing of their wives on to the farm. Hence the tendency to wander at frequent intervals was reduced to a minimum, and by practice, skill in their work was duly acquired. An ordinary "raw" Kaffir was thus converted into a skilled agricultural labourer without acquiring in the process any of the vices or expensive tastes of town civilisation. As of the whole white population of 298,155 in the Transvaal, practically 280,000 are concentrated on the Rand and in the ten other larger towns, it is obvious that the rural population and its needs formed, at any rate until quite recently, but a small part of the problem.

When the mining industry developed there arose at once a

much larger demand for native labour and for male native labour only. Note the result. Among the white population of the Transvaal there are 66 women to each 100 men, among the aboriginies there are 87 women to each 100 men, and in Swaziland (owing to the withdrawal of the men to the mines, &c.) there are no less than 130 women to 100 men. But on the Rand are 111,027 males to 7280 females among the aboriginal natives, or only 6 women to 100 men. It is thus obvious that although among the natives generally there is an adequate proportion of women to men, yet under labour conditions the women are in one place and the men in another. It must be perfectly plain that such a state of affairs absolutely precludes any stable supply of black labour. It may be remarked in parenthesis that a similar social situation is incident to mining life anywhere. The Chinese coolies in their own country, when they go to the mines of Manchuria, or when they come to this country, do not bring their wives with them. Even the indentured Indians who go to the West Indies for agricultural work adopt the same system. All of these things are quite alien to English ideas of labour conditions, but must be taken into account by English working men before they attempt to generalise about South Africa from their own experiences only.

As already stated, in order to get the Kaffirs to the scene of work, recruiting had to be conducted on a large scale and over a wide area. The Labour Commission in 1903 reported a shortage of labour for the Transvaal of 221,000, and the Native Affairs Commission considered that for the whole of British South Africa this shortage would amount to 300,000. These figures were (or are) much below the mark. In 1904 the natives received amounted to 87,893, while the wastage was 74,579. In 1905, 101,524 were recruited, while the wastage was 93,112, or about 94 per cent. This means that to get one native *for the year* twenty had to be recruited. In four years and eight months, 347,907 natives passed through the Association's books, and at the end of that period (December

1905) 87,673 were at work. On an average nine months is the leagth of time a native stays at his work, and about 40 per cent. of the old boys re-engage. This tells enormously against efficiency. At the end of his period of work the Kaffir goes back to his family and friends. If he has saved enough money he buys cattle to exchange for another wife. This is his method of old-age insurance. The sooner he can get sufficient wives to work for him, the sooner he can retire into private life. Hence, any increase in his rate of pay only enables him to resume at the earliest possible moment his native condition of idleness. At present on the mines, board, residence, and medical attendance are provided free; his tax of 2*s.* a month is paid for him, and he gets on an average 52*s.* a month. The food, medical and sanitary comforts with which he is provided now were undreamt of in the olden days and are quite above the native level. All the luxuries which his soul desires are going down in price, while improvements in agriculture and the cheapening of the food-supply of the country enables him to live, when he returns to his kraal, at a much lower rate than heretofore. The very efforts which are being made through the advances of civilisation, advances practically entirely paid for out of the profits of the mining industry, tend to cut short the native labour-supply. While agriculture was depressed and harvests bad, as in the beginning of 1904, many Kaffirs were prepared to come in and work on the mines under these conditions of temporarily breaking up their family life. But as mining prosperity returned the prosperity of the agricultural districts increased with it, until now a much higher scale of cultivation prevails, and the demand for agricultural produce in the towns has favourably reacted in the country districts. Hence a demand for further agricultural labour, and a return of the Kaffir to the more natural life. Again, numerous sections of the natives and those most easily available always prefer surface work, and these will suffer loss of pay sooner than go underground. The surface work in the mines is limited, and is diminishing in proportion to the underground

work, with the natural result that this source of labour-supply is being withdrawn.

Again, as regards the liquor traffic among natives, which was at one time a most serious evil, destroying the efficiency of the workers and making them peculiarly susceptible to pneumonia, the Chamber of Mines have taken stringent steps to effect an improvement. It was largely owing to their exertions that the rigorous laws against supplying liquor to natives were passed, and it is due to their co-operation with the police that these laws are enforced with the utmost rigour. What has been the result? The miners now save the money formerly spent in liquor, and consequently retire from work all the sooner. To effect this particular improvement more native police and their assistants are employed, thus again diminishing the supply of miners.

But other influences are at work in the same direction. Once more owing to the expansion of mining work, the railways and public works are rapidly extending and developing. Consequently these require a further supply of natives, who are thereby engaged upon a highly congenial kind of work. As a result some 16,000 natives are permanently withdrawn from mine work. Thus every advance made by or through the mining community cuts off its own supply of native labour. The net result of all these causes has been already shown, namely, that in the year 1904–05 only 51,001 native miners remained out of 101,524 recruited, 87·7 per cent. taking their discharge, 6·4 per cent. deserting, and 4·5 per cent. dying. It is obvious that no business can be conducted on a sound and stable basis with a labour-supply of this kind.

It must also be remembered that it will take a very long time for the natives to recover from the highly artificed state of affairs created by the war. At that time the closing of the mines not only resulted in Othello's occupation being gone, but destroyed the traditions of native work on the mines at the mines' rate of wages. The "Tommies" fraternised with the natives, gave them a taste for white food luxuries and to some

extent white methods of life. The pay they obtained for doing odd jobs for the army and for acting as camp-followers was altogether out of proportion to mine wages and to the merits of the work done. Money was made which enabled a long period of idleness to be indulged in, while the Dutch traditions of a white man as a task-master who must be obeyed and worked for were done away with for ever. A great stimulus was given to what is likely to be the favourite occupation of the black man (as it is elsewhere), namely, that of domestic service. When the last census was taken, in April 1904, there were on the Witwatersrand 111,027 male natives, of whom only 70,068 were employed on the mines. Allowing as an outside figure 18,000 for police, railway, and municipal work, this leaves to be accounted for some 23,000, most of whom were engaged in domestic work. This work is particularly attractive and well paid, and the Cape boys and Basutos will scarcely take any other. No skill is required, all the important cooking, &c., being, as a rule, carried out by either the mistress or a white cook. The hours are short and there is much time off, consequently there are numerous opportunities for indulging in the desire to dress up, which is the principal ambition of the house-boy. On Sundays, &c., he sallies forth dressed much better than the white working man. He has all his food, &c., found, and gets wages at the rate of £3 or even £4 a month. When at work he appears in a costume of white linen or drill, and the washing of this even is paid for him. In many cases he has a great part of his day free owing to the absence of his master at business, and is able to engage in some other trade or business involving dealings with his fellows; the making of native snuff is a particularly lucrative business and so is gardening—for some other master. A fine trade also is done in carrying parcels, &c., and running errands for all and sundry. Now as the white population increases and becomes more wealthy there must be a largely increased demand for this class of labour. Naturally "raw" kaffirs are of little use in this sphere and so the more ambitious spirits who

have served some time on the mines and have been in touch with civilisation take on with the house work. Hence the mines are pursuing and must always pursue this suicidal policy of depriving themselves of their labour-supply, just in proportion as their output increases the prosperity of agriculture and other industries and as it improves the position and outlook of the white man. Consequently the mine-owners have to look further and further afield every year for their supplies. But the other colonies have their own needs and are becoming daily more and more unable to supply labourers for the Transvaal. Last year the Transvaal only supplied 14,199 natives out of a total of 87,677 employed. Portuguese territory supplied the bulk of the recruits, viz., 38,439, half of whom were "old boys." The natives from British Central Africa and Rhodesia cannot stand the winter, and the development of the latter colony is so rapid that its own labour-supply is now short, and no more assistance can be expected from that quarter. The Cape Colony natives are made too comfortable at home, while north of latitude 22° S. the natives are unable to stand the climate of the Transvaal and rapidly die of pneumonia and similar diseases. Further, the relative efficiency of the supply of natives from these various districts is much affected by sickness and mortality. In 1904–5, while the death-rates among the natives from the Cape, Basutoland, the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony varied from 17 per mille to 40 per mille, among those from British Central Africa it was 129 per mille, from Rhodesia 124, from Damaraland and Mozambique 128, and from Quilimane 164 per mille. It is therefore obvious that nature as well as the spread of civilisation has placed limits upon the supply of native labour for the mines.

Throughout this article it has been assumed as axiomatic, and the points already adduced will indicate to some extent the foundation for the theory, that there is, and must be, in the Transvaal an absolute and entire separation between the spheres of work of the white and black man. Lord Selborne has said recently :

> The employment of whites on unskilled work is impossible owing to the feeling of the whites against doing what is called "Kaffir" work. This feeling is deplorable, but it is not fostered by the mine-owners, who would like to see a larger white population; it is due to the traditions of the country.

It is quite easy to show that Lord Selborne's statement of the facts, especially his final remark, is quite correct, without in any way endorsing his view that "the feeling is deplorable." The Right Hon. J. Bryce, M.P., has distinctly stated that white men refuse to undertake native manual unskilled labour; while Mr. T. Burt, M.P., as a result of his visit to the Transvaal, said:

> I have never believed that there can be any great employment of white unskilled labour in the Transvaal. I have never myself been under the delusion that the Transvaal is a white man's country, in the sense that it will ever give employment to white workers in any considerable numbers. In fact, I do not think it either practicable or desirable that the gold mines should be worked exclusively by white men in a country where the Whites are so vastly outnumbered by the coloured population.

Now it has been shown already that the teeming black population, by its traditions and by its nature, cannot and will not work in a regular and consistent manner. It is, however, on the spot. South of the Zambesi there are four blacks to every white man. Therefore this black labour must be utilised somehow, and these blacks must be kept from settling down permanently in their original tribal condition. Otherwise there is constituted the organisation for revolt and massacre; a state of affairs being brought within a measurable distance by the pernicious, all-black African theories and the pseudo-Christianity of the Ethiopian Church emissaries. At present in Natal, or on its borders, there is the fully organised Zulu nation in a state of great disquietude. A generation of young bloods has grown up which knows nothing of the prowess of the white men in the Zulu wars, but remembers the feats of the white men with each other, and the defeat of one set by another in the Boer War. The chiefs are only kept loyal by subsidies, and their power over the younger men is

being broken down as an effect of attempts at civilisation. The Basutos recently received Lord Selborne with an army of 50,000 well-drilled warriors, most of them armed with modern weapons and mounted on excellent horses. It is perfectly obvious that, just as in India, white men can only keep their authority over the native by means of prestige or by continual fighting. If the country is to be kept in peace every white man must always keep the native at his distance and let him see the gap which is between them. This is all the more important since the war, as has been already mentioned. Soldiers who had not lived among the traditions of the country and had not to live in it for good, treated the natives as "men and brothers," with the result that they have in many places become cheeky and independent, and for quite a generation additional efforts will have to be made to keep them in their places. Well-meaning persons of the Uncle Tom's Cabin school forget that there is all the difference in the world between the American coloured person, the product of centuries of oppression living under a *régime* of civilisation modified by lynch law, and the armed and disciplined hordes of unconquered braves ruling their native wilds in South Africa. There is not here even the Russian veneer of civilisation, the Tartar stands out without scratching in the face and passions of even the product of the native schools and seminaries. Even the spread of any kind of education which is not industrial, but which has a tendency to give them (or rather such of them as might develop into leaders) that veneer of literary culture associated with the Indian Baboo, must be rigorously checked; such learning with a native puffeth up but edifieth not. Once let the white man sink to their level by doing the same or similar work and the whole fabric of deference and respect falls to the ground. It would be better (to take an extreme case) for the white population to be starving in the streets and for black convicts to do all the manual unskilled work associated in the native mind with men of his own colour, than for there to be any tampering with the

principle of strict separation of work. The traditions of the country as established by the Dutch were all in the same direction, and under their rule the natives were kept in strict subjection. The whole trend of labour legislation under the Republic was to make the natives do the work which white men objected to, and to prevent them doing any other work. Scales of wages were instituted to prevent the white man falling to native level. No white man was to be paid less than £1 a day for his work. Natives were allowed to be paid as far as convenient in kind, and the principles of the English Truck Act were entirely negatived. To this day the Boer farmer, no matter how poor he is, sits smoking on his stoep while the whole manual labour on his farm is done by natives. Even such skilled manual labour as sheep-shearing is performed (and very badly) by his Kaffirs. At municipal elections the heckling of candidates who may be employers of labour is on such lines as to whether natives have been allowed, in such trades as plumbing, painting and building, to infringe upon the white man's sphere. Trading by coloured persons is conducted under temporary licences, and is hedged in with severe restrictions. The very cost of living is on entirely different scales, natives having board and lodging provided at a cost of about 25*s.* a month, while a single white working man with the greatest economy cannot secure these privileges under £10 a month. The present ratio of wages is, per week of forty-eight hours:

	£	*s.*	*d.*	
Natives	1	0	0	at outside.
White Bakers	4	10	0	
Plumbers	6	0	0	
Bricklayers and Carpenters	5	15	0	
Engine-drivers	6	0	0	
Plasterers	6	8	0	
Masons	7	0	0	and upwards.

It is therefore plain that there is no gradation of labour, no gradual passage from one grade to another, but a great gulf is fixed by the practice of the country as well as by its traditions.

The condition of affairs in the Cape Colony, where the barrier has been broken down, constitutes a warning which will not be neglected in the Transvaal. There the "poor white" is a serious problem. He is being frozen out by the competition of the black and mixed races, He has fallen in the scale by intermarriage and his progeny is no longer to be reckoned among the fighting and governing forces essential to the preservation of a free country. The sweating of the labour of women and young children is rampant and demands special legislation. There are, it is true, unemployed in Johannesburg, but nothing like the number in Cape Town. In the former town such persons are either unemployable or are those who have mistaken their avocation and left the land to try their luck on the mines. The recent Government Commission on the circumstances of these indigent whites found but few mechanics among them, and recommended the bulk of them to be returned to the land upon small holdings grouped together, where they could pursue all kinds of agricultural work apart from the Kaffirs. To try a similar experiment upon certain mines from which all natives must be excluded (as suggested by Mr. J. B. Robinson) would be socially interesting, but probably economically impossible as only a few of the very richest could stand the raising of the cost of labour by the amount necessary to provide a living wage for white men.

In what sense, then, can the Transvaal ever be a white man's country? Only in the sense that there be no attempt to apply the principles of democracy as understood in England to black and white alike. At present there is a true democracy among white men, at least as real as that in America, and the black coat and the corduroy men associate for mutual protection as well as for social pleasures to an extent unknown in the old country. "H-es" are not *de rigueur*, but skill in a trade is. To attempt to modify this by the importation in any number of those whose passport to this country is their failure in skill or intellect to make a living at

home must result in the degradation of the existing white workers in the eyes of those who form the bulk, and must always form the bulk, of a population, which has not yet and probably never will recognise any other qualities as justifying a right to live except superior fighting power, whether in the battle of industry and commerce or on the stricken field.

S. A.

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE!

THE smoke may be the size of a man's hand or as big as a house, a thin spiral or a thick rolling cloud, but when it arises in an unlimited quantity of inflammable material it affords a fair indication of the extent and character of the blaze likely to ensue. In some cases a trained eye is required to detect its presence, in others the most heedless cannot escape observing it. Distance generally modifies the impression of extent, and occasionally removes the cloud beyond the field of vision. This may be the case in regard to the smoke seen of late in Natal. Its ominous character is recognised by almost every white man of some years' residence in South Africa, but there is no general knowledge of the area covered by the smoke from which has shot forth a flame or two. In the absence of this knowledge there is lacking a unanimous and organised pressure of public opinion to insist upon permanent measures being taken to prevent, or eventually cope with the devouring blaze it may prelude. The fire extinguisher has been applied in Natal, and the efforts of the brigade seem to have checked the progress of the flames for the time being. The prompt and decisive measures adopted, leaving no loophole for misunderstanding, were adapted to the native comprehension.

While relieving anxiety temporarily, it would be wise to direct one's gaze further with a view to determining the whole extent of the volume of smoke whence the sparks have sprung.

These forks of fire have issued from long-gathering clouds, and it is time the white population of South Africa awoke to the fact, and set themselves in readiness to face the danger. To what extent the Governments of the Colonies are prepared, and what knowledge is possessed by Home and Colonial Governments on the question is not known to the public, but it would be reassuring to know that they grasp the situation.

The contumacy of the natives in Natal has partially opened people's eyes to the danger threatening. There is a wide presumption that the disaffection is practically confined to the districts which have already come into prominence in connection with the refusal to pay the poll-tax. This argues ignorance of the conditions that hold generally amongst the natives in Natal and the Transvaal and the countries dependent thereon. Knowledge of these conditions is little likely to be obtained through the regular official channels. Official questionings are calculated rather to result in misleading information and false impressions than true ones. The native mind does not readily adapt itself to straightforward replies on matters affecting the attitude of black towards white. Even an approximate understanding of the native mind and attitude is possible only to the man of long colonial standing with a thorough knowledge of the native languages, with the ability to listen more than talk, and gather information either without questioning or by roundabout methods calling for exceptional patience. He knows the natural suspicion the natives entertain towards direct approaches for information, and the equally natural aversion they exhibit against committing themselves to a direct reply. He also recognises, what is most important to note, the subtle changes in the native atmosphere, warning signals unseen by less experienced men. Intimacy with the natives for many years in many conditions and circumstances has rendered him susceptible to impressions which, trifling in themselves, produce in the aggregate a definite conviction. If the conviction be that all is not well, that danger lies ahead,

he may be unable to adduce any specific reasons that would carry much weight to ordinary minds, but it would by no means follow that his opinion was worthless or unreliable.

What then do we find amongst the natives at the present time? This much is certain. There is a general feeling of unsettlement from Durban to the Northern Transvaal, from the Western Transvaal and Western Natal to the Portuguese border. Tall talk has gone on increasing for the last two years or so, and has now reached threatening dimensions.

There is a centre round which the talk revolves. The centre is a dusky potentate, of whom it should be borne in mind that he has had the advantage of education, that he has been in the society of white tutors, who would lead him on the right path and not the wrong, for his own good and not for theirs; that he has come under religious influences and had the benefit of advice from people who have been desirous of bringing the native to understand that co-operation with the white would assure his welfare.

Dinizulu is the power among the natives. His is a name to conjure with. Everywhere the impression of his invulnerability and might has gained ground; nothing is impossible for him.

How has he gained this hold upon Zulu, Swazi, Nozingeli, and the Sekukuni tribes?

Granting this influence, what is the object he has in view? Is it his aim to prevail upon all the native tribes to submit cheerfully to white authority, to recognise that their salvation lies in maintaining cordial relations with their respective Governments? Does he discountenance the bellicose ebullitions now and then in evidence? Let the various Governments find the reply. Or has he been reflecting on the departed glories of Chaka? Does he dream of emulating his great predecessor? Such a dream would fire the native imagination.

Against the attempt to realise this dream the argument is constantly brought forward, even by the oldest settlers, that

the safety of the white population lies in the certainty of the various tribes being so consumed with jealousy and hatred of each other that united effort is impossible. Now the natives know that separate tribal revolt would be useless. Some time ago a store-boy, being chaffed by his baas, said they would never rise against the whites unless they all rose together. Dinizulu sees as far as the store-boy. He has been as much awake to the one-time fact of native disunion as the keenest-sighted colonist. He has employed his freedom in such a way as to first modify this inter-tribal distrust, and now practically to succeed in removing the safeguard on which so much reliance has hitherto been placed. We cannot say that Dinizulu's education has been fruitless.

Small local scares have arisen from time to time in the past few years, but as they resulted in nothing tangible the tendency is to assume that they are merely repetitions of the old cry of "wolf." The cries may have been premature. The point is, have they been without cause?

A few whites, closely in touch with the natives, learned—as probably the Government did—that two years ago Dinizulu had trusty indunas in conclave with the Swazi queen. Why? Other reports passing on native lips are that his messengers have been to and fro in Swaziland since, that in person he visited the Nozingelis twelve months back, that more recently he has been sending messengers to Sekukuni's country, that eighteenth months ago the Zulu king had been in communication with Majaji. Whether the reports be accurate or not, they serve a purpose; the native believes them, and is deeply impressed. He awaits the events they portend.

One effect we may be sure of. The Zulus consider themselves of royal race among natives. Other tribes, if they do not proclaim it aloud, recognise this position of pre-eminence. The attention paid by Dinizulu to the Swazi, Nozingeli, and Sekukuni Kaffirs is no small honour; it is an important factor in the breaking down of the barriers between the tribes. That this is so is apparent from the power of the name of

Dinizulu among these tribes at the present time. Other factors have been at work to assist in the coalition, making it easier for Dinizulu to pursue his policy, whatever it may be, successfully.

The process of erosion of tribal angularities has been going on quietly and almost unseen for the past twenty years in the employment of so many thousands of boys in the mining industry, and in the rapid growth of industrial and commercial activity.

Effects in the same direction were favoured by the limitless number of boys of every tribe engaged in various capacities with the troops in the late war. More pronounced still is the effect direct and indirect of the schools for natives in lessening the cleavage between the tribes. Whether reliance can be placed or not on the opinion not uncommonly held that the preaching of native missioners is of a predominantly political character, there can hardly be a doubt that the schools built by natives themselves without white supervision are commonly used for this purpose; and this class of school has increased rapidly in recent years. Careful distinction should be drawn between native schools that are entirely independent of white control, and the mission schools conducted either by missionaries or by native missioners as part of the organisation of white denominations. It is probable that most native missioners would disavow the introduction of a political element into their teaching, and it might be their honest opinion that no political influence found a place in their schools. Yet it is as possible for them, as it is for whites, to be in ignorance of what is going on under their eyes. White ministers are often enough in blissful ignorance of many of the under-currents at work in their congregations, and there is no reason for thinking that native ministers possess greater powers of discernment.

A mission school where natives of all degrees of rawness and semi-civilisation assemble, affords a convenient ground for the sower of seeds of political discontent, and one or

two individuals may exercise a very prejudicial effect on the peaceful inclinations of a great number of their brothers.

It is said that a strange boy putting in an appearance in a school is eyed with suspicion by the rest, and kept at a careful distance until his *bonâ fides* be satisfactorily determined. A reason can be given for such an attitude. He may be an agent of his chief sent to spy out the land; he may be in the service of the Government looking out for trouble, as the boys put it. So they need to be on guard lest they may prove to have incurred the chief's displeasure, or should be found committing an offence, real or fancied, wilful or ignorant, against the law that is continually springing surprises on them. That this has weight with them may be gathered from the reply recently elicited from a good and reliable boy when asked if he knew of anything wrong amongst the natives. He was sad and earnest in his response,—he was afraid to tell the white *inkoos* what he knew, for the *inkoos* would send him to *trouk* for making trouble.

Now it is evident that once a boy acting under instructions from his chief, overcomes the suspicion his appearance creates and establishes confidence, political discontent can be easily introduced into a school, fed for a time, and allowed to ferment. Such may be one of the causes at any rate giving rise to the common opinion that responsibility for much of the unrest lies with the mission schools, irrespective of their organisation.

It is to be noted, too, that at the same school may be seen Zulus, Swazi, Shangaan, Zingeli, and the representative of any other tribe that may be employed in the immediate vicinity. It was once a commonplace that you would never see natives of two different tribes eating out of the same pot. This no longer holds; nowadays natives of tribes once filled with the bitterest animosity may be seen harmoniously gathered round the same pot and helping themselves therefrom like brothers. What has brought them together? Is it the presence of European civilisation, or the pressure of Government legislation uniting them in the possession of common grievances,

or the finesse of Dinizulu, or have these several causes combined to bring about this approach to a fusion of the native races?

Whatever the forces in operation, there can be no blinking the fact that the temperamental obstacles to the organisation of the natives on a large scale have been in some manner or other considerably weakened if not entirely removed. And as the pride of the Swazi, the Nozingeli and the northern Transvaal native has been flattered by the attentions of the Zulu king, cohesion round a commanding central figure is virtually secured among elements hitherto regarded as incapable of combination.

We may now consider the part Majaji plays in this smoke-laden atmosphere. Let Majaji be mythical or historical, she wields an influence over the native mind comparable to none other. Her abode is in the fastnesses of the Northern Transvaal. She possesses the secret of perpetual life; she never dies; her power never diminishes; she diappears but returns at will; her co-operation is invaluable; to secure it is to assure success in any undertaking. If an occult power and personality could be conceived as giving effect to the cry in civilised kingdoms, "The King is dead; long live the King," Majaji would fill the conception. The circulation, therefore, of the report that Dinizulu has been to Majaji and obtained *m'lingi* (war medicines) from her produces an electrifying effect on the native mind.

Whether the tale be true or not, its circulation is all the evidence needed for credence to be given to it. Its acceptance, moreover, establishes Dinizulu in whatever pretences he chooses to lay claim to, for he has made an ally of the most powerful force that exists. The war medicines convey to him the gift of invisibility. The wisdom and knowledge he has gained by the ordinary methods of education—learning which in itself is sufficient to earn him a high reputation—is immeasurably reinforced to the point of invincibility and invulnerability.

He is able to defeat every force that may be brought against him. He has simply to choose to exercise his power, and he possesses at the same time the wisdom necessary to decide when the time is ripe for action. This is in accordance with the Kaffir belief in the magic of Majaji.

By way of strengthening the impression thus created, reports are coincidently current of various incidents confirming the transference to Dinizulu of marvellous powers. For instance, in the presence of his chiefs he slew an ox, and on cutting it open there sprang forth a full impi of warriors. The idea of questioning such a story does not present itself to the native. The information comes to him as the word of his chief, and the chief's word is true; the chief knows. The inference in this case is that Dinizulu is able to provide all the impis he requires to eat up his enemies.

A story of similar quality testifies to his personal prowess. This is of more recent date. He ordered a number of chiefs who were with him to slay an ox that was brought before them. Obedient to his word, one and all flung their assegais into the beast. Pierced with the assegais, it stood as though unscathed. For a moment the royal master eyed the feeble-handed chiefs, and disdainfully regarding the defenceless object of their attack, simply waved his hand at the animal and it fell dead.

These happenings are demonstrations of his power in witchcraft, and their currency gives weight to the reality and effectiveness of his alliance with the great Majaji. Indisputably the possessor of such wonderful powers needs but assert himself to accomplish his designs.

Now it will be urged by the large class of whites who are superficially conversant with native methods that when loud talking is indulged in there is nothing to fear; the time for being watchful is when they are quiet and sullen.

It may be observed then that Dinizulu is not talking loudly in the ears of the white people. No one could desire Dinizulu to be quieter than he has been during the recent disturbances

in Natal. Take that circumstance for what it is worth. Moreover, the tall talk that has been increasing among the natives is not openly indulged before whites who can understand it. An occasional *umlungu* gathers here and there a snatch of conversation foreshadowing grave issues; hundreds of others might hear the same and be none the wiser. Or portions, very small portions, of information may be derived from a series of questions carefully directed upon other matters than the one on which enlightenment is really sought. But the meaning to an old colonist is as clear as daylight. In the end it spells "war."

The ostensible immediate cause of the truculent disposition recently asserting itself is the discontent and resentment induced by taxation. The incidence of taxation among the various tribes varies to some extent, but everywhere it is viewed as oppressive. When the late disturbances arose in Natal, keen interest was manifested by boys in all parts of the country in the progress of events. In all likelihood the decisive action of the Natal Government has staved off the peril of a general rising. For how long, none can say. But the native understands short shrift. At this time the impression was abroad that Dinizulu was championing the common cause by refusing to pay the poll-tax. "The white man's paper tells us that Dinizulu has paid his taxes," might be urged. "Nxa!" clicks the boy, and with a knowing glance adds "Schelling!" The key to which enigmatic utterance lies in the prevalence of the report that Dinizulu had announced that when the taxes should be demanded the big indunas were to pay a shilling and the heads of the small kralls sixpence—equivalent to a dictation of his own terms, and the assertion of his authority against the Government.

In official circles the belief seems prevalent that the natives are so deficient in arms that they would not attempt a rising. Official opinion may be right! Not a few experienced colonists take the view that the disarmament in Swaziland and the Transvaal was anything but a success; that most of the fire-arms

given up were old and useless, that the arming of the natives was accomplished before the late war closed through the number of British weapons that fell into their hands from time to time, and that a large number of the effective rifles thus obtained remain hidden and still in possession. This opinion could be tested if figures were forthcoming of the number of rifles issued, and those in service or returned up to the end of hostilities.

Whether any value or not be attached to the persuasion that natives called upon to surrender arms still possess weapons carefully buried, there can be little doubt that arms have long been finding their way into the territories under British domination by way of the Portuguese border. It might be to the interest of the Portuguese authorities to give close attention to this matter. In a plan of campaign, discussed by a small knot of boys some time ago, their baas overheard a statement that immediately the Zulus made their rising, the Zingelis would fall upon the Portuguese. The Banyans may supply gas-pipe guns as dangerous to the marksman as to the foe, but the traffic augurs trouble.

Two years ago the keener-sighted colonials heard clearly the mutterings threatening a future storm, and such as have spoken of it are not the sort of person ordinarily subject to attacks of nerves. They betray no excitability in the prospect that their experience bids them be prepared for. One such came upon a group of his boys in the dark engaged so earnestly in conversation that they did not hear his approach. What subject, thought he, could so engross their attention? He listened: they were canvassing the prospects of a successful attack on Barberton. The pros and cons were logically weighed: one assuming the position of attacker-in-chief, another that of the attacked party. This incident is eighteen months old, but it is an indication as to how the minds of the natives were exercised even then.

Some will ask, if the foregoing reflects accurately the condition of the native mind, how comes it so little is heard about

it? First, the knowledge of native languages possessed by 95 per cent. of the white population is not intimate. They have sufficient knowledge to enable them to direct the work of the native, to make known their wants; for their immediate requirements their vocabulary is adequate; outside their requirements they are at sea.

Of the remaining 5 per cent., who can converse fluently and have, we may assume, some insight into native habits of thought, the majority are not given the opportunity of knowing what is nearest the heart of the native. It is a serious crime, from the native point of view, to talk among themselves of a nation rising—hence the recognised ominous character of a quiet sullen demeanour. Their conversation on such a theme is guarded, lest they should be considered as handing over the secrets of their chiefs to those who would betray them. Their business is to wait for the word of the chief, and respond when the word is spoken. Metaphors and similes they employ abundantly; and it is possible for the boys squatting round a Kaffir pot to discuss matters of the deepest import in the presence of one well acquainted with their language without giving rise to the faintest suspicion; the turn of phrase gives a special meaning to the native while conveying its commonplace meaning to the white man.

Further, should the man who supervises native workers be a capable linguist, they will be still more guarded about talking in his presence; if they are ignorant of his ability he may pick up many items of information. If he be acute, and intent on finding out things, he will dissemble when going among boys who do not know him, and talk bad kitchen Kaffir to put them off their guard. Here and there you find men who adopt this attitude; it is dictated by experience and the instinct of self-preservation.

It is evident, then, that but a small percentage, probably a small decimal percentage, of the white population ever gets more than an inkling of what is passing in the secretive mind of the native; and of those in constant personal contact with

the natives the least likely to obtain a full knowledge of their thoughts and intents are the Government officials in the Police and Native Affairs Department. These may be able to report when the general demeanour exhibits discontent and dissatisfaction, but the deeper workings of the native mind are a sealed book to them.

The official mind, moreover, is apparently imbued with the idea that rumours of native risings are a chronic feature of colonial life; they are to be expected; they are of periodical recurrence like the seasons. No doubt this is correct. On the other hand, it is important to note that there is generally reason for the rumours.

For example, when the Swazi scare was on about two years ago, the Swazi queen and her subjects were in so discontented and desperate a mood, that an induna was despatched to a white friend of the Swazis with a message to the effect that as it seemed useless trying to obtain redress of the grievances they considered themselves subject to, the queen was about to "strike her spear into the water," in effect to declare war. A long private indaba with the queen's messenger followed, and the advice tendered by the non-official subject of his Britannic Majesty was that war would bring no benefit, and their country would be altogether taken from them, while they would be no worse for waiting, and the Government would see that wrong was put right. Whatever the means, war was avoided. Yet it should be noted that it was about this time that the word passed among the natives that Dinizulu had had his envoys at the queen's kraal. It is probable, too, that the visit of his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor to Swaziland was not undetermined by the state of unrest then existing. And this was reckoned one of the periodical groundless scares.

When the rumours of strife will justify their existence is the one point on which no definite opinion can be offered. In times past rumour after rumour arose and died before an actual rising took place. The native wars have generally come suddenly, with little or no apparent warning. In spite of all

the rumours afloat during the past few years, Dinizulu is publicly stated to be loyal to the Government. He would lack the wisdom attributed to him if he gave open cause for doubting his loyalty. Yet there can scarcely be a question as to the trouble brewing. In the complaints of the Swazis there was a genuine ring. They wanted to know why they had been singled out for the worst tax they could have put on them, a tax—so they interpreted it—on their womankind. Was not the queen loyal? Had not the king, her husband, been loyal? Had not the king before him been loyal? Had they not always stood by the white man in his troubles? The Zulus had not been called upon to pay such a tax, nor the Nozingelis, nor the Pondos, nor the Basutos. Why was this burden laid on them? Did the white man wish to eat them up?

Dinizulu no doubt recognised that this was an excellent string to play upon. And now that Natal has imposed a poll-tax, the natives have something tangible to use as an argument to evoke sympathy at home if they resist. They can make use of taxation as an excuse for an effort to realise the aspiration that is not dead yet—claiming their country as their own. In doing so, Dinizulu would display political discernment as did the present Home Government in adopting the Chinese slavery nonsense-cry to secure support.

It may not have dawned upon the intelligence of home politicians that it is possible to regard recent events in Natal as arising from any other cause than taxation. Colonial eyes may see more clearly because they are nearer the object of vision. In the light of what is already written, the refractoriness of the chiefs may be considered as a feeler put forth to test the temper of the Government, to judge what promise of success might attend more serious opposition on a combined basis. So ar fas the Natal Government is concerned, they have emerged from the test satisfactorily. In this regard it is not without significance to note such a native comment as the following: "It has not been known in any history that the

things that have happened in Natal could have happened without the knowledge of Dinizulu," *i.e.*, without Dinizulu knowing beforehand.

Another probable explanation is that the young bucks had worked themselves up into so high a pitch of excitement at the prospect of a general day of reckoning for the white intruders, that they were unable to bottle up their impatience any longer, and getting out of hand exposed the game before the time was ripe. The comments of the old and staider natives who are not too keen on becoming embroiled in war with the British, corroborate this point of view. "The young assegais are crying for blood": "the young bucks want to show that they are men." In other words, the young men who have not measured strength with the British, and in whom savage instincts have only been temporarily suppressed by the presence and action of civilising agencies, have not had an opportunity in the peaceful times in which their lot has fallen to earn for themselves the title of "men" by distinguishing themselves in fight; and they are spoiling for it.

Were Dinizulu as loyal as he is apparently considered, he would either have offered to send out an impi to arrest the malcontents, or have sent his word ordering the chiefs to submit to the Government. The word would have been obeyed, but Dinizulu spoke not, Dinizulu was asleep.

That trouble is preparing may be gauged from some of the phrases on native lips at the present moment. One is "keep your assegais in order": another, "Now we are to be on the alert"—the particular phrase is one indicating that they are to hold themselves on a war-footing. They do not know, any more than the white man, the exact time they will be wanted. They know that when their chiefs call, they must be ready to respond.

The colonists versed in native war methods rely for one indication of the time on the generally observed custom of rising after, say, a couple of good seasons for crops. This enables them to continue operations, if prolonged, without the neces-

sity of sowing and reaping to provide for their sustenance. A factor not to be lost sight of in this reckoning is that this precaution may not be deemed necessary in view of occurrences thousands of natives have witnessed in the opening years of the century. They have seen the convoys of the British repeatedly attacked and the commissariat supplies captured. They have the penetration to see that by the exercise of a little ingenuity the same thing would be possible again, that they would be able to provide for their bodily needs without too great risk by raiding the enemy's commissariat from time to time. Consequently in judging the time of rising it would be unwise to place too much dependence on the natives waiting for the ingathering of good crops.

The one sign, however, that may be absolutely relied upon is that any combined aggressive movement of the natives will be heralded by a general exodus from their employers! If Dinizulu's acumen be equal to his reputation, he will be alive to the danger of this fore-warning signal, and will be prepared to meet it. As there is no likelihood of the big centres such as Johannesburg, Pretoria, Middleburgh, Pietermaritzburg, and Durban being attacked in force, it would be easy for boys employed in outside places to act in concert and simultaneously with their brethren without resorting to a general massing. They will not do any daylight fighting by choice; they will not as a body depend on rifles; they will swoop down at night when a club or an assegai is as good as anything else for dealing destruction. The danger is that if they once start they can keep the country in a state of alarm and terror for years if they want, while leaving the big towns alone. They know well enough now how to cut wires, lift rails, place obstacles in the way of traffic and transport, and upset lines of communication equally as effectively as ever the Boers did.

If the outline of Dinizulu's policy be correct, it is no use depending upon the need of the employment of boys of one tribe in the capacity of policemen over another tribe, as, *e.g.*, the Zulu police-boys stationed on the Swazi border. Swazi intentions

are little likely to be divulged by Zulu police-boys, should such be known to them, and *vice-versa*, when friendly relations are acknowledged to exist between the heads of the tribes.

This is a point to be given heed to.

Now the position may or may not be critical, but at least it is disquieting. And we may rightly ask what are the steps taken to protect the white population of the Transvaal, particularly in the country districts? Here and there troops are stationed; here and there volunteer corps exist; and scattered police posts are to be found all through the country.

Against this, the rural inhabitants individually have up to the present experienced the greatest difficulty in obtaining permits for rifles; ammunition is difficult to obtain even where rifles are possessed; rifle associations have been consistently discouraged in the hope of making the volunteer movement a success, so that men have had no other course open to obtain the means of self-defence than to join the volunteers. Only a week or two ago a man thirty miles from a small volunteer centre applied to join the corps with the avowed intention of getting arms to protect himself; he felt his position was unsafe in the present temper of the natives. Under existing conditions, if the natives chose to rise in a body, they could wipe out the scattered police posts, farmers, prospectors, and traders, and make havoc in the small dorps before any effective alarm could be given. There never existed so general a state of unpreparedness for such a contingency under the late *régime*.

But it may be urged, the country is surely quite safe with the presence of so many British troops; and the result of the late war is certainly not lost on the natives.

The proper disposition of troops in the country is useful, particularly if the natives know them to be on the alert; the result of the war is not lost on the natives, but the broad impression created is not calculated to act as a strong deterrent. They have been impressed; what they have been impressed by is not success, but the extraordinary numbers opposed to the Boers. "*Fana ne skonyan*" is their constant simile—the soldiers were

like swarms of locusts; had they simply walked through the country, the Boers would have been trampled under their feet. Numbers, and not fighting capacity, gave them victory. That enormous numbers were needed to keep open the lines of communication is an idea that is not grasped. A native will tell you, if there had been equal Boers and equal British—an expressive gesture and exclamation indicate a clean slate where the British were. It is not complimentary, but it is the native view. Not that they question the bravery of the British soldier; they have seen him, and they know he will stand up to be shot at every time, but they do not look upon that as fighting. Consequently their regard for the rank and file exhibits something very nearly approaching contempt, a condition of mind that does not augur well for peace, and does not say much for the deterrent influence of the war waged under their eyes.

Whether then it be wise to continue the irksome restrictions in force in a country where every British subject in the outside districts and small towns should certainly be armed, and under a penalty should be able to produce their arms for periodical inspection, is a question for the Government to determine.

If a black day come, then to some one it will be reckoned little short of a crime that a needlessly large proportion of the population is defenceless through no fault of their own. The ultimate outcome of a native insurrection would never be a moment in doubt; but it is dreadful to think of the blood that might flow before a wholesome check could be administered.

The Government must be on the *qui vive*. They should have a first-class system of intelligence—not magistrates, police officers, and sub-native commissioners—but men who are in touch with the natives, who can find out what is going on and watch developments. Such men are to be had if they are sought.

What other steps should be taken, either to allay the general unrest, or to cope with it should that unrest reach a climax, is a question of statesmanship, and statesmanship based on colonial experience.

A more efficient state of preparedness is imperative. In that alone lies the safety of the country, for the natives discontented as they may be, will hesitate long in attacking a watchful and ready foe. The time they will choose, unless their grievances be in the meantime mitigated, and their minds set at rest, will be the time when the British sleep.

J. Benson Knowles.

THE COMING POWER

LET it be said at once and so get it quickly over, that what is here meant by the coming power is the coming voting power of women. To say that is but to pass boldly by the fearsome phantom which ever holds illusory guard between the shadows and the light. Let us leave the tangled forest of obstruction, and pass on.

It is the point at which we must part with the man of muscle and might, the hero of many a single-handed fight. We thank him for past favours conferred upon himself; we admire his courage, his self-confidence, his conquests, his strength; all the glories of his glorious days: we see all that and we appreciate it. But we cannot keep him for ever for himself, nor can we suffer him to undertake so much. For after all it is *we* who are the mothers and the housekeepers of the State; it is *we* who are for ever up-building, re-making, preserving, repairing the waste of the makers of millions and empires, the wasteful ways of their making.

In addition to the presentment of a great god of battles it has taken us women two thousand years to overcome the fashionable prejudices of a certain man whose name was Paul. The Master stood for the elevation of women; Paul and Paul's times required their subjection. It was Paul who won. The victory would have been assured and easy anywhere. But there? and in those times? . . . We can see the haughty stare of disapproval with which the dominant male must have

received certain indications of the Saviour's mind. We can imagine the blank look of incredulity which must have greeted the Master's subtle introduction of an equal standard of morality; the distrust, the rage, the hatred which must have pulsed through the multitude as it assimilated the daring challenge: "He that is without sin amongst you let him first cast a stone at her."

The victory of the nature of man over the divine nature of the Saviour was absolute. The magnetism of His personal influence once removed Paul did the diplomatic thing; he conformed to the popular policy and preached the subjection of women. Possibly he thought to strengthen his cause by so doing. We see now that it was the greatest mistake in the world to attempt to elevate humanity by making one half of it subordinate to the other. The effect was to encourage all that was least Christ-like in man and to lower the standard of life for women. It is a consolation to know that if there are still women in the world who can read of the abasement of their sex without distaste, their standpoint is one which will not be accepted by future generations. It was perhaps this tendency of former days to lean more upon dogma than upon the spirit of the Christ-life which led many women, otherwise pious and good, to obstruct the progress of the free woman; little suspecting that they were thus postponing a sane interpretation of the Saviour's designs for humanity. For it is only since the responsible influence of women began to make itself felt in responsible ways that we have become conscious of a universal striving after the Spirit of the Christian Creed. We feel it in the decay of the cult of war. We recognise it in the growth of the principle of Socialism—the Socialism, we mean, which pervades the soul of the people, not necessarily that which obtains within a party or faction. There are other indications of the Socialistic spirit pervading our midst; but the impetus of those two forces alone seems to be carrying us further and further from the limitations of man, nearer and nearer to the ideals of the Lord.

It is here that we begin to ask ourselves what the coming voting power of women really means. To us it seems to mean more than a mere tardy act of justice to the mothers and housekeepers of the State. It seems to us to herald the fulfilment of the Law—the Natural Law—which, according to some scientists, makes the female sex the beginning: makes woman, in short, not merely typify the race, but *be* the race.

Let us, however, return to modern days, the days of some sixty years or so ago.

It was a mere handful of women who first thrust aside the veil. The status of women had then reached its lowest ebb. Gradually they had been jockeyed out of every power, every right they had ever had. The State was motherless. The housekeeper was despised. She was not looked upon as the indispensable administrator of the home, but as a chattel of the man's house. The mother was not cosseted, educated, trained as an invaluable asset of the State, she was just tolerated as a plaything or neglected as a drudge—according to requirements. Her efforts to raise herself from the abyss towards which she was tending were hampered in all their stages by composite hostile forces. In 1849 the first woman's college was founded, to be followed at extremely respectable distances by others. Then the sap began to stir; almost immediately it became apparent that women were over-ripe for instruction. When that is the case education generally leads to something. The education of women led upwards and onwards through many failures, through some successes to the developments noticed during the last twenty years; these, in their turn, became largely responsible for the amazing electoral turnover of 1906. It was at this date that the Conservative party became aware that there really was a woman's movement.

It is surely the curse of the Conservative Party, so much to be admired in other ways, that it is so often fated to be taken by surprise at the success of enterprises which do not seem to it to be of great importance. The success of the Labour

Party at the polls, the totally unexpected power of the women's organisations, are cases in point. It seems natural to link these two successes in this manner because they are inevitably connected with each other. It is indeed the open friendliness of the Labour Party to the claims of women which has given these last their final impetus. Conservatives, we feel sure, can never have been so surprised in their lives. "All this," some of the more belated ones must certainly have exclaimed, "all this carries with it a preposterous echo of Hyde Park palings. Why! Good God, sir! the combination spells Revolution!"

It is unnecessary here to enter into the various phases of the Woman's Movement; to show how it has, with a very few notable and comparatively recent accessions, emanated exclusively from middle class centres; to show the different methods whereby the women who engineered it have managed to capture the men of the Liberal, Radical and Labour parties; to show how they have contrived to cram the House of Commons with their supporters; to show how in their own minds they have divided the wheat from the tares: the essential point is that they have done these things, and in view of the coming voting power of women they assume an arresting importance. For it seems to us that the brains of the country (the female brains, if you please) have ranged themselves on the Liberal, Radical and Labour side. It is apparent also that the woman's vote will be a valuable asset to the side which pushes along—or tries to. But that is not all, nor would it so much matter if it were all. Votes are mere shuttlecocks at the best of times: votes are for the masses, brains are to the few. It is the few, who having achieved results, take the high places resultant from the vote. Who can stop them? Who should? It is brains, therefore, that it is not so easy to heave from one side to the other.

Why, then, have these comfortable gentlemen who talk so much about revolution, why have they during the last ten years by three specially arbitrary and capricious legislative acts,

driven the brains of the country over to the side from whence revolution comes? Time was (I remember it well) when men argued that it would never do to enfranchise women, because they would all vote Conservative and *that* would destroy the balance of parties! But in those days it had not occurred to anybody, especially not to comfortable gentlemen, that by the time women obtained the vote they would have learned to use it, not in the interests of Conservative men alone, nor in the interests of Liberal men alone—but in the interests of women *tout court.* No one had reflected, in short, that whilst men were dallying with justice, women would be taking lessons in self-protection; incidentally that they would be learning the art of government, that they would be not merely over-ripe for the vote, but quite ready also for active participation.

But will Conservative women (the mass of Conservative women) will they, when they find themselves enfranchised, vote for the interests of women *tout court,* which include of course, the interests of children? This seems to us to open up a most interesting field for speculation. For if they do, they may, and they probably will, strengthen the Radical side as against their own; and if they do not, they will at once come into collision with the Party which has pushed along and will so create automatically two opposing camps. For it is Liberal, not Conservative women, who have taken the trouble to ascertain what women want; which requirements do not always run on all fours with Conservative systems of government. Which of these two opposing camps is likely to win in a contest of brains? The side which has transformed those first few despised whispers into the living, palpitating force of to-day, or the side which is now being whipped to attention under the goad of unaccustomed masters? For the Labour man now surveys the women of what used to be called the "governing class" with an air of half-amused, half-cynical patronage, *He* is for equality. "Come on, my lady Clare," he says, "we'll see you get your rights with Martha here and Jane."

It is a situation which could so easily have been avoided. It only needed a little sympathetic insight on the part of those men and those women whose special privilege it was to have effective sympathy to offer. It was, perhaps, difficult for ancestral types of men, obsessed as they have always been by the demon of physical force, to keep themselves keenly alive to necessities and requirements which could not obtrude themselves upon their notice in the shape of blows and damaged park palings. But their women? Why was it not possible for their women, who did the mothering and housekeeping of their estates under the Feudal System so excellently well, why was it not possible for them to emerge from this crumbling fortress at the necessary time, to remain mothers and housekeepers, but mothers and housekeepers translated into the service of the State? Had they done so, we think they might have remained leaders instead of being, as now, amongst the led; we think they might have given the aristocratic order a new lease of effective life. It seems possible that these women, who of necessity contain within their own order some of the best material, the best controlling force in the country, would have obtained their own enfranchisement long ago. Enfranchisement and expert knowledge combined would have gained for women and children reforms necessary for their protection and the protection of the State, and they would now be wielding power wisely and gradually, which at a time when so many classes of women are over-ripe for the vote, may never again be so wisely and gradually wielded.

As to the question *why* they did not aim at maintaining pride of place under changing conditions, it would be necessary to enter into the history of their training, tradition, economic position, surrounding influences and prejudices to find an answer to that. We could hurl a whole volume of indictment at the heads of men for their culpable compression and waste of these women, their wanton waste of this the best material in the country. We could upbraid them for the vain folly of aspiring to do the work of women instead of remaining content

to do the work of men. But it would be superfluous. These things are rapidly passing away from masculine direction: we are confronted with women working out salvation for themselves; we are conscious of a new spirit entering into schemes for futurity, a spirit which is entirely hostile to conventional bogeyisms.

A point for serious reflection is that the women of the aristocratic class stand alone as the only body of women who are not working out salvation for themselves.

We turn to them inquiringly. We find some of them still unconscious of this great and sane development; some of them feebly resenting it; many scoffing at it; some coming helplessly in at the tail of it. The whole conveys a deplorable impression of futility: for these women of the governing class, who must surely still possess the germs of the governing instinct, have shown themselves incapable either of effective assistance or effective resistance.

It looks as though with the final overthrow of the Feudal System feudal women subsided into a more or less general condition of apathetic surrender of the principles which formerly justified their dominion. There entered into them the demons of sloth, self-indulgence, luxury. They lost interest in their people, in themselves. They abdicated pride of place. Spasmodically they continued, it is true, to do many gracious acts, but also they did many things which were not so gracious. Of all the ungracious things they ever did, however, the most impolitic, the most unwise, the most unwomanly was to shriek at the "shrieking sisterhood." For the "shrieking sisterhood" has justified its shrieks and made of theirs an empty babble of idiot sounds. It is much to be feared, and a thing much to be deplored if it be so, that women of the aristocratic class have lost the confidence and the love of the striving masses of women.

For the last twenty years Liberal women have been patiently digging and trenching in hopeful anticipation of the harvest. It is this magnificent spade work which has arrested

the attention and commanded the respect of the men of their side. It is the earnestness of their purpose, the purity of their aims which is reviving a long-forgotten reliance on the mother and the housekeeper; faith in her instinctive wisdom, appreciation of her practice of thrift. Man, encumbered with his assumption of feminine attributes pauses oppressed, irresolute; he seeks for relief: he welcomes and responds to an appeal to his reason, learns to honour woman for her womanliness, ceases to persecute her for her sex.

It is in the year 1906, when we turn from the obsequies of the era of physical force to greet the advancing Spirit of the Christian Creed, that we discover Man making an honest effort, for the first time, to accept his help-meet.

LUCY GARDNER PAGET.

A LEAF FROM THE ADMIRALTY

LYING beside me as I write is a yellowed sheet of paper, closely written in a clerkly hand. It looks a slight bit of flotsam to have drifted down the unreturning current of time, yet the unfolding of it suffices to build anew old walls and set ancient ships once more in line of battle. The document is concerned with the claims of twenty soldiers of Captain Barton's company, who had served in his Majesty's ship *Antelope*, and who clearly had not been paid their due. It is to be hoped that they received their money, as this paper commands; but, whether or no, Captain Barton and his men "home have gone and ta'en their wages" these two hundred years and more, and his Majesty's ship *Antelope* sails no more the narrow seas. Derby House itself, whence this order went forth—its stately halls and fair gardens are but shadows, trodden by shades; and the men whose names are written here have left signatures, bold or faltering, on a larger page and, their work at the Admiralty being done, have

Launched forth upon an undiscovered sea.

More than twice a hundred years have darkened the paper and dimmed the ink of the stray record beside me, and yet how vital and significant a group is called out of the past by the chance linking of names! Looking at it, one may look no less on the world out of which it came, on the men who set quill to paper on behalf of twenty soldiers of Captain Barton's company, on that 31st day of January in the year 1673.

There are five names in all—the first is a strongly marked signature, with a half-foreign twist to the first and last letters —Rupert, P. Below it, in curious contrast, a tangle of slender lines falls into shape as Monmouth; Latimer, Anglesey, and G. Carteret complete the group. Out of the encroaching dimness look the faces which bent for a long-ago moment over the paper. Derby House stands again for an hour as it stood in the time of the second Charles, a building redeemed to loyal service after many vicissitudes in the days of the Civil War, when the Derby House Committee swayed the fortunes and suggested the movements of the Parliamentary army. Within these walls John Pym, "the Commons King," had held state in death, and from Derby House had gone forth many a letter over which Cromwell bent rugged brows. It is not the place alone which has turned from rebellious uses; for Arthur Annesley, Earl of Anglesey, though now he writes his name beside Rupert and Carteret, yet did his part as surely as Pym's self to doom the Earl of Strafford, the great "Protomartyr" of the Royalists, did it, doubtless, in bitter remembrance of what his father, Viscount Mountnorris, had suffered at Strafford's hands. But Annesley, wise in time, turned with the turning tide, and welcomed Charles II. back to his own, so his work as a Parliament man must be duly forgotten. Anglesey and Latimer do not hold their own to the mind's eye, and even George Carteret falls into the background beside the others in the far-away scene.

The others—they have been limned for us by so many a hand and not on canvas alone, though therein Van Dyck and Lely have done their part. From the sweeping line of Clarendon and Dryden's superb brush-stroke to the biting acid of de Grammont and the captious scribbling of Samuel Pepys—they have been depicted by many artists and in many moods. And out of these conflicting records they emerge with a vividness altogether convincing; or does the document itself bear some impress of a long past moment, some hint of what befell on the day it was glanced at and signed?

What if, instead of comparing historian with poet, or setting the eulogies of Evelyn to counterbalance the sneers of Pepys, one should yield to the mood roused by this actual fragment of the past, and seek to look in on the chamber in Derby House, in which, so at least fancy may decide, five high personages are discussing graver matters than the wages of Barton's company?

The room, then, looks garden-ward, towards the Thames, and the Lord High Admiral of England, having signed and flung down the quill, stands gazing out to the river, and in his reverie, it may be, looking on the shipping at its mouth. Prince Rupert, *mon Cousin*, as the Court calls him in mimicry of the King, wears no unclouded brow in these days of intrigue at home and doubtful alliance on the seas; his sombre eyes and sardonic lips confess to the bitterness with which he looks on his kinsman's Court, on the triumph of that cause to which he has given a life's allegiance. Small wonder that the sight of Rupert's tall figure and worn and haughty countenance brings dismay at times at Derby House as at Whitehall. But there is one at least who does not fear him, and that is the beautiful youth seated at the heavy table, trifling with his quill, forgetful of the business in hand. Monmouth is in the flush of his young comeliness, with his wistful eyes and lips alternately languorous and petulant. He is in the heyday, no less, of his martial achievements: his campaign in the Low Countries, whither Charles had despatched 6000 men to serve in alliance with the French, won golden opinions for the young leader, opinions to be confirmed by that daring attack on the trenches and ramparts of Maestricht which is to win him Louis' diamond-hilted sword and the dearer praise of Turenne. Perhaps it is his early valour—valour to be so shamefully quenched in the dark years to come—which has roused in Prince Rupert a "great reality of affection" towards his young kinsman. Or it may be that Monmouth's ardent Protestantism wakens memories in the older man's mind of the far-away time when he himself, in the brilliance of his early youth, suffered three years of imprisonment for his Protestant

faith. The zeal of the "Protestant Duke" has not been so harshly tested, it is true, though it serves to make him a popular idol and a dangerous rival—despite his bâton sinister—to James of York.

One is moved to wonder whether his Highness Prince Rupert, whose probing glance spares few at his cousin's Court, discerns the weakness of the youth beside him, whether he is fain to save that wayward and hesitant spirit from the snares which he can so well understand. For just at this moment, it so chances, fortune being as freakish as even his Majesty King Charles, that popular enthusiasm is singling out Rupert's self as the hero of the hour, fired by his naval exploits and his dangerously outspoken distrust of the French alliance. Never a man so little fitted to take advantage of the favouring wind as my Lord Admiral, skilled though he may be in seamanship. Monmouth may be thinking as much as he glances side-wise at the tall figure and disdainful face; has he not heard delicate implications concerning the Prince's impracticability uttered by the Earl of Shaftesbury, who is by way of being the ally of both? Assuredly, however, the young Duke will venture no such comment to Rupert's self, for though the years have brought about a cynic tolerance in the fiery leader of long ago, yet his Highness can at times flash from his indifference into an anger which no man cares to brave. The King himself, who can smile away most difficulties, takes care, when his cousin is in his formidable mood, to "sweeten him by letter all he can" before a personal encounter. And none cares to put before the Prince in plain words the chances of power which he is letting slip for sake of a scruple of loyalty sadly out of date. So his Highness will dismiss the plaudits of the London crowds as scornfully as he dismissed their curses in the days of the Civil War, when citizen and 'prentice wrought at their barricades in hourly terror of Rupert's onset, and no name was so hated as that of the invincible young chief who led the Royalist cavalry charge.

These old days are far enough in the past, though three of

the men gathered here have reason to remember them. Only Monmouth, with his deep intrigues, his light amours, is wholly and happily of the present—King's bastard at a Court where bastardy is the fashion. He will not linger in the precincts of Derby House, whether he be summoned away to a masque at the Court, to a meeting of malcontents at Thanet House, or perchance, to an astrological conference with my Lord of Buckingham, since both these errant spirits love to hold their stars responsible for their fates. So Monmouth saunters out of the picture and in due time his gorgeous barge shoots across the water. His Highness from where he leans by the casement can see the flash of colour, though it is too far for even his eye—famed once for its keenness—to make out the emblazoned escutcheon—the Royal arms are crossed by the *bâton sinister argent*, since Pepys and other onlookers commented earlier on the absence of any mark of illegitimacy on Monmouth's sumptuous quarterings.

His Grace having departed, there is a chance for Sir George Carteret to step forward. There is, or should be, much in common between him and the Prince, though Rupert in his embittered seclusion pays scant honour to old-time ties, unless his former comrade be on the brink of starvation or a debtor's prison, in which case his Highness has a long memory, inconveniently long, thinks his cousin the King. Worthy Sir George is in no such uncomfortable plight; he has thriven since the days when he upheld his King's cause as Lieutenant Governor of Jersey, and incidentally did a good deal of what the Roundheads termed piracy. The Prince certainly should have a fellow-feeling for Sir George on this point, for he himself has not always been undisputed Lord High Admiral, with an Admiralty behind him, to say nothing of a fleet. In those stormy days of the Civil War and the Commonwealth, when Carteret was entertaining the Prince of Wales' vagabond Court at Jersey, was fortifying Castle Cornet, Elizabeth Castle and Mont Orgeuil, and harrying the Puritans with his privateers, Rupert, his cavalry charges being ended and the Standard of

his King laid low, set out on his adventurous career on the high seas. Sir George may look back with satisfaction on those years when the island rock of Jersey was the only refuge England could afford to her fugitive King, when in his little Court of Elizabeth Castle Charles II. issued his maiden proclamation and claimed his inheritance; where he held such pathetic pageantries as his threadbare state allowed, touched for the King's evil, bestowed honours and estates often nominal enough, and indulged in love-affairs which could not be so characterised.

The Carterets were great folk in the annals of the island; there is a picturesque glimpse of Sir Philip of St. Ouens riding out girth deep into the sea to welcome his King and thus fulfil the terms of his feudal tenure—and Sir George, in alliance with the reefs and currents round his home, proved himself indeed a stay to his sovereign. When his Most Sacred Majesty quitted Jersey he left a silver mace as a memorial to his loyal subjects there—one surmises the precious metal may have been furnished by one of Carteret's cruisers—and he endowed Sir George with "a certain island and adjacent islets near Virginia in America, in perpetual inheritance." The geography of the grant appears a trifle vague, but in the event New Jersey came into being, and the Carterets met overseas with some of the problems incident to an estate developing into something like a kingdom. Yes, Sir George has prospered, and even Pepys allows him to be an honest man and a bold, though so deplorably ignorant that he does not know the meaning of S.P.Q.R., "which ignorance I do take to be disgraceful in a privy councillor what a school-boy would be whipped for not knowing."

Carteret exercised his piracy and his colonial enterprise without wandering far from the painted cliffs of Jersey, or in these later peaceful days from London town. Prince Rupert looks back on a wider course and across stormier seas. In this England of the Restoration the Prince is little at home, though he accepts the recovered ease and pomp of life with a

certain sardonic satisfaction. Like his cousin he has no great desire to set forth again on his travels, but unlike his cousin holds certain antiquated ideals and scruples dearer than the peace of Windsor or the splendour of Whitehall. For the most part in the glittering pageant of court life, Rupert is visible, but in passing, a rebuking shadow of older and noble days. And since shadows cannot rule the destinies of their time, his Highness pays the penalty of his disdain, and other often lesser men wield the power he lets slip. Shaftesbury, the many-masked Buckingham, gallantest of all mountebanks who ever took the world for his booth, these and their likes sway the fortunes of Court and cabal, while the man loved by the people and trusted even by the trustless King, lifts his eyebrows and draws back among his memories. "Prince Rupert do nothing but laugh a little, with an oath now and then," observes Pepys, that shrewd observer of the outside of things, who could certainly not be expected to detect bitterness in the laughter. True it is that in these bewildering days there is no place for that service, sharp and sure as steel, which the young General of the Horse rendered to the first Charles. Fitly to serve King Charles the Second a man should discard not a few of the intractable opinions and nice points of honour which went not amiss with loyalty to his father. Rupert is all Protestant, and King Charles—well, there are strange rumours abroad concerning his Majesty's faith, while James of York is an avowed Papist. And the secret treaty of Dover is but two years back, the dishonouring alliance with France is a present danger. To serve the King and the Protestant faith together requires the flexible skill and no less flexible honour of Anthony Ashley Cooper, and his Highness' views on such policy are as uncompromising as when in his vehement youth he over-rode the King's councillors at Christ Church, in loyal Oxford. So he plays with his chemical experiments and his engraving in the great round tower at Windsor, enforces fair dealing with the Indians in his capacity as Governor of the Hudson Bay Company—he is a careless

man of business, his colleagues find, though keenly interested in the wide lands overseas which are being wrested from the hold of the great Louis—and leaves the game of politics to other hands. It is not easy, studying the face with its disdainful reserves—beautiful still, though so changed from the countenance recorded by Sir Anthony Van Dyck—to read the inner meaning of that withdrawal, to divine whether the Prince stands aside resentfully, in the grip of a twofold and irreconcilable allegiance, or has accepted his spectator's part in mere indifferent scorn of the game, its players and its prizes. In either case he is altered from his early impetuous self, and those half forgotten ardours only flash out when there is battle on the sea. Then, when "his loud guns speak thick like angry men," Rupert can forget the thing he fights for in the joy of the fight.

Rupert, the cavalry leader, learned his seamanship in a strange but very efficient manner, by taking command of the few ships which revolted from the Parliament and went over to Prince Charles not long before the death of the King. A forlorn little fleet it was, with ill-found, unseaworthy vessels, and sailors seldom well paid or fed and often mutinous, and the Prince, even by the testimony of Hyde, his stubborn enemy, acquitted himself gallantly in the charge which none other was bold enough to undertake.

The sea has not many sadder or more stirring tales to tell than that of the tiny navy with which the Lord High Admiral of England upheld the standard of the King. Across these quieter days of peace or of ordered warfare, across the documents of Derby House, must come sometimes flashing, stinging memories of those uncharted days. Lingering by the storm-swept Irish coast in the vain hope of joining hands with Ormond, till the word of the King's death ended striving for the moment, baffling the Parliament fleet which hemmed him in, so Rupert, with Maurice his brother, swung his ships out to the high seas. Years followed of desperate and futile daring, unless, indeed, the Prince could have found reward for

his efforts in the fact that his prizes and their cargoes helped to keep alive Charles and his Court, cheerfully starving and intermittently revelling at the Hague. But Rupert's dream was of gathering force enough to hurl against the squadrons of Blake, backed, as they were, by a rebel England, and that dream, like many another, was unfulfilled. Skirmishing with the ships of the Parliament, skirting the hostile coasts of Spain, and finding shelter in the friendly harbours of Portugal, wheeling, attacking, evading like any sea birds, it was a restless course which was held by the royal wanderers. Admirals of England in the eyes of the loyalists, they were the frankest of pirates to any ship which they might encounter flying the flag of the Commonwealth or any country friendly to that usurping Government. Ships of Powers favourable to Charles II. were in theory and usually in practice strictly respected, and the privateering admiral was true to a sort of irregular justice in dealing with his captives. The present unchallenged Admiral of England has no acts of cruelty to recall and repent when he looks back to those freebooting days of his. For the rest, far sailing by strange shores, a glimpse of Africa; then the palm-plumed Islands of the West Indies, set between sky and sea of burning blue; captured cargoes of spice and ivory; the flight of poisoned arrows, snatched hours of peace in island harbours —bright, broken memories those, "scenting of rich gums" from the tropic distances. But there were other and darker recollections of hardship, almost starvation, of purposeless beating by hostile shores, of the welter of tropic storms which snatched brother and comrades from Rupert's side, of final frustration when, broken in strength and hope, the Prince returned from his venturings to a King still in exile.

At least in this England of the restored King his Highness is no longer expected to uphold the cause, as a poet of his time phrased it, with

> A fleet of shattered hulls and shivered sails.

The King is Stuart enough to love his navy, and he really spends what he can upon it when he has met unavoidable

expenses, such as the jewels of the Duchess of Cleveland and Louise de Querouaille, and the last whimsy of Nell Gwynn. It is true even now the sailors are not always decently fed or armed, and the ships are sometimes "crank-sided"; still, the King occasionally visits Woolwich himself and puts matters to rights by personal inspection, especially when Rupert, roused from his ironic indifference for sake of his men, bears down on his cousin with uncourtly candour of admonition. "The Prince storms exceedingly," smile the courtiers, who do not understand such disproportionate heat of temper. There is too often good reason for his Highness to storm, for the naval department is mined through with peculation and corruption. The inner history of the Admiralty and its work forms no pleasant reading; yet across the records of bribery and sloth, of petty rivalries between the followers of Rupert and James of York, breaks the superb clangour of the great sea-fights which Dryden has celebrated in his resounding verse.

Off Lowestoft and on the Texel in 1665, again in 1666, when for four endless days the fleets grappled on the Downs. Rupert took up the unfinished work of Blake, the Admiral of the Parliament, in his conflicts with the Dutch. Blake had Cromwell behind him, and Rupert had Charles II.; and though the Prince's traditions of loyalty would have forbidden him to draw the parallel, he must often have been tempted thereto. The fellow Admirals, with whom Prince Rupert shared a sufficiently thankless task, might stand as no inapt types of that age of complexity and reaction; James of York, bigot and profligate, his valour as yet unflawed by the fatal weakness which, in his days of kingship, was to make him fly from England and turn bridle at Boyne Water; George Monck, Duke of Albemarle, twice-turned traitor and the restorer of the King—these were strange brothers in arms for the man who had never swerved from his course nor forsaken his cause. Yet neither James nor Monck lacked qualities of seamanship, and afloat on the narrow seas they displayed the best of their stronger selves. And in the list of those who fought beneath

their banners we find many a name that rings trumpet-wise. There is Holmes, rescued by Rupert long since from under the musketry fire by a French stream side, and gaining equivocal renown by his gallantry in fight and by his raids on the Guinea coast; Holles and Spragge; Ossory, worthy son of the noble Ormond; Captain Legge, son of "Honest Will," the Prince's life-long comrade. Brave names all, and bravely borne. Whatever folly and weakness might do at home, English valour acquitted itself well in the hour of conflict. "We learned," wrote de Witt, the Dutch statesman, "that Englishmen might be killed and English ships burned, but that English courage was invincible." Very significant, too, is the comment of an eye-witness: "Their front is perfect, and thus an enemy who comes near them has to undergo their whole fire—they fight like a line of cavalry."

Like a line of cavalry—not in vain had Rupert trained and led his terrible Horse on the fields of the Civil War; not in vain had he skirmished with his forlorn hope of three ships against the embattled power of the Commonwealth. The time was to come when he and Monck, the cavalry leaders, were to meet, and more than once to worst Van Tromp and de Ruyter, descendants of a line of sailors, on the battle-ground of the sea.

Dimly out of the past those struggles show for a moment the mortal purpose of war masked in them by irrelevant splendour; the carved and gilded *Neptune* and the enwrought laurel wreath of the *Royal Sovereign* holding the eye in passing from the belching guns. Magnificent the array of those old warships with towering poop and prow, slanting perilously under the press of sail, marshalled in order, crescent-wise, sometimes, as Dryden knows, for does he not tell of the dispersal of the Dutch fleet in the battle of June 1666:

> Still hotly plied as when the fight begun,
> Their huge unwieldy navies melt away;
> So sicken waning moons too near the sun,
> And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.

Somehow the fine, lawless metaphor serves better than much naval history to flash out the picture of the encounter, the fierce, balancing pause while ship locked with ship and muzzle fronted gun muzzle, and the disarray of the broken and yielding line, blunted, indeed, on the edge of the English advance.

It is all a vague dream-picture, it may be, but I am trying to see pictures and deliberately put aside the detailed narratives of those fights which could so easily tempt the reader into long dwelling on the struggles and achievement of one who has never been accorded his true place among England's "Admirals All." The far reverberant memory of Rupert's cavalry charges has drowned the echo of his guns at sea, and yet the Admiral who defended England's coasts from the Dutch and attacked the enemy among their own sand-flats deserved remembrance no less than the leader who taught to friend and foe in the Civil War the lesson of his resistless charge.

Time moves quickly at the Court of the Restoration, and already the fights of '65 and '66 are ancient history, like the Plague and the Fire of London. The new Dutch War is unpopular with the nation, and the French allies are distrusted. The Prince shares both sentiments, nor is his work made easier by the jealous hostility of the adherents of James of York, now an avowed Papist, and incapacitated by the Test Act from public service. The Admiralty has witnessed stormy scenes of late, and Rupert has not scrupled to declare that he will never thrive at sea till some have been hanged on land. If his Highness could foresee what this year of 1673 is to bring forth, he would find his bitterest forebodings justified. For the summer is to witness a grim and tenacious struggle, made brilliant by acts of individual heroism, in which the ill-equipment of the English and the treacherous supineness of the French is to snatch from the Admiral the prize of a complete victory. "The Prince performed wonders, though his vessel fetched so much water that the lower tier of guns could not be used" is to be the report of an onlooker. Such is the outcome of the

policy of the Cabal and of the King's adroit fashion of tying the hands of those who serve him.

In January 1673, all that is still unknown, nor can any forecast the last sea-fight of August 7, which is to end the war and to be the last of Rupert's battles. "An engagement very close and bloody" it is to be, a day of treachery and doubtful issue, and yet in its display of superb valour no unfitting close to the Prince's many strivings. It is a worthy last glimpse of Rupert as Admiral, which shall show him steering between the enemy and his own disabled ships, bearing the brunt of onset and turning utter defeat into all but victory.

So far the name and date on a bit of paper can carry the fancy, away from the quiet room in Derby House, out to the unquiet waters and "sea-built forts" which reel in the reeling air and show through the smoke faint flashes of colour from their defiant flags, gleams of gilding dimmed and riven by conflict. Yet this single sheet draws together suggestions of wider seas and coasts more remote than those where Dutch and English grapple for the mastery. Monmouth's journeyings shall lead him to the steps of a throne, to the shameful rout of Sedgemoor and to the atonement of Tower Hill, leaving a pathetic memory of his banner of blue to haunt the West Country which loved him. Prince Rupert, baffled in his service in England to England's King, could scarce have guessed to what other ampler lands he opened the way when he won from Charles the charter for the Company of Merchant Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay. The name, which had rung as rallying call in so many a futile struggle for a foredoomed cause, was stamped peacefully and deep on virgin soil—and Canada still holds the record in Rupert's Land. And Carteret, what of his colony over-seas, with its constitution influenced by Shaftesbury's astute brain, its Quaker life, akin to that in Penn's territory of brotherly love, its widening lands obtained from James of York, its name given in honour of the island of Jersey, which offered sanctuary to a King amid its cliffs and currents? Truly, from the narrow seas and the

white headlands of England, the trackless snows of Canada, the feudal fastness of the old Jersey, and the growing life and liberties of the new, from battle-field and council-chamber and prison, come the memories evoked by this wandering leaf.

It is time to take up the paper and have done with the dream. As for Derby House by the river—perhaps the King will come sauntering thither from the Sun Dial Lawn at Whitehall. At which prospect the King's cousin smiles cynically. His Majesty hath never money to waste, so 'tis as well that before he come Captain Barton and his twenty men should be assured of their dues. At all rates the paper is signed.

DORA GREENWELL MCCHESNEY.

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE OLD?

DR. JOHNSON: What, sir, would you know what it is to feel the evils of old age? Would you have the gout? would you have decrepitude?

WHEN I was young that question was one which oftentimes came upon me. It is a long time since, and I am of opinion now that in those days respect and even a kind of veneration for the old was by no means uncommon among the youth who were young when the nineteenth century had not long begun its marvellous career; but I speak not for others, I shall only attempt to express, *more meo*, my own youthful feeling towards old age. I confess at once that it was a feeling of profound veneration. It seemed to me that an old man must in the course of his life have gone through most of the experiences which for me were yet to come; therefore, that he *knew* what I could only speculate on with doubt and uncertainty, and so he was entitled to my respect.

The following oft-quoted lines do not favour my assumption that veneration for the old was more common in the old days than it is to-day:

> Young men *think* old men are fools;
> But old men *know* young men are fools.—CHAPMAN.

That is a sweeping assertion, not altogether true at any time;

but now that I have passed through the experience of a long life the impression has forced itself upon me that there is a growing truthfulness in the double assertion. Homer, in the Trojan Wars, puts into the mouth of the goddess of wisdom this saying: "The young men of this age generally believe themselves to be better men than their fathers or than any of their ancestors." Being old, and remembering that I once was young, I do not desire to speak disrespectfully of the present generation of young people, but I will venture to say that this saying of the ancient goddess is quite borne out nowadays, and doubtless has been through all the generations; it is only when the young grow old that they discover its truthfulness. There are vast numbers of young people of both sexes who mistake self-conceit for wisdom and self-reliance. They have no regard for those who have grown old in another order of things; they look on old people as a set of fogies to be tolerated, but whose opinions are to be contemptuously disregarded; they only realise their own foolishness when they become old; then, in their turn, they look back on their own youthful conceit with proper contempt. Dryden truly says:

> Men are but children of a larger growth.

Time's Footsteps.

What are the stages of life in which one can physically trace the insidious footsteps of Father Time? When one is tolerably free from bodily ailments life's progress glides on from day to day, from year to year, imperceptibly. In our infancy all is brightness, cheerfulness, and hope. The spring is the youth of the year, "its flowers are the flowers of promise and the darlings of poetry." Autumn is the youth of old age; it too has its flowers, but they remind us too much of the sere and yellow leaf and the near approach of "change and decay," and the winter of senile apathy.

> Years rush by us [says Sir Walter Scott] like the wind; we see not where the eddy comes nor whitherward it is tending, and we seem ourselves to witness

their flight, without a sense that we are changed; and yet time is beguiling man of his strength, as the winds rob the woods of their foliage.

"Our ancestors," says Malone, "considered men as old whom we now esteem as middle-aged. Every man who had passed fifty seems to have been accounted an old man."

SIGHT—SPECTACLES.

In a very early stage of one's pilgrimage one is surprised to notice just a few white hairs conspicuous among the dark brown. Year by year they steadily increase, but one regards them as nought; for we fancy, and believe ourselves to be, as lithe and as active as we ever were, and as equal as ever to all kinds of vigorous exertion. Life marches on, and perhaps the first time we feel ourselves really pulled up, we, amazed, cry out, "What can be the meaning of this?" How is it that we cannot read this very small diamond print? We, who had always prided ourselves on our long sight as well as short sight. There is surely something wrong, not with our eyes of course, but with the light; some defect in the gas or lighting of the room; a slight mist, which prevents our seeing this very small print. We inquire. We are assured there is really nothing wrong with the gas or the light; and at last we are driven back to the conclusion that the defect must be in our eyesight! Then it was that, at about two-thirds of the way on life's long journey, spectacles had to come in to repair the ravages. Long-distance sight apparently as good as ever; later on came a time when one pair of spectacles was needed for distant sight, and another pair for reading or writing. That was a stage distinctly marked and acutely felt. No longer could we walk through a picture-gallery with any sense of pleasure. The near-sight glasses were too near, and the distance glass looked too far away; it was found difficult to get the pictures into a proper focus for the eye. That was a distinct deprivation; and yet we found it difficult to accept the fact that we were growing old! The truth really must be

that we do not "see ourselves as others see us!" We fancy ourselves to be still young and gay, whilst young folk see us from a totally different standpoint. It is a curious fact that the other day only, when there can no longer be a question about our *growing* old, seeing that we *are* old beyond all discussion, we found we could discern objects in the far distance—the time on a church-clock tower for example—far more distinctly by looking over the top of our long-distance glasses than by looking through them.

Hearing.

Up to the time of this present writing we have no consciousness of any diminution in the sense of hearing, though many people seem to have assumed that we *ought* to be, and therefore that we *must* be, deaf, and accordingly shout in our ears in a very unnecessary way. Mine ears, I think, have hitherto performed their natural functions with satisfaction to myself. If one's ears were to be taken as a test of youth or age we would be pleased to fancy ourselves still on the very youthful side of old age.

Memory.

Ah! here one's self-confidence is apt to break down! If one could, as Hamlet says:

> From the table of our memory wipe away all trivial vain records,

it would in one's old age leave a little room still for making a more permanent record of things and names and events, and persons as they duly present themselves to us, but which have now such a sad way of escaping. It is, doubtless, owing to the fact that during the lapse of many years "the table of one's memory" has become so overladen with "trivial vain records" that there is no room left for further records; and consequently one reads a fascinating novel, for instance, with much satisfaction; and for a day or two afterwards one could remember

all the characters, plot, and events, heroes and heroines—then they gradually fade away; there is no room on the tablet to hold them permanently. Such forgetfulness would be of small moment, or, indeed, a blessing; but when one forgets and cannot in any reasonable time recall the name of an intimate friend with whom we dined only a week ago, and we suddenly meet him, it becomes really embarrassing—such things are convincing proofs that old age is upon us.

This lack of memory, however, is not peculiar to old age. Dr. Johnson gives us this consolation:

> If a young or middle-aged man, leaving a company, does not recollect where he laid his hat, it is nothing; but if this same inattention is discovered in an old man, people will shrug up their shoulders and say, "His memory is going."

Sleep and Sleeplessness.

"Now blessings light on him that first invented sleep," says Sancho Panza. I am not one of those "sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights." I am a bad sleeper. I sometimes comfort myself with the reflection that the older one grows the less sleep one requires—the less sleep the more time to improve the short balance of life before the final plunge into eternity. In the course of my life I have had many a long night of anxious worry about worldly affairs, as most people have had; but such nights were only occasional. I think it must have been in the days now long past, when I had reached the span of three score years and ten allotted by the Psalmist, that I found this sleeplessness becoming chronic, and that not from worldly worry or from pain of any kind, but simply that I lay abed in ease and comfort, yet wide awake hour after hour. At first I made all sorts of efforts to beguile sleep, hundreds of times have I counted a thousand backwards and forwards. Many a night have I fixed my gaze on one spot of light; but sleep would not be wooed that way. I have repeated over and over again many an old and favourite hymn of other days; but nature would not be won. I heard the clock strike every

hour, and sleep came not. Boswell states that Lord Monboddo was in the habit of taking what he called an air bath, naked and with his window open ; well, even that I have tried, and with a rough towel, and found it though not a particularly agreeable, yet a fairly effective, means of inducing sleep. Then, years ago, I took to that baneful habit, as most people would call it, of reading in bed.

Reading in Bed.

And I now say, with dear old Sancho, "blessings light on him who first invented" electric lighting. With a light above my head and a switch close to my hand, I read all kinds of literature—sacred and profane. The Bible and fiction, sermons and poetry, not be it remembered, so much for edification, as to invite sleep and to pass the time. When I begin to feel drowsy I switch off, and then sometimes I sleep, and sometimes the very act of switching wakes me up and I read on. This has now become a habit, whether for good or ill. I retire about 10.30, and from that time till about 2.30 sleep is banished from my pillow, four hours at least I have to get through as best I can. Then I sleep sometimes for an hour, sometimes for two or three hours without a break, then follows another spell of wakefulness, and not unfrequently do I find myself fast asleep when my hot water knocks at the door. Very often in such a case I am driven to cry out, "A little more sleep, and a little more slumber, and a little folding of the hands in sleep!" and I jump out of bed.

If out of eight hours of bed I get four hours' sleep I am thankful. I am aware that this continuous broken sleep cannot be regarded as an indication of good health. I only state it as a fact, and that I do not feel the deprivation as a burden. I do not offer these remarks by way of advice or caution to others, I only relate my own experience. I indulge in no fads, either in eating, drinking, or sleeping. I am aware that many of my habits of living are quite against and contrary to all authorities—but here I am, enjoying very good health in

my *eighty-second* year, as a proof that my *régime* suits myself —it may not suit others. My own opinion is that it matters very little *what* one eats, so long as one does not eat too much.

I will enliven the dulness of what I have written by quoting a few lines from Miss Christina G. Rossetti, whose poems I find, in certain moods, very great pleasure in reading:

> Man's life is but a waking day
> Where tasks are set aright;
> A time to work, a time to pray,
> And then a quiet night.
> And then, please God, a quiet night
> Where palms are green and robes are white.
> A long drawn breath, a balm of sorrow
> And all things lovely on the morrow.

WALKING AND RUNNING.

Here are two more indicators on the road of life. In the early and middle stages outdoor exercises are common to us all; walking long distances and running upstairs three or four steps at a time are indications of exuberant health, and sometimes these accomplishments pursue us into the early stages of old age; the time, however, inevitably comes when one's feet seem to cling a little to the ground; the springiness and elasticity of arms and legs and feet are on the decline of the road. No longer can one venture upstairs three steps at a time, and even two steps are a little hazardous, but at this stage the performance was continuous with us for many years; so that between the years fifty and, say, seventy-five, judging ourselves by ourselves, no difference was perceptible, while others may note in us a difference we have been incapable of discerning. During this latter period one's personal and social feelings had undergone a gradual if imperceptible change; the implicit faith one may have been too apt to place in one's fellow creatures has been somewhat shaken. It has, however, been reserved for a later period even than that of seventy-five to convince us that

we are growing old. When we go a-fishing, for example, we can still handle our rod and cast a fly with as much precision as ever, nor does it fatigue us more than of yore; but stiles and fences and barbed wire! these are our stumbling-blocks; we cannot get over or through them with our former agility, and we hate to exhibit our little weaknesses to our friends, and to be *helped* here and there. "There is nothing," says Johnson, "against which an old man should be so much on his guard as *putting himself to nurse*," and I agree with him. Again, the time does not seem far distant when we scorned to hail an omnibus; it was our pride, or rather folly, to run and jump on the foot-board: the same on getting out while the 'bus went bowling along; but we did the latter once too often. On descending one day from a going 'bus, one foot touched the ground whilst the other unaccountably clung for a second to the foot-board, and we fell sprawling across the road, and a hansom cab dashed by within a few inches of our head. That was an instance of the rash folly of old age, and it taught us a lesson of humility, for it is never too late to mend our ways.

I will give one other instance which has occurred since the foregoing lines were written, and I give it not as an instance of rashness, but as a singular proof of one of the real infirmities of old age which seem to encompass us on all sides. Only yesterday I was passing along the Strand, somewhat overladen with books and other small packages. Just on crossing the top of one of those narrow streets which branch from the Strand a cab suddenly turned into it, and rather missing the turn dashed on to the pavement and sent me reeling on my back; my head most fortunately struck the leg of a man who was leaning on a post—a lucky "leg hit"—and I happily escaped with a severe shaking. It was just one of those accidents which might have happened to any one—but what struck me at the moment of the collision was that I went down like a ninepin just touched by a ball, without the power to help myself. I asked myself even as I was falling why I didn't get out of the way, and the answer was, "because you

couldn't, my boy—you *are too old!*" Any way, it was an affair for which one may feel most thankful that it was no worse!

Old age, after all, is not a thing to boast of, it is the heirloom of all who live long enough; and it is well to remember Lord Bacon's words: "A stout, healthy old man is like a tower undermined"

> The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
> Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
> Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
> As they draw near to their eternal home.—WALLER.

E. MARSTON.

A NIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS

I

AS the visitor mounts the staircase to the Public Gallery of the House of Lords he sees the following warning painted in bold letters on the wall:

> NOTICE.—Strangers are cautioned that demonstrations in the Gallery are out of order, and must be treated accordingly.

Strangers have been expelled from the Gallery of the House of Commons for disturbing the proceedings. There is no case of a visitor having to be turned out of the Gallery of the Lords. As he surveys the House of Lords he finds much to charm his eye, to kindle his imagination, and even to stimulate his sense of reverence. He feels humbled, if not intimidated, by the almost religious solemnness of the place. "The Gilded Chamber!" Gladstone's descriptive phrase springs at once to the mind. It is glowing in gold and colours. All the glory of the "tiger moth's deep damasked wings" is seen in its splendid decorations. Yet there is nothing gorgeous in the scene. The subdued light of a cathedral—"dim and yellow" as Shelley found it at Milan—prevails, making things that might otherwise strike upon the senses as garish a delight and refreshment to the eye. Everything heightens the impression that one is in the beautiful shrine of an ancient cathedral rather than in a modern Legislative Chamber. The

lofty stained-glass windows have blue and crimson figures of the kings and queens of England. Worldly-minded men and women were most of them, but like saints they look in their antique garments, seemingly deep in rapt meditation and ecstatic introspection. On pedestals between the windows are large bronze statues of knights, telling of times when the battle of principles was fought, not with words employed by subtle-minded and ready-tongued men in frock coats and silk hats, but with sword and battle-axe, wielded by brawny soldiers in armour on prancing steeds. These are the barons who, in the dawn of English freedom, beat out the eternal provisions of Magna Charta with their mailed fists. Bold men they were, and wicked too, many of them. But here they look like patriarchs and apostles.

At the top of the Chamber is the imposing canopied Throne. Superbly carved, glistening with gold, sparkling with precious stones, it looks like an altar, flanked on each side by magnificent candelabra of brass, having wax candles in their elaborate branches. The Throne of England is often spoken of constitutionally or in the historic sense. If there be a real, tangible material Throne of England it is surely this imposing structure, for here the Sovereign sits at the opening of Parliament in presence of the three Estates of the Realm.

There are two Chairs of State under the canopy. Formerly there was but one. The old chair was designed by Augustus Welby Pugin. It has been in the House of Lords since the Chamber was first used in 1847, and Queen Victoria sat in it on the occasions that she opened Parliament in person. But an historical innovation marked the first opening of Parliament by King Edward VII. on February 14, 1901. By command of His Majesty the Throne was provided with a second State chair for Queen Alexandra. It was the first time, perhaps, in English history that a Queen-Consort accompanied the King in equal state to the opening of Parliament. The new State chair—that on the left of the Throne—is almost an exact replica of the old in design and

ornamentation, the only difference being that it is an inch and a half lower. Both chairs, with their fine carvings, gilt with English gold-leaf, and the rich embroideries of the Royal Arms on their crimson velvet backs, greatly enhance the imposing splendour of the Throne.

Everything in the Chamber helps to indicate the large place which the House of Lords has so long filled in English history and tradition. You feel in the presence of an institution of which ages are the dower. Here is manifestly a survival of an ancient constitution of society. "There is no more reason in hereditary legislation," said Benjamin Franklin, "than there would be in hereditary professors of mathematics." How is it then that this strange anomaly, this curious hereditary ruling Chamber, this assembly of men who are law-makers merely by the accident of birth, still lifts its ancient towers and battlements high and dry in an apparently secure position, above the ever rising tide of democracy? Perhaps in the lessons which are taught by the frescoes in this temple of the hereditary principle the explanation of its survival is to be found. There are three above the Throne, set in archways with elaborate gilt mouldings. The centre one is "The Baptism of Ethelbert," and on either side are "Edward III. conferring the Order of the Garter on Edward the Black Prince," and "Henry, Prince of Wales, committed to prison for assaulting Judge Gascoigne." Behind the Strangers' Gallery are three other frescoes of the spirits that are supposed to reign over the deliberation of the Peers—"Religion," "Chivalry," and "Love." This order of patricians has survived because it has taken to heart the lesson of a time which smiles at the claims of long descent—the constitutional as well as the religious lesson of the native equality of men.

II

It is only when the Lord Chancellor, a severely judicial figure in big grey wig and black silk gown, takes his seat on

the Woolsack—that crimson lounge just inside the light railing which fronts the Throne—that the illusion of being in the splendid chapel of a great cathedral is destroyed. Seated at the table fronting the Lord Chancellor is the Clerk of the Parliament, and his two assistant clerks, in wigs and gowns. Next, in the centre of the floor, are three or four benches which are known as "the cross-benches." On the first the Prince of Wales sits, when present in the House. The others are used by peers of "cross-bench mind" (as Earl Granville once happily described them), who owe no allegiance to either of the two great political parties. This is a fact of considerable significance. It indicates the independence of the Lords, to some extent at least, of the Party system. In the House of Commons there are no cross-benches. Nor are they needed. There is no such thing as an independent member. All the elected representatives of the people are pledged Party men. Even in the House of Lords the non-Party men are easily counted. I have never seen more than six sitting on the cross-benches. The peers temporal are divided into dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons—titles which take precedence in the order given—and certain of the crimson benches on each side of the Chamber are allotted to each of these grades of the Peerage. But except when Parliament is opened by the Sovereign, this arrangement of the peers according to rank is not observed. They sit indiscriminately, dukes and barons cheek by jowl, on the right or on the left of the Lord Chancellor, according as they belong to the Party that is "in" or "out." The Spiritual peers, however, always occupy the same benches on the Government side of the House, and close to the Throne, no matter which Party may be in office. In the popular fancy, fed on fabulous novelettes dealing with high-born society, the peers are glittering beings, always clad in magnificent robes and each with a golden coronet flashing with jewels upon his head. That notion, of course, is entirely erroneous. The Lords attending to their legislative duties wear sober suits of customary black or grey, just like the Commons, and when

a Joint Committee of both Houses sit together for the consideration of a Bill there is nothing—no, not even a strawberry mark—to distinguish the hereditary legislators from the elected. The Lords dress simply and quietly, just as they speak and do all things. There is no ostentation of demeanour. Indeed, personal simplicity is perhaps the most marked characteristic of these noblemen. But the Spiritual peers are distinguished from the Lords temporal by their flowing black gowns and their ample lawn sleeves.

The presence of the Bishops harmonises with the religious atmosphere of the Chamber. But they are rather an anomaly in this sanctuary of the hereditary principle because they are but life peers. To the eye of the stranger they may also seem an obtrusive element, on account of their distinctive garb. But really they play a modest and retiring part in the work of the House. It is true that in times past the Bishops, mitre on head and crozier in hand, led the cohorts of the peers in stubbornly contesting every effort of the Commons to sweep away the disabilities, constitutional and educational, of Roman Catholics, Jews and Dissenters, to make civil and political rights independent of creed, to guarantee to all subjects perfect liberty of conscience and worship, in the odd conviction, it would seem, that these things of evil were the stoutest fortifications of the Church Established. They also strongly opposed the Reform Bill of 1832. But it would be impossible now to deny that their influence on the whole is most beneficent. For years they have ceased to act the part of narrow sectarians. They have been touched with a new spirit, singularly worthy of their great office as pastors. Politics give them no concern. But they are deeply interested in Bills which affect in any degree the morals, the fortunes, the comforts, and the pleasures of the disinherited and the poor. Everything that tends to spiritualise the national life, every effort to lessen the sufferings of sobbing humanity, may count up their fullest support.

III

What a contrast is presented by the two Chambers of Parliament in deliberation! The House of Commons is a responsive, emotional and boisterous assembly. Humour it most indulgently encourages. Any joke will dissolve it into smiles and laughter. Party statements are punctuated with shouts of approbation or vehement dissenting retorts. There are even disorderly scenes. The atmosphere of the House of Lords, on the other hand, is ever calm and serene. How quietly and reposefully are discussions conducted! There is little rivalry or competition. The attendance is scanty, except on an occasion when urgent summonses are issued for an important Party division. The House is composed of close on six hundred peers; but three form a quorum, unlike the House of Commons where forty members must be present to "make a House." It is, however, provided by the Standing Orders that if on a division it should appear that thirty peers are not present the business in hand must be adjourned. But on normal occasions ten or twelve peers scattered over the expanse of red benches is a common spectacle. Oftentimes the low-voiced peer addressing them in the solemn hush of the superb Chamber might be likened to some lonely and isolated being talking to a strange and indifferent company on a topic far remote from the realities of things. The nobles are politely listening to the speech, certainly. If there is no imperious haughtiness in their demeanour, there is what, perhaps, is worse —a coldness which nothing, seemingly, could melt. Their way of listening, some with an apathy chilling but well bred, others with a lounging listlessness, adds to the curiously unreal effect of the proceedings. The restlessness and aggressiveness of the Commons are here unknown. Nothing heartier than a faint and perfectly polite laugh disturbs the solemnity of the Chamber. A low murmuring "Hear, hear" does duty for a shout of approval: The stirring sense of life that pervades the representative Chamber is usually altogether

wanting. It is only on the faces of the Bishops that you will find that look of anxious sympathy which is the secret of those who come into close contact with people and things. On the episcopal benches there is usually a glow of apostolic zeal.

No wonder, then, that over the visitor in the gallery, especially if the spell of the past be strong upon him, there steals a sense of loneliness and solitude. The strange and beautiful Chamber seems to become filled also with the immensities of time and space. And are not these placid, irreproachable, and intensely modern gentlemen in frock coats and tall hats sitting on the red benches below, but the statues, and the barons on the pedestals above arrayed in all the panoply of combat, from plumed crest to spurred heel, the living, pulsing things? See, the heads of the knights are bent as if they were listening with the deepest attention. Surely, if they were but addressed by an orator of intense and glowing mind, they would raise their voices in tempestuous uproar and shake their swords and lances with thunderous menace!

The difference between the House of Commons and the House of Lords is vividly presented in the diary of the Earl of Shaftesbury. He had had the advantage of many years experience in the House of Commons as Lord Ashley before he was called to the Upper Chamber on the death of his father. On the evening of the day that he took his seat in the House of Lords, June 23, 1851, he wrote in his diary:

> It seems no place for me; a "statue gallery," some say a "dormitory." Full half a dozen peers said to me within as many minutes, "You'll find this very different from the House of Commons. We have no orders, no rules, no sympathies to be stirred." Shall I ever be able to do *anything*? They are cold, short, and impatient. But God has willed it, and I must, and by His grace, will do my duty.

He spoke the very next day—though briefly and with apologies for addressing their lordships so soon—on the second reading of his Bill for the inspection and registration of lodging-houses, which he had carried through all its stages in the House of Commons, and was now—an unprecedented occur-

rence—to conduct through all its stages in the House of Lords. In the course of the debate which ensued the Marquis of Lansdowne expressed the hope that Lord Shaftesbury might pursue in the House of Lords the career of philanthropy and social reform he had followed in the House of Commons. Commenting on this in his diary the earl writes:

> It is, however, a totally different thing and far less stirring, far less gratifying. Success here is but a shadow of success there, and little can be gained, little attempted. . . . One of the most striking effects to me on removal from the House of Commons is my absolute ignorance of the political movements, thoughts, and facts of the day. Everything of importance revolves round the centre of the Commons' House. Unless you be there to see it, hear it, feel it, you get it at second-hand, and then only half.

Two days later he writes:

> The difficulties of the House of Lords seem to thicken as I survey them. Everything must be done between five and half-past six, or you will have no auditory; consequently there is an unseemly scramble for the precedence, and a terrible impatience after you have got it. Yet I have received many expressions, and heard of more, that I should rouse them, and give them business to do, and in some measure "popularise" the House.

He achieved one success, at any rate. On July 8 of the same year he made a speech in favour of giving to local authorities powers for the erection of model lodging-houses, which was well received and even cheered. "My surprise knew no bounds," he writes, "I had warmed Nova Zembla!" The Commons are often in the Session summoned to the Bar of the Lords. Should the Commons ever summon the Lords to their Bar it will be a stern and strenuous call to the reality of life.

Yet it is true that on great Party issues, or on subjects of high national importance, debates in the House of Lords are often sustained throughout at a higher level of ability than debates in the House of Commons. Discussions, of course, are of shorter duration in the upper than in the lower Chamber. The Commons take a week or a fortnight to thrash out a topic which the peers will exhaust in a single sitting.

More eloquent speeches are made in the representative Chamber; but there are also long intervals of dull and pointless talk. In the hereditary Chamber, on the other hand, only the ablest and most distinguished peers venture to take part in a big debate; and the speeches give the impression that they are delivered because there is really something to say, and not —as is too often the case in the House of Commons—because something has to be said in order to get into the newspapers.

The debates in the House of Lords are not only models of grave discussion. In them is displayed to a remarkable degree matured statesmanship and administrative experience. Archbishop Magee remarked that nothing struck him more in the House of Lords than the large amount of special knowledge it possessed. No matter how generally little known the subject of discussion might be, he said, some obscure peer was certain to rise on a back bench and show that he had made a special study of it. The House is not composed entirely of landed aristocrats, of great hereditary magnates, who are lawgivers only by the succession of lineage. In it also are merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, soldiers, bankers, civil servants, administrators of distant portions of the Empire who have been promoted to the Peerage for their success in business or their services to the State. Moreover, many of the peers who succeeded to seats in the House have had the advantage of previously serving in the House of Commons. John Wilson Croker, in a letter written shortly before his death in 1857, mentions that going over to the Lords from the Commons one evening he noticed, as a fact, "not unimportant to constitutional history," that every one of the thirty peers then present had sat with him in the House of Commons. "It shows," he says, "how completely the House of Commons has been the nursery of the House of Lords." There are usually in the House of Lords about two hundred peers who have sat in the House of Commons.

IV

But it is not alone the difference in the demeanour of their members that accentuates the contrast between the two Chambers. In forms of procedure also there is a wide divergence between the House of Commons and the House of Lords. Although the Lord Chancellor presides at the deliberations of the House of Lords he possesses none of the duties and powers which are vested in the Speaker of the House of Commons. The Speaker must be a member of the House of Commons. The Lord Chancellor need not necessarily be a peer. Brougham presided over the House of Lords in November 1830, when the patent of his creation as a peer had not yet been issued. The Speaker is elected by the House of Commons. The Lord Chancellor is a Minister in the Government. In the House of Commons a member speaking addresses "Mr. Speaker." In the House of Lords it is not the Lord Chancellor who is addressed, but the whole House—"My Lords." Another curious distinction between the Speaker and the Lord Chancellor is that while the Speaker cannot take part in debate—"he must not sway the House by argument," as the old order has it—the Lord Chancellor joins in every important debate in the interest of the Government.

You will notice that when the Lord Chancellor rises to speak he moves away from the Woolsack. There is a special significance in that movement. The Standing Orders of the House directs that if the Lord Chancellor intends to speak on any question for himself, and not as the "mouth of the House," he is to go to his own place as a peer. Hence, the Lord Chancellor's action in stepping aside from the Woolsack.

The Speaker is the sole judge of all questions of order in the House of Commons. The Lord Chancellor has no authority to rule a peer out of order. In the House of Lords, if there be a conflict of opinion, the matter is decided by the whole House and not by the Lord Chancellor. When several members rise simultaneously to take part in a debate, as is

the custom in the House of Commons, the Speaker decides which shall speak first by calling on him by name. But if two or more peers rise together in the House of Lords, each insisting on speaking, the Lord Chancellor has not the power of deciding who shall first be heard. It is the voice of the House which determines the question. The Lord Chancellor, powerless to interpose effectively, must content himself with looking silently on at the scene with severe solemnity. Of course, if it pleases him the more, he may give vent to his feelings by joining in the hubbub, like any other peer.

Happily, so strong is the sense of order and demeanour in the Upper Chamber, it rarely happens that when the House expresses its desire to hear one of the peers contending for its ear, by calling out his name, the others do not at once resume their seats. But some years ago there was a notable scene involving a Party wrangle over the question which of two peers, who had risen simultaneously, one from the Liberal benches and the other from the Tory benches, should speak first. Neither peer would give way to the other. To bring the curious situation to an end, Earl Granville, the leader of the Liberal Party, moved that the Liberal lord be heard. The House divided on the motion, and decided by a large majority that the Tory peer should be the first to speak. During the Session of 1870 Lord Campbell moved the adoption of a new Standing Order giving power to the Lord Chancellor to decide the succession of speakers in a debate; but he ultimately withdrew it as the discussion showed the existence of a widespread feeling among the peers that the ruling of questions of order should remain vested in the House as a whole. But with a view to the avoidance of scenes, it is the custom when a long debate is expected for the Whips of both sides to arrange the order in which peers who desire to take part in it shall speak.

It may be asked—why should not the Lord Chancellor be allowed to exercise the authority which lies in the chairman of every meeting of determining the order in which those desirous of joining in a debate shall address the assembly?

There is a Constitutional point of importance involved in this procedure of the House of Lords which, at first sight, seems so inexplicable. All the peers are equal. In no one of them can authority over his fellows be vested. In fact—as the Irishman said—one man is as good as another, and twenty times better. Therefore, when a point of order is involved, it is the whole House and not the Lord Chancellor that must decide the issue. The only right the Lord Chancellor possesses is the right possessed by every peer to call attention to irrelevancies. In the course of a debate on the importation of Chinese coolies for employment in the Transvaal mines, on June 28, 1905, Lord Chancellor Halsbury called attention to an irregularity in the discussion. But he was careful to say, at the same time, that in doing so he was but simply exercising his right as a Member of the House. "Of course," said the Marquis of Ripon, "the authority of the noble and learned earl on the Woolsack is great, but I wish to point out that as a matter of order he has no more right to call anybody to order than any other, even the youngest, peer in this House." "No, but I have the right to protest," said the Lord Chancellor. "I said I had no greater but no less a right than any other Member of your lordships' House." "I do not deny," said Lord Ripon, "that the noble and learned earl has the same right."

Should the proceedings in the Upper Chamber become very disorderly, all that is provided for the quelling of the disturbance is the reading by the Clerk of the Parliaments of two old Standing Orders dealing with asperity of speech and personal quarrels. In Committee on the Ballot Bill of 1872, the discussion became so inflamed that a motion was made to have these Standing Orders read. The Clerk of the Parliaments did read them, and, lo and behold! the demon of unruliness was exorcised, and the debate was resumed in an orderly and amicable manner. Quaint and curious, indeed, are these Standing Orders for soothing the ruffled tempers of the peers. The first, which was passed so long ago as June 13, 1628, runs:

To prevent misunderstanding, and for avoiding of offensive speeches, when matters are debating, either in the House or at Committees, it is for honour sake thought fit and so ordered that all personal, sharp or teasing speeches be forborn, and whosoever answereth another man's speech shall apply his answer to the matter without wrong to the person: and as nothing offensive is to be spoken, so nothing is to be ill taken, if the party that speaks it shall presently make a fair exposition, or clear denial of the words that might bear any ill-construction; and if any offence be given in that kind, as the House itself will be very sensible thereof, so it will sharply censure the offender, and give the party offended a fit reparation and a full satisfaction.

The Second Standing Order, which was passed August 9, 1641, says:

For avoiding of all mistakes, unkindnesses, or other differences which may grow to quarrels, tending to the breach of peace, it is ordered that if any lord shall conceive himself to have received any effront or injury from any other member of the House, either in the Parliament House or at any Committee, or in any of the rooms belonging to the Lords' House of Parliament, he shall appeal to the Lords in Parliament for his reparation, which if he shall not do, but occasion or entertain quarrels, declining the justice of the House, then the lord that shall be found therein delinquent shall undergo the severe censure of the Lords' House of Parliament.

Yet what potentialities of disorder and uproar in the House of Lords lie in the hereditary principle—in the immense privilege that certain men, solely because they are the eldest sons of their fathers, without any regard of their morals any more than of their mental capacities, become, indefeasibly, members of this ancient Legislative Assembly. There is only one bar, be it remembered, to the right of succession to a seat in the House of Lords, and that is bankruptcy. It is not so very long ago since English law regarded property as more sacred even than human life. The English Constitution still disqualifies its hereditary legislators for want of financial integrity, but not for lack of character. A bankrupt cannot sit in the House of Lords; but a blackguard may.

Conduct undignified need not be feared from the few aged and high-minded peers of whom the House of Lords in Session is usually composed. Nothing can disturb the habitual self-

possession of these elderly and sedate gentlemen, nothing can discompose the fixed decorum of their looks and demeanour. However wistfully they may look back upon their own stormy youth, they may always be relied on in their old age to treat the House with reserve, respect, and dignity. But, then, there are the young and frivolous bloods of the Peerage, who are so noted for their physical virility and their high spirits? Supposing they were to bring into the House of Lords the traditions of levity and wilfulness and violence in which they have been nurtured—the wild practical jokes and fisticuffs of the public schools, the rowdy diversions of the Universities, the "ragging" of the Army? How they could turn the solemn House topsy-turvy! Unhampered as the play of their caprices and antics would be by rules of order, what a disruptive and demoralising element they might introduce into this select and tranquil and most ancient circle of dignified legislators. What a spectacle, if under the eager gaze of the crowded reporter's gallery they first were to lock up "Black Rod" in his box, overpower the Sergeant-at-Arms with a knock of his own mace, and then—in imitation of the Irish tenants of old who used to compel the process-server to swallow the latitats he came to serve them with—proceed by force to feed the unhappy Lord Chancellor on the Woolsack with slips of the pious maxims of the seventeenth-century Standing Orders. What splendid newspaper copy! What public sensation! What notoriety for the young scrapegraces! They could not he haled before the police magistrate. If they were brought to justice at all it could only be through the splendid, stirring ordeal of an impeachment before their peers. They could not be expelled the House. Its doors could not be even temporarily closed against them. Nor need they have to fear being brought to account by constituencies justly inflamed by their outrages on the sanctity and dignity of Parliament. In all seriousness, this, it seems to me, is the one real peril of the hereditary principle. At any rate, a few young irresponsible peers, united in mischief, could easily turn the staid and solemn

House of Lords into an Assembly more unruly even than the House of Commons.

V

The division which follows a debate in the House of Lords brings out another distinction between the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker. The Speaker is debarred from voting in a division. The vote of the Lord Chancellor is taken, though he does not pass through the division lobby like the other peers. The Lord Chancellor, however, has no casting vote. If the numbers in a division should be equal, the "Not-Contents"—or those who support the negative—prevail. In the House of Commons the issue, in a like contingency, would be decided by the casting vote of the Speaker.

The only function of a chairman which the Lord Chancellor is empowered to perform is the function of "putting the question." This is done in the same form as in the House of Commons, save that "content" is used for "aye" and "not-content" for "no." "As many as are of that opinion say 'content,'" says the Lord Chancellor, "the contrary 'not-content.'" A division is challenged on the motion. "The Contents will go to the right of the Throne," continues the Lord Chancellor, "and the Not-Contents to the left of the Bar." Two tellers are appointed on each side, carrying white wands, and the peers pass through the division lobbies, just outside the Chamber, to have their votes counted and names recorded, as in the House of Commons. When the tellers return to the Chamber a slip of paper containing the numbers is given to the Lord Chancellor, who thus announces them: "Contents, 89; Not-Contents, 16." "The Contents have it," adds the Lord Chancellor, and so the motion is carried.

VI

But what, after all, is the main distinctive difference between the two Houses of Parliament? It was the custom

at one time to describe them officially as the "Upper" Chamber and the "Lower" Chamber. The terms are still in use, though more for convenience sake than in the sense of implying superiority and subordination. Bills which originate in the Commons are "sent up" to the Lords. The Lords, however, are careful to endorse these Bills with the simple words, "Brought from the Commons." On the other hand, the Commons, when issuing a new writ for a constituency vacated by the succession of its representative to a peerage, describes the outgoing member as "called up to the House of Lords." Thomas Creevey relates that, discussing with Wellington the relative positions of the two Houses, the great soldier declared that able men were lost by being in the House of Lords. "Nobody cares a damn for the House of Lords," said he. "The House of Commons is everything in England and the House of Lords nothing." That was in 1818. Much has occurred since then still further to emphasise the distinction between the two Chambers. Every one knows that the House of Commons has absorbed in itself all the main powers of the State. Every one knows that the House of Lords fills but a secondary position in the Constitution, though by its suspensory veto, by which it can delay the passing of great changes until they have been directly sanctioned by the country, it still exercises considerable influence on the course of legislation.

I shall not venture to institute any comparison as to the relative importance, politically, of the House of Peers and the House of Commons, or to attempt to settle the question which Chamber is in these democratic days constitutionally "the upper" and which "the lower." It is interesting to note that, structurally, the two Chambers are in a state of equality. Passing from one to the other you have neither to go upstairs nor downstairs. A long corridor separates them, but should their doors be open the Speaker and the Lord Chancellor may see each other across the level distance. But there can be no dispute that in the æsthetic point of view the House of Lords is on a vastly higher plane than the House of

Commons. This must always be a great advantage in a country like England, where there is so little to feed the imagination and the love of colour of the man in the street. What, perhaps, first strikes the visitor to the House of Commons is its air of drabness. It is difficult to understand, for one thing, why its walls should not be hung with portraits of its great members or pictures from its storied history. But the tendency of the representative Chamber is more and more to break with its mighty past. At least it is indisposed to enter into rivalry with the peers in their stirring invocation to the spirit of history, tradition, and romance. The Commons appeal to the business instincts of human nature, the peers to its softer and more poetic side. The House of Commons is pushful, eager, striving, noisy. The House of Lords is quiet and calm and dignified. The qualities that find the greatest play in the House of Commons—energy, resolution, enterprise —contribute, perhaps, in a higher degree to social efficiency; but their operation hardly tends to distinction and refinement.

Carlyle in "Sartor Resartus" suggests the scene of "a naked Duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked House of Lords," only to be appalled by the stupendous spectacle. "Imagination," he adds, "choked in a mephitic air recoils on itself and will not forward the picture. The Woolsack, the Ministerial, the Opposition, Benches—*infandum! infandum!*" In the same work Carlyle asserts that "the Philosophy of Clothes takes scientific rank with political economy and the theory of the British Constitution." It is a wise remark in relation to the House of Lords.

The House of Lords has often been doomed to extinction. "I am quite certain," wrote Macaulay from Calcutta in 1836, "that in a few years the House of Lords must go after old Sarum and Gatton." How vain is political prophecy! Macaulay lived to take his seat on the red benches twenty-three years afterwards as a Peer of the Realm. Ah, the irony of life! Many political principles have been swept away. Many political gods have been cast down. The House of

Lords still survives. But should the Lords ever again come into serious conflict with the Commons over the amendment of the Constitution they might do worse than summon to their aid the popular love of spectacle and reverence of venerable customs. Let them restore the olden habit of debating in the trappings and suits of the Peerage. Let them crowd the galleries with their wives and daughters, sparkling in their jewels and still more radiant in their beauty. Let them fill the House with the spirit of action and affairs, and its attendant sprite, excitement. Let them allow the fullest possible facilities to the public for witnessing as the supreme justification of their existence, these impressive spectacles of superb elegance and lofty pride, and of hearing oratory of a pomp worthy of their beautiful and stately Chamber. What possibilities there are, in the artistic and dramatic development of this idea, of restoring the House of Lords to its due rank and power in the Legislature! Do you not hear already the tumultuous shouting of the masses in the streets, kindled to imagination and beauty by the enchantments of the House of Peers, no longer dim and cold but stirring and inspiring—"Down with the drab House of Commons! Up with the lustrous Lords!

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

HYBRIDISATION AND PLANT-BREEDING

CONCURRENTLY with the present notable revival of horticulture and widespread taste for gardening there is evidence of a renewed interest in the work of the hybridiser and plant-breeder; and not only in the work itself and its practical results, but also in the problems with which it is concerned in their wider bearing on evolution in general.

The importance and value, both scientific and economic, of the plant-breeder's work is perhaps not very generally recognised. But we need only turn to Darwin's works, and especially to his "Animals and Plants under Domestication," to see how largely it has contributed to the establishment of the theory of evolution. For the practical results we have but to look around our gardens and orchards, where most of the flowers, and all the fruits and vegetables, bear witness to the plant-breeder's labours; while the value of the improvements effected in our chief food and economic plants it would be impossible to estimate.

Plant-breeding—at any rate, one of its two chief operations, hybridisation and selection—is doubtless as old as agriculture. So soon as primitive man began to collect the wild berries and seeds, not merely for food but to sow and cultivate them, he would, at first unconsciously, and later consciously, choose the best, the finest, and largest seeds. Soon he would learn to save his seed for further sowings from the finest plants. And

this is selection; and by this means alone so great an improvement has been effected during the past centuries in some of our staple food-plants that it is difficult or impossible to determine the original species from which they were derived. Hybridisation on the other hand—in so far as it has been deliberately practised by man—is quite recent. The nature of the sexual organs and the processes of fertilisation of plants were not understood, and probably artificial fertilisation was not practised previous to the beginning of the eighteenth century, the plant-breeder relying solely on selection of the variations arising from the natural cross-fertilisation, brought about by insects or the wind, for the improvement of his stock. The first record of an artificial hybrid, which was a "Mule" Pink—a Carnation (*Dianthus Caryophyllus*) crossed by a Sweet William (*D. Barbatus*)—raised by an English florist, was in 1739, though it was actually produced some years previously. About this time Kolreuter was investigating the subject, and making experiments in artificial fertilisation; his work appearing in 1761. It was not, however, till the beginning of the nineteenth century that artificial hybridisation played any great part in plant breeding. Gaertner, Naudin, Wichura, and others on the continent experimenting chiefly on the scientific side, and Knight and Herbert in England more on the practical side of the subject, and numberless hybrids and cross-bred races of horticultural and economic value were raised during the first half of the nineteenth century. About the middle of the century the first artificial orchid hybrid was flowered. The great possibilities in this Natural Order were quickly recognised, and already a number of beautiful and remarkable hybrids have been raised, while many of these will be surpassed by some among the thousands of seedlings as yet unflowered. Moreover, from the facility and certainty with which orchids can be fertilised, from the wide range within which intercrossing is possible, and the care with which they have been recorded, they are of especial value and interest to the scientific student.

The steady progress which plant-breeding had thus made during the past century was appropriately crowned in 1900 by the rediscovery and publication of Abbé Mendel's experiments, and the conclusions drawn from them, now known as Mendel's Laws of Inheritance. In the same year Hugo de Vries announced the results of his experiments on the nature and origin of variations, and especially of those comparatively large and sudden variations, or breaks, to which he has given the name of "Mutations," confirming and amplifying views which Bateson had been urging for some years previous in England.

Lastly, and not least, among the many causes that have contributed to the advancement of hybridisation and plant-breeding is the wise and fostering policy of the present Council of the Royal Horticultural Society, and their consistent encouragement of the science as well as the practice of horticulture. Recognising the great importance of the subject and the advantage of recording the work already done, a Conference on Hybridisation was organised by the Society in 1899. This was followed in 1902 by a Conference on Plant-breeding in America, held under the auspices of the Horticultural Society of New York. These two Conferences have been of much interest and value in bringing together a great body of information on the subject, and in recording the work in progress. A third Conference will be held by the Royal Horticultural Society in July and August of this year, at which, besides matters of general interest, the important results of the many experiments made during the past few years on the lines of research opened up by the discoveries of Mendel and De Vries will no doubt be communicated.

There are two aspects to the work of hybridisation and plant-breeding, the scientific and the practical or economic, but they are so closely connected that it would be impossible to consider them altogether apart. On the practical side the aim of plant-breeding may be summed up in one word, "improvement"; the improvement of all the qualities and characteristics that already exist, and the production of

new qualities that are as yet latent in plants in a state of nature. And, since men's ideals are not always the same, we get also variety. Among flowering plants marvellous results have been achieved, often in a very short space of time, in size, in symmetry of form and in the increased brilliancy and range of colour of the flowers, while at the same time great improvements have been effected in the habit and free flowering qualities of the plant. Among fruits and vegetables, in addition to the great variety we now possess, the improvement in flavour and in quality has been enormous—from the crab-apple to Cox's Orange, from the weed on our coasts to the seakale of our gardens. And besides these more obvious objects of plant-breeding there are many others, both special, such as the increase of the sugar contents of beetroots, and general, such as the production of earlier, or hardier, or of disease-resisting varieties. One of the American State experimental plant-breeding stations is at present engaged in the attempt to raise a hardy, or comparatively hardy, orange; at another a rust-proof wheat has already been obtained. But with all that has been done there is a boundless field for further work; every advance gained is but a step towards further improvements, new possibilities appear and new ideals arise.

It may well be asked how are all these results obtained? Out of what material and by what methods have all these varieties of plants been produced? Many factors are, of course, concerned, but primarily all plant improvements are derived from the surplus forces of life, and the variations they give rise to, and these variations are induced and controlled, intensified and fixed by cultivation, hybridisation, and selection. Under natural conditions plants are in a state of equilibrium. All their surplus vital energies over and above what are needed for mere assimilation and growth are absorbed in the struggle of the competition with their neighbours and in adapting themselves to the pressure of their environment. So long as their environment remains unchanged they vary but little, and hence species are practically constant. When, however, the

environment is changed, when a plant is brought into cultivation, this close concentration of all its energies to the vital point of mere existence is no longer necessary, food and air and light are all provided for it without any other exertion on its part beyond mere assimilation, and it is free to employ its surplus energies in other directions—in the development of those potentialities of size and form and colour that it may possess. It is this superabundant vitality—this overflowing metabolism—ever pressing outwards and seeking new channels of development that is the cause of all the diversity of Nature. It is, so to speak, the material out of which all plant-improvement is produced, for it is the source of all the variation which forms the groundwork of the plant-breeder's operations.

No two plants are exactly alike. The descendants of every plant differ from their parents, and among themselves within certain limits. Besides those large differences between groups of plants, which form the basis of botanical classification, there are an infinite series of minor differences, which constitute the fluctuating "indefinite" or "continuous" variations upon which Darwin chiefly relied for the origin of species under the action of Natural Selection. In addition to these fluctuating variations there occur from time to time comparatively large and sudden "breaks"—"definite" or "discontinuous" variations (the Mutations of De Vries). These are sometimes large and distinct enough to take specific rank, a new species being thus evolved in a single generation. Of the causes of these discontinuous variations or mutations, we are at present entirely ignorant, but recently De Vries has shown that they occur with much greater frequency than has hitherto been supposed. Furthermore these discontinuous variations are generally stable and constant, and are inherited fully and unimpaired. Hence they cannot be swamped by intercrossing, and can only be eliminated by the destruction of the plant itself. In a sense, therefore, they are indestructible.

Since these variations, definite and indefinite, large or small, are the material out of which all plant improvement is effected,

the first aim of the plant-breeder is to "break the type," that is, to induce his plants to vary, and, since we do not know how to produce variation in any particular direction, to induce them to vary as widely as possible, so that among the many individuals some may be found which will possess in some degree the desired combination of characteristics.

The two chief methods of doing this are cultivation and hybridisation (using the term here to include cross-fertilisation in any degree). Sometimes cultivation alone is relied on, especially in the first stages, when varieties for intercrossing are as yet non-existent, and there are no other species possessing any desired characteristics, or near enough allied to permit of hybridisation. There is no doubt that great advances have been effected by cultivation and selection alone, and sometimes in a comparatively short space of time. To mention only one instance, the present race of Shirley Poppies has been evolved from a single flower of the scarlet poppy of the cornfields since 1880. But generally the process is a slow one, and it is necessary to work with enormous numbers; and since, owing either to the difficulty of manipulation or the magnitude of the work, the fertilisation of the selected varieties is left to chance—insects or the wind—as in the case of Dahlias, Chrysanthemums, Asters, &c., the proportion of varieties showing a marked advance is very small, from one per thousand to as low as one in five thousand. Moreover, besides the impossibility of recognising small differences among such large numbers of plants, it is often difficult to realise the future possibilities of the first minute variations that appear, and many a promising improvement has been literally nipped in the bud. When, however, the plants are more under control, as in the case of florists' flowers cultivated under glass, such as the Persian Cyclamen, Cineraria, Carnation, &c., then to cultivation and selection definite cross-fertilisation can be added. The advance is then more rapid, fewer plants are required, they can be studied more closely, and their good points more carefully estimated. The selection

can therefore be made more accurately, and the selected varieties can be crossed with certainty and with definite aims. Any plant showing even a small variation in a new direction that gives promise of future possibilities can be at once isolated, self-fertilised, and tested. Even in these cases, however, where there is but one species to work from, the rate of improvement is still comparatively slow, the range is limited, and as the limits of variation are approached it becomes more and more difficult to obtain any marked advance.

But when more than one species is available then the full effects of hybridisation come into play, a much wider range of variation is generally possible, and remarkable improvements have often been effected in a very few generations. Perhaps the most striking instance is the modern race of Tuberous Begonias, in which six species have been combined, and which has been brought to its present pitch of perfection in about twenty-five generations. In the Daffodil, besides three or four distinct species, many sub-species and geographical varieties have been employed, and some of the finest seedlings we already possess probably do not represent more than four or five generations.

But the value to the plant-breeder of hybridisation, that is, of working with two or more species or strongly marked varieties, does not lie only in the degree of indefinite variation which it induces. Of still more importance is the opportunity it gives him of quickly introducing new characters into his strain; he is not confined to the narrow groove which the limitations of a single species enforces, and instead of waiting for variations to arise in any desired direction, or building them up slowly from small beginnings, he can at once start with definite combinations of the desirable characters which may be in the two or more species employed. Nor is the instability, which often occurs in hybrid, and still more in cross-bred races, any longer a disadvantage in the light of the recent knowledge of the working of heredity embodied in Mendel's laws.

As no two plants are alike in outward appearance, so it is certain they must differ inwardly, that is, the forces which determine the outward characteristics must be more or less differentiated in each plant. Moreover, every plant is made up of, or contains, a certain number of distinct characters, which are, of course, not interchangeable; for instance, it may be tall, have broad leaves, and red flowers, and so on. Each of these characters however has a certain range of variation, and forms one of a series or category of minor differences within that range which are interchangeable. Thus, the different colours or degrees of colour of two varieties are interchangeable, likewise the varying degrees of height, and so on. When, therefore, two species or varieties, containing one or more pairs of such differential characters, are crossed, there must necessarily be a conflict between the forces which determine the ultimate characteristics of the offspring. In some cases, *e.g.*, where "continuous" variations are concerned, they will blend; in other cases they will not, and one of the two characters is then selected, and appears in the progeny to the total exclusion of the other. Or again, the incompatibility may be so extreme, or may perhaps extend to so many of the characters, that the determining forces of the germ plasm are unequal to the work of selecting and building up the structure, and this probably is the main consideration that sets a limit to the intercrossing of species. We may thus realise how the union of two dissimilar parents—that is two plants having differential interchangeable characteristics—may give rise to offspring with a considerable range of variation. Each seedling will be the result of a certain combination and compromise between the competing characters of the parents, and among the possible combinations individuals may arise which, outwardly at least, will appear quite unlike either parent, and so form the starting-point of a new variety, race, or species.

So far we have seen how variations in plants may be induced by cultivation, or change of conditions; and though as yet we

do not know how to produce any particular variation, we have seen how such as may arise can be accentuated and combined by cross-fertilisation and hybridisation. But the production of a variety is not always the ultimate object of the plant-breeder: he may desire to perpetuate it, to fix it, so that it will breed true, or to use it as the foundation of a more or less distinct strain, and he has then to deal with the problems of inheritance. Hitherto the only established principle of heredity on which we could rely was the universal experience that "like begets like," —that the offspring tend to resemble their parents—with its corollary, the law of regression to a mean, that is, that the descendants which depart from the type in one generation tend to revert towards it in subsequent generations. When therefore we are dealing with fixed races, or stable and constant varieties, and either self-fertilisation is practicable, or two closely similar individuals can be mated, there is no difficulty in perpetuating any characteristic, and improving and fixing it, by careful selection. But when breaking new ground and endeavouring to start new strains by combining dissimilar characteristics, or when dealing with unstable hybrid and cross-bred races, plant-breeders have hitherto worked largely in the dark. Until the recent rediscovery of Mendel's experiments they have had no other guidance than their own incomplete experience, and have been compelled to rely chiefly on large numbers and on careful selection.

Considering the importance of these principles of inheritance which are now known as Mendel's Laws, to the student of heredity as well as to the practical breeder, it is strange that, though formulated more than forty years ago, they should not have been appreciated by his contemporaries, and should have remained practically unknown until their rediscovery and publication in 1900. In the short space of time that has elapsed since then they have been confirmed and amplified, and further investigations on similar lines are at present being instituted into other as yet unsolved problems of heredity.

Mendel's main discovery was of the definite proportions in

which the characters of the parents are distributed among their descendants. To take the simplest case, and ignoring for the moment all disturbing factors—when hybrids or cross-breds resulting from the union of parents, having each one of a pair of differential interchangeable characters, are self-fertilised, of their offspring some will contain one only of the characters of the original parents, some will be intermediate or will contain both characters, and some will contain the other character only; and the numbers of the individuals composing these three groups will be in a definite numerical ratio of 1 : 2 : 1. Thus for a pair of simple characters A and B, of every hundred seedlings twenty-five will have the character A, fifty will be "intermediate," and twenty-five will have the character B. This is Mendel's "Law of Segregation," or of the distribution among the offspring of the characters of the parents.

If individuals from these three groups are selected or "extracted" and again self-fertilised, those which contain either one or the other only of the original pair of characters will respectively transmit that character pure to their offspring, *i.e.*, they will breed true to that character, and their descendants will continue to do so in every subsequent generation. On the other hand, the offspring of the "intermediates" will again split up into three groups as before, which will behave in future generations as in the first, *i.e.*, "intermediates" of every generation will always produce offspring half of which will be similar "intermediates," while the other half will be composed of equal numbers containing one or other of the characters respectively, and which will breed true to that character. This is Mendel's "Law of Purity."

When working with more than one pair of characters the results are, of course, more complex, but by applying the laws, the proportionate distribution among the offspring of the two or more characters taken together, and the subsequent course of their breeding can be readily calculated, and will always be found to agree with the actual results, if sufficient numbers are employed. There are furthermore some characters which are

apparently of a compound nature, and though on inbreeding they may act as simple characters, when crossed they split up into their component characters, which then form other combinations. From such cases, however, as have so far been analysed, there is no doubt that they follow the same laws, but the results are so complex that it is impossible to do more than allude to them here.

Whether these laws are of universal application time and further investigation will show; in their present form they have as yet been established only for discontinuous characters.

There is, however, one important phenomenon, by which the working of these laws is frequently obscured—that of Dominance. This phenomenon of dominance seems to be very generally associated with discontinuous characters, and as a matter of fact Mendel in his experiments, working chiefly with fixed races of Peas *(Pisum Sativum)*, deliberately chose such characters. In these cases the seedlings of the first cross of the original parents exhibit one of the two characters only—the dominant one. These when "selfed" produce offspring which exhibit the respective characters in the proportion of three dominants to one recessive. The recessives breed true from this generation, while further breeding shows that the dominants are composed, in the proportion of one to two, of pure dominants (which thereafter breed true to the dominant character), and impure dominants which contain the recessive character also, though latent (and which split up in future generations in the same proportion of three dominants to one recessive). It is shown, therefore, that, though one character is latent, the actual ratio is one pure dominant to two impure or hybrid dominants to one recessive, or D : 2 DR : R, as required by the general law. What is the cause of this phenomenon of dominance we do not know; it may be connected with the phylogenetic origin of the character, or it may be due to molecular structure or composition in some way akin to the atomic structure of stable chemical compounds. It is an interesting problem awaiting solution.

Of other disturbing factors I will only mention one—that of correlation of characters, as it is, perhaps, of all the unsolved problems of heredity of most importance to plant-breeders. At present our knowlege of correlation consists only of a scattered mass of unconnected and often contradictory facts, and the breeder, when introducing a new character into his strain, has no idea, beyond his immediate experience, whether it will carry other characters with it or not. For all he can tell it is as likely to be correlated with an undesirable character as not; or it may carry a character with it in one combination and not in another. If by the study of such authentic cases as are on record, and by further experiments, some general law could be evolved which would co-ordinate the facts and provide some guidance in future, apart from its scientific interest, it would undoubtedly be of the greatest value to the practical breeder. Here, as with the phenomenon of dominance, is an almost virgin field for the labours of the scientific horticulturist.

Beside these laws of heredity, which are, of course, the expression of the actual observations, there are furthermore certain theoretical conclusions that can be drawn from them, some of which are of considerable importance to the plant-breeder. From the invariable numerical proportions in which the characters of the original parents appear in their descendants, it follows that, though a plant or individual may contain more than one differential character of a category, the germ-cells, or "gametes"—at any rate at the period of union—carry only one; and that, therefore, each germ-cell is pure for one such character. Consequently, when a plant contains two or (as in the case of compound characters) several characters of a category, it follows that these characters must segregate, or be distributed in equal numbers among the germ-cells; *i.e.*, if the plant contains two characters, half the gametes will carry one, and half the other character, and so on. These are Mendel's theories of gametic purity and segregation.

The practical value of these laws and theoretical conclusions is obvious. When once a variation has been obtained

(if discontinuous), the breeder may be reasonably assured that it will not be lost, and may confidently proceed to use it in the establishment of an improved variety, or as the foundation of a new race. If his object is to combine the desirable characters of two or more plants in one individual, he has a reasonable certainty beforehand of the results, and can therefore make his crossings with more definite aims than hitherto. The varieties he obtains can be fixed with the least expenditure of time and material, since, if the characters are simple, by applying the laws, a few experimental breedings will enable him to find the individual which carries the desired character or characters pure, and which will then breed true. If the characters are compound, though more experimental breedings and an analysis of the results will be necessary, his object will be none the less surely attained. In short, he has obtained a clear insight into the capabilities and potentialities of his material—of the plants that he works with—a more thorough appreciation of the problems involved, and a firmer grasp of the essential conditions of success in his operations.

Before leaving this portion of the subject it may be well to point out that, though plant-breeding can be carried out by any one, it is not mere routine work, but an art, and therefore not the least important factor in it is the artist—the breeder himself. A general knowledge of botanical classification and the affinities of species and an intimate acquaintance with the structures and organs of all the flowers he works with are essential. He must be a good gardener and know the requirements of his plants and how to supply them. He must have an eye for beauty of form and colour, a broad and catholic taste, and a power of appreciating many different types of perfection. He must have judgment in making his crosses and patience in awaiting the results. He must acquire that almost prophetic insight into the possibilities of his plants which can only be fully attained by continual and close observation and comparison, and an appreciation of even the smallest of their special points. Above all he must have imagination,

and not be afraid to use it—anybody can raise plants, but it is the man with imagination who will raise the flowers of the future.

To turn now to the actual results and future possibilities. Though any general survey of the achievements of plant-breeding would be quite beyond the scope of this article, a few special cases may be given, each typically illustrating the most salient lines of improvement in flowers—size, colour, form, and doubling. Size is generally the first advance to be obtained, then colour variations, while doubling is a teratological phenomenon; but new forms and perfection of form are, of all plant improvements, the most difficult to attain.

Size.—Though mere size alone is not necessarily an improvement, when it is accompanied by good form and substance, and involves no loss of brilliancy or depth of colour, it constitutes a desirable advance, and can always be appreciated, even by those to whom the more subtle refinements of form and colour are not so immediately apparent. It is, moreover, especially useful in estimating the amount of improvement attained, as it can be definitely measured and expressed, and the results gained in any one case can, with due consideration of the differences involved, be applied to estimate the possibilities of an as yet undeveloped species or variety. To take two examples, a Cyclamen and a Cineraria—the one a simple and the other a compound flower. In the Cyclamen the length of the segments from the point where they turn upwards is in the species (*C. Persicum*) about 1⅜ inches, in the latest improved forms it is over three inches. The comparative breadths of the petals are ¼ inch and 1½ inches. The advance here in size has therefore been as much as sixfold in the latter respect, or combining the two and taking the average there has been an increase of four times. In the Cineraria the flower of the species (*C. Cruenta*) measures just one inch across, with ray petals ⅛ inch wide, while its present day descendant is a comparative giant, measuring 3½ inches across, with petals almost an inch broad, an extreme advance of eight times, or an

average advance of five times. When double flowers are compared with the species, or single varieties, from which they have been derived, the difference in bulk is much greater—even with simple flowers such as the Rose, while with compound flowers, such as the Dahlia or Chrysanthemum, the contrast is enormous; but such comparisons are not of the same value, since the increase of size is due partly to the conversion into petals of other organs of the flower, and is therefore not a real comparison of the same parts.

Colour.—In many large groups and genera nature seems, so to speak, to have attended strictly to business, and in these the species are comparatively few, and usually of no very striking appearance. On the other hand, there are some where nature seems to revel in adornment, at one time launching out into fantasies of form as in orchids, and at another experimenting in every combination of colour. Though other genera may exhibit exceptional development in some one or two colours, in none is there so great a range of colour as in the genus Gladiolus (and its near allies Ixia and Sparaxis). There are about one hundred and sixty species, the majority differing chiefly by their colour and markings—for they vary comparatively little in form: they hybridise with the greatest freedom, and there are therefore endless possibilities of colour combination. Most of the finest species have been introduced to cultivation, and from their union several distinct races have been formed which display such a wealth and variety of colour disposition as to baffle all attempts at description. Besides the less important early flowering races there are the four well-known main races flowering in late summer and autumn. The Gandavensis, with tall spikes and large flowers; the Lemoinei, (including the blue section), with generally dark blotched flowers; and the Childsii and Nanceianus, produced by crossing these two races by *G. Saundersi*, with enormous side-spreading flowers, beautifully spotted and speckled. Yet another race, of which the striking variety Princeps is the first example, is being evolved by the addition of *G. Cruentus*, and

two or three more promising species are at present being experimented with. The colours of all these varieties range from white and primrose, through pink and salmon and rose, to crimson, scarlet, and the richest velvety carmine ; from lavender and heliotrope, through every shade of violet, mauve and purple, to blue and indigo black. In addition, the lower petals are blotched and spotted and speckled, or flamed, or barred with almost every combination and contrast of colour. In fact, though much remains to be done in the improvement in form and habit of the flowers and spike, with regard to colour there is indeed little to say as to further possibilities ; a pure golden yellow, an orange, and a bluer "blue" are yet wanted. We may glance therefore at the possibilities of a few other flowers. Of colour variations white is generally the easiest to obtain, while blue, except where already fully present in one of the original species, is the most difficult, and there are certain highly developed flowers in which a blue variety would yet be an acquisition, not merely as a variety, but for its intrinsic beauty. There is little doubt that a blue Rose, a blue Dahlia, and a blue Carnation—not, of course, the ultramarine blue of a *Salvia patens*, but the rich royal purple-blue of a *Pleroma*—are attainable. The blue Carnation, however, will probably not come direct from the true carnation, but through the hybrid race of Marguerite Carnations. It may, perhaps, be objected, if these blue varieties are possible, how is it that they have not yet been produced. In the first place, it would take more than one man's lifetime, at any rate to raise a blue rose. Moreover, speaking from some experience of carnations, a blue variety would only be arrived at through a series of magentas that would discourage any but the most enthusiastic and confident of breeders. And it is this probably that deters the commercial plant-breeder from making the attempt, in spite of the value of the ultimate result; for he looks to recoup himself for some of his labour and outlay by being able to dispose of at least some of the intermediate forms, while as a matter-of-fact these magentas are always looked upon as

"rogues," and rigidly destroyed lest they should contaminate the general strain. A blue Pelargonium is not impossible, and a yellow will yet be attained, though there has been indeed little advance since Donald Beaton relinquished the work some forty years ago. A crimson Flag Iris has almost arrived, and a scarlet Chrysanthemum may be reasonably hoped for.

Doubling.—Double varieties in flowers are produced either by the reduplication of the parts of the corolla or by the conversion of the stamens into petals, or, as generally in Composites, by the substitution of sterile ray or guard petals for the fertile flowers of the disk. Doubling is not always an improvement; the double varieties of irregular or tubular flowers are certainly seldom pleasing, but among regular flowers, such as the Rose, Camellia, Carnation, and perhaps Begonia, the double varieties are often more beautiful than the single. It is, however, among Composites that we obtain the best results, and it is to those composites which are as yet undeveloped that we look for further productions in this direction. *Arctotis* and *Gerbera* and *Senecio pulcher* are promising material, but perhaps the most important development in the near future will be in the *Aster* (Michaelmas Daisy). Already the work has begun, the flowers have been increased in size, and semi-double varieties have been obtained, and we may be sure that eventually the perfected Aster will rival the Chrysanthemum in size, with flowers of shades of blue that are probably unattainable in the latter.

Form.—Though there is an infinite diversity of forms among flowers, there are two principal types—the polypetalous, having separate petals like the Rose, and the tubular, where the petals are joined to form a tube, as in the Campanulas and the Foxglove. The Daffodil combines both these types in one flower, and, though not lacking beauty of colour as well, appeals pre-eminently by its refinement of outline, and the symmetry and balance of its parts. Hence, with the exception, perhaps, of orchids, it offers a greater scope for improvement of form than any other flower. All the species of

Narcissus intercross freely, but we need only concern ourselves here with three: *N. Ajax*, or the Trumpet Daffodil; *N. Poeticus*, with fine rounded white perianth segments and small red or red-rimmed crown; and *N. Triandrus*, with white bell-shaped cup and reflexed segments. From the various sub-species and varieties of *N. Ajax* the three main divisions of Self-yellow, Bicolor, and White Trumpet Daffodils have been derived. Among these there are several types of trumpets; some are flanged with lobed or undulating margins, as in Obvallaris, Emperor, and Lord Roberts; in some the mouth is widely expanding and frilled and serrated, as in Maximus, M. J. Berkeley, and that finest of all the Self-yellows, King Alfred. Among the Bicolors there is further the straight, unflanged, and more or less smooth-edged type of trumpet, as in Grandis, derived probably from *N. Muticus*; and, lastly, among the whites we have the most beautiful of all trumpets in Mme. de Graaf, with rolled back rim, and still unsurpassed in refinement of form, though the flowers of Peter Barr and the new Pearl of Kent are larger and of a purer white.

These varieties of Trumpet Daffodils, crossed by *N. Poeticus*, have given us the intermediate races of Incomparabilis, Leedsii, Barri, Nelsoni, &c., with white or yellow perianth segments and cups of varying size and form, long and narrow, or short and rounded or spreading, fluted, crinkled, or smooth. Sometimes, too, they are deeply rimmed or wholly suffused with scarlet or orange, as in the varieties Lucifer and Will Scarlett. In the Leedsii section the whole flower is often pure white. By crossing these intermediate races again with *N. Poeticus* further varieties have been produced, chiefly remarkable, as in Firebrand, for the intense colouring of some of the smaller cups. *N. Poeticus* itself has been largely improved in substance and form, and a deeper red infused into the crown. The crossing of the beautiful little bell-flowered *Triandrus Albus* and its fine variety *Calathinus* with the Trumpet Daffodils has given us some exquisite white and primrose snowdrop-like flowers with delicate smooth-edged

trumpets of beautiful form, some tending to incurve at the brim, and we may expect to get among these varieties some with semi-globular cups like the enlarged flowers of some of the Cape heaths. Besides the work that has been done in perfecting the form of the trumpet, and infusing more orange and scarlet into the cups of the intermediate races, the perianth segments have been broadened and stiffened, and the whole flower increased in size and substance, Van Waveren's Giant, the largest variety yet in existence, measuring as much as six inches in diameter, and two and a half inches across the mouth of the trumpet. But though we already have so many fine varieties, there are yet endless possibilities in store, for the improvement of the Daffodil is only just beginning, and thousands of seedlings are being raised every year. Perhaps the most ambitious of the breeders' aims at present is a Daffodil—say a King Alfred—with a scarlet trumpet. We may not see it, for the raising of Narcissus seedlings is slow work, and each step means eight or even ten years. But the wonderful improvements already effected in this and many other plants, of which but a mere outline has been possible here, warrant us in our assurance that the Scarlet Trumpet Daffodil will eventually be attained, and in the gardens of some future generation, with the Black Tulip and the Blue Rose and many another flower that to-day is but an ideal, will witness to the skill and patience and enthusiasm of the plant-breeder.

ARTHUR J. BLISS.

THE NEED FOR SOCIAL REFORM IN RUSSIA

A CONTRAST BETWEEN THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE RUSSIAN AND EUROPEAN PEASANT, AND SOME OF THE PROBLEMS WITH WHICH THE FORMER IS FACE TO FACE

I

THE peasant of Western Europe enjoys the reputation of a conservative, engrossed in his own agricultural business, and not playing an active part in the political life of the country and the eager struggle for those broad social reforms which are the aims of the Labour Party. The Western European peasants have acquired such a political reputation because they have not suffered from an insufficiency of land; and, up till now, as a consequence of the absence of the congestion of their field of action and thanks to the help of science, they have been able to realise, to a very great degree, their natural desire for the improvement of agriculture and their own personal fortunes. They have concentrated their attention and resources on agricultural exploits; in this respect they have made considerable progress, and have acquired a good position, while the more enterprising have made themselves into small landed proprietors. In Russian society there exists a broad-spread opinion that the Russian peasantry will become a similarly conservative class when their crying need for more land has been satisfied, either by purchase from the Government, or from private landowners, and when the place

of the old Bureaucracy has been taken by a Constitution under which the peasant will receive the full rights of a free citizen, and will become more developed and more advanced. When these reforms are effected, then the peasant will feel himself sufficiently strong to improve his position by his own personal work; he will give up politics to the freer class, and the struggle for the broad social reforms to the Labour Party, and he will only take part in political life in so far that he, once in five or six years, will record his vote for some or other Parliamentary candidate.

In order to answer the question how far possible is such a supposition, it is necessary to know whether there is much hope that the Russian peasant, by his own personal labours, can attain that position of comparative wealth which is enjoyed by at least a part if not all of those Western peasants who, besides agriculture, have hardly any other occupation, and who form an immense majority of the agrarian population. The Western European peasantry has attained comparative prosperity, thanks to many causes and to culture, political and economic. We cannot here discuss all these causes, but let us consider the chief one of a purely economic character.

Only a short time ago, in many countries, the peasant was not only a tiller of the land but also an industrial trader; in the summer, he and his family occupied themselves with various forms of field work, and in winter manufactured raw products into finished articles (such as cloth, rope, &c.), destined either for their own use or for sale. But the development of a country receiving financial help from capitalists brought gigantic factories and works, covered the land with a network of railways, and brought steam and machinery into extensive use. Such a development of a country little by little wrested from the peasant first one then another of his winter occupations. At the present time in a large number of the great States a large majority of these peasants for whom agriculture represents their whole means of livelihood, buy in shops almost all the necessities for their

dress, their implements, and home requisites; in a few isolated places the old *régime* still goes on, but every year the home-spinning of cotton, yarn, &c., diminishes. In proportion to the advance of this process of the freeing of the peasants from absorbing winter occupations—or, as it is called, the process of dividing manufacture from agriculture—the labour of the peasant becomes more and more restricted, and finally it remains only that of field agriculture. This process of diminution and eventual complete destruction of the peasants' winter occupations is naturally accompanied by a lowering of their incomes and a corresponding lowering of their welfare. So we see that in order to stop this pauperising of the agriculturists and to raise their incomes, it is necessary to reform agriculture so that the labour of the farmer is in constant request the whole of the year. Thus, if the peasant could produce farm-products for sale not only in summer but also in winter, and would not be exposed to the diminution of his income (which we have shown to be a natural consequence of the destruction of his winter occupation of a purely industrial character) we would see the entire cessation of these winter industries. Such a problem presented itself in due course to the European peasant; the Russian agriculturist has also long been face to face with it. But whereas the Western peasant solved this problem well for his own interests and attained a comparatively high level in the scale of prosperity, the Russian peasant remains before it in a helpless condition and is forced to content himself with the income earned only in the summer months and every year approaches nearer and nearer to absolute beggary. Such a difference in regard to the above problem between the Russian and the European peasant does not depend on the disparity of their capabilities, but on the different conditions under which they severally have had to live. Let us here pause for a short time to consider the various economic reasons for this fact.

The advantageous condition for the development of the peasant agriculture in the West is dependent, though it seems

a paradox, on the very extent and prosperity of those manufactures which destroy the winter means of earning money by the agriculturist and threaten him with poverty. The manufactural development of Germany for example has during the last fifty years rendered her absolutely unrecognisable. Factories and works have sprung into existence during that time, railway lines of communication have been constructed, and towns, unknown even as villages previously, have been created with almost magical speed; in other words, a world of factories and works rose out of the ground and attracted to itself the greater part of the population, leaving in the villages not more than one-third of the whole population of the land. Enormous wealth was concentrated in the towns; thither the most enterprising inhabitants streamed; there comparatively large prices were paid for labour and for service, and the various new means of entertainment and diversion were indulged in by the inhabitants unused to the glamour of a town and the luxury of a town life. The extensive trade development of Germany acted on the peasant agriculture only for good; this agriculture acquired in the town, in factories, and workshops a broadened market for its special productions. The census for 1895 showed that for every agriculturist, besides his family, there were more than two families of dwellers in the town and factory hands, for whom he had to provide the necessaries of life.

These users and purchasers of agricultural products are of great importance in that the enterprising town and trading population present a good market for the expensive and delicate products of agricultural life—meat, fowls, milk, butter, fruit, &c. The demand of the trading population of Germany for the necessaries of life is now so enormous that German agriculture cannot entirely satisfy it, and consequently a great part of the necessary goods is imported yearly from Russia and from other States.

The German peasant takes advantage of this and has taken upon himself the supplying of the towns with the products

giving a greater chance of gain, chiefly those food necessaries which demand manual labour not only in summer but also in winter. He diminishes the growing of grain and leaves great tracts of land under grass which serve as grazing-ground for cattle, he breeds more cows and pigs, and does not sell as much grain as living cattle, meat, milk, butter, cheese, &c. Thus by means of such an application of agriculture the German peasant has assured himself a lucrative occupation during the whole year, and an income from labour not only in the summer but also in the winter months.

The extensive trade development has rendered the Western peasant yet one other tremendous service. It has freed the villages from those people who were not necessary for the needs of agricultural labour, but who could not make a livelihood by trade, and who would insist upon a division of the father's fortune, and would not develop a thoroughly advantageous tilling of the land. The town, with its higher wages, its higher culture, its freer life, and the possibility it gave to a clever man to get out of the common herd so to speak, attracted the young and energetic population of the village who had no independent property.

This method of "enrichment," indeed, was very popular among the whole rural population. Thus, during the thirteen years divided by the two last censuses (1882 and 1895) the number of people in Germany living by agriculture had positively decreased, and the trading population (those occupied with service and so on) had increased by seven millions or thirty per cent. The departure from the village of the unnecessary population has allowed the Western European peasant to maintain without division that property which has for many generations supplied him with work. In Germany it is even the custom to hand over the whole property, after the death of a peasant, to the eldest son, who must by degrees pay back the legacies due to his brothers. Thanks to such a custom, a profitable farm is not divided into two average ones, or one averagely good farm into two poor ones. Here agriculture

has acquired an assured position. And so the Western European peasant—we are not speaking of those with a very small quantity of land, whose chief income does not consist in tilling the land, but of perpetual labour for some other proprietor—has managed to create for himself a sufficiently assured position, and to make it possible for him to further perfect his own land. This he owes not only to his own personal labour, but also to those social conditions which make it easier for him both at the beginning and after. Among the peasants exist unions, of very extensive activity, for the mutual encouragement of the various agricultural aims —for the buying of implements, stock, and seed giving the most prolific results, for the advantageous sale of products of agriculture, for the erection of milk store-houses in the towns and so on. The many-membered Farmers' Society, a society subsidised by the Government, sees that the peasant, robbed, through ignorance, of participation in the benefits of agrarian science, has the advice of competent specialists. After all we have said it will not be difficult to understand the main cause why the Western European peasant has hitherto taken such a weak part in the political life of the country, and does not interest himself in the struggle for sweeping social reforms. Naturally every man is more interested in that which affects him personally or his surroundings than in any other subjects. His own work is of course the nearest and the most interesting subject, but it demands from the peasant much labour and leaves little spare time. And if under the existing circumstances agriculture progresses favourably—that is if the peasant sees that with the necessary labour he can raise his property in value and improve his position, if taxes levied on him are not too heavy, and if the Government not only does not impede his activity but is ready to encourage it—then he is satisfied with the existing state of affairs and with the Government, and he does not consider it necessary to endeavour to change these conditions, nor does he wish to depart from his personal work to take part in the political

struggle. The German peasant is in this position—but in no sense of the word does the Russian small landowner work under such conditions, nor is such the result of his agricultural activity.

II

The life of a Russian peasant would be greatly improved if he could reform his agriculture on the German pattern. As matters now stand, he grows grain almost exclusively, and his land only finds him occupation during the summer half-year. As regards the winter work in looking after his horses and cows, it is so light that the female part of his household can easily cope with it. In order to assure himself a profitable occupation the whole year round, the Russian peasant should, like his German *confrère*, reduce his crops of grain stuff, arrange larger tracts of grass and pasture land, keep more cattle, and not sell chiefly grain, but also meat and milk-products. It is not possible, however, for the Russian peasant in this manner to change the uses to which he has put his land. We are not referring to the present political and educational conditions, or to the elements unfavourable to the development of national resources; these will naturally improve with the change of the existing governmental state of affairs. A more serious impediment to the above-mentioned reform is found in the fact that in Russia, purchasers for that enormous quantity of meat, milk, and other products which the many millioned agricultural population could produce, are not forthcoming. In the districts near the towns the peasants do, at the present time, keep large quantities of cattle and sell in the towns milk and butter. There are certain districts where the peasants slaughter oxen for sale, where they keep milch kine and send their milk to cheese- and butter-making factories. In districts near the capital towns the peasants have market- and flower-gardens. All these facts point out that wherever possible the peasants endeavour to take advantage of local conditions to produce the

more profitable products and to increase the incomes they get from the tilling of their land.

However, the proportion of peasants engaged in the production of these products giving better chance of profit to the producer, is very small. One must take into consideration the millions of peasants who are compelled by force of circumstances to produce the less advantageous grain products even when local conditions would permit of their turning their attention to the production of meat, butter, milk, cheese, and so on. It is not surprising that the German peasant finds an ample market for the sale of his agricultural products constituting the necessities of life, and seeing that (by figures quoted in Part I.) one family of agriculturists has two families of dwellers in towns to whom to sell his goods. On the other hand, in Russia three-quarters of the population live in the country or agricultural districts, thus three farmers must compete for the orders of one buyer; and to carry on a large trade in, for instance, cattle, is, under such conditions, absolutely impossible. The insufficiency of the number of the factory population is accounted for by the weak development of Russian industries; factories and works are present in Russia in small numbers, because it is only the penniless inhabitants of the Russian Empire who form the market for the manufactured articles, the export trade not being in a flourishing condition. An extensive development of industries is only to be seen in those countries where the manufactured articles find a market, not only in the country, but also abroad. We see in the Germans, in the English, in the French, real industrial nations, and they, besides selling their products in their own lands, send them to Russia, to Asia, to America, and to all parts of the world. This makes it possible for them to develop their industries to a greater extent than that required by their own internal markets; the factory and town population therefore soon increases, and the demand for meat, milk, &c., increases in proportion; the local peasants are given the chance of devoting themselves to the production of the more

advantageous products, instead of confining their attention solely to the culture of grain-stuffs. However, we find that the great development of industries in these countries acts unfavourably on their development in other countries. If Germany sends her manufactured articles to Russia, it necessarily follows that in like proportion so must the industries of Russia suffer by having a smaller market for her own goods. Nowadays, it is not feasible to look on every country as a separate world, independent of each other as regards trade resources, &c.; they work for themselves and for each other, and should be regarded as one immense whole. Some of these countries develop their industries chiefly by sending their products abroad, as well as by selling them at home, and in exchange for these goods they receive food-stuffs and raw material for their factories. These come from other countries, which are consequently compelled to give the first place to their agricultural trades in order to receive these manufactured goods. An industrial nation is, generally speaking, richer than an agricultural nation, which fact is explained when we return to the old cause that factories and works give the population work the whole year round, in opposition to the summer activity and winter inactivity of the farmer on which we have already laid such stress. Again, the great technical developers are machinery, steam, and electric engines, helping to increase enormously the output of a fixed amount of labour. These we find very extensively used in industry, and, in Russia at least, very little used in agriculture. For these reasons every nation strives towards industrial development, and does its best, so that by its industrial products it can not only supply the demands of its own people, but also export them. It is not possible, of course, for every nation to fulfil that desire, and seeing that perfection and success in industry call for knowledge, energy and enterprise, then the victors in the industrial market will undoubtedly be the more educated, advanced and enlightened people, the remainder supplying the agricultural wants of their more fortunate competitors.

Thus we see the reason why the premier States, such as England, Germany, and France, have reaped the advantages of an extensive industrial development, and to Russia has fallen the lot of remaining an agricultural nation. But the Russian peasant, not having to provide for a large population engaged in industries which would require the products of his agriculture, cannot reform himself on the pattern of his German *confrère*, and is forced to grow chiefly crops of grain, in doing which he only gives himself occupation for the summer portion of the year. Therefore this peasant cannot thrive, even if he had as much land as he could work. But if all private and government land were in his hands and under his legislation, could the Russian peasant have this quantity of land?

To answer this question we must bear in mind the following fact. At the present time in European Russia it is estimated that under peasant landowners, government and other cultivation there are 70 million désiatins[1] (189 million acres) of land. In order to compute the number of hands necessary for the culture of this area we must know the number of working days spent on one désiatin of cultivation and the number of désiatins that one man with the help of women and youths can successfully cultivate. This number of désiatins is not constant throughout the Russian Empire, owing chiefly to the difference in duration of the harvest time, which, generally speaking, is very short. In the southern districts the harvest time is longer, and the labourer can cope with more land there than in the north. As a general average one may say for the whole of Russia that one grown man, with the help of the female and young members of his family, can till, sow, and reap six désiatins. Consequently, for the culture of the 70 million désiatins of land in European Russia, less than 12 millions of grown men are necessary, whereas 18 millions of such men, or half as many again, are employed in this way. The six million unnecessary workers take away a part of the land from the 12 million whom it is capable of supporting, and instead

[1] One désiatin = 2.7 acres.

of the six désiatins, which we have shown one grown man can cultivate, he has on an average to be content with four désiatins, or two-thirds of what he can comfortably do. This leads to the fact that in addition to having no work to do in the winter half-year, during one-third of the summer he is also forced to be idle. Agriculture therefore brings him in the income arising from four to five months' work, on which he has to subsist for twelve months. This excess of labourers employed in agriculture has arisen in Russia then owing to the fact that the industries of the country cannot and do not employ the immense remainder for whom there is no other means of livelihod than the land. The small demand of Russian industries is not, however, a matter of chance. The factories, works, railways, &c., are not able to use up this waste population in spite of the fact that the Government has done everything possible to encourage their development. It has protected them from the foreigner by duties on imported manufactures, it has attracted from abroad capital which the country could not supply, it has constructed tens of thousands of miles of railways so as to give more demand for the output of the factories and so as to enable the factories to send their goods to the most out-of-the-way parts of the empire. These efforts have not been fruitless. Factory products have reached the most out-of-the-way spots, but yet the demand by these factories for workmen is still very much less than the excess population. The explanation of this is to be found in the fact that the strength of a factory lies, not in its number of employed men, but in the perfection of its machinery and labour-saving devices, tending of course to cut down the demand for labour. A well-equipped factory with the same number of employés will produce many more goods than one that is indifferently equipped. Thus, the erection of good factories in place of bad has led to a lowering of the demand for labour, if we take it that the demand by the population for some article has remained constant. The development of industries with modern machinery is accompanied by the widening of the demand for labour only in the case where those

industries have many markets for their productions, and especially if foreign markets are also forthcoming. Russia has lost this possibility, and Russian industry cannot give employment to a large number of workers, and does not demand a rapid increase of its working *personnel.* The population of Russia is ever increasing. Taking into account Russia in Europe alone, the population of which has already attained over one hundred millions, by the laws of natural human increase the number of its inhabitants will increase each year by one and a half millions. And the main part of the population having no other means of subsistence turns to the land, thereby further diminishing the share of every agriculturist. So it is happening at the present time, and what must we expect in the future? We see that the giving over of every part of the land will not solve the problem of national welfare. Immediately after such a transition the poor peasant would feel his position better and more hopeful. He would not be crushed by an almost unbearable burden of taxes, representing rents, &c., he would not fear that land which he is renting to-day would be taken from him to-morrow, but into his hands for his own good would pass that land at present belonging to the "pomiershik" or squire, which in former times had been wrested from him by a more successful serf proprietor. But when he had got somewhat accustomed to his new situation, had satisfied his hunger, and had become more of a human being, out of his very good fortune would arise new demands, of which by reason of his poverty there could formerly be no thought or word, and then it would be evident that in reality his income is not sufficient. This would take place all the sooner as he would have to pay out a considerable portion of his hard-earned income for general and State requirements, and not be able to spend it all on the satisfying of his own and his family's personal needs.

III

In those wishes which are now finding voice from the midst of the peasant world in Russia, by the convening of peasant meetings and unions, the hope is expressed that under a new political *régime* the people will be freed from direct and indirect taxes, which will be replaced by a progressive income duty. It is doubtful, however, if these expectations will ever be fulfilled. The Russian revenue has reached 2000 million roubles (£208,000,000), and, not counting revenue from the railways, the vodka monopoly, government land, and so on, there remain 1300 million roubles arising from direct and indirect taxation, duty from Customs, &c., and other levies on the population. Besides this, the people pay taxes for local needs—land taxes and rates in the towns—all of which total up to 200 million roubles. In all, the people pay about 1500 million roubles towards the State and local demands. A guess at the yearly income of the factories, works, and industrial establishments, the town property and capital would put it at 200 million roubles, or a little more than that which the whole Russian people pay towards the needs of the State and society. State and local expenses could, therefore, be entirely met by the income from these factories, &c., if they all or nearly all passed into the hands of the Government. But as this capital and these industrial establishments are in private hands, the State can only get a portion of the income accruing from them. It cannot take any percentage it likes; private undertakings must bring in to their promoters a sufficiently big income to warrant the use of their capital and its expenditure for the improvement of industries.

In Europe a certain tax is placed on incomes from capital, but if one supposes an almost impossible thing, *i.e.*, that Russia should take as an average 25 per cent. of the capitalists' earnings, then only 500 million roubles would be the outcome. Adding to this sum the 700 million roubles obtained from the railways, vodka monopoly, &c., it

would still be necessary in this case to get the remaining 800 million roubles demanded by the State from direct and indirect taxes levied on the people; this would put 7–8 roubles per annum on the individual. But Russia could not be satisfied with this income for long. If she wishes to guide her people into that state of prosperity existing in the States of Western Europe, she must increase her income several times and expend it in a similar manner to her neighbours. How enormous that expenditure is may be gathered from a glance at the Budgets (State and local) of the chief States. They fluctuate from 40 to 60 roubles per head of population, whereas in Russia the total of all incomes (including income from Crown lands and levies on the people) is about 2200 million roubles, or 15–16 roubles per head of population. The Budgets of the Western European States, judging per man, are therefore three to four times bigger. But as national finances in Europe are under the control of the people, they are actually spent for the good of the people, thus by the magnitude of these incomes it is possible to judge what expenditure is necessary in Russia if she wants to become as flourishing as her Western neighbours. In addition to the growth of the State expenditure and consequent demands on the individual, the incomes of Russian agriculturists will also display an inclination to decrease, firstly, owing to the fact that the greater part of the rising generation will have to remain living on the land and will still more diminish that portion of land now held by the peasants, and secondly, because those people who do not succeed in finding lasting employment in various other professions will come back to it. One cannot exaggerate the importance or lay too much stress on this question of the land trouble. In all things there is a limit, and it will soon be reached. But one cannot solve the problem or prevent such a diminution of the peasants' share by the introduction of the German methods of the passing of all the property to one son. The adoption of such a policy would result in the formation of an immense body of people having no means of

existence. This, of course, would inevitably happen, because, as we have already stated, the industries can only give work to a part of the rising generation. The adoption of the German methods, for another reason, would not solve the problem. If one provided untenanted portions of land to assure the peasant a sufficient quantity, then these portions would have to be of such a size as to give the peasant and the family sufficient work for the year. By the figures we have already given, every grown man must have 6 désiatins (16 acres), and as only 70 million désiatins (189 million acres) are under cultivation, therefore only 12 million men can be employed; but as 18 million are employed in agriculture, then 6 million men, or with their families, 25 million people of both sexes, would, on the adoption of the German system, be thrown into absolute beggary. From this we see that this method of assuring the position of the peasant is inadmissible in Russia and would not lead to the desired result for two reasons. First, that the population over and above that necessary for the culture of the land could not find other occupation. Secondly, that in the present bad state of the market for food-stuffs, the millions of peasants engaged in agriculture could not find enough employment to keep them occupied, not only in summer but also in winter. A still greater diminution of employment is threatening the Russian peasant owing to this rising generation seeking its living on the land. These conditions do not hold out much hope that in Russia peasant farming will now acquire that necessary degree of prosperity, but rather the reverse, that the peasant will become poorer. However, the Russian peasant does not bow down to such a fate everywhere, and is beginning to look for a way out of the difficulty. A few enterprising ones do very well under these conditions. In a few small districts, where good conditions prevail for the sale of products, agriculture is by no means synonymous with practical pauperism. But that state of affairs of which we have spoken is threatening the majority of the agricultural population, and especially that

in the Black Soil Governments. Thus, having no means or possibility to get out of this state by their own efforts, this majority must look for the solution in social reforms. It must not only look round itself, it must look afar—where the representatives of the country are gathering together to discuss questions as to the combination of general strength for purposes of common weal, where individual efforts do not suffice for the attainment of the wished-for result.

But these representatives of the people cannot by themselves solve such important questions or decide such important issues; these questions must first be discussed in the country in the presence of all interested parties, that is—the local peasants and "intelligents." Even the decision of the representatives should, in their turn, be subjected to trials and discussion in the various districts. Granting the presence of this distraction from private affairs to those of social importance, the peasant takes part in the political life of the country. He cannot cut himself off from politics. The material prosperity of an immense majority of Russian peasants cannot be assured by their own personal efforts, and consequently the peasant will not be satisfied and is not satisfied with the present bureaucratic form of government, but will strive towards the attainment of broad social reforms. Among these reforms, a conspicuous place will belong to the problem of the insufficiency of land for agricultural purposes on which we have laid so much stress, and which ends in the separation of agricultural pursuits and industries.

But this is not the only question closely connected with the peasant's existence, necessitating these great reforms. We can name the questions about the division[1] of the peasant's lands by strips belonging to other owners; about the disadvantages of the expenditure of the labour of two men

[1] In Russia, the case of the Communal land being divided up, not by hedges, but by narrow strips of land belonging to other proprietors, is frequently met with. The proprietors, of course, little by little, encroach on the peasants' land, thereby causing great discontent.

and two horses for the cultivation of two allotments of ground when one man and one horse could cope with both ; about the means of satisfying the cry of the rising generation for land without an excessive partition of the allotments, and so on. These questions have arisen, or will soon do so, in the minds of the population. A satisfactory solution, without harm to any one, is only possible by means of a reformation of the method of peasant agriculture, by the reversion from individual cultivation to that by the community. Questions like these are not to be solved without great experience of the peasant's life, and it has been our intention to give the reader some idea of them, rather than suggest, except broadly, any solution.

Adapted from the Russian by

C. A. CAMERON.

A DAY OF RECKONING

"CASPITA! May God destroy him!" exclaimed José Martinez, savagely. The sorrel mustang he was riding threw up its head and snorted, expecting the sharp sting of the leather quirt to follow quick upon the oath; but José only patted its neck, as, dropping the reins over the horn of his saddle, he stopped to light a cigarette.

Day was dying; the fog from the Pacific rolled up the narrow valley in masses of white vapour, which clung to live-oak and sycamore, till, shape and colour almost obliterated, they loomed out of the obscurity dim grey forms, unfamiliar—immeasurably far off. The sea breeze behind the fog blew cold and damp. José's fingers shook, as he tore off a match from a cheap bunch and struck it. The flame spluttered, burning low and blue, reeking of sulphur, then burst out brightly, lighting up the pale face and black beard of the Spaniard and the straw-coloured cigarette between his lips.

"*Vamos*," he said out of a blue cloud, and the horse jogged on, but, suddenly, pricking its ears, it broke into a canter; from behind came the dull thud of other hoofs. José turned in his saddle, his face clearing as he recognised Tom Drew, a neighbouring rancher.

"Hello!" exclaimed the new-comer, "goin' home?"

José nodded.

"We missed ye to-day; where were ye? Been sick?"

His keen eyes scanned the man by his side: puny, emaciated hollow-chested: a true type of the decadent Spanish-Californian: feverishly alive, a bundle of nerves.

"I'm all right," said José.

"How's yer cough?"

The Spaniard shrugged his shoulders.

"Good *rodeo?*" he asked inconsequently.

"Naw; nothin' to speak of."

"See anything of mine?"

"Hadn't ye an old bob-tailed cow, ear-marked with a swallow-fork? Yas; wal, she's dead."

"Dead?"

"Yas. She made more cussin' 'mong the boys than the hull band; if she broke back once, I reckon she did a dozen times."

"Dead, you say?"

"You bet. Onluck'ly for her, she tried to hook Jabe Pike."

José looked up quickly.

"Eh! what?"

"She mighty near hooked your brother-in-law. I'll be doggoned if she didn't rip his *chapareros* clear to the knee. Holy smoke! how he did cuss!"

"Bah!" exclaimed the Spaniard, "that man, Pike, never get hurt, never."

"Wal, your old cow did. Blame me, if he didn't draw his gun, and let her have it. He was mad as a hornet, but there warn't no reason to shoot down her calf, and so we told him."

"He shoot my calf too?"

The other nodded.

"What'll ye do about it?"

The Spaniard said nothing, and Drew continued hotly:

"Gol darn it! ye can't let that pass, José."

"Ay! What can I do—*I?* You," he spoke passionately "are young—strong—brave—full of life, I—I am useless—worn out—a shadow of a man, I——" he was seized with a fit

of coughing which seemed to rip the lungs out of him, and made the sweat bead on his forehead.

"Poor devil," muttered Drew, under his breath. Aloud he said:

"Jabe was drunk again last night."

"I know it, somebody told me."

"If he ain't the ugliest man when in liquor——! I'm real sorry for Mrs. Pike."

He tried to see his companion's face, but it was too dark. They rode on in silence, the American wanting to say more, but words failing him. He liked José, but intuition told him he might be dropping salt into an open wound. Finally he blurted out:

"D'ye know what the boys are sayin'?"

"No."

"It ain't none of my business, but they keep tellin' how Jabe, the swine, mistreats your sister somethin' awful. Mebbe it's a d—d lie, prob'bly is, but, accordin' to my way o' thinkin' ye ought to know it. Anyways, I've told ye."

"Thank you," said the Spaniard.

"Comin' down town?"

"No; I go home. Adios!"

He leaned down to open a gate on his right.

"So-long!" Tom Drew cantered away, the dust rising heavily behind him in the foggy air. José watched him till he was out of sight, and then picked his way up the little knoll, crowned by the old Martinez adobe.

Putting his horse in the barn, the man stumbled wearily into the kitchen and dropped into a chair. His eyes wandered over the untidy room, from the stove vomiting cinders, stained with grease and rust, littered with dirty pots and pans, to the table covered with oilcloth, fouled with coffee dregs and black with flies. On it stood a cheap lamp, José rose, lit it, and opening a door opposite went in with the lamp in his hand. This room was clean and neat. There were curtains, and on the walls a few family portraits in gilt frames, carefully

protected with pink gauze. A round table, covered with a green chenille cloth, a sofa, and some horse-hair chairs, divided the scanty floor-space. The fireplace was filled with strips of coloured paper, and near it stood a low rocking-chair, with a guitar in it. José, putting down the lamp, took up the guitar and sat down.

"Dios!" he said, with a curious break in his voice. "What trouble—what trouble! Poor little Tita, and I—I am afraid of the beast."

Tita Martinez had married Jabez Pike a year ago. She had been the prettiest girl in the little town of Montecita, numbering her lovers by scores. Unfortunately the physical strength of one man had bewitched her. Jabez Pike stood six feet three inches in his stockings, a Titan: two hundred and twenty pounds of bone and muscle. Once he had wagered fifty dollars that, taking his horses from the plough, and putting himself between the traces, he could turn over half an acre of stiff clay. Before night he had not only won the dollars, but drunk them up with a chosen band of admirers in Dana's saloon. When Jabe fell in love with Tita, other men held discreetly aloof. Even José, who loathed the giant, hesitated to express disapproval, devoted, as he was, to his young sister. Although racially lazy, he had worked furiously to give Tita a better home and pretty dresses. The year before she had been elected Queen of the flower festival. José, bursting with pride, had spent the night before the inaugural ceremonies in decking the royal float with blossoms, and, next morning, the sight of his little Tita, arrayed in white and silver, but blushing crimson with pleasure and excitement, enthroned and surrounded by kneeling attendants, overcame him completely. He wept, to the amusement of the bystanders. As a matter of fact, there was cause for tears.

A young son of the Golden West, in the exuberance born from a consciousness of freedom, which, with the pursuit of his own happiness, is the birthright of every American citizen,

flung a squib under the float. When the squib went off the horses did the same, breaking into a mad gallop. The little Queen and her twenty maids of honour screamed shrilly, their faces as white as the lilies festooned about them; a babel of voices rose from the street; windows were flung open, advice given. To make matters worse a mighty jolt of the big waggon over an ill-laid car-line jerked the driver from his seat like a shot from a sling. As Tom Drew remarked afterwards, "a man could smell death in the air."

At this moment the swing-doors of Dana's saloon opened and Jabez swaggered into the street. With a glance he perceived the emergency and prepared to meet it; let it be said that no fear of man or beast ever thrilled a nerve of his great body.

"Jerusalem!" he exclaimed.

By his side, against the wall of the saloon, stood an American bootblack's stand. Looking round for a weapon, Jabez snatched up the heavy piece of wood, which serves as a foot-rest, and, so armed, sprang into the middle of the street. As the huge car came hurtling down on him he struck the off horse so shrewd a blow on the nose that it sank back upon its haunches; then Jabez seized the bit of the near mare. A hundred willing hands were willing to help now the danger was over. The giant, who had a sense of the dramatic, bowed low to the frightened girls; his hat lay some yards off in the gutter; his face, where a buckle had grazed it, was smeared with blood; his eyes were congested and inflamed, for, as he expressed it, "he'd had a hot time the night before"; but to the maids of honour and to the little Queen he appeared a Paladin.

So began the wooing of Tita Martinez by Jabez Pike, which ended in matrimony three months later.

José sat in the low rocker by the fireplace with the guitar on his knee, and the past came back to him with visions of other days. First, a picture—blurred and faded—of a little child—was it himself?—being lifted up to kiss his mother, who

lay, breathing so strangely, in the big bed; then he saw himself —a big boy now—riding with his father, Don Pio, over the great ranch, granted to the Martinez family for service rendered. Bands of cattle were being rounded up; men, young and old, exhibited their horsemanship in friendly rivalry. He saw vessels lying at anchor in the harbour of Santa Barbara, and foreign-looking men haggling with his father, bartering wine, silks, a piano, mahogany doors, and furniture for the hides and tallow of the ranch.

The scene changed; a pitiless sun was transforming that fertile ranch into a desert, blazing down on red-brown hill and dale, over which stumbled gaunt creatures, gnawing at the dust to find a hidden root, or licking feverishly at earth from which flowed formerly an abundant spring. How many years ago was that terrible drought of '64? Now he saw fields green again with grass that grew thick and rank in countless spots, where rain-washed bones gleamed white, and he knew the fortunes of his family lay there also. He saw his father, in order to pay the exorbitant interest charged on the sum loaned for restocking the ranch, working furiously, unceasingly, under adverse conditions, till finally, discouraged—desperate, he flung caution to the winds, raised loan on loan, lived idly, and married again.

Then he saw Tita—a baby, a child, a maiden; always dainty, pretty, precocious; loving him imperiously, but exacting homage. This picture, the brightest of all, was succeeded by that of his father's deathbed, and the ruin that followed—ruin, which left them nothing but the adobe homestead, which broke the Señora Martinez' heart, and sent her to lie by the side of Don Pio; ruin, which drove him, José, to take any work he could find in order to keep Tita from starvation. What years of leanness had followed, what dreary days, when the hard, physical work required of a ranch hand had left his body weak, faint, incapable of assimilating the food which would have checked the consumption he inherited. Yet love —mutual love—had lightened his burden.

Then, he remembered that day of the flower festival, when the shadow of the giant, ominous, horrible, had loomed across his path, and brought anticipation of deeper sorrow. Why had he been singled out to taste such bitter misfortune? He recalled the infatuation of his sister, who refused to hear anything not to the credit or glorification of her lover; her fierce anger when he hinted that Pike was a drunkard and a ne'er-do-well. She taunted him as being a gossipy old woman, dared him to say a word against Jabez to his face, laughed as she mocked, and José, snatching up his hat, went out—silenced: for bitter are the dregs of truth. He shrank before the brute strength of the other man. Riding on the ranges, he cursed himself for a coward, hoping that the sting of the name would goad him to courage, knowing in his heart that he never had, never would have, the physical pluck or moral strength to face Jabez, and that Jabez was aware of this.

He recalled how, the night before the wedding, Tita had kissed him passionately, begging his foregiveness for unkind words. As he ran his fingers over the strings of the guitar he could hear, he thought, her low voice:

"Thou wilt come to see me often, *querido?*"

And he, stroking her hand, had looked up and nodded.

"But often, *often*, José; every day?"

"Every day, soul of my life; if it be possible."

"Madre de Dios! how I shall miss thee!"

And she had clung to him, weeping.

Months—a dreary time—had passed since then, bearable had he known her to be happy; but to see her neglected, ill-treated, cowed by the great brute, who owned her: that drunkard——! José gave a sharp cry and went to the window, flinging it open. Outside, the fog hung heavy over the land. The stinging sea breeze, which night after night sweeps it in from the Pacific, had died away; the silence was unbroken, save by the patter of heavy drops, as the moist air, condensed on the foliage of the great live-oak by the porch, dripped on the hard ground below. It seemed to José that Nature wept

with him. Suddenly, out of the white void beyond, came the faint sound of a sob. The man caught his breath; his eyes were half shut, his whole being on edge. In an intensity of expectation he heard a scream and his own name pronounced clearly—"José, José!"

"Tita, Tita!" he cried; "where are you?"

A shiver of cold air rustled the boughs of the great oak; it wreathed the mist into strange shapes; then died away down the valley with a faint sigh.

A minute later the fog swallowed up the Spaniard, as he staggered down the hill.

Before noon next day all Montecita knew that Tita Pike had died the night before in giving birth to a child, which had not survived her. In that small town, where general interest was awakened if a citizen bought a perambulator, the news formed the sole topic of conversation on and off the streets. Wild surmises were afloat. It was whispered that Tom Drew had seen Jabe Pike, with a great stick of stove-wood, chasing Mrs. Pike through the brush, and that Tom knew she hadn't died in her bed. Drew, being no fool, and sensible of what probable form of satisfaction Jabe would demand of him, was busy denying the story absolutely.

Mrs. Garcia, a bean-fed Portuguese lady, drove up and down the principal throughfare in the roomy spring-waggon her generous proportions exacted, saying to her friends that Jabez was no better than a murderer, that she and Garcia had heard screams.

Inquiries made by sober men of the doctor elicited the bare fact of her death.

Later in the day the widower was seen dismounting before the office of the local undertaker.

"My heart bleeds for Mr. Pike," exclaimed the postmistress. She stopped stamping the letters to gaze compassionately on the giant. "Whatever will he do?"

"He'll go next door," replied her husband, curtly.

The undertaking establishment was beside Dana's saloon.

"Shame on you!" exclaimed his wife.

"I know Jabe better'n you do," he retorted.

Jabe lounged out of the undertaker's and shouldered his way through the swing-doors of the saloon.

"Well—I never!" murmured the postmistress in an awed voice.

He reappeared a minute later, mounted his horse, and clattered down the street. Out of each pocket stuck defiantly the black neck of a whiskey bottle.

"Good land of Peter!" said the custodian of the United States mail, hurrying to the door to watch his retreating figure.

The countryside attended the funeral. Those who had come the year before to salute the Queen of the Flowers came again to bid her farewell. They brought with them wreaths of fragrant white roses, such as twine in profusion over Californian homes, and bunches of calla lilies, on which not a few tears fell. Chief mourner Jabez Pike occupied by himself the only closed carriage. The undertaker had suggested that José Martinez should share the vehicle and the expense of it, but José had disappeared.

"He ain't been seen since the evenin' before she died," said Tom Drew. "Darn me! if I think he's heard the news; he can't have."

"He has," said Jabez.

"How d'ye know? Have ye seen him?"

"I found him hanging round my place the night Tita died; afterwards he rode for the doctor."

Later in the day Jabe sat on the porch of his house watching the doves fly down to drink at the spring. In front of him the County road to Santa Barbara gleamed like a white snake, as it followed the curving banks of the creek. Far away a cloud of dust grew steadily larger. Jabez knew it was raised by a man on horseback. Suddenly he sat up, shading his eyes.

"If that ain't José's old single-footer, call me a liar," he exclaimed aloud.

Five minutes later his brother-in-law rode up to the house.

"Where have you been?" said Jabez.

"In Santa Barbara."

"What for? All the boys have been lookin' for you. Guess they thought I'd killed ye."

"I want work. I drive cattle for Estrada; now, I come for you."

"Me! What d'ye want me for?"

"Estrada have one hundred steers on the Laguna; he want them brought down to Gaviota. He tell me to get one more man, and to pay him two dollar a day."

The men looked at each other. The giant thrust his hand into his pocket and shook it. There was no answering jingle.

"Nary a red cent," he muttered.

"We take three days; you make six dollars. You come —Yes?"

"What time d'ye start?"

"Four o'clock to-morrow morning."

"I'll let ye know. Have a wad?" He pushed a bottle by his side towards the Spaniard, who hesitated, then dismounted and drank.

"Here's luck."

Jabez put out his big hand and caught the other by the arm. "What in thunder brings you here?" he muttered. "You've got some damned scheme afoot, but—" and he shook the other violently, "you let me catch you at any monkey tricks, and I'll rattle the life out of you, hear?"

José wriggled away to his horse, his face working. Courage—manhood—self-respect disappeared under the clutch of the giant.

Jabez eyed him with contempt.

"There ain't much to be scared of, I'm thinking. I'll come."

"You quite mad," said José, huskily. "I want some one—good *vaquero*—to help me. I come here—why not? You

got good horse, and know road. You want six dollar—all right; want to starve—all right. I get another man."

"Jest now there ain't no one wants dollars more'n Jabe Pike. Count me in, José. Put your horse in the barn, and stop here."

"No," returned the other sullenly.

He turned to cinch his saddle; the sorrel grunted as the slack of the girth was taken up. Jabez laughed:

"There'll be more whiskey for me." He picked up the bottle, and went into the house.

Next evening found the two men riding along the beach to the Laguna. The tide had turned but was still low, though coming in fast; around them the sands stretched wide and firm. Jabez spoke:

"This is a short cut, eh? Wal, give me the County road."

"We save three miles this way."

"Ye've no jedgement; can't think why I followed ye."

"I love the beach," said José, looking round.

The setting sun drove its rays against the low dunes on their left, which shone like polished copper, save where they were flecked by the long blue shadows of the horsemen. A hot wind from the land had died away, and the sea breeze blew cool and fresh.

"Yes," repeated José, "I love the sands and the sea."

"I don't. There ain't a house for twenty miles, where a man can get a drink—— Hello! what have ye got there?"

The Spaniard had drawn a flask of whiskey from his pocket, which he tasted and then passed to his companion. Jabez took it with astonishment.

"I'm——" he began, stopped, clapped the bottle to his mouth and drained it dry.

"That's the first drink ye ever stood me, José, and I'll bet it's the last."

"Who knows?" replied the other.

The giant eyed him with a puzzled expression.

"Guess I'd work a hull month for nothin' to be able to size ye up. What are ye thinkin' of?"

"Ye want to know?"

"Bet yer life."

"I think of Tita as we last see her, before she go away. I see her—*now!*"

His voice rose and broke.

"You see her—now!" exclaimed Jabez, startled.

José, with tense face and bright eyes, was staring at the wet sands ahead.

"Say something, can't ye!" cried the giant. "Damn it, ye give me the jumps."

The other pointed a trembling finger.

"There—there—," he muttered, "in front of us; see, she wave her hand. Tita! speak to me, speak!"

"My Gawd!" exclaimed Jabez; "the fool's crazy—plum crazy."

"She look at you and shake her head, and——"

Jabez lifted his great arm, and smote the Spaniard on the face with his open palm, deliberately and brutally.

"Wake up! curse you," he cried.

The other collapsed, the light fading from his eyes, as he crumpled up under the blow.

"See her now?" snarled Jabez.

"No," whispered José, fearfully; "no, she's gone."

"Mind she don't come back. Ah! there's the river at last."

"At last," repeated the Spaniard.

They rode to the bank and looked down. The tide was racing up, and the water, thick with sand, heaved beneath them. Jabez was too good a *vaquero* not to scent danger.

"Jeerusalem! she's a-hummin' to-night. Where's the crossin'?"

"Straight on," replied José.

The giant whistled.

"Straight on, eh? Sounds easy, but darn me if I like the looks of it."

"You think it—dangerous?"

"Dangerous? Shucks!'

"If you afraid——"

"Afraid?"

"We can go round."

"Not I. No dago like you shall call Jabez Pike a coward; no, sir, not for any tide that runs. Hold up, you brute!"

He urged his horse down the steep bank. At the water's brink it stopped irresolute, pawing the ground and sniffing at the stream.

"What in thunder ails the beast?"

"He afraid too," said José, quietly.

The giant cursed him with the fiery eloquence of the West; then, swinging his heavy quirt right and left, he drove the animal forward. It plunged in with a wild leap.

"Come on," shouted Jabez.

José stood watching them with steady eyes. Half-way across the horse tripped and fell, for, beneath it, the bed of the river was shifting and shaking. Catching his animal firmly by the head with the bridle as it staggered to its feet, Jabez urged it with whip and spur towards land. The poor creature, collecting all its strength, made piteous efforts, frantic with fright; then, while the sweat broke out round ears and eyes, it lifted its head, and the horrible shriek of a terrified horse rang out over the sands. The rider slipped from its back, but the water was too shallow to swim, and the sands caught him in their grip before he had gone a yard.

He felt himself sucked into a bottomless pit of liquid mire. Looking up to shout for José, he saw him standing on the bank, holding his own horse.

"You call me?" said the Spaniard.

"Get me out!" screamed Jabez. "Can't you see I'm caught here?"

"Very bad thing," said the other. "Yes, I see."

" God Almighty ! Don't stand there doin' nothing."

" What you want me to do, eh ? "

" Throw your rope—quick ! Damnation, how this sand sucks."

" All right," said José. He slowly untied the long raw-hide lariat from his saddle, and came to the edge still leading his horse.

" You catch," he cried, whirling it round his head. The wide loop flew out, but one of the coils caught, and it fell short by a few feet. Jabez snatched at it, but it floated out beyond his reach. Was he mad, or did he hear a faint laugh from the bank ? He slipped his hand into his hip pocket—the water had just risen to it—and drew out his pistol. José could see its barrel, and, for a moment, fear gripped him.

" Get that rope out to me quick, or I'll fill ye full of lead."

" If you shoot me, how can I help you ? " retorted the Spaniard, slowly coiling up the rope.

" We'll go to Tophet together ! " snarled Jabez.

" Now ! " shouted José, and the loop fell around the giant. With a wild cry he clawed at it, and, tightening the noose under his arms, began to pull in the slack. Some ten feet was taken up before he realised that the Spaniard had let go of the other end, and was standing beside his horse watching him. Jabez knew he was doomed. Horror left him faint for a moment. Then his brain cleared, he cocked the pistol.

" Let me kill him—only let me kill him," he muttered.

A fine shot in a country where boys are brought up with firearms in their pockets, he fired deliberately, and José's horse fell in its tracks. Quick as a flash the owner fell with it, and lay crouching behind the quivering body. While the hungry sand sucked him down, Jabez fired five more shots. Once he heard a groan, and the sound filled him with exultation, but the echo of his last shot still hung in the sand-dunes, when he saw José stagger to his feet.

" Curse you ! " shouted the giant, hurling the empty weapon at him.

The Spaniard stood looking at his victim, sunk to the armpits, the flowing tide lapping softly against his mighty chest.

He laughed gently.

"You die very soon, Jabe Pike," he said. "My Tita she died five days ago, now your turn, but you not go to her, no—no."

A sudden paroxysm of fury seized him; stooping, he picked up a handful of wet sand, and flung it in the other's face.

"You beast—you great beast; you take her away from me, José, who love her, and then you kill her. Yes, you come home dronk—dronk—always dronk, and you beat her—you—and she—she so little—so little."

He caught at his chest with gripping fingers; of the man in front nothing remained but the shoulders and the head.

"Then she leave me for ever, but she tell me first how you strike and kick, and I say to myself, 'By God! somehow I will kill you too, Jabez Pike.' You shall suffer worse than my little Tita, and I will wait to see you die, as you do—now."

The giant lifted his arms and waved them in the air; he opened his mouth, and the water filled it before he could answer the man who mocked him; then the head fell forward—he was gone.

The survivor stared at the dimpling river till he reeled and fell on the sandy bank. Very slowly, on hands and knees, he crawled back to his dead horse, and lay down pillowed against its side. Gasping for breath, he fumbled in his pocket for an old envelope, and opening it with trembling fingers a brown curl fell out and twisted itself round them like a living thing.

He gazed at it till a darkness, not of the night, shut down on him. Suddenly he sat up, his face smiling:

"All right, Tita, all right. I come—now—quick!"

GUY C. VACHELL.

INSTINCT IN BIRDS, ANIMALS AND INSECTS

WHAT is instinct? Does such a force really exist? Some naturalists of the present day would have us believe that instinct is no factor in the migrations of birds, but that they steer a course by means of landmarks visible when at a high altitude. We are told that "homing" pigeons wing their way back by this means, and that instinct has nothing to do with it. Such would appear to be the latest theory. But before abandoning the older one it will be well to sift the evidence which bears upon the subject. For it seems to me there is very strong testimony pointing to the fact that birds, animals and insects are led to localities far removed from the place of departure by a power distinct from intelligence—in the case of insects, to countries where, in the nature of things, they can never previously have visited. With regard to regular periodical migrations, scarcity of food, no doubt, was the chief cause which induced the impulse. Going back to primitive times, before instinct had been acquired, creatures would be compelled to seek pastures new when famine threatened, and so proceed, haphazard, in quest of food. The distance travelled in the first instances would, presumably, not have been great, permitting in some cases, of a return home after the land had been cleared. To go back to known haunts in preference to further exploration would be the animal's first and natural impulse. Thus the habit must

become instinct and the tendency inherited. That a phenomenal force of this kind should be present in animals is, to my mind, no more surprising than the fact that the needle of a compass unerringly points to the north, no matter how much it is turned about. In the same way a bird, baffled by winds, after steadying down, again takes up the true bearings until eventually making its point.

Insects such as locusts and some species of lepidoptera do not, I am persuaded, wander blindly forth in search of food and suitable ground on which to deposit ova, but travel instinctively to districts discovered by ancestral progenitors. For though these individuals may never themselves return their offspring may do so, and all succeeding broods would continue to inherit an original impress, which becomes more strongly established as time goes on, until, finally, it has resulted in a fixed and certain quantity.

Instinct, it is said, is motion or a tendency to motion of certain nerve-cells, which have become so fixed by frequent practice or by heredity that they become unconscious and follow necessarily on impulses without, as in the act of breathing or swallowing. I take it that animals have this faculty (instinct) highly developed; whereas man possesses it only in a very modified degree. The latter before committing himself reflects, and then acts accordingly as his own individual intelligence prompts him. Animals, on the contrary, rely on the accumulated knowledge of thousands of generations of their kind, which is stored up in nerve-cells ready for immediate use as occasion may require.

A man lost in a forest, without mechanical aid (compass) and unable to take observations, would, in all probability, fail to find his way out; but an animal, having the homing instinct, is never at a loss, providing the way is possible. In this latter respect birds have the advantage, as, with the exception of wind, there is nothing to obstruct their progress; in consequence they fly straight and to the point. By this I do not mean that migrating birds will not on occasion diverge to the

extent of following up or down a sheltering valley. We have every reason to suppose that they do so, but in the main their passage is direct.

As an instance of instinct in animals the following (a common occurrence) was brought to my notice whilst penning these lines. A cat eight months old was sent in a shut-up basket to a village some ten miles out of the town of Nice. On the third day the same animal reappeared at its former quarters. In this and like cases there can be no question of landmarks. Instinct it is, and instinct alone, which accounts for these acts. And what applies to one applies generally.

When an instance such as the above comes under notice people invariably exclaim, "What marvellous sagacity!" The occurrence causes astonishment, because it is the performance of an inferior animal, and one beyond the attainment of man with all his superior knowledge. But, though we marvel, these demonstrations are only the inevitable outcome of a natural law (law of heredity). However, there are phases of instinct observed in Nature seemingly far more wonderful. Let us consider some examples in which instinct enables unreasoning creatures to perform acts of the most perfect nicety and completeness without previous knowledge or experience. We note, for instance, that a pair of young birds—any kind—are capable in their first season of constructing a perfect nest of the proper materials as used by the species; of placing the nest in the correct position, and also concealing it with studied effect. In fact, the whole when finished is exquisite and faultless in every detail, notwithstanding that the birds have had no practice whatever.

It is perhaps fair to add that some observers do not admit that young birds always build so correctly as their elders. Some nests, they say, are seen to be ragged and incomplete. This, however, has not been my experience. At any rate, it cannot be denied that however badly the nest is made it is accomplished without instruction. Now let us consider man, replete with intelligence, but devoid of instinct. Supposing

him to be the son of a builder whose fathers for years have been in the same trade; at the age of twenty, unless apprenticed to the business, the man would have no more notion of building a house correctly than he would have of making a bird's-nest, notwithstanding that he has the advantage of observing both (houses and nests) for years.

The instinctive faculty appears to become more marked and increasingly developed as we descend in the scale of creation. Thus man, the highest animal, possesses it in the least degree, though in him it is not wanting, as will presently be shown. Animals and birds, as we have seen, have the power very strongly inherent; but when viewing the insect world the same force is seen to manifest itself in ways well nigh surpassing belief. The manifestations of insects and yet lower organisms are not, generally speaking, of sufficient moment to attract much attention, and consequently are only observed by naturalists and those interested in the wonders of nature. This arises, probably, from the comparative smallness of the creatures concerned. Were they on a large scale their actions would not only compare with, but surpass the intelligence of man.

Among insects, lepidoptera are more or less conspicuous and must be occasionally noticed by every one, though perhaps, few are aware to what a marvellous extent the faculty of instinct is carried in this class.

Let us note for a moment a butterfly's egg-laying business, the most important of its life. To ensure the continuance of the species the ova must be placed where the young caterpillars will at once find proper nourishment on hatching out. The average lifetime of a butterfly varies from two to four weeks (non-hybernating species). During the latter end of this period the eggs have to be placed on the plant or tree peculiar to the species. Now this plant (as a rule) has no attractions whatever for the perfect insect in its winged outfit until the ova are ready for deposition; but, once the time has come, the mother butterfly never fails to find out the right

plant, on which she deposits her eggs just when the young leaves are beginning to sprout. The performance is even more remarkable when, as is sometimes the case, there is only one species of plant suitable. Here then we have an instance of pure instinct; for seeing that the larvæ are sightless they can form no observations of locality, nor even of the appearance of the food plant.

The common Brimstone butterfly (*Gonepteryx rhamni*) is an example of a species practically dependent on a single plant, viz., the Buckthorn (*Rhamnus catharticus*). If this shrub and its congener (*R. frangula*) are absent from a district, so also is the butterfly. On the other hand, when the Brimstone is noted, it is a certain sign that one or other of the Buckthorns is present.

As is the case with all animals, insects are subject to the attacks of parasites. The most deadly of these are classed under the head of Ichneumons and Microgastres. These flies are most necessary in the economy of nature as a check on species which otherwise would overcrowd the land and thus upset the equilibrium of the natural balance of things.

The life history of ichneumons and allied species is a most interesting study, and one which opens out a fresh world of life in which instinct is seen in a high grade of perfection; surpassing even that we have already considered. The parasite is naturally an inferior organism compared with the animal on whom it lives; therefore, as lower in the scale, we anticipate a higher sense of instinct. In this we shall not be disappointed. But to make my meaning clear, it will be well to trace briefly the life history of these curious and interesting creatures.

To perpetuate the race an ichneumon fly, according to species, must lay its egg either in the ovum of a lepidopteron (butterfly or moth), or within the skin of a larva of the same. In the first case the ovum is destroyed outright, for the young parasite, when hatched, feeds on the contents which, though infinitesimal in quantity, is yet sufficient to bring the fly to

maturity. Instead, therefore, of the lepidopterous caterpillar hatching out, the fly emerges from the egg. But what instinct is this which enables the tiny microgaster to discover a butterfly's egg of almost microscopic proportions?

The second is the case of ichneumons proper, the females of which are provided with a long abdominal appendage, often, by the uninitiated, mistaken for a sting, though in reality a weapon for piercing the skin of a larva when at the same time an egg is extruded—it is known as the ovipositor. Sometimes as many as fifteen or twenty eggs are thus placed in the same individual. Instinct is not only highly developed in the parent ichneumon, but is also manifest in its brood of grubs from the very moment they hatch; for were they to eat promiscuously into the larva there would be a speedy end to the host. Instead, they are careful never to puncture the vital parts, but confine themselves to the fatty tissue immediately below the skin. In the meanwhile, the unfortunate caterpillar continues to feed and increase in size as if nothing had happened; a state of things which may last for a month. Then, if the grubs intend to pass the winter in seclusion they allow the caterpillar to change into the chrysalis state, which is the last, so far as the host is concerned; for no sooner is the metamorphosis completed than the grubs set to work and devour the entire contents, leaving nought but the actual shell of the chrysalis. This done, they themselves are metamorphosed into the third stage of insect life, and thus remain hybernating as chrysalids within a chrysalis. The following spring they eat their way out, and appear as perfect (ichneumon) flies. In some species the grubs emerge from the larva before it is ready to change, spin up together in small oval cocoons, and so pass the winter. In this case the host gradually dwindles and perishes without changing to a chrysalis.

It has been fairly well ascertained that insects have a very short range of vision: indeed, from personal observations, I have little doubt such is the case. Moreover, my belief is that, far from being telescopic, the compound eye of an insect is

microscopic in power, and that things at a short distance appear to them magnified and clearly defined in the same way as an object is represented to the human eye when under the lens of a microscope. If this be so, sight is of little practical use to an insect when in quest of a distant object—a flower, or one of its own species. The knowledge that these things exist is, of course, instinctive to the creature; but the means of finding them is not by eyesight, but is dependent on a totally distinct faculty. All insects are seen to be provided with a pair of frontal horns—antennæ they are called. As to the exact properties of these organs we can only conjecture; but it is more than probable that the antennæ take the place of what in animals is the olfactory sense, only infinitely modified to take up scent vibrations. Thus an insect well equipped for locomotion and urged by instinct, literally hunts by smell. In many species of moths we observe that the antennæ differ in the sexes; simple in the female and elaborate in the male. The meaning of this is obvious. The male, whose one business in life is to seek out a mate, naturally requires a detective arrangement of superior power. Sight, however keen, would not avail, for the females in this class are incapable of displaying themselves. Indeed, some are absolutely wingless, and, therefore, cannot move from the concealed spot in which they emerge from the chrysalis. But to return to ichneumons. These all have highly specialised antennæ, which are seen always in a constant state of activity, waving about and beating the air, whilst the the insect is running up and down tree trunks, over leaves and the stems of plants. At these times the creature is seeking the whereabouts of a larva concealed (in the case of tree trunks) *beneath* the bark and within the living wood of the tree. Having, by the aid of its antennæ, located the exact position of the larva, the ichneumon inserts her ovipositor between the interstices of the bark, and thus places an egg in the victim it has never seen, and never can see.

Perhaps the best example of an ichneumon that acts in

this marvellous manner is *rhyssa persuasoria*, the largest British species; it has an ovipositor measuring two inches in length. Armed with this weapon, the fly assiduously hunts the trunks of fir-trees for the wood-boring larvæ of a saw-fly, *sirex gigas* (also the largest of its kind). Locally, these larvæ are to some extent destructive to pine timber, and would be more so, if not checked by its enemy the ichneumon, whose egg, deposited as described, hatches into a grub, which eventually destroys the saw-fly larva. The "giant-tailed wasp," as the saw-fly is popularly termed (though it has no connection with the wasp tribe), strangely enough is also provided with a formidable ovipositor, used and adapted, however, only for placing eggs in cracks and crevices in the bark of pine-trees.

There exist, as already shown, an endless variety of the ichneumon tribe, ranging from the large species above described, down to very minute flies. On this account they are easily overlooked; but when by some lucky chance their doings come under the naturalist's observation, even he cannot fail to be struck by the marvellous perfection instinct has obtained within these tiny atoms.

It was once my good fortune to witness the egg-laying process as performed by a small, perhaps the smallest, British ichneumon. When first observed, the fly was sitting on an oak-gall (common oak-apple), a mere midge of a thing. What attracted my attention was the fact that it had an ovipositor of preposterous length, from which I knew it to be a member of the ichneumon family.

It was of a steel-blue colour, and though probably well known to science, I am ignorant as to its specific name. However, it occurred to me as possible that this fly was in some way connected with the oak-apple and, as the sequel will show, I was not long left in doubt.

The oak-apple, as every one knows, is an abnormal growth caused by a gall-fly (*cynips terminalis*) itself a parasite. The eggs are laid in the bark of oak twigs. The maggots on hatching exude an irritant fluid which inflames the spot, and

the result is the apple-like excrescence. Inside this growth the maggots live and derive nourishment until attaining maturity, when they eat their way out. One might imagine the pulpy walls of the apple would afford a safe protection to its inmates, but this is not so when the afore-mentioned little blue ichneumon is sitting on the outside. Some, if not all of the grubs, are then surely doomed to destruction. The *modus operandi*, as witnessed on the occasion I have described, was as follows: The time, June, when the oak-apple, a large one, was turning a roseate hue on the sunny side. After making several excursions round the apple, the insect came to a standstill and commenced operations by planting herself firmly on the surface, at the same time erecting her body so that the ovipositor, as slender as the finest hair, pointed upwards. She then brought it round in a circular form, the point resting on a spot just below the juncture of the thorax with the abdomen. This accomplished, a boring process began. In so small an object it was impossible to detect the exact nature of the action, though a slight quivering motion was perceptible. As the instrument began to perforate the pulp of the gall, the sheath remained on the outside resting on the surface, but holding the "drill" in position. The result of this was that a naked portion of the drill (ovipositor) began to show at the arc of the circle (the sheath) in the form of a straight line, giving the appearance of a strung bow. As the boring continued the bow-like segment increased in size until the string (so to speak) was at right angles with the extremity of the abdomen. It did not stop here, however, but continued to come away from *under* the body of the insect up to the junction of the body with the thorax; thence resting in a perpendicularly straight line from the base of the abdomen to the core of the apple: at the same time held by the extreme tip of the *now* empty sheath. At this juncture the egg of the ichneumon would be passed down the ovipositor (which, though so slender, is nevertheless a tube) into the grub below. This description may give some idea of what minute proportions the ovum itself must be. The egg

has not only to be passed through the tube, but must be planted in the larva of the gall-fly, a very small object compared to the size of the oak-apple with which the ichneumon has to cope. The whole of this act did not occupy more than two minutes. The withdrawal of the ovipositor was effected very quickly. Coming out in the same bowed form, it appeared to snap back into its sheath as the insect flew off.

On further inspection I noted several more of the flies flitting about and occasionally settling on oak-apples. This led me to cut open and investigate some old shrivelled up apples of the previous year, for I strongly suspected that the ichneumons had recently issued from these; which, indeed, turned out to be the case. For in a section of one of them, I discovered two flies of the species in the act of making their way out through the dried pulp. Both were males of the same blue colour, but, of course, minus the ovipositor arrangement.

I have dwelt somewhat lengthily on the case of ichneumons, because it seems to me, that with regard to instinct, we observe in this class the faculty most perfectly developed; perhaps more so than in any other division of animal life.

It would be useless to speculate as to the exact means by which such ultimate perfection has been arrived at; but that it has resulted through the same system of very gradual evolution, there can be little doubt.

We have now followed the action and ways of instinct as manifested in animals, birds, and insects, and noted that as the scale descends the more marked becomes the faculty. As intelligence decreases so, in a proportionate degree, does instinct take its place. Therefore, man as the most intelligent animal possesses it least of all; but still, he is not without a trace of instinct. For though he may not be able to find his way out of the forest, the man continues at least to walk instinctively. When once his legs are set in motion the action becomes purely mechanical and unless deciding to accelerate or diminish speed, or to stop altogether, he does not think about it at all: in the meanwhile he is breathing without

knowing it. Should our wanderer, however, come to a deep stream, never having *learnt* to swim, he is for a moment at a loss and, in this respect, is the inferior of the dog. But on *reflecting* he surmounts the difficulty by throwing a pole across the stream and stepping over it. The crash of a falling tree instantly brings the traveller to a standstill when at the same time his eyes close automatically (instinctively); it is all over before he has had time to think.

These are some examples of instinct—inherited instinct—obtaining in man. As intelligence has evolved, instinct, as no longer needful, has degenerated until almost extinct However, it may be noted that a savage has this power more developed than his intellectual brother; and, in consequence, he would have a better chance when astray in a dense forest of finding his way. But, again, the savage is a long way inferior to the pigeon in this respect, though possibly that may be because from his low position he cannot see the landmarks.

In conclusion, I would ask: How does a cuckoo *know* to place its egg in the nest of a bird belonging to a different species; and by what means does the young cuckoo find its way from Africa after leaving its foster-parents behind?

Can it be by landmarks; or is it by instinct?

C. Bingham Newland.

CALYPSO

ONCE, as the legend tells us,
  Ulysses came again
Unto Calypso's islet
  Set in the azure main.
But now no roses riot
  Where once the rose was king,
Nor aught of leaf nor blossom
  Where dwelt eternal spring.
Only an ancient woman
  Stands by an altar bare
With springtime in her blue eyes,
  But snowflakes in her hair.
"Ah! Knew you not, Ulysses,
  That the great gods above
Forbid the nymphs immortal
  To know a mortal love?
And when you loved me lightly,
  And sailed afar away,
To a thousand years of winter
  They changed my years of May!"
Thus spake the nymph Calypso
  Unto the Wanderer,
The love within her blue eyes,
  The snowflakes in her hair.

No answer made Ulysses,
  Though shame was in his face;
He kneeled him down beside her,
  He held her hand a space.

* * * * *

Behold, a change, a marvel,
  Upon the isle is wrought!
The winter sudden vanished,
  The springtide sudden brought.
Behold the hag Calypso
  Is come a nymph once more!
Over her slim white shoulders
  The golden tresses pour;
Erect as Eros' arrow
  She stands that stooped but now,
Fled are the claws of Chronos
  From off her ivory brow;
He clasps her to his bosom,
  And now he finds his speech,
Like waves of ocean amorous
  That woo the coral beach.
On her doves' wings poised above them
  The Paphian goddess smiles,
As with incense for thanksgiving
  Her altar high he piles.
Their worship duly rendered
  To the goddess of the brave
Calypso and the Wanderer
  Seek out Calypso's cave.
Beneath the ferny curtain
  At eve they disappear;
What haps within I know not,
  But the Paphian hovers near.
When now Aurora's fingers
  Make blush the mountain's cone,

Behold the King Ulysses
  Come from the cave alone.
His sword is in its scabbard
  And on his head his crown:
Now what can ail Ulysses
  That he paceth up and down?
But hark! he calls the goddess
  Unseen of him who stands
With the quiver and the arrows
  Of her archer in his hands.
Her archer laughs beside her
  As a golden shaft he speeds,
And when outspeaks Ulysses,
  Methinks his heart it bleeds.
"O goddess, tell me whither
  Hath fled the nymph I love?
This very night I clasped her,
  All joys of earth above.
Then to our couch came Morpheus
  And at his side the Dreams,
Awhile they ruled my senses,
  But when I woke meseems
I heard the voice of Echo
  Who mocked me where I lay,
Crying 'O King Ulysses,
  Thy nymph hath fled away.'
I turned me to Calypso
  Where at my side she slept,
Craved of each nook and crevice
  If they her secret kept.
But she was flown: O goddess,
  I pray thee, goddess mine,
Give me again Calypso,
  And store of oil and wine
And doves upon thine altar
  I swear devout to vow

If again I clasp Calypso
  That fled away but now."
Answered the Paphian goddess:
  "O King of many a wile,
It pleased me to see thee sailing
  Again to Calypso's isle;
For I knew gray-eyed Athenè
  (Whom overmuch men praise)
Willed not thy wanton voyage
  And baulked thee many days,
And in my heart was pity
  When I saw thy head forlorn
Bowed o'er the hag Calypso
  Who hath known Olympus' scorn
Therefore I gave her springtide
  Back to the nymph once more,
Therefore with bloom of springtide
  I decked again her shore,
Therefore I led thy footsteps
  Under the fringèd cave,
And by my will Calypso
  The bliss thou knewest gave.
But hearken now, Ulysses;
  Thou seekest her in vain,
Never around Calypso
  Shall come thine arms again.
Far beyond earthly sorrow
  I have fixed her in the skies,
Where if thou look, Ulysses,
  Thou shalt see her starry eyes.
Thee she loved well, Ulysses,
  But thou, O Wanderer,
(Not overmuch I blame thee,)
  Slight was thy love for her.
Now to thy ship, Ulysses,
  Smite thou the hollow sea,

And for those last sweet kisses,
  Do thou give thanks to me."
Thus spake the Paphian goddess
  Unto Ulysses King,
Then over blue Ægean
  He saw her doves take wing.

DOUGLAS AINSLIE.

THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE

CHAPTER IV

THE FUNERAL

JEANNE sat in the London church as one in a dream. Through the fog which pervaded the building, the lights twinkled mistily, and a far-away voice pronounced the words of the Burial Service so slowly that her tired and bewildered brain could not follow the sentences consecutively.

Her attention fixed itself upon the coffin, heaped with flowers, its shape dimly visible among the surrounding bearers; and her mind was filled with a vague wild pity for the unconscious occupant, upon whose waxen face she had gazed for the last time on the previous day.

The old servants, a small pathetic black-clad group, with bent shoulders and whitened heads, were together in a pew on the left, and the rest of the household a little lower down the church.

But Jeanne, on the right, knelt in her pew alone; and of other mourners, save the lawyer and the doctor, there were none. How strange that a woman so wealthy should have so few friends! thought little Jeanne.

The tears fell fast upon her new black crape.

"Just as I was beginning to love her," she thought, "and now she will never see Louis after all."

That a thing so much desired should not come to pass seemed incredibly sad and astonishing to her.

If Jeanne had heard at Coed-Ithel of Miss Marney's death in London at eighty years old, and after a succession of paralytic seizures—it would have presented itself to her mind as a most likely and natural event. But as it had actually occurred, it seemed to her for the moment almost as though the end of the world had come; she could hardly even realise it to be true.

During the long days that had elapsed between her aunt's death and the funeral she had gone over and over the past weeks incessantly in her own mind, and lived through the final tragedy a hundred times, always possessed by a horror and pity in proportion to her utter inexperience.

She lay awake in her isolated chamber with beating heart, hearing again and again the flying footsteps in the echoing corridors; the hurried summons at her door; the silver chiming of the clock in the silent chamber of death; the sound of the deep, deep breathing that would presently cease for ever.

But when she recalled her third and last interview with Miss Caroline she could not but own to herself that her aunt had spoken then much as she might have spoken had she expected to live for another hundred years.

The habits of a lifetime do not change in a moment, even though that moment be the last.

The little growling dog was caressed, the gloved hand still guarded the velvet bag as jealously as though Miss Caroline meant to take it with her on her long journey. She was still anxious to impress upon Jeanne the importance of the Marneys of Orsett, and the comparative insignificance of the de Coursets; she referred to the advantages of exclusiveness, and emphasised the necessity for taking care of the furniture and the pictures.

Was it possible she could be so near eternity, and her

mind yet fixed so firmly on things which would presently for her have no existence at all?

No more sincere and pitiful mourner than little Jeanne could have knelt by that deathbed of her old relation; and yet the emotion which possessed her was but the shadow of sorrow, and not sorrow itself, though it held much of regret.

Very strongly she felt that she might have loved Miss Caroline had she known her a little better. An instinctive sympathy had immediately manifested itself between her and her aunt.

But it had come too late. Miss Marney had passed the last years of her long life in solitude; whilst Jeanne, not much less lonely than her aunt, since she had lost the companionship of Louis, would so gladly have borne her company, and given her the affection of a dutiful and gentle child.

Dunham, jealously watching her poor lady's great-niece, though convinced of her sincerity, was touched by the anxiety Jeanne manifested to learn what her aunt's wishes had been, that she might be certain of acting in accordance with them throughout those dismal days.

"The directions for her funeral was all written long ago, ma'am," said Dunham, whose respect for Jeanne increased now that she beheld in her the sole representative present of the family she had served so long. "She is to be laid by the side of poor Mr. Philip, ma'am, in the family vault. No, 'm, she would not have liked you to travel down with it. She had very fixed ideas about what ladies were able to do. Mr. Valentine and the doctor will go. And there'll be some of the old people left down there. They'll be present, ma'am, you may depend. You will go to the church, Miss Jane; and she was particular as it should be the one she last attended. She was always chopping and changing, poor dear, according as the services went up or down—or didn't suit her fancy one way and another. You'll go to the church with the rest of us, and then there's nothing more to be done, ma'am, but to wait

till Mr. Valentine, the lawyer, comes and tells you what's been settled."

So the sad procession wended its way from the church to the station, and the men went with it; but Jeanne, with Dunham and Mrs. Pyke in attendance, returned to the desolate house in Grosvenor Square, where she strove to fill the remaining hours of the day by writing a long letter to her brother.

"Oh, Louis, it is so dreadful! The great house was silent enough before, but now that she is really gone it seems a thousand times more empty still. Reason as one may, how cruel it *feels* to take her out of her beautiful luxurious room, away from all the comforts that have always surrounded her poor body; away from all the familiar things she has treasured so long—and just lay her in a cold stone vault.

"I know it has to come to everybody, but it is freshly awful when it comes home to oneself like this; but you have seen death so often and so close, poor boy, that you will hardly understand my feeling. I say to myself—but what is one old old woman, whose life was finished, to all the young lives that have been cut short in the South African War? And yet, perhaps because I am alone, and you so far away—perhaps because this house and every one in it is still so strange to me—I cannot get over the horror of it, nor the remembrance of it, and am so cowardly and afraid at night.

"I am trying to remember all she said that last morning when I saw her by daylight for the first time, and realised that she was really very ill.

"I am glad to recollect she said she was pleased I had come, and that she wished it had been earlier; but I can't say she was at all like what I had expected a dying person to be, even then.

"She said Providence played odd tricks, in rather a complaining way, not at all as though it were in any way her own doing, poor dear, not to have sent for me earlier.

"She spoke of you, and asked about your career, and

praised you for having done so well though brought up in an out-of-the-way farm, with nothing to inspire you but your own ambition; and said how it proved that blood will always tell (but she meant the blood of the Marneys and not of the de Coursets all the time). She hoped you were very particular what company you kept, she said, and it was bad company which led thoughtless young men astray, and oh, I am afraid she was thinking of poor papa; but you would never never be led astray, would you, Louis, or fall into the evil ways she spoke of? I told her again and again that you had never done anything in your life that you ought not to do—and that, at the worst, you were only a little, a very little, extravagant in giving presents and things you could not afford. I think I comforted her, and she said extravagance didn't matter; but oh, Louis, that is only because she is so rich, she doesn't know what poverty means; so don't let it lead you away—to hear she thinks so little of it.

"About me, she said she was glad to see I was so very exclusive; which is, I think, her polite way of noticing that I have no friends at all. And she liked to think of me in the morning-room, because Dunham told her how very careful I was of the furniture (I should hope so, you have no idea how beautiful it is). Again and again she begged me to take care of her things (as though I were going to live here all my life), as it was a mistake to trust the best of servants; and that she liked to know I had a brother so devoted to me as hers had always been to her, and that history repeated itself.

"Well, then, Dunham came in and said Mr. Valentine had called, and Aunt Caroline said he was to come up at once to her room. I thought she seemed a little depressed, so I foolishly said how glad I was she had a visitor, and I hoped it would cheer her a little; she quite drew her head up on the pillow, and said solicitors were not visitors, and that he had come on business. 'Professional callers, even though they be gentlemen, my dear Jane, do not count. But of course you could not know that, my love.'

" I went away directly he came in, but I thought he looked a kind old man. Mrs. Dunham says he and his father and grandfather have been the Marneys' solicitors for three generations, and have always known all their affairs.

" When I think over that last interview, all we said seems rather meaningless and trivial. If I had known she was going I would have liked just to thank her for sending for me ; and to tell her I was very proud to belong to her, for she was an ideal old lady to look at, and you would have been proud of her too. Besides, I might have told her that we would both remember her loyally always, and other things which would have pleased and comforted her and yet been quite, quite true.

" But, no, instead of all this I sat still and was more anxious to talk about you than to listen to the last words she was ever going to say to me in this world.

" During those long hours when we were all waiting through the night, waiting—oh, how dreadful !—through the night—for her to die—she spoke only twice, almost as though in her sleep. Once she said, '*The horse-chestnuts are coming out in the avenue.*' I felt that her spirit was a long way off in the past, back at Orsett, in the country, the spring-time and the sunshine.

" The next time it would have been funny if it had not been so terribly pathetic, for she said half crying, '*Mary Ann is very cross. She won't let me go the fair,*' so then she must have been a little girl again. I hope she died like that, and did not go away into the dark thinking of herself as an old woman, with nobody but Mrs. Dunham and Mrs. Pyke left behind to be sorry for her.

" Your photo was under her pillow, so I have got it back again at last. I wish I hadn't grudged it to her so much.

" It was all like a dream afterwards. I shook hands with one or two people, but I scarcely know who they were. One was the doctor, but neither he nor the parson seemed to know her at all well. Mrs. Dunham said she didn't believe in

doctors, and changed her church very often. The poor curate evidently did not know exactly what to say, but I suppose he thought he ought to try and comfort me, so he said, 'God be wi' ye,' instead of good-bye, in a hollow voice, and squeezed my hand so viciously that my ring cut into my finger. I was horrified with myself for feeling more inclined to laugh than to cry, for I am sure he *meant* kindly; but when he asked if I was staying on I explained I should be going back to Coed-Ithel in a few days, so I don't *think* he'll come again. I wrote to Uncle Roberts and told him when it was all over; and he sent a post-card to say it was the decree of Providence and what we must all come to. But he evidently had no idea of coming up for the funeral, as the doctor thought he might, and as I was sure he wouldn't. . . .

"I am writing this in the morning-room; and I will finish it to-morrow when I have seen Mr. Valentine."

CHAPTER V

THE WILL

A GLEAM of wintry sunshine stole in through the lace-shrouded windows, and turned the green damask walls of the morning-room to gold; and brightened the flowered chintz on the couch; and shone through the ragged petals of the giant lemon-tinted and copper-hued chrysanthemums, and upon the fresh dark violets in their silver bowl.

Before an old French bureau, Mr. Valentine sat, with crossed knees, and folded hands, explaining the late Miss Marney's wishes to her grand-niece.

He was not at all like Jeanne's preconceived notion of a family solicitor; being neither dried up nor severe, but, on the contrary, a very pleasant, cheerful, grey-headed old gentleman; with an expression which, subdue it as he would, was jovial in the extreme.

"This will was executed somewhat hurriedly," he said,

"but it is of course, quite in order; and I am heartily glad, if you will allow me to say so, to have been enabled, even at the last moment, to assist poor Miss Marney to do justice to her only surviving relatives. I am afraid the charities would be somewhat annoyed with me if they knew what they had lost. Happily, they never will, since she destroyed her former testament." Here he showed a faint inclination to chuckle, but was restored instantly to professional gravity by the alarm on Jeanne's expressive face.

"You don't mean it is depriving any one——"

"Certainly not. Good heavens, no, my dear young lady," said the lawyer, wishing he had been less frank. "Pray dismiss any such idea from your mind. Your brother is actually poor Miss Marney's next of kin; he has every possible natural and legal right to inherit her money. If there is anything to be said in the matter, it is on your own account. You have an equal claim upon your great-aunt with your brother, and she has ignored you altogether."

"Mr. Valentine," said Jeanne, very earnestly, "I promise you faithfully that I would much rather it all belonged to Louis. What is his is mine, and what is mine is his. It is really exactly the same thing. If you knew him—" her pause was more eloquent than the most fervent praise—"you would understand."

"I hope I may know him very soon indeed," said Mr. Valentine. The twinkling eyes beneath grey brows bent a kind gaze upon Jeanne, and she looked up at him with sincere veneration.

"Your brother is of age, I believe?"

"He is twenty-five,—and he is a captain already," said Jeanne, trembling with anxiety to recapitulate her brother's extraordinary achievements. "He has been very lucky. He saw some service on the Indian Frontier, and he has been through the South African War without a scratch. Twice he was mentioned in despatches; and they have given him a job at Durban, which he says will be a most good thing for his

career, simply because he learnt Dutch so well; all on his own merits, for he has no interest, Mr. Valentine, none whatever. Unless perhaps they remembered that his father and his grandfather were both killed in action, one at Sevastopol, and one in Afghanistan."

"Most creditable, I'm sure," said Mr. Valentine, encouragingly, as she paused for breath.

"But I haven't seen him for five years, though I am his twin-sister," she said, rather mournfully.

"Do you mean to say *you* are five and twenty?"

"I am always taken for younger. It is annoying," she said, abashed by his genuine astonishment.

Mr. Valentine looked at the round, childish, wistful face, with its bright eyes and red bloom of health, and smiled. He would have laughed, but for the solemnity of the occasion.

"Most people would be anything but annoyed. I am afraid you would not be particularly surprised if I told you I was sixty-five?"

"No, I should not," said honest Jeanne, very simply.

"And yet I am only fifty-eight," said Mr. Valentine, rather ruefully. "But, however, to return to business—I must apologise for all my elaborate explanation, but you see I had fancied myself talking to a young lady just out of the schoolroom."

"The explanation made everything clear," said Jeanne, "and I do not suppose I know much more of these things than a young lady just out of the schoolroom would; for I have no experience at all, as Louis says. I have just lived all my life in the same place—a very lonely place, in the country, with my uncle, who is a farmer."

"Then may I be permitted to ask what you will do now?"

"If this house belongs to Louis—but indeed it seems hardly to be believed——"

"It is undoubtedly your brother's house."

"Then I must stay here till he comes home, and take care of it for him," said Jeanne, decidedly. "Aunt Caroline said

it was very wrong to leave even the best of servants to look after valuable pictures and furniture alone."

"I am quite sure you are right. But I fear you will have a lonely Christmas unless—but no doubt you will persuade some friend to come and be with you."

She shook her head.

"No, there is nobody. But I shall be thinking of Louis, you know, and his coming home so soon." She put her hand to her brow, which ached from the emotion of the previous day, and added, with a bewildered look:

"I hope it is not—not heartless—but—but doesn't it all mean that Louis will be very rich?"

"He will be a very rich man indeed," said Mr. Valentine, gently.

Jeanne sat for a moment in silence; her heart throbbed. She thought of Louis struggling to live on his pay; of the little presents he had sent her home which he could so ill afford, and which made her cry and laugh over his loving and foolish extravagance: of the letters she had written to beseech him to be just before he was generous, which was exactly what Louis could never be, and had never been. Of the many, many things he had wanted, and which she had implored him to do without, and wept because she could not send them, and because Uncle Roberts, for all his substantial goodness, was not a man to be asked for money.

The tears dropped once more from her brown eyes, and she just breathed the words, "I wish I could have thanked Aunt Caroline," as she wiped them away.

"You are quite quite sure that it is all right, and that there can be no mistake. It would be so cruel to raise his hopes, and then find, after all, there was nothing? Would it not be safer to make quite certain before we say anything about it to him?"

"It is all quite right, and safe as the Bank of England," said Mr. Valentine, soothingly. "Everything Miss Marney has in the world is left unconditionally to your brother. He

and I are joint executors, and we are directed to divide a certain sum among the old servants. That is literally all."

"The picture—the Romney—this room—actually belongs to Louis! I beg your pardon, Mr. Valentine, but the more I think of it the less I can believe it."

"You will get used to the idea," said Mr. Valentine. "Now if you will give me your brother's address, we will write to him at once."

Jeanne dictated the address, and watched him write it down.

"Pray understand," he said, as he did so, "that I am at your service in every possible way until your brother comes home. I hope you will refer any matter of business connected with this sad event—directly to myself."

"I shall be very thankful, for I know nothing of business," said Jeanne, timidly. "I suppose everything can go on here as usual? I am sure Aunt Caroline would not have liked any changes, and Louis would want to respect her wishes, I know."

"Your brother is coming home so soon that I should certainly advise no changes until his return," said Mr. Valentine. "If any difficulty arises in the matter of immediate expenses—we shall be only too happy to——"

"Oh, there can be none," said Jeanne, and her eyes filled with tears, "for Aunt Caroline kept a large sum of ready money in her velvet bag, always by her side. Mrs. Dunham was so upset trying to get it away from the little dog. He would not let it go, but she said Aunt Caroline had desired her to give it to me, and she counted the notes for me, and wrote down the numbers. She said an account must be kept of them. There were six twenty-five-pound notes, and Aunt Caroline gave me two the other day."

"It will certainly not be necessary to keep an account of your aunt's presents to yourself," said Mr. Valentine courteously, "and I am afraid that you would not find a hundred and fifty pounds go very far towards maintaining this great

house. The expenses will of course be defrayed from the estate. You must not think of infringing on your aunt's small gift. I am sure your brother would not wish it; the more especially since he certainly owes his inheritance indirectly to you, for poor Miss Marney made no secret of the fact that her acquaintance with you inspired her to make this very satisfactory change in the disposition of her property. Now we are agreed that everything should continue here as usual until Captain de Courset's return, or until we receive instructions from him to the contrary? We will ask him to cable his wishes on receipt of our communication."

"I know very well what his wishes will be," said Jeanne.

Happiness dawned once more in her shy brown eyes at the thought of her brother's return; and his return to such amazing and unexpected prosperity.

"I cannot realise what it will be like to see him again after all these years. First India—then this long, long South African time. And now in a few weeks he will be with me again! I am expecting a telegram directly he knows for certain which ship he will sail by. Oh, I wonder, I wonder—if he will have changed very much."

Mr. Valentine was very kind and sympathetic, and had every desire to please his new client—or his new client's sister; but he was a busy man, and the Christmas holidays were fast approaching; wherefore he did not invite Jeanne to return to the discussion of her brother's personality or his adventures, but after a repetition of the subdued congratulations proper to the occasion, shook hands with her and bowed himself out.

Jeanne, left alone, looked round the warm, luxurious room. At the little table, covered with trifles, become pathetic through the death of their owner; the silver-handled loop that the dead woman had used for reading the newspapers; the gold-topped flask of scent; the cut-glass bottle of salts; the turquoise studded *bonbonnière* and tortoiseshell paper-knife; all of which had been restored to their original places by the careful

Dunham, when they were no longer needed in the sick-room. An immense fire glowed on the hearth ; the air was pervaded by the sweet breath of the scented violets.

The young life in her heart beat the more strongly for the rebound from its mournful contact with death. She had not seen the sunshine for so long.

Suddenly Jeanne fell on her knees beside the violets, and cried out, almost involuntarily, "Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you ;" to relieve her overcharged heart, and without any clear idea as to whether she were addressing the Almighty or poor Miss Caroline.

Was Louis to be delivered from his stress of poverty, and gain his heart's desire—the means which would enable him to rise to any position he chose—given his industry and talents, and all his personal advantages to supplement his wealth ? To restore, perhaps the ancient dignity of his family, and fulfil their childish dreams ? And all this through the unconscious agency of his humble, ignorant devoted sister ? This was the mouse aiding the lion indeed. Her heart swelled at the proud thought.

"But it wasn't really me," thought little Jeanne, "whatever the lawyer may suppose. It was the photograph—it was his dear face which made her feel she *must* do Louis justice ; far more than any words of mine. It was the likeness to you, Colonel Harry," and she looked up at the handsome disdainful face of Harry Marney, whose boyhood, perpetuated by a master hand, was as fresh to-day, as it had been a hundred years ago.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you," murmured Jeanne, and she dropped her face into her hands for a moment, in a silent passion of gratitude,—before rising from her knees.

How bright the room looked ! Poor Aunt Caroline ! And heartless, cheerful lady's bower, which the dead brain had planned, and the dead hand created, and filled, however incongruously, with beautiful and pleasant things.

Those long weeks of absolute solitude had brought the

lonely lady into an almost unnatural relation with inanimate things.

The furniture, the pictures and the flowers, seemed not to be soulless, but eloquent witnesses of past sadness; and now, with herself, eagerly waiting in expectancy of joy to come.

She went round, softly touching one thing and another. The strangeness of the house had vanished, and only its beauty remained. It was Louis' house.

She might ask for the keys of the locked Chippendale bookcases when she would. They were Louis' books.

The treasures she had feared to touch, were they not almost her own, since they belonged to Louis?

It was no longer even so much Miss Caroline's father who looked sternly forth from his golden frame above the glowing hearth; but Louis' great-grandfather watching over his descendant's lawful inheritance.

In three weeks—three little weeks—Louis would come to his own!

His bedroom must be chosen. How the plenishing of it would help to pass the time!

Already one half of Miss Marney's original gift of bank-notes to her niece had travelled to South Africa. It would be a great sum to Louis; almost as great and wonderful a windfall as it had been to Jeanne, the prudent little sister who had after anxious reflection decided to send only the one note to her brother, and to say nothing of the other, but reserve it for emergencies.

Now no such emergencies need be feared. The five and twenty pounds could be spent upon the preparations she would make for her hero's return.

She wondered whether Mrs. Dunham would think it heartless if she rang the bell, and asked for her advice in choosing her brother's room now. She thought not, for Dunham had already, and with a ring of sad exultation in her grief-subdued voice, referred to the home-coming of the young gentleman.

Miss Caroline had had few secrets from her faithful waiting-

ing-woman, and the contents of the will, which had surprised Jeanne so much, had been perfectly well known to Dunham, though she had discreetly held her peace upon the subject.

As Jeanne hesitated, with her hand on the bell, Hewitt entered with a telegram upon a salver.

He presented it to his young lady with the air of increased respect which all the household had exhibited since the death of their late mistress.

Jeanne took it eagerly. Her heart was so full that she was inclined to be communicative even with the monumental butler.

The receipt of a telegram, besides, was not an every-day occurrence with her, but a rare and exciting event.

"Oh, thank you, Hewitt. I expect it is — from my brother," she said, breathlessly opening it—"to tell me the ship by which he is to come home."

Her voice died away as she read the telegram, once uncomprehendingly, and the second time with a full realisation of its purport.

The brightness faded from her eyes, and the red colour from her cheeks; for these were the words of the message Louis had sent:

"*Ordered Somaliland, embark Durban seventh January.*"

CHAPTER VI

THE NURSERIES

> . . . if glory leads the way,
> You'll be madly rushing on,
> Never thinking, if they kill you,
> That my happiness is gone.

"God has been very good to me," wrote Louis from Durban, in the first letter Jeanne received from him, concerning the Somaliland campaign. "Why should this good luck come to *me*, when every fellow out here would give anything to

go? . . . We ought to reach Obbia in about ten days. . . . The general impression here seems to be that it will be only a preliminary campaign to make ready for larger operations next cold weather. It won't delay my return home for very long, so make the best of it, my darling little Jeannie. My best chum is so disgusted with what he calls my everlasting luck, that he won't speak to me. It's all the harder for him, poor old fellow, because he applied and I didn't, not dreaming I should have the ghost of a chance . . . I walked into a photographer's, and had my old phiz done to please you," ("that is so like Louis, to try to make it up to me some other way,' thought Jeanne,) "and there is another thing I hate writing about, but I must, and you would rather I did, so here goes.

"In case anything happens to me, write at once to my bankers; they have my will and life assurance policy. I forget if I told you I managed to insure my life when I first joined. It is for £1000, which will easily clear my debts, buy a good horse for Uncle Roberts, and leave something over for you. Also they have a letter for you, which I wrote a long time ago, but I hope that you may never have to apply for the same, my Jeannie dear, but that I shall soon be home to throw it into the fire and laugh over it, and tell you the contents by word of mouth . . . The only thing I feel guilty towards you is in starting for Somaliland when I was due and had promised to come home. These are the occasions when you wish I was not a soldier—" ("No, never," said Jeanne), "but they are the only occasions on which a soldier has a chance of showing what he is worth, if indeed he is worth anything, and any way I shall be two thousand miles nearer you. . . . "

Jeanne received this letter in the middle of January, and she perceived by the date that it was written some time before the news of his inheritance had reached Louis.

It roused her from her depression, and awoke renewed pride in her brother's success where others had failed.

"You see, they always pick him out. It just shows what

they must think of him," she said to Dunham, with melancholy exultation.

"It does indeed, ma'am; but if I was him, I must say I should have stood firm and refused to go. With all this business waiting to be settled, and Mr. Valentine able to do next to nothing till he comes home."

"He did not know all that when he wrote. Besides, it would be dishonour to refuse to go on active service," said Jeanne, with reddening cheeks. "How can you think it possible, Mrs. Dunham?"

"Well, ma'am, a gentleman with *his* fortune has something better to do than to go prancing over the desert looking for naked savages, in my opinion," said Dunham, firmly. "Let others go as has their bread to earn and don't care how they does it. But for a gentleman who will have thousands a year to spend as he likes, I calls it tempting Providence."

"I am afraid it is," said simple Jeanne. "But you don't understand. Louis is a soldier; it is in his blood. He *must* go, while there is any fighting left to be done. It would break his heart to stay behind; though I am sure it breaks mine that he should run more risks. But he is always lucky. Somehow it gives me confidence to remember how he went through all those dreadful battles in South Africa and never was touched. And he says this will be only a short expedition."

"People used to say that about South Africa, ma'am. Well I remember Hewitt telling us it would all be over in three months," said Dunham gloomily. "But he was wrong, as he nearly always is, though never owning it."

"Still perhaps—as my brother says he will probably not be long—I might get his room ready all the same?"

"It is his right to have the best room in the house. He's the master now," said Dunham, but her voice trembled.

"Oh, Mrs. Dunham, you do not think I would take Aunt Caroline's room," said Jeanne, sincerely shocked.

"Why not, 'm? She won't never want it no more. 'Tis

my belief she'd have wished it. Though how that velvet-pile carpet will stand cigarette ash I can't tell. I remember his poor father used to drop it about long ago."

"Did he indeed? But Louis does not smoke."

"That's not likely by this time, ma'am. Whatever he may have done when he left home," said Dunham, in a pitying voice, as though she thought cigarette-smoking must be hereditary.

"No, I assure you he is not a smoker. He would have told me if he had become one."

"Gentlemen don't tell their sisters everything, ma'am, if you'll excuse me," said Dunham.

Jeanne gave up the attempt to convince the old woman that Louis was the brilliant exception who proved this rule. But about the room she remained firm. Louis must not take Aunt Caroline's room. He would not like it at all. He was not used to a large room, and would think it too luxurious for a soldier.

"Then if Pyke and me is to have the best bedroom floor all to ourselves," said Dunham severely, "which I can't think becoming 'm, but far be it from me to say so—then there's nothing left but the nurseries, what have never been used since we came here."

Jeanne mounted the echoing stone-staircase almost eagerly, to explore the upper floor, in company with her conductress.

"The stairs are very steep," she said, pausing before the little white gate at the top in order to allow Mrs. Dunham to recover breath. "I suppose long ago, when the house was built, they put this gate here to prevent the children falling down the stairs?"

"They put it up too late by all accounts, Miss Jane," said Dunham. "This house belonged to poor Miss Marney's cousin, the late Duke of Monaghan. She bought it from him over twenty years ago; and they put up the gate after the little heir fell down this flight of stairs, and was carried into her Grace's room—for dead."

"Was he killed?" said Jeanne, horrified.

"Crippled for life, ma'am. They sold the house in consequence. They say her Grace vowed she would never set foot in it again. She never came near your poor auntie. But the Duke called on her twice before he died," said Dunham, rather proudly, "and by all accounts she lost very little by not seeing the Duchess, for no one had a good word for her. They say she led the poor Duke a terrible life with her temper and all."

Jeanne looked pitifully at the scene of this long past catastrophe. She pictured "the little heir" running gaily forth from his nursery for the last time—the fall—the cry—the silence—and the terrified nurse lifting a little crushed figure.

"This part of the house has not been touched, ma'am, since Miss Marney came here. It had all been done up fresh when the poor Duke succeeded, only a year or two before the accident. Miss Marney had no use for this floor, so she left it alone, and only decorated the rooms she occupied. She never came up here, the stairs being so steep and her heart weak. There's two very nice-sized bedrooms, ma'am, beyond this," said Dunham.

Jeanne walked through the empty and silent nurseries, softly, and on tiptoe. They seemed haunted by the ghosts of the children who had played there, and who must have climbed on to chairs and tables, when they wanted to look out of the high, barred windows.

The walls were still covered with a faded paper of pictured nursery rhymes.

"We will leave these rooms just as they are," she said, "but oh, Mrs. Dunham, if you think I *might*, I would so much rather come upstairs to one of these large empty bedrooms, and have the one next to mine made ready for *him*. It would seem almost like company to know he was coming, and besides —I think—surely the maids must be sleeping on this floor, just beyond the baize door? I am very very often frightened at night, Mrs. Dunham—all alone among the empty drawing-

rooms—if you won't think it foolish of me to say so—and I hear such odd noises. I sometimes feel as though the mahogany wardrobe must be walking about; it creaks so dreadfully."

"Why didn't you say so before, ma'am?" said Dunham, astonished. "'Tis for you to give the orders. Your things shall be moved this very day. And the head housemaid shall sleep in a little room close by within call, as ought to be mine, only my poor lady would have me next door to her. To be sure I might have thought you would be nervous."

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Dunham," said the poor little lonely lady, gratefully. For she was indeed unable to realise that it was she, after all, and not Dunham, who was mistress of the house. Her conscience pricked her nevertheless, for the opportunities she made to ask Dunham's advice, or exchange a word or two with her.

"What would Aunt Caroline think of me?" she reflected in dismay, now and then. "She said one must never talk to the servants. That is what it is to be what poor old Granny Morgan used to say Louis and I were; neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor good red herring. At home I wickedly look down on Uncle Roberts and think myself more refined than he, and that a farm-house is no place for a de Courset; when I am here, it is the farm which seems the most natural; and I feel like a doll stuck up and doing nothing, quite out of place; and would be glad if the youngest housemaid, the pretty one with red hair, might come and talk to me. She looks far more cheerful than Mrs. Dunham. Surely Aunt Caroline would not have called Mrs. Dunham exactly a *servant* after they had lived so many years together? She must have earned the right to be more of a friend. And if I talk to *nobody* I believe it would end in my going mad. I used to enjoy my meals, but now I would almost rather go without them, than be waited on in solemn silence by Hewitt and Williams."

A worse penance than these solitary repasts was the daily drive, which Dunham hinted that it behoved a lady, however lonely, to indulge. Jeanne dared not refuse, for she was

penetrated by an honest anxiety to carry out the wishes of her late aunt, and to prove herself a worthy representative of the family. She learned from Dunham the daily routine of Miss Marney's life in London during the past twenty years, and endeavoured, as faithfully as possible, to pursue the same programme. But she was buoyed up by a secret hope that when Louis came home he would discover a less irksome *régime* to be equally suitable to her exalted position.

Thus she walked with Dunham every morning at noon; down Upper Grosvenor Street and into the Park, that the toy Yorkshire terrier might be carefully exercised in a leading-string: and back again through Upper Brook Street and so home.

Jeanne might have enjoyed these expeditions had the weather been less cold, and had Dunham and the dog been able to walk a little faster. But the mincing steps of the aged maid were carefully timed to accord with the slow waddle of the obese lapdog.

Dunham, gathering her rustling silk skirts in a bunch before her, held them up to display her old-fashioned elastic-sided boots, and picked her way nervously over the crossings, of which she had never been able to lose her rustic dread; whilst Jeanne, in a little black cloth jacket, suited rather to the warm west country, and to her accustomed energetic tramping over hill and dale, than to the London east winds, shivered and dawdled by her side. But it occurred neither to her nor to Dunham, to take Miss Marney's sables and sealskins out of their camphorated wrappings, and make use of them. They were preserved and tended as jealously as though Dunham expected their late owner to return at any moment, and demand them at her hands.

The drive was always taken in the immense double brougham, for it was Miss Marney's rule to have the close carriage out in winter and the open carriage in summer, and Buckam, the coachman, had no notion of making changes at his time of life.

He was so ponderous and infirm that he had to be assisted on to the box; but once safely seated there, he drove carefully and well. William, the Irish footman, sat beside him, and they apparently decided together where the drive should be taken, and how long it should last.

William's unfortunate low-comedy face, and his involuntary but perpetual smile as he daily touched his hat and waited for orders at the carriage door, caused the lonely lady, quite unjustly, to suspect him of laughing at her in his sleeve; and the very suspicion doubled her nervousness.

Every afternoon she stammered, "Please go—nowhere in particular—just drive about;" and every afternoon, having thus uttered, she beat her brains for a more dignified and sensible reply.

One day it occurred to her to inquire of Dunham why a stout red volume of addresses was always carefully handed into the carriage with the rug.

"It's the Red-book, ma'am," said Dunham, rather shocked at this new display of ignorance.

"I see it is a red book," said Jeanne meekly, "but why must I take it out driving?"

"Why, though your poor auntie had given up paying visits for some time before she died, yet in case she had felt inclined to do so, of course she wanted the Red-book handy to look up where the people lived."

"I see," said Jeanne, but she understood nothing.

"There used to be a lot of cards left here, when we first came," said Dunham, nodding sadly towards the bowl of hoarded dingy pasteboards which decorated the table in the hall.

"Did Aunt Caroline know so many people when first she came to London?"

"She knew very few people, but she paid a lot of calls on people whom you might have thought would be glad enough to know her, seeing she was related by blood (though rather distant, to be sure) to a many of them. She tried to distract herself after her poor brother's death by making new acquaintances,

poor dear, which she never could have done in his lifetime, for he couldn't abide visitors. Though, to be sure he grudged her nothing else; and she always had her clothes from Elise, and Worth, and all the grand places, though it often seemed a pity, with no one to see them. But she liked to keep up a proper dignity, Miss Jane, as a lady in her position ought."

"Yes," said Jeanne, and her heart sank.

"But there, all her efforts came to nothing. She was too old fashioned to take to new faces or new ways, and Londoners was too free and easy for her as had been all her life Miss Marney of Orsett, and accustomed to take the lead and be deferred to. She just quarrelled with one after the other, and that's about all it came to. And nobody comes to look for you in London, Miss Jane, be you who you may."

"That is very true," and Jeanne sighed in sympathy.

"You can be more solitary here than ever you could in the depths of the country," said Dunham, shaking her head. "Where, at the least, the passers by will give you good-day. So for the last ten or fifteen years we've been satisfied to keep ourselves *to* ourselves, willy-nilly, as a body might say. But it's different with you, missie; you're young, and have your life before you. It's not for me to advise you, 'm, but I would make friends while I was young, in your place, and not leave it till it's too late, Miss Jane."

"That is just what my aunt said to me; that I should have plenty of visits to make later on," thought Jeanne, and she recalled her aunt's injunctions to be exclusive. "I must be very careful whom I make friends with, however," she thought, anxiously.

It seemed to her that all London lay open to her choice; and the only question was—where to begin? It would have been hard to fathom the depths of Jeanne's social ignorance.

She consulted Dunham no further, but thought out the question of calls and callers for herself, in the light of the foregoing hints, and of her lively recollections of the visiting code of the Rector's wife at Coed-Ithel.

"She said she never lost a moment calling on new neighbours," thought Jeanne, "she said it was the duty of the residents. I wonder why nobody has called on me. Perhaps they think it too soon after poor Aunt Caroline's death; or perhaps they do not realise that any one is living here, and think I am just the companion, or somebody of that kind, waiting till the owner comes home. But I am the lady of the house, really. I suppose it is my duty, as Dunham says, to make a few friends, but it is very hard to know where to begin."

She turned over the pages of the Red-book helplessly.

"The day after the first Sunday they came to church she always went," said Jeanne. "I remember that, because I asked her once why she waited till then, as one was not to lose a moment in welcoming them, and she said, only to give them time to settle down. Well—I suppose it must be the people living in the same square who are my neighbours,—anyway, they are the nearest. The first time I see an arrival of a new family here put in the paper, I will make a start," she resolved.

She scanned the advertisements in the fashionable column of the *Morning Post* very regularly for some days after making this resolution; and her scrutiny was presently rewarded by the announcement that Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Wheler had arrived at 129 Grosvenor Square.

This was on a Friday.

Jeanne considerately allowed the proper interval to elapse, and on Monday afternoon, when starting for her drive, she delivered an order to the astonished William, which he had to repeat twice to Buckam on the box, before the coachman could believe his ears.

"Please drive me to 129 Grosvenor Square. I am going to pay a visit," said the lonely lady, in a determined but shaking voice.

(*To be continued*)