THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

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No. 28. X. 1.—JAN. 1903.

CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (DECEMBER).

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

LE BYRON DE NOS JOURS

OR

THE ENGLISH BAR AND CROSS REVIEWERS

STILL must I hear?—while Austin prints his verse
And Satan's sorrows fill Corelli's purse,
Must I not write lest haply some K.C.
To flatter Tennyson should sneer at me?
Or must the Angels of the Darker Ink
No longer tell the public what to think—
Must lectures and reviewing all be stayed
Until they're licensed by the Board of Trade?
Prepare for rhyme—I'll risk it—bite or bark
I'll stop the press for neither Gosse nor Clarke.

O sport most noble, when two cocks engage
With equal blindness and with equal rage!
When each, intent to pick the other's eye,
Sees not the feathers from himself that fly,
And, fired to scorch his rival's every bone,
Ignores the inward heat that grills his own;
Until self-plucked, self-spitted and self-roast,
Each to the other serves himself on toast.

But stay, but stay, you've pitched the key, my Muse,
A semi-tone too low for great Reviews;

Such penny whistling suits the cockpit's hum,
But here's a scene deserves the biggest drum.

Behold where high above the clamorous town
The vast Cathedral-towers in peace look down:
Hark to the entering crowd's incessant tread—
They bring their homage to the mighty dead.
Who in silk gown and fullest-bottomed wig
Approaches yonder, with emotion big?
Room for Sir Edward! now we shall be told
Which shrines are tin, which silver and which gold.
'Tis done! and now by life-long habit bound
He turns to prosecute the crowd around;
Indicts and pleads, sums up the *pro* and *con*,
The verdict finds and puts the black cap on.

"Prisoners, attend! of Queen Victoria's day
I am the Glory, you are the Decay.
You cannot think like Tennyson deceased,
You do not sing like Browning in the least.
Of Tennyson I sanction every word,
Browning I cut to something like one third:
Though, mind you this, immoral he is not,
Still quite two thirds I hope will be forgot.
He was to poetry a Tom Carlyle—
And that reminds me, Thomas too was vile.
He wrote a life or two, but parts, I'm sure,
Compared with other parts are very poor.
Now Dickens—most extraordinary—dealt
In fiction with what people really felt.
That proves his genius. Thackeray again
Is so unequal as to cause me pain.
And last of all, with History to conclude,
I've read Macaulay and I've heard of Froude.

That list, with all deductions, Gentlemen,
Will show that 'now' is not the same as 'then':
If you believe the plaintiff you'll declare
That English writers are not what they were."

Down sits Sir Edward with a glowing breast,
And some applause is instantly suppressed.

Now up the nave of that majestic church
A quick uncertain step is heard to lurch.
Who is it? no one knows: but by his mien
He's the head verger if he's not the Dean.

"What fellow's this that dares to treat us so?
This is no place for lawyers, out you go!
He is a brawler, Sir, who here presumes
To move our laurels and arrange our tombs.
Suppose that Meredith or Stephen said
(Or do you think those gentlemen are dead?)
This age has borne no advocates of rank,
Would not your face in turn be rather blank?
Come now, I beg you, go without a fuss,
And leave these high and heavenly things to us;
You may perhaps be some one, at the Bar,
But you are not in Orders, and we are."

Sir Edward turns to go, but as he wends
One swift irrelevant retort he sends.
"Your logic and your taste I both disdain,
You've quoted wrong from Jonson and Montaigne."
The shaft goes home, and somewhere in the rear
Birrell in smallest print is heard to cheer.

And yet—and yet—conviction's not complete:

There was a time when Milton walked the street,
And Shakespeare singing in a tavern dark
Would not have much impressed Sir Edward Clarke.
To be alive—ay! there's the damning thing,
For who will buy a bird that's on the wing?
Catch, kill and stuff the creature, once for all,
And he may yet adorn Sir Edward's hall;
But while he's free to go his own wild way
He's not so safe as birds of yesterday.

In fine, if I must choose—although I see
That both are wrong—Great Gosse! I'd rather be
A critic suckled in an age outworn
Than a blind horse that starves knee-deep in corn.

ON THE LINE

Mallet du Pan and the French Revolution. By Bernard Mallet. (Longmans. 12*s.* 6*d.*) Mallet du Pan's male descendants became naturalised Englishmen, and some have been well known in English official life. This excellent memoir has been drawn up with filial piety by a great-grandson, and confirms the justice of Carlyle's appreciation, that "of all writers on the Royalist side—indeed, I may say, on any side—Mallet seems to me to have taken incomparably the truest views of the enormous phenomena he was in the midst of." Sainte Beuve and Taine formed the same estimate. The book is full of interesting side-lights on the period, and its judgments are strikingly careful and moderate. It is a valuable contribution to the history of the French Revolution.

Mallet du Pan found himself at the age of forty a journalist in Paris when the Revolution began. For five years previously he had been editing the enlightened *Mercure de Paris*, and had contrived, in spite of a strict censorship, to introduce a liberal treatment of political affairs into his paper. In a private journal which he kept during this time, he correctly gauged the rotten state of the finances and the worthlessness of the Ministers. Thus, in 1789, his knowledge of Paris and France and his high and independent character and training fitted him eminently well for the part of a keen and discriminating judge of the great events which were to ensue.

By birth he was a Genevese Protestant of Huguenot descent, and this circumstance no doubt determined his point of view to a large extent. But his outlook was no narrow

one. A thorough student and professor of history, international law and political economy, he was a bold and original thinker on these subjects. He had been a frequent guest at Ferney during Voltaire's last years, and as a young man he had taken part in Genevan politics on the democratic side, in opposition to his own family. He had travelled much, and had made a special study of the political state of England at the critical period of the close of the American War of Independence.

As a republican by origin and a believer in representative Government, he looked with sympathy on the opening doings of the States-General and the constituent Assembly. But when brought face to face with the revolutionary fever in its terrible aspects, and when he finally witnessed what seemed to him the triumph of ignorance, fanaticism and tyranny, he conceived an undying horror of the Revolution and its methods, and devoted his life henceforth to what he believed to be the holy cause of counteracting it. He stayed on in Paris, courageously editing his paper and upholding single-handed to the eminent risk of his life and safety the cause of Constitutional Royalism, till May 1792, when he left for Frankfort, entrusted with a mission of the utmost delicacy and importance to the Allies. The remaining eight years of his life were devoted to a vain endeavour to promote a counter-revolution. To this end he wrote and toiled at Brussels, in Switzerland, and finally in England. Here he died in 1800, his heart sick with hope long deferred and disappointment. The despair of a fine soul over a hopeless cause appears in the portrait prefixed to this volume. It is a countenance full of benignity and sweet reasonableness that suggests the philosopher pursuing abstract truth, rather than the publicist who took a courageous part in stormy times.

Edward Bowen: A Memoir. By the Rev. the Hon. W. E. Bowen. (Longmans. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.) Harrovians will be grateful to Mr. W. E. Bowen for telling them or reminding

them in this book of many things concerning the remarkable man who was so impressive a figure in their school-life. We cannot share the author's hope that the book will attract those who are not interested in Harrow, or specially in education, and we do not believe that Edward Bowen would have wished it so. He made his choice, and gave to Harrow the whole of powers which might have made him eminent in the great world; and the seeming barrenness of so gifted a nature in things beyond the circle of the school is the measure of his devotion to his purpose. The memoir, which occupies the first 260 pages of the volume, varies remarkably in interest, according as it presents Bowen, the man, the master, and the friend, or records dead controversies, in which he doubtless took a distinguished part. We should have preferred less of educational reform, which after all is dull, though important, and more of table talk and school talk, and we venture to say that the picture would be the truer for it. Somewhere, surely, there must exist great store of Bowen's sayings and sudden curious questionings of his form. "Who broke what to whom and what was he for it when?" was always ascribed to him, the answer being that Sigismund broke his word to John Huss (at the Council of Constance) and was sorry for it afterwards. Or, again, "What did he sit on?" referring to a certain august wineglass, *collected* by Sir Walter Scott, and too soon tragically lost. But perhaps Mr. Bowen was afraid of being flippant; his introduction is certainly of prodigious gravity, and worthy of the double piety of a nephew and a pupil.

> He had striking power of discipline and government, as striking as that of Vaughan. As a source of moral inspiration he was scarcely second to Arnold, while as a teacher he was much superior to Arnold. He had the vigour, the energy, the manly hardihood of Thring. He had all the classical scholarship and the literary delicacy and grace of the present Dr. H. M. Butler. *Such a combination of characteristics would by itself have produced a very impressive personality.*

This is Ercles' vein; and surely almost enough to deter the astonished reader from further venture. Yet for all that the

book is worth study for the light it throws on a very singular and noble character.

But why is the school badge printed upside down on the back of it?

Side-lights on the Georgian Period. By George Paston. (Methuen.) "Women," wrote Lord Chesterfield to his son, "have an entertaining tattle, sometimes wit; but for solid reasoning good sense, I never in my life knew one who had it, or who reasoned or acted consequentially for twenty-four hours together . . . they love mightily to be dabbling in business which they always spoil, and being distrustful that men in general look upon them in a trifling light, they almost adore that man who talks to them seriously and seems to consult them." This quotation, cited by Mr. Paston in his essay on "The Ideal Woman" (one of the many pleasant essays that make up his pleasant volume), is in itself a side-light on the Georgian Period, possibly also on other periods in feminine history. The average woman of the eighteenth century, was, so our author comments, kept far from responsibility and from any chance of self-development, yet "the men who were wholly responsible for this state of things . . . censured their feminine contemporaries for their folly and childishness every whit as severely as the modern man censures the modern woman for ambition and strenuousness." Here we have another side-light—this time upon the masculine race. But Mr. Paston does not always deal with the unwise virgins. He has loitered to purpose in the by-paths of Memoirs—those grassy alleys of history—and has revived forgotten figures. Who among us remembers Eliza Fletcher? Yet, in her heyday (and she lived from 1770 to 1852), Edinburgh resounded with the fame of her intellectual Salon. She was the staunch champion of Liberty in every form, and loved causes almost as much as she loved people. Heroes, and still more heroines, are seldom blessed with humour, and Mrs. Fletcher was fonder of Sir Samuel Romilly (on principle) than

she was of Sir Walter Scott. Her husband admired "Ossian's Poems" and tossed off a glass to Greek Independence on his deathbed, and between them both they helped forward every progressive movement that enlightened their generation. All the same, "An English Madame Roland" (the title of Mr. Paston's sketch) seems rather a big name for this impetuous but secure lady, who, doubtless, often lost her head, but not by the guillotine. Miss Letitia Matilda Hawkins (the subject of another study, "A Spinster's Recollections") is a very different person. Her novel "The Countess and Gertrude," was almost as famous in its time as the books of her contemporary, Miss Burney; her father, like Miss Burney's, wrote a history of music; and she, too, lived in the neat Olympus of the day, where couplets were mistaken for poetry and handed round in pedantic ecstacy, while ladies had only to emit a few moral platitudes to be accounted worthy of the best company. But Miss Hawkins is a disagreeable Minerva—a kind of eighteenth-century Miss Martineau, with a disagreeable word for everybody. As a child she hated Dr. Johnson and remembers her father saying one day, when she had been naughty—"'Miss (which was my designation of disgrace) I shall take you to Dr. Johnson's this evening.'" "I certainly had no idea (she adds) that the same Dr. Johnson, whom I thought rather a disgraceful visitor to our house, and who was never mentioned by ladies but with a smile, was to be one day an honour, not only to us, but to his country." How angry would Miss Hawkins be with Time, who has buried her and left us Dr. Johnson! The correspondence of her rival, Miss Burney, with Mrs. Delany's great-niece has already been enjoyed by the readers of the *Monthly Review*. Not so the rest of these papers, hitherto unpublished. Very amusing, among others, are the accounts of "An American in England" (a certain Ticknor) and also of the Angelos, the family of fashionable fencers, far more thought of as artists in their generation than their great Italian namesake. The nature of George Paston's volume, which consists of a variety of miscellaneous essays cover-

ing a long period, is bound to produce a rather disjointed impression, and some of the studies are almost too unsubstantial. The more serious ones are the best, and "The Felon" gives us interesting information about the prisons of a century and more ago. But if this article proves, as it certainly does, that many things have changed for the better, "London through French Eye-glasses" shows that one thing, at least, remains the same. M. Grosley came over from France to England in 1765. While he was in London he visited Ranelagh and Vauxhall. "The pleasure-seekers," said he, "looked as grave as at the bank or at church, and each seemed to be mentally asking the question which is said to have been put by a young English nobleman to his tutor at some place of amusement, *Am I as joyous as I ought to be?*" We have only to go to a London theatre to corroborate M. Grosley's statement.

Mr. Paston has given us froth, but it is the froth of wine —by which we mean knowledge: a good light wine made for dessert-time. Such froth is not to be despised.

May History have yet a chance against Fiction? If readers can be found to turn away for a little while from the triumphs and the perils of imaginary heroes to the development of a real historical character of world-wide importance, they will certainly enjoy the life of **the Emperor Charles V.**, by Edward Armstrong. We have here the result of many years of study, presented in a compact and readable form. The chief interest of the book lies in its presentation of the difficulties which surrounded the path of a much-hampered, though apparently almost omnipotent ruler, and its description of the character which was slowly evolved from this embarrassing environment.

In his description of the celebrated scene of Luther's appearance before the Diet of Worms, Mr. Armstrong shows that courage and heroism were not monopolised by the great Reformer, that his young and inexperienced judge had also a difficult part to play, and that he played it with firmness and dignity.

Should the book reach, as it certainly ought to do, a second and many future editions, we would advise Mr. Armstrong to give his readers a short, a very short, preliminary chapter explaining how Charles came to unite in his own person the rights of three great houses, Burgundy, Spain and Austria, and giving a slight sketch of those strangely contrasted ancestors, Charles the Bold, Ferdinand and Isabella, and Maximilian. We would also plead for the insertion of marginal dates, that we may always know what are our chronological bearings. This help to the reader is the more necessary because Mr. Armstrong (wisely as we think) follows the order of subject rather than of time, giving us, for instance, the story of one of the great wars with Francis in one chapter, and then turning back to discuss the affairs of Germany and the progress of the Reformation in another.

As a specimen of Mr. Armstrong's style we give, not one of the well-known, often described scenes, such as the abdication, but the account of the Emperor's march northwards from Rome in 1536:—

The Emperor, however, must hurry northwards. He passed to the Imperial city of Siena. . . . . At Siena he was at his very best. On entering the Sienese territory he had cried, "We are now at home, let every one march as he likes." Up to this point his force had advanced with all the discipline usual on foreign soil, as though surprise might be expected at every turn. The sudden change was a pretty, friendly touch, well calculated to warm the hearts of the impressionable Sienese. As he rode up to the city from the South he was met by processions of its clergy, its children, and its gentry. He would not take the keys from the magistrates at the gate, saying that they were in good keeping with magistrates most faithful to the Holy Roman Empire. Charles on entering was radiant with smiles; he would rein in his horse, and joke now with one citizen and now another. Spying a little Piccolomini, a very pretty child, carried in a servant's arms, he called him up, looked earnestly in the child's face and kissed him. The entrance to Siena is none too wide for festal purposes, for the city was more used to guarding against its exiles. Charles would not let the troopers of his escort move until the children had made their bows, for fear that the horses might kick them. He fully earned the genuine cries of "Welcome, Welcome, Emperor Charles!" The Emperor saw all Siena's sights. . . . . His visit was only too short, although there was an

aftermath of pleasure in the arrival of two dromedaries, fresh from Tunis, which had failed to catch him up. There are few sadder contrasts in history than that between this momentary joyous friendship of the Emperor with his Italian town, and the loss of liberty and permanent material ruin which, in his enforced absence from Italy, his unsympathetic Spanish agents were to inflict—the very last tragedy of his reign.

The Oxford History of Music. Vol. III. The Music of the 17th Century. By Sir C. Hubert H. Parry, Bart. (Clarendon Press. 15*s.* net.) The Oxford History of Music is fast approaching completion, if a body may be said to be complete without part of its head. We gave an account in *The Monthly Review* for January last, of Professor H. E. Wooldridge's first volume, which dealt with the music of the mediæval Church so far as the period of Descant. The second, in which is to be traced the course of modal counterpoint up to and including the work of Palestrina and his immediate successors, has yet to appear. In the third volume, Sir Hubert Parry follows the early monastic movement from its origin in Josquin and Arcadelt, to its culmination in Purcell; while in the fourth, which is just hot from the press, and of which a notice will appear hereafter, Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland brings matters down to the comparatively modern day of Bach and Handel. Thus, as we have said—volume II. being still more or less on the knees of the gods, so far as the public is concerned—the main body lacks something of its head.

For an account of the music of the 17th century it would have been difficult to find a brighter writer than Sir Hubert Parry. To the outsider the wonder is that so busy a man could find the time to express his views to the extent of nearly 500 pages, for the point is not so much the superficial area, so to speak, of the book, as the enormous amount of research necessary to its production. It would be absurd, as well as untrue, to say that there are not signs here and there of imperfect research, but in view of the magnificent splendour of the general scheme much may be forgiven. Far be it from us to suggest for a moment that Sir Hubert Parry is careless. The

fact of his undertaking so heavy a task at all is proof to the contrary. But we must be allowed to point out that "Nuove Musiche," an expression he uses over and over again, as if, it seems to us, it were synonymous with Schumann's "Neue Bahnen," or the pseudo-Wagnerish "Musik der Zukunft," does not mean "new music," but new musical pieces. Again, on the subject of Monteverde, Sir Hubert Parry falls constantly into error, apparently from having either ignored or overlooked the latest discoveries on the subject. As the date of Monteverde's birth is inaccurately given as 1568 instead of 1567, it is perhaps not unnatural that other dates in his career should also differ from those now accepted as correct. Thus his first publication was the "Madrigali Spirituali," published at Brescia in 1583, and the exact date of his appointment as maestro di capella to the Duke of Mantua, though not known certainly, was more than probably 1602. Moreover, Monteverde succeeded in this office Benedetto Pallavicino, not "his old master, Ingegneri," who, as a matter of historical fact, never held that office. We notice too with no little regret that Sir Hubert Parry has revived the ancient and entirely erroneous title of "Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book" for the famous Fitzwilliam Collection; surely the superb edition of the "Fitzwilliam Virginal Book," which masqueraded unwittingly so long under the above title, published only a few years ago by Messrs. Barclay Squire and J. A. Fuller Maitland, is not already entirely forgotten?

On the subject of "Initiatives" Sir Hubert Parry has much to say that is not only interesting but of considerable historical value, notably his account of the Venetian opera and opera-houses; but he is not strictly accurate in assigning Monteverde's "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse" and "La Nozze di Enea con Lavonia" to the opera-house of St. Mark's, for the former was produced at the San Cassiano, and the latter at the San Giovanni e Paolo, both in 1641.[1] Of quite uncommon interest too (though it contains nothing new) is the chapter on English

[1] "Boschetti Boschetto" (p. 60) is an inversion of the usual order, and Dandi an obvious misprint for Landi, as is S'Alessis for S. Alessis.

music after the Commonwealth, in which there is much warm appreciation and just judgment of Purcell. But we confess our inability to understand this sentence on p. 284: "Besides these he [Purcell] had to write odes for Queens' and other royal people's birthdays, odes styled vaguely 'for the King,' *à propos* of nothing in particular, and a funeral anthem for the death of Queen Mary." One would like to know more of these odes, and also where the "great many odes for different yearly celebrations of St. Cecilia's Day" have disappeared to, it being a matter of general belief among musicians that only four exist. Again, we cannot but think that the correct dates of production of Purcell's operas, *Epsom Wells*, *Aurengzebe* and *The Libertine*, which the author here states were produced in 1676, were 1692–3, though we know that in this we differ from some of the authorities.

Want of space alone prevents our going into detail of the chapters concerning the signs of change in England from the old polyphonic choral methods to the secular style, the diffusion of new principles, or the beginnings of German music with its admirable examination of Heinrich Schütz, Kaspar Kerl, the early Bachs and old Buxtehude. Sir Hubert Parry has been true to his intention to refrain from "burdening the mind or overweighting an argument with a multitude of concrete facts which cannot be made to have a living meaning." He writes with a breezy freshness and a freedom from prejudice that are all too rare among makers of musical literature, but we have not thought it worth while to quote him *verbatim*, since surely all who are seriously and intelligently interested in the Art of which he is so conspicuous an ornament are already acquainted with his refreshing style, as exemplified in his delightful "Studies of the Great Composers," and his really monumental volume on "The Evolution of the Art of Music." Nevertheless, in the sacred cause of historic accuracy we have thought it necessary to point out the existence of a number of errors; but these and others are easy of correction, and could very well be put right in the second edition, to the publication

of which we look forward with hopeful anticipation, for certainly we have here the most lucid account that has yet appeared of music in the seventeenth century.

Of the three stories in **Moth and Rust** (Murray. 6*s.*), two have appeared before. The remarkable study of character that gives its name to the book is of that quality which "seizes" the public. Miss Cholmondeley's warmest, most exacting admirers cannot fail to be delighted with such a vivid piece of drama as this. She takes us captive, she hurries us along, out of breath, panting with eagerness, even when we are fain to linger over the many touches of excellent social comedy that adorn it. Captious critics may object that Cuckoo talks at great length and with marvellous clearness for a person who had broken her back. What do we care, we who are trembling for Janet on the ruined staircase, or sick with pity for the odious Monkey Brand? They may say, if they like, that Mr. Vanbrunt's failure is unique; that to fail when you are not only able to meet all your liabilities but to start clear with half a million, is hardly failure in the usual sense of the word. What does that matter to us, who know that Lady Anne could never have accepted him when he was vulgar enough to be much better off than she was? Never were two women more brilliantly contrasted than Lady Anne, whose fascination is her charm, and poor, stupid Janet, whose only charm is beauty; and it was a master-stroke of design to make them friends, not enemies. No novelist has ever yet said the last word on that hard problem, the lie to save another, though it has been a favourite subject since the days of Scott. To the great lying heroines (alas! it is only the heroine who ever finds it difficult to lie! there is no instance, so far as we can recollect, of a famous hero who had scruples on the point) to the magnificent list that includes Elspeth of the Craigbairnfoot, the nun in "Les Misérables,"[1] and Mrs. Gaskell's Margaret, Janet must now be

[1] The Bishop in the same work is an exception rather apparent than real.

added. Her single lie, her faithful, foolish, dog-like persistence in it, command the irritated admiration that constancy misplaced must always ensure. Beside the wonderful women of the story (Mrs. Trefusis is just as fine, though there is not much of her), the men are a little indistinct. George, Fred, and the delightful Duke of Quorn stand out well; but the artist is not so much an artist as the Duke is a Duke, and the millionaire, grateful as we are to him for not being Mr. Rhodes in disguise, is—half a millionaire. Fire plays a handsome part in fiction, and any connoisseur of the fires of romance will rank Miss Cholmondeley's very high, the more so that we never see it, that we see only the place where it has been. She can set the water flowing too, and she does it in the delicate scene of George, Janet and the rose, and Lady Anne's despair. "Has any outcast from happiness sought rest by running water, and found it not?" This is, for her, a curiously suggestive passage; for it is her custom to state rather than to suggest. Her humour always rings true—her sentiment not always. In "Moth and Rust" they work together far more harmoniously than when she wrote her earlier works.

There is great art also in the management of the plot. The length or shortness of a book has more to do with success than would be readily acknowledged by those who depend upon isolated scenes and touches instead of on the symmetrical effect resulting from the construction of a whole. "Moth and Rust" is of that most difficult of all lengths, the right length—a fact proven doubly by the wish so often expressed when the last page has been turned, "If it were only longer!" We have said this about all books that are just of the right length. We have said it about a tale of Stevenson's—and there are those who have said it about "The Faery Queene." A story of the proper length is not of any length at all. It is a circle, a serpent with its tail in its mouth, ending where it began. And such a perfect circle Miss Cholmondeley has described.

Bishops, Miss Cholmondeley took care to show us in "Red Pottage," are really women

LETTERS FROM DELHI, 1857

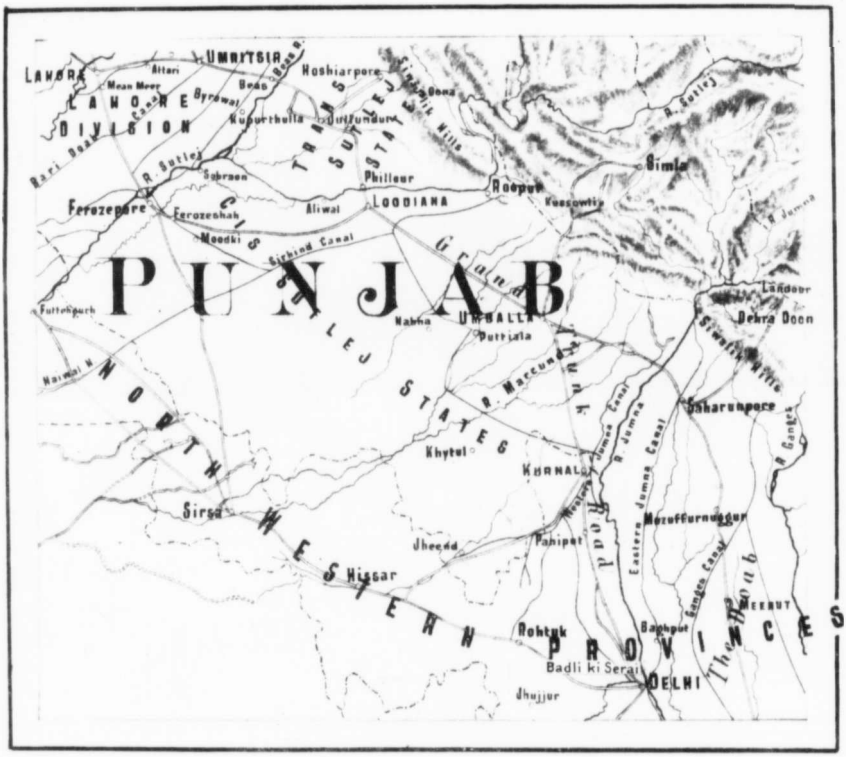
DELHI has always been the centre alike of the tragedies and of the splendour of the East. It has felt the cruelties of Afghan invaders, and has seen the magnificence of the Mogul Court. But through its long and chequered history it is difficult to find a sharper contrast than that presented by the dark days of 1857 and the brilliant pageant which is to celebrate the Coronation of the King. On the famous "Ridge," where our soldiers during the hot weather of the year of the Mutiny suffered so much, the Viceroy's camp is now pitched. In front of the Cashmere Gate, near the spot where John Nicholson lies buried, is an exhibition of the arts and crafts of India, and outside the Moree Gate on the plain over which our guns pounded the walls immediately before the final assault, a town of tents has sprung up in which visitors to the Durbar are housed. Inside Delhi a ball is to be given in the Fort-Palace of the Mogul Emperors and of the King of Delhi, and a light railway has been made to convey the guests from their tents to the ball!

The letters which appear below bring us into close touch with all the sad events of 1857. They were written during the siege to George Carnac Barnes, one of the Commissioners of the Punjab, John Lawrence being, as all England knows, Chief Commissioner. Barnes' division was known as the Cis-Sutlej States, and included that part of the Punjab which lies between the Sutlej and Jumna rivers—a province of special

importance and of peculiar difficulty in the events connected with the siege of Delhi. This division "acted as a kind of breakwater; beyond was the raging sea, inside was comparative calm." In the division was Umballa, the headquarters of the army in India. Through it ran the last section in the Punjab of the Grand Trunk Road which stretched from Peshawur to the Cabul and Lahore Gates of Delhi, down which alone the reinforcements from the Punjab could have passed, and on the security of which the lives of our soldiers at Delhi depended. Lastly, and perhaps not least, the division contained within its borders the territories of the great Sikh Chiefs, the Maharajah of Puttiala and the Rajahs of Nabha and Jheend, to whose loyalty we owed so much—a loyalty which is the more remarkable when we remember that the Sikh war against their brothers in religion had only ended some eight years before.

The flames of mutiny, which for some months past had been smouldering in the Sepoy army, actually broke out on Sunday, May 10, 1857, at the military station of Meerut. The native troops rose in a body, and after burning the station and massacring all the Europeans they could find, marched unopposed to the Imperial City, where they were joined by the Delhi regiments. The fort was seized, and the rebel standard hoisted on the palace of the Mogul. English men and women were ruthlessly murdered in the streets, and the gates of Delhi were closed. On the same fateful Sunday two Sepoy regiments at Umballa, probably by concert with their comrades at Meerut, rushed out of their lines, broke open the bells of arms, and began to form and load under the direction of their native officers,—an incipient mutiny which was happily ended by the prompt measures taken by the military authorities at Umballa.

The news of the rising at Meerut reached General Anson, the Commander-in-Chief, at Umballa, on the 11th, and John Lawrence, at Rawul Pindi, on the 12th of May. Lawrence grasped the situation at once, and saw that the fate of India was trembling in the balance. He was able to look beyond the



Map of the Punjab, to illustrate "Letters from Delhi, 1857"

Punjab, and, instead of risking the safety of India to save his province, was willing, if need be, to sacrifice his province to save India. A telegram was sent advising the Commander in-Chief to advance on Delhi with all possible speed. Anson, however, was at first doubtful of the wisdom of this course, and Barnes, believing that Anson intended to entrench himself at Umballa, so telegraphed to Lawrence. Lawrence immediately telegraphed back to Barnes the witty reply, "Clubs are trumps, not spades, when in doubt take the trick";—words which were calculated to have their full weight with the General, who was the author of a text-book on Whist. General Anson was persuaded, and a move forward to Delhi was decided on.

Meanwhile Barnes had seen the Sikh Chiefs and had persuaded them to throw in their lot with us, by sending their troops to guard the Grand Trunk Road at Kurnal, at Thanesur, and at Loodiana,—a result, to some extent at least, due to the influence of personal friendship.[1]

When Anson had decided on a forward movement, it was discovered that the army had no transport. The duty of providing transport was thrown consequently on the civil authorities, and in less than a week Barnes and Douglas Forsyth (the Deputy Commissioner of Umballa) managed to gather together 2000 camels, 2000 bearers and 500 carts. On May 25, General Anson left Umballa, having sent detachments of his small force on before him a few days previously. On the 26th he was lying at Kurnal dying of cholera. Sir Henry Barnard, the next officer in seniority, was hastily sent for from Umballa, and arrived on the 27th in time to hear Anson murmur before he died,—"Barnard, I leave you the command, may success attend you! Good-bye." On June 7, Barnard was joined by a small body of troops from Meerut under Brigadier-General Wilson, and on the next day was fought the battle of Budlee-ke-Serai, which resulted in the rout

[1] General Wilson, writing to Lawrence on Sept. 28, after the fall of Delhi says: "to his (Barnes') influence with the Independent Chiefs I am mainly indebted for the valuable aid of the Puttiala and Jheend contingents."

of the mutineers and the capture of the Ridge, "which for fourteen long weeks to come was never to be abandoned until the city which it threatened,—or, to speak more accurately, which threatened it,—was in our hands."

Meanwhile John Lawrence had organised "the Punjab Movable Column" with Neville Chamberlain in command, but after the death on June 8 at the battle of Budlee-ke-Serai of Colonel Chester the Adjutant-General, he sent Neville Chamberlain to be Chief of the Staff of the besieging force before Delhi, and the command of the Movable Column was given to John Nicholson. On June 11 a report was made to Barnard urging the advisability of an immediate assault on the Cabul and Lahore Gates. The report was signed by four subaltern officers, Wilberforce Greathed, Maunsell and Chesney of the Engineers, and Hodson of the Intelligence Department—at a later period known as "Hodson of Hodson's Horse." The scheme was warmly supported by Hervey Greathed, who had formerly been the Commissioner of Meerut, and was now the Political Adviser to the Field Force. After much hesitation the scheme was accepted by Barnard. The assault was to take place under cover of darkness during the night of the 12th, but when the appointed hour came an important part of the force selected for the enterprise was missing. Brigadier Graves had misunderstood his orders and was not in his place with the 300 men under his command. The column thus weakened was not strong enough for the work, so orders were reluctantly given for the return of the storming-party to their quarters.

This brings us down to the date of the first of Sir Henry Barnard's letters.

CAMP ABOVE DELHI,
June 14, /57.

MY DEAR BARNES,—Here I am still looking at Delhi, hoping every hour our guns can silence those from the ramparts to enable me with any reasonable hope of success to approach nearer and carry the place, but they beat me in weight of

metal; so that in fact I have, I fear, nothing left for it but an attempt at *coup de main*, not easy on these bright nights. I can only man six guns, and these all served by raw hands. The brutes come out almost every day and on two occasions I have been able to send them back considerably minus; but I lose men myself and knock them up. In fact ever since the 8th we have had a continued skirmish; they estimate their loss since the 8th at upwards of 2000; this, I doubt not, includes the missing.

What you all could mean when you spoke disparagingly of the walls of Delhi, I cannot imagine; 24-pounders mounted throughout their bastions with about 7000 men behind them is not so easily walked into, and, as my engineers say they cannot make regular approaches, and my artillery that they cannot work the guns I have, I have only one alternative and that must be tried. If it fails, I have no reserve, it will be annihilation. Which would be least pernicious to India—to lose time in waiting for reinforcement or the risk of failure? They are making ready for another visit, so I must conclude. Give my kind regards to Mrs. Barnes.

Yours sincerely,

H. H. BARNARD.

June 17th, 1857.

My dear Barnes,—Some uncommonly unfeeling individual has bagged my only waterproof coat; in our bungalow there are two boxes, common deal and tinned inside; in the smallest there is a large regimental grey great coat; if you would kindly open the box and send me the coat you would do me a great kindness. At present we are still before, or as some one has just facetiously remarked, behind Delhi. The walls that were to tumble down before field-pieces stand up remarkably strong before 18-pounders. We have been, and are going on shelling the Palace which will make E. I. Regiment's stay there mighty unpleasant. A man of the Rifles shot a Sepoy and bagged 84 gold

Mohurs off him. I hope the grapes are ripening properly. They did not attack us yesterday, so I suppose they will to-day and take another licking. Hodson [1] has a bad cold and slight inflammation, but is better to-day. Young Greathed [2] also a slight go of fever; he is also better. Young Murray,[3] who was one of the musketry school, is put into the Guides. One of the Mahouts kindly took the finest Commissariat elephant into Delhi a present for the King yesterday. Curzon [4] sends you his regards and says the people have not yet come to worship us. General Reed is better, so will be up to his journey back again.

Yours very truly,

H. BARNARD.

June 18th, 1857.

MY DEAR BARNES,—I have just seen a letter of yours which gave me some satisfaction, as by it you appear to disapprove of the hazardous experiment of entering Delhi with my small force, leaving my camp, hospitals, supplies, treasury, in fact all the material of the army, insufficiently protected. I confess that urged on by the Political Adviser [5] acting with me, I had consented to a plan of a *coup-de-main* which would have entailed all the above considerations; accident alone prevented it; it may be the interposition of Providence, for, from what I hear, and from the opinion of others whom it became my duty to consult, I am convinced that success would have been as fatal as failure. A force under 2000 bayonets spread over a city of the magnitude of Delhi, would have been lost as a military body, and with the treachery that surrounds us, what would have become of my material? Since that I have been guided by military rule, and though it required moral courage to face

[1] Lieut. W. S. R. Hodson, of Hodson's Horse.

[2] Lieut. Wilberforce Greathed, R.E.

[3] Lieut. A. W. Murray, 42nd N.L.I., killed at the assault of Delhi, Sept. 14, 1857.

[4] Hon. R. Curzon, Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, afterwards Earl Howe.

[5] Hervey Greathed.

the cry that will be raised against our inactivity before Delhi, I can but act for the best and carefully wait any favourable opportunity of striking the blow. The great point raised by Mr. Greathed was the securing of the Doab and the desirability of sending troops to Alighur from Delhi. But were I in the City now I could not do this, the Castle and Selimghur yet remain before me, and to hold the City and to attack these with a force under 2000 would prevent my detaching a man.

The fact is Delhi, bristling with cannon, and garrisoned by men who, however contemptible in the open, have sagacity behind stone walls and some knowledge of the use of heavy ordnance—for Saturday they beat us in the precision of their fire—was not to be taken "by the force from Umballa and 2 troops of 6 Pounders," and its present strength has been greatly under-estimated.

We have fought one action at Budlee-ke-Serai, where so long as their guns remained to them they opposed formidable resistance. We have been subject to frequent attacks ever since, each made with some spirit but repulsed with heavy loss, and having now the position taken up from which we must eventually reduce the place, it strikes me the best Policy is to view it in its true light, as a difficult task, and not to be accomplished without sufficient force.

Once in the town, and the game is ours if we can hold it, and immediately a force will be available for any purpose Mr. Colvin[1] requires. Delay is vexatious, and losing men daily in these attacks, heart-breaking. I am well but much harassed, but I do assure you the more I think of it the more I rejoice in the haphazard experiment failing, and it is some comfort to see you agree. I only hope others will now see that I had more to do than to walk into Delhi. I will not lose an opportunity rest assured, Ever yours sincerely,

H. H. BARNARD.

[1] The Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces.

P.S.—We gave them a great beating yesterday with heavy loss. They had attempted to take up a position and erect batteries on Kishen-Gunje, Trevelyan-Gunje, and Paharunpoor. With two small columns under Major Tombs, H.A., Major Reid, Nusseree Battalion, we not only dislodged them, but cleared them out of the Serai above, and in fact drove all before us on this side of the town. It has had a very chilling effect, we hear, and their spirits are much disturbed, but their fire from the walls is as true as ever and as hot, and until we approach ours we shall do no good; and such is the state of the service that with all the bother of getting the siege train my Commanding Artillery Officer can only man 6 guns, and my Engineer has not a sand-bag. It is really too distressing. I never contemplated making regular approaches but I did expect my guns to silence those brought against me. But to do this they must be got nearer. Delay concentrates the insurgents and makes the blow the more telling, but it has fatal effects, I admit, but I do not conscientiously think that when it was allowed them to shut the gates of Delhi more could have been done than has been. Had the Meerut force rushed at once into Delhi all would have been safe, but it was too late ere that collected at Umballa reached the place. The largest magazine and ordnance Depot was already turned against me. My men are well, and wounded recovering satisfactorily, but all tired at this work.

Ever yours,

H. H. B.[1]

The following letter is from Hervey Greathed, who had escaped from the massacre at Meerut through the fidelity of a native servant, and who was at this time acting as Political Adviser to the force before Delhi:

[1] Extracts from this letter are quoted in Kaye's *History of the Sepoy War*, and are there erroneously stated to be taken from a letter from Barnard to John Lawrence. Probably a copy was sent to Lawrence, and came eventually into Kaye's hands without any note as to its original recipient.

CAMP NEAR DELHI,
June 19th, 1857.

MY DEAR BARNES,—I should be glad to place the Rajah of Jheend in charge of Rohtuck, but his force cannot be spared by Sir H. Barnard, and without it, it would be useless for him to attempt the charge. If Puttiala has the force to spare, and you don't hear of troops moving down from the Punjab on Hissar, I would gladly assent to that District being made over to his temporary care. It would be a mercy to the inhabitants who petition for succour both from Hansee and Hissar. I should be glad if you acted upon this, and if the arrangement is made I will write a *Khureetah*[1] to the Maharajah. The Nawab of Jhujjur has, I think, irretrievably compromised himself, but his territory is on the other side of Delhi, and we must bide our time. The Nawab of Bahadoorghur has been forced to fly, and the descendant of some former race of rulers has been placed on the *Guddee*.[2] The other Chiefs are doing their best to preserve a neutrality.

Believe me,
Yours sincerely,
H. H. GREATHED.

On June 24 the hopes of those who were in favour of a bolder and more hazardous course of action were raised by the arrival of Neville Chamberlain to take up the post of Adjutant-General to the Army. An immediate assault had often been urged upon Barnard since the collapse of the plans for June 12, and at last the assault was fixed for July 3. But the General was ill, and the orders were recalled. Two days later, on July 5, Barnard died of cholera, and the command was taken up by General Reed. Only a few months before, Barnard had written to Lord Canning: "Cannot you find some tough job for me?" The tough job had come to him, and a month of it had sufficed to lay him in his grave.

[1] A formal letter. [2] Throne.

CAMP BEFORE DELHI,
12th July, 1857.
1 P.M.

MY DEAR BARNES,—Now that Kurnal is becoming a Depot for our reserve ammunition and stores we ought to have a detachment of Infantry there, and, as not a man can be spared from this Camp, we must *as usual* look to the Punjab to supply the men. Please place yourself in communication with Lahore on the subject, and if no other men be procurable endeavour to get us 4 Companies of the Sikh Sepoys taken from tried corps. Our rear must be kept open and quiet, and to leave our reserve stores insufficiently protected would be a very grave error. This is the first time I have ever asked for more troops, and I would not do so now but that we cannot spare a man. On the 9th we lost 270 soldiers *hors-de-combat* including killed, wounded and sick; and as I write this we are all ready to turn out, an attack on all four sides being threatened. I recommended the selection of Kurnal for it is within sufficiently easy communication of our camp and too far off the city to be open to a surprise. It is also on our line of communication with Meerut, Saharunpore and Mozuffurnuggur, and the Nawab being friendly there is less likelihood of local disturbance. At this season of the year too the Marcunda[1] is not to be trusted between us and our gunpowder and reserve stores.

We hear that some of the mutineers are using sporting gun caps. Immediate steps should be taken for depriving shopkeepers and others of all denominations who deal in such articles from retaining possession of anything in the shape of detonating powder. All should be taken possession of by Government and a receipt given. You will have seen that the 4th Lancers are to be disarmed and that the 10th L.C. are not to come on. As long as you keep the country quiet in our rear, and furnish us with provisions, we ought to prosper, or at

[1] A river between Kurnal and Umballa.

all events last out long enough to bring in the day when others shall be ready to supply our places.

Yours truly,

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.

On July 14 Chamberlain was severely wounded, and Lieut. (now Sir Henry) Norman, who had been appointed Acting Adjutant-General after the death of Col. Chester on June 8, was again appointed to that post. Norman continued in that capacity until Delhi was taken.

CAMP BEFORE DELHI,
19 *July*, /57.

MY DEAR MR. BARNES,—Chamberlain has handed to me your letter of the 17th to reply to one or two points.

For charge of ordnance stores at Kurnal Capt. Knatchbull was intended. He has remained at Umballa sick, so I have to-day telegraphed for a Deputy Assistant Commissary of Ordnance or a permanent conductor to be sent for the duty from Ferozepore. If Capt. Knatchbull recovers, of course the original order (which was sent by Mr. Le Bas to communicate) will hold good.

All officers on private leave were ordered down from Simla on 14 May, and the order was repeated shortly, and Capt. Becher of our Department reported it had been obeyed. I knew of no officer who had disobeyed it, though several obtained sick certificates. There seems to be now an ample force at Kurnal. There is no objection to your asking Brigadier Hartley to send down two officers of the 5th to duty at Kurnal, if they are wanted there, but if none are available, one (junior to Lieut. Chester) might with advantage be sent to do duty with the Nusseree Battalion at Saharunpore. We drove the enemy out of Subzee Mundee yesterday afternoon without much difficulty, our loss 13 killed and 09 wounded. The casualties amongst officers yesterday were Lieut. Crozier 75th killed—Ensign Walter 45 N.I., doing duty 2nd Fusiliers,

killed by *coup-de-soleil*—Lieut. Jones, Engineers, leg amputated — Lieut. Pattoun 61st severely wounded — Lieut. Chichester, Artillery, slightly.

Do not send down any more Pathans. This is Chamberlain's wish, for which there is reason. Of course they must be sent if a corps comes which contains any, but the fewer that come the better.

Yours very sincerely,

H. W. NORMAN.

On July 19 General Reed, broken down by illness, resigned the command, having held it only a fortnight, and appointed General Wilson in his place. The circumstances which confronted Wilson were far from cheering. "Two commanders had been struck down by death and a third had been driven from the camp by its approaches. The Chiefs of the Staff—the Adjutant-General and the Quarter Master-General lay wounded in their tents." Lawrence, seeing the gravity of the position, ordered the Punjab Movable Column to Delhi, where Nicholson arrived with it on August 8.

CAMP DELHI,
29th July, 1857.

MY DEAR FORSYTH,[1]—The whole romance of the Siege of Delhi is comprised in the person of the Old Lady who accompanies this letter. She had begun to preach a crusade against us in the city, and had excited the minds of all true believers amazingly by her exhortations. At length, disgusted with their want of success, she took the field in person, and arrayed in Green, mounted on a horse, and wielding a gun and sword, headed a party of horsemen and actually led them against the 75th Foot! The men declare she was worse than five Sepoys to deal with, and say she shot several of their comrades. At length she was herself wounded and captured. The General wished at first to let her go free, but I begged him not to do so, as

[1] The Deputy Commissioner of Umballa.

she would go into the city triumphant and make much fanatical capital out of her escape from our hands—which she would have represented, of course, as a miraculous interference of Providence—and have become a sort of Joan of Arc! I obtained permission to send her to you to be kept in safety in your jail, or wherever you think best until the business here is over. Will you kindly see to her safe conduct? Strange to say the Old Hag had really obtained great influence.

Yours very sincerely,

W. S. R. HODSON.

CAMP BEFORE DELHI,

Aug. 15, 1857.

MY DEAR BARNES,—The condition of the camp has improved considerably; we are well off in all respects, and as yet have to be thankful for the health of the troops, and the enemy have failed at all points and in every form of tactics. There is no use in deciding upon any course of active operations until the siege train comes up and by that time it will be known whether General Havelock ought to be waited for. As yet everything promises a speedy dissolution of the rebel force in Oudh. I hear from Agra that 2500 Nepal troops were to join Havelock at Lucknow. Drummond suffered for the misdeeds of the native officials at Agra; he trusted them and they were foremost in the destruction of the Station. Rs.3,22,000 of revenue have been collected in Paniput and the Meerut people have replenished their coffers. Hodson has gone out with the Guides and to look after the detachment of rebels who have gone to Rohtuck. It was their intention to send several such detachments out to raise the country, but some one said it was a device of the Hakeem's to weaken the force inside Delhi and to betray it into our hands.

I believe you have not carried out the plan of occupying

parts of Rohtuck with Jheend troops; you doubtless have good reasons for not doing so.

Yours sincerely,
H. H. GREATHED.

CAMP, *Aug^t.* 30, 1857.

MY DEAR BARNES,—I cannot believe there is anything to fear for Lucknow. Havelock is clearing his rear and flank by routing out the rebels at Bithoor and Sheragpoor, and I do not suppose he would occupy himself in that way if the salvation of the Lucknow garrison called for an attack at the City at all risks. A detachment from the Agra Garrison have had a good affair near Alighur; they beat some 3000 Rebels, put them to flight and 300 to 400 were left on the ground. Cocks is named among the Nabha Cavalry as distinguished. Major Tandy, Ensign Marsh, and three privates were killed. A naval Brigade,[1] under Captain Peel, R.N., is coming up country. A Brigade of Madras Infantry has arrived in Calcutta. Madras troops have occupied Jubbulpoor and Panjur.

Yours sincerely,
H. H. GREATHED.

In the early morning of September 4 siege guns arrived at the Camp, and forthwith the work of erecting batteries was begun by the Engineers, under the vigorous direction of Baird Smith and Alexander Taylor. The front to be assailed contained the Moree, the Cashmere, and the Water Bastions, with their connecting Curtains.

CAMP, *Sept. 9th*, 1857.

MY DEAR BARNES,—If you see the Daily Telegraphic Despatch, my news will be stale. Koodseea Bagh and Ludlow Castle were occupied on the night of the 7th without loss, and

[1] The crews of H.M.'s ships *Pearl* and *Shannon* under Capt. William Peel.

at the same time a 10 gun Battery was established 650 yds. from the Moree. It opened with 4 guns in the morning and all 10 were playing by evening. There was a hot fire upon it at first; the posts at Koodseea and Ludlow were also attacked, but our loss was altogether small. Lieut. Hildebrand, Artillery, and Lieut. Bannerman, Beloochees, were killed, and Lieut. Budd, Artillery, wounded, and about thirty men killed and wounded. Since last evening there have been only three men wounded, at least up to 10 A.M. The practice on the Moree and Cashmeree has been excellent; 22 mortars were got into position last night and another heavy gun Battery is nearly ready; when all are complete there will be a tremendous fire. My brother Wilby is in charge of the left attack. I have just got a cheery note from him. He names the day after to-morrow for the opening of the grand Artillery attack. At the rate Brind has been working his 10 guns there will be little left of the Moree by that time.

Yours sincerely,
H. H. GREATHED.

We have Cawnpoor news to the 30th. Lucknow is looked upon as safe and there will be shortly 2500 Europeans at Cawnpoor with 18 Guns.

CAMP, *Sept. 13th*, 1857.

MY DEAR BARNES,—At the present moment the Moree Bastion is unfit to hold heavy guns, but light pieces are occasionally fired from it in a dodging way. The Cashmere Bastion is effectually silenced and a heap of ruins, and the mortar shells prevent any one from living in it. The breach in the Curtain on the proper right of the Bastion is made to a considerable extent and our salvos are continually widening it. The left breaching Battery erected in the Custom House compound at a distance of only 180 yards from the wall was only opened yesterday afternoon. The construction of this Battery has

been attended with much difficulty and has delayed the operations. It was first intended to erect it in the Koodseea Bagh where it could have been made securely and rapidly. But obstacles were found to intervene between it and the wall which are not down in any map and fresh ground had to be taken up in front at a distance which laid the working parties open to much fire. It could not be got ready till yesterday afternoon and is now doing its work against the Water Bastion and the Curtain; but it is a tough business and hot work. Every one regrets the loss of Capt. Fagan of the Artillery who was shot through the head soon after the Battery opened. He was brave to rashness and could not be prevented from exposing himself and was standing with half his body above the breastwork taking the line of fire when he was shot. The dangers and difficulties that have been surmounted are tremendous. The Artillery Officers have no relief and have been night and day in the Batteries since they were opened. The direct fire from the City has been in a great measure subdued but the enemy are clever in mounting fresh guns on unexpected points and they keep up a formidable enfilading fire from guns in the plain on our right and from two guns on the other side the River. Selimghur also can throw shot and shell into all our left Batteries. Despite all these difficulties operations progress and I believe the assault will take place to-morrow or the next day. Commanding Officers got their instructions yesterday. The defence is well directed on all points except sorties which they cannot manage. I have not heard any authentic accounts of desertions among the garrison. The siege is no child's play, but nothing resists the steady valour of our troops, and our losses, all things considered, are not regarded as heavy. Besides the Officers I have already named the following casualties have occurred. Wounded: Major Campbell, Lieuts. Earle and Gillespie, Artillery; Chancellor, 75th; Randall, 59th N.I.; Lockhart, Eaton, 60th Rifles. I cannot remember any others. We shall be short of Officers in the Nor' West. Mr. Colvin[1]

[1] Mr. Colvin had died on the 9th of September.

is suffering from dysentery, he has quite made up his mind to go away whenever opportunity offers.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

H. H. GREATHED.

The assault took place on September 14, but it was not until the 20th that Delhi was completely in our hands.

DELHI, *Sept.* 16.

MY DEAR BARNES,—I witnessed the assault from the top of Ludlow Castle. I do not think one could stand long the anxiety of the minutes that elapsed between the disappearance of the head of the Column and their crowning the Breach. The fire from the walls on the party directed against the Water Bastion Breach was so heavy that only two ladders reached the ditch. My brother Wilby was wounded on his way from the battery to this breach; the bullet broke the radius of his right fore-arm and cut him across the chest. The other[1] brother surmounted and survived all the dangers of the attack, and is still, thank God, full of life and vigour. The escalade of the Cashmere breach and the blowing in of the Gate were very successful. All this took place in broad daylight. Nicholson's column swept round the Ramparts and reached the Lahore Bastion. He was wounded, ammunition failed, and they fell back on the Cabul Gate. Colonel Campbell's Column, piloted by Metcalfe, who behaved most gallantly, made their way brilliantly to the Jumma Musjid. Their Engineer officer had been shot down and the Powder Bags remained behind. More were sent up under Tandy and Brownlow, of the Engineers. The former was killed and the other wounded. No support came from the Lahore Gate direction, and Campbell had to retire first on the Begum's Bagh, which he held for an hour, and then on the Church Square. That was a critical moment;

[1] Lieut.-Col. Edward Greathed—afterwards in command of the Column of Pursuit.

our men were very much done, a great many officers had been disabled, and there was much confusion, and it was known that Reid's column had failed in taking Kishen Gunje. Guns were brought up and pointed down the leading streets, and Pandy's[1] last chance was lost.

It is a pity the Jummoo troops ever left their mountain homes; they failed, and allowed four of their guns to be taken by the Pandies in Kishen Gunje, and exposed Reid's flanks. If report is true, the Dewan was the first to bolt. The Jheend Infantry did very well. To-day our position is much improved. The Magazine has been taken and our occupation extended from the Cabul Gate down the Canal to the outposts of the force in possession of the Magazine. All this portion of the town has been evacuated by the inhabitants, and will be cleaned out. A considerable number of Pandies have been killed, and few males, I fancy, escape, but no woman has been intentionally hurt.

The safety of the camp was much compromised by the failure in Kishen Gunje. It has been threatened but not molested. Batteries are now opening on Selimghur and the Palace. I feel that complete success is made safe. The total loss, killed and wounded, on our side will not be found less than 800. Great fears for Nicholson.—His loss is not to be repaired. Colonel Campbell, 52nd, too, is disabled, The full Colonels left are Longfield, 8th; Jones, 61st; Dennis, 52nd. General Wilson is much knocked up.

Mr. Colvin died on the 9th.

Mr. Reade, as senior Civilian, has issued a Government Gazette Extraordinary, announcing that he has assumed the government of the North-West Provinces. Barataria has an Empire in comparison to his dominions.

Yours,

H. H. GREATHED.

[1] A nickname for mutineer Sepoys, Pandy being a common surname in Hindostanee regiments.

Nicholson's wound was probably hopeless from the first, and he died on September 23, but he outlived Hervey Greathed, who died of cholera on September 19, five days after the assault which he had described.

It is hardly too much to say that if our arms had not been victorious before Delhi, we should have had to reconquer India. The successive Commanders on the Ridge freely acknowledged their indebtedness to John Lawrence and the Civil Service of the Punjab; and General Wilson, in a generous letter written on September 28, expressed his view that the Civil officers, though not present in the field, had contributed greatly to the successful issue of the siege.

The following letter, written by John Lawrence shortly after the fall of Delhi, is characteristic of the man, who has with justice been called the saviour of India—characteristic too of his methods of dealing with those who served him.

LAHORE,
11*th October*, 1857.

MY DEAR BARNES,—We are now beginning to breathe after the storm, and when I look back I only wonder we are all alive. It is only by God's mercy we have escaped. Assuredly it was more than we could hope that all the Punjab Regiments should have remained staunch. I am not comfortable about Huzara. We were very near having a serious affair at Murree, and matters have not settled down as I had hoped. I am now pushing on another corps to Pindee, and have to take away that which has been lately raised at Loodiana. Gogaira has been mismanaged and the jungle is dense, and gives an asylum to the Insurgents. —— ——— who commanded the Troops is a goose, and could not hit when he had the rascals in his power. He has now got fever and must come away, so that I hope all will go right. What has been done with the 2 Companies of Sikhs which Ricketts[1] had collected? I hope he has not kept them.

[1] G. H. M. Ricketts, C.B., then Deputy Commissioner of Loodiana.

I am not given, as you know, to overpraise men. It seems to me a mistake. But what I say I mean, and I think you have done well to keep your Division right and help the Army, you had a difficult post.

Run over in your mind the rewards we should propose for Puttiala, Nabha and Jheend. They should certainly be rewarded. Where should we have been but for their fidelity.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN LAWRENCE.

The three Sikh chiefs mentioned in the last paragraph of the above letter, who had stood by us in the hour of our need, and who had been "faithful among the faithless," were not without their reward. The confiscated lands of the Nawab of Jhujjur and of the Dadree Chief, who were both convicted of rebellion, were divided between them. This material increase of territory and of revenue, together with honours liberally bestowed, showed them that their services were not forgotten, and that it had not been to their disadvantage to be loyal to the British Raj.

G. S. BARNES.

SHALL THE STATE EDUCATE?

LIVING in a country in which the State system of public schools is completely established, the writer has accepted it as a fixed institution, and acted under it to the best of his ability when called upon. Nor is he attacking it now. But in England the question is not yet settled, and it appears to be in some danger of suffering from two influences alien to the interest of education.

One of these influences is that of the conflict between the Clergy of the State Church and the Nonconformists, which is largely political and social. We cannot wonder at the bitter feeling of the Nonconformists if we remember how they have been treated by the Clergy and the partisans of the State Church. Few things in history are more disgraceful than the conduct of the State Clergy, who, having courted the Nonconformist alliance when their own privileges and endowments were attacked by James II., afterwards turned round and made persecuting laws against their late allies under the leadership of the infidel Bolingbroke. Long and arduous was the struggle of the Dissenters against Anglican tyranny for the common rights of citizens. The middle of the last century had passed before they were admitted to the national universities; while during their exclusion they were despised and sometimes insulted for their lack of culture. Even now they are treated by the Clergy of the Establishment and by the Anglican

Churchman rather as schismatic and ungenteel. Nor are their injured feelings greatly soothed by somewhat condescending offers of admission to the Establishment on the understanding that they will add to it as people reclaimed from error and admit the invalidity of their Orders. But the proper remedy for all this surely is not the hasty adoption of a particular system of national education, it is disestablishment. So long as the Anglican Church is established, the case for secular and unsectarian education seems to be hardly clear. In establishing a Church, the State proclaims the creed of that Church to be the true religion, and ordains that in that religious mould the character of the nation shall be formed. Consequently it would appear that the Established Clergy are not only entitled but bound to lay claim to a special influence over the training of the young. An Anglican clergyman who insists on this may surely plead that he is simply doing his prescribed duty to the State and earning his pay. It is illogical to rail against clerical influence and at the same time to support or acquiesce in a national institution of which clerical influence is the law. If, as we are told, disestablishment has dropped out of the class of practical questions, so it may be said by parity of reasoning has unsectarian education. It must be allowed, however, that the present measure is in itself manifestly unfair to Nonconformists, while it is the work of a Parliament which, having been elected on the sole issue of the war, as those who called it avow, is hardly entitled to deal with any great domestic question.

The other disturbing influence to be noticed is commercial panic. Commerce has suddenly developed into a sort of international war, each nation seeming to think that its prosperity can be securely founded only on the depression of other nations. Vast organisations under Napoleons of capital are being formed for the prosecution of the conflict. England, moreover, seems not yet to have quite got rid of the impression that the position, naval and commercial, which she happened to occupy at the close of the great French war is her natural and permanent

position. Because she was then left paramount as a naval power, the Russian navy, the only one which had not been shattered, being friendly and remote, she continues to strain herself to the point of bursting in her effort to remain sole mistress of the sea. Because she was then the only great manufacturing nation, the continental industries having been thrown back by the raids of Napoleon, she fancies herself to be declining and in danger of imminent disaster when she sees other nations, Germany especially, their industries having been revived, overhauling her in that line; though it does not really appear that she has lost energy or skill, if her plant and some of her methods are rather out of date. The consequence is a panic cry for popular education as the sole means, it is supposed, of industrial and commercial salvation. Hence there is some danger, it would seem, of deciding the question of national education with reference to the necessity, real or supposed, of a particular economical crisis, not to the permanent and general interests, moral and intellectual, of the nation.

In the case of the United States, the public school system does a very special and almost indispensable work. The public school is the hopper into which a vast and miscellaneous volume of foreign elements is cast to be ground into Americans. This purpose it has fulfilled with marvellous success, albeit there are, perhaps, still in existence more patches of foreign element unassimilated than is commonly supposed. But this necessity is peculiar to the United States; at least, it is not shared to any considerable extent by Great Britain.

It may sometimes be necessary for a special object or in a pressing emergency to over-ride the principles of natural justice; but we can never afford wholly to lose sight of them as the normal basis of institutions. It is the natural duty of every man to provide education as well as food and clothing for the children brought by his own act into the world. No man has a natural right to throw off any part of these duties upon his neighbours or the community. If one man is prudent and puts off marriage till he is able to support a family, while

another, marrying recklessly, has half a dozen children before he has the means of supporting one, it is not in accordance with natural justice that the responsibility of the improvident should be cast upon the provident. It appears that there are some good people who would supply the children of the class which they somewhat arbitrarily mark off as "the poor," not only with education, but with meals at the schools. Why not with clothes in which to come to school also? The result of such a policy surely would be wide-spread improvidence, and the creation of a class, something like the Roman proletariat, subsisting on public doles; though in this case there would be no subject provinces to relieve the imperial taxpayer of the cost.

We are always told that to provide all children with education is one of the duties of the State. The State is either an abstraction which can have no duties, or it is the Government; and the duties of the Government are those which the community assigns to it. At bottom, in cases like the present, the State is the taxpayer, and if the taxpayer is to be called upon to provide education for the children of other people he may reasonably ask to be shown that in some way he is getting his money's worth. He will be getting his full money's worth if a general improvement, in which he shares, can be shown to be the result.

The man who casts the burden of educating his children on the community is at all events entitled to no more than a plain education for them, to the three "R's" in effect, with plain work for the girls and perhaps singing, which is conducive to the happiness of the national character, and is a healthy exercise at the same time. Nor does it appear that the community has any substantial interest in affording more.

Charity is, of course, a totally different thing from taxation. So long as it is controlled by judgment, there can be no limit to its exercise in the line of education any more than in other lines. Nor can it be exercised more graciously or with greater advantage to the community than by affording to genuine

promise in the young the means and opportunity of fulfilment.

The special warrant of State policy usually pleaded for over-riding natural right in the matter of payment for education and making one man bear the cost of educating another's children, is the necessity, under Democratic institutions, of an educated vote. "We must teach our masters to read," said Robert Lowe, when the barrier of the £10 franchise had been forced, and further extensions of the suffrage were evidently in prospect. The same end, so far as the mere exercise of the franchise is concerned, might be gained in another way by an educational test. Nor is it likely that such an amount of instruction as can be given in the public day schools will go very far towards enabling the class of voters who commonly use those schools to form an enlightened opinion on political or diplomatic questions. It is something, no doubt, that they can read the newspapers. The best light after all by which people who can never study such questions or reflect on them can be guided probably is personal confidence in public men, which the juvenile day-school can do little to form or guide.

Under the public school system teaching ceases to be an open profession, and becomes a Government or municipal service. Consequently it can hold out few professional rewards. Special aptitude or energy will not be able to command its worth. Salaries will be generally on a dead level, and public economy will keep that level low. The consequence is that men in general either shun the calling or take it up, not as a life-long occupation, but as a temporary makeshift, remaining in it too short a time to acquire experience, and giving but half a heart to it while they remain. Popular education is falling more and more into the hands of women, who, whatever pleasant things may be said about their gentle influence, are hardly fitted to control big boys or to form the male character. The boys show the lack of discipline in their manners. A clergyman, the other day, and one whose words are weighty, said that we were bringing up a race of little devils, and if the

phrase was not widely echoed, the sentiment was. The other day the papers told us that three hundred pupils of a public school at Chicago had been on a strike for five days because their favourite teacher had been suspended by the Board of Trustees, and were about to march in a body to present a petition to the mayor. The young strikers, it is said, had their union labels, their pickets, their committees and delegations, their crowd of hooters armed with sticks and stones, and the principals of the school had to be escorted to the school by policemen. Now and then there are assaults by pupils upon the teachers. We have too frequently cases of juvenile crime which are set down to the reading of pernicious novels, but are probably more due to the want of masculine discipline in the schools.

The union of the sexes in the public schools is pronounced by good judges to be doubtful in its effects, at least after the age of ten or eleven. I have myself known an instance of the removal of an English girl from an American public school because her parents thought that her manners were suffering from contact with the boys.

The parents at the same time are apt to cast the whole responsibility of forming the child's character as well as of instruction on the school, which, when the school is large, it can hardly begin to undertake, except in so far as mechanical regularity, punctuality, and general decency of deportment are concerned. The parent does not choose the school. He must use the school of his district. He has no voice in the appointment of the master or mistress; nor does he pay them out of his own purse. Consequently he is apt to take little interest in their work. Instead of supporting the teacher against the child, he is inclined to support the child against the teacher; and the teacher who corrects an unruly child is in some danger of finding himself in a court of law.

In educating the whole population on an ambitious scale and for skilled industries, you may be educating them out of manual labour and domestic service. In the United States

neither manual labour of the unskilled kind nor domestic service is supplied from the public schools. Both are for the most part imported from abroad. You will not find the boys of public schools at work in the mine or in the railway digging. Nor will you find the girls in domestic service, on which the American woman generally looks down. In this last respect there may be some difference between the cities and the country, where the farmer's daughter must do the housework.

Mechanical invention, if that is the special object, does not seem to depend so much as we might naturally suppose on universal education. Watt, Arkwright, Hargreaves, Crompton, Roberts and their compeers, as well as Brindley, were examples of individual inventiveness called into play by its prizes and owing little to the general education of the class to which the inventors belonged, which in fact was very low in those days.

Any State system has an inherent tendency to bureaucracy; and while bureaucracy is unavoidable in matters of mere administration, its predominance is not to be desired in that which is so little a matter of mere administration as the bringing up, moral and intellectual, of children. With bureaucracy is apt to go Procrusteanism, though not perhaps to the extravagant extent indicated by the reputed saying of the French Minister that when he rang a bell the same lesson began in all the schools of France. Industrial and other circumstances may call for a certain amount of adaptation. Variety is not necessarily chaos. A bureaucratic model generally regulates any State system, while a Voluntary system is rather regulated by the demands of actual need.

There is a class whose standard of education, instead of being raised, is probably lowered by the institution of public schools. It is the class which could afford to give its children a really high education, but uses the public schools from economy. There is some reason to fear that there is a loss on the part of this class in tone as well as in standard of instruction. This is a partial set-off against the benefits of a fusion of classes in the schools, the sight of which made a great

impression upon the writer when he first visited the United States. Social advantages can hardly fail to result from the fusion; yet they are not so great, or at all events not so perceptible, as might have been expected.

The English Catechism makes the child say that "it is his duty to learn and labour truly to get his own living and to do his duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call him." The future tense is used in the designation of the calling, so that the Presidency of the United States, if the child is called to it, will be included. But the sentiment inspired is that of contentment with the child's lot, and belief that an honest living, though earned in a lowly path of duty, is happiness. The spirit of the public school system is the reverse of this. The system tacitly infuses the idea that rising in life should be the great aim, and that to remain in the station to which you have been born is failure if not disgrace. Individual ambition is no doubt a motive power of common progress, and the United States have felt in commercial activity and mechanical invention the benefits of a system which awakens it in the breast of childhood. But its attendant shadow is discontent, and we cannot all climb over each other's heads.

It is difficult to see as things are how spiritual influence can reach the children otherwise than in the shape of religion; or how religion can reach them otherwise than in its present organised forms. We certainly do not want education to be sectarian; we do not want to be sectarian ourselves. Yet we do not wish to exclude from the character of a child while it is in the course of formation anything that we deem essential to our own. The admission of the clergyman to the schools at certain hours for the purpose of administering a sort of hypodermic injection of religion is futile. His position is that of an interloper, and this the children will see. The old common schools of New England, presumably those of Scotland also, were certainly religious and probably not unparental, members of the little community generally taking an active interest in the schools.

We are apt to hope that in consigning the government of education to a municipal or local board, we are putting it into the hands of men who are interested in the subject and who will be elected for their special qualifications. Municipalities and localities will of course differ in this respect. The difference will probably be considerable between countries like England, in which there is a leisure class, able and willing to devote itself to the public service, and countries in which there is no such class. But from what has fallen under the writer's own notice, he would say that the tendency of municipal Boards generally is to become rungs in the ladder of municipal ambition, sought rather by those who wish to come into public notice, than by those who feel special taste or aptitude for the particular business. The writer could mention one instance at all events of a person who has himself a rather special interest in anything connected with education, yet has lived for thirty years in a city with an elective School Board without having more than once or twice known enough about any one of the candidates to warrant him in marking his ballot. In the city in question there appear to be hardly any symptoms of general interest in the election. If it did not take place at the same time with the election of the Council, it would probably call out only a very slender vote. The upshot in fact is rather the exclusion from the management of the schools of those who are best qualified for it, and who, supposing them willing to do their social duty, would take the leading part.

In Toronto there has shown itself of late an inclination in favour of private and voluntary schools as parental, religious, and moral, and in the case of girls as the best for manners. The tendency is the more significant as those who show it are paying for their neighbours under the other system. They are indeed paying pretty dear; for there is a natural tendency on the part of those who use the public schools to get as much as possible at the public cost. Hence the burden of the School Tax begins to be severely felt, and is alarming the city government.

President Eliot, of Harvard University, is a man whose opinion we all value. He is evidently a firm believer in the public school system, and only desires a larger expenditure as the remedy for its shortcomings. But his estimate of the present result is this :—

It is indisputable that we have experienced a profound disappointment in the results thus far obtained from a widely diffused popular education. We ought to spend more public money on schools, because the present expenditures do not produce all the good results which were expected, and may reasonably be aimed at. I proceed to the unwelcome task of enumerating some of our disappointments with popular education.

For more than two generations of men we have been struggling with the barbarous vice of drunkenness, but have not yet discovered a successful method of dealing with it. The legislation of most of the States has been variable and in moral significance uncertain. In some of the States of the Union we have been depending on prohibitory legislation, but the intelligence of the people has been insufficient either to enforce such legislation or to substitute better. This is an accusation not against the moral disposition of the majority of the people, but against their reasoning power; and it is precisely that reasoning power which good schools ought to train. The persistence of gambling in the United States is another disappointing thing to the advocates of popular education; for gambling is an extraordinarily unintelligent form of pleasurable excitement. Next, we have discovered from actual observation that universal suffrage often produces bad government, especially in large cities. It is a reproach to popular education that the gravest crimes of violence are committed in great number all over the United States, in the older States as well as in the newer, by individuals and by mobs, and with a large measure of impunity. Again, the nature of the daily reading matter supplied to the American public affords much ground for discouragement in regard to the results thus far obtained by the common schools. A similar unfavourable inference concerning popular education may be drawn from the quality of the popular theatres of to-day. Americans are curiously subject to medical delusions; because they easily fall victims to that commonest of fallacies—*post hoc, ergo propter hoc.* They are the greatest consumers of patent medicines in the known world, and the most credulous patrons of all sorts of "medicine men" and women, and of novel healing arts.

The President goes on to point to other prevalent evils, such as the frequency of strikes, the "spoils" or patronage system, and the ineffectiveness of the police. Further on he says, "It is impossible for a day-school to replace family culture or to make

good the lack of a sound intellectual and spiritual influence at home." It is, however, the apparent tendency of these day-schools to diminish the sense of responsibility of parents and to weaken the salutary influences of home. The writer has heard an American say that his children were guests in his house.

A few years ago Dr. J. M. Rice made a tour of inspection through a number of American schools, and published the results, first in the Forum and afterwards in a collected form. There is considerable variation in his reports; perhaps nearly as much as there would be likely to be in reports on the same number of voluntary schools. The schools at all events are far from presenting that aspect of uniform excellence which it is supposed that the State system, rightly organised, would present. Dr. Rice found great defects in the schools of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and St. Louis. He by no means found uniform excellence even at Boston, though the appropriations for schools there were exceptionally high. Some instances he gives of ludicrous inefficiency. These are chiefly produced by attempts to teach the fancy subjects. There is little danger of absurdity and nonsense in teaching the three R's, plain work, or singing. Dr. Rice speaks strongly of the indifference and apathy of parents. "As to the attitude of the public towards the schools," he tells us, "it must unfortunately be said that in the large majority of instances the people take absolutely no interest in their schools." "It is indeed incomprehensible," he says, "that so many loving mothers whose greatest care appears to be the welfare of their children are willing, without hesitation, to resign the fate of their little ones to the tender mercies of ward politicians, who, in many instances, have no scruples in placing the children in class-rooms the atmosphere of which is not fit for human beings to breathe, and in charge of teachers who treat them with a degree of severity that borders on barbarism." "In regard to the public," Dr. Rice says, "the mere fact that things are muddled as they are proves that the citizens take no active

interest in the schools. As for the parents in particular, the fact that they send their children to unsanitary schools—indeed, so unsanitary as to be unfit for the habitation of human beings—is of itself sufficient to prove they are in no way concerned with what the schools do with their children. This does not apply alone to the more ignorant classes, some of the most unhealthful schools in the city being attended by children from the best of homes." Dr. Rice is also emphatic in his denunciation of the political influences which find their way into the appointment of teachers and the management of the schools. "The office of teacher," he says, "in the average American school is perhaps the only one in the world that can be retained indefinitely in spite of the grossest negligence and incompetency, this result being due to the mischievous influence of politics." This influence, as Dr. Rice elsewhere shows, it is possible to exclude by wise regulations. But it is difficult to exclude all personal influences in the appointment and dismissal of teachers when municipal patronage prevails.

It is perhaps a necessary consequence of the system which makes every great measure the result of a struggle between parties, that little or no use is made in politics of cautious experiment. Great systems are established for the whole nation without trial and past recall. There is apparently no reason why in this case the whole country should be at once and irrevocably settled on the same plan. One or two counties might be permitted to try the Voluntary System, with licences for the opening of schools, Government inspection, examination by the Inspectors on secular subjects, and a moderate *per capita* allowance for the pupils who passed it. Little harm could be done by such an experiment; little good would be postponed; and a useful comparison might be made.

The object, however, of this short paper is rather to deprecate the intrusion of alien influences, political or social, into the educational question and a hasty solution of it under those influences, than to offer a positive solution.

The weaknesses of the Voluntary System which have led to

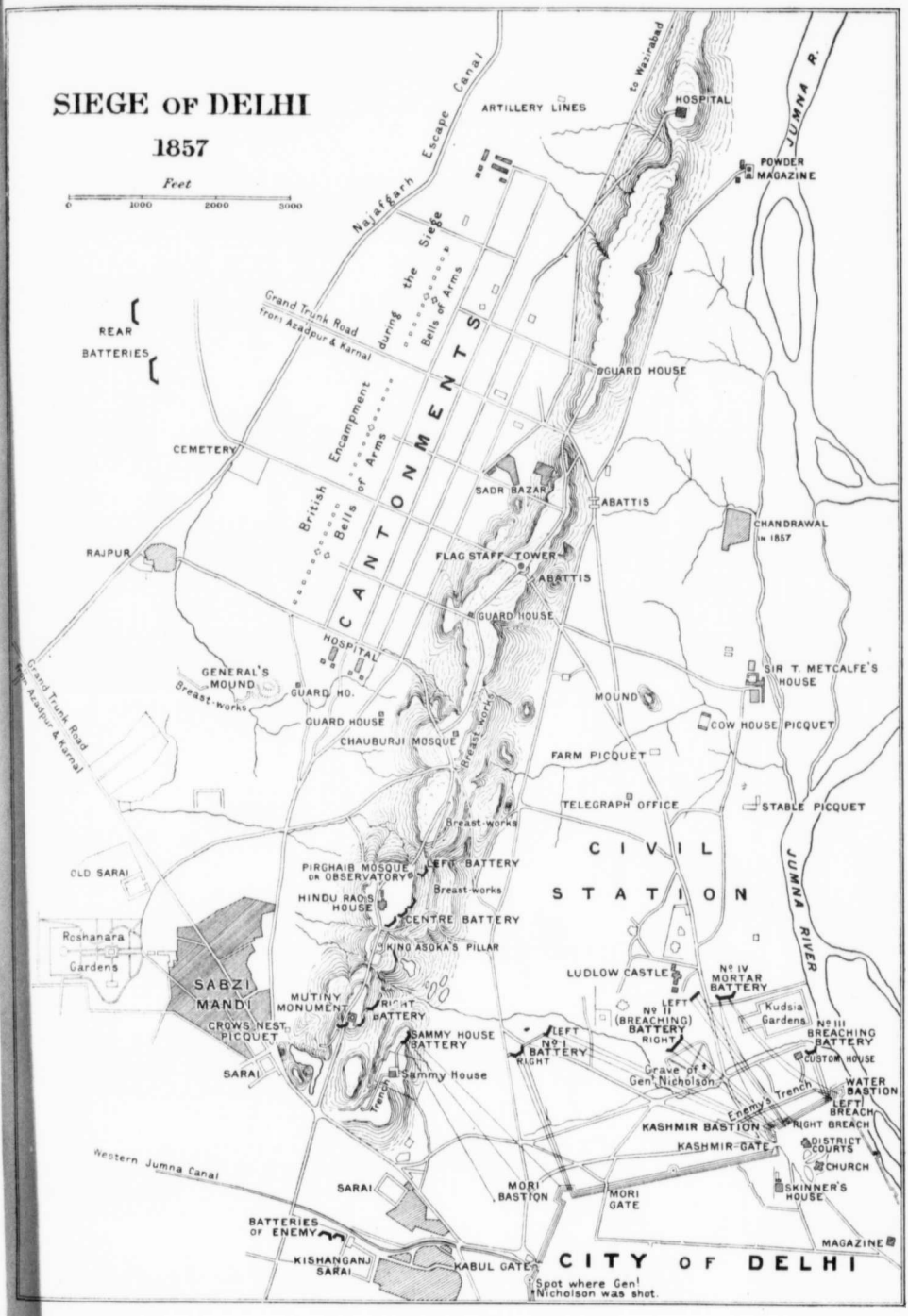
the adoption of the State System are obvious. Like everything else which is voluntary, it depends on duty, parental and social, and duty is unfortunately far from being always performed; though its fruits, when it is performed, are probably the best.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE NAVAL INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT

> Although the continuance of such a Department will entail a certain increase of expenditure, there is no outlay connected with the Naval Votes which the nation or the Navy could less afford to dispense with than that which will enable the full strength of our naval resources to be put forth in as short a time as possible, and will give prompt and efficient co-operation to all the component parts of a Navy stationed in the necessary performance of its duty in all quarters of the world.—The FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY'S "Statement, Explanatory of the Navy Estimates, 1887–88."

FEW things connected with the literature of war are more wearisome than its truisms. And yet the history of our blunders in South Africa warns us that principles, however obvious, must be reiterated until the recognition accorded to them is something more than academic. It is unfortunately the case in English history, that the truth which possesses an unchallenged supremacy in public opinion is the one most constantly violated in practice. The reason is probably to be sought in the fact that clever men, capable of appreciating the details of a subject, are to be found everywhere, both within and without the fighting professions; whereas those who have a statesman's grasp of policy which enables a man to subordinate ephemeral details to the principles of war, are few and far between. Unless its direction lies in the hands of a St. Vincent


SIEGE OF DELHI
1857
Feet
0 1000 2000 3000
Najafgarh Escape Canal
to Wazirabad
JUMNA R.
ARTILLERY LINES
HOSPITAL
POWDER MAGAZINE
REAR BATTERIES
Grand Trunk Road from Azadpur & Karnal
Encampment during the Siege
Bells of Arms
CANTONMENTS
GUARD HOUSE
CEMETERY
British Bells
SADR BAZAR
ABATTIS
CHANDRAWAL in 1857
RAJPUR
FLAG STAFF TOWER
ABATTIS
GUARD HOUSE
HOSPITAL
GENERAL'S MOUND
Breast-works
GUARD HO.
GUARD HOUSE
CHAUBURJI MOSQUE
SIR T. METCALFE'S HOUSE
MOUND
COW HOUSE PICQUET
FARM PICQUET
TELEGRAPH OFFICE
STABLE PICQUET
CIVIL STATION
JUMNA RIVER
OLD SARAI
PIRGHAIB MOSQUE OR OBSERVATORY
LEFT BATTERY
HINDU RAO'S HOUSE
CENTRE BATTERY
KING ASOKA'S PILLAR
Roshanara Gardens
SABZI MANDI
MUTINY MONUMENT
RIGHT BATTERY
CROWS NEST PICQUET
SAMMY HOUSE BATTERY
Sammy House
SARAI
LUDLOW CASTLE
No IV MORTAR BATTERY
No II (BREACHING) BATTERY
LEFT
RIGHT
No I BATTERY
Kudsia Gardens
No III BREACHING BATTERY
CUSTOM HOUSE
Grave of Gen! Nicholson
WATER BASTION
LEFT BREACH
Enemy's Trench
KASHMIR BASTION
RIGHT BREACH
KASHMIR GATE
DISTRICT COURTS
CHURCH
SKINNER'S HOUSE
Western Jumna Canal
SARAI
MORI BASTION
MORI GATE
BATTERIES OF ENEMY
MAGAZINE
KISHANGANJ SARAI
KABUL GATE
CITY OF DELHI
Spot where Gen! Nicholson was shot.

or a Möltke, the largest Intelligence Department in the world may spend its time in furrowing the ocean or even worse; for such is the fascination of details to the average man that millions can be diverted to the minor issues of war before it is recognised that the larger ones have been lost sight of. Even in the actual operations of war this futility of effort can constantly be seen at work. With what object did the Italian Admiral Persano busy himself with bombarding forts, while the Austrian fleet, under Tegithoff, was unwatched? Why was the fastest scout in the American Navy groping for submarine cables of no material importance? and why were extraordinary precautions taken for the protection of the Atlantic coast, while Cervera's squadron lay unwatched in calm seas, where coaling could easily be carried out? Why were the American battleships parading off sundry Spanish ports in the West Indies—trying futile conclusions with the forts and then hastening back hundreds of miles to coal—while Guantanamo, which Vernon had used as a base in 1741, and which lay undefended in the most central position of the Caribbean, could be taken with ease?[1] Hundreds of such incidents, where knowledge is not the cheaply won wisdom after the event, but simply a sense of proportion, warn us that an Intelligence Department is not merely an office for the work of paste and scissors, dull classification and the chronicling of details. It is in a higher degree a school of command, where men learn to subordinate the sectional work in which they have been trained, to the vast scheme that forms the whole. The War Course at Greenwich, where history, strategy, tactics, and great national interests are closely scrutinised and discussed, should form the recruiting-ground for the Naval Intelligence Department. To it selected officers from the Staff of the Army should resort, a not very difficult arrangement, since Woolwich, Greenwich, and London are so close together. The

[1] Admiral Schley started back from this neighbourhood to go over 700 miles to Key West to coal, and with a collier having 3000 tons of coal in company.

Army should use its utmost endeavours to obtain the services of naval officers as lecturers, so as to get thoroughly into touch with the sea profession. Until this is done, and the work of the highest officials in the Admiralty and War Office—who are members of the Defence Committee—is very closely identified with the work of their respective Intelligence Departments, we cannot hope to see their policies reconciled in the interests of the nation.

We have yet to make the two professions the real complements of each other, instead of each one being an *imperium in imperio*. By the present arrangements the Army throughout the Empire secures considerably over £50,000,000 sterling of the £85,000,000 spent on Imperial defence.[1] And yet we are informed on the highest authority that the basis of our policy is the maintenance of sea supremacy.

Take this clear statement that the maintenance of sea supremacy is the basis of Imperial Defence against attack over the sea, and is the determining factor in fixing the whole defensive policy of the Empire.[2] How often have we not seen Governments violating the principle in practice? The Palmerston Commission on the fortification of our dockyards, and the Carnarvon Commission on coaling-stations in 1881, had the position of the Navy expressly excluded from their terms of reference. "The determining factor" was therefore the one absent consideration in the Reports of two influential Committees which have laid the basis of the whole system of fortification of ports along the 43,000 miles of coast line of the British Empire. The sea can only tolerate one master where two contend for supremacy, so, if sea supremacy is excluded, there is no end to the demands which can be made on the public purse. The heresy will not rest content with leading to much senseless expenditure on forts, but spreads to garrisons; and as in the Stanhope Memorandum of the First

[1] Sir Charles Dilke.

[2] The Duke of Devonshire, President of the Cabinet Committee of Defence, at the Guildhall, Dec. 3, 1896.

of June 1891, the whole organisation of the Army is based on the idea of a non-existent Navy, though the Stanhope Memorandum disclaims such intention. The author of this Memorandum had not the breadth of mind to see that he was conjuring up an imaginative picture to usurp the place of reason. When the South African crisis broke out, the immobile army, organised to resist invasion, was unable to take the field until valuable weeks had elapsed, though service abroad has ever been the mission of armies in the pay of the British Crown against external foes. And yet what a number of warnings were given of the necessity of a thinking department to work out during peace, in the light of history, what are the defensive requirements of the British Empire. "Before the military authorities," said Lord Wolseley, "are called upon to provide an Army they ought to be informed clearly and distinctly what kind of an Army the country wants." "We do not know," said Sir Redvers Buller, "what are supposed to be the potentialities of the British Army, and, until that is laid down, it is impossible to know what an adequate reserve is; we do not know what we are keeping a reserve for." No less emphatic were the warnings of the naval officers before the Hartington Commission in 1888. "It was not his duty," said the principal naval adviser of the Cabinet, the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, "to form an opinion as to the requirements of the country. . . . A certain sum of money was put by every year for repairs, and a certain sum for building. No complete scheme was ever laid before the Board by an expert, showing the whole requirements of the country." This then was the position of the British Empire with complex interests on every ocean and continent, while a few hours' journey from England existed a nation which reduced exact thinking to a science, and now employs over 400 officers on the Generalstab of the Army and 28 on the Admiralstab[1] of

[1] The "Admiralstab" employs one vice-admiral, four captains, six commanders, thirteen lieutenants, one captain (retired), one commande (retired), one lieutenant (retired), and one chief engineer.

the Navy, to watch over its far less complex interests, so that nothing may be lost in war through want of forethought during peace. Our own arrangements were officially acknowledged in the debate instituted by Lord Charles Beresford in the House of Commons, June 21, 1902, to be far from perfect.

> He was not at all sanguine (said the Financial Secretary of the Admiralty) that they could improvise in a month, or a year, or in five years, or in ten years, an organisation which would enable them to do all they ought to do, and all they desired to do, in this direction; but he had a great deal of sympathy and agreement with the views that had been put forward.

The Naval Intelligence Department of sixteen officers has not yet been put to the test of war. The sister department of the War Office—which, like the Remount Department of "a fourth floor flat" fame, is not at the War Office but at Queen Anne's Gate—has been put to the test. The historian of the test is shocked.[1] Do we profit by the test? Mr. Brodrick blandly informed the House of Commons on June 19, 1902, that he has allowed his own opinion and that of the Commander-in-Chief to be over-ridden by the Treasury on the question of strengthening the Military Intelligence Department. The answer, however, did not go deep enough. To be fair to the Treasury we must know whether they are willing to allow savings in other directions to be expended for the benefit of the Military Intelligence Department. This would seem to be the case generally from the correspondence published in the Reports of the Public Accounts Committee. Indeed, Mr. Macartney, after experience as Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, directly affirmed this practice to be in existence.

[1] The Military Intelligence was starved in men and money to an extent that seems hardly credible. Whereas the German general staff employed over 300 officers [over 400 officers?] and spent altogether £270,000 a year, the Intelligence and Mobilisation Divisions of the British Army employed some seventeen officers at a cost of £11,000. Two officers of the Intelligence Division were supposed to look after France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and all America from Texas to Cape Horn.—*The Times.* "History of the War in South Africa."

He entirely denied (he said in the House of Commons, March 22, 1901), that the Treasury in any way impeded the proper exercise of the responsibility of the Admiralty in expenditure. Moreover, the Treasury *invariably* permitted the Admiralty, if they showed proper reasons, to apply any unexpended surplus which might accrue to the necessities of the Navy. Should any emergency arise, or should the Lords of the Admiralty consider it expedient, from the point of view of public necessity or the interests of the Admiralty, to incur an expenditure for which they had not Parliamentary sanction, and if the Lords of the Admiralty assumed the responsibility of saying that this expenditure was necessary in the public interest and could not be deferred without detriment to the public service, the Treasury invariably gave way. Over and over again in the last five years the Admiralty had received the sanction of the Treasury, unhesitatingly given, for the expenditure of public money for which the Admiralty had obtained no previous Parliamentary sanction; but the First Lord must take upon himself the responsibility of justifying to the Treasury and the country the necessity for the exceptional demand which he made.

So far the method appears eminently reasonable, though capable of improvement. Until careful thought is given by Intelligence Departments to our requirements for war, waste is likely to be the result, and Prime Ministers may be expected to write to their Chancellors of Exchequer, like Peel did in 1841, "Pray consider the following suggestion. Let us employ in downright earnest the services we have a right to command from the British Treasury." With the increasing necessity for economy this is far more likely to be the cry of the coming Premiers than Lord Salisbury's declaration, in 1900, that the influence of the Treasury in governing other departments is not for the public benefit. Let us see how this might work out. Supposing the First Lord of the Admiralty asked for £30,000 per annum additional expenditure for the Naval Intelligence Department,[1] the Chancellor of the Exchequer might retort, "If this is a vital requirement you must be prepared to sacrifice some non-vital requirement, such as the saving of a million in the expenditure

[1] Lord Selborne might take a leaf out of the book of President Kruger. The Transvaal Government spent on Intelligence alone £191,000 in 1896, £53,000 in 1897, and £42,000 in 1898.

at Gibraltar or elsewhere, for I must call your attention to the fact that one of your predecessors, in 1895, thought $8\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling would cover all requirements in bricks and mortar for the Navy; whereas you, in 1901, have obtained sanction for $27\frac{3}{4}$ millions expenditure, and in the Works Bill which the Treasury are now discussing you propose a further increase. One of your best fighting admirals, Sir Geoffrey Hornby, told us that an *adequate* Intelligence Department would 'conduce more to the strength of the Navy than a reinforcement of ships.' How much more so than adding to bricks and mortar. Save your million and I will give you £30,000 per annum. I am most anxious to give it, for your Intelligence Department did a remarkably fine piece of work in preparing the case by which we have got increased naval contributions from the Colonies, and I feel sure that an adequate Intelligence Department would lead to a more efficient and economical concentration of our expenditure."

Instead of making some arrangement similar to the above, successive First Lords of the Admiralty have preferred to throw dust in the eyes of Parliament, or, as Sir John Briggs wrote, after his prolonged service at the Admiralty, they prefer to mislead and to keep matters secret, so that "the country never gets really accurate information, the House of Commons very seldom, and it is doubtful if the Prime Minister himself is honestly furnished with what he requires. . . . We do not tell the truth to the English people." Lord George Hamilton spent several months in correspondence with the Treasury, in 1887, over the question whether the vote for the Intelligence Department should or should not be reduced by £950! It almost defies comprehension how the business of Imperial Defence can be conducted when one department of the Government carries on a prolonged correspondence with another over such a sum. Lord Selborne, in his speech, November 23, 1901, described the position to-day:

> They were perpetually adjured by critics of the Admiralty to import into the Admiralty what were called business men. He was the last to depreciate

the great value of business men, but it had to be remembered that business men could not conduct business in what they considered "business-like manner" if they did not find themselves in a business environment. If a business man had to run a business of which the managing directors were liable to be turned out of office at any moment by vote of the House of Commons, and where the managers, the heads of the different departments, had to go back to the sea at the end of every three years, and that under an infinite variety of sub-heads, they had, fifteen months beforehand, to state what they were going to spend fifteen months hence, and that they could not, in the course of business, transfer sixpence from one sub-head to the other without the consent of a totally different firm.

Lord George Hamilton surrendered, in spite of the following strong statement in his Memorandum, dated February 28, 1887, which we quote in full, as it states with ability the causes which were bound to lead to the development of the Intelligence Department:

Although many of the component and complementary parts of the Navy are in themselves satisfactory, it has long been felt by naval men of experience and foresight that in the event of war, unless an improved system of co-operation and preparation were devised, the nation would not obtain, in the earlier stages of such a contest, the full advantage of its great naval resources. This opinion was confirmed by the experience of 1885. Confidential reports of what then occurred proved that our power of naval mobilisation was most defective. A rapid concentration of strength, and an immediate and effective use of the force thus brought together, have in recent years decided within a few weeks of the outbreak of war the ultimate issue of that war.

Important as it may be for a great military nation to be thoroughly prepared for possible contingencies, the necessity for thorough preparation is even more incumbent upon a Power that is supreme at sea.

A mobilisation of land forces is local and territorial in its operation; the mobilisation of naval resources must be concentrated at the few naval arsenals capable of fitting out and commissioning the ships of which they are the complement. A great Naval Power has no frontier; the limits of its operations are confined by the ocean alone, and the plan of campaign or of operations which it may have to carry out would differ in every quarter of the globe, according to the strength and geographical position of the enemy against which it was contending. On land, the plan of campaign or strategy to be adopted is regulated by the physical conditions of the country, which do not change, and by the fighting strength of a population, which does not shift. All well-organised Military Powers have derived infinite advantages from a

properly constituted Intelligence Department; but the need, as I have shown, for such an organisation, is greater for naval than military purposes. This country has the largest fleet afloat, yet hitherto it had no central organisation by which that fleet could be thoroughly utilised in emergency.

The annual expenditure on the Intelligence Department from its formation as the Foreign Intelligence Committee of 1884, can be seen in the diagram. In order to be able to show the expenditure at all, we have been obliged to plot it on a scale a thousand times as great as the one used for the Navy Estimates. For comparative purposes the growth of the *personnel* of the Navy and our shipping interests are also shown in addition to roughly drawn average curves. In tabular form the expenditure on the Department was as follows:

Year.	Expenditure. £	Year.	Expenditure. £
1884–5	500	1894–5	8076
1885–6	774	1895–6	7644
1886–7	1322	1896–7	7094
1887–8	5483	1897–8	7908
1888–9	6703	1898–9	8064
1889–90	6703	1889–1900	8293
1890–1	6880	1900–01	9244
1891–2	7371	1901–02	10,869
1892–3	7404	1902–03	10,926
1893–4	8030		

This table certainly does not show any signs of growth in proportion to responsibilities.

The table and diagram might be considered favourably in spite of the fact that the Intelligence Department has not grown with its responsibilities, if it were not the case that the most abundant evidence is forthcoming as to the congestion of work at the Admiralty, defects of mobilisation, and want of information generally. When a casual student is able to turn over the Navy Estimates and find marine artillery distributed where there are no guns; boys, who ought to be training for the sea in sea-going ships, sent to stationary hulks after they have completed their preliminary training; and Engine-Room

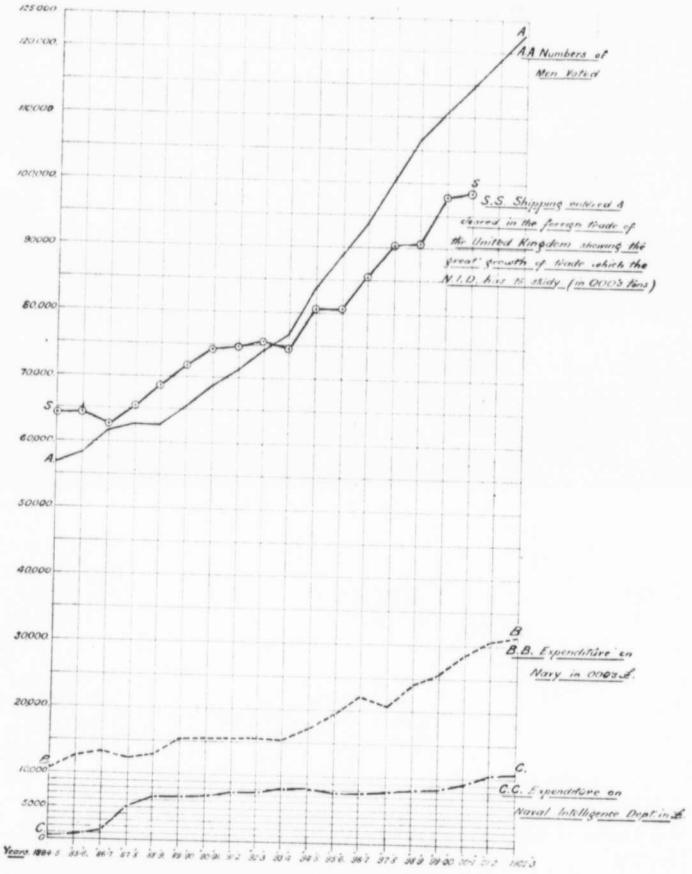


Diagram showing expenditure on Naval Intelligence Department and the growth of the Navy.

Artificers who are boiler-makers, instead of Engine-Room Artificers who are *fitters*, sent to the new submarine boats which have no boilers, we cannot say that the mobilisation system is perfect. It is some consolation to know that matters are improving, and we do not now keep, as we did a couple of years ago, signalmen in the depots doing nothing else but attending telephones. Bad as was the work of the Admiralty under Lord Goschen, it seems hardly credible that they should have issued regulations in June 1899, such as the following, which continued in force in the succeeding years, and which captains and those under their command were enjoined to "pay the most strict attendance and obedience thereto."

EXTRACTS FROM INSTRUCTIONS TO THE GUNNER.

He is on no account to go into the magazine without being specially ordered.

On going into action, he will see that the leaden floorings of the handing rooms are covered with water, that the aprons and pockets are let down, and that the lids of the powder-cases are loosened, and the screens hung round the magazine hatchways.

He is to see that the measures, scales, and weights supplied for weighing powder are kept in good condition in their proper place, and that they are not used for any other purpose.

When the match is burning, it is always to be kept over water in tubs, and in charge of a responsible person.

Of course, no one can possibly obey regulations which apply to the wooden ships of the past, but still regulations would not be issued to-day which make us the laughing-stock of the world except by an Admiralty overweighted with work so that there is no time for intelligent direction. Instead of recognising that this was the case, Mr. Goschen preferred to throw dust in the eyes of Parliament. On February 26, 1900, he said:

The Intelligence Department has been strengthened from year to year. It now contains eight naval and five marine officers so that there are thirteen men, all picked men. We are anxious to get as much brain power as possible into the Department, and we have been very successful in doing so. We have divided this Department into three—mobilisation, foreign information, and strategy, and each has at its head an Assistant Director of Naval Intelligence,

all being under the Director General of Intelligence [the correct title should be "the Director of Naval Intelligence"]. I may fairly state that we receive intelligence from all portions of our dominions. Our plans are carefully worked out so that we know every trade route and can tell off at once all the ships that are to be posted in different parts of the world for the protection of our coasts and our commerce.

It is necessary to make these long quotations in order the more clearly to show how the optimistic farce is played, even to assuring the world and a few thousand naval officers that when thirteen have been selected, the Department has been very successful in obtaining as much brain power as possible. As a matter of fact the number was the same as in 1898, when the newspapers contained information as to a supplementary Russian naval programme which, on May 3, Mr. Goschen discounted by assuring the House of Commons that:

The Russians propose one, orat the most two, battleships, according to the last precise information which I have received, but since that there may be more.

It must be confessed that the Admiralty assurances that their programmes are based on a careful consideration of the navies of the six great maritime powers, received a rude shock when Mr. Goschen the following day acknowledged that the Admiralty had been without information, and that the newspaper reports were correct. To this day we accredit the same naval *attaché* to Russia and Italy, while we have the even greater absurdity of a naval *attaché* at Washington near the Atlantic sea-board accredited to Japan as well. It is, however, no use increasing the naval *attachés* unless we add to the trained intelligence which deals with their reports at headquarters. Lord Selborne in his "Statement, Explanatory of the Navy Estimates" this year, is entirely at fault in claiming that an addition of one naval *attaché* in Austria represents an increase of the Naval Intelligence Department. Since that statement was made the Intelligence Department has undergone a real increase of one captain, so that there are now two able officers

dealing with the ramifications of our shipping and commerce, coal and food supplies. Mr. Goschen, throughout his tenure of office, suffered through the want of intelligent supervision of his speeches and answers to questions, some of which remind us of the argument of a First Lord of the Admiralty, who wishing to argue in favour of large dimensions for ships, said that it should be remembered that the French ships are really bigger than appeared to be the case, for the French metric ton is *larger* than the English ton! Thus Mr. Goschen informed the House that:

> Owing to our having a "recruited navy," the cost of that navy of course naturally is very largely in excess, in proportion, of that of any other country.

Such a statement ignores the United States and the responsibility resting on our long-service system for a large proportion of the cost. Indeed, Mr. Goschen assumed in this speech that there was no alternative but to go on increasing the *personnel* by 4000 per annum. This would indeed be a counsel of despair if it were true, for it would involve a heavy drain on the financial resources of the nation. In the same speech on the Navy Estimates for 1900, Mr. Goschen compared the cost of the *personnel* of the French and English navies, but omitted to mention that over half a million sterling went to the French marines, who were then under the Minister of Marine, and who were in no sense part of the *personnel* of the fleet. This is a pitfall, however, into which many students of naval statistics have fallen. When Mr. Goschen made his speech, in 1900, about the Intelligence Department, the so-called mapping out of our trade was done by a single officer, temporarily employed at the Admiralty, and it was of such a futile nature that it was impossible to glean anything from it worth knowing about trade in war. A few pretty coloured maps showing the peace value of the trade in different directions in the year 1896, and that was all. Years out of date, in aggregate values at the prices for 1896, with practically no information as to quantities

of food, coal, shipping, or as to the vital element of foreign trade and the accommodation of ports, the Admiralty and the navy were practically in the dark on some important issues of war. Great as is their ability, it is simply dallying with the problem to employ two officers on this stupendous task to-day. How ignorant we can be of even permanent works on our own shore is shown by the following paragraph which appeared in the *Naval and Military Record*, October 30, 1902, concerning the cruise of the Home Squadron:

> Orders were given to have lyddite shell ready for firing by one P.M., the *Melampus* being sent ahead to visit the Hysken rocks to see if they were inhabited. She reported that a lighthouse was being built on this rock so the firing was "postponed" until the next day when the *Melampus* was sent to investigate the Yesker Rocks.

It is only recently that a vessel has been endeavouring to collect information as to the tides round the Channel Islands, and the naval manœuvres were carried out in this vicinity with charts which were relics of the first-half of the last century. The business of an Intelligence Department is fully to interpret in practice, and to carry to its military conclusions the remark of the Duke of Wellington to Mr. Croker:

> All my life I have been trying to guess what lay on the other side of the hill. . . . All the business of war, and indeed all the business of life, is to endeavour to find out what you don't know by what you do.

This habit is but a development of the instinct of the savage in the struggle for existence. It is imperative that the savage should know the country for miles around and its nature at different seasons so that "as the very existence of individuals and of whole families and tribes depends upon the completeness of this knowledge, all the acute perceptive faculties of the adult savage are directed to acquiring and perfecting it."[1] To checkmate an adversary we must know not only what he is doing but also what he is capable of attempting against the resources at our disposal. This is what Sir Geoffrey Hornby

[1] Wallace on Instinct in Man and Animals.

probably meant when he said that the two things which would most trouble an admiral in war were coal and information, or, in other words, resources and intelligence. We provide scouts for war, and accumulate and plan what we can during peace by the Intelligence Department and the information it receives from our five naval *attachés*, the general body of officers, private sources and history. Now, apart from our familiar experience of the War Office in the South African campaign, of its failure fully to utilise information as to the probable nature of the war, the maps of the country, and how rapidly, efficiently and economically to augment our resources in transport by sea and land, we have abundance of experience of other departments showing ignorance of matters on which even private traders could have given them a great deal of information. When we sent gunboats up the Niger a few years ago, the authorities were quite unable to supply the officers with any information in advance. Yet troops were employed up the Niger, and even in their case the very necessary huts which could have been sent from England at any time, were taken out at a period of the year when the river was too low to allow of their being forwarded. The attempt to send them through the low-lying malarial river only met with predestined failure, damage to the gunboats, and loss of life. It is not contended that other nations have fared better than our own in history, for its pages are strewn with examples such as when Massena was unprepared to find his line of march interrupted by mountains. Even in the present day the Italian General Ellena stated, of the campaign in Abyssinia, that "the officers had no maps of the country, which was quite unknown, and no steps had been taken to provide for any emergencies." In the Spanish-American War, Admiral Dewey had been at anchor for weeks in Hong Kong awaiting hostilities, yet when orders arrived to proceed to the Philippines two days were wasted while waiting for the American Consul from Manila in order to obtain particulars about the harbours and resources of the enemy. One is forcibly reminded, in studying some of the

events of that war, of the remark made by St. Vincent to Mr. Tucker, "Ah, Mr. Tucker," he said, "had Captain Jervis surveyed Brest in 1774, in 1800 Lord St. Vincent would not have been in want of his information." The Cabinet were then considering a descent on Brest, and it was discovered that we did not possess any charts or information as to the approaches.

In 1870 the sudden collapse of the French was chiefly due to the want of a thinking department to co-ordinate information and to arrange the best concentration of resources. The offensive campaign across the Rhine was abandoned because the horses for the pontoon trains had been forgotten, and Intelligence officers were without railway maps such as a Bradshaw would supply. Wholly ignorant of the transport facilities of the country round about, the most absurd rumours as to the movements of the German troops gained credence. On the other side we know from the Introduction to the official German "History of the War of 1870–1," that one of the chief duties of the General Staff was to work out in every detail the place for the concentration and transport of troops and stores so as to meet all the probable situations which might arise on the outbreak of war. These situations were geographical and political as well as military, and the instructions to the General Staff laid emphasis on the fact that a mistake through want of forethought in the original concentration could hardly ever be rectified in the whole of a campaign. The advantages possessed by the Germans in the war of 1870–71 were simply those which are directly traceable to the duties performed by an efficient Intelligence Department. In England we attach so little importance to these duties that we constantly detach officers from their work at the Intelligence Department to serve on committees. Both in the case of the War Office and the Admiralty, committee work has frequently been thrust on the heads of the Intelligence Departments. Prince Louis of Battenberg, when principal Assistant Director of Naval Intelligence, was made to do the duties of secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty for a long time while the

appointed Secretary was ill. All these proceedings took place then, as they take place now, while there were a number of officers on half-pay, doing nothing except deteriorate as naval officers, and only too anxious to get work to do as the Sea Lords, whom they bothered for employment, knew only too well.

In conclusion, we can only express our belief that the comparative paucity of information which flows in from naval officers to the Intelligence Department and *vice versâ* is due to the undermanning of that department. Admiral Sir John Hopkins has told the country, after experience as a Lord of the Admiralty and Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean, that the authorities do not get a tithe of the information that ought to be expected from the sea service. An undermanned Intelligence Department would naturally discourage any attempt to add to its work by increasing the flow of information coming in or going out. The naval manœuvres; past wars; the latest information concerning foreign navies, coasts, shipping and trade; the manning question; our latest knowledge about oil fuel and its probable influence on strategy and mobilisation; all these things are described to the British naval officer on such an inadequate scale that they turn to private effort to supply them. The result is that there is not nearly enough discussion on board the ships, such as might tend to broaden the minds of officers beyond a mere ship environment and fit them for higher command. We have no official records issued to officers generally giving descriptions of the modern fights. Yet there is hardly any aspect of those battles, even in their barest details, which does not shed a suggestive light on modern war. In the China-Japanese war one 11·8 inch shell killed thirty men and wounded seventy, and another killed fourteen and wounded twenty-seven. How interesting alike to medical and executive officers is this fact when they reflect that the sick bay of the flagship *Majestic* of the Channel Squadron holds but seven cots and ten hammocks. At Santiago, would the orders have been issued to the American

Squadron to use common shell only if the possibilities of the six-inch armour of the *Colon* had been closely considered? Then as for the manœuvres, what lessons are we to deduce in connection with the distribution of our squadrons from the fact that the concentrated cruisers and squadrons have overwhelmed, as they have ever done in history, those which were dispersed?

With Lord Brassey it was the writer's privilege in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" to survey the progress of the navies of the great Powers during the past thirty years. Nothing struck one more forcibly than the numerous mistakes, confined to no single country, which indicated lack of foresight. There appeared to be wanting on many occasions the breadth of view essential to administrative work, which enables a man to free himself of the narrowing influences of environment and sects, and leads him to use his reason concerning the probabilities of war rather than yield to his memory of precedent or imaginary pictures of the possibilities of war. On the other hand there have been a few admirable philosophers who saw so far ahead that they tended to legislate with economy and efficiency for a future date while exposing their country to the risk of being defeated before safety was reached. There is no system equal to the one in vogue in the British navy, where there is a constant interchange of officers between the Admiralty and sea service, for reducing this latter danger to a minimum. It is in the other direction that the British navy fails, and to the best of our ability we have diagnosed the disease as one of overstrain at the Admiralty. The Intelligence Department is undermanned. The Sea Lords need to be understudied by other officers and relieved of much of their routine work. There does not at present emanate from them that active interest in the sea service which lies beyond the mere work of administration. They should be able to aim, as Moltke ever did, and as Sir John Fisher used to do in the Mediterranean, at drawing out all the best that lies in the officers, broadening their minds beyond the ship-life by the fructifying influence

of a stream of information flowing from a real Intelligence Department. In this respect the new scheme for entry, training and distribution of officers is a notable achievement, and it is no secret that while we owe the scheme to the determination and characteristic abilities of a great naval administration, it took shape only after hundreds of junior officers had been consulted as to the details in their relation to the whole scheme. It is characteristic of a new spirit that it should be intended to submit the scheme to public criticism. The Admiralty have little to fear from intelligent criticism, for no one can doubt that the present organisation of the Navy is a peace organisation, and that a real Intelligence Department would have disclosed that fact at least twelve years ago when the increase of the Navy took place.

CARLYON BELLAIRS.

THE AGE OF THE INHABITED WORLD AND THE PACE OF ORGANIC CHANGE

II

IN my last paper I dwelt chiefly on the remarkable phenomenon of pelorism and what can be learned from it as to the pace of organic change. I now propose to illustrate my argument by reference to some other cases of sudden change in organisms.

Discontinuous and Inheritable Variation.—Of all cases of this kind of variation, none is probably so familiarly known as that of the nectarine from the peach. The phenomenon is one continually recurring year by year in our gardens, and it seems to be established beyond dispute that "the nectarine is a variety of the peach, which may be produced either by bud variation or from seed."[1]

Another very well known and very remarkable instance of the sudden appearance and transmissibility of a new organic form has occurred in the case of the common peacock.

In five distinct flocks in England birds of a character essentially different from the parent birds, and known as the "japanned" or "black-shouldered" peacock, have suddenly

[1] Darwin's An. and Pl., p. 342.

appeared, and that without any suspicion of interbreeding with other forms. The japanned birds differ conspicuously from the common peacock in the colour of certain feathers and of the thighs; the females are much paler and the young differ. Mr. Sclater considers the bird to form a distinct and natural species, to which he has given the name of Pavo nigripennis. Furthermore, these birds are not only propagated perfectly true, but in two cases have increased "to the extinction of the previously existing breed." "Better evidence," says Mr. Darwin,[1] "of the first appearance of a new variety could hardly be desired." Most true; but it is the appearance not of a new organism by the slow accumulation of small varieties, but by a sudden change from the one form to the other, a proceeding *per saltum* which Nature is supposed to abhor.

This case of the peacocks is like that of the nectarine and the toad-flax in several very important respects. They all agree in this, that the production of the new form is not an isolated event, but a repeated event happening in various places at various times, and in various stocks or families of the organisms, and therefore seems to be indicative of a latent and wide-spread tendency in the older form to change into the new form.

If we compare the impression made on the mind by these and kindred facts with Mr. Wallace's account of the variability on which alone he relies, we shall see how widely they are discrepant. These variations are not small in amount; they are in one direction and not in every direction; they do not fluctuate about a mean condition; they do not advance by force of selection. This comparison makes one doubt whether variation is equal in every direction, whether it has not an inner law of its own. And if there be such an inner law, who shall say how much it may have done to expedite in point of time the course of organic evolution?

Recent observations have brought to light in the ferns of the British Islands many abnormal forms arising in the natural

[1] Darwin's, An. and Pl., pp. 290–291.

state—as many, it is said, "as have been produced by the combined efforts of all the horticulturists." And of these abnormal forms a large number "reproduce themselves absolutely true, generation after generation." In some cases these variations have a wide range, which would lead us to infer that the new form is often produced sporadically like the peloric *Linaria;* in other cases the new form is found in colonies of varying size.[1] It is a curious fact in reference to these very numerous new forms of ferns that the British Islands seem especially favourable to their production, and that the species which are here prolific in such new varieties appear to produce them rarely on the continent of Europe, a hint, perhaps, that even a slight diversity of environment may affect the variability or the family of an organic form.

The investigations of Professor De Vries on the descendants of a species of evening primrose are highly remarkable. In the second part of his volume on the Theory of Mutation he has given a most full and detailed account of his investigations. For many years the plants of the genus *Œnothera*, which came under the notice of the Professor in the neighbourhood of Amsterdam, impressed him with the persistence and steadiness of their forms in successive generations;[2] but, some sixteen or seventeen years ago, he lighted upon a plant which has shown itself to possess an extraordinary tendency to mutations.

The plant in question was the *Œnothera lamarckiana*—an American species which was growing wild in a potato-field as an escape from some garden, and which exhibited not only a luxuriant growth, but a general tendency to vary in all parts of the organism. In 1887, in two distinct parts of the field, appeared two new forms in manifold individuals, each group gathered together as if each set of plants came from the seed of some one parent. These forms were apparently new species, and De Vries gives them respectively the specific names of

[1] "The Protean Offspring of Ferns," by R. L. Praeger. "Knowledge," vol. xxv. p. 161, July 1902.

[2] "Mutationstheorie," p. 357.

brevistylis and *lævifolia*. The Professor next proceeded to try the effects of cultivation and isolation, and raised three groups of plants—the first, by transplanting young plants of the parent form to the garden, the second by seedlings from *Œ. lævifolia*, and the last from the seeds of a third form which he named *Œnothera lata;* and the history of these three groups and their descendants is written full as in a book of Chronicles in many pages of the Professor's work. One definite result of his observations is, that in the course of a few years he obtained, as spontaneous products from the first of these groups, that is to say, from the single parent form, no less than seven new forms which he regards as specific; each of which appears to be so constant that the fifth or sixth generation is essentially like the first generation of the new species.

It would be obviously impossible for me to give the details of these most laborious investigations of the Amsterdam botanist. But I may shortly refer, in the first place, to the results of his investigations in reference to the first of the three groups to which I have referred, viz., the group which originated with young plants of the normal parent form. The observations of them extended over seven generations, and over 50,000 individuals; of this 50,000 there were found to be normal 49,200, leaving 800 which were abnormal, including plants of seven forms which were selected for their constancy. Of these seven forms, one, named *Œ. gigas*, appeared once in this group, but also appeared twice in the other two groups;[1] and though thus comparatively rare in appearance, it showed great heritable constancy, and was stronger, larger and more firmly built than the parent plant.[2] It arose without the appearance of any intermediate form,[3] and the 450 seedlings of the first generation raised from it remained true, except that one showed some tendency to go back to the form *Œ. lamarckiana;* in the second generation, all were true

[1] So the Professor states at p. 159; but I am not able to trace the other appearances in his table.

[2] P. 225. [3] P. 159.

Œ. gigas, and the same occurred in the three following generations—extending from 1898-1901.[1] This is a case in which, as the learned writer observes, a new form has arisen from the parent stock suddenly, without visible preparations and without intermediate gradations, and endowed at once with all its peculiar characters,[2] and has proved absolutely constant from the first moment of its appearance.[3]

I shall not follow out in detail the history of the other new forms which arose from the three primary groups of young plants with which the experiments began. Professor De Vries has stated the results in five tables, each table dealing with a particular group; and these tables add to the seven new species produced by the normal parent stock no less than five more new forms, which De Vries regards as specific. Of these new forms or species,

3 appeared in 4 separate groups,
4 „ 3 „ „
3 „ 2 „ „
2 „ 1 „ „

so that many of the new forms were found to arise independently in the descendants of the three original groups; a fact which strongly suggests the existence of tendencies to vary along given lines, or, in other words, of lines of least resistance against variation.

No doubt the results arrived at by Professor De Vries will be subjected to careful scrutiny by other botanists.[4] They seem to have been arrived at and chronicled with most scrupulous care, and they present a more impressive instance even than that of the yellow toad-flax of the sudden uprising of new specific forms, and of the descent of such new forms through successive generations.

Another series of investigations on the same lines as those of Professor De Vries, but upon cultivated plants, have been

[1] "Mutationstheorie," p. 160. [2] *Ibid.* p. 362. [3] *Ibid.* p. 175.

[4] See some observations upon them by Mr. Bateson and Miss Saunders in their Report to the Evolution Committee of the Royal Society, p. 152, n.

carried on by the Russian Korschinsky, who has given his result to the public in a Russian treatise, the general results of which have been stated,[1] to be that new varieties spring up suddenly from the normal form as single individuals, differentiated from that form by one or more typical marks, and possessing the power of reproduction in varying degrees.

One other change in vegetables, which appears to be sudden and inheritable, may be added, as it presents different characters from those already referred to. *Gomphia oleæfolia* is a shrub belonging to the Rue family, and in accordance with the character of that family has a single pistil and a single ovary, with several chambers. On a single bush of this plant M. Aug. St. Hilaire found normal flowers and others with several styles, each with its separate ovary and each ovary with a single chamber,[2] so that on a single branch of this shrub there were found, side by side, flowers that brought the plant within the order *Rutaceæ*, and others which excluded it from that order, and both flowers apparently capable of performing the function of reproduction. This presence of two distinct forms of blossom on one plant recalls those cases of pelorism which De Vries calls hemipeloria, and is possibly a step towards the complete separation of the flowers on distinct plants.

Inheritable Changes in Response to Change of Environment.—Rapid changes in apparent response to change of environment are certainly known both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and in many cases appear to be transmissible to succeeding generations; but, so far as the evidence goes, only so long as the new environment continues. Sometimes these changes would appear to have a specific value—*i.e.*, are sufficient to indicate the creation of a new species; sometimes they fall short of this, but even then there seems to be no reason why natural selection should not operate upon the changed organism abiding in its new environment.

I will first adduce two striking illustrations, the one from

[1] "Botanische Zeitung" for January 1, 1901.

[2] Wallace, "Darwinism," p. 791.

the writings of Mr. Darwin, the other from those of Mr. Wallace. Metzger obtained seeds of maize from various parts of America, and cultivated several kinds in Germany. One kind of strong growth (*Zea altissima*) showed some signs of change in the first year, but more in the second and third years, so that "in the third generation nearly all resemblance to the original and very distinct American parent-form was lost." . . . "Analogous results were obtained by the cultivation of another American race, the 'white tooth corn,' in which the tooth nearly disappeared, even in the second generation." "These facts," Mr. Darwin remarks, "afford the most remarkable instance known to me of the direct and prompt action of climate on a plant."[1]

Another very striking instance of change of form accompanying change of environment is found in the case of three small crustaceans, not unlike shrimps in general appearance. One, *Artemia salina*, lives in brackish waters; the second, *Artemia milhausenii*, in salt water; and the third, *Brachipus stagnatis*, in fresh water. The two former animals were held to be different species of one genus, and the latter to differ from them not only specifically but generically, and yet they have been found to be all interchangeable forms according to the saltness of the water; the changes were effected in a few generations, and the change of form was, whilst the conditions remained the same, inherited.[2]

A great amount of recent work has been done, both in observation and experiment, on the subject of the response to change of environment. Dr. Packard, in his book on "Lamarck,"[3] and Prince Kropotkin, in one of his late papers on "Recent Science,"[4] have given references to much of this work. These observations have been made upon bacteria, fungi, and flowering plants, and create, to quote the words of the author, "a quite solid body of evidence to prove

[1] Darwin's Pl. and An., p. 322.

[2] Wallace, "Darwinism," p. 427. [3] Cap. 20.

[4] "Nineteenth Century Review," Sept. 1901, p. 425, *et seq.*

that in plants adaptive forms *are* created by the direct physical action of environment."[1] The rapidity with which these changes are effected (as, for instance, in the case of Alpine plants transferred to lower ground, or *vice versâ*) seems to preclude the notion that natural selection on small variations can have had any part in the work.

But the rapid response to change of environment is not confined to instances where the whole organism is affected; it is seen in cases of the change of environment of a part of the organism. When the water crowfoot throws a branch out of its ordinary environment of water into the air, that branch undergoes, as every one knows, a marked change and develops leaves adapted to aerial life. It seems impossible to treat this action on the part of the plant as the result of a long series of accumulated variations on the part of ancestral crowfoots: it seems as if not only the plant, but each part of the plant, carried with it a power of adaptive response to the change of circumstances.

That plants and animals under a change of circumstances undergo adaptive changes, either slow or rapid, is one of the most undisputed facts in nature; and the question between the Darwinian and Lamarckian schools of naturalists is as to the way in which these adaptive changes occur. Mr. Darwin, as we all know, insisted on the accumulation of such casual changes as are useful under the changed environment; and under this theory there lies the assumption of an innate tendency to vary in every direction. The Neolamarckian school, on the other hand, insists on the direct response of the organism to the change of environment; and under this theory there lies the assumption of an innate capacity in the organism to produce such a change in itself as shall be useful to it under this change, as if each organism carried *in petto* a particular providence and wisdom of its own.

If change of environment produce a change in the organism, there is no apparent reason why that change should be adaptive.

[1] P. 428.

If a hare be for the first time exposed to the influence of a snow-field, and his organisation be thereby affected, there seems no reason why the affection should take the form of white hairs: if a plant be for the first time exposed to unusual heat and drought, there seems no reason why the change should produce hairs that shelter the stomata and so lessen the exhalation of moisture from the plant. But however to be accounted for, the fact of sudden and adaptive change is supported by cogent evidence, and must have something to say as to the pace of organic change in the world's history.

Difficulties in Operation of Small Variations.—There are some considerations which make it difficult, if not impossible, to accept the theory that continuous and small change is the only form of variation at work in the organic world.

The flowers of the normal and of the peloric *Linaria* are both complicated machines, but they are different machines. Their success in each case is dependent upon the due co-ordination of a large number of parts, and these co-ordinations are different: in the one, as we know, the flower is irregular, in the other regular: in one the stamens are four, in the other five: the arrangement and size of almost every part of the flower is different. Now, if you pass *per saltum* from one perfect machine to another, you can understand how life may go on. But if the normal flower began to alter first the length of one stamen and then the position of another, and then another small point, and so on through a vast series of small changes, you would spoil the one machine before you got near the other, and life could not go on. So soon as the changes had reached such a point that the old machinery would not work, the series would come to an end. The hypothesis of two workable pieces of mechanism existing at the two ends of a vast series of unworkable machines is, to say the least, a very improbable one—and one which, before it is believed, may well demand cogent evidence. "We can hardly," it has been well said, "suggest or conceive a way

by which, in a concrete case, a perfect mechanism can have been compiled out of minimal changes."[1]

Let me take another instance to illustrate this point. The normal form of the blossom of the violet has, as parts of the mechanism to ensure fertilisation, a nectary in the spur, hairs on the side-petals, curved styles and stigmas prolonged into a beak, and a drooping position of the flower. In the peloric form this is all different: the flower is erect, the style is erect, the stigmas are capitate and not beaked, there are no hairs on the side-petals, and the usual nectary is absent.[2] No one can doubt that the mechanism for securing pollination in the two flowers is entirely different: and it seems to me to be inconceivable that the one piece of mechanism could have been altered into the other bit by bit, and yet have continued through all these slow changes to have answered the end which it subserves; it is still more inconceivable that, according to the theory of natural selection, the machine in its middle as well as its final stages should have answered its purpose better than the old machine from which it was altered.

No doubt there are changes which may produce an immediate beneficial result, and which may produce that result more and more as the change progresses. For instance, it is quite conceivable that a slight elongation of the neck of the ancestor of the giraffe would enlarge the area of his feeding, and that this area would increase as the neck lengthened: and here we can conceive of natural selection as the agent in the change. But, on the other hand, take such a case as that of the aye-aye (*Chiromys madagascariensis*), to which attention has recently been drawn.[3] The creature possesses on its forefeet or hands an attenuated middle finger, which looks between its fellows like the mere skeleton of a finger, and this it uses by inserting it in the small tunnels of a burrowing larva on which it feeds. "How," says Mr. Lydekker,[4] "an ancestral aye-aye

[1] Mr. and Miss Bateson, 28 Jour. Lin. Soc. Bot., 412.

[2] Masters, 220, 22.

[3] "Knowledge," vol. xxiv. p. 269, Dec. 1901. [4] P. 270.

gradually reduced the size of its middle finger till it assumed the attenuated proportions of its existing representative is very hard to understand, seeing that a slight diminution in the calibre of this digit would be of little or no advantage. Some more potent cause than 'natural selection' seems necessary in this as in many other instances."

As long ago as 1871 Mr. St. George Mivart devoted a chapter of his book, "The Genesis of Species," to "the incompetency of 'natural selection' to account for the incipient stages of useful structures;" and he there adduced several instances of the difficulty I have been considering—difficulties based on the assumption that natural selection is operative only on minute variations.

The facts of mimicry present a corresponding difficulty to the notion of the omnipotence of natural selection. For many years past the attention of the scientific world has been drawn by the researches of Mr. Bates and Mr. Wallace, and many other observers, to the prevalence of the imitation of one group of butterflies by another entirely distinct group; the imitating group being one which is exposed to the attacks of birds without any protection afforded by bad taste or smell; the imitated group being one which is protected by being distasteful to the birds which would otherwise devour it. The change from the one form of coloration to the other has been explained, as produced by the action of natural selection, the utility gained by its action being the deception of the birds who feed on the butterflies. Such a change of coloration involves the change of a vast number of minute points of colour; and it is not until the markings of group A have sufficiently approximated to the markings of group B to deceive the birds that anything will be gained by the change; and considering the great acuteness of sight possessed by most birds and the accuracy with which they discriminate between the objects of food, it is obvious that the useful deception will not begin to take effect until the protected form is nearly approached. Thus during the whole interval occupied in passing from the

normal form of group A to near the normal form of group B, natural selection will have been entirely inoperative, and the change must have been effected through some other agency.

It may, however, be said that the very facts must be taken to show that birds are easily deceived by a slight approximation to the protected form. But this argument is worthless, for the imitation in many cases is of the most perfect description, line for line and point for point; and if deception was effected by a comparatively slight imitation, natural selection had done its work when that slight imitation was reached, and it can give no account of the whole range of change between slight and perfect imitation. Either birds are deceived by a small amount of imitation or they are not. If they are, natural selection cannot have produced perfect imitation; if they are not so deceived, then group A has passed over from its original form to something close upon the form of group B without any guidance from this principle.[1]

Variation in the Pace of Change.—The claim of the biologists for a very extended time rests, I think, not only on the assumption of the slowness of organic change, but also on the assumption of the uniformity in the rate of change. If the pace varies, the present rate may afford no safe indication of the past rate.

If a hale old man of sixty were to observe carefully the amount of change which he underwent in the course of a year, and then to observe the vast amount of change which he had undergone since his birth, and to compute the period since his birth by the rate of change between his fifty-ninth and his sixtieth birthdays, he would probably make his age something like that of Methuselah; and he would be wrong, for, though change was a constant fact in his life, the rate of change had varied. Now, may it not be that we make a like mistake if we

[1] See a Paper by the late Mr. Alfred W. Bennett read before the British Association in 1870: "Nature," vol. iii. p. 30, and the subsequent correspondence in that volume of "Nature."

measure time past by the speed of change in the time that is present?

Once the earth was young; its pulses beat quickly, and its breathing was fast and strong. "If," said Mr. Wallace, "as all physicists maintain, the sun gave out perceptibly more heat in past ages than now, this alone would cause an increase in almost all the forces that have brought about geological phenomena. With greater heat there would be a more extensive aqueous atmosphere, and a greater difference between equatorial and polar temperatures; hence more violent winds, heavier rains and snows, and more powerful oceanic currents, all producing more rapid denudation. At the same time, the internal heat of the earth being greater, it would be cooling more rapidly, and thus the powers of contraction—which cause the upheaving of mountains, the eruption of volcanoes and the subsidence of extensive areas—would be more powerful, and would still further aid the process of denudation. Yet, again, the earth's rotation was certainly more rapid in very remote times, and this would cause more impetuous tides and still further add to the power of the ocean."[1] And this greater activity of the physical powers of the earth would add also to that change in the conditions of organic life which, whether slowly or rapidly, undoubtedly effects changes in organic life itself. These considerations seem to make it dangerous to assume the identity of pace in the past and the present, either as regards the geological or biological measures of time. But there is more than this—there is some biological evidence to show that such an assumption would be not only unsafe, but erroneous.

The Brachiopods are a large and important group of shell-fish still existing which have left abundant traces of their history in the strata of the earth, from the Cambrian period downward. Assuming the appearance of new forms of this great group in the successive strata to be the work of evolution—then if new forms make their appearance with an equal

[1] Wallace, "Island Life," p. 216.

frequency, we shall consider that organic change has maintained a uniform pace; whereas, if the appearance of new forms is more frequent at one stage than another, we shall conclude that the pace of successful organic change has been quickened. This question has undergone a most interesting discussion at the hands of Professor Henry Shaler Williams,[1] and the results which he has arrived at are very curious and interesting. He accepts the division of the Brachiopods into two sub-classes: one the Arthropomata, and the other the Lyopomata. The Arthropomata appear first in the Cambrian rocks, their species vary at an increasing rate till they reach their maximum pace about the middle of the Silurian. Hence the pace declines through the Devonian and Carboniferous series till about the middle of the Triassic rocks; then the pace again grows faster till the middle of the Jurassic rocks, when the pace again rapidly declines and nearly reaches zero in the middle of the Tertiary rocks, whence again the pace quickens through the later Tertiaries and the Quaternary rocks.

In the Lyopomata the record is somewhat different. They too first appear in the Cambrian rocks; the pace of change quickens till it reaches its greatest height in the middle of the Ordovican age; thence it slows down to the middle of the Silurian period; then it slightly quickens till the middle of the Devonian times; whence it falls to near zero at the end of the Carboniferous age, and only rises slightly as the Tertiary period yields to the Quaternary.

In the history of both these great groups of Brachiopods it will be observed that the maximum pace of organic change is reached not long (geologically speaking) after the point of origin, or at least of appearance of the race; and the same rule appears true in most but not in all cases where the Brachiopods are examined in smaller groups than those with which I have dealt. A similar early rapid expansion of genera has been observed in the Nautiluses and Ammonites; and Mr. Hyatt, who has studied the history of these Cephalopods, holds this to

[1] "Geological Biology" (1895), p. 252, *et seq.*

be only one illustration of a general law. "These facts," he says, "and the acknowledged sudden appearance of large numbers of all the distinct types of Invertebrata in the Paleozoic, and of the greater number of all existing and fossil types before the expiration of Paleozoic time, speak strongly for the quicker evolution of forms in the Paleozoic, and indicate a general law of evolution. This, we think, can be formulated as follows: Types are evolved more quickly and exhibit greater structural differences between generic groups of the same stock, while still near the point of origin, than they do subsequently."[1]

These observations seem cogent to show that there may be what De Vries has called "mutationsperiode"—times in the history of each group of organisms, when change, either only rapid or rapid but accompanied by smaller variations, is in vogue, and between these times may be long eras of persistency and immutability. The willows and the brambles, from the great variety of slightly varying forms in which they present themselves, have long been regarded as illustrations of organisms in a state of high plasticity and of unstable equilibrium within narrow limits of variation. Perhaps the yellow toad-flax and the evening primrose may be added as plants in a like condition, but within much wider limits of mutation. Then, on the other hand, the *Lingula*, which has come down to us nearly unchanged from the Silurian times, and the Crocodiles of to-day, which differ but little from those of the Older Secondary formations, may be instances of organisms which have passed through their period of mutation. Or again, the goose, with its single immutable form existing side by side with the pigeon, occurring in almost innumerable forms even of specific value, may be another illustration of the contrast between organisms in the fixed and in the plastic conditions, and may warn us that in this respect nature is not uniform, but is rich in the variety of its action.

In conclusion, I desire to state very shortly the propositions

[1] Quoted by Williams, "Geological Biology," p. 341–342.

on which I insist. I do not deny the existence of small variations or their accumulation by natural selection; but I venture to doubt the assertions that variation is equal in every direction and without defined tendencies, and that the accumulation of small and fortuitous variations is the only force available for the creation of new species. On the contrary, I think that there is evidence of lines of least resistance to change, or, otherwise stated, of tendencies to vary in particular directions; that there are cases of rapid, as well as of slow, variation arising without change of environment, in which the variation is maintained by inheritance; that there are other cases of similar change due to change of environment in which the new form persists so long as the new environment lasts; that there are many cases of variation to which the theory of slow changes is entirely inapplicable; and that there is evidence to show that variations are in some periods more rapid and more important than in other periods.

If nature always crawls, if effective variation be always small in amount, and ever fluctuating about a mean condition, if natural selection never operates but slowly and on minute variations, then the longest period suggested by geologists or biologists may, perhaps, be needful for the habitable existence of the earth; but what if nature sometimes jumps—if great and sudden variations be inheritable? if variation occurs not equally round a centre, but along lines of least resistance? if natural selection operates on great as well as on small variations? if organisms are liable to periods of rapid mutation? If these things be so, then may not the period granted by the physicists be peradventure enough?

EDWARD FRY.

THE FOURTH GOSPEL AND JOHN THE APOSTLE

WHO is the author of the Fourth Gospel? Ancient tradition replies: John the Apostle, the beloved disciple of Jesus Christ. This traditional belief, however, is no longer accepted by the great majority of modern critics, on the double ground that the tradition is conflicting, and that this so-called Johannine Gospel is unhistorical: it is "a *logos* romance," so unhistorical that it cannot be the work of an Apostle.

We will do justice to the Fourth Gospel if we view it as a philosophic poem with a special religious aim, [while] as a source for the history of Christ in the flesh it is almost worthless.[1]—The cardinal question, How far may the contents of this Gospel be believed? is closely bound up with the further question, was it written by the Apostle John? . . . One who is convinced that its contents are generally untrustworthy will look upon this as a decisive argument against an apostolic origin for this Gospel.[2]—By examining the Gospel itself we can judge how far it is worthy of belief, and so decide how far it is likely to be the authentic work of an Apostle. . . . A well-founded verdict of its contents must first be sought.[3]—The question

[1] A. Jülicher, Einleitung in d. N. T. 1894, pp. 258 f. Substantially to the same effect: O. Pfleiderer, Das Urchristentum, 1887, pp. 95. 695 ff. 742 ff.—O. Holtzmann, Das Johannesevangelium, 1887, pp. 97 f.—H. Holtzmann, Einleitung in d. N. T, 3rd ed. 1892, pp. 441 ff., 28. Neutestamentliche Theologie, 1897, ii. pp. 351 ff.—C. Weizsäcker, Das Apost. Zeitalter, 2nd ed. 1892, pp. 517, 520 ff.; The Apostolic Age, 1894, ii. pp. 206 ff.; 225 f. 234 ff.; and still earlier E. Reuss, Ideen, 1840, p. 7 f. and 18. So even Chastand, L'apôtre Jean, 1888, p. 306 f. "L'evangeliste ne voulait donc point écrire une nouvelle histoire de Jésus, mais, dégageant des faits la doctrine, composer une philosophie de l'histoire du Sauveur."

[2] H. H. Wendt, The Gospel according to St. John, Engl., by E. Lummis Edinburgh, 1902, p. 3.

[3] Wendt, *op. cit.* pp. 4 ff.

whether the Fourth Gospel was written by John the Apostle . . . (although the Apostle's authorship is claimed for it only by tradition) cannot be determined apart from the question of its historicity. . . . The question of the historicity, therefore, is ultimately the more important of the two, if we bear in mind what must be the final object of all inquiry into the Gospels, namely, the elucidation of the life of Jesus.[1]

Many an earnest student will, I think, withhold assent to the above doctrine that the genuineness of a literary composition depends primarily upon its historicity, seeing that one and the same writer can very well be the author of a history and of a novel or even a fairy tale as well: witness the "Anabasis" and the "Cyropædia" which are *genuine* works of Xenophon; not to name a large number of modern writers. However, apart from the fallacy of such a premise, there is no doubt that the historicity of our Fourth Gospel is a question of vital importance to Christian interests, and so demands the earnest consideration and thought of critical students. The primary object of the present paper was to inquire into the authorship or genuineness of the Fourth Gospel apart from its historicity; but as modern criticism has subordinated its genuineness to its historicity, I feel myself bound to consider, in a general way at least, this vexed question of historicity before passing on to my main thesis on the authorship.

I.—*Historicity of the Gospel.*

The historicity of the Fourth Gospel is questioned or rather rejected on many grounds, the principal of which may be conveniently summarised under the following heads:—

(1) It is in a large measure so allegorical and mystical or metaphysical as to defy reason and history;

(2) Starting as it does by identifying Jesus with the *Logos*, strips Him of almost all human traits;

[1] P. W. Schmiedel writer of the articles: "Gospels" (this in collaboration with Dr. E. A. Abbott), and "John, son of Zebedee," in the "Encyclopædia Biblica," vol. ii. (1901) p. 2518.

(3) It represents Jesus as claiming pre-existence (viii. 58, xvii. 5);

(4) It selects and arranges the events in a manner and chronological order totally different from the plan followed by the synoptic Evangelists;

(5) Contrary to the synoptic Gospels, it gives short narratives and long discourses;

(6) In the subject-matter it is at striking variance with the synoptic account, misrepresenting or ignoring not only minor points and details, but even matters of paramount importance, such as the scene of Jesus' public life, His baptism, His temptation in the wilderness, the number of His visits to Jerusalem, His transfiguration, His prayer (agony) in Gethsemane, the date of His crucifixion, &c.

Now there is no denying that such anomalies as the above, notably those formulated under (1), (2), (3) are truly too singular and startling to claim historical reality. Hence modern or rational criticism seems well justified in rejecting the genuineness of such a Gospel. It remains only to see how far and under which form the rejection is determined. On this point unanimity is of course impossible, as almost every critic has his own theory. However, speaking broadly, we may distinguish three schools, each being represented by an advanced and a moderate wing:—

I. The *negative rationalists*, who maintain that the Fourth Gospel altogether is not, and cannot be, the work of John or any other Apostle, since it is wholly unhistorical, both in point of conception and in point of fact;

II. The *moderate rationalists*, who contend that the frame or groundwork is apostolic, but in its present form the Gospel is a redaction and amplification by later hands;

III. The *rationalising conservatives*, who, while upholding the apostolic authorship of the Gospel, admit also its unhistorical character, but endeavour to account for its anomalies by arguing that the writer allows himself great freedom bordering on licence. The advanced wing of this school goes even so far

as to lay at the Apostle's door extraordinary arbitrariness and even flippancy.

Mark, Matthew and Luke are all sources for the author of the Fourth Gospel, who omits, corrects, supplements, and reproduces their narrative and sayings, incorporating as much as proved suitable for his purpose along with his own original material. [1]

Regarding the second school, that of the *moderate rationalists*, it will be seen that their theory represents a sort of compromise between the negative doctrine of the first school and the beliefs of ancient tradition. According to this intermediate school, the so-called Johannine Gospel, though not necessarily the work of John the Apostle, is apostolic in its frame—a nucleus consisting of a written or unwritten apostolic source, a sort of *logia;* but at the same time it contains numerous and more or less extensive accretions and interpolations of later origin.

The (Fourth) Gospel includes precious material of apostolic tradition; but it was not composed, any more than our other three Gospels, by an apostolic eye-witness of the Gospel history. There are in it, as in the synoptic Gospels, elements of a secondary tradition lying side by side with those of the apostolic tradition. [2]

It will be seen that this theory is practically an adaptation or extension to the New Testament of the Wolfian hypothesis regarding the composition of Homer. No doubt, an attempt to bring a Gospel into a system harmonising with our modern point of view, by distinguishing in it original matter and alien later accretions, interpolations, dislocations and the like, is in itself an interesting piece of scholarship. But we must confess that such a piece of work, however suggestive, has little intrinsic and less practical value, since no earnest editor of the New Testament will ever adopt such revolutionary changes in its text without weighty MS authority.

[1] James Moffatt, "The Historical New Testament," Edinburgh, 1901, p. 491.

[2] Wendt, *op. cit.* p. 254.

On the other hand, the doctrine of the first or *negative* school deserves most earnest consideration. Here we have a clear and precise verdict that the Johannine Gospel is altogether unhistorical, and therefore cannot be the work of John or any other Apostle. It must be a spurious composition of sub-apostolic times, written for doctrinal purposes by some unknown scribe, possibly by John the Presbyter (so Harnack, Bousset, and others). The reasons and arguments brought forward for this thesis have been already summarised above and need not be repeated here. It only remains for us to hear the verdict of this extremist school, as given in our "Encyclopædia Biblica."

> A book which begins by declaring Jesus to be the *logos* of God and ends by representing a cohort of Roman soldiers as falling to the ground at the majesty of His appearance (xviii. 6), and by representing 100 pounds of ointment as having been used at His embalming (xix. 39), ought by these facts alone to be spared such a misunderstanding of its true character as would be implied in supposing that it meant to be a historical work (vol. ii. p. 2542).

Now it is not my purpose here to defend the Christological principles nor the historicity of the Johannine Gospel in every point and detail. But before accepting the above crushing verdict of the negative school, I feel compelled to pause and ask: Are these summary charges really founded? Is it certain that the *logos* in the opening verse of the Gospel means Jesus as the hypostatic or personal Son of God, and not God's cosmogonic word, that creative word so well known from the opening of the Book of Genesis? Then is *the* troop of soldiers spoken of in xviii. 6 a *Roman cohors*, or does it mean the local *Jewish* temple guard? Again is it quite certain that the ointment used at Jesus' embalming consisted of 100 pounds (λίτρας ἑκατὸν) of myrrh and aloes, or did the author write λίτρας ἕκαστον, *one* pound each? I, for one, venture to question the fairness and validity of the above indictment, and confess that a long and close study of the Gospel under consideration has cleared up most of the points laid at the Evangelist's door.

Thus, in viii. 58 and xvii. 5 Jesus does not claim bodily pre-existence. Nor is it certain, as commonly contended, that this Evangelist is at striking variance with the synoptists (and that, therefore, he must err) in such cases as the scene of Jesus' public life, His baptism, the number of His visits to Jerusalem, His transfiguration, His prayer or agony in Gethsemane, the date of His crucifixion, &c. Having recognised the unsoundness or fallacy of modern criticism in such concrete points as the above, the present writer feels compelled to pause and ask himself: Are the Evangelists really to blame for all the discrepancies found in their writings, or do these alleged divergences and anomalies rest, in a large measure at least, on scribal, editorial, and exegetic errors? If so, is it fair to hold a writer responsible for what he probably neither wrote nor thought? This is a very serious matter, and should be weighed before passing such a damaging judgment as those quoted above.

Now, as regards my question whether our Evangelists might not be the victims of editorial oversight and exegetic misconception, it is obvious that such a question cannot be answered off-hand or roundly; a reply can be only given for each case apart, and that after a critical examination, thorough and unbiased, of all the evidence available. All such cases of discrepancy or anomaly must be subjected to a scholarly and conscientious scrutiny of the documentary evidence, such as the testimony of MSS, versions, and extra-canonical quotations. And this is not all. The critic must be acquainted with contemporary history, and above all he must be familiar with the language of the Evangelist under discussion, or rather with the vernacular Greek spoken at the time, as illustrated in the contemporary and subsequent private inscriptions and papyri, and as still largely surviving and spoken in modern Greek. A fresh study of the Gospels on these principles would, I feel certain, show, to our surprise or relief, that a large number of supposed incongruities among the Evangelists are, in effect, cases of editorial and exegetic misconstruction and misinter-

pretation of the text. Thus, to refer to a few concrete instances, the Macchiavelian dictum grievously imputed to Luke (xvi. 9), "And I say unto you, Make unto yourselves friends by means of the mammon of unrighteousness," should be read as an *interrogation*, implying *negation*: κἀγὼ λέγω ὑμῖν . . .; "Shall I also say . . .?" implying the answer, No! Again the synoptic account of Jesus' prayer, known as the "agony of Gethsemane," is not missing in the Fourth Gospel, as commonly held; it is the long valedictory prayer reported in chap. xvii. Likewise the "Transfiguration" is embedded in the Johannine Gospel, as we shall see further below. Again, in the healing of the centurion's servant (Matt. viii. 5–10; Luke vii. 1–10), that attendant (παῖς) is the official's or employé's son (υἱὸς), spoken of in John iv. 46–54. Furthermore, in John iii. 34, Jesus never says, "God giveth not the spirit by measure"; nor does He say, in iv. 42, "salvation is of the Jews"; here He speaks of "salvation or deliverance *from* the Jews"; in viii. 44 He implies not that the devil only "when he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own."[1]

In view of such instances of serious misconstruction, it sems to me grievously wrong to take a copy of one of the Gospels, as currently printed or interpreted, and on the strength of such a text or version, to call to account or censure the writer for what he may have never said or implied. Of course, one may object here that even assuming the above charges to be unfounded, there still remain many other points and the whole tone and character of the Fourth Gospel which are irreconcilable with historicity. This is undoubtedly true from our point of view; but before pronouncing a general indictment against a writer, fairness bids us ascertain and consider the point of view taken by that writer. Now in the case of our Fourth Evangelist, there is no doubt whatever that he is at striking variance with the synoptists regarding the general tone and

[1] All these and numerous other instances of editorial misconception will be fully discussed in my forthcoming edition of "St. John's Gospel."

character of their individual Gospels. How are we to account for this variance? This question is inseparably connected with the individual character of the several Evangelists, with their personal relation to Jesus and the consequent influence and effect experienced from His mighty personality, and above all the question is wound up with the Evangelists' individual conception and object. True, in the case of the synoptists the harmonisation or inter-assimilation of their texts by later hands renders it difficult for us to depict their individual characters and ways of thinking. Nevertheless, one broad fact stands out clear and unmistakable about them. Throughout their narrative, these three Evangelists appear distinctly as *Jews*, though Jews completely *reformed* by the direct or indirect influence of their Hero Jesus. They see in Him a divine reformer and saviour of the Jewish race from its suffering under the oppression of the foreign rule and from the evils of internal distraction and depravity. So they describe Jesus as the long-expected Messiah of David's race, constantly associating Him with the Old Testament and contemporary Jewish history. To them Jesus is a great "man"—a great and ideal *Jew*—whom they follow through all successive stages of His *human* life up to His rise to full Messiahship and divinity. In other words, the synoptists write as Jews about the great Jew or Messiah who came to rescue their nation and restore the Kingdom of Israel, and who has given proofs of His Messiahship in the "miracles" or "mighty works" of mercy (*δυνάμεις, σημεῖα*). This conception of the synoptists accounts on the one hand for the stress they lay on Christ's Jewish genealogy, birth, growth, and history, and on the other for the minor or subordinate interest they evince in His divine and spiritual nature, mission and doctrine. So the synoptists, though entirely *reformed* by Jesus' mighty influence, still feel and write as Jews about the Jewish Messiah for the enlightenment and in the interest chiefly of their fellow Jews.

The case is entirely different with the writer of the Fourth

Gospel. This Evangelist appears as a man completely *transformed:* as a man moulded by and after his Hero. To him Jesus is not a mere divine reformer, not the Jewish Messiah of the synoptists; He is a divine and mighty figure, who has given miraculous *proofs* (σημεῖα) of His divine nature: yea, He is the *Son of God*, who came directly from Heaven with the mission to unfold His Father's *logos* (Gospel); who, as the *Son of God*, has not, and cannot have, a human history at all; who cannot have connection with any human stock or race, and least of all with the Jews, His malicious persecutors. This last point—the hostility of the Jews to his divine Hero—constitutes so grave a sin in the eyes of this writer that he carefully dissociates both himself and his divine Master from all friendly connection with *the* Jews.

The reason, therefore, why the synoptic and Johannine accounts of Jesus are so dissimilar, lies in their different conception of Him and in the different grounds they take. True, both sides write *a posteriori*, that is after they had convinced themselves of Jesus' Messiahship and divine Sonship through His Transformation (transfiguration) and Resurrection. But whereas the synoptists begin from His pre-Messianic state, that is from His *human birth* or stage, the Fourth Evangelist starts from His *divine birth*, from His *Incarnation*—a miraculous act which He sees in His manifestation or Transfiguration (μεταμόρφωσις, transformation), which he also emphasises, as we shall see further below. This metamorphosis, this "culminating point in Jesus' life," seems to have produced such an overpowering effect and such an indelible impression upon this Evangelist's mind—an impression even more powerful than did Paul's vision produce upon that Apostle—as to transform his inmost nature and make him from a man to a zealous proclaimer. It is only natural then that this Evangelist should take Jesus' metamorphosis as the starting-point or exordium in his Gospel of the Incarnate *logos*. So he opens with the prelude:—

First of all was God's *logos* (creative Word, as in Gen. i. 1 ff.)	Ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ λόγος.
(1) Now the *logos* was with God, and so was (itself) God (creator); (not God's *logos* as read in the Old Testament, but) *this logos* was at first with God.	καὶ ὁ λόγος ἦν πρὸς τὸν θεόν, καὶ[1] θεὸς ἦν· ὁ λόγος οὗτος ἦν ἐν ἀρχῇ πρὸς τὸν θεόν.
(2) It created all things; yea, without it not a thing was created that was created;	πάντα δι αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο, καὶ[1] χωρὶς αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο οὐδὲ ἓν ὃ γέγονεν·
(3) It contained life: yea, the life (*cp.* ὁ λόγος τῆς ζωῆς in 1 John i. 1);	ἐν αὐτῷ ζωὴ ἦν, καὶ[1] ἡ ζωή·
(4) It was the light of men; yea, the Light.	ἦν τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων, καὶ[1] τὸ φῶς·
(5) It shineth in the darkness (*i.e.*, in vain); yea, darkness comprehended it not;	ἐν τῇ σκοτίᾳ φαίνει, καὶ[1] ἡ σκοτία αὐτὸ οὐ κατέλαβεν·
(6) It became man (was transformed to man) . . .	ἐγένετο ἄνθρωπος . . .
. . . So God's *logos* became flesh (was transformed to man).	. . . καὶ ὁ λόγος σὰρξ ἐγένετο.

In this weighty prologue we have a clear and authoritative definition of God's *logos*, and at the same time a delineation or adumbration of its subject and purpose. It tells us: what God's *logos* means; how it was transformed or incarnated in Christ; wherefore was it transformed to man or incarnated in Christ, *i.e.*, what Christ's mission and object on earth was; or what the purport of the (Fourth) Gospel is: all these great subjects being embraced in the one momentous term *logos*. It is this great *logos* therefore, and that *after its incarnation* or metamorphosis

[1] In all these cases καὶ, like Hebrew copulative *Waw* (*vav*), is epexegetic, explaining and moreover emphasising the word or clause subjoined.

in Christ—that concerns the Fourth Evangelist, and this great *logos* forms the subject of his Gospel, the *logos* Gospel.

Starting then from this conception of Jesus as the Son of God and Revealer of God's *logos*, our Evangelist evinces no interest in His pre-incarnate or human life, and still less in His Jewish nationality. Holding as he does that Jesus is the *Son of God* and so cannot have an earthly father or mother, he naturally omits His genealogical and parental connection, and throws all the emphasis upon the divine side, the mission, doctrine, thought and speech of the Son of God.[1] This exalted conception accounts for the Evangelist's constant care to keep Christ high above the Old Testament, that is above Moses and all the prophets honoured by the Jews. He even goes a step farther. In his great solicitude to prove himself worthy of his lofty subject and to do justice to the Son of God, he also divests himself of his human nature, he resigns his own self. Hence the absence on his part of all personal interest in any nation, country or locality. It is this lofty attitude of the Evangelist's that affords the clue to the unique character of his Gospel. It explains the apparently inadequate and incidental presentment on his part of Jesus' "human" history. It further accounts for his general unconcern and inattention to matters of history, topography and chronological sequence. And it also seems to account for the writer's manifest awe and reluctance to figure personally in the great drama he narrates; so much so that he contents himself to figure dimly, that is, not as a *persona dramatis*, "cuius pars magna fuit," but as a spectator and narrator of the divine drama he describes.

[1] In the same way, St. Paul evinces very little interest in Jesus' *human* life; hence he preached extremely little to his congregations about the earthly life of Jesus. Compare: 2 Cor. v. 16, "Wherefore we henceforth know no man after the flesh; even though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now we know *him so* no more." 1 Cor. i. 23, "We (=I) preach Christ crucified" (*i.e.*, after He has been crucified); so also Gal. iii. 1.

II.—*Authorship of the Gospel.*

Who wrote the Fourth Gospel? Leaving out of consideration tradition and external testimony, our internal evidence for answering this question consists of data which, rightly and intelligently examined, yield unequivocal results. First of all we are struck by the curious phenomenon that in perusing our Gospel we nowhere meet with the name of John the Apostle, although the other Apostles figure in it personally and by name. Now that there was an Apostle John, son of Zebedee, we do know from the synoptists whose Gospels repeatedly include in the number of the Apostles or disciples an Apostle John, and even represent him as playing a prominent part in the circle of Jesus' disciples. Again, while John's absence from the Fourth Gospel strikes us as singular, we are furthermore struck by another singular phenomenon, that in many a passage of this Gospel we read of an anonymous disciple who takes part in certain incidents (i. 35 ff., xiii. 23 ff., 15, xix. 35, xx. 2 ff., xxi. 2, xxviii. ff.), and who is described as "one (not *the* one) whom Jesus loved" (xiii. 23, xix. 26, xxi. 7, xx).[1] This anonymous disciple is even stated in this Gospel to be no other than the writer himself: "This is the disciple which beareth testimony of these things, and who wrote these things" (xxi. 24). Now as this anonymous disciple must be John the Apostle, we are warranted in acknowledging that our John the Apostle is the author of the Fourth Gospel. This is the internal evidence hitherto produced in favour of the authorship of the Fourth Gospel by John the Apostle; an evidence corroborated by ancient tradition.

However, in the present stage of modern criticism we cannot be well satisfied with this inferential demonstration, the more so as the above passage which identifies the anonymous disciple with the writer occurs in chap. xxi. which is generally held to be an appendix to the Gospel, possibly or probably added by a later hand. This being so, let us see whether we can adduce more cogent and positive evidence.

[1] Is this a Greek translation of *Johanan, i.e.*, "whom God [Christ] favours?"

Whoever he may be, our Evangelist is criticised for having omitted or overlooked the grand scene or vision of the Transfiguration, which constitutes "the culminating-point in Jesus' life," and so is of supreme value to Christology, particularly as depicted in the Fourth Gospel. This scene of the Transfiguration is described by all three synoptists in clear and vivid terms. Thus Mark ix. 2 ff. (also Matt. xvii. 1—7, and Luke ix. 28—35) reports: "And after six (Luke "eight") days, Jesus taketh with him Peter and James and John (Mark adds "his brother"), and bringeth them up on a high mountain apart by themselves. Then He was *transformed* (μετεμορφώθη, Luke ἐγένετο τὸ εἶδος τοῦ προσώπου αὐτοῦ ἕτερον) before them. So his garments became glistening, exceeding white (στίλβοντα λευκὰ λίαν, Matt. λευκὰ ὡς τὸ φῶς, Luk λευκὸς ἐξαστράπτων) . . . Then there appeared unto them (ὤφθη αὐτοῖς, *cp.* Luke ἰδοὺ . . . οἳ ὀφθέντες ἐν δόξῃ) Elijah with Moses, and they were talking with Jesus. Then Peter taking the word, saith to Jesus: Rabbi, it is good for us to be here; and, shall we make (ποιήσωμεν, Matt. ποιήσω) three tabernacles (σκηνάς, tents), one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elijah? . . . Then there came a voice (φωνή, call) from the cloud, This is my beloved Son (ὁ υἱός μου ὁ ἀγαπητός, Luke ὁ υἱός μου ὁ ἐκλελεγμένος): listen ye unto him!'—Peter's own testimony to this scene, though incidental and brief, is also well worth quoting, as reported in 2 Pet. i. 16 f. "For we did not follow cunningly devised fables when we made known unto you the power and appearance (τὴν δύναμιν καὶ παρουσίαν) of our Lord Jesus Christ, but we were *eye-witnesses of his majesty* (ἐπόπται γενηθέντες τῆς ἐκείνου μεγαλειότητος). For he received from God the Father honour and glory (τιμὴν καὶ δόξαν), when there came such a voice (φωνή, a call) to him from the magnificent glory (μεγαλοπρεποῦς δόξης), This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. Now this voice we ourselves heard coming out of heaven, when we were with him in the holy mount. And we have his prophetic word made more sure; whereunto ye are well advised in taking heed, as it shineth like a lamp in a squalid place."

Let us now return to our Fourth Gospel and see whether we can detect some allusion to, or clear mention of, this grand scene or vision (ὅραμα), as Jesus Himself calls it (Matt. xvii. 9). In the very Prologue we find a verse which, when read by itself, yields no clear sense, but, when read by the side of the above synoptic account of the Transfiguration, is at once unfolded :—

Johannine Account.	*Synoptic (and Petrine) Account.*
i. 14. καὶ ὁ λόγος σὰρξ ἐγένετο, (so the *logos* became flesh [*i.e.*, was transformed])	Ἰησοῦς μετεμορφώθη, ἐγένετο τὸ εἶδος τοῦ προσώπου αὐτοῦ ἕτερον
καὶ ἐσκήνωσεν ἐν ἡμῖν (and tabernacled among us),	σκηνὰς ποιήσωμεν or ποιήσω
καὶ ἐθεασάμεθα (and we beheld)	ὤφθη αὐτοῖς, εἶδον, (πόπται γενηθέντες)
τὴν δόξαν αὐτοῦ (his glory or majesty), δόξαν (a glory)	τὴν δόξαν αὐτοῦ, (τὴν ἐκείνου μεγαλειότητα, δόξαν)
ὡς μονογενοῦς (as of an only-begotten).[1]	ὁ υἱός μου ὁ ἀγαπητός

Here we must not omit to refer also to the opening verses of the First Johannine Epistle, where the same scene of the Transfiguration is unmistakably alluded to: "That which

[1] This scene is manifestly alluded to also in v. 37 where Christ says to the Jews: "Also (moreover) the Father which sent me, he hath borne testimony of me [*i.e.*, by testifying: 'This is my beloved Son; listen ye unto Him']. Have ye [so interrogative] never heard his voice (φωνή, 'call') nor seen his figure (εἶδος, as in Luke)?" Again, when Jesus prays (xii. 28): "Father, glorify thy name," the answer received from heaven, which has been the source of many a fanciful speculation, receives a natural explanation by referring it to the same event: "I have glorified it [at the scene of the transfiguration] and will glorify it again [by recalling Thee to me]." The summary and incidental character of these references, like those relating to Baptism, the Eucharist, and the Trial, can be explained by assuming that all these and many other points have been merely mentioned or even passed over, because the writer had expounded them in his oral discourses to his readers.

was from the first (*i.e.*, God's logos of life, the Gospel), that which we heard (ἀκηκόαμεν: we heard God's commanding Word: Listen ye unto Him!), that which we saw (ἑωράκαμεν: we saw His glory or majesty) with our own eyes, that which we beheld (ἐθεασάμεθα), and our hands handled (*cf.* the ἁψάμενος αὐτῶν of Matt.[1]) concerning the Word of Life (περὶ τοῦ λόγου τῆς ζωῆς), yea, the life was manifested (ἐφανερώθη, was revealed by transformation), and we saw . . .; that which we saw and heard (ὃ ἑωράκαμεν καὶ ἀκηκόαμεν), declare we unto you also," &c.

That all these references are brief or summary descriptions of one and the same event, the Transfiguration of Jesus, cannot be questioned. The close correspondence, the verbal and material agreement, among the various reporters is too striking to be mere coincidence. Moreover, Luke's statement that "Peter and those with him (*i.e.*, James and John) *saw his glory* (εἶδον τὴν δόξαν αὐτοῦ) reads too much like the Johannine *we beheld his glory* (ἐθεασάμεθα τὴν δόξαν αὐτοῦ), and so removes the last doubt as to the identity of the scene or event described.

The inference to be drawn from these parallels is obvious: the synoptists tell us that the Apostles who witnessed Jesus' Transfiguration were Peter and James and John, that is *three* of the Apostles; on the other hand, the Fourth Evangelist, after stating that God's *logos* became man (i. 5) or flesh (i. 14), tells us: *we* beheld his glory, *i.e.*, *I* am one of the three who saw the Transfiguration; who is that *I?* Is it Peter, James, or *John?* The answer is obvious; it is also authoritative, all three synoptists vouching for it.

A. N. JANNARIS.

[1] Compare also the "palpable" proofs which after His resurrection, Christ gave to His disciples at the demand of Thomas, xx. 24–29.

THE MAGIC KINGDOMS

IT is not an ill thing to cross at times the marches of silence and see the phantoms of life and death in a new way. It is not an ill thing, even if one meet only the fantasies of beauty. It is well, is it not, any time, any where, to meet a spirit of wisdom and beauty? or to look on the perfected symbol that is the moment's raiment of an immortal life, or the moment's illusion of a thought that is itself the garment or dwelling of an immortal divinity? Perhaps one may meet Airil himself, the Light of Youth, of whom the island Gaels speak as *Airil nan Og*, Airil of the youthful—*Airil ail nan Og*, Beautiful Airil of the Young: in whose fellowship death may or may not be, but with whom in life youth is as a green grass that does not wither, and beauty as a wild rose that does not fade.

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In speaking of the Magic Kingdoms, I use the phrase with two meanings. One is an indication of what is taken to be supernatural—*i.e.*, beyond our known realities—or phantasmal in imagination; mysterious certainly, and beyond the proof-reach of everyday thought; *magical*, a possible illusion of the dreams beyond us that are powers, or a possible illusion of the dreams that are powers within our minds, having there at once sustenance and dominion. The epithet is not less apt in its other meaning: the kingdoms of lost wisdom, the old wisdom that was once ours in great part—how great a part we do not

know, and now can never know, for with every lapsing age the forgotten art and faded powers of memory grow more dim and more confused.

The Magic Kingdoms are the Mage-Kingdoms, the Knowing Kingdoms, and in a nearer and lesser sense are the mirrors where our lost communions, our lost intimacies, our remembrances, our broken dreams, our dim conjectures, are imagined. They are then the kingdom of images. But, so, they are as the fabled floating Pool of Mânan, where the son of Lîr, looking down, could see in the depths the images of the dreams and thoughts of mortals, and know these to be alone seen of men, and, turning, could see in the depths above him the images of the dreams and thoughts of uplifted spirits, gods, powers, and the inscrutable dominions: and looking to the south could see the rise and set of all the empires of the world, and the flashing of the first spears and the last: and looking to the north could see the joyous withdrawn life of the elder children of the earth, of the immortal Sidhe, of the Sidhe that are mortal, and of secret and mysterious lives.

We who are but the far-away forgetting kindred of Mânan cannot at will reach the Floating Pool, where the images of dreams acted and imagined are perhaps not less real than is our brief mortal underplay. But, at times, one here, another there, may pass over it, as the wild swans are said to pass over the forbidden lynns of blue calm at the pole; or, in the other life of sleep and vision, may pass through it, as the shadow of a flying seabird passes through a still inland water, its phantom wing brushing the very mysteries, its phantom flight secret, swift, and silent as the secret and swift and silent life it traverses but does not wake.

To what end? some will say. "Even if there be this other life, to what end, as it is not for us, or we for it? We have not time for the things of the half-light, having to hurry to climb the vanishing noon every day, and being for ever overtaken by the dark." But as well may I ask, why this ceaseless hurry to chase shadows and to evade shadow? With Emerson I would

say, let us leave hurry to slaves. There is always time for the things of the spirit.

"But we can have enough of beauty in what we already know for our delight, that we can make our own: raiment, pictures, statues, all that art can give."

But beauty does not dwell in things themselves, only in that spiritual vision wherein the images of things take colour and form, images of light and shadow each after its kind.

"But to look into this other life, is it not to disarrange or to disturb our own?" Why so? Both are in the swaying deeps. If I go from one to the other I find, in each, life moving as before in its long rhythms of joy and of sorrow.

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There are two imaginations: that which has its life in knowledge, and that which has its life in intuition. The two may become one, but each can be a thing apart.

There are two ways of approach to what is secret and for wonder, even when the things of secrecy and wonder are not absolutely hidden, and are no more strange (and from one aspect, no more remote) than is your life or mine. The one is the way of those whose minds leave the thoroughfares of thought, and follow the obscurer byways that lead to the imagined and legendary magic kingdoms, and return, and tell what they have learned, and bring what they have gathered. The other is the way of those who in the spirit—that inward life which is in part a fire fed by a flame from without, and in part a subtle breath from within, come one knows not whence, going one knows not whither—have so often from love and longing sojourned in these lost realms, that thought of them is of the nature of reminiscence, the tale of them but a windthrow of gathered memories.

Each has its authenticity. To some, who care only for these things as the hunter cares for the slot on the trail, the value of the first is all-important; that of the second, worthless; because the first are old, and have been curiously

sought, and skilfully gathered; while the second are so near as to be incredible, or belong so much to to-day as to be lacking in the charm of the vague and distant. To others, the tale told to-day on the loch-water or by the red peats is of not less import than the same tale told when Oisìn's mother was a hind upon the hill. To some indeed it means more: for it means that though the clans of the Gael are broken, and the old ancestral world is fast slipping away, the Gaelic heart has still its dim loves and loyalties, the Gaelic mind its time-grey ancient faith. If I read in some old tale, recaptured from the past by Mr. Whitley Stokes or by Mr. Kuno Meyer, that a man walking by a mound in a place of faery is met by a beautiful woman, and loves her, and is led away by her through the mound to a secret country, not to return, or, if so, to come back old and grey and mazed to a world unknowing him: am I to be the more moved by this than if Seumas Macalister, let us say, whom I meet on the heather hereby or on the shore yonder, tells me that his kinsman Micheil or Ian was crossing the hill one day, and saw a young and beautiful woman milking a deer while the herd broused unheeding; and that Micheil spoke to her, and that with her eyes looking into his and her smile gripping him round his heart his will faded out of him as sunset-light out of a pool, and he became her *leannan*, and went over the brae with her, and for days and weeks after that was strange and sullen, and then sullen no more but husht and listening, till one day he took his pipes (and he the proud *piobair*) and played "Lochaber no more," with a heartbreak new note to it, and then went to his Leannan-Shee laughing, and over the brae the two of them, and never to this day word or sign of him again?

And if the retold word of a forgotten dreamer of old says that the People of the Mounds love music, is that of more value than if Elsie coming from the byres, or Ewan the Shepherd coming from the moor, says that beyond the old thorn near the green mound the one heard the *frith-cheol min nan sitheach seang*, "the soft low music of the slender people"; or

the other saw for a startled moment the *luchd nan trusganan uaine*, "the tribe of the green mantles"? Or is it of greater value if the testimony of an unknown *eirionnach* quoted by O'Curry is of the other world-murmur he had himself heard, or if, perhaps, Mr. Yeats be the witness?

In the same way there are those who delight in the old tale, let us say, of the island-home of Mânan or Mananân, told perhaps by Keating; or of Deirdrê and the Sons of Usnach, told by, let us say, O'Curry; or of Diarmid and Grainne, told in, it may be, the *Silva Gadelica*—who would scorn, or at best be indifferent to, a variant told to-day, though with an authenticity neither more nor less; though it were told by an unlettered Gael, as the present writer has heard the story of Diarmid and Grainne told on the spot between Loch Tarbert and Loch Fyne where Diarmid had his death-wound from the boar, before laughing Finn; and the story of Deirdrê, told by that calm bay in Benderloch, where the Dûn of the Sons of Usna still fragmentarily stands, and on the Moss of Achnacree where she and they oftentimes crossed, and in that Clyde-washed Arran that was of old Emhain Abhlach, the Isle of Apple Trees, where she bore her two children, Gaer and Aebhgrein; and the story of the ancient Firbolg king, Lîr (he who afterwards had his name given to an unknown god, him that fathered Mânan, god of waters), a fathom-reach from the sunken *Bogha Lhir*, "the reef of Lîr," off the lonely shores of the isle of Vallay in the Outer Isles.

Shall it be said then that stories of the other life heard, gathered, or imagined to-day are worthless since they have not the "authenticity" of the unknown source and of time grown old? Who saw, and shaped, the tales of faery, but those whose thought was a creative remembering, a personal vision? Is the lore less, when, found on the wind's lips, it is spoken anew, half in fear it be not true half in wonder that it is, than when it was heard on the lips of the wind a thousand years ago? Is it of worth only when a grey wandering dust is all that is left of the teller, and time's shadow heavy on his

ancient words? Is one who stoops and listens to-day but an idle dreamer imagining a vain thing: while one who repeats what others long ago listened to is held worthy? Truly he is worthy, but is not the other also?

They are not so perished away, those of whom somewhat is written in these pages.[1] Perhaps they smile when they hear —as a bird in the forest hears the rumour of a wet wind borne along a myriad leaves, or as a fish in a flowing wave hears the far-off sound of the tide along a myriad waters, or as a child hears the murmur of a remote world in the sea-shell he has lifted to his ear—perhaps they smile when they hear that men have at last forgotten, or think of them only as distant and fading dreams.

* * *

"It is all illusion." Let the phrase pass, for we are in a world of illusion. It is by illusion, it is through illusions, the secret and divine powers use us nobly, and that the secret and destroying powers are swift to use us ignobly: it is through illusion they communicate with us, that they continually persuade or delude us. For the divine race has to use the mortal and changing illusions of things immortal, and the evil race the multiform and phantasmal illusions of what is mortal only. We respond through the leap of instinct, or the slow pulse of conscience, or the mind rising like a bird on the wind, or, on the other part, through another instinct and a numbed or perverted conscience and a mind like a hound held ever earthward on the trail of earthly things.

And this raiment of truth and untruth that we call illusion is dyed in many lovely hues, gathered out of love, devotion, heroism, courage, endurance, faith, honour; and out of the opposites of these: it is the raiment worn by all art, of sound, of colour, of formal rhythm, of words; and it is the raiment of dreams and visions, that primitive language.

If the divine powers use any other language than the

[1] This essay is the prologue to a volume to appear later, under the same title (formerly announced as "The Chronicles of the Sidhe"). Hence this reference.

language of illusion, it is not certainly revealed to us; for the mind thinks just as the eye sees or the ear hears or the touch feels—as a fish in the sea perceives, hears, or feels, in an element of illusion that is yet its sole visible world and the sole credible reality. But because we are not made only of a little mortal clay warmed at a casual fire and lit by a brief perishing flame, the divine powers can breathe upon "the little infinite thing" we call the soul, through the flowing rectitude which is our soul's atmosphere.

And the simpler, the less subtle, the franker the method of illusion, the more illusory is the "actuality." We can all believe, because we all understand, what the old Frisic poet —the old Frisic shaper of the thought of many minds— wrote of the creation of Adam and Eve: "God created the first man from eight things: the bones from stone, the flesh from earth, the blood from water, the heart from wind, the thoughts from clouds, the sweat from dew, the hair from grass, and then breathed into the creature the holy spirit."

But no one believes that stone and earth and water, that wind and cloud, that dew and grass were thus transmuted: only that certain potential elements of life were shaped into one concrete life, and that the mystery of flesh and blood, of the heart that longs and the thought that is an eternal pilgrim, were represented by the symbol of the earth or of water, of wind or of cloud.

Not here and to-day only, but long ago when thought and language first flowered, and in the Magic Kingdoms themselves, it has ever been so: the instinct and need of the soul for illusion—the symbol for the eyes, and the mind that leans to see; and the illusion for the thought, and the mind that raises itself upon that thought, and knows "leagues upon more leagues beyond that sea."

In one of the old Celtic tales, the "Tale of the Ordeals," we read of the circlet of magic wood to be had from Ochamon the Fool on Síd Arfemin, to be used for the distinguishing between truth and falsehood. Or, in another tale, of the vessel

of crystal got at the well-side by the wife of Badurn the King from two women whom she had seen pass beyond the well into the faery mound above. And what is that magic circlet or that vessel of crystal but a symbol of the illusion that we can judge between the illusions of truth and falsehood ?

The evil of the world and the beauty of the world—that also had of old, as now, to be shown in symbol or revealed by illusion. There is an island-tale of one Mánus, a King of the Suderöer, who, placed on an oaken daïs by the shore (it is of another Canute, with a different burthen), bade the foam-men of the flowing tide rein in their foaming chargers, and ride back whence they had come: but when the sea, blind and deaf, covered the king with flying spray and clotted spume, Mánus cursed it, and all it held within it, and all upon it, and cried out that it was but the froth and spittle of a drunken god. And that is one way of the illusion of the world that is beyond us. Again, in the ancient Irish tale of Morann MacMain, we are told that the first words of the child-king Morann, when held against the sea till the miracle of the ninth wave gave him speech, were :

> Worship, ye of mortal race,
> God over this beautiful world.

And that is another way of the illusion of the world that is beyond us.

When, in a rhetorical survival, we speak to-day of letting loose the hounds of war or of the gathering of the eagles, we neither mean nor are taken to mean actual hounds or actual eagles. We do but employ an illusion of words that once were an illusion of association. And no doubt the saga-man who told how Daurrud of Caithness saw twelve folk riding together to a bower, and followed, and looked through a slit in the wall, and saw twelve women who had set up a loom where men's heads were the weights and men's entrails the warp and weft, and that a sword was the shuttle, and that the reels were arrows: and then saw them pluck down the woof and tear it asunder: and then how, hidden, he saw these dread foretellers

or weird sisters mount fierce stallions and ride six to the south and six to the north . . . no doubt this saga-man consciously used an illusion of words that had also or once had an illusion of association.

There is a Gaelic tale of a man who could not believe in the mystery of the Trinity, till one day his druid (minister or priest) told him to look at a dark cloud overhead. "There's rain in that cloud," he said, "and there is thunder in it, and there is lightning in it; but it is one cloud." And then he lit a match, and said: "Here's yellow flame, and here's red flame, and here's a heart of violet; but it's all one flame." And by these visible symbols he opened a window to that mind.

In an early Scandinavian folk-tale a king disguises himself as an old wayfarer, and at last reaches the Hall of Illusions in Asgard. He sees three thrones, one above another, and a man seated on each. He asks who these kings or jarls may be, and the Asgard man beside him says that he on the lowest throne is a king named Hâr (High), and that the next is Jafuhâr (Equally High), and that the highest of all is Thrithi (the Third), who is neither more high nor less high.

And by those crude verbal symbols he conveyed what the other had conveyed by the symbols of the match and the cloud.

And so I, or you, may take a symbol, as one takes a sword and means by that war, or takes a lily and means by that purity, or takes a dove and means by that peace: or we may use an illusion to others, even as the divine and evil powers speak through illusion to us, and say that, like King Gylfi among the Aesir folk, we think we stand steadfast in a world of realities, when we are in truth flying shadows on a whirling dome. Read in Snorri's "Edda" of how Gylfi, the king, was troubled, and wondered much how the Aesir folk were so wise that everything went as they willed: pondering often if this came of their own uplifted nature or was caused by the divine powers whom they worshipped. And of how he made a journey to Asgard, travelling thither and entering there in the guise of a very old and weary man with his death-hour on him.

But, we are told, the Aesir were too wise in foreknowledge, and knew of his journey long before he came and while he was on his way, and received him with illusions. So when he entered Asgard he saw only that he was in a hall so vast that he could not see its further walls, and so high that he could not see its roof, though the part he saw was covered with gilded shields, like a roof of shingle or of great scales.

Are they lesser powers than the folk of Aesir, they who have foreknowledge of our deeds and dreams, and see our thoughts while yet a long way off, and our souls slowly following these, and, smiling in their calm, immortal wisdom, likewise receive them, and us, with illusions?

* * *

The Magic Kingdoms have many names. The most beloved is Tir na'n Og, the Land of Youth; for youth is the shape of the heart's desire and the colour of its immortal dream. I-Bréasil, or Hy-Brásil, an island west of the sunset; Tir-na-thonn, the Land of the Wave; Tir-fo-thuinn, the Land under the Waves, are natural to those who dwell on isles or by the shores of that lonely West which kneels in grey cliffs at the feet of the sea. The Avalon of the Bretons and the Cymry is the Land of the Apple Orchards, natural to races blown about by continual wars, and generation by generation driven from old homelands by fierce herdsmen of yellow-haired hosts; and the Alban Gaels had also their Emain Abhlach, or Isle of Apple Trees—a haven to dream of against the Pictish arrow, or the spear of Firbolg, or the sudden galleys of the men of Lochlann.

"The Country of Music" is natural to a people who love a music born of the hill-wind, and the sough of pines, and the sighing wave, as "The Country of the Sidhe" is natural to a people who love beauty best when it is crowned with mystery.

When the old Alban Gaels spoke of the spiritual kingdom of their longing, it was as natural to them, sons and daughters of the unsleeping sword, to call it Flaitheamhnos, now Flathanas or Flathas, the Place of Heroes, as it was for them to call

the kingdom of their fear and hate, Ifurin—the Isle of Eternal Cold; for what hell could more be dreaded by the Gaels of the North than a place wetter and colder than their own desolate north in the months of dark and gloom? A man whose father had been "taken away" in his youth, but restored after three days, told me that his father, who was dazed to the hour of his death, always spoke of the kingdom he had gone to as a Place of Laughter, and would keep on asking with eagerness, and in a voice unlike his own, *co shinneas an fhideag airgid*, as much as to say, "who will now be playing the silver flute?" And that, too, was natural. And have not all the poets of the Gael, in Ireland and Scotland, loved to speak of the Land of Heart's Desire? And some have named it the Isle of Sleep, and some the Land of Peace, and some the Hills of Silence. Perhaps no name is nearer Tir-nan-Og, the Land of the Young, than that mentioned in the ancient tale of the faery love of Connla, the son of Conn of the Hundred Battles, which the curious will find in one or other of the translations of the *Leabhar na H'Uidhre*. The love that Connla had was for a woman of the other world, but none knew this, till, by the king's will, a druid asked her whence she was come, and when she answered that it was from the land of those who live a beautiful and deathless life, he knows that she is a woman of the *Sidhe*. So he chants a spell of mortality, and she goes away because of the smell of death.[1]

Later she comes again, and now none seeing her save Connla only, she having given him the dew, I suppose. Conn the king, however, hears her saying to Connla in her chanting voice, that it is no such lofty place he holds "amid short-lived mortals awaiting fearful death," that he need dread to leave it, "the more as the ever-living ones invite thee to be the ruler over Tethra . . . the Kingdom of Joy."

But the name that is commonest of all in the tales of old is The Land of Promise. That is the refrain of half the broken

[1] This sentence is not in the old story, but is a phrase of one who told it to me—a phrase of which I have something to say hereafter.

chants that have floated down the grey tides of time. It is the burden of the song that drew Cuchulain to Fand, and that Liban sang to wandering Mananan of the waters, and that drew Connla across the red wave, and that led Oisin after Niamh by the spell of lovely words, and of the songs and tales of a hundred others whose memories are green yet in our love.

In that day, as later, it was the enchantment of youth that was the spell. For all the joys of the Land of Promise are the joys of youth. Moy Mell, the Plain of Honey, the poets call it often.

And there are other kingdoms of Faery of which I will not say anything now, but later. Of some none can now speak, for their secret is long ago dust upon the wandering winds. Of such is that wild land of mountainous cliff and climbing surge, where was seen of Cailte the mysterious Battle of the Destroying Birds, with their beaks of bone and breaths of fire, and a wind as cold as a spring-wind issuing from beneath their wings: and where all slew each other with their beaks of bone and breaths of fire. And there is the kingdom guarded by the ramparts of fire, a circle of flame lit every night by three men, who have gifts of wonder: for one can heal all, and another can obtain all, and the third can bring to the hand the secret desire of the heart. These are the three men of the Tuatha Dé Danann who gave their names to Finn, in the Tale of the Oak-grove of the Conspiracy. But the tale has surely a deeper significance: and the first of the men, who says "I am called Dark," is perhaps a personification of Night, and it may be of Sleep or Oblivion; and the second, who says "I am called Strife," is perhaps a personification not only of war, but of adventure and conquest, and the energy that has the lordship of the earth; and the third, who says "I am called the Eagle," is perhaps a personification of the soaring mind and of the imagination—for is it not added in the tale that he had also another gift, a reed of music, that could soothe all the weariness of men and put sleep and dreams upon them, however great their ill?

And if in these lost lands strange and terrible figures appear

at times . . . as the Red Swineherd, and the three Blood-Red Horsemen, and women with hawks' heads, or these dread creatures who are the evil opposites of the Healer and the Maker and the Soother by the Ramparts of Fire, of whom I have just spoken, who, in the story of The Little Rath of the Incantation, appear to Finn and the three battalions of the Fianna, with three spears dropping venom, and venom on all their weapons, on their dress, on their hands and feet, and dropping like sweat from the fells of the three red hounds that go before them . . . there are others and more, with whom meeting is gladness. And there are some noble and beautiful among the most noble and beautiful of all the children of earth: as Etain Fairhair, daughter of Aed Whitebreast, King of the Elf-Mound of Ben Étair, and wife of Oscar the son of Oisin, the story of whose death by the body of her husband and friend and first love is as full of noble beauty as the story of the death of Emer by the body of Cuchulain, when upon each queen *tainic glaisi 's duibe* . . . had "come greenness and darkness"—the same Etain Foltfind who gave so queenly an answer to Finn when the king asked the maiden, "Well, Etain Fairhair, what condition dost *thou* ask from the son of the son of the king-champion, even Oscar?" . . . (Said the damsel) "Never to leave me until my own evil deeds come against me." Or, again, as Cáilte, that true hero, who, when Patrick the Shaven asked him what had so maintained him and his Pagan folk in their heathen life, answered "Righteousness in our hearts, and strength in our arms, and fulfilment in our tongues."

And if one may meet the dread Morrigan, or Maeve that dark queen, one may meet Fand, that white star of love or Niamh of the tresses, or Findabair that white flower. And there are others, of whom one must not speak overmuch: the Amadan Dhu, the dark Fool of the Secret People; and Bé-mannair, daughter of that very Ainceol of the Tuatha Dé Danann who with his companions appeared before Finn and the Fianna dropping venom . . . herself the she-messenger of the Tuatha Dé Danann, "and 'tis she," as the old Gaelic poet

says, "that shifts into the shape of a *spegduban* and a whale, and forms herself into the semblance of a fly, and of a true lover, both man and woman, so that all leave their secret with her"; or as Aillenn the Multiform, daughter of Bove the Red, the Dagda's son.

And that reminds me that it is only the later poets and story-tellers who confuse the Tuath Dé Danann and the peoples of the Sidhe. For this very Aillenn the Multiform, when she was challenged before Aed, King of Connaught, and his host, answered aright, "I am not an Elfwoman, but one of the *Thuaith Dé Danann*, with my own body about me."

But of these Hidden Kingdoms, and the dwellers in their many realms, and of the peoples of the Sidhe, and the greater and the less, I must say no more now. There is a saying of the Sidhe . . . "the grey feet of the wind go before you!" . . . and that is said when they pass a Cairn of Rest; and that, now, is where I stand.

FIONA MACLEOD.

THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN

VI

THE later part of the eighteenth and the earlier of the nineteenth centuries witnessed many rebellions from the prescriptions of the classical schools of painting in Japan. There can be no disputing the fact that the older conventions were growing somewhat outworn, and that under the weight of the traditions bequeathed by the great masters from the fourteenth to the seventeenth centuries, the work of the Tosa and Kano schools had fallen too far into pattern and formula. The schools had become much too "official," every court appointment being made from their ranks as a matter of course, the Emperor's painters and keepers of pictures being men of the Tosa school, and those of the Shogun, at his court in Yedo, being all of the Kano school; while a painter who ventured to bring something of himself into his art, to express his own ideas, and to make his own precedents, stood little chance of recognition. Such a state of affairs, as the whole history of art (and of official academies) teaches, may be, and commonly is, bad for the men of courage who stand without the official pale, but it is death, sooner or later, to the art of them that sit safely within. And so, while the painters of the Tosa and Kano schools waxed prosperous, and while their painting multiplied exceedingly, their art died and died by small degrees, and its light dulled away into darkness ere the nineteenth century was well in its teens. There were flickers of bright-

ness, as with Tosa Mitsuyoshi and his son Mitsusada, who died in 1806. And in the Kano school there was still ability, great in Yeisen-in (or Michinobu), and in his son Korenobu, less in Makino Baisen, Isen-in and his son Seisen-in. Seisen-in, also called Yoshin, was the last of the Kano painters in whom any spark of the old fire survived, and he died, undisputed chief of a still numerous school, in 1846, at the age of fifty. The British Museum has a number of very good pictures by this artist, whom Dr. Anderson calls Kano Osanobu, a name unrecognisable by any Japanese, and one which seems to have come into being by reason of a misreading of the characters of the name Yoshin.

But this period of weakness in the Tosa and Kano schools was nevertheless a period of high achievement in Japanese painting, by reason of the performance of the rebels against prescription and recipe, among whom are to be numbered a few of the greatest of the painters of the country. Perhaps it is not strictly accurate to call them all rebels, though that is what they must have been considered at the time; some of them were simply eclectics, who took what seemed best in the old methods, no matter of what school, wherewith to present their own ideas. Among these Tani Buncho may be mentioned first.

"Buncho" was the painter's *go* or professional name, his actual family and personal names being Tani Bungoro. He was born in 1763, his father being a poet and amateur artist, Tani Bunjuro, known publicly as Rokkoku. The boy's first master was a nobleman of high rank, Kato Iyo-no-Kami Bunrei, Daimio of Osu, in whose household the lad would seem to have been placed, as was the manner in feudal times in England. Kato Bunrei was an amateur painter of high ability, a pupil of the Kano school, and when he perceived his page's aptitude for drawing he encouraged it in every way, himself giving the young artist his first lessons. The daimio, however, died in 1782, and Buncho, then nineteen years of age, attached himself to Kitayama Kangen, a painter of Chinese descent, and under him studied the works of the early Chinese masters, and

Magpie on branch, *from a kakemono by Tani Bancho (Writer's Collection)*

practised the Chinese style. Later, his studies ranged over the whole field of Sinico-Japanese painting, and his work was greatly influenced by the examples of Mokkei, Sesshiu, and Tanyu. His individual style showed signs of his study of all the old schools, including the Tosa, but it was nearer allied to that of the Chinese school than any other, and for that reason, where Buncho is not classed as a wholly independent artist, founder of a new school, he is placed at the head of his own section of the Chinese school. Without doubt Buncho remains one of the greatest of the Japanese painters, and his work has the nobility of conception that characterised the monochrome masters of the fifteenth century. He made a much freer use of colour, however, than did the older masters, and his colour, indeed, is very beautiful. The power of his brush-stroke is great, his pictorial sense of the highest, and nothing in the whole range of Japanese art is finer than a good landscape by Tani Buncho. But he was not a landscape painter merely; his versatility was extraordinary. Figures (these are rare), flowers, birds, beasts, and fish he drew with equal mastery, and some of his animal studies showed that he was not above receiving a hint from the masters of the recently formed Maruyama and Shijo schools. In Japan Buncho is held in the highest esteem, and I suppose there is not another painter whose work is so extensively imitated and forged, with the single exception of Okio. In the British Museum collection there are sixteen items carrying Buncho's name, and three of them are genuine, in addition to the copy of Sesshiu's *Jurojin*, alluded to in an earlier article. One of the three (No. 822) is very good indeed, and is probably a copy of an ancient Chinese picture. The others are numbered 830 and 836, the one being a landscape and the other a group of sparrows; neither is a first-rate specimen, though, of course, they are good pictures—the landscape the better of the two. The cleverest of the imitations is the landscape numbered 824, and the worst (though this is difficult to say) is probably the *Ghost* numbered 835.

Academy influence prevented the appointment of Buncho

as court painter to the Shogun, a position he was anxious to secure, since it would the better enable him to put new life into the classic schools of painting. But he never lacked for high patronage, and he was made painter to Prince Tokugawa Tayasu, heir-presumptive to the Shogunate, a great amateur of art, and Buncho's most ardent admirer.

Buncho died on the fourteenth day of the second month of the twelfth year of Tempo (which is 1841 in our calendar), at the age of 78. His influence on contemporary painters was great, and he left a number of able pupils, chief among them being Kita Takekiyo. An equally important pupil who predeceased him was Watanabe Kwazan, while Sataké Yeikai, one of the last, died as late as 1874. There were many others, mostly of considerable talent, such as his son Bunji, two of his younger sisters, his daughter Kitsu-ji, Bunkai, Bunki, Untan, Bunyo and Hozen.

Notwithstanding the decadence of the Tosa and the Kano schools in the time of Buncho, another of the classic schools, the Chinese, showed much vigour. Little work was done in monochrome, with the exception of that of Iké Taigado, and some by Noro Kaiseki, but the more brilliantly coloured style of the Ming period was adopted, after the examples of Riurikyo and Chinnanpin. Hara Zaichiu was a notable painter in this manner, as also was his son Zaisho. Both of these subsequently allied themselves to the Maruyama school. Tanomura Chikuden, Onishi Keisai, Okada Kanrin, Tsurukawa Shogi, and Haruki Nammei are but a few of the names of many men who each separately deserve greater notice than space permits me to accord to all of them together. Nammei died in December 1878, at the age of eighty-four.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, and all through the nineteenth, there was constant interchange of influence between the schools, so that it grows difficult to separate them clearly; and many independent artists arose, working on principles of eclecticism. But one school, and that the most characteristically Japanese—I mean the school of Korin—saw

Birds on hibiscus branch, *from a kakemono by Nishiyama Hogen (Writer's Collection)*

a most notable revival, and kept its principles unchanged. The revival was due to the example of Sakai Hoitsu, a painter of noble birth, son of the daimio Sakai Uta no Kami. Hoitsu became chief priest of the temple Nishi Hongwanji at Kioto, and as a painter he studied all the schools in turn—a practice that was then, it would seem, growing greatly among students who were able to place themselves under more than one master. He studied the Kano style with Kano Yusen, the Tosa with Tosa Mitsusada, and the new naturalistic school with Nangaku; but he was more attracted by Tani Buncho than by any other contemporary painter. Finally, he decided to revive the style of Korin, which had fallen into disuse soon after the decease of that great painter's immediate pupils.

Hoitsu put his design into practice with results of great splendour. Indeed, I find it hard to disagree with those amateurs who place the work of this chief of his followers on a level with that of Korin himself. There is always a difference, for Hoitsu was no mere imitator. Sometimes he may seem to sacrifice some shade of the amazing force of Korin to secure a sweetness and delicacy of his own; but a glance at his *Crow and Persimmons* in the British Museum collection (numbered 2103) will show that he remains one of the most powerful painters of Japan. This is, indeed, a splendid example of his genius, and it more than atones for the few imitations which accompany it—for, in fact, it is the only genuine Hoitsu in the collection, with the exception of the copy of an old Buddhist picture, numbered 6. The revision of the catalogue, indeed, will occasion some considerable disentangling of the pictures attributed to Hoitsu, which Dr. Anderson's total misunderstanding of the work of the Korin school has put into odd confusion. I have already alluded, in an earlier paper, to his description of the one genuine Korin in the national collection (and a very fine picture) as a "fair example of the worst style of the artist," which he compares unfavourably with the preceding picture in the catalogue—a forgery. Next in the list comes Hoitsu's *Crow and Persimmons*, which passes without

remark. No. 2104 is a figure-piece, bearing the name of Hoitsu, and the pair that follow are pictures of fowls. Dr. Anderson characterises these last as "masterpieces" by Hoitsu, and goes on to say that it is difficult to believe that they came from the same hand as the figure-piece. And so it is, for in truth they did not. The fowls are by Bun-itsu, a pupil of Buncho, are signed with his name, and are not in the Korin style in the least, but should have been catalogued with the Chinese school; while the figure-piece is the work of some unknown forger or copyist. What has attracted Dr. Anderson's eye has been the "naturalism" of the fowls—a quality Hoitsu never aimed at, nor any man of the Korin school. In their own kind the pictures are very good indeed, though one would not give Hoitsu's *Crow and Persimmons* for a waggon-load like them.

So great a part of the beauty of Hoitsu's painting lies in its astonishingly beautiful colour, that I have not illustrated it with a photograph. The singular purity of his tones he attained with the extremest care, and he ensured them at some cost; for though his colours were jealously protected from dust by covers, even while he worked, he would never use a single brushful that was not fresh-mixed for the moment. Many of the old pigments were extremely valuable, and very few painters, even of the first rank, could afford any such expensive care.

Hoitsu published, in the form of woodcuts collected in books, very careful copies of many designs by Korin, as well as a number of very beautiful drawings of his own. He also gathered about him a fair number of pupils, some of whom became artists of high distinction. Perhaps Ki-itsu was the chief, and Ki-itsu's son Shiu-itsu, Ikeda Koson, Ko-itsu and Oho were honourably prominent. Another follower of great merit was Ho-ni; though it is not probable that he was ever a personal pupil of the master, since the latter died in Ho-ni's fourteenth year. But Ho-ni carried his devotion so far that almost the whole of his seals were designed in close imitation of those of Hoitsu, usually differing only in the addition to the

characters of an almost imperceptible short stroke or tick, a thing likely to cause trouble to the European whose knowledge of seals is incomplete. Hoitsu died in 1828, Ho-ni as late as 1884.

It will now be necessary to go back to a time slightly earlier than that of Buncho and Hoitsu, to consider the beginnings of the naturalistic schools to which I have had occasion more than once to allude. In the first of these papers I explained, shortly, the aim of the painters in the classic styles, which was, so far as the representative function of their work was concerned, to present the nature, character, and spirit of the subjects, rather than a mere copy of their external appearances; and in the beginning of the present paper I said that in the eighteenth century the conventions by which these aims had been achieved were grown somewhat outworn. By this, of course, I meant, not that the conventions were any less serviceable or worthy than they had been in all the long history of the art, but that after all those centuries of high achievement, the inevitable period of decline and exhaustion brought with it, as it has always done in the history of all art the world over, the effort to substitute formula for inspiration; so that the conventions, the mere material body in which the soul of the art was made manifest to the world, were offered in the place of the soul itself. Now it is a very wonderful thing that for fifteen hundred years at least, probably for a longer period, the sense of art has never died among the Japanese; never has art in any particular form or manner shown signs of exhaustion or decline, but straightway new men were ready, new forms and methods were devised, and a new period of glorious activity was begun. We have seen how Buncho and Hoitsu found in the languishing traditions of the classic schools all the material for their spirited and successful revivals. It was a little before their time that another great painter made an effort that resulted in the foundation of a new school of painting: indeed, of more than one school. This was Maruyama Okio.

Okio was born in 1733, in the province of Tamba. He began his education as a painter in the studio of Ishida Yutei at Kioto. Yutei was not a bad painter, as has been supposed by many—possibly because of ignorance begotten of the rarity of his surviving works. He was by no means of the first rank, but nevertheless he was a painter of much ability. He was of the Kano school, having been a fellow pupil with Tachibana Morikuni in the studio of Tsuruzawa Tanzan, himself a pupil of Tanyu. But Okio was restless from the beginning, and, having shown much independence of thought even as a student, as a finished painter he made his first important change by adopting the Chinese method. For many years he worked in the older styles, and, indeed, it was in these styles that he produced many pictures which the Japanese place among his most important works. Finally he developed the manner with which his name is chiefly associated in the mind of the European amateur. He professed to cast away most of the older conventions, and go more directly to nature for his lessons; in other words, to paint with a greater regard to exact representation of the appearance of objects to the ordinary eye than was paid by his contemporaries. In this matter he was not a discoverer, nor altogether so radical an innovator as has often been supposed. From the beginning it had been a commonplace of the schools and of the critics that "the art of painting may be pursued according to either of two systems: the one in which the spirit of nature is expressed, and the other in which its outward forms are copied." The first of these systems was favoured by the classic painters as being the nobler; it was pictorial poetry, as contrasted with pictorial reporting. "It must be remembered," says one Japanese writer, "that an over-exact imitation of nature's externals is to be avoided." And the famous scholar and critic, Moto-ori, writes: "There are cases in which a precise reproduction of a thing as it is in nature produces a bad picture, unlike the object delineated. This is the origin of the conventions of the schools, and of the neglect by the masters, in certain cases, of the facts of nature. Hence, too, the value

Carp under Maple branch, *from a kakemono by Maruyama Okio (Mr. W. Gowland's Collection)*

of these conventions, and the perils attending their non-observance." It is perhaps difficult to make the matter clear to anybody but an artist, who well understands that it is not the business of art to effect a transcription of nature, but a translation into its own terms. For the task of nature is function, while that of art is expression purely; so that an artist will draw a horse with the design of expressing, motionless, on a flat surface, the grace, strength, and fleetness of the animal; but nature designs the creature not to express, but to exercise, those qualities, and not on a surface, but moving in the three dimensions of space. In another art, that of literature, I know, by the teaching of experience, that often—even commonly—the artist can best attain the effect of reality by disregarding literal fact. But we in Europe have been so blinded by the needless competition of many painters with the photographer's camera that we find it difficult to understand that anything can be more expressive than a report of external fact.[1]

So that it cannot be too plainly repeated that the classic painters of China and Japan abstained from materialism—or "naturalism" as it is called—not because they could not employ the method, but because they would not. Their reasons will be clear enough to those with the sense of art, and to the rest the reflection may at least be offered that when men of the intellectual calibre of the early masters follow a rule, it is certain that they *have* reasons.

Okio, then, found that the conventions which had served the great painters were now become the masters of the little painters, and when he tore himself from tradition and "went to nature," he made a willing exchange of much of the finer significance of the early artists for the nearer approach to outward nature which he desired. He did not fling overboard all

[1] The competition I speak of is not only needless and the cause of error, but pathetically futile. For, as a certain accomplished painter, a friend of my own, is never tired of repeating, in any attempt to rival the camera on its own ground *the machine must win.*

the old conventions in a bundle, and this has been made a matter of reproach to him by some European critics. He has been said to have failed of the courage of his opinions in retaining certain "useless" conventions. But, in view of his history, to accuse Okio of a lack of courage is to take a rash responsibility, and to me it seems quite plain that Okio used such conventions as he retained because he judged them good. For indeed they were not useless in themselves, but had become useless in the hands of uninspired painters—the bow of Ulysses was useless in the hands of the feebler suitors.

Okio's varied and adaptable manner is not the least of his merits, and it will commonly be noticed that it is in the accessories of his pictures that he used old methods, when he used them at all, with the notable exception of the draperies in figures, wherein he continued to follow the Chinese practice, with certain modifications, to the end of his life. He could use a fine pencil with the microscopic precision of Mitsuoki himself, and he could wield the wide brush with the confidence and effect of the old Kano masters, though scarcely with the same elegant and measured dignity. In his new style he discarded body colour and used transparent natural tints and delicate washes; but in his austere exclusion of unessentials from his pictures he was as strict as the older painters. He was not a great painter because of his new style—indeed I have heard it said that he was great in spite of it: a thing I would not say myself, for the style was as good in its own way as the others in theirs. He was a great painter from the beginning, whether he worked in the old style or the new. Indeed I have a picture of his, dated three years before his death—the original from which No. 2258 in the British Museum collection has been copied—which shows that to the end of his life he was quite willing to revert to the older methods when the subject seemed to demand it. The subject in this case is one of ancient Japanese history, and the painter, therefore, employs enough of the old Yamato methods to leave a picture in a curiously easy blend of the earlier Tosa manner and his own.

Spring and Autumn, *from a screen by Mori Sosen (Writer's Collection)*

I am indebted to Mr. William Gowland for the use of the admirable picture photographed as an illustration, which lent itself to reproduction more readily than anything of my own. It is a very fine exemplar of the firmness, grace, and lightness of Okio's hand, as well as of his poetic conception—the quality which he held in common with the older masters, and the quality which made him their peer, wholly apart from difference of manner.

The forgeries of Okio's work must outnumber those of any other dozen of Japanese painters put together, if we except Buncho and Sosen; and the spurious Buncho and Sosen together cannot equal the number of false Okio. Not only are they pre-eminent in number, but in cleverness, and it is a fact that of the seventeen or eighteen items numbered under Okio's name in the present edition of the British Museum catalogue, not one is genuine.

Okio painted all subjects, though it was with his flowers, birds and fish that he produced his most distinctive compositions. He died in 1795, but his influence remains to-day, and it is in his style, or some modification of it, that almost all the Japanese painters work now.

By Europeans Okio is usually classed, with all his followers, in the Shijo school, and the arrangement is clear and convenient, though incorrect. The actual founder of the Shijo school was Matsumura Goshun or Gekkei, Okio's junior. He was a famous painter in the Chinese manner, and especially esteemed as a teacher. He became, however, so deeply impressed by Okio's work that he changed his style, and it was in his studio in the Shijo (or Fourth Street) in Kioto that the majority of the naturalistic painters of the next generation were taught. He survived Okio by sixteen years. For most practical purposes the Maruyama and the Shijo schools may be considered one, though it is a fact that there were slight differences of manner in the earlier years, and Japanese critics take some trouble to separate the two.

Perhaps Mori Sosen should be considered to belong to the

Maruyama school, since he was influenced by the example of Okio, though he was taught neither by that painter nor by Goshun. He was a native of Nagasaki, who settled in Osaka, and, like Okio, he was taught in the Kano methods. His master was Yamamoto Michitoshi, himself a pupil of Yeisen-in Michinobu. Sosen was speedily attracted by the new style, and he practised it so well as to become the greatest animal painter of the naturalistic school. Sosen "specialised," as people say, in the painting of monkeys, but he was equally able with other animal subjects. He was Okio's superior in the painting of quadrupeds, and I think he was his equal as a painter of birds. In landscape, figures and flowers he never attempted to rival the founder of his school, though he painted flowers and foliage admirably as accessories to his animal subjects. In a painting now in the collection of Kurokawa Shinzaburo, Sosen has brought together in a wonderful group twelve animals — the twelve of the Japanese zodiac. They are the tiger, the ox, the hare, the sheep, the monkey, the snake, the horse, the mouse, the boar, the dog, the dragon and the cock, and it is well-nigh impossible to say which is the best painted of the dozen. Sosen has been too commonly regarded as a painter of monkeys alone, though M. Gonse has done him complete justice in this respect, and very rightly classes him in the first rank of animal painters of all times and all countries.

In studying his favourite subject it was the habit of Sosen to spend months in the woods about Osaka, living on wild fruits and roots, like the monkeys he studied. In the painting of these animals he employed two main modes of execution, the broad and the fine. In the broad style he worked with a large brush in ink on paper, and employed little or no colour. For the fine style he employed small brushes and soft colour, applied to silk. In some of his paintings in the latter style the work is of an inexpressibly minute finish, yet with a general effect as broad and unlaboured as any painting can show. It is impossible to present such work in a process-block, I find,

Morning mists on Arashiyama, *from a kakemono by Mori Ippo (Writer's Collection)*

though I had a photograph taken of a picture in Sosen's softest and most minute manner. Instead I am giving an example in a rather less delicate style—an intermediate style which Sosen usually employed in the decoration of screens. It is characterised by "la fermeté mordante de l'expression, la hardiesse d'exécution du pelage hirsute de ces animaux," which M. Gonse has observed; though the enormous reduction—the screen is little short of six feet high—has obscured these qualities in the photograph. Sosen was born in 1747 and died in 1821.

My space will permit little more than hurried mention of certain other of the chief painters of the Maruyama and Shijo schools, though many are of the highest merit. Hoyen, for instance, I think to be the equal of Okio as a painter of birds and flowers, and his superior in landscape; while I have seen some studies of quadrupeds by him which were little inferior to Sosen's best work. Mori Tessan, too, who was Sosen's adopted son, sometimes reached the heights of that master in his pictures of animal life; his work was exceptionally powerful. Mori Yusen was Sosen's son by birth. He died young, so that his work is rare and little known; but it is of very high quality, and I have a kakemono which shows him to have been a very fine and vigorous figure-painter. Nagasawa Rosetsu was originally a painter in the Chinese style, but after studying under Okio he developed a very striking and original style of his own, his effects depending chiefly on boldness of conception and extreme force of execution. His work is not common, probably because of his early death, at the age of forty-five. Genki was another painter who failed to reach old age. He was a particularly fine colourist, and his pictures of women are among the most beautiful of the school. The British Museum has a makimono by this painter, exhibiting a series of interiors haunted by ghosts and goblins. It is numbered 2366 and wrongly ascribed. Mori Ippo, pupil of Tessan, was a very admirable painter of birds, and perhaps even better in landscape. The specimen reproduced in illustration exhibits a

wonderful delicacy in the rendering of the broken mists, which the process has destroyed. Yamaguchi Soken was a famous figure-painter, some of whose sketches in black were published in a book early in the nineteenth century. Dr. Anderson calls him Sojun—the consequence of an easily made mistake in the reading of the character *ken*, which is almost the same as *jun*. Matsumura Keibun was a younger brother of Goshun, and a very able painter of birds. He became the teacher of Hoyen. Shibata Gito was also a pupil of Goshun. He made a style of his own, retaining certain characteristics of the Chinese school. He died in 1819, leaving several good pupils, among whom Asai Seishiu distinguished himself as an animal painter. Another of Goshun's pupils was Okamoto Toyohiko, or Hogen. He was an admirable landscape painter, whose work is little seen in Europe. He taught Shiogawa Bunrin, one of the best of the landscape painters of the Shijo school, who died a very old man as late as 1877. In the British Museum catalogue Bunrin is erroneously included in the Ganku school. For the rest, I can no more than mention Ozui, Oshin, Oriu, Donkei, Donshiu, Shiuho, Ranko and Kisui.

I have more than once alluded to the Ganku school. This was a far less numerous school of painters than the Maruyama-Shijo school, though it included some painters of high merit, while its founder, Ganku, ranks among the greatest. He was Okio's junior by sixteen years, having been born at Kanazawa in 1749. He was a samurai who at first painted as an amateur, but took to art as a profession when his quality was recognised. He was another great eclectic, basing his style, like Tani Buncho, chiefly on that of the old Chinese masters. But there were other elements, some of his own and some drawn from the Japanese schools. Notably, he seems to have seen the merit of Okio's work, and to have profited by his example. "Naturalism" was in the air, but it is plain that Ganku sought to combine that quality with a greater observance of ancient tradition. He was an admirable draughtsman, and a great colourist; and his brush-work is exceedingly powerful. His

Sparrow on snowy branch, *from a kakemono by Ganku* (*Writer's Collection*)

pictures of tigers have been most talked of, and indeed they are very splendid; but he could paint other subjects equally well. The specimen I have had reproduced is a notable example of his extraordinary technical accomplishment. In this picture the snow has not been painted—the silk has merely been left white, without outline, both on the branch and in the falling flakes. The photograph gives the sky a mottled appearance, but in the original a beautifully even pale wash of lavender-grey has been carried from top to bottom, the snow being left untouched throughout. Any practical painter will understand the astonishing difficulty of this feat: mere blank spots were not enough—it must be *snow*, in character and distribution, and it must not be all in the same plane. The reduction and the process conspire, I fear, to obliterate the extraordinary quality that the painter has given these spots of uncoloured silk; for the original picture, without its mount, is more than three feet high.

Ganku lived to a great age (he died in 1838), and was held in high honour among his contemporaries. The British Museum has one genuine picture of his numbered 2702; but it is not a first-rate specimen.

Chief and ablest among Ganku's pupils was his own son Gantai. He somewhat modernised his father's manner, but used very little colour, working mostly in ink, with slight tints. Birds and monkeys he painted admirably, but he also executed some very good landscapes and figure-pieces.

Among the other painters of Ganku's school, the most important were Ganrio, Aoki Renzan, Yokoyama Kwazan, Mochidzuki Giokusen, and Kawamura Bumpo.

In the early nineteenth century, while the Maruyama, Shijo, and Ganku schools were waxing and flourishing, the Ukioyé school suffered decline, except for the achievement of one great genius—Katsushika Hokusai.

More has been written and said in Europe about Hokusai than about all the rest of the Japanese painters put together; indeed it has sometimes been found possible to erect a small

reputation as an amateur of oriental art on no greater a foundation than a judicious repetition of this painter's name. Volumes—some of them very good—have been written on Hokusai and his work, and I might very easily fill another; but in the space left me I can offer no more than the shortest of summaries.

Hokusai was born at Yedo in 1760, son of Kawamura Ichiroyemon, but at the age of four was adopted by Nakajima Isé, mirror-maker to the family of the Shogun. First assistant to a bookseller, and next an engraver on wood, at the age of eighteen he entered the studio of Shunsho, there to study the art of the painter, which had been his passion from his earliest years. In the beginning he took the name Katsugawa Shunro, and worked in the style of his master, but ere long, like the other young men of his time, he fell under the influence of Kiyonaga. Utamaro was the next painter to influence his manner, but before the beginning of the nineteenth century signs of his more settled style became visible, though it was even later that his final characteristic manner declared itself. Meantime he had broken with the school of Shunsho, and had already made several of those changes of name that mark his career and confuse the student. In the year 1812 appeared the first volume of the famous *Mangwa*, and thenceforward his industry was unceasing. Every subject that ever painter attempted Hokusai made his own—for this extraordinary man was, as it were, a specialist in every department. Landscape, figure, flowers, fishes, birds, quadrupeds, groups, crowds—Hokusai was master of all. But, as I have said in an earlier paper, he lacked that classic perfection of touch that was the glory of the ancient masters. Perhaps he did not desire it; for of all things he was an innovator, a revolutionist, a breaker with tradition, an uncompromising materialist. As a great draughtsman the whole world has recognised him; as a painter he is not held among the greatest by the Japanese critics. For he would do everything in his own way, and his brush-work was of his own invention, and like nothing that went

Seller of New-Year Poems, in ancient ceremonial dress,
from a kakemono by Hokusai (Writer's Collection)

before it. It is always spirited, various, vigorous, and expressive, and sometimes it is even noble—the specimen I have had reproduced is an example. But in general it fails of the dignified elegance of the classic masters—even at its best it lacks some final shade of quality. No man, however great, can afford to fling wholly aside the teaching of the centuries, the traditions of ages of high culture. But I must not be thought to undervalue Hokusai. He was not the greatest of his country's painters, as some have said; but he was indeed one of the greatest, and truly he deserved to reach that perfection which was the object of his ceaseless toil, but which has never been achieved by mortal man, nor can be. His drawing shows an amazing research, resource and subtlety of expression, and though his colour varied in quality at times, at its best it was superb. He could draw a simple unshadowed outline in ink, and could yet express and differentiate the planes with extraordinary exactness, by means that seem like magic. In his great series of printed landscapes, the *Fuji San-jiu-rokkei*, the *Waterfalls*, and the *Bridges*, he presents an astonishing succession of decorative compositions suggested by the scenery of Japan, in a convention wholly his own. It is a convention of great boldness, often of audacity; it disregards one thing after another that Westerns are apt to esteem as essential in drawn landscape, and it often makes its subject nothing more than an excuse for a decorative arrangement of line and mass and colour. But I can afford no space for particularisation; one might write a Hokusai Encyclopædia and still leave something unsaid. Moreover, little can be said with effect except in presence of the man's diverse works themselves, while even of such reproductions as are possible I have space only for one. That is a good one, and it shows Hokusai's brush-stroke at its best; but to illustrate his work passably I should need a dozen at least of differing subjects and styles of treatment. The picture photographed was executed when Hokusai was sixty-seven years of age, and just fully entered on his final development of manner. The original is more than four feet

high, and it is tinted with colours of extreme faintness and delicacy.

Hokusai died in 1849, at the age of ninety, by the Japanese method of computation. During his long and indefatigable life he used, among others, these names, titles and signatures, which I have placed roughly in their chronological order: Katsugawa Shunro; Gumbatei; Mugura Shunro; Hishigawa Sori; Hokusai Sori; Shinsai; Hokusai; Gwakiojin Hokusai; Hokusai Tokimasa; Katsushika Hokusai; Taito; Hokusai Taito; Katsushika Tamekadzu (or I-itsu); Fuzenkio Tamekadzu; Kiorojin Tamekadzu; Manji; Gwakiorojin (the old man mad with—or on—painting); and Gwakiorojin Manji.

He exercised a considerable influence on contemporary and succeeding Ukioyé artists, and he had many notable pupils. The *Katsushika Hokusai den* gives a list of forty-five, who are well, or fairly well known, and I think I could name enough more to bring the number to fifty; but here I may mention only a few of them. Yanagawa Shigenobu was one—a painter of much talent, who married one of Hokusai's daughters, herself an artist of ability. Shigenobu was an excellent book-illustrator, and he also published some good prints. For long he worked in a manner strongly informed with his master's influence, but later he used a style nearer that of the Utagawa painters of his time.

Hokkei was one of the ablest of Hokusai's pupils—perhaps quite the ablest; though he clung with such tenacity to the master's manner—often so closely as to make it difficult to distinguish the work of the two men—that Hokuba must be placed above him, if individuality is to be accounted a quality. Teisai Hokuba was first a Kano painter, but, attracted by Hokusai's overmastering genius, he entered that painter's school. Nevertheless, with all his admiration for Hokusai, and with all his desire to learn what Hokusai had to teach, Hokuba never allowed himself to become a mere copyist of his master. He retained the sweetness of drawing and the quality of brush-work which he had learned in his own school, and his

work was always his own, and always excellent. Thus it is that there exist pictures of Hokuba's best which are superior to some of Hokusai's own which are not of the best executed by the greater genius. The Japanese amateurs esteem Hokuba highly, as a painter who could use the new manner without sacrificing the qualities of the old. He could sketch with a rapidity and dexterity that were extraordinary even among Japanese painters—which is saying much; and he could draw equally well with either hand. He drew female figures with great grace and distinction, his colour was charming, and he could paint with the most delicate touch or with dashing force, as the occasion demanded. The British Museum collection has two or three very good specimens of his work, perhaps the best being *The Gods of Good Fortune*, numbered 1762. This picture, however, is *not* painted and mounted in burlesque of the Buddhist pictures, as the catalogue states. The Museum also has several very interesting works of Hokusai himself; but I think that the "show-piece"—the large *Tametomo and Demons*—although a fine and powerful picture, is in some respects inferior to the admirable little sketches numbered 1772 to 1776. These sketches are altogether characteristic, and so far from "approaching the style of the Korin school," as a note in the catalogue suggests, they are not in the least like anything that Korin ever did.

The Museum has one drawing by Hokkei which is very good indeed, and shows how completely that admirable painter surrendered himself to his master's influence. In grace Hokkei is often the equal of Hokusai himself, but he is the great man's inferior in strength and variety.

Gakutei was another notable pupil. His work has much dignity and a very admirable decorative quality. Much of his best work is seen in *surimono*—very carefully executed colour prints used to convey personal felicitations, much in the manner of our own birthday and New Year cards.

Shinsai and Katsushika Taito were pupils on whom Hokusai conferred names of his own, to the confusion of

amateurs who are in the habit of giving too great heed to signatures and too little to personal qualities of execution; Hishikawa Sori was another. Hokusu, Hokujiu, Hoku-un, Hoku-itsu, Bokusen, Hokuga, Hokuyei, Isai, Utamasa, Hokusen—these are the names of a few of the more notable among the rest of the pupils of the "painting-mad old man."

The decline in the Ukioyé school came about chiefly among the followers of Toyokuni. Toyokuni died in 1825, leaving a son, a painter who till then had used the name Toyoshigé. The son at once dropped his own name and took that of his father, signing prints and drawings with the name Toyokuni, usually with nothing to distinguish it from the signature of the older artist except a difference of handwriting, but sometimes with the prefixed name Gosotei. In fact, he "carried on his father's business," as we might say, precisely as Utamaro's had been carried on by his pupil and successor Koikawa Shuncho. In 1844, upon the death or retirement of Gosotei Toyokuni, Kunisada, another pupil of the first Toyokuni, took up the name, and became known, not as the third, but as the second Toyokuni. This little complication, which was first cleared up in English print by Mr. E. F. Strange in his book on the colour-prints, has caused sad confusion among collectors. The work of Gosotei Toyokuni, the actual second, has been ascribed sometimes to the first, sometimes to the nominal second Toyokuni; and it was a print by Gosotei that Dr. Anderson reproduced in his small book on colour-prints as a specimen of the work of the first of the name; while many persons—especially dealers who wished to trade on the name—have lumped the works of all three together as the production of one man. Kunisada, the nominal second, but actual third Toyokuni, was one of the best of the pupils of the first of the name, and perhaps, in virtue of his enormous production, the most important. His early pictures are by far his best, and, while he was always an able man, his work grew coarse and violent in obedience to popular taste as the nineteenth century progressed. The colour-prints, as a fact, in Kunisada's time were bought by a

lower and more ignorant class than that which had absorbed the production of Harunobu and Kiyonaga in the eighteenth century, and the publishers insisted on consulting the taste of this larger and lower public. Consequently the artist who endeavoured to maintain the ancient quality of work was doomed to lose employment. So Kunisada (as also other painters with him) resigned himself to the inevitable and pot-boiled with all his energies. Figures, faces, colours—everything became modelled on the fashions of the popular theatre; and the blobby-headed women who appear in the later prints are merely exaggerated representations of popular actors who took female parts. Many of these prints have great merit in their dramatic composition, vigour, and sometimes in their striking colour, but they are a world's width away from the productions of the older men. Kunisada, abler than many of his contemporaries, made a deeper plunge than any. His industry was enormous, and he—or his pupils for him—must have turned out several pictures a day for years together; the compositions often being unscrupulously "cribbed" from earlier works by other men.

A pupil of Toyokuni who had no part in this degeneration was Kunimasa, who seems to have died early. His portraits of actors are often equal to the best of his master's. Kuniyoshi was another pupil of great merit. Indeed, he struggled long against the prevailing tendency, and suffered for it; and when at last he succumbed his descent was far less than Kunisada's. Many of his pictures of war-scenes are admirable in their spirit and force. Kunimitsu, Kuninao, Kunimaru, Kunitsugu and Kunitada were other notable contemporaries. Kuninaga was a very clever pupil of Toyokuni, but he died young and his work is rare.

Kikugawa Yeizan was a painter who issued many prints early in the nineteenth century. Groups of women and children were his favourite subjects, and many of his works are excellent. But he deteriorated with the rest, and while his best is fine work his worst is very poor indeed. Almost the

same may be said of his pupil Keisai Yeisen, who, however, did some very good landscape work.

But the chief landscape painter of the Ukioyé school in the nineteenth century, after Hokusai, was Hiroshigé. He was a pupil of Utagawa Toyohiro, and an artist of much merit in many branches. But his chief work was in landscape, in the treatment of which he evolved a bold and effective convention, adapted to the exigencies of colour-printing from wood blocks. He achieved excellent and truthful effects by means of great simplicity and directness—often in flat defiance of all established practice and principle; and he used the bright colours popular in his time with rare discretion. There is a good kakemono of his painting in the British Museum, numbered 1756. He died in 1858, leaving a pupil who used his name, and is known as the second Hiroshigé. The pupil was much inferior to the master, but there has been much confusion between the work of the two men, largely owing to their having collaborated in the production of prints toward the end of the life of the first Hiroshigé.

Three important painters remain to tell of, and three only; but that in space too small for any one of them. First there is Kikuchi Yosai. The second of the two names was that he assumed as an artist, his true family and personal names being Kikuchi Takeyasu. He was a man of noble family, and he could trace his descent for a thousand years. Many of his ancestors—Kikuchi Takekiyo, Kikuchi Takefusa, Kikuchi Takeshigé, Kikuchi Takemitsu and Kikuchi Takemasa among them—figure among the five hundred and seventy heroes of Japan in Yosai's great book the *Zenken Kojitsu*. Yosai, who was born in 1787, was another of the great eclectics, though European writers—except M. Gonse—have always included him in the Shijo school, for no particular reason that I have been able to discover. In Japan he is known for what he was—a wholly independent artist, who founded his own school. Like almost all the great eclectics of the last two centuries, he sprang from the Kano school originally, having entered the

Minamato no Yoshi-iyé warned by the flight of wild geese, *from a kakemono by Kikuchi Yosai (Writer's Collection)*

studio of Takata Yenjo at the age of eighteen. After his "grounding" in the Kano style, he studied in turn the style of Okio, that of Tani Buncho, and that of the early Tosa painters. After which he went on a tour through all Japan, visiting all the temples—the storehouses of the great pictures—and attentively studying their treasures. Then at last he sat down to evolve his own style, in which it is possible to trace the influence of all the best in the art of his country, and, in fact, some little of the art of Europe; though this last element was slight indeed, and never affected the essentially Japanese character of the work. In Yosai's pictures, as M. Gonse has said, the subject and the composition play a greater part than in the work of any other Japanese painter. Technically, Yosai was one of the most dexterous and certain of all the painters of his country, and his brush-line is full of expression and suggestion. The specimen of his work which is reproduced with this paper is a large kakemono in brilliant colour, painted in his middle period. It loses much in reduction to black and white, since the solidity of the painting and the firm standing of the figures depend largely upon the quality of colour-value which the Japanese call *notan*. By way of illustrating Yosai's wonderful versatility, I thought of printing a photograph of another picture of his by the side of this, but I found it all too delicate for the process. The picture I speak of represents a hillside in evening mist, with a deer and a dim tree. The scene is expressed in fine washes of grey of inexpressible delicacy and subtlety of tone.

For a summary of the qualities of this great artist I can do no better than quote the words of M. Gonse—for indeed it is in French that some things concerning pictures can best be said. Yosai's style, says M. Gonse, was a "style éclectique, indépendant, et en même temps fortement individuel, mélange heureux de spiritualisme raffiné et de réalisme scrupuleux. Une conception poétique toujours élevée, toujours imprévue; une sorte de philosophie sereine, une connaissance intime des caractères sociaux et humains de ses

compatriotes, de larges et hardis coups d'aile dans le champ de l'ideal: tel est le concours de hautes qualités qui composent le talent de Yosai."

Yosai died, full of years and honours, in 1878, at the age of ninety-one. He left a few pupils—Matsumoto Fuko and Watanabe Shotei (often called Seitei) among them—but none of abilities even distantly comparable to his own. Beside his great book, *Zenken Kojitsu*, he illustrated two books of poetry, *Shishiu* and *Kashiu*. His influence as a figure painter is upon every Japanese artist painting now, and many a young painter to-day owes his income, or some of it, to the industrious production of excellent imitations of Yosai's work —and signature.

Shibata Zeshin, famous as a lacquerer, died as late as 1891, at the age of eighty-five. He painted in a style of his own, in some way a modification of the Shijo manner—a style well exemplified in the makimono numbered 2364 and 2365 in the British Museum collection. The two kakemono in the same collection attributed to him (one of which is reproduced in colour in Dr. Anderson's *Pictorial Arts of Japan*) are spurious.

Kawanabé Kiosai, who died in 1889, ends the list of the Japanese painters with any claims to the remembrance of future ages. He was a pupil first of Kuniyoshi, then of Kano Tohaku Aishin; never of Hokusai, as is frequently stated. His manner was derived equally from the two schools in which he studied, and his dexterity of execution was amazing. Humour was one of his great qualities—delirious sometimes, always eccentric. Many of his comic sketches of animal life show wonderful observation and research, and at the same time are full of irresistible fun. A swarm of grotesque demons was a favourite subject of his, of which the British Museum collection can show many examples. I think his weak point was his colour. It was never bad, but at its best it was no more than fairly good. But as a draughtsman he must always stand high.

Hotei playing with children, *from a makimono by Kawanabé Kiosai* (*Writer's Collection*)

Of the painters of the present it is not now my business to speak. There is no man who has yet made himself known who can be placed in the same class with even the second-rate among the painters of whom I have written. There are some hopeful young men, it is true, and if they will but remain Japanese, and refrain from the attempt to be both occidental and oriental together, we may see great work from some of them yet.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

DANNY

LXXVIII

THE LAIRD KEEPS HIS KIRK

IT was a harsh and haggard day, full of the presage of winter and Death coming to cast its shadow everywhere.

A ghost of a murdered wind wandered forlornly betwixt earth and heaven, seeking rest and finding none; only the dead leaves hearkened to its wail, and pattered and chattered and wrung dry hands in unavailing sympathy. The moors turned a dark face skywards, and afar, seen through the Throat of the Hills, the sea lay dull and grey as smoked steel; and above the bellying sky was big with snow.

Through the yellowing park, where the bents showed rusty, lean and withered, the pair marched Kirk-wards; and Danny led the way. Herald-wise he marched before, holding his master by the hand as it were, and pioneering him with as tender a chivalry as ever Missie of old. There might be death in the day, and the wail of winter in the wind; but he was gay because his lord was once more abroad, and he, Daniel, son of Ivor, had come forth from his week's vigil to feel again upon his brow the Breath of God and smell once more the sweet savour of earth, wet woods, and wind-sweetened moors.

So he swaggered in front, brandishing his tail as a young knight swings his sword in the van of the fight. Now he marched merrily with three-cornered hoppings, one hind-leg tucked up from contact with the cold earth; now he looked

back over his shoulder at the gaunt figure tottering behind, and grinned delight at him with dear eyes; now he made halt and stood, with sentinel ears, knightly, alert, gazing up at dull uplifted Lammermore, and his battle-fields of old.

So they went, down the long drive, all among the dead leaves, to the sound of tolling bells, the gaunt old plaid-muffled man and gay herald in grey until they came to the great gates.

. . . . .

Before their cottages in the street, the village clustered, in weekday disarray. There was a hush upon each muttering group, a sense of awe easy to perceive; but though the bell tolled on and on, urging them to Kirk, no man went in to don his Sabbath blacks, and the women stood slatternly, unbuttoned, nursing their babies.

The great gates at the street-end swung back upon their hinges and clanged.

The people turned.

Down the cold street came one like the Shadow, and Danny led him by the hand.

A woman, a baby at her breast, and horror in her eyes, stood in the centre of the street and pointed with dumb forefinger; then of a sudden her tongue was loosed and she began to scream.

Buirdly great Hector, the herd, stood with gaping mouth like one turned to stone.

"Hell!" he gasped. "Himself!" and coming to life, plunged recklessly through the frightened mob, tearing his coat off as he went.

A panic ensued. There rose up to the chill sky the noise of women who scream and clutch their children as they fly; in the street was the mutter, jostle, and shrill clamour of a stampeding crowd.

Deliberate, fell as fate, the Laird tramped on; and the people fled before him screaming, like wild-fowl before a winter blast.

As he drew near the Kirk, the people burst forth from their

cottages—doddering old men, comely young mothers, fearful-eyed children with flying hair. The men were thrusting into their coats, and many a one carried his neck-scarf in his mouth; the women were throwing shawls about their naked heads, and buttoning as they ran; jostling his Honour and each other in their hurry to be in God's Sanctuary before that slow-marching old man.

Under the grey-browed porch into the Kirk passed the Laird, unhurrying still, the shawl about his mouth and eyes that seemed not to see; his herald still before him.

Slow still and terrible, he tramped to his pew; and Danny led him to the door of it, turned there, and trotted down the aisle, to take his place in the porch and keep the door; and the door was shut.

In his pew the Laird turned, his cloak swept about him, his mouth still muffled, and numbered his panting people; and there was one gap in the ranks of the worshippers.

LXXIX

THE KEEPER OF THE DOOR

An hour later the congregation trooped out; sullen, cowed, and with frightened eyes. Last of all came the Shepherd of his sheep. Forth he tramped like some Grand Inquisitor, sure of his prey. In the little grey-roofed porch he stayed, bleak and black and gaunt, like some old harbour-ridden man-of-war. There he wound the plaid about his mouth and lower face until only above its folds were seen the rugged brow, and dour eyes peering forth on to the harsh sky without.

So he stood a moment in the very gate of God's sanctuary, before launching into the pitiless grey day.

"Danny!" he called, his voice muffled in his shawl, and waited a moment for the Keeper of the Door to uncurl from the bench within the porch as ever and join him; and he waited in vain.

He turned, and peered into the porch, where already a greyness of failing day gathered.

Upon the bench there was no Keeper of the Door, curled as sometimes and asleep. He called again; and then remembered that once before the little man had come to meet him in the aisle, the service ended, and dallying behind, had been locked into the empty Kirk.

He went back to the door, unlocked it, and looked in.

The Kirk was deserted as a vault. Dusk was falling in the sombre pews, the black old timbers of the roof, and the austere walls. He could just discern the lectern, dark in the dusk, and fashioned with shadowy wings; the windows plain as the sky without; and dimly seen, against the eastern end, a cross of white flowers placed there, in Missie's memory, Sabbath in and Sabbath out, these nine years, by the faithful Woman.

Huskily he called. There came to him no answering patter of busy feet hustling down the aisle.

He turned, locked the door, and passed into the porch again; and he was greatly troubled. Never before in nine long years of Sabbath and Kirks kept unceasingly had the Keeper of the Door failed him before.

Then he gathered himself, and, his plaid muffled about mouth and shoulders, went out into the Kirk-garth. During the service there had fallen a feathering snow. All about the land lay badger-pied. The flanks of the weather-beaten hills were white; and the larch copses stood on the hillsides primly like spinsters poudrées at a ball; while the mounds in the Kirk-garth showed white upon the weather-ward side.

The Laird tottered forth into the cold. Tall he stood among the tombstones, peering with old eyes.

"Danny!" he called hoarsely, and again "Danny!" to no effect.

"He is none there!" said a voice.

He turned to the people.

They now huddled by the rowan-tree gate, waiting his advent in fearful hush.

Standing among the whitened graves, tall and quavering in the falling evening, he cried across to them—

"Who spoke?"

None answered.

He drew a step closer.

"Has any among ye seen Danny?" he asked.

At the words tongues were loosed. Each was officious to aid with information, each was jealous to make himself conspicuous in the cause. They jostled, wrangled, lied, and counter-lied, till the Laird stilled the babble with a word and turned to Andra' Gillray.

That old man testified garrulously that the Keeper of the Door had not been in his wonted place when he, Andra', came out first of the congregation.

A grimness came over the face of the Laird like a cloud.

"Ye was there then?" he asked.

"Certainly I was so," cried the aggrieved old man.

"Last in," said the Laird, "and first out, eh?"

"Mr. Heriot kens I'm on in years," said honest Andra'. "I canna run so fast as some of the young billies."

Then from among the people in the road a voice broke on the silence.

"Mr. Heriot is standing on a grave."

The old man turned.

"Eh?" he called.

"Mr. Heriot is standing on a grave," repeated the voice.

"There's no grave here," said the Laird, peering blindly at his feet. "There's no headstone."

"There's no headstone," replied the voice, "but there's a grave;" and added, "Mr. Heriot is standing on the dead."

"Who lies here?" said the Laird.

There was a moment's silence, then the voice replied,

"Minnie."

LXXX

THE LAIRD'S LAST WORD

THE Laird moved off the grass and on to the path.

Then he came quavering down the path and stood upon the slips above the people in the road beneath.

"Is that Simon Hogg?" he asked.

"Like enough," said the voice.

"Step out here!" ordered the Laird, the grimness falling on him like a frost.

He with the flaming head at the back of the crowd made no move, but the people fell away from him as he had been a leper, and he was left standing alone.

The Laird on the steps above him under the rowan-tree gate regarded him.

"I wished a word with you," he said; and came down the steps, slow, tentative, one foot leading, like a child.

"A-well, I'm here," said Simon, breathing hard.

"You have not kept your Kirk," said the Laird, grimly nodding.

"And I just have," said Simon, still breathing hard, and very white.

"Ye were not there when I numbered," said the Laird.

"I ken nothing o' yer numberings," retorted Simon doggedly. "I just was there."

"You would have me believe Danny admitted you?" asked the Laird—"after the door was shut?"

"I'd have you believe that Danny was none there."

The Laird eyed him steadily, pausing on a step.

"He was none there, was he not?" he said. "Where was he?"

"On the hill," said Simon, whispering and white.

"On the hill!" said the Laird. "How d'ye ken that?"

"I saw him," said Simon, nibbling and watched the other fearfully.

"Either you are lying," said the Laird, "or you have not kept your Kirk. Ye couldn't be on the hill spying Danny, when ye was in the Kirk at worship."

"I was in the Kirk!" cried Simon. "Was I not?" appealing to the people.

"He was so, your Honour," corroborated old Andra'; and others backed the old man's word.

"If you was at Kirk," said the Laird, inexorably, "ye came in after the door was shut."

The youth thrust forth a leering face.

"Did I so?" he cried, and fixed the other with lank accusing finger. "If I did so how came he to admit me? If I cam' late," he cried, insolent in triumph, "what gar'd him let me through? Tell me that, you that publish me for a liar before these folks."

"And anyway," continued the Laird, unmoved, "you was not where you should have been when you should have been."

"Same as Danny," cried the youth.

"—And so," continued the Laird, "you will come to me the morn and I will have a last word with you before I go." He tramped down the steps, and passed through the village-herd, without a word.

Up the wintry street he marched, solitary, grim shadow of a man, the tails of the plaid behind him, tugged at by the wind.

"Will I tell Mr. Heriot where he will find Danny?" whispered a voice behind.

He turned to find Simon at his heels, dogging him like the shadow of a shadow.

The Laird marched on.

"He is on the hill," said Simon, and drew close to the Laird's heels.

"Will I tell you what he is at?" he continued.

The Laird marched on, mouth-muffled and with downward eyes.

"He is after Her," said Simon, and drew to the Laird's elbow.

They had come to the great gates. Through the bars of

them the park lay grizzled, the bents thrusting lean arms through a coverlet of snow.

Half a mile away, at the foot of Lammermore, stood the house, bleak, many-windowed, severely square, and dingy against the background of unaccustomed white.

The Laird's old hand, great, grey and ungloved, was on the gate; and Simon's hand was on his Honour's arm.

"Will I tell ye *just* where ye'll find him, if ye seek?" the youth whispered, hoarsely urgent.

The Laird turned.

"Hands off"! he cried, his voice muffled in the plaid.

Simon did not withdraw his hand, clutching him as with the Hand of Death.

"See yon bushie up away under the brant of the brae?" he whispered, pointing. "A-well, seek him there, and you might happen on him," he whispered, and pushed pale eyes into the other's, "*or Her.*"

The Laird passed through the great gates.

He turned and shut them, and they clanged behind him like the gates of Doom; then he looked through the bars.

"We meet again," said he to him, who stood without, "the morrow."

"The morrow," echoed Simon—"if it comes," and stood watching at the gate.

LXXXI

A THREAD OF FATE

THE Laird hurried, tottering along the drive.

All the Grand Inquisitor was left behind the clanging gates; he was once more the old-maid-man, fretting for the companion of his age. And as he went ever and anon he paused, straightened his shoulders, and cried in a voice, shrill somewhat, and querulous—

"Danny! Danny, man!"

Where the drive bends in long loop southward, and to the

North the woods thrust down from Lammermore, like a headland into the sea, he struck off on to the grass, and made across for the house, bleak-faced beneath the brae.

Skirting the borders of the wood, he paused, breathing uncertainly. The wind was in his face and he walked with bowed face hardly, his feet giving back beneath him in the snow.

As he drew near the borders of the wood a gust of snow flicked him sharply in the face. He bent to it, and as he lowered his face he saw at his feet a track in the snow.

Blindly he stopped to examine it; and even as he did so the wind and snow slurred the trail beneath his eyes. Yet he could see that there were two tracks in the snow meeting and merging at his feet. One led down the hill from out of the wood a few yards above—the spidery, three-toed footing, this, of a bird: the other, round, firm, four-toed and thumbed, was that of some greater creature of the woods, easy to recognise. Just where he stood the two tracks met and clashed. There was a medley of feet, three-toed, four-toed, and confused as though the two, meeting suddenly, had been thrown into a tangled skein; and across it all a smudge as though one with large brush had tried to wipe out the evidences of crime and failed. For in the heart of the smudge was a single stain as though a drop of red rain had fallen on the snow.

In the dusk the Laird bent and peered. A feather, like a curl from the head of some silver-haired cherubim, danced and drifted to his feet. He picked it up; and knew his fears confirmed. She was at her wicked work again this Sabbath evening; and of a certainty not far.

He gathered himself, his eyes grim above the mufflings of his shawl, and looked around.

All about him the park lay like a great white sea flowing up, ghostly and still, lapping the dark fringes of the wood. It fell away from his feet, as the sea falls away in white retreat from the borders of the land, surging and ceasing and surging again in the distance in long uncertain swell.

Upon the waste of white there was one blot. A hand's cast beneath him stood a lonely island brake, of thorn and fern and bramble, not so large but a score of maidens joining hands might encircle it.

It stood out in the dimness, solid, swart, as it were, a rock black amid white breakers.

It was to that very thicket that Simon, standing at the gate, one cold hand clutching his arm, had pointed, so the Laird remembered.

Now he made towards it, and even as he went he was aware of tracks, round, four-toed, firm, that had turned and doubled back on themselves, and now led him unfaltering to that dark harbourage.

Slowly the Laird followed the trail with downward eyes; and ever as he went he made pause, calling for Danny, not loud indeed lest he should disturb Her harbouring there, as harbour there She did, he made no doubt; mindful still of the word of Simon Ogg.

So he followed the track; ever pausing to call and call more urgently.

If Danny would but come, and together they could mark Her home in the heart of the thicket; then he had Her beyond hope of escape. For Danny the Warrior, Knight of the Shield of Snow, Danny, Valiant Heart, Danny, Lover of the Faithful Eyes, Danny, the Bayard of the Northern Chivalry, would hold her fast for ever, if need be, and if need be would spend himself in the cause as gayly as ever did Cavalier for his King, or true Knight for his Lady; and while his Warden held Her there faithfully he, the Laird, would hurry home for Robin and the gun.

So, calling, he came to the thicket; and there the trail lost itself. The Laird peered into its darkness and thrust in his umbrella.

The point struck something soft. He forked it out. It lay at his feet upon the snow, a bundle of disordered feathers and lank neck.

The Laird picked it up, breathing raucously.

It was fresh slain. A drop of blood like a bead was at its beak; but it had taken Death less calmly, so it seemed, than its fellow-victims. The feathers on its neck were shaken out like a ruff; and the body-plumage discoloured; but the earth-stains were on the feathers, to show it had been hastily interred according to the killer's custom.

He made a round of the island thicket. If the murderer had bolted there must be tracks in the snow; but there were no tracks.

She was there then. He bent and peered into the thicket, and almost thought he saw two eyes like stars in the heart of the darkness, set on him fixedly.

He walked to the edge of the thicket, stood there, his face upwards towards the woods, and pulling the shawl from over his mouth, called: "Danny, man! Danny!" urgent yet soft, and circled once again the thicket.

"Danny, man! Danny!" he cried again, standing now once more on the northernmost edge of the thicket, his face to the woods—"Danny, man! Danny!"

Behind him a twig snapped.

He turned sharply. Standing at gaze he thought he saw a shadow, stealthy-footed, shooting out of the thicket and away into the evening; but even as he looked a flicker of snow whipped his face and blurred his old eyes.

Hurriedly he retraced his steps, and on the weatherward side came on what he sought. A chain of black dots, like a thread of fate, ran across the snow which a moment since had been virgin of any stain.

"Danny!" he called. "Danny!" hurriedly tottering in pursuit across the snow.

Some score yards from the thicket the track ran away down a short incline into a peat-hag.

On the brow of the slope the Laird stayed and stood in the dimness, the wind tugging at his shawl, and called:

"Danny, man! Danny!"

The snow had ceased again and the land lay round about lapped in white; while that fatal thread lay like a wheal across its face.

From his feet it ran down the short steep, in bold black dots as though of ink; sneaked along at the bottom, where the bents raised lean heads above the snow; threaded brokenly with many a gap mid bog-myrtle and little pools, peering black-eyed through the snow; and in the heart of the bottom came to a sudden end in Danny.

LXXXII

LANCELOT

In the centre of the hollow he was standing ankle-deep in snow.

At halt he stood with half-cocked ears, hearkening, as it were, to a call that comes he knows not whence.

With half averted face, upon a hairy tussock islanded in a black-eyed pool, he stood like a grey king on his throne; and the snow was on his brow like a crown of diamonds. Languid, yet alert, he hearkened; languidly he throbbed, hanging out a delicate pink tongue, as often on a summer's day, though now the wind crept like a comb through his coat to ruffle it.

On the brow above him stood the Laird. One hand was on the shawl that wound about his mouth; and his fingers twitched and twitched unconsciously, as though to pull it down. For the rest he might have been one dead. The face was grey as of a corpse, and as emotionless. No colour waxed there or waned, no consciousness ruffled that dead calm, and in his eyes the stark and dreadful look of one who looks into Hell and sees there his own soul among the lost.

So he stood, like a grey-clothed corpse on the white brow. The shawl wound his mouth like death cerements, the wind tugged at the frayed ends of it: and from his hand the lank-

necked corpse, swinging in the wind, as from a gallows-tree; while in the hollow beneath, the grey knight, with half-averted face, hung out a languid tongue and throbbed.

At last the Laird drew breath—long, slow, wavering, such as Lazarus may have drawn when first he came forth from the grave and gate of death.

The Life withdrawn flowed back. Over the dead face it crawled slow-footed as the tide. The fingers at his mouth ceased to twitch and were still. He closed his eyes and stood with blind face, uplifted to the callous sky.

Then he dropped his chin again and looked.

Beneath him still with half-averted face, the dust of diamonds on his brow, he stood who once Missie had tucked beneath her arm—dear sea-grey babe with the fond eyes; nor seemed to see the figure like a gallows-tree on the brow above him.

Slowly the Laird swung round, and looked along the way he had come. He saw his own trails broad-splashed upon the snow; he saw that chain of dotted black leading from the thicket to his feet; and turned again.

From his feet the chain upon the snow—black, damning dots—led across the virgin white, through bog-myrtle and reed tussocks, skipping here, winding there, to end abruptly in that careless throbbing form.

He looked beyond, and there upon the other slope, the snow lay as a winding-sheet.

The fingers at his mouth ceased twitching and were still; then they pulled aside the shawl, and his mouth was shown like a seam of iron.

"Come!" he called.

. . . . . .

At that Danny turned with surprised ears; saw his master on the brow above, and came to him across the snow, grinning and with dear eyes.

Daintily he picked his way among the pools, hopping from

tussock to tussock; then at a canter up the white slope with backward ears and swinging tail.

A yard from the feet of his lord he saw the lank-necked body swinging in the wind; paused on three feet, the fourth caught up delicately, and standing poised so, thrust forth a tentative long nose, and sniffed, shocked, interested, faintly wagging.

Above him the Laird stooped, and stooped, and stooped, until his face was close above the other's.

"*You Lie!*" he screamed, and smote at him with the murdered bird.

Danny started as if stabbed. Then he looked up into the face above him, and his eyes were those of one who once, lying among her pillows, had prayed very pitifully—"You will be good to him, Massa!—you won't—you won't—not even if he——"

Then the soul died out of him as the soul dies out of a man.

He made no move to fly. Where he stood there he lay down in the snow, at his master's feet, shrugged together as a boy waiting a buffet from his mother's hand; only rolling up his eyes in dumb appeal to his dear lord to strike quickly.

But the end was not yet. The old man stayed his hand.

He steadied himself and stood up. The wrack of rage had swept upon him like a tempest that leaps upon a countryside, sweeps across it, leaving desolation in its wake, and passes on.

He was left shattered, but himself.

At his feet lay the ghost of him who once had been Daniel, Son of Ivor, Faithful Heart, and Knight of the Shield of Snow, not even now afraid of the Death that was his just due; but stricken mortally because he saw that by his sin he had hurt to death this fond old man whom he loved as the faithful love their God.

At last the Laird spoke.

"Up!" he said.

Danny rose hopelessly. He set his snow-wet feet against

his master's knee, as often of old with laughter in his eyes, stretching his toes cat-like and yawning hugely, when seeking a dear caress; now he waited without hope, to be dealt with faithfully.

The Laird essayed to speak. Thrice he tried; thrice he failed; and his old fingers played tremulously with the hem of his cloak.

Danny reached up, and reached and reached, and licked them.

The Laird snatched his hand away as though a serpent had stung it.

Danny fell to his feet.

A moment he stood in the snow, hopeless, heartless, four-square, and looked into his master's face.

Then he lifted up his voice and howled; just as long years before with long-drawn lamentation he had mourned for Missie dead.

The old man made a pace forward, stooping, and with hands that groped.

"You were all I had!" he cried in his agony—"just all!"

Then he steeled himself with an effort that staggered him like a blow.

He halted, heightening himself. An ice-blast seemed to have swept upon him to petrify him in his purpose.

Iron of lip, iron of eye, iron of heart, he stood, not in any wise to be moved from his duty by any weakness of pity.

"Here!" he called, still now and terrible; and Danny in the snow, hopeless, heartless, crept in to his feet and nestled there.

"I trusted you," began the Laird, low and slow, "and you betrayed me. I might forgive ye treachery," said he. "You did Murder," he went on. "I might forgive ye murder. Lastly," and his voice began to grow, "your Life has been a Lie"—he paused—"a Lie!" he repeated with ever-growing voice—"a *Lie!*"

He looked down with burning eyes into the grey face uplifted at his feet.

"For that," he said, "there is one punishment—Death at my hands, and Damnation, as I do believe, at the hands of God."

He drew himself up. No longer now an old man anguished beyond telling, he was the Judge, the Avenger, resolute to deal justly and without mercy.

"I cannot kill you," said the Laird, looking down into the dear eyes of Missie dead, "because—I cannot. I leave your last punishment to God," he continued after a pause. "But what I can do, that I do."

He gathered himself and stood, greatly gaunt, greatly terrible; with still finger pointing over the snow.

Go!" he cried in Judgment voice, terrible as never before. "I dismiss you from before my face—for ever."

He turned and tottered quavering away, slipping often in the snow, the dead bird dangling from his hand. Danny stood and watched him, shivering, and not with cold; nor made attempt to follow. Awhile he stood so, quite silent, still; then he, too, turned and pattered rapidly away over the snow. Once he threw up his head as if to howl, pawing in the air as if in pleading to the stars of heaven to pity; but no sound came. Often he blundered in the snow, righted himself and trailed on, in the sodden way of one who is without hope in this world and the next.

So on, till he came to the broken wall beneath the larch-tree wood.

Leaping on it, he stood there and looked back—a shivering grey shadow, dim in the dusk, with long arched back, hopeless tail, and eyes like wounds.

He saw the high-shouldered figure of the Laird, quavering lonely homewards, slipping ever in the snow, and stumbling in his old man's hurry to be gone, the murdered bird still swinging from his hand; he saw his home beyond, dear, dingy, naked to all the winds that blow; he saw old Lammermore bluffing it behind, white-headed in the falling night; then he crouched, and leaped as one who leaps into the bottomless pit.

LXXXIII

DANNY DEAD

THE Laird sat in the dusk of the great hall, alone.

There the Woman had found him sitting, silent, stark, and cloaked; just as he had come in, and forthwith had fallen upon him to hale him back to bed; but for all heed he paid he might have been dead,

"Will Mr. Heriot bide here till Death comes to him?" she asked at last, with bitter irony, "for if he will so I will light the fire."

"I bide here," said the Laird.

She entered with faggots and knelt beside the cold hearth-stone: and as she busied herself babbled to the dumb old man of the death that was his due.

The fire lighted, the red glow of it fell on Danny's basket by the fire-dogs.

The Woman kneeled back.

"Where then is my wean?" she cried, turning sharply on the shadow sitting in the gloom behind.

"I kenna," said the Laird.

"Did he not return with your Honour?" the Woman cried, rising. "Did he not bide you in the porch?"

"Na," said the Laird.

"Queer," cried the Woman, and suddenly bethought herself. "I ken what it would be. While your Honour was at kirk, he put out after Her, the bloody bit!" she cried, "who has not been after Her this week past. He is the true man is my wean," she chuckled. "God made the Sabbath for a day of slaughter, is what the man-males hold. That will be it; and in a while he will be back after his tea; he will need it after the bloodying."

She departed to return with a saucer full of tea that she placed on the stone-flagged floor beside the basket, just as she had done on any Sabbath afternoon since Missie was away; and

in the tea she dropped the accustomed lump of sugar, "because," as she said, "it was the Lord's Day, which should be made sweet to dog as well as man. And see to it he says his blessing before he has it!" she ordered. "He has fallen away from grace, I do think, since Missie's day."

She tramped away.

As she reached the door, the voice from the gloom, hoarse and brief, followed her—

"Send Crabbe here!"

"He's abroad," said the Woman shortly.

"Where?"

"On the hill," said the Woman. "He was off with the piece[1] when it came on to snow."

"What?" he asked.

"Sabbath-breaking," said the Woman. "I heard him let fire not ten minutes since."

. . . . .

The Laird was left alone.

Habited as when he had come in, the short cloak about his shoulders, and the snow still wet on it, his bonnet on his head, the dead bird hanging limply from his hand, he sat stiff-backed in the half-arm chair, with muffled mouth and staring eyes; while on the leaded window overhead the flakes fell softly like finger-touches of the dead.

Twenty minutes passed; then the door opened. In it stood Robin, and behind him the Woman, a torch flaming and draught-blown in her hand; while down the passage was the rush of wind like a wolf pack howling through the open door of the kitchen.

Robin entered, thrust on from behind. The Woman followed, shielding her torch, slammed the door against the following wind, and placed her back against it.

Neither spoke; Robin lolled against the wall, his head against his arm, the snow upon him, sobbing like a little boy.

[1] Piece = gun.

The Woman, haggard-eyed, was watching the cloaked shadow in the gloom.

"Sir-r!" she whimpered at last.

"Eh?" said the Laird, hoarse as a raven.

"Robin, man!" urged the Woman, "tell!" and tried to pull his covering arms away from before the old man's face.

"I canna," sobbed Robin, "I just canna," and wriggled free.

"Try!" whimpered the Woman. "Consider his Honour."

"Tell!" cried the Laird; and his voice leaped out of the silence.

"It is Danny," gasped the old man, burying his head in his arm against the wall as though to smother his grief.

The Laird sat back without a word.

"—That is," sobbed the old man.

"—That was," interposed the Woman, sobbing herself.

"Is?" said the Laird with thunder-brow. "Was?" said the Laird, "what?"

"Dead!" gasped Robin, and rolled his head on his arm.

"Dead!" wailed the Woman.

"Dead!" cried the Laird, and leaning forward, slew them with a glance.

"Just dead," gasped Robin—"my Danny!"

"Dead so," wailed the Woman—"my mannie!"

"And his blood's on me!" blubbered Robin—"I am guilty of him who would have died for him."

"It was no fault of yours, Robin!" the Woman cried, valiant woman-wise to comfort him. "The Lord just sent it."

"He might not," said Robin, sobbing afresh. "He just might not."

"Maybe Missie had need of him," cried the Woman, sobbing.

The Laird had risen and gathered his cloak about him.

"Where does he lie?" he asked.

"Stiff and stark on Lammermore!" whined Robin, "just

as it was in my dream! and I am guilty of him! who loved him like a son."

"Son!" gasped the Woman. "Never a son like to him; a son without the trouble of them and the tribulation. A Son!" she cried, "dearer than any daughter was Danny to me!"

She lost her face in her apron.

"Since Missie was away, I was childless but for him," she wailed. "He was wean to my old age. And now!" she sobbed, "now I am as Hannah was—a woman of a sorrowful spirit because of my children that are not."

"He was my son to me," sobbed Robin.

"He was my soul to me," said the Laird, tottering across the hall.

LXXXIV

THE EXPIATION

THE Laird pushed by them as they babbled.

He had passed down the passage and was now fumbling at the great outer door.

The Woman ran at him, shrieking.

"Dear your Honour!" she cried, breaking into fresh sobs. "You will never be going to him. Dear your Honour! Dinna, your Honour!" and laid hands on him.

"Crabbe!" called the Laird, thrust down his bonnet, flung back the door, and passed out into the windy night.

The Woman followed, one hand on the tail of the shawl.

"Speak to him, Robin!" she wailed. "Cry him back! and it snawin' and blawin', and siccan a night and a'."

"I am guilty of him," sobbed Robin, stumbling blindly past her, "I am guilty of him, who would have died first," and he staggered after his master into the night.

The Laird was tramping down the steps.

The Woman, the torch still gusty in her hand, was at his heels, one passionate hand tugging at him.

"Ye shallna!" she cried, struggling furiously. "It's death! Ye shallna!" in a paroxysm of passion. "Missie willed ye to me to mend ye and mind ye, and——"

The Laird turned on her with the glare and terror of the old anger.

"Hands off!" he cried; "Hold back!" and she held back, collapsing on the ground.

. . . . . .

So the two set forth in the fall of the wintry evening, the snow about them. Out of earshot of the door, the Laird turned upon Robin sobbing noisily at his elbow.

"Crabbe," he said, and laid a huge hand on the old man's shoulder; "you did but do your duty."

The old man ceased his sobbing.

"Eh!" said he, mistily,—"duty?"

"Ye caught him in the act and shot him," pursued the Laird. "I heard the shot."

"Shot him!" said Robin, misty, muddled. "Shot him! Oh, ay," he added, and seemed to understand. "I shot him a bit."

"It was your duty," repeated the Laird.

"It was so," said Robin, "seeing I kenn't he has Her."

"You kenn't that!" cried the Laird, swinging on him.

"I kenn't none other was," said Robin, dully. "It was him or his Minnie's wraith—'tane or 'tither."

"His Minnie!" cried the Laird. "Whose Minnie?"

"Simon Ogg's for sure," whimpered Robin testily.

The Laird was breathing like the soughing of a mighty wind. Both great hands were on the other's shoulders, and he was gripping them as though to crack them.

"Tell on!" he ordered.

"There is little to tell," said Robin, sullen, sodden. "When it cam' to snaw, I put out with the piece because of my dream that I had had, and that if so might be, with Missie helping me, I might meet him, and shoot him, and so make sure."

The old man's voice broke.

"And I did meet him," he whined, "hirplin' off the hill and laffin' like a daftie. And I gave him a cry to stop; and he just did stop; and I saw he was afraid."

The old man was sobbing now afresh.

"And I asked him—'Where 'll ye be from?'

"'From the hill,' said he.

"'What h.' ye been after?' I asked him.

"'Will I tell ye?' says he.

"'Ay,' said I.

"'After Her,' said he.

"'And where is She?' I asked him.

"'Up yonder,' said he, pointing. 'In the Neuk of the Brae.'

"'And what's She at?' I asked him.

"'Will I tell ye?' says he.

"'Ay,' said I.

"'Eatin' your poison,' said he.

"'Indeed!' I said. 'And who is She?'

"Then he looked at me and I looked at him. It was on the edge of the dark, but I could see his face white as the moon, and him shakin'.

"'Will I tell ye?' says he.

"'Ay,' said I.

"'Danny,' said he, and began to run for his life, laffin' like a daftie."

The old man paused.

"And just then," he went on at last, "the piece let fire and he gave a bit of a skelp, and over he went like a shot hare. And where he lay, there I left him. And I," said the old man, and came to a sudden halt, "I skeltered off up the hill, and there"—his words were drowned as it were beneath a water-flood—"I found him—my man—my Danny—cauld—cauld as clay—out by in the Neuk of the Brae."

. . . . .

The Laird removed his hands from the other's shoulder, and held them before his face.

"I am lost!" he cried, in the voice of the child who is frightened in the night; "I am lost."

Then he looked up.

"Then how came Danny dead?" he cried—"and you guilty of him?"

"It was the poison, I do tell you!" cried Robin with the querulousness of one who iterates and reiterates and still is not believed. "It was the poison. And oh!" he cried, rambling off into the old woeful refrain, "I am guilty of him! I am guilty of him, who would have died first, for it was me laid it, it was me laid it in the Neuk of the Brae."

"Was he with ye when ye laid it?" asked the Laird.

"With me!" cried the other in bitterness of scorn, "of course he was with me. Would I have laid it if he had not been with me? Na," he cried, "na," resolving into tears afresh, "he was with me, and I tell't him, 'What is good for Her and Her likes is bad for you and me, my mannie.' And he backed his ears, and grinned at me and snuffed it cannily like the Christian he was, but he never made bid to touch it, and he kenn't——" he paused.

"He kenn't," said the Laird.

"He kenn't," sobbed Robin, "clever as a Christian as he was he kenn't! he kenn't! And oh!" in a storm of woe, "it was just deleeberit."

"It was so," said the Laird, and he breathed like a man coming to the surface out of the depths of the deep.

"And just to think of it," sobbed Robin, "our Danny—Missie's Danny—to commit a suicide."

"A suicide!" echoed the Laird.

"And no cause why," sobbed Robin, "and no cause why."

"And good cause why," said the Laird.

"And why?" sobbed Robin.

"His heart was dead," said the Laird. "That's just why.'

"And me thinkin' I had cured him!" cried Robin, bursting out afresh.

LXXXV

WHO WAS HER?

THE Laird ploughed on his way without a word, and Robin followed.

It was not till they were clear of the policies and had entered the birch-woods that the Laird spoke.

"What of Simon Ogg?" he asked, pausing. "We must heed the living before the dead."

"Ye need take little heed for him," said Robin.

"Is he dead?" cried the Laird.

"Not him!" said Robin dolefully. "He is little scathed from what I could see. As I passed where he lay he gave me a cry to come to him, and I kenn't he thought he was killed by the wankly way of his voice. So I just went, and he lay where he'd fallen."

"'Robin Crabbe, you have killed me,' he said when I cam' to him.

"'Indeed!' said I.

"'Ay!' he said, and after a bit, he looked up and cried bitter-like. 'First daddy! then Minnie! and now me! and you will hang.'

"'It is little to me,' I tell't him, 'little to me now my Danny is dead!"

"'Is Danny dead then?' he cried, raising on his elbow.

"'Dead,' I tell't him, 'dead as you'll be an hour on.'

"Then he lay back and shut his eyes, and I do think he felt his time was come and he'd best make his peace with all.

"'Kneel here beside me,' he whispered; and I knelt.

"'Tell his Honour,' he whispered, 'that Danny is not Her.'

"'Not Her!' I cried, and could scarce keep my fingers off his throat. 'And is it like his Honour would be putting that on my man?'

"'He might,' said Simon. 'He just might; and maybe ye'd best tell him that I was Her.'"

"He was Her!" cried the Laird—"Simon Ogg!"

"Ay," Robin continued. "'I am Her, tell his Honour,' said Simon, 'and none other is.'

"'This is no news to me,' I tell't him.

"'It will be to his Honour, though,' he whispered; and tell't me all—how he had hoped to make an end to Danny by the poison, and would so have done but for me that was too much for him. And then, knowing your Honour for a hard man, he was for putting it on Danny that he was Her, as though,' cried the old man, kindly, 'your Honour'd be like to believe him.'

"And did so do," cried the Laird in agony. "And did so do," and put both hands to his face as though to hide out the past.

Something dangling from his wrist tapped against his face.

It was the dead bird.

"And what of this then?" he cried, holding the body high in the gloom.

"Eh?" said Robin, peering, "that? Oh, ay, I was forgettin'. Simon tell't me that bit too. That is none of Her handiwork. Danny just killed that."

The Laird just breathed faintly.

"Then," he said quietly, "he did murder, and I dealt but justly."

"Murder!" cried Robin hotly. "What kind of murder d'you call that, when she thrust herself down his throat? Murder!" he cried, "it was little murder indeed; or if it was murder it was murder in the way of duty."

"Eh?" said the Laird, all lost again.

"It was just this way, Simon was telling me," Robin continued. "Simon lay on his bed asleep to-day noon, never thinkin' your Honour would keep his Kirk. A-well, when he woke, he went to the door, and none was in the street, and the Kirk-bells done tolling, so he donned himself and ran to the

Kirk; but Danny kept the door against him. They had a bit of a bat, and Danny prevailed. Simon cursed him; then he was off and away for the hill after his work that was Hers."

The old man's voice broke.

"A-well, he was just creeping yon bird in your hand that was dusting in the dyke on the edge of the wood to noose her, when he chanced to look up. And there in the park not four yards away was Danny, who had followed him. As he looked Danny shot for him. Simon gave a skrike, and the cockerel fluster't out from his feet and into Danny's jaws, and piked at my man, and piked, and piked. Danny just snapped back once, and the bird was dead."

The old man began to sniffle.

"Then, Simon was telling me, it was clear my man kenn't what he had done, and your Honour's anger, and Missie's teaching, and he forgot Simon, and he was afraid. And Simon said it was just pitiful the way he took on, running here and there, and giving a bit yelp, and back to the body again, and in the end he took it up and carried it off to hide it because of your Honour's anger."

The old man broke down and sobbed outright.

"And Simon just ran back to keep his Kirk, and there was none to stop him now; and what cam' thereafter," sobbed the old man, "I kenna."

"I ken," said the Laird, and went on his way.

LXXXVI

ON LAMMERMORE

Up the hill he went, Robin slobbering at his elbow.

Within the woods now was darkness and mystery; only the snowflakes like shed fairies, wings meandering down through the branches of the trees, to light their way. So they went on until they came out in the failing light on the white moor, spreading a naked shoulder in the loom.

In the place they call the Neuk of the Brae they came on him they sought, and not without search; for already the snow lay upon him, lapping him tenderly, as though the hosts of Heaven would do for him with flakes of snow that office that once the robins with woodland leaves did for the two lost babes.

He was lying in the snow as a dog lies in the sun, not curled, with hollow flanks, and long grey muzzle laid along the snow, as often he had lain there at Missie's feet on a summer's evening, in the long ago.

The tragedy was plain to any eyes. A distance off lay the fatal bait, half devoured. Here mortal sickness had fallen upon him; here when the pangs had racked him he had crawled, working out his agony alone; and then at last, the throes passing, had lain upon the tender snow to sleep.

Above the body in the gloom stood the Laird, stark, silent, sheeted in snow; while Robin sniffled noisily.

There was no mistaking the motive of the wee man's end. Death was the measure meted; Death his just due; Death it should be.

"He did murder," said the Laird slowly.

"Murder!" cried Robin. "She thrust herself down his throat, I am tellin' you. She piked at him. Was he not to pike back? He but clicked his teeth, and it was done."

"But his life was no Lie," continued the gaunt old man, all unheeding. "I thank you, God, for that!" he said with face upraised. "I thank you, God, for that!"

He bent and gathered his dead tenderly, brushing the snow off Danny's brow; and the little body was stiff already, and set in snow as in a winding-sheet.

He took off his bonnet.

"Let us pray!" he said, and kneeled in the night, his face uplifted, the snow upon it, his arms outstretched before him, as though offering back the dead to the God who gave; and behind him in the snow kneeled Robin.

Then he made as though to rise, wavered, tottered, then

fell softly away on to his side, and lay there asleep himself, the snow on him, and Danny sleeping in his arms.

LXXXVII

SLEEP

In the old kirk, at the trysting-place of winds amid the hills, sleeps the last of the Lairds of Hepburn, by the side of Missie and his grim forbears.

Not far from the two he loved rests Danny. On high Lammermore he sleeps, where often of old he slept at the feet of his first love, and looks out everlastingly over his wide demesne. Far away shines Burnwater like a jewel set at the feet of the established hills, and beyond the sea flashing like sheaves of broken years. There on his sentinel-height beneath the heather he sleeps, and sleeps well. The curlews haunt the sky above him; the feet of fox, and old grey brock, and all the enemies he loved, pass and repass above his grave, nor wake him ever now; nor shall cold of snow, nor heat of sun, nor drumming wind, nor rain upon him, rouse him now.

Warden of the Marches, he holds his post, and keeps his watch beneath the stars faithfully for Evermore.

A BALLAD OF THE YOUNG RUTHVEN

THE following ballad seems to be the source of a legend about the cause of the slaying of the Ruthvens (the Gowrie Conspiracy) on August 5, 1600. The story of a silver band, given by the Queen of James VI. to Alexander, the Master of Ruthven, and of the King's jealousy, is first told by Lord Hailes (1760). It has all the air of being derived from one of the ballads which, till a much later period, were the newspapers of the people. The ballad here given is from a broadside of four pages printed at Edinburgh. The authenticity and antiquity of the piece are questions for the learned.

A. LANG.

The Young RUTHVEN

THE KING has gi'en the QUEEN a Gift,
For her May-day's Propine,
He's gi'en her a Band o' the Diamond-ſtane,
Set in the Siller fine.

The QUEEN ſhe walked in *Falkland-yaird*,
Beſide the Hollans Green,
And there ſhe ſaw the bonnieſt Man
That ever her Eyes had ſeen.

His Coat was the RUTHVEN white and red,
Sae ſound aſleep was he
The QUEEN ſhe cried on MAY BEATRIX
That ſeely Lad to ſee.

'Oh, wha ſleeps here, MAY BEATRIX,
Without the leave o' me?'
'Oh, who ſuld it be but my young Brother,
Frae *Padua* ower the Sea!

'My Father was the EARL GOWRIE,
An Earl o' high Degree,
But they hae ſlain him by fauſe Treaſon,
And gar'd my Brothers flee.

'At *Padua* hae they learned their Leir
In the Fields o' *Italie*;
And they hae croſſed the ſaut Sea-faem,
And a' for love o' me!'

. . . . . .

The QUEEN has cuiſt her Siller Band
About his Craig o' Snaw,
But ſtill he ſlept and naething kenned,
Aneth the Hollans Shaw.

The KING he daundered thro' the Yaird,
He ſaw the Siller ſhine;
'And wha,' quoth he, 'is this Galliard,
That wears yon Gift o' mine?'

The KING has gaen till the QUEEN'S ain Bower,
An angry Man that Day ;
But by there cam' MAY BEATRIX,
And ſtole the Band away.

And ſhe's run in by a dern black Yett,
Straight till the QUEEN ran ſhe :
'Oh, tak ye back your Siller Band,
Or it gar my Brother dee ! '

The QUEEN has linked her Siller Band
About her Middle ſma' ;
And then ſhe heard her ain Gude-man
Come rowting through the Ha'.

'Oh whaur,' cried he, 'is the Siller Band
I gied ye late Yeſtreen ?
The Knops was a' o' the Diamond-ſtane,
Set in the Siller ſheen.'

'Ye hae camped birling at the Wine,
A' Nicht till the Day did daw ;
Or ye wad ken your Siller Band
About my Middle ſma' ! '

The KING he ſtude, the KING he glowered,
Sae hard as a Man micht ſtare,
'Deil hae me ! *LIKE* is a richt ill mark,—
Or I ſaw it itherwhere !

'I ſaw it round YOUNG RUTHVEN's Neck
As he lay ſleeping ſtill ;
And, faith, but the Wine was wondrous guid,
Or my Wife is wondrous ill ! '

. . . . . .

There was na gaen a Week, a Week,
A Week but barely three ;
The KING has hounded JOHN RAMSAY out,
To gar YOUNG RUTHVEN dee !

They took him in his Brother's houſe,
Nae Sword was in his Hand,
And they hae ſlain him, YOUNG RUTHVEN,
The bonnieſt in the Land !

And they hae ſlain his fair Brother,
And laid him on the Green,
And a' for a Band o' the Siller fine,
And a blink o' the Eye o' the QUEEN !

Oh, had they ſet him Man to Man,
Or even ae Man to three,
There was na a Knight o' the RAMSAY Bluid,
Had gar'd EARL GOWRIE dee !

FINIS

THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE

I

A GREAT ball was illuminating one of those few London houses whose size allows the dancing, on such an occasion as this, to be no more than an episode in a brilliant evening party. There were gorgeous rooms devoted to conversation and leisurely movement, where eminence, influence, charm, and inherited or acquired success were appropriately represented in all their most polished forms; and the ball having been preceded by a solemn dinner and concert, given with a view to the honour rather than to the exhilaration of Royalty, various grave personages who had assisted at these earlier functions, such as elderly Cabinet Ministers, an English Archbishop and a Cardinal, were still lingering in a scene which had gradually changed its character.

But incomparably graver in aspect than even any of these was a tall man who had arrived under the wing of the intellectual Mrs. Vernon, and who—to judge from appearances—had found in her his sole acquaintance. Mrs. Vernon had joined by this time a row of dowagers in tiaras, who, seated along one of the walls, were watching and criticising the proceedings; and rigid in the chair next her was seated her grave companion. Placed where he was, he formed a singular object. In his high monumental forehead, in his keen yet abstracted gaze, in his long and compressed lips, was an almost severe sense of his

own power and consequence: whilst the limpness of his shirt-front, which was wanting in one pearl button, a beard like a ragged bib, and a difficulty in the management of his hands, gave him, alone of all the men in the room, the distinction of a spiritual stranger—of a being from another star.

Mrs. Vernon would, at intervals, offer up an elaborately serious observation to him as though it were a species of sacrifice, or propose in vain to introduce him to some celebrity. He would always, when this occurred, respond to her with condescending deference; but, singular to relate, the conversation going on around him evidently had for him a far more absorbing interest than that which his solicitous neighbour prepared for his private benefit. Her question, for instance, as to whether the Archbishop, with all his acuteness and knowledge, could really believe in miracles, he showed an inclination to shelve rather than answer; but he seemed to hang on her syllables when, patting an embroidered knee, she informed two adjoining dowagers of the astonishing cheapness of her costume, which had, it appeared, cost only thirty guineas, whereas somebody called Stephanie would not have made it for sixty. Nor did his attention relax when the ladies, after a long discussion of it, dropped this absorbing subject in obedience to an exclamation from Mrs. Vernon, which besought them to notice that a certain Molly Majendie—whom he identified as a dazzling fairy surrounded by several men—"was actually back from Paris, laughing as if nothing had happened." He was all ears as he gathered that this vision in pearls and turquoises was supposed to have celebrated Whitsuntide with a brother-officer of her husband's in a manner that was much too private, and at the same time much too public. He heard the story submitted in each of its delicate details to the search-light of a higher criticism which made rather for faith than doubt. He heard Mrs. Vernon enunciating the sad conviction that if conduct like this were condoned, the dissolution of society was inevitable. Then before she had ceased, her gloomy apprehensions were dissipated, and the subject changed once more, by

another ornamental figure, which was now conspicuous in the foreground, pale and dark like a moonlit Italian night, and lately restored to London by one of the British Embassies, as the newest though not the youngest of the married beauties of the season. To her was immediately transferred the attention of the three ladies; and the dead white of her skin, the vivid red of her lips, the relation of her figure to her stays, and the rumoured relation of the whole to the conjugal and pecuniary distresses of a Russian Grand Duke at Naples, became the immediate prey of a trio of discreet voices.

The listener listened still, and gradually closed his eyes, as though anxious that no other sense should trespass on that of hearing; nor did he again open them till an eager question of Mrs. Vernon's as to "who it could be that Molly had got hold of now," roused him to the contemplation of the back view of a man on whom Mrs. Majendie was concentrating the choicest of her upturned glances. The man, as it seemed, was receiving this obvious homage with a light and tolerant laughter, when the lady with the dead white skin adroitly caught his attention, and, contriving to withdraw him from the circle of Mrs. Majendie's magic, at once set about trying on him the rival efficiency of her own. His thraldom, however, was evidently very far from complete; for, happening to turn his head, and catching sight of Mrs. Vernon as he did so, he broke, with an easy excuse, from the toils of the second enchantress, coming straight to the elder lady, who half rose from her chair to greet him.

"So it's you!" she exclaimed. "Why, we thought you were still yachting." The two adjacent dowagers made two plump echoes of welcome; and, in spite of the weight of their bracelets, lifted two gracious hands to him.

The listener at Mrs. Vernon's elbow found himself scrutinising a face which bore the stamp of intellect almost as clearly as did his own. But whatever or whoever the newcomer might be, his intellect for the time appeared to have surrendered its place to a frank and familiar interest in the scenes that were

now surrounding him. It is true that, unlike a large part of the company, he had no air of being deeply or seriously absorbed in them; but they seemed to afford him the same sort of amusement that a man accustomed to dogs finds in playing with a friend's poodle.

"We know," said Mrs. Vernon, "you've been yachting, but we none of us quite know where."

"That," he replied, "is a statement which I have no difficulty in believing. My yacht has been lying in the roadstead of a ruined Roman watering-place—you have never even heard its name—on the south coast of Asia Minor. The treasures I've unearthed and brought home with me—it quite turns my head to think of them."

"And what is your news?" asked one of the gracious dowagers.

"I've none," was the answer of the excavator. "I've been living for months in a town where not a single indiscretion has been committed for sixteen hundred years."

"In that case," said the dowager, "prepare your nerves for a shock. Mrs. Vernon and I are going to commit two. Our first is to ask you—for you ought to be able to tell us—are those enormous pearls of Mrs. Majendie's real?"

"I confess," said the man, "I have not myself examined them. Still, I think I can satisfy you. Lady Eustace Orwell was weighing them in one of her hands a moment ago, whilst she was caressing Mrs. Majendie with the other; and I'm certain, from her look of mortification, she discovered them to be not imitations."

The dowager leaned towards Mrs. Vernon. "My dear," she said, "isn't he wicked? And now for indiscretion number two. The lovely lady to whom you were talking last—is her colouring here—" and the dowager tapped her lips with her fan—"as real as the other one's pearls?"

"It's so many years," said the man, "since I saw much of her that I really should be afraid to answer you: but no doubt she'll tell me. I'll ask her." He moved away for a step or

two in the direction of the lady in question; and the startled dowager saw her welcome him back with a smile of willing but half petulant forgiveness.

"You said," he began, "you were thirsty. Well—supper is not till one. But—but—" He laughed and he dropped his voice.

"Well," she said, "but what?"

"My dear Beryl," he continued, "your lips are a very beautiful red. Do you think that a cup of hot coffee would hurt them?"

"You ought to know," she retorted; "but, if you like it, I'll try the experiment. You used, once on a time, to tell me my lips were beautiful."

"You forget," he said, "that in those days my sight was very far from good. It was the sight of a very young man, and the sight—dear—of a son still younger. You didn't set much store by it then for the second of these sound reasons; and to me it seems now that it wasn't worth much, for the first. Well—will you drink to me out of a coffee-cup, or only with your beautiful eyes?"

"I don't want to drink at all," said the lady with mock perversity. "Sit down somewhere and talk to me."

"Certainly," said the man, with an air of most obliging cheerfulness. "Where shall we be most conspicuous? I'm sure you agree with me that, on an occasion like this, the pleasure of a talk consists not only in talking, but also—and even more—in the knowledge that one is being talked about. Let us ask Mrs. Vernon. I'm sure she will say that I'm right."

"Rupert," said the lady, "I don't like you. You're not nice at all. Go to Mrs. Vernon—yes, go if you want to. Good-bye," she added, over her shoulder, as she turned from him. "If you call to-morrow at Claridge's, you may give me some coffee there."

Mrs. Vernon's solemn companion, who had been watching the speakers closely, had already inquired who this man—this

antiquary from Asia Minor—was; and had given a visible start when he heard Mrs. Vernon's answer.

"It is Rupert Glanville," she said. "Don't you know him—the late Home Secretary?"

"Rupert Glanville!" he exclaimed. "I can hardly credit it—one of the few promising writers on scientific philosophy—one of the few recent politicians whose acts I could endorse as reasonable! Rupert Glanville—most wonderful!" Pleased with the appreciation which these utterances seemed to evince, Mrs. Vernon said to him eagerly, "Let me introduce you—do." But he put the proposal aside with a sort of distressed nervousness: and then perceiving that Mr. Glanville had detached himself from his lady, and that the proposed introduction in another moment might be inevitable, he lifted himself out of his chair, and addressed himself to the business of leave-taking. Mrs. Vernon rose also. "Must you really go?" she said, as she held his hand. "I'm afraid you've been bored horribly."

"On the contrary," he replied, in slow and judicial accents, "I am deeply indebted to you for having brought me. To-night I have observed—and I have observed with the greatest care—what is, I apprehend, called commonly the best society. I have listened, and listened in vain—I except, of course, your own conversation—for any discussion of, or any single allusion to, any fact or any general principle which is important to any reasonable being. For these men and women to whom all the wealth and experience of the modern world minister, the only serious matters, so far as I am able to judge, are particulars like those which are serious for the gossips of the village snuff-shop. The price of the petticoats of one woman; the extent to which another laces her liver into some wrong part of her body; the beads and paint of a third; and above all, the frequency with which this or that spangled puppet violates, or is supposed to violate, those principles of monogamous ethics the importance of which she is too feather-headed to comprehend. And I actually," he continued, "find here, comporting himself no

more sanely than the rest—equally pre-occupied with the particular, equally forgetful of the universal—a man who might, if he chose, be a true leader of men. Mrs. Vernon, good night. This is my first fashionable party. I may safely aver that it will be my last."

Mrs. Vernon was watching the deliverer of this parting address as, not without many failures, he applied his universal principles to the particular task of escaping by the nearest door, when a voice at her ear said to her, "Who in the world was that?"

She turned and saw that the questioner was Mr. Glanville. "He's some one," she said, "who's been asking the same thing about you. Take his chair, and I'll tell you. That was no less a person than the great Mr. Cosmo Brock."

The name which Mrs. Vernon had uttered might, indeed, be described as great. Mr. Brock claimed, and multitudes believed him, to be the supreme unifier and interpreter of all possible knowledge—in especial that highest branch of it, the knowledge of human nature. In his latest work he had dealt with the springs of conduct and character; and by numerous disciples in every civilised country he was held to have placed at last the most sacred principles of morality on a basis which could never be involved in the decay or the discredit of religions, but which equalled in security, and closely resembled in kind, those on which rest the laws of sanitation and applied mechanics.

"I wish," said Mr. Glanville, "that he hadn't run away like a rabbit. Did he tell you that he's taken a cottage of mine, for the summer months in the country?"

"No," said Mrs. Vernon, "he didn't; but he told me one thing—that he was horrified to find you enjoying yourself in a frivolous place like this—a place where nobody talks a single word of philosophy; but where everybody is chattering gossip, or else is providing food for it. Well—perhaps he is right in turning his back on all of us."

"On the contrary," said Mr. Glanville, "he is wrong, and

his brother philosophers like him. What he really turns his back on is human nature itself. He might, in a place like this, have learnt, had he known how, more about men and women than he has yet learnt in a life-time."

"Only," said Mrs. Vernon regretfully, "about the idlest and most frivolous side of them."

"My good soul," replied Mr. Glanville, "if you think that, why do you come here? Why did you take the trouble to put on those beautiful diamonds? Why did you or your husband go to the expense of buying them?" This sudden attack was not to Mrs. Vernon's taste. She showed it. "Don't be cross," said Mr. Glanville, in unruffled accents. "I can defend you better than you can defend yourself. In spite of you, and of all the Mr. Brocks in the world, I quite deny the assertion that what we have here is frivolity only. We were talking of diamonds. To-night they are sparkling everywhere. Look at them as they go by, and think what is implied in their histories. Think what hopes, what renunciations, what pleasures, what ambitions, what disillusions, are crystallised in each tiara!"

"I don't mean," said Mrs. Vernon, with a faint note of impatience, "that everybody here is an idle and frivolous person. I mean that people, as you see them in a place like this, are showing for the moment merely the most frivolous side of themselves."

"That depends," said Mr. Glanville, "not so much on what *they* are showing, as on what *you* are looking at. If you look at a clear pool you must, I am sure, have noticed that, according to the focusing of your eyes, you may see inverted foxgloves, or you may see the water itself, or you may see the stones at the bottom of it. In looking at a party like this you may have just the same experience. For instance," he continued, sinking into a more comfortable attitude, "sitting here I see the frivolous surface as you do. I see a great aunt of mine floating on it. I believe this is her hundredth birthday. But I blink my eyes; and, shining below the frivolous surface, I

see youth, which fancies that its fate may be awaiting it under every palm-tree, and which hopes to find in some kiss the sacrament of its faith in happiness, before that lamp-lit garden begins to grow haggard in the morning. Such faith may be false, but I hardly call it frivolous. It purifies the mind far more than chastity. There's something in it," he said reflectively, "so naïve, so incredible, so irrecoverable. Well —I see all that here. I blink my eyes again; and I see age and maturity—and even youth grown a little less youthful—trying to find some substitute for the happiness which is gained by nobody; or else drilling themselves to disguise, or contriving to forget, sorrow."

Mrs. Vernon was now appeased, and considerably more attentive. Though for years she had spent her life exclusively in what is called the world, she had nevertheless a certain strain of romance in her. In her youth she had insisted on marrying an indecently poor young Guardsman, in spite of the fact that her mother had secured for her a renowned financier, who was panting to add her to the treasures of his palace in Grosvenor Square. The mother had disowned a daughter guilty of such disgraceful folly; and although when, some years later, a series of unlikely deaths turned the poor man into an important and remarkably rich one, her own maternal affection had revived with surprising promptitude, the daughter's feelings had been much too deeply wounded to make anything more than a formal reconciliation possible; and the civility of their rare meetings was hardly less cold than estrangement. There was, therefore, much in the nature and experiences of Mrs. Vernon, to which, in spite of herself, Mr. Glanville's words appealed. She looked at him with serious eyes, and, in spite of herself, she sighed. She was not, however, given to sighing; and, with an effort, she recovered her serenity. "No one," she said lightly, "would think you were unhappy to look at you," and she welcomed with relief an interruption from her other neighbour, the dowager.

"Well, Mr. Glanville," said this lady, who had now risen,

"you haven't told me yet if you found out what I asked you."

"She assures me," he replied, "that the colour will stand hot coffee. There she is, just going in to supper. I advise you to sit down next to her, and see how it will stand cold soup. Mrs. Vernon, supper is ready. Shall we help each other up and go?"

Mrs. Vernon assented with alacrity. She was once again all smiles; and if anything still was wanting to restore her to her normal self, it was supplied by a refreshing benediction from Royalty as she entered the supper-room. She and her companion found seats at a table which was vacant except for two of her own most distinguished intimates; and Mr. Glanville for some minutes, like Mr. Cosmo Brock, was merely a listener to her conversation with the lady next whom she had placed herself. "Do you mean," he heard her saying, in answer to some question, "that ugly red-headed man who is spoiling Lady Croydon's fan for her? Don't you know? It's Lord Croydon's latest understudy. Would you like to meet them both? They are dining with me on Friday week. My dear, I must tell you—Mr. Glanville, you're not to listen—I must tell you what happened at Hurlingham." Thereupon followed a series of mysterious whispers, which Mrs. Vernon concluded with the audible and crisp observation, "that it was bad enough for Agatha Croydon to lose her brilliant complexion; but it was very much worse for everybody when we found it on his shoulder. Ah," she exclaimed, beckoning to another friend in the background, "here are two chairs. Come here." And presently at Mr. Glanville's side, a flutter of tulle and a glimmer of pearls descended; whilst the babyish and fugitive pressure of an arm applied to his own gave him delicate notice of the presence of Mrs. Majendie.

"My dear Molly," said Mrs. Vernon, stretching across him to shake hands with her, and generously forgetful of her own late judgments and prophecies, "I've been trying all the evening to get at you. Are you dining out on the twentieth? Come

to me if you're not. You too," she added to Mr. Glanville, "both of you. Telephone to-morrow morning, when you've looked at your books of engagements."

Mrs. Majendie laid a hand appealingly on Mr. Glanville's cuff. "I'm sure you've a pencil," she said. "Be a dear, and write down the day for me."

Mr. Glanville did so on a menu, whilst Mrs. Majendie's lawful partner sustained his neglected dignity by staring at distant objects in an attitude of furious indifference. Mrs. Majendie bent over the card in an artless and confiding manner, till one of her flowers had the air of belonging to Mr. Glanville's buttonhole. Mr. Glanville looked at her with a smile in which memories of her began to mantle.

"Have you bought," he said, "any more of those charming little green-and-gold books, which you carried about in Scotland, along with your cigarette-case, in a charming little green-and-gold bag?"

Mrs. Majendie returned his look. All the complicated instincts of flirtation seemed to be celebrating a kind of Walpurgis-night in her eyes.

"Do you remember," he continued, "how I found you one day on the sofa, in a rose-du-Barry tea-gown, reading Thomas-à-Kempis?"

"My dear little books—I love them," said Mrs. Majendie, softly. "Perhaps some day you'll advise me a little about my reading?"

"I think," said Mr. Glanville, attuning his voice to hers, "I could advise you as to one point now. Your eyes, when you read, look beautiful. Reading, for a face like yours, is a kind of spiritual cosmetic; and the green morocco of your bindings is very becoming to your hand. But the next time you take up Thomas-à-Kempis—I wish you would remember this—don't hold him upside down."

The petals of a blush opened on Mrs. Majendie's cheeks. Mr. Glanville laughed. "You're a nasty story-teller," she said; and turning sharp round to her partner, exclaimed to him,

"What's the good of you? I thought you were to get me a quail."

This attack restored the neglected man to beatitude, whilst Mr. Glanville resumed his attention to Mrs. Vernon.

"I'm very much afraid," he said, "that I can't dine, as you asked me. I should like to have met Lady Croydon, and Lord Croydon's understudy. But tell me," he went on gravely, "in the days when you were first married, were people as kind as apparently they are now? You, for instance, when your own husband had what you call an understudy —did they ask you and that happiest of mankind to meet each other?"

Mrs. Vernon stared at him as if she could hardly believe her ears. All the virtue of Lucretia seemed to be flaming on him out of the eyes of a well-dressed Medusa. "I don't know what you mean," she said, in a voice hardly recognisable as her own. For a couple of seconds Mr. Glanville defied the lightning. Then his lips twitched, and like a snowflake his gravity melted.

"I know," he said, "you are everything that the wife of Cæsar ought to have been. You are horrified at the idea that any one should imagine you otherwise. But I want you to tell me this—for you really have made me curious. Why do you—a clever woman like you—treat conduct in other women as a pretty foible to laugh about, and even as a reason for asking them to your house to dinner, when you'd murder them or tear their eyes out if they ventured to attribute it to yourself? There's a nice little problem of human nature, quite worth the attention of a philosopher like Mr. Brock."

Mrs. Vernon had by this time swallowed her rage. She had even abstractedly swallowed a piece of lobster as well; but —a rare occurrence with her—she was somewhat at a loss for an answer. At last with a cough and an effort she began huskily, "I might perhaps as well ask you what makes you talk as you've been doing to that little minx on the other side of you, when you can't by any possibility——" Here, however, she was interrupted by a young son of the house,

who standing by her chair was presenting her with a telegram marked "Urgent." "I took it," he said, "from one of the servants, who was wandering vaguely in search of you."

Mrs. Vernon's hand shook a little as she received the unexpected missive. Then she gave it to Mr. Glanville, saying, "I wish you'd open it. I hope there's nothing wrong with Robert. Don't read it here. Come to some place that's quiet."

They both rose. "Let us go," he said, "into the garden." Mrs. Vernon was presently passing out through an open window. Mr. Glanville for a moment paused to glance at the telegram. Then he followed her. The walks were bordered with rows of twinkling lamps; and glimmering skirts, and the black forms of men, moved through an artificial twilight, that tingled with laughing whispers. "Here," he said, "sit down. It's nothing to do with Vernon; and you haven't lost your fortune on the Stock-Exchange. The news is serious, but you can bear it. Your mother died an hour ago at Brighton."

"Give me the telegram," said Mrs. Vernon. She crushed it in her hand and was silent.

"Would you like to go home?" Mr. Glanville at length asked her. "Would you like me to see you to your carriage?"

"No, no," she said absently. "Let me sit on here for a little, and talk to you." Mr. Glanville waited for her to begin. He waited for a long time. "What a horrid woman I am!" she exclaimed at last. "Do you know what it is I've been thinking about?"

"Yes," he said smiling slightly. "I know perfectly well. You've been thinking about that dinner of yours on the twentieth—that delightful dinner for the little minx and the understudy—which will have to be put off."

"How on earth," she asked starting, "how on earth did you know that?"

"Merely," he said, "because this party is an epitome of

human nature. If you like, I can tell you more, You've been thinking also about all your other engagements, and your smart new frocks that will be wasted, and your mourning, and who shall make it. Myself, I should recommend Jay's."

Mrs. Vernon turned on him a pair of wide questioning eyes, which were ceasing to be quite dry. "Do you despise me?" she said. "Do you look on me as utterly devoid of feeling? I'm not, though I know I seem so."

"Nonsense," he said kindly. "You don't seem so at all. My dear friend, for the second time this evening I think I can defend you better than you can defend yourself. Whenever anything happens like that which has happened now, our thoughts fly for refuge to some spot that is far from the real catastrophe. The Hebrew prophets behaved in the same way. They rent their garments when denouncing the sins of their countrymen, so as to forget the divine wrath in their sorrow for their own torn trousers."

Mrs. Vernon laughed faintly. "Keep on talking," she said. "It calms my nerves to listen to you."

"By this time," he resumed, "you are beginning to think about—well, about—the scene at Brighton; and to feel that it is incongruous for you to be still sitting on at a ball. But why should it be? Death is a serious fact; and these people here are in search of enjoyment; but man's search for enjoyment is itself as serious a fact as death. Perhaps," he continued, "you will say that a ball like this merely represents the frivolity of one small idle class. It really represents the struggle of all humanity—of clerks and shopgirls round the band-stand on Margate Jetty—of the drinkers at the bars of music-halls—of children dancing on the pavement—the struggle for what this world can give. In a ball like this there is one peculiarity only—that the world is doing its utmost, so far as its powers extend; and it is only when it is doing its utmost that we can judge of its resources fairly. And by itself, what can it do? No one can know the world better than I myself. I have no quarrel with it. It has given more to nobody. But the best

and most friendly action the world can do me now is to distract my attention for moments from what it has failed to give. I asked you—you remember—why the tone of your conversation in society has so little connection with the principles which govern your private conduct. I can tell you one of the reasons. In society we are like plovers. We make our several noises at a distance from our own nests—because our nests are so full of what we value that we don't want others to look at them; or else, because they are so empty that we don't want to look at them ourselves. I don't know if you follow my thoughts. At any rate they are better than condolences; and I've shown my sympathy with your condition by perhaps betraying something of my own."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Vernon rousing herself. "I think now I will go. Don't let me take you away."

"I ought," he replied, "to be going anyhow. I've a guest at home waiting for me—one of the most famous men in Europe—as famous as Mr. Cosmo Brock. Unlike Mr. Brock, who has never known the world, he has known it and given it up—all of it, except its tobacco; and he thinks he has found something we all are more or less looking for. I wish you knew him. Listen—I've something to propose to you."

The first words of his explanation were somewhat perplexing to Mrs. Vernon. He began by saying, "My mother's great grandfather was an Irish bishop." But she had, by the time he had ended, grasped the point of his proposal; and by the time he was putting her into her carriage, she had accepted it. "But mind you say nothing—" such were his closing words—"about my real intention to anybody. If others knew it they would be frightened, and my whole plan would be spoilt."

Mr. Glanville passed down a long line of carriages, which were slowly crawling up to the portico with its crimson drugget. Through gates of gilded iron-work he gained the street outside. The night was sultry. The street with its wood pavement, baked by weeks of drought, smelt like an open drain,

Stifling effluvia and a restless rush of noises beset him everywhere, as he sauntered towards his own house: "And a month ago," he said to himself, when at length he produced his latch-key, "the only sound I heard was the murmuring of the Tyrian Sea."

II

The clear sunlight of an early morning in June was shining on the buildings of a small railway junction, and on the dews that still brightened the pebbles of its gravelled platform. All around was a country of moorland and bare hills, and long undulations coloured with gorse and heather. In the neighbourhood of the station were a few white-washed houses, including one which proclaimed itself an hotel and a posting-establishment; whilst dotting the distance were far-scattered low-browed cabins, from some of which wreaths of smoke were already straying across the air. Except for these wreaths of smoke all the world seemed sleeping; and through it a faint wind moved, honeyed with breaths of gorse-blossom.

On the platform were a few fish-hampers, and a pile of unguarded luggage. Presently the opening of a door jarred on the deep stillness. A porter issued, and went slouching in the direction of a signal-box. As the crunch of his steps grew faint, another sound succeeded it—the sound of voices in conversation, and two figures approached one end of the platform, picking their way through the gorse and the long grasses, with the air of waiting travellers, patiently killing time. One of them was dressed carelessly in an ulster of rough Scotch tweed; and his reddish hair curled in a swinging mass which gave him a certain resemblance to an unshorn German student. His companion, on the contrary, though his clothes were far from new, bore, in every detail of his person, the stamp of unconscious fashion; and he moved with the easy gait of a man who could command the world.

"Alistair," he said, "this is delightful. I feel as if the web

of my life were woven of threads as fresh as these shining gossamers. I feel positively as young as the morning; and presently we shall both feel younger. Look, my dear fellow, look—Jackson has done his duty. He has got us a table from the inn and is bringing it out on the platform; and here comes somebody else with the breakfast and a clean tablecloth. And now," he went on, when they had reached the table in question, at which a well-groomed English servant was busy with plates and dishes, "you're sure you're game for a drive of fifty miles, and would not sooner wait and give your liver a shaking for the first twenty-five of them, in the cars of the new light railway?"

The man addressed as Alistair declared himself in favour of driving; and proceeded to rally his friend, as soon as they had begun their meal, on the fact of his turning his back on the luxuries and excitements of society, and burying himself in a place so remote as the hermitage for which they now were bound. "At Oxford," he said, "you laughed at me for my obstinately simple tastes. Yours have at last become more primitive even than mine."

"Yes," said the other. "Your simple taste is so fastidious that you find some difficulty in eating your bacon and your salt butter. As for me, when I'm hungry, I can eat and enjoy anything, so long as it's not poisonous and I can't see that it's dirty—and I should add, so long as there's nothing better obtainable."

The healthy appetite of the speaker bore witness to the truth of his statement; and he and his friend were still lingering over their coffee cups, when a rumbling noise and a whistle disturbed their sense of privacy, and a short train of unwashed and wheezing carriages slid by them, and drew up with a jerk. The disturbance was but momentary. A few peasants who had descended, with faces raw in the morning, had passed through a wicket and disappeared before the train had gone on again; and the two friends were rejoicing in being left once more to themselves, when the servant spoken of as

Jackson came up and informed them that the vehicle which had been ordered at the inn would be ready in a few minutes. On turning his head to receive this welcome news, the man whose conversation showed that he was about to be the host of the other, perceived that the train had deposited not the peasants only, but a new pile of luggage, and a woman, like a maid, who was standing by it. His interest was at once aroused; and a moment later it was intensified, when a second female figure—evidently the maid's mistress—was seen to emerge from the booking-office, in consultation with the solitary porter. She was young and graceful; and a long coral-coloured dust-cloak accentuated rather than hid the symmetry of her slim figure.

"Donald," said the man who was watching her, "I told you I was as young as the morning. The old Adam in me insists on having his curiosity satisfied."

He rose and strolled negligently in the direction of the tantalising stranger. His friend's eyes followed him with an expression of grave amusement. They saw him pass her with the slightest of momentary looks at her, then suddenly check himself, return to her and raise his hat. To all appearance, her first surprise being over, she received his advances civilly. A short conversation followed; and then his friend was aware that the two had quitted the porter, and were walking together in the most amicable manner towards the breakfast-table.

"I'm sure," said the man, when they reached it, "you will find this better than the inn. My friend and I can bequeath you some bad coffee to begin with—we are just going off in a carriage whose wheels I can hear already—and your maid and my servant who is coming on by the train, will be able to extract from the innkeeper whatever he has to give you."

In his manner there was a charming mixture of perfect ease and respect, which had evidently made her feel as much at her ease as he did. She thanked him for his kindness with an air of dainty composure, and accepted the chair he offered her as though he were an old acquaintance. Her face was

hidden by a veil, but the eyes of youth shone through it; and her fresh and delicate voice was the voice of a young girl.

"Jackson," he said to his servant, "you and this lady's maid must arrange about having some breakfast sent out to her from the inn. Here's the carriage," he added. "You had better put the bags in first. Alistair, will you show Jackson which things you want to take with you?"

Whilst his friend and the servant were acting on these instructions, he turned again to the young lady. "If I were you," he said, "I would make them give you some eggs. The bacon is not to be recommended. And don't be impatient with the pepper-pot. You will have to hit it hard if you want to get anything out of it. Perhaps before I go—I see they're not ready yet—you will let me make myself useful by brushing away these bread-crumbs."

She looked at him for an instant. "Please," she said, "don't trouble."

There was something in her manner which told him that her ease was giving place to shyness. At once by a subtle gradation his own manner grew more formal. "Excuse me," he said, "for a second;" and went out to the carriage. He came back almost directly having in his hand a novel. "You've two hours to wait," he said. "May I give you this to help you to beguile your time? It's a book which when once you've begun it, you must read to the end; and which no one who has read it to the end can ever open again. As I've read it to the end myself, it's quite worthless to me; and so, if I may make a present of it, its value need not embarrass you."

Her natural manner returned to her. She took the book laughing. "Thank you," she said, "very much. I've not read a novel for weeks. I've been having a rest cure, and am now going to finish it by the sea."

He gave her a look of inquiry, as though he would question her farther; but checked himself, raised his hat, and, wishing her good-bye, turned away from her. Whilst, however, he was standing by the wicket, waiting to enter the carriage, he

heard her voice again, and saw that she had risen and followed him. She had lifted her veil an inch or two, and now her mouth was visible. It was fresh as an opening rose-bud, though its droop had a hint of sadness in it. "I want," she said, "to repeat my thanks. You have really been very kind to me." They looked at each other. She smiled and hesitated. Then she gave him her hand. He raised his hat once more, and followed his friend into the carriage. As the carriage turned a corner he saw that she was still watching him.

"My dear Rupert Glanville," said his friend with a laugh presently, "the old Adam is as young in you still as he was in our days at Oxford."

"His imagination," replied Rupert Glanville—for it was none other than he—"his imagination, which has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing, outlives his beliefs and hopes. I can't tell why, but a little incident like that which you now allude to, still contains for me all the dew and all the poetry in the world. There is nothing personal in it," he continued, as he lit a cigar. "The young lady we have left behind us—I don't want her here. She *is* here. She has become the blue of the sky, the song of the lark, the smell of the gorse, the air of all summer mornings. She is a suggestion of the secret that lies for ever beyond the view of the possible, just as it lay when Polyphemus fed his flocks on the Sicilian hills. In another disguise, she is the secret that floats in churches, in the contrition of the organ's music, in the tears of kneeling penitents. She is the spirit of that sub-conscious life to which philosophers are only now beginning to turn their attention, which is beyond history, which changes as little as the sea does, and which is the mother of mysteries and contradictions. You the recluse —the student of art and philosophy—you must understand my meaning."

"It is," replied his friend, "because these things appeal to me so much more than the world does, that I have given my life to the study of art which is their symbol, and to philosophy which tries to explain them."

"I maintain," said Rupert Glanville, "that the world is their symbol also. Anyhow, we have both of us turned our backs on the world now; and these are the things which we are going into the wilderness to see. My hermitage will perhaps surprise you. I hope you will be able to put up with it."

(To be continued.)