

THE INTELLECTUAL CON- DITION OF THE LABOUR PARTY

VI

IN the preceding article I exhibited the general kinds of error which vitiate Ruskin's treatment of economic problems in a volume exceptionally popular among the Labour Members in the present Parliament; and I said that Ruskin's methods had reproduced themselves in the minds and language of this section of his admirers. I shall now go on to explain my meaning in detail. I shall examine in the present article their conception of labour and capital, comparing them with actual facts.

We will begin with a simple and non-controversial question—the question of what precisely the Labour Members mean by the word “labour,” when they speak about it, and claim to be its special representatives. Their meaning, within certain limits, is precisely the same as Ruskin's—namely, the manual and muscular exertion of the individual man as applied to industrial purposes. Ruskin, however, as we have seen, goes on to admit that, if all wealth is attributable to labour as thus generally defined, the definition must be qualified in such a way as to indicate the fact that the labour of different individuals differs very greatly, in respect both of the quality and the value of the results produced by it. The exceptional labour which delicately removes a cataract, or produces a peerless picture, differs from that which moves

a sack of potatoes, or spreads a coat of tar over a paling. But labour, as defined in this extended way, is evidently not labour as understood by the "Labour Party." If it were so, it would have no meaning expressive of their distinctive purposes. For they certainly do not mean, when they profess to represent labour, that they represent great artists living in ornate palaces, or world-famed doctors driving by in their carriages. They used the word, not in Ruskin's comprehensive sense, but in a limited one; and this is moreover the sense which is consecrated by the usage of mankind generally. They mean by it those kinds of ordinary industrial exertion which have always been necessarily practised by the great majority of mankind, and of which all average men would, if trained to them, be equally capable. Here we get a conception which, if not absolutely exact—for even in these kinds of labour there are certain grades of skill—is yet sufficiently exact for all practical purposes. It corresponds substantially with what are called the labouring classes, or the wage-earners, in whose distinctive interests alone the Labour Members profess to speak.

And now we come to a farther point as to which Ruskin's admirers among the Labour Members differ from Ruskin himself. What Ruskin said about labour in a comprehensive sense—namely, that all wealth is produced by it—the Labour Members say about it in a strictly limited and exclusive sense. They say that all wealth is produced, not by mental and manual powers of some kind, but by mental and manual powers of those kinds and qualities in respect of which all men are substantially and approximately equal, and in which the great majority of mankind have in all countries always supported their lives by exercising. In pointing out that this is the doctrine or working assumption of the Labour Members, I am by no means implying that it is peculiar to them alone. Ricardo lent his countenance to it by his language, if not by his meaning. Ruskin often, in contradiction of his matured opinion, inculcates it half consciously

in the form of a moral innuendo. Count Tolstoy, in one of his most recent works, formally asserts it. All the wealth of the world, he says, is due to the men "the palms of whose hands manual labour has hardened." In a letter addressed to the *Times* Mr. Lloyd-George asserted the same thing, as though it were generally admitted and axiomatic. He was, he said, no Socialist; but he wanted to see more wealth circulating among the manual labourers, to whom all other classes owed whatever wealth they possessed. In inquiring, therefore, whether, when its meaning is fully realised, this doctrine is one which any sane man can defend, or even seriously hold, we shall not be invidiously selecting any one group of men for our criticisms.

Our preliminary criticism need not detain us long. In order to see what the above claim made on behalf of labour in its limited sense means, we have to consider not only what the term includes, but also what it excludes. For this doctrine, like all others, has necessarily a negative as well as a positive form. If all wealth is produced by labour, nothing that is not labour plays a part in the production of wealth. Thus, labour being understood in the sense in which the Labour Party understand it, no exertion or achievement of the human mind, other than those essential to or resulting from the average industrial task performable by the average man, has, according to the idea in vogue amongst that party at present, any effect in enhancing the productive efficiency of mankind.

Is any one prepared to defend this monstrous proposition? I shall probably be doing the Labour Members no more than justice if I say that were the question thus plainly put to them they would not defend it themselves. They would be compelled by common sense to qualify it in some way or other; and it is probable that most of them, in seeking for the qualification requisite, would follow Ruskin, and seek for it in an enlarged conception of skill.

Let us once again, then, consider what his conception of skill is. His conception of skill is some exceptional mental

faculty or acquirement applied by its possessor to the action of his own hands. And this faculty is, as Ruskin says, essentially "incommunicable." That is to say that, as in the case of a Raphael painting a *Madonna*, or a master mechanic finishing some delicate piece of watch-work, the results of its operation, regarded as a productive agency, end with the completion of the special product in hand. The great picture does not affect the production of other great pictures; nor the specially finished watch the production of other watches.

Now in skill, as thus defined, we have no doubt a correct explanation of wealth of certain kinds—those kinds with which Ruskin was in special sympathy. We have the explanation of such wealth as is due to craftsmanship. And not only Ruskin, but many thinkers professedly socialistic have looked at the matter in practically the same way. The late William Morris was one of them; and he put his ideas into practice. But the kinds of wealth that are due to skill in craftsmanship, though they form a part of wealth in the modern world, are not typical of it; and from the point of view of the majority, they are the part which is least important. The articles of wealth which are due to exceptional craftsmanship are always (as was the case with books before the days of printing) few in number, and can be possessed by the few only. The practical work of Morris illustrates this fact. His goods, in the production of which individual skill was predominant, were abnormally costly, and were accessible to the rich alone. The generally distinguishing feature of modern wealth, on the contrary, consists in the multiplication of commodities relatively to the number of the producers, and the consequent cheapening of each article individually. The skill of the craftsman gives an exceptional value to the particular products on which his own hands are engaged. The agency which causes the increasing, and sustains the increased, output of goods and conveniences in the progressive nations of to-day is an agency which raises the productivity of industrial exertion as a whole.

Since, then, the exceptionally skilled labour of individuals is not the only, or even the main agency which co-operates with average labour in the production of modern wealth, we must in order to discover what the main agency is, seek for some analysis of the matter other than that of Ruskin. Let us turn to Adam Smith. He throws a new, though a very incomplete light on the question. The cause, he says, which in all progressive communities enhances the productive power of the individual labourer is not the development by a few of skill that is above the average, but an increase of skill amongst all by the fact that labour becomes divided, so that each man gives all his talents to the doing of some one thing.

Here we have an explanation which, unlike that of Ruskin, does really explain the increased efficiency of average manual labour up to a certain point. We have labour divided in its application, but not (we may assume) requiring different degrees of capacity. But such simple division of labour as that which is here in question, carries us a very short way in the history of industrial progress, and is little more than the starting-point of production as it exists to-day. And even here we see, undeveloped but waiting to develop themselves, two factors other than the mere division of equal labour. One of these is machinery; the other is the business of actively directing and co-ordinating the increasing variety of efforts into which average labour divides itself.

So long as machinery exists only in its early and very simple forms, such as that of the potter's wheel, the devising and constructing of it is not specifically referable to any faculties which we can distinguish from those of the average labourer. But in proportion as machines become complicated, and embody, as they do in their more modern developments, concentrated ingenuity, and the application of abstruse knowledge, the situation changes; and we are able to identify the faculties to which they are due, as faculties residing in particular and exceptional men only. The same thing holds good of the faculties by which labour is co-ordinated and directed.

The directing faculty, indeed, includes the inventive; this last being a peculiar form of it.

The function of the directive faculty, as applied to the complex operations of modern productive labour, is perhaps best illustrated by the case of a printed book. In the production of ten thousand copies of a printed book, the labour of the paper-makers and the printers is the same in kind and quality, whether the book be valuable or valueless—whether the ten thousand copies be ten thousand articles of wealth, or merely so much rubbish. What makes them valuable, when they are so, is the qualities of the author's manuscript. This manuscript, considered under its industrial aspect, is a series of minute directions, every one of which modifies, firstly every single movement made by the hands of the compositors; and secondly the results of every impress of the type on paper; one mind thus imparting the quality of wealth to ten thousand products simultaneously.

When a man invents an apparatus, such (let us say) as the telephone, the manufacture of which involves the co-operation of a thousand labourers, the case is essentially the same. The new apparatus is an addition to the world's wealth, not because its parts are made with a technical skill, which we presuppose—for the utmost technical skill is very often employed in the making of contrivances which, in practice, are wholly futile—but because each of its parts is fashioned in accordance with a given design, with which the technical skill of the operative has nothing at all to do, and because these parts unite to form a mechanical organism, of whose functions and principles the operatives are frequently quite ignorant. The apparatus, in short, is successful, and adds to the world's wealth, because the designs of the inventor are like so many injunctions which thrill through the brain of each labourer engaged on its special parts; or are like a thousand mental hands emanating from the inventor's mind, which touch and guide, unseen, each labourer's arms and fingers. And with the direction of labour generally into this channel or that—its application from year

to year to the production of such goods as meet the needs of the moment—from books or newspapers of such and such a kind, down to ribbons of such and such a price, colour and quality, the case is the same again. In all these cases we have labour of a given amount and kind, which produces what is wanted instead of what is not wanted, which produces much wealth instead of little, because it is directed by faculties which, whoever possesses and exercises them, are specifically different from those involved in labour itself.

They are specifically different in a way which we may now express with precision, aided herein by a reference to Ruskin's excellent analysis of skill. All labour, even the rudest and simplest, involves, as Ruskin rightly recognises, some simple exercise of a human mind directing it. Labour rises in quality, and acquires the character of skill, in proportion as the mind which thus directs the hand evinces qualities which are above the normal minimum, whether these consist in nothing more than a somewhat exceptional quickness, or comprise, as they do at times, all the potency of artistic genius. But they are essentially—to quote once more Ruskin's language—incommunicable. Their action ends with the task on which the man possessing them is engaged. Skill, in short, is the mind of one man directing his own labour. The directive faculties which we are now specially considering are the mind of one man directing the labour of others.

The moment we realise the nature of this distinction, we find the keystone that is missing in Ruskin's arch. The fact on which I have just been insisting is recognised by Ruskin himself, but his faulty methods of analysis deprive him of all power of expressing it. It is, he admits, difficult to set any limit to the "power of mere thought," regarded as a productive agency. But, insisting as he does on identifying all such thought with "skill," he is unable to justify this admission in any terms of his own theory. If such thought ends, as he says it does, "in accelerating the manual labour" of the thinker, the limits of its productivity are so narrow as to be practically

almost negligible. Individual skill, however great and admirable, no more increases the productivity of labour generally, than the rise of one great wave raises the general level of the sea.

The human faculties involved, then, in modern wealth-production are these: The average or exceptional mind of the individual, directing his own labour; and the exceptional mind of the individual, directing the average and the skilled labour of others.

For the faculties involved in this last exercise of the mind it is difficult to find an entirely satisfactory name. On former occasions I have applied to it the name "ability"; and, in default of a better, this will serve our purposes. We must remember, however, when thus using it, that we are using it in a technical sense, which on the one hand will be narrower than the ordinary, and on the other hand more inclusive. It excludes all kinds of "cleverness" unapplied to economic production; and it includes many powers, in so far as production is their object, to the expression of whose scope and dignity it may often be thought inadequate.

What it includes may be seen in an interesting way, by considering first a list given by Ruskin (in "Unto This Last") of the qualities which, in his estimation, enable men to become rich. They are as follows: industry, resolution, pride, covetousness, promptitude, method, sense, want of imagination, want of sensitiveness, ignorance. Now if by pride and covetousness, coupled with industry and resolution, Ruskin means to indicate a desire for wealth which, instead of ending (as it often does) in an empty craving, liberates and is allied with an unusual practical energy, a pushing and driving power, resulting in the operations to which wealth is actually due, his meaning is correct, though his language is not flattering. Such energy does constitute an important element of ability. Promptitude, method, sense, are amongst its elements also; and we may allow Ruskin to be right in associating with these a certain deficiency of what is commonly called sensitiveness. But the list of qualities is very incomplete still. Ruskin

admits this, so he adds two others ; and what are they ? They are, want of imagination, and ignorance !

How hazy and feeble his thought in this connection was may be seen by contrasting this infatuated assertion with the truth. The chief of the other qualities still to be included in ability are scientific and practical imagination of a rare and vivid kind—the one being the parent of discovery, the other the parent of application ; and a masterful knowledge which ranges, according to circumstances, from the most abstruse regions of mathematical and chemical science, to the wants of the contemporary public, the industrial potentialities of this or that place or climate, and the manner in which men of various types may be managed, with a minimum of friction, and a maximum of resulting efficiency.

Ruskin himself is very much too acute not to see from time to time the importance of these things himself. On one occasion he calls special attention to the intimate connection between wealth-production and science ; but his thought is so wanting in method that he cannot fit what he sees at intervals into any coherent system. Even energy he dismisses and disguises in the language of moral reprobation. Promptitude, method, and sense, he does indeed clearly recognise as essential to the process in which modern wealth originates ; but of the genius which animated such men—to name only a few—as Dudley, Darby of Coalbrookdale, Arkwright, Stephenson, Watt, Boulton, Bessemer, Edison, Marconi—the mechanical, mathematical, chemical, and scientific knowledge generally to which he has actually paid his own passing tribute and the practical powers of applying it—all these he ignores when he comes to sum up his conclusions ; and he puts in place of them “ want of imagination and ignorance.”

If a man like Ruskin was capable of entertaining and of promulgating views so confused, so incomplete, and so inadequate as these, we need hardly be surprised to find his admirers amongst the Labour Members adopting views of a very similar kind. But when the existence and the nature of ability, or

the directing faculty, and its connection with modern industry have been once clearly put before them, their present idea that wealth is produced by labour alone—that is to say, by labour in its limited and popular sense—cannot fail to appear to them as a mere idle fatuity.

The full significance of a recognition of the functions and importance of ability, as the mental powers of some operating on the labour of others, will be made more clearly presently, when we give our attention to the allied subject of capital. Ruskin, in dealing with this subject, simply reproduces under another form his original error of omission—namely, his failure to understand ability; and his imperfect conception of the nature and the functions of capital is shared not only by the Labour Party of to-day, but by Adam Smith, Ricardo, Mill, and their recognised successors generally. Adam Smith's division of capital into "fixed" and "circulating" still survives in text-books; fixed capital corresponding to Ruskin's conception of it as tools, implements, or machinery; and circulating capital meaning goods made or bought, and sold or resold to others. Subsequent economists have taken a step nearer to the truth by representing knowledge, and some forms of talent, as a kind of capital in themselves, under the name of "personal capital"; whilst a part of the gains of the capitalist are explained by Mill as being the "wages of superintendence." But, in all such analyses, the real root of the matter, although it is approached, is missed.

To get at the root, let us go back to Ruskin, for whom capital is simply an implement, the best type of which is a plough. A plough, he says, is the product of so many days' labour. When the plough is finished, this labour is, in one sense, ended; but, in another sense, it is not. It has been re-embodied in the plough, and has acquired a secondary "fruitfulness." With any one who uses it, it will co-operate like a live companion, doubling the results which his labour would have produced without it. It is thus itself labour detached and lendable; and the interest or profit which it

brings in to its maker are a portion of those extra products which it has enabled the borrower to produce. Now so far as it goes, this illustration corresponds with facts, though the facts are only of a very rudimentary kind. But even here we shall find that there is an omission of one factor which underlies all others. Ruskin assumes (and Bastiat did the same) that one man makes the implement, and another man borrows it; but they fail to note that, if this transaction is to be typical, another assumption must be made—namely, that of some typical reason why the borrower borrows the plough, and does not make one for himself. And this typical reason can be none other than the fact that the maker possesses some skill of which the borrower possesses less or none.

Thus the origin of capital of this rudimentary kind is manual labour differentiated from such labour in general by skill. This skill, however, as we have seen before, ends with the piece of work on which the hands of its possessor are engaged—in this case with the plough. But as machinery develops, growing larger and more complicated, embodying in its design more and more knowledge and ingenuity, and requiring for its construction not only the skill of one man (like the plough in its rudest form), but the labour, skilled and unskilled, of men in increasing numbers, the manual skill of individuals ceases to be the dominant factor, and the efficiency of the labourers as a whole becomes dependent on the ability which directs them. Thus fixed capital, which, in the form of the simplest implements, is all that Ruskin means by the word capital, and which, as so understood, may, in the language of Marx, be not inaccurately described as “skilled labour fossilised,” becomes by gradual stages metamorphosed into fossilised ability. Labour is, of course, essential here, as it is in all cases of production; but it is directing ability which gives the products their distinctive character. Labour is the medium through which the mind which directs labour has embodied itself.

But at this point a new question arises. We have spoken of ability as being, by its direction of labour, the distinctive

producer of a certain form of capital—namely, capital as it exists in the form of modern machinery. What we have now to consider is the means by which this power of direction, or industrial guidance, is exercised. It is exercised by means of capital under another form. This is not circulating capital, as Adam Smith understands the phrase. It is not a stock of goods which are being constantly sold at a profit, and replaced as soon as sold, to the public customer, by those who purvey or make them. It resembles such stock in some ways; but in one way it profoundly differs from it. It consists essentially of goods which are the general necessities of life; but, instead of being sold by the capitalist to the outside public at a profit, they are virtually distributed by him to a special group of labourers, *on conditions*.

In any state of society, the great mass of mankind, in order to provide themselves with necessaries, must exercise manual labour. But where capital does not exist, or exists only in such forms as the Ruskinian plough, the necessaries which labour produces come to the labourer directly. Under such conditions each individual family may produce—and in certain places each family does produce—whatever it consumes and uses. The kind of capital with which we are now concerned, and which we may call wage-capital, makes its first appearance when labour begins to be divided, and each labourer or labouring family makes only one or perhaps part of one, of the dozen commodities required by it. When this state of things arises, the products of labour, on which all the labourers live, no longer come directly to any one of them. They come to each man indirectly, in the form of assorted commodities, which are portions of the direct products of various other persons, and for which he gives the whole of his own products in exchange. That is to say, the labourer's own products pass out of his own hands, and come back to him in the form of equivalents, through the hands of some distributor. For the distributor, who at first is no more than a merchant, the commodities which thus pass through his hands,

are circulating capital according to Adam Smith's definition of it; but they are not yet wage-capital. They become wage-capital when, and only when, the distributor, instead of merely exchanging them, begins to turn his attention to the manner in which they are produced. For example, as a merchant, the distributor says to the shoemaker, "I will give you all the necessaries of existence for this or for that period, on condition that you give me in return for them a stated number of shoes." The distributor, when he turns his attention from exchange to the process of production, says to the shoemaker, "I will give you an even larger measure of necessaries, on condition that you produce your shoes in a manner which I myself will prescribe to you."

Here we see in its essence the function of wage-capital. The possession of it enables the distributor, by thus making its distribution conditional, to impose his own will and guidance on the industrial operations of those amongst whom he distributes it. He is able to assign to each of them a certain specific task, to ensure that each part, into which the ultimate product is divided, is fashioned in accordance with a certain prescribed pattern, and that a thousand hands are thus co-ordinated so as to produce a designed result. It is only in this way that fixed capital, such as implements and machinery, has developed from its rudest forms (to the fabrication of which the skill of individuals was equal) into the huge engines and multiplied mechanism of our factories, which embody the knowledge, the ingenuity, the imagination, the enterprise, of the strongest wills, and the keenest and most active intellects, that have ever been concentrated on the arts by which men keep themselves alive.

The modern machinery of production has been produced in this way only. In this way only—to say nothing of its continuous improvement—is it renewed and kept from perishing; and in the same way the products produced, multiplied, and cheapened by its means, are being determined from day to day in accordance with the world's needs. The directing

ability, which operates by means of wage-capital, enlarges the sphere of its operations and continually extends its efficacy, by means of the fixed capital or the mechanism of production, which wage-capital enables it to develop; but the vital source of modern production generally, in respect alike of its sustentation and its progress, is the active and directing ability of which wage-capital is the immediate instrument. Modern capital, in short, is primarily wage-capital—such capital as factories and machinery being merely results of this; and wage-capital is productive, not because of any virtues inherent in itself, but because it is the reins by which the minds of the few guide the labour, whether skilled or unskilled, of the many. Thus to speak of ability as “personal capital” is to obscure its nature in the very act of recognising its importance. It is to identify the coachman with the reins; the fact being that the latter are useful or useless only in accordance with the manner in which the coachman handles them.

The conclusion of the whole matter may, then, be summed up thus. In the ruder states of society, the little wealth that it produced may be said with substantial accuracy to be produced by labour alone—by men the action of whose hands is directed by their own minds only. In modern societies, where the product is great and is continually increasing, the human factors in production are no longer one, but two, together with a third, whose function is to connect the others. These three, to repeat what I have said, are as follows:

(1) Labour, or that manual exertion—always essential to the existence of all societies—which is directed by the average mind of the average labourer himself.

(2) The exceptional minds and exceptional energies of some, who direct the average minds and average labour of others.

(3) Wage-capital, or accumulations of the common necessities of life, the conditional distribution of which amongst the labourers who consume them constitutes the means by which his direction of their labour is effected.

Labour, then, in the political sense of the word—in the

sole sense in which it stands for any distinctive class, contrasted with other classes, and having separate interests of its own—means, and can mean only, the majority of normal men who are united by the fact that they all work with their hands, performing individual tasks with an average measure of intelligence. And capital in its political sense when contrasted with labour as the Labour Members contrast it, really stands for men whose economic difference from the labourers consists in the fact that, with regard to the process of production, they possess faculties which indefinitely transcend the average.

Thus, the contrast between capital and labour is, when stripped of its accessories, not a contrast between living manual exertion and a dead accumulation of riches, or the merely otiose possession of them. It is a contrast between men and men—between men belonging to two equally active classes, who differ from each other in the efficiency of their productive faculties, and consequently in respect of the means by which their contrasted faculties operate—the faculties involved in the performance of average individual labour, and the exceptional knowledge, ingenuity, enterprise, personal energy, and industrial genius generally, by which the faculties of countless labourers are being constantly co-ordinated and directed. Capital, in short, means the highest acquisitions of knowledge, and the highest practical intellect, concentrated on the process of production, and, by imposing their joint guidance on labour, lending to it the larger part of the fruitfulness which it now possesses.

That the general culture moral and mental of the labourer, which all the Labour Members avowedly have at heart, depends on the influence of the highest minds over the ordinary, is perceived clearly enough by the Labour Members themselves. A great thinker lends his insight, a great poet his imaginations, to the readers who understand and appreciate him. The failure of the Labour Members to see that what holds good in the domain of general culture holds good equally in the domain of progressive industry, is mainly due to their present incom-

plete conception of what the actual functions of labour in the modern world are, when labour is made to stand for the average majority of mankind, as opposed to and excluding all those personal forces which rise above the average, and operate through the possession of capital.

It ought to require on their part but a little education in statesmanship to show how largely they are at present misled by being the dupes of a preposterous formula. That labour, as standing for the mass of manual labourers, has interests of its own, which require some special advocacy, is a perfectly reasonable and doubtless a true proposition; but to speak of labour as the sole, or even as the most important force on which the prosperity of a civilised country such as our own depends, will, in the light of the facts on which we have just been dwelling, be recognised by any clear-headed man as childish.

That such is the case can be made easily evident by turning from the strictly economic to the political aspirations of "labour." We hear frequent boasts or prophecies that, at no very distant date, labour will be supreme in government, and that we shall be ruled by a "Labour Cabinet." Now what do such prophecies mean? Do they mean that the men who politically are at the head of affairs will be men whose main occupation will be actually manual labour? They cannot mean that, because from the necessities of the case—and facts illustrate this—as soon as a labourer betakes himself to parliamentary politics, he abandons his occupation as a manual labourer altogether, and exerts faculties which, whatever their value, are quite distinct from those by which he gained his livelihood in the workshop. Is it merely meant, then, that the members of the so-called Labour Cabinet will be men who were manual labourers at one time of their lives? And is the main implication this—that, amongst the multitudes who have been brought up as labourers there are men possessing talents of quite another kind than those which manual labour either demands or exhibits, and that quondam labourers, by

developing and exerting these, will rise to the posts now occupied by statesmen of a different origin? There is nothing impossible in this. Men of the humblest parentage have often, at all periods, risen to the highest stations. Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher. But if all the cardinals of his time had been sons of butchers likewise, and had during their earlier years practised the paternal trade, the policy of Rome during the time of Henry VIII. would not, for that reason, have represented the dead-meat trade. No more would a Cabinet of great statesmen, who happened to have once been labourers, represent for that reason the average labourer of the average masses of mankind. But perhaps the implication of those who look forward to Labour Cabinets is that, though those who compose them would have ceased to be labourers themselves, and would govern in virtue of faculties not possessed by the majority of labourers, their sympathies would identify them with the interests of the ordinary labourers only, and that, imagining manual labour to be the sole and efficient cause of all material prosperity and all progress in the arts of life, would deliberately set themselves to crush all other classes out whose talents and whose methods of exerting them differentiated them to any marked degree from their fellows.

A Labour Cabinet or a Labour Government can mean nothing unless its meaning is dependent on one or other of the above assumptions; and the last supposition, which, if true, would alone have any practical significance, involves absurdities from which in theory even the more thoughtful Socialists would recoil, and which their practical aspirations repudiate. The ideal of a State which they avowedly have before them is one wholly inconsistent with the language which they use, and the thoughts which they cherish, as agitators. In their constructive schemes for the future they tacitly and obliquely recognise that the ordinary labour, which they flatter as producing all things, would, in a country like ours, be practically sterile and helpless if it were not directed by knowledge, energy, and

intellect, superior to any ordinarily associated with itself. The only fundamental, as distinct from resultant, changes, which they propose to bring about, is the transference of personal superiorities from private enterprise to the State, and a similar transference, not the annihilation, of capital. Now, apart from the practical impossibilities latent in this programme (to which I shall refer in my next, and my concluding article), the contemplated change, from the labourer's point of view, is a change only in name. Everything against which the Socialists are urging their supporters to rebel reappears in the socialistic paradise under a very thin disguise. Ability reappears, and capital reappears; and these, in their relations to the operative, are just the same as formerly. Between the system contemplated by the more thoughtful Socialists and the system now prevailing, there is for him no more essential difference than there is between the Portsmouth Dockyard and the Elswick Works at Newcastle. In the one case, as in the other, his whole industrial actions are controlled by directing ability. In the one case, as in the other, the reward of his labour comes to him in the form of wages, or a payment contingent on his obedience to the technical orders given him. The wages may be called by some other fantastic name, such as labour-cheques; but they are wages none the less. The directors of labour may be called Government officials; but, so far as the individual operative is concerned, they do merely what was done by the old employers. They wield the same control, in virtue of the same superiorities—superiorities in scientific knowledge, in intellectual talent, or practical managing capacity. The individual operative may, through the exercise of a vote, exercise at distant intervals a nominal influence on their election; but he has no more to do with the daily orders which they issue to him than a postman in the Shetlands has to do with determining the mechanism of the wireless telegraph or the construction of a submarine cable.

And yet though all this, one would think, must be sufficiently apparent to anybody from an analysis of the con-

ditions which are advocated by the more thoughtful Socialists themselves, we find these very men still declaring that the aim and hope of Socialism is what they call "the emancipation of labour." One of the Labour Members, Mr. Hunter Watt, wrote recently to the *Times* a letter in which he repudiated the assertion that the animating motive of the Labour Party was any "greed" for material acquisition. He cited the case of an active Swiss Socialist, who, as foreman in a factory, enjoyed all material comforts, and yet was as active as any starving beggar in his efforts to overthrow the present industrial system. This man's case Mr. Watt cited as typical. His desire, said Mr. Watt—and that of the Labour Party generally—was not an increase of wages, but the abolition of what he called "wagedom," and the personal emancipation of the labourer. Emancipation from what? From the days of Karl Marx onwards, the Post-Office has been held up by Socialists as a type of socialistic institutions. Let Mr. Watt ask himself if the postman who brings him a letter, the transit of which has occupied three hours, is more emancipated than the messenger-boy who would have brought it to him in twenty minutes. Unless the Socialists mean by emancipation the resolution of society into independent labouring units—each of them, whether clever or stupid, making what he can for himself, according to his own devices—the emancipation of labour can mean nothing else than this: namely, the emancipation of the comparatively inefficient majority of average and inferior men from the control, the guidance, and the aid, of all whose knowledge, energy, and industrial talents in any way exceed their own. It must mean the emancipation of man from the influence of every power which has raised man above the level of savagery.

W. H. MALLOCK.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY AND THE CONFERENCE

UNDER the accommodating cloak of Imperialism a great deal of inspired nonsense of a somewhat sensational order has been lately spread abroad in regard to the Wireless Telegraphy Conference, now brought to a close. We have been favoured with a number of anonymous letters, prominently placed, in large, bold type, in various important newspapers, to the exclusion of other contributions by certain recognised experts. These letters have been signed variously, "Imperialist," "Briton," "Citizen," and by similar attractive titles.

Whatever may have been the object of this apparently concerted action, the result was to lead many readers of the London Press entirely astray as to the real issues. Thus, it has actually been suggested by these anonymous articles and letters—or shall I say by this anonymous writer? for most of the suggestions are common to all—that if the Marconi monopoly receives any sort of check the natural development of wireless telegraphy will be doomed, and "all enterprise of the sort abandoned." Let us deal with this at the outset. Surely experience—let alone common sense—tells us, on the contrary, that it is monopoly more than anything else that checks invention and stifles commercial development on healthy lines. It has been suggested, further, that the German Em-

peror's sole object in moving in this matter has been to "push" a German system of wireless telegraphy. Even the German Press has, it seems, in some instances, been influenced from the same quarter. The evidence on which this argument is based appears to be somewhat slender, and is more or less contradicted by other internal evidence; but, in any case, the grounds for the Convention seem to be abundantly good without considering this point.

It would appear to be an age when we seek for our experts in the Lobby of the House of Commons. Whether this be actually so or not, politicians have certainly stepped in over this controversy where electricians have feared to tread; or, at any rate, the Press seems to consider the opinions of politicians of more interest and importance than those of electricians. Thus, we are favoured with the views of Sir Edward Sassoon, Bart., M.P., in the following terms: "We pass for being in possession of what is at present relatively the best and most reliable system." Sir Edward goes on to say: "This point is, I understand, practically undisputed." One cannot, of course, foresee on what Sir E. Sassoon bases his assumption; but certainly there are many experts—putting aside interested parties—who would challenge the statement. A satisfactory determination on the point could, however, only be achieved by actually testing the various systems under given, common conditions. Then, again, Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P.—who is always interesting, amusing and picturesque—has employed the columns of an important organ for instructing the public as to the history of wireless telegraphy, more especially at the expense of a distinguished German electrician.

It would perhaps be as well if I explained here that I have no pecuniary interest in any wireless telegraphy business, and only desire to see fair play in the interest of the British public. Let me say, further, that, as one who is actively concerned in the cause of Imperialism, I fully recognise that this subject is of greater moment to the British Empire than to any other country. I can even claim to have been one of the first to

draw attention to the necessity for Government control over wireless telegraphy on an Imperial basis.¹

Amongst other suggestions so freely circulated of late, it has been questioned whether the Marconi Company have been fairly treated in this matter, on the ground that it is solely to Mr. Marconi that the world is indebted for being able to communicate electrically without intervening wires. When, however, we begin to talk about equity and common fairness it will be seen that if there is any grievance on the score of priority of invention and no fair field, it rests with other inventors—such as Sir Oliver Lodge. This brings us to the historical aspect of our subject, which I must now deal with at some length.

Just ten years ago a controversy arose regarding "The Inception and Extension of Submarine Telegraphy." The present discussion reminds me somewhat forcibly of this. On the occasion referred to I endeavoured to show that it was absurd to suggest that submarine telegraphy was due to any one man. In my opinion the same absurdity attaches to the present issue—as it would, indeed, in the case of a similar controversy regarding any other branch of applied science. Most of those who took part in the previous discussion had their own particular man, so to speak, whom they regarded as the pioneer of submarine telegraphy. Their views were based on individual experience or associations; and, when we bear in mind that there have been many rival commercial interests engaged in submarine telegraphy, it will be seen that these experiences and associations were necessarily limited within a comparatively narrow sphere. And so it is to-day in the matter of wireless telegraphy.

Cable telegraphy was eventually rendered practical as the outcome of different inventions due to various engineers and electricians, few of whom reaped much commercial benefit as compared with that derived by those who turned those inventions to account in practice. History repeats itself; and

¹ *Monthly Review*, September 1902; *Nineteenth Century*, February 1903; *Quarterly Review*, April 1903.

it seems, so far, as though the man who has the natural ability of combining the ideas and inventions of others in wireless telegraphy is the man who is really coming off best. My contention is that wireless telegraphy, as we know it at present, is like other telegraphy, the work of many. But if anyone could justly claim a monopoly of the use of Hertzian waves for transmitting signals at a distance, it would, in my opinion, be Sir Oliver Lodge, whose early work preceded that of Mr. Marconi, though certainly the latter was the first to place wireless telegraphy on anything like a commercial footing—for his own benefit as well as for that of the community at large.

The general public view is, however, that we are exclusively indebted to Mr. Marconi for all our wireless telegraphy. Thus it was only the other day that the present writer had occasion to review a book on wireless telegraphy which dealt with Marconi's early experimental work of 1896 in the following terms: "This was sufficient to put some of them, such as Lodge in England and Ascoli in Italy, &c., in a position to construct immediately apparatus which reproduced the experiments of Marconi, an apparatus which was then recognised as being identical in principle to the one of Marconi itself." But it is indeed reversing the order of things to speak of Sir Oliver Lodge as "reproducing the experiments of Marconi," seeing that in the year 1894 Dr. Lodge (as he then was) exhibited, and worked, at the Royal Institution a complete set of wireless telegraphic apparatus; and is it not unseemly for those who are reaping the benefit commercially to suggest that others in whose footsteps they have followed are imitating their devices? So far, however, it would seem that loud shouting is the main qualification for public recognition as the pioneer of wireless telegraphy.

Still, I have always recognised that Mr. Marconi has done more than any man towards developing the commercial possibilities of wireless telegraphy. Then, again, we must not forget the financial aid that he secured in the cause. To quote

Professor Silvanus Thompson, *à propos* of Marconi's interesting and remarkable accomplishment of successfully signalling a number of letters across the Atlantic Ocean in 1902:¹ "Although Signor Marconi is not the inventor, but the skilled exploiter, of telegraphy without wires, everyone must admire the splendid success of his achievement in sending intelligible signals over fifteen hundred miles across the Atlantic."

In my opinion, the difference between what Sir Oliver Lodge and others achieved prior to Mr. Marconi and this feat is a difference of degree only. The reason for this difference is, I venture to think, largely accounted for by the different character and objects of the inventors. Sir William Preece, as the then Engineer-in-Chief of the Post Office, was aiming at bringing lightships and rock lighthouses into efficient communication with the mainland for the purposes of navigation and safety. Sir Oliver Lodge, when delivering his lecture at the Royal Institution in 1894, was wishing to demonstrate experimentally the possibility of communicating signals at a distance by means of Hertzian waves established by the combination of certain apparatus. Neither of these gentlemen was endeavouring to amass an individual fortune out of his devices, or instead of talking of "sending signals" he would no doubt have talked of "sending telegrams"—for there is no technical difference between the two. Thus in wireless telegraphy the clerk sends (or receives) "signals," the telegraph boy "takes a telegram," and the public "send (or receive) a telegram"; and this is all connected with the same electrical operation. Those who have Mr. Marconi's claims especially at heart have argued that Lodge "merely sent signals" on the occasion referred to, and that Mr. Marconi was the first to "send wireless telegrams." This becomes especially amusing when we turn to the title of Marconi's own patent (No. 12,039 of 1896), which is practically claimed by his fraternity to be "the progenitor" of everything that has been done in wireless telegraphy. The title of the patent is "*Improvements in Transmitting Elec-*

¹ *Saturday Review*, April 5, 1902.

trical *Impulses and Signals* and in Apparatus therefor"! (The italics are my own.)

The real value of wireless telegraphy patents has yet to be demonstrated in the courts. Meanwhile, it may be fairly stated that the first *syntonio* system of wireless telegraphy is that described by Sir Oliver Lodge in Patent Specification No. 11,575 of the following year (1897), entitled, "Improvements in Syntonised Telegraphy without Line Wires." But the Marconi trumpet has been so loudly blown that the general public have had some difficulty in hearing of other systems; and the term "Marconi telegraphy" is probably thought by many to cover the whole ground of *wireless* telegraphy—to be, in fact, synonymous with it. Importance has been attached to Mr. Marconi's claim for the use of the earth instead of one of the capacity areas of a complete Hertz oscillator. In the opinion of many, however, the latter would be more effective for a given amount of energy; and the higher a complete Hertz oscillator is raised above the ground the greater the effect at a distance. Thus it is, perhaps, that the War Office prefer the Lodge-Muirhead system. Anyone with a knowledge of applied science and the history of engineering would agree that if the whole field of wireless telegraphy belongs to Mr. Marconi the case of wireless telegraphy is a very peculiar one. If, on the other hand, Mr. Marconi himself considers that other inventors in this field are traversing the ground of his patents, the English law courts are, of course, open to him, and have been so for some time.

Besides the Marconi system there are, taken alphabetically, the De Forest system, the Fessenden system, the Lodge-Muirhead system, and the Telefuncken system, as well as others mainly worked by the same interests. In the public interest no advantage should be given to any one; and certainly, so far, all of these—excepting, perhaps, the last-named—have been at a distinct disadvantage; for, unlike the Marconi Company, the companies concerned have been spending their substance in

“pushing” the inventions they are interested in, whilst deriving scarcely any benefit therefrom.

What we want at the present time—and what ought to have been established some years ago—is an inquiry into the relative merits of the various systems under a number of given common conditions for meeting different requirements. No such trial has ever been accorded—not even on inventions emanating from the United Kingdom.

Surely it is recognised by now that to grant any one a monopoly without so much as a trial to others is not only to foster inefficiency, but also to encourage high charges. A lengthy monopoly often, though not always, implies an indifferent service; but it almost invariably implies a costly service for the public—let alone the stifling of invention.

The Admiralty appear to have tied themselves for a certain length of time to the use of a particular system—that of Mr. Marconi; but in the long run it would be ill-advised—as well as unfair—to continue to foster a monopoly (or something very like it) in connection with an invention that is still open to so much development. We should surely remember, too, the reduction in price that would result from a fair and square trial of all British systems under similar conditions—such a trial to precede the adoption of any single one, even for a moderate period of time.

Hitherto the Marconi Company, with some seventy land stations round our coast, have made it a stringent rule that none of these is to respond to communications with rival apparatus. Similarly, ships possessing a Marconi installation must not communicate with wireless stations other than those belonging to the Marconi Company. An infringement of this regulation means instant dismissal for the employees concerned.

It is claimed that the organisation of the Marconi Company is greatly superior to that provided by any other wireless system. That the Marconi Company have had the advantages of time and favour is obvious; but no comparison can be made

in the matter of organisation until the other systems have been given an equal chance. With all its boasted superiority, surely the Marconi Company should gladly hail an inquiry such as I have advocated here.

Let us now turn to the more immediate business of the Conference, and the criticisms that were ventilated so freely in the Press the moment of its commencement. The critics—whether in the interests of the Marconi Company or in the cause of party politics—appear to have made up their minds in advance that the delegates were not likely to do their duty. It was also presupposed by anonymous writers that our Colonies had not been consulted on the subject, whereas the reverse happens to be the case. Much was made of the lack of proportion in our voting strength; but as a matter of fact Great Britain and her Colonies will at future Conferences have six votes as compared, say, with one for Russia, Austria, and other countries possessing no colonies.

It has been argued that unless the Marconi system continues to be the sole method of communication for commercial purposes throughout the world its utility to our Navy will be in some way prejudiced. The basis of this contention has never been set forth; and, though I have made a somewhat close study of the strategic aspect of telegraphy, I am bound to say that I cannot recognise any force in the argument. The Convention now agreed to merely provides that certain stations throughout the world shall be available for any ships at sea to communicate with, independently of the particular wireless apparatus in use. Thus a certain number of the stations on the coast of any country signing the Convention will be registered as open to signalling by all ships furnished with wireless apparatus on whatever system. The ability to intercommunicate depending upon the adoption by the two parties of the same Hertzian wave-length, it is proposed that, for such signalling, one—or perhaps two—wave-lengths shall be adopted. This only applies, however, to a certain number of stations on each coast; and even these are perfectly free to make any arrangements they

please for secret signalling, provided that the other conditions are complied with. Thus there has never really been any question of interfering with the strategic, administrative, or diplomatic requirements in wireless telegraphy of this or any other country, naval and military stations being entirely unaffected by the treaty; and the idea of this Convention "preventing the unfettered development" of any particular wireless system seems, similarly, to have been only a "bogey" (of a somewhat sensational character), dressed up for the purposes of a certain interest.

When we see a man drowning we do not say we cannot attempt to save him for want of an introduction, or because he speaks a different language to our own. Similarly, when we see a ship—possibly in some distress—that signals to us by means of flags we do not say, "I will not speak to you because you belong to another country," or "because your flags are made by rival hands." If, however, at war with that country we reserve the right to act as we please. So, too, there is really no difficulty—except in the minds of alarmists—in dissociating our strategic requirements, in the matter of electric communication, from our humane or commercial requirements in times of peace. Has ever a cable company refused to take messages from or send messages to a rival line? Such a proceeding would never have passed the watchful care of those very critics who have had so much to say about this matter.

But, amidst all this strife, I very much doubt the assumption that the wireless telegraphy of to-day would prove a more satisfactory weapon for communicating with outlying portions of the Empire at the outbreak of war, for instance, than a number of submarine cables on different routes and in deep water.

On the other hand, wireless telegraphy is, of course, an inestimable boon for communicating with ships, and between ships at sea. Under proper, but not unreasonable, control, and with free encouragement to inventors, its development in this direction should become more and more valuable every day.

If it be granted—as it now presumably will be—that the Convention just signed at the Conference has done nothing to weaken our position strategically or Imperially, then surely it must also be admitted that there was already a *primâ facie* case in favour of the Convention from every other point of view; for, be it remembered, without an international convention of this character there could be no assurance that any message signalled to a shore station would ever reach its destination. We could in no case have prevented the passing of the Convention. Had we held aloof, besides denying ourselves certain benefits, we should have been unable to make conditions in our future, as well as present, interests.

During the recent discussions in the Press on this subject there have been a number of red herrings drawn across the scent, and some of them have been of portentous size. In the course of this paper I have thought it well to deal with these, and I trust I have succeeded in burying them, whilst also producing sufficient argument in favour of a full inquiry into the merits of the various systems of wireless telegraphy.

Three days before the publication of this article an interesting and important demonstration of yet another system of “wireless” telegraphy will have taken place at the Queen’s Hall, London. This new invention emanates from Mr. Valdemar Poulsen, of Copenhagen. It may prove as superior by sea as the Lodge-Muirhead system has overland. In that case we shall have another definite illustration of the mistakes made in entering into long binding agreements, such as that of the Admiralty with the Marconi Company, in operation till 1914.

CHARLES BRIGHT.

MORAL EDUCATION

I

IT is generally agreed that the main object of education is to fit the educated to pursue a vocation efficiently, or as it is sometimes put, to enable them to engage successfully in the struggle for existence.

Now if education has only this end in view ; if it only seeks to impart the knowledge necessary for the pursuit of a remunerative, or in some cases of a decorative, career, will it perform the highest function of which it is capable ? The answer to this question must be no. If education is confined to science and mathematics, languages, literature, and history, it will be wanting in completeness. If it does not adequately teach the means whereby the state of man in society may be improved, the manner in which harmony of social relations may be increased, and suffering inflicted by men upon each other removed—then it will not have fulfilled the greatest of its possibilities. Although the power of early education to make indelible impressions on the mind is certain ; although few adult minds are ever free from the influence of the first lessons, yet the most essential of all sciences to the welfare of society, that of conduct, is assigned no place, with a few exceptions, in English primary¹ and secondary education, and on the whole a not very

¹ In the Code of Regulations for Public Elementary Schools (1906) moral instruction is directed to be given, but it is left entirely to the school authorities whether such instruction shall be incidental and occasional or whether it shall be regular and systematic ; therefore, in view of the

important one in higher education. Yet moral education is at the root of human betterment. Efficiently imparted, it can increase happiness and well-being to an extent which it is difficult to overestimate. It has hitherto been its misfortune to be entangled with religion, but it is becoming more and more evident that religion is unable to offer an ethical training suited to the advance of knowledge and to the conditions of our present civilisation. Sooner or later, for educational purposes, a separation must be made, for the one method is systematic and scientific while the other is neither. The one is a specialisation, the other a combination which endeavours to embrace too much.

A cleavage such as that which is needed between the two modes of moral education has long been taking place in the sciences, and a parallel may be drawn from the present relations between philosophy and psychology. For a long time psychology was a branch of philosophy. To reason about the processes of the mind, to distinguish between ideation and perception, to classify the emotions and to record impressions of the senses, were all within the province of philosophy. But it became manifest at length that to study the mind without taking into account its connection with the body was an inadequate means of gaining a knowledge of its working. It was discovered that by observing the abnormal mind much might be gleaned as to the normal, that the experimental methods employed in the sciences might with advantage be applied to the investigation of mental phenomena. The science of psychology was born as soon as these facts were recognised, and now it is becoming apparent that psychology must eventually be classed among the natural sciences. Very similar are the relations between religious and secular morals, which, as far as education is concerned, must be ultimately separated from each other.

prevailing ideas on the subject, it will probably be long before such an elastic regulation bears fruit. The question, however, is now being studied independently, and as a result more adequate provision for public moral instruction may be anticipated in a future Code of the Board of Education.

But moral education meets with opposition from those who argue that education proper contains all that is needful for the conduct of existence. The study of mathematics is considered by them to teach pure truth. Equations may not be solved by subterfuge, neither is it possible to make the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle equal to more or less than the sum of the squares of the other two sides. Two atoms of hydrogen combine to form water with only one of oxygen. By the law of Archimedes, bodies plunged in a stable liquid experience a vertical upthrust, the value of which is equal to the weight of the liquid displaced. All these are truths, which are supposed by some contagious influence to incline the student to seek and practise truth in the dealings of his daily life. Even language, subject to certain unchanging rules of grammar, may thus be held to teach allegiance to the fundamental laws of things. Experience proves, however, that the practice of dealing with quantities, substances, or grammatical inflexions does not by any means ensure proficiency in conduct. A very notable example of this fact was offered a few years ago at the Polytechnic School in Paris, a school devoted to the study of higher mathematics and of science, when one of the students was seen to use for his own purposes the money entrusted to him as treasurer of the school charitable fund. Moral truth is not necessarily to be acquired as an offshoot from mathematical or other truth, It has a well-defined existence of its own, and it cannot be neglected except at the peril of society. Sports are held by some to supplement these derived morals by inculcating the principle of fair play, but the rules of sport are conventional rules, framed for issues that are not of vital importance, and the probability that their spirit extends into the region of the strife of daily interest is somewhat slight.

In order to state the case in another manner, let us suppose a conversation between an advocate of moral education and a supporter of the non-moral system, the former designated by the letter A, the latter by the letter B.

A. With what end do you educate? B. To enable the educated to engage successfully in the competition for existence, so that they may attain to pleasurable conditions. A. Pleasure, then, is the ultimate end in view? B. No doubt. A. You would not educate in order that they might attain to pain? B. Naturally. A. You spoke of the competition for existence; does your education teach how men should act towards each other in that competition? B. It is not concerned with that; it has only to provide the knowledge needful for success in the competition. A. If then the competition be engaged in for success alone, will not those educated in this way strive to defeat each other? B. Presumably. A. And in such a competition, I take it that the successful will attain to pleasure, while the defeated will be condemned to pain? B. Apparently. A. And therefore the end of your education will not be reached in respect of the latter? B. No; but that is the law of life! A. But supposing that as the ground-work of your education you taught how, in the labour for existence and for pleasure, men should strive to aid instead of to defeat each other, do you not think that the knowledge you impart would benefit a greater number than it does to-day, and that there would be more happiness than there is now? B. Perhaps. A. Should not then the inculcation of this method be the educator's highest aim? B. It should.

It is evident that in this dialogue the advantage is intentionally given to the moral advocate; nevertheless, its conclusion seems destined to be reached.

If the opportunity which early education affords of forming the moral character be not seized, then an inevitable social loss is made. In the early days of Rome regular and strict lessons in morals were given in the home, where children were taught obedience to the laws, moderation in all things, temperance, good behaviour, and other virtues, and the result was clearly indicated in the superiority of the Roman institutions and in much of Roman conduct.

Sometimes it is urged that moral education proper is

wanting in the emotionalism which is held to be requisite in all that concerns the moral life, but the emotions are far too apt to be the causes of aberration for it to be possible to rely upon them as aids to moral education. It is the reason that must be appealed to first and relied upon to accomplish the required end. The sense of the beautiful is experienced in the study of ethics, and in so far as it is emotional it may be accounted as a useful adjunct, adding interest to moral themes; but beyond this, in this order of ideas, it is dangerous to go.

None of these objections can withstand the pressure of a necessity which is making itself more clearly felt as, in process of time, the proper functions are assigned to the proper things. It must at length be recognised that since in the child mind is contained the potential of the human intellect, it is imperative that that mind should be trained in the principles of conduct which experience has shown to be the most favourable to the welfare of society. The danger of organising early education in such a way that its sole aim is seen to be success in the strife for sustenance, is that it conveys the impression that this is the only object worthy of achievement, and the impression grows that conduct in the struggle is only to be regulated by the restraints imposed by law. It is true that the prohibitions of the laws, and the punishments awaiting those who offend against them, might be taught as a means of enforcing restraint through fear. But fear should have no place in moral education, and the law should only be explained as a regrettable necessity which better and more rational conduct might tend to remove.

For the above reasons there is an urgent need of an increase of moral teaching in education. If conduct, right according to the average of the best ethical opinion and adapted to contemporary life, be taught, supported by practical demonstrations of the social necessity for such conduct, does it not follow that we shall obtain from such teaching the most fruitful of all sources of social benefit? To doubt it is to doubt the results, inadequate but certain, already achieved by parental and

religious moral instruction, by the educative influence of social opinion, and by the moral training of higher education. Crime and immorality are largely due to ignorance of moral and social principles, and if these principles were scientifically and extensively instilled, the effect would be to increase the value and the happiness of the nation's life.

It has been objected that to hope for such a result as this from moral teaching is to hope for an impossibility, and the senseless adjective utopian is frequently employed in this connection by those who, while admitting that it would be desirable to obtain a better social state, yet persist in thinking that human nature contains an element of corruptibility, which no education can remove. This attitude of mind has always acted as a cog upon the wheel of progress, perhaps as a not altogether useless brake, preventing a too precipitate advance, but its dictates are eventually annulled. Where there is an admitted possibility of reform, human effort must at length prevail to compass it. To oppose a new idea of acknowledged or apparent social worth, beyond the limits of a prudential circumspection, is to retard the progress of society.

II

The requirements of moral education are :

- (1) Regular systematic graduated instruction in the fundamental principles of morality in primary schools ;
- (2) The same instruction, supplemented by moral science, in secondary schools ;
- (3) Greater prominence given to progressive morals in higher education.

At the present time in England, specific moral education is only given in about three thousand primary schools, and this number would be smaller than it is were it not for the efforts of a league which has convinced not a few local educational authorities of the necessity of teaching in their schools the

fundamental principles of morality, as well as the elements of social and civic duties.

The syllabus carefully compiled by this society appears to be well adapted for its purpose. In a series of seven standards, it forms a well-devised introduction to the science of conduct. It deals in detail with cleanliness, amenity of manners, kindness, fairness, truthfulness, courage, obedience, zeal, self-control, order, prudence, thrift, justice, work, humanity, and in the higher divisions with patriotism, peace, ownership, co-operation, self-knowledge, and self-respect.

We have obviously here the virtues necessary to form good citizens. If this instruction be efficiently given, none but the most naturally perverse can fail to benefit by it. The insistence on politeness and urbanity, which is one of its prominent features, is especially useful for the children of the lower classes in England, who are often deficient in these qualities, which the parents themselves are apt to mistake for servility. The habit of mendacity, also, which has always been more or less prevalent among the populace in all countries, and which is largely due to the fear of loss of the daily bread by any confession of short-coming, may be checked by the early warnings of this system of instruction, by explaining to the scholars that as all sorts of consequences proceed from perversions of the truth, they should use their utmost effort to avoid placing themselves in positions where they might be tempted to prevaricate; considering, also, that the ages of the recipients of this instruction range from seven to fourteen years, it is clearly possible, in the latter half of this period at least, to impart to them some sound ideas of justice, which in after life should help them to pursue the interests of their own class in an equitable manner, as well as render the talented among them better candidates than they often are for elevation to the spheres of hereditary culture. It may be confidently asserted that insistence upon morals in primary education would, in a generation, greatly diminish vice and crime among the lower classes, wherever material want did not exert its debasing influence. In the lower strata

of the population the moral teaching that the schools might offer would no doubt tend to be counteracted by the example of the home. This is evidently unavoidable under the present conditions, but if one hour a day were devoted to the moral lesson, it is highly probable that the evil influence of the home would not prevail against the principles acquired in the school,

Other moralising influences are also brought to bear upon the parents, and from them help may be derived. Moreover, if moral education were made a subject of primary importance, in many cases the child might tend to improve the parents, or, at all events, to be sufficiently aware of their errors to avoid falling into them himself, just as the children of inebriates are frequently seen to abstain from intoxicating drink.

It has sometimes been contended that it is difficult to induce the children of the people to take interest in conduct lessons, but testimonies have been obtained that this is not generally the case, and that, on the contrary, proletarian children are attracted by such lessons which deal, to a great extent, with the common experience of life.

In the moral charts used by the French educational authorities the principal virtues are taught by illustrations, portraying the consequences of vice, and, in the case of the people, there is no doubt that such methods are likely to produce good results. Owing to the progress of democratic ideas an improvement is taking place in the well-being of the proletariat, and it is possible that under the more prosperous conditions which the future appears to have in store for them, the moralisation of their children will be more easily effected. In England the benefits of a system similar to that outlined in the syllabus above alluded to seem destined to be great.

But if the advantage derivable from moral instruction in the primary schools would be considerable, and especially so in that large section of them devoted to the poor, there can be little doubt that still greater advantages would be obtained in secondary education, which is chiefly bestowed upon the higher classes, whose manners are imitated by the lower.

And yet it is precisely in secondary education that the absence of moral studies is most conspicuous in England. As far as I have been able to ascertain, the subject is not contained in the curriculum of any grammar school. It is not considered practical, because it is not required for the entrance examinations to the professions, and therefore it is excluded. The recipients of secondary education, except in the higher colleges where morals are studied as a preparation for the courses of the universities, go out into the professions or into commerce with no specific knowledge of the laws of conduct, although every day of their adult lives they will be in need of such knowledge in their dealings with their fellowmen.

Few of those in whose minds clear notions of moral practice have once been formed, and who have become convinced of the beauty and necessity of moral action, will ever be extortionate or unjust, or will seek to amass wealth by means which must inflict suffering on others. The man who has acquired the moral habit cannot act thus. An inhibition, due to that habit itself, restrains him, and it is this habit which it is in the power of moral education to produce.

In some colleges, frequented for the most part by a superior caste, no doubt there exists a certain code of honour, a desire to refrain from mean acts, a dislike of mendacity; but this code is conventional and incomplete. Certain vices, tyranny and cruelty, are frequently practised in these institutions, and the custom of bullying is tolerated by the authorities on the principle that it serves as a preparation for the struggles of adult life. The same blindness and neglect of moral principle are shown by the directors of higher education in Germany, who permit and practically encourage the nauseating students' duels.

The aim of secondary education should be to produce not only politicians, doctors, lawyers, engineers, naval and military officers, merchants, but these men imbued with the spirit of social equity, both in public and private life. Some may be inclined to think that the present system achieves this result.

We have only to peruse the proceedings of the law courts and to take a careful survey of society to be sure that it does not. Moreover, there are numberless moral delinquencies which do not come within the scope of the law by which men steal unfair advantages from each other, treat each other with undue harshness, punish with unnecessary rigour, exhibit egoism and indifference.

Moral education may and should be premonitory. In a recent work, I have endeavoured to show in what way such education might be made to convey warnings of the dangers to which the student must be ultimately exposed, as well as to suggest the means whereby he may avoid them. I conceive it to be a part of the educator's duty to explain the nature and the strength of impulses, to what extent restraint may be exercised in the pursuit of the aims of life as well as in the control of the body, and whether the subject comes within the province of the teacher of morals or within that of the teachers of physiology and psychology. I hold it to be essential that the youth of both sexes should be made acquainted with the laws which govern the hygiene of sex and the dangers which are attendant upon their transgression. It is clearly the duty of the moral educator to pronounce warnings against all the habits which exercise a destructive tendency among the higher classes, such as gambling, idleness, and undue luxury. A picture of society as it appears under a *régime* of egoism and under one of mutual aid might be drawn, and the judgment of the student appealed to for a choice between the two presentments. It may be claimed that the person entrusted with the moral classes in secondary establishments should occupy a special position in the school. He should teach, for instance, not as his colleagues in sole view of examinations, but largely with the object of improving the character of those whom he instructs. He would thus be a mentor who would be the more successful in creating lasting impressions as he was himself an accomplished moralist. He would not be prevented from teaching ethics as an intellectual study and even for purposes of examination at the

same time ; but always he would make it apparent that morals are something more than an intellectual exercise, that they are in truth the art or science the universal practise of which is capable of bettering the human lot. Such a man would be the friend and confidant of those committed to his charge, who would appeal to him in perplexity and trouble. No doubt the creation of such a post would not be without difficulty. The teachers of religion might consider that it was an encroachment on their ground, but the results achieved would prove to the latter that whatever they might have to say concerning the authority behind the teaching, they could not dispute its moral value. For although the instructor in the secondary schools would deal with morals as an independent science, subject to the laws of induction and deduction, his sanction would inevitably be the welfare of society, based upon the dictates of experience. In pursuing this course he would have to treat as merely historically interesting much of the teaching of Kant and of his school. A strict adherence to demonstrable truth would be required. Whatever conduct were taught as salutary, there must be shown the consequences which experience has proved to be attendant upon the opposite line of action. The instructor should trace the repercussion of the right and of the wrong act upon the individual and upon society. Even at the risk of imparting an interested character to the right act, he should not hesitate to impress the mind of his learners with the necessity of performing it for the reason of its palpable advantage to the individual as one among the other reasons for so doing of a more abstract and more ideal nature. The aim should be to suit the teaching to all types of individual, and to accumulate arguments capable of convincing the most refractory of the advantages, wisdom, and beauty of morality. The historical aspect of human nature is that of a good disposition, constantly checked in its development by an evil. It may be shown that the disposition to evil may and is being corrected ; that it is in the power of each rising generation to hasten the process of correction. Society should not be shown to be

better than it is, as some systems of religious and even of moral education exhibit it, because the disillusion which must be experienced when the truth is revealed is likely to give rise to pessimism. Therefore, the moral instructor should not shrink from depicting human nature both as it has been in the past and as it is seen to be at present under the modifications which increasing enlightenment have brought, carefully indicating the defects which are to be remedied and the remedies which are to be employed.

The ideal system of moral instruction would be a unified body of essential principles common to all schools, with a large measure of liberty accorded to the instructor in their elaboration ; but such a system would only be possible if the State regulated all education as it does in France. Perhaps some kind of an understanding might be arrived at between the colleges as to the ground-work of moral teaching and an approach to uniformity might be made, but it is evident that the personal factor must always be considerable, and therefore the choice of the instructor should be made with excessive care. It is impossible in these limits to trace the course which the organisers of a scientific system must pursue, but the central purpose should be the establishment of a system based upon the most indisputable, least controversial, and ethically valuable dicta of moral philosophy, and especially of those of the last hundred years, the subject being given equal if not greater attention than any in the curricula of schools.

In the lower branches of higher education, or in the higher branches of secondary education, by whichever name it may be called, in those colleges which are termed university colleges, such as University College in London and the University College of South Wales at Cardiff, ethics receive a fair amount of attention. In the former institution, where about forty lectures are delivered, the field covered is sufficiently comprehensive. The students are exercised, *inter alia*, in problems and theories of morals, their social and historical aspect, and although special attention is devoted to the ethics

of Aristotle, a barren study in the present day, and to those of Kant and Butler, the conditions of moral progress and development are examined. An attempt is even made to form a conception of a final end of human acts, a somewhat ambitious effort in the present state of our knowledge. The minds of students, however, are set thinking on these themes, and the habit of moral inquiry is acquired. In Cardiff, considerable time is devoted to the study of morals. Here, although Butler and Kant are studied, the developmental idea of ethics is not omitted, and the doctrines of Spencer are considered. A survey is taken of the different schools of ethics, and in the historical portion the best authorities are prescribed. Four hours a week are devoted to these studies, which is sufficient under the received conception of the scope of morals, but which might be found to be insufficient if they were given a greater place than they now occupy in education.

At the universities, the lacunæ in respect of morals, which are apparent in both primary and secondary education, are filled to a considerable extent. Oxford and Cambridge exhibit few progressive tendencies and appear unable to throw off the yoke of Aristotle, while Aberdeen fulfils more nearly the modern requirements of moral education. Here, where the chair dates from the sixteenth century, one hour daily for five days a week is devoted to the subject, and the field of study embraces such antagonistic authorities as Wundt and Spencer. It is evident that an attempt is made to convey the whole content of ethical teaching, including the metaphysical aspect of it. The psychology, ideals and substance of the moral life are studied here, together with the functions and institutions of the State, and the works consulted cover a wide range.

In London, where the different schools of morals, ancient and modern, are treated, a progressive tendency is manifested, and sociology, without which moral education is incomplete, is introduced. In this respect it is not doubtful that other universities must eventually follow the example of London,

because as society grows more complex the study of social morals becomes imperative. It is necessary, however, that sociology should rest upon a moral basis, for if it be only treated as a descriptive science, as a species of social statistics, as it often is, then its value for moral education is infinitesimal.

It is not, however, in university education that the need for an increase of moral study is particularly great. Universities are frequented by only a small proportion of the population, and in any case the moral character is almost formed before they are entered. In addition to this, the courses, although capable of extension, are, in the main, sufficient to produce minds with the moral stamp upon them. No doubt this is not wholly attributable to the effect of moral teaching, but in part to the wisdom which higher studies give and which is in itself a moralising influence. It is significant, however, of the uncertain esteem in which moral education is held, that the subject of moral philosophy is, as a rule, an optional one, and may be exchanged for another of totally dissimilar nature.

While the present system is in force, that according to which the moral training of the young is left to chance or to unsystematic agencies, we shall have from this cause a loss of moral and social progress. Religious moral instruction, which is too often deemed sufficient, belongs by its nature to the spiritual domain, specific moral instruction to the scientific order of things. The morals of religion are a series of commands that are to be obeyed implicitly; those of a scientific system are a series of instructions accompanied by reasons capable of demonstration of the need of conduct suited to the general interests of men.

It was early seen that human conduct presented problems which were not solved by the ethical teachings of religion. The mingling of ethics and theology in the form we have inherited is mainly a Jewish conception. The Greek religion was to a large extent unmoral. If religious morals must be taught, the proper places for such teaching are the Churches, and the proper teachers are the clergy. If morals

were not a separate science, religious teachers since the world began would have been the only moralists. Such has by no means been the case, and there is even an instance of a religion, Confucianism, being founded chiefly on the precepts of a moralist. For the purposes of primary education a system, it must be repeated, may be constructed which while not contradicting any of the fundamental dicta of theological ethics yet enlarges the scope of moral study, renders it more applicable to modern needs and contains a social factor. The question of moral education does not, as is sometimes thought, concern educationists alone. It is of the first importance to the community at large. From its solution, in the sense here indicated, must come, if the arguments used above are true, an increment of social good.

F. CARREL.

ESPRIT DE CORPS IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

BRIEFLY, there is no *esprit de corps* in elementary schools. The question here raised concerns only the why and the how.

The why of the absence of *esprit de corps* from elementary schools is in one way simple enough. In another way, it is involved in the tangled skein of all our modern ideas of progress. The obvious cause of the defect is the lack of individuality both in schools and teachers. From John O'Groat's to Land's End, from Milford Haven to the Naze, Britain is dotted with elementary schools, all of substantially the same pattern. Go into a school in Northumberland and you might almost believe yourself in a school in Kent. The same maps hang on the walls; there are the same floors, the same cupboards, the same desks, the same school apparatus. Look inside the cupboards and you will find the same books, the same slates, the same pencils, the same everything. The teachers are the same, the teachers' minds are the same; and there in the desks sit the children receiving the same instruction given in the same voice according to the same methods. The syllabus of subjects is the same for all English latitudes and longitudes. Conditions are different—local circumstances, character, traditions, occupations; even the children are different at the start. But the curriculum is unyielding and universal, unyielding *because* universal.

At nine o'clock every morning of the school week thousands of teachers stand up before tens of thousands of children to instruct them in the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. At 9.30 a.m. a tenth of the population of England is engaged in working sums; at 10.15 in writing exercises in a copy-book. At four in the afternoon, thousands of teachers and tens of thousands of children return to their homes, irritated, tired or relieved as the case may be. The appalling uniformity of schools and teachers is nothing less than a nightmare to the imaginative mind. Conceive it and laugh at it who can. For my part, the spectacle of those patterned schools all over the land reminds me of the network of blockhouses which Lord Kitchener built in South Africa. They are the fortifications we have built against enlightenment, for the subjugation of individuality and the conquest and peaceable settlement of the whole world of joyful imagination.

Well, but it is not to be expected that *esprit de corps* can rise or flourish under uniformity. The very breath of its nostrils is the belief that the "corps" is something unique and incomparable. You cannot have an *esprit de corps* as big as the world, or even as big as a county. To develop *esprit de corps* there requires to be something peculiar, something privileged, something quite unattainable anywhere else. It does not at all matter whether the peculiarity or the privilege is small in itself or even ridiculous. The value lies in its being peculiar. Uniformity, in fact, is the one thing that *esprit de corps* cannot tolerate.

Turn now to that Dantean vision of the elementary schools of England, and find if you can a foothold for the spirit. Where lies the uniqueness of a school of which the pattern is in London and the examples everywhere? Why should children be attached to one school rather than another, to one set of teachers rather than another, to one tradition rather than another, when they know and feel that four or five million children have exactly such a school, such teachers, such traditions?

Esprit de corps is absent from our elementary schools because individuality is absent; and until that is introduced and made possible, our children will continue to grow up as they do now, ashamed of their schools, contemptuous of their teachers, and worst of all, suspicious and unfriendly towards each other.

The question remains whether *esprit de corps* is possible in elementary schools at all; and the problem carries us at once into the profounder issues. I have no hesitation in saying that the danger to Europe (for elementary schools on the Continent are little different from elementary schools in England) of uniformity is at least as serious as the danger to Rome of the Goths. The demons of uniformity are the Goths of Europe. Now it is unfortunately true that a good deal of Progressivism is no more than a movement of Goths. For it is the great leveller, the feller of ancient institutions and privileges. The very word, privileges, is as a red rag to a bull to the majority of Progressives. They hate it and all its works. In the blessed name of Democracy, death to Privilege!

Consider the position of an Education Authority, popularly elected, and possessed of Progressive ideas. Under the impulsion of a democratic desire, obscure, vague and ill-defined, but always in the same direction, the Education Authority creates for itself an image, a Utopian aspiration. And what is it? The very image we have already seen in our mind's eye of a land dotted with schools of the same pattern. To be quite explicit, that odious picture is the ordinary Progressivist's beatific vision. He would fain see the land like that — and not in respect of schools only.

Perversely enough, there is reason on his side. The plea for special privileges, special treatment, special attention is met by the obvious reply that a public authority must be impartial, must not make fish of one and fowl of another, must not in fact individualise. And against this conception of justice which of us can direct our guns? For it is useless to urge: that justice consists in inequality to the unequal, in bartering

privileges for responsibilities, in just that act of making fish of fish and fowl of fowl. This, he rightly says, is simple negative. What is our positive alternative? Our positive alternative, of course, is that almost forbidden word aristocracy. Call it if you will—as I understand the better sort of Progressivists are astutely beginning to call it—the Hierarchy. The idea at least is the same, namely, the classification of children, schools, institutions, yes, the whole State, in the ancient Platonic way of iron and brass and silver and gold. But that is democratic injustice, and the future, they say, belongs to democracy.

Regarding the problem, then, of the creation of *esprit de corps* in elementary schools, it would seem at first sight insoluble. For if *esprit de corps* depends, as plainly it does, upon specially granted and guarded differences and privileges; and if the aim of democratic Progressivists is to abolish, and to maintain and guard the abolition, of all differences and privileges—then, clearly, *esprit de corps* and Progressivist schools are mutually polarised. On the other hand, it is possible that even they will one day be appalled at the sight of their handiwork. In the flush of their youthful enthusiasm, the parade ground of elementary education, where our young barbarians are drilled and dragooned into usefully useless citizens, presents a very different scene from that which they will have when the flush has cooled. Already we hear the cry go up: “How dull the teachers are! How dull the children are becoming. How dull the world is!” And if on that grey morning there are a few of the better Progressivists, the men of the Hierarchy, perhaps the prospect of another reflection will lie near to them—the prospect of a democracy deliberately willing itself an aristocracy.

In plain practical terms, the issue for the moment is between the policy of uniformity and the policy of multi-formity. With our young men seeing visions and our old men dreaming dreams, it does not appear to me hopeless to expect that before very long Education Authorities may begin to

cultivate with set purpose those very differences which hitherto they have aimed at suppressing. What is to prevent civic pride, for instance, rising to the height of making its schools unique and expressive? The Infinite is infinite in an infinite number of ways. And there is no one model school, but an indefinite number of model schools. The London County Council should and might build London schools for London; other County Councils should and might build schools of another pattern for themselves. *Esprit de corps* is, after all, a spiritual thing, but it grows amid differences.

If in our great public schools *esprit de corps* is the thing we say it is, then no sacrifice is too great if we can create it in our elementary schools. And I am here suggesting that the means, the only means, is for the Education Authorities to turn upon themselves and their old ideas, to have done with uniformity, of which even they have had enough, and deliberately, sanely and steadily, to begin the process of differentiating, classifying and individualising the elementary schools under their charge.

On the part of the teachers and on behalf of the teachers, however, a good deal remains to be done. A uniform national system, in the first place, fails to attract; in the second place repels; and in the third place, destroys individuality in a teacher. The spirit of a place is in part at least due to the spirit of its principal persons; and if in our schools the predominant spirit is dulness, the dulness of a frost-nipped enthusiasm, there is little wonder the place is without attraction. As I have said, it is the universalising of our syllabus-makers that lays the dead hand on all initiative. And I am convinced the only remedy is in the same direction as already pointed out, the direction of privilege. Let it be the teacher's privilege, in return for his responsibility, to alter, amend, and create syllabuses for his own school. In a very little while, it does not matter to a boy whether he learned at school Botany or Hydrostatics; whether the Rule of Three was taught before Vulgar Fractions, or the Geography lesson included the Capes

of India. What does matter is whether he came into contact with a free and independent mind, from which his own mind might catch a contagion of freedom and independence.

Therefore, I say, by all means give teachers more liberty in the construction of their curricula. Make differences, and have them made. For let us remember that the hope of Europe lies in its great individuals. They alone can save Europe from the fate of China. If by some means the devastations of democracy can be checked, it must be in its stronghold that the war must be waged. *Esprit de corps* is a thing of the spirit; the creation of *esprit de corps* is a spiritual act. But only by such means will our elementary schools become the nursery of aristocracy, and thereby, strangely enough, the saviour of democracy.

BOARD SCHOOL TEACHER.

THE LEGAL ASPECT OF THE BOOK WAR

OF the many aspects from which the controversy between the *Times* Book Club and the publishers has been studied—the probabilities of profit and loss, of endurance, or victory, or defeat by procuring or withholding supplies—that of the law applicable has perhaps been less considered than the others. And yet on both sides of the Atlantic an injunction has more than once been the deciding factor of such a battle as this; and though the most striking instances have occurred in strife between capital and labour, the last word in the very probable event of litigation lies with the House of Lords and the loudest laugh with the successful suitor.

It is thus significant that the *Times* has already given details of actions in America and Germany between publishers and certain firms selling their books at sharply competitive prices, the publishers in each case being defeated. In the present strife, however, American and German laws are not applicable; the issue is essentially a domestic one, and the only arbiter is the law of England. It may thus be of interest to inquire how the parties stand in this respect, and which side has the best chance of success if, as seems possible, the war is ultimately carried into the Courts of Justice.

As the English law stands at present, one factor of paramount importance in this kind of litigation in some other countries may be dismissed at the outset. That factor is the

statute law immediately directed against trusts and monopolies, which, from Mr. Hooper's telegram to the *Times* on October 31, seems to have decided the case in America. Now, whatever fate might in bygone days have awaited the man who cornered the market, or committed the offences of "forestalling" and "regrating" known to law students from their commentaries, the competitive arena in England is at present a singularly open one in this respect. For it has been laid down on the highest authority that not only may traders combine in their own interests, irrespective of the magnitude of the combination and of the result to the public, but that in so combining they may make at least a partial use of that very powerful weapon which is now known as the "boycott." Whether the law will have to be modified in future, and whether a distinction can be made between the full commercial boycott (*i.e.*, refusing to deal with the boycotted, or with those who deal with them, or with those who deal with the last class) and legitimate bargains for exclusive dealings, are interesting speculations, but not relevant to the present purpose; the point is that as matters stand neither an indictment nor a civil action for conspiracy in refusing to trade is likely to succeed, whichever side be the originator. As between capital and labour, this last statement might perhaps have to be qualified; but as between combinations of capital, and when there is no question of physical intimidation, any such action is likely to be a failure.

The facts, then, that the publishers have refused to sell books to the Club, that by agreement they have ceased to advertise in the *Times*, and that the Club has retaliated by the expedient of "pulling" and "pushing" books according to its own interests, will have no legal importance. And whether the publishers have conspired to boycott the *Times* Book Club, or the Club has boycotted them, or each or neither the other, is a question of terms which have no legal significance in England.

This will narrow the discussion to an issue which may be

stated very simply. The *Times* Book Club claims the right to sell certain books at its own prices in certain circumstances; the publishers are determined that this shall not be done. Speaking generally it is lawful for the seller of a new book to get the highest price he can, and for the buyer to do what he pleases with it; the object, therefore, of each side is legitimate, if it can be attained by lawful methods.

And at first sight it might seem as if no law could affect the question. For if the publishers are able to prevent the Club from obtaining their books, the latter of course cannot sell them; but if the Club's secret agents are able to outwit the publishers and keep to the Club supplied, it might appear to the layman that the publishers must be defeated. For as an individual who buys a book can burn it, give it away, or sell it at any price he pleases, from a farthing to ten thousand pounds or more, no possible reason would seem to exist why the proprietors of the *Times* Book Club should not have a similar liberty.

Yet the matter is not quite so simple. It is extremely probable that there may be a pleasant game of hide-and-seek between the Club's agents and the publishers, but the success of the former will be barren if the law steps in and prevents the fruits of it being enjoyed.

How this may befall requires explanation. Speaking generally the average person's idea that he can "do what he likes with his own" is a true statement with obvious limitations. If he bought a freehold house in Park Lane and used it for soap-boiling or fish-curing he might perhaps discover some of them; if as the owner of a book he threw it into his neighbour's face, he might find out a few more. But while such a proceeding would justify a summons for assault, the more peaceful method of transferring it by sale and purchase is usually unimpeachable, and this whatever price may be agreed. For the price, it may plausibly be argued, concerns vendor and purchaser only.

So may the private customer suppose, and in his own case

perhaps rightly, but for the wholesale dealer the retailer's price may be a matter of extreme importance. If, for example, he can sell a thousand articles to ten retailers it will be better business for him than to sell five hundred to one retailer, who, after underselling the rest, limits his stock and ceases to push the goods. If this contingency seems likely, the dealer will use all his endeavours to prevent the large retailer killing competition; and] the simplest method—if it is legally possible—is to bind him not to re-sell below a certain price. That is a general proposition; by the appropriate substitutions of the publishers and the Book Club it is resolved into the particular one.

The first question is, then, whether the English law allows conditions of this kind to be imposed on purchasers of ordinary goods to "run with the goods" in legal parlance, that is, to bind anyone into whose hands they may come. And the answer to this question is in the negative. It is significant of the tendency of modern trade that the point was only decided about three years ago, the subject of the action being not books, but tobacco. And in that case a retailer of tobacco, who did not purchase directly from the manufacturer, successfully claimed to sell an ounce of tobacco at any price he pleased, although the manufacturers sold it on the express condition, perfectly well known to the defendant, that the retail price was not to fall below a certain minimum.

On the other hand, a somewhat similar action decided a few years before, resulted differently. The proprietors of Elliman's embrocation not only sold their goods with a similar stipulation, but bound the purchasers, wholesale dealers, to impose it again on their customers; one firm of wholesale dealers failed to do this and were held liable for their neglect. Though this case has not had the express authority of the Court of Appeal like the one previously quoted, it still stands, and the result of the two may perhaps be summed up as follows: that although A cannot sell goods with a condition generally binding all purchasers, yet he

can bind B if he does so expressly and can stipulate that B shall bind C, or even perhaps that he shall make C bind D and so forth, the effect being that a dealer who breaks the chain and sells the goods unconditionally is liable in any damages which may result from the last purchaser being unfettered.

In effect this indicates a method by which the publishers might seek to tie the Book Club, and if a particular book could be traced through all the hands it passed this would be efficacious; but the last limitation will indicate a serious difficulty to lawyers under the present practice; with the exception of *éditions de luxe*, books are not numbered, and so a particular copy cannot be identified. If books were numbered, however, this difficulty might vanish; and if the agent of the Book Club continued to buy without being bound by the condition, the man who had sold it to him or some other intermediary would be liable. The agent would thus find very formidable obstacles in his way, and of course, if he could not surmount them, and had to buy with the condition, the Book Club would have to observe it.

One other factor remains for consideration. All the books in dispute are subject to the Copyright Acts, which give special rights to authors. Copyright being a kind of statutory monopoly, conferred for adequate reasons, it is curious that the American case seems to have been decided with reference to the law against monopoly; the effect of the decision seems to be that in New York the sale of a book at once deprives the owner of the copyright of any further rights in the book itself, though of course he could interfere if it was used for setting up a pirated edition. It must now be considered whether the English law is similar.

As the methods of the Book Club are somewhat novel to the publishing trade in England, the exact point has not yet come up for consideration; but there is a certain analogy between the Patent Acts and the Copyright Acts, the former protecting the property of inventors and the latter of authors.

If this analogy was also true as to the efficacy of these respective Acts, a very recent patent case would be extremely significant. There the patentees had given certain manufacturers leave to make and sell their invention, a certain dye, but with the condition that both manufacturers and retailers should be bound to sell the dye in the original package, and retailers to consumers only. In this action (decided, however, on another issue) the patentees successfully established a right to make such a condition, and thus to bind a purchaser even if he knew nothing of it. It was also laid down that an inventor can in no circumstances prevent a purchaser using his invention, the law implying a licence to do so; but that he is able to impose conditions as to selling, for from his monopoly he may make his concession to a manufacturer or retailer a limited one. And the judge expressly distinguished between a patented and an ordinary article in this respect.

Now just as an inventor gives a manufacturer leave to make and sell his patent, the author gives a publisher leave to print and publish his book; the principle is the same, and as the inventor may choose to limit the number of articles to be manufactured, the author may grant leave to a publisher to sell an edition of so many copies. And by further analogy, as an inventor may impose conditions as to the re-sale of his invention, an author might do likewise with his book. In the cases decided on patents, the conditions have not been as to the price of retailing, but there seems no reason why a condition as to the price of re-sale should not be as good as any other.

If this reasoning was good, it would follow that the owner of copyright could legally forbid a retailer to sell his book below a fixed price, either for six months or, if he pleased, for the whole duration of the copyright, and this whether the retailer knew of the condition or not; though in the latter case a judge might hold that the author had forfeited his rights by inducing the purchaser to believe that no condition existed, if there

was no notice of it in or on the book itself, or on its wrapper.

A notice on the outside of the book or on the wrapper would obviate this ; or, as the Book Club alone is concerned, a notice might be given to its manager, and thus obviate any necessity of disfiguring the cover. Unfortunately, however, as musical composers and other people know to their cost, the Copyright Acts do not always give to authors the full protection which Parliament has sought to confer on them ; and though an author could certainly make a stipulation as to the re-sale of his book, a technical difficulty would arise on the wording of the Copyright Act, which might prevent him from proceeding against the Book Club. That an author has rights even in books sold outright, can be tested by anyone who brings to England a boxful of " Tauchnitz " editions and shows them to a Custom-house officer ; but books published in the United Kingdom are not on the same footing.

But from the above considerations, it will be seen that, ultimately, the masters of the situation are neither the managers of the Book Club nor the publishers, but the authors, who retain their respective copyrights. Thus, Mr. Kipling could impose a condition on the re-sale of his books, which the proprietors of the Book Club could only evade with the greatest difficulty, if at all ; Mr. Bernard Shaw, on the contrary, could direct his publishers to sell unconditionally, and, if they had covenanted to use diligence in selling, could perhaps maintain an action against them if on their own initiative they refused to supply the Club.

And from the same considerations it will be seen that most of the grievances so loudly proclaimed in the columns of the *Times* and elsewhere at once vanish. In particular, the author being free to make any arrangements he pleases as to the re-sale of his books with his publisher, has no ground of complaint if the latter, looking after his own interests as a whole, declines to sell to the Book Club at greatly reduced prices ; the matter

is entirely one of bargain, in which the author as well as the publisher will endeavour to make the best terms for himself. The publishers in their turn can regulate the re-sale of their own books as they please, subject to the authors' consent, if the latter retain the copyright; and the proprietors of the Book Club have the least grievance of all, for the only books they are forbidden to re-sell at their own prices are those which have been supplied on terms which are especially favourable to them. If the publishers stood on their strict rights it might be possible for them to forbid the re-sale of any copyright book for a given time save at the full price at which it is offered to the public, which would probably be a very serious matter for the Book Club. This right, however, is not claimed at present as regards books bought by anyone at the full price, but only in respect of those sold to the Book Club at specially discounted prices. The publishers contend that their restriction on the re-sale of such books, sold by them at prices particularly favourable to the buyer, is a fair one; this is a moral question, on which, according to some people, a lawyer's opinion is of no special value. But so far as the state of the law is a factor in deciding such an issue, it is relevant to observe that, on the above reasoning, the publishers are asking not more, but less, than they can obtain lawfully.

ALFRED FELLOWS.

SOME FRENCH IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND

AT a time when *ententes cordiales* are in the air, when French and English perpetually exchange knowledge, customs and ideas, and London and Paris are in daily touch, it is difficult to realise that two hundred odd years ago we regarded France with the stolid animosity of invincible ignorance, and that she looked on us as a nation mentally as well as physically enveloped in perpetual fog, and exclusively occupied in drinking porter and exclaiming "Godam."

Yet it is a fact that before the eighteenth century scarcely any famous Frenchmen, and few Frenchmen of any kind, visited our shores. Nor was there any inviting reason why they should. True, we were a great little people. True, William III. had made our name respected abroad. But far down the century, in our own house, the most self-satisfied John Bull who has read our history of the period, must concede that we were a coarse-mannered little household, our masters German boors, while in the cultivation and graces of daily life we were immeasurably behind our gay and gallant neighbour under Louis XV. It says much for a people to whom such graces and cultivation come naturally, and with whom they therefore naturally count for much, that it did penetrate our rudeness and our reserve, and that it sent to us some of the greatest of its sons, who have left generous and noble appreciation of those sterling qualities of the soul, and those wide powers of the mind our uncouth exterior hid.

As early indeed as 1654, an enterprising Jesuit priest, named Coulon, had published a Guide, or perhaps, more strictly speaking, a Warning, for the benefit of travellers to England. As Julius Cæsar had successfully braved the Channel, his descendants might also venture. But the good Father considered that Providence had set down poor little Britain "at the extremity of the world," and given it its "sorry climate" especially to deter Frenchmen from making a long stay in it. "It would be better to set out again for France."

Some forty years later, another predecessor of Baedeker, Misson de Valbourg, drew up an alphabetical list of the customs and peculiarities of our country. He had, besides a delightful vivacity, "the whole art of writing—how to omit." What can be more refreshing when one lights on the word "Cantorbéry," for instance, and fully expects a tedious description of architectural beauty, to find simply: "In the Cathedral we see the Tombs of several Kings of Kent, and, if I am not mistaken, a drop of blood of the Archbishop St. Thomas. There is some story about him, but I do not remember what it is." Pages of dull dissertation on English Protestantism would fail to paint the graphic picture contained under *Dimanche*. "If the English killed their father and mother they would think less of it than if they broke their Sabbath. . . . One great rule of the Sabbath Day is to eat well, and, above everything, not to forget the Pudding." Misson was so impressed by this Pudding, that he reverts to it under many heads as an important institution, exclusively English. As to another English institution: "Football is a charming exercise: it is a leather balloon filled with air, which is tossed with the foot in the streets by any one who can get hold of it; this is all." The bold man penetrated, at any rate in fancy, as far as "Plimmouth on the Plime in the Devonshire," and much admired "Hamsteed" and "the large village of Islington, where one drinks waters which do neither harm nor good." If he was an observer *pour rire* he at least avoided that too common fault of serious observers, to produce masses of

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stolid information which can be much better acquired out of geographies and histories, in lieu of the original, vivid, first-hand impressions, which are really interesting.

But our earliest Gallic visitor who took us thoughtfully as well as gaily was Muralt, a Swiss Frenchman, who also came to England at the close of the seventeenth century, and was the first promoter of a friendly admiration for England. He found the English with "a strong prejudice in favour of their own excellence" which badly affected their manners; and pronounced their clergy fat and lazy, and their women "blondes, blanches," and dull. But he whom Voltaire calls "the wise and clever Muralt," and to whom Voltaire himself is not unindebted in his own opinions of England, first dared to proclaim us to the Continent as a nation, rude and rough perhaps, but of profound and of greatly daring thinkers; of strong imagination, though "its fire resembles that of coke, it is powerful but yields little light;" of wise silences—"a people of reserve and composure," and of a spirit "more solid, more free and more simple" than that of his own countrymen. He generously gave us indeed more than our due, and a "virtue" and "liberty" we had still to attain.

The heterodoxy of his boldly expressed preference for English good sense over French cleverness brought down on him a storm of criticism from his own people, while too few of ours even now show him the gratitude they owe by reading the first and not the least graceful of many graceful compliments France has paid them—his six "Lettres sur les Anglois."

Written in 1697, at once widely circulated and read, Muralt's book was not actually published until 1725. In the beginning of May 1726 Voltaire landed at Greenwich.

His England of "one sauce and thirty religions," his passionate worship of Newton and Locke, of our free thought, free speech and "loyal passion for our temperate kings," his revelation to the world of the sublime genius of Shakespeare, and his hot rage at that genius' "heavy grossness" and abominable lack of taste—all these things are well known to English

people in the famous and often translated "Lettres sur les Anglais," which have dwarfed or entirely obscured, not only Muralt's letters, but the views of the great compatriots for whom Voltaire led the way.

He had not left our shores eight months, when there landed here from Lord Chesterfield's yacht, another Frenchman who, at that date, was infinitely more famous than that exiled scapegrace, Arouet, and who still remains one of the great names in the amazing category of genius which lit France before the Revolution.

About forty years old, with a keen acquisitive face, strongly like a Roman Emperor's on a coin, a wealthy, comfortable, easy-going country gentleman, with advanced views on government and on the masses, which he had been clever and indiscreet enough to express in the airy *persiflage* of the "Lettres Persanes," such was Charles de Secondat, Baron de la Brède et de Montesquieu, when he arrived in England in November 1729.

If Montesquieu knew little English, Chesterfield, the urbane, polished Chesterfield of the immortal "Letters," was an admirable French scholar, and too thoroughly man of the world not to appreciate the advantage of having as his guest one of the very best French lions.

Montesquieu was already the friend of King James II.'s natural son, Marshal Berwick, and of Berwick's nephew, the Earl of Waldegrave. Between Waldegrave and Chesterfield he received the *entrée* into the highest English society. He was presented at Court. He was introduced to Swift, Pope, and Walpole. He was made a member of the Royal Society. He constantly attended debates in the Commons. And he brought to bear on the laws and government of our country the brilliant and penetrating judgment which later produced "L'Esprit des Lois," and on its manners and customs the gay and shrewd observation which had written the "Lettres Persanes."

As to the government, George II., with his German speech,

his German mistresses, and his clever wife, Caroline of Anspach, was then new to the throne of England. Robert Walpole was Prime Minister, and serving under him, or in the Opposition, were those of whom he said, "Every man has his price." Montesquieu agreed with him. "A Minister in the lower house," said he, "only thinks of triumphing over his adversary, and in order to do it he would sell England to all the powers in the world"; and again, "Money is here esteemed above everything: honour and virtue very little." He heard Walpole attack Bolingbroke in the House "in the cruelest fashion" on the subject of the Utrecht treaty, and noted the ignorant jealousy between his own people and the English.

Forty-six years before that supreme disaster he prophesied the American War of Independence. "If any nation is abandoned by her Colonies, it will be the English nation first." And a hundred and seventy-five years ago he wrote on the Irish question as he might write to-day:

If I were an Irishman I should desire the union of my country with England; and as I am everywhere the friend of liberty, I sincerely wish it, for the simple reason that a weak nation joined to a much stronger nation can never be certain of always enjoying the advantages of constitutional liberty unless it is proportionately represented in the Legislature of the stronger country.

But if there was much to criticise in our government, he found how much more to admire! It has been well said Voltaire was most influenced by the religious, Buffon by the scientific, and Montesquieu by the political liberty of England. He boldly declared her to be the freest country in the world—"I do not except any republic." It is true he saw her liberty rising constantly from "the fires of discord and sedition," and noticed approvingly that though the throne was firm, the King's security thereon was dependent on his good conduct, and that the freedom of his subjects was that meted to honest men, and not a careless licence accorded to the vicious. As for the country itself, he declared he knew nothing so frightful as the streets of London. "You must make your will before you take a fiacre;" and happily contrasted our capital and his

own—"Paris is a beautiful city with ugly things in it, London an ugly city with beautiful things in it."

With regard to our people, with him as with Voltaire it was a case of forgiving their persons for the sake of their minds. The men he divided into two classes—those who really knew a good deal and were spoilt by their bashfulness, and the fops who knew nothing and had no bashfulness at all. The women were cold and reserved because their menkind saw so little of them. "They always think any stranger who speaks to them intends to be impertinent—I do not wish, they say, *to give to him encouragement.*" The words call up the picture of the typical, stiff, angular, British old maid, with her prominent teeth, large feet, and unbending backbone, so often to be met in French farces and comic papers, and, alas! still more often, as a depressing reality, with a circular ticket on the Continent.

As to the national manners, Montesquieu found us, as indeed nearly every one finds us, and as we are, somewhat cold and repellent. "People do not trust each other here lest they should be deceived, so they soon get hard." "Here you must live for yourself, ask help of no one, love no one, and count on no one. When I am in France, I make friends with everybody; in England with nobody; in Italy I flatter every one; and in Germany, I drink with every one." In brief, "One should travel in Germany, stay in Italy, think in England, and live in France,"

Montesquieu thought in England for eighteen months, and left as a result those "Notes sur l'Angleterre" which are as just and judicious as they are scholarly and succinct, and whose admirable conciseness should be, but has not been, the model to all observers writing impressions of foreign countries.

Diderot, that delightfully inventive person, added a little story to Montesquieu's experiences, and relates that the Baron, having carefully learnt a few of the most polite and obliging English phrases for the purpose, went to see the Duke of

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Marlborough and produced them at once, with the vilest pronunciation. "Sir," says the Duke, "be so good as to speak to me in English, I do not understand French." The little episode might very likely have happened—only, unhappily, Marlborough was dead seven years before Montesquieu visited England.

Our next famous guest may be said to have been the first and the prince of Anglomaniacs. The ex-Abbé Prévost, unfrocked Benedictine, and the immortal author of "Manon Lescaut," had first taken refuge on our shores in 1728 and came here again in 1733. He did not simply like us, he adored us. He became himself completely Anglicised. He translated our books. He spoke our language with admirable fluency. He conducted, in London, a literary review, "Le Pour and Le Contre," by which he introduced our nation and its literature to his own countrymen. He produced a complete novel, the "Philosophe Anglais," on purpose to extol English virtue to the skies. His "Mémoires d'un Homme de Qualité" contain the most extravagant and enthusiastic hero-worship of our country ever penned by a foreigner. To be sure, the flattery would be more valuable if it were a little more discriminating. But it was not insincere. The author of "Manon Lescaut" could never have any difficulty in persuading himself that

Vice was virtue, virtue, vice,
That nice was nasty, nasty, nice.

The brutality and coarseness which disfigured the national character appeared to his admiring eye only as strength and manliness. He positively defended our climate. He very nearly went to the extreme length—for a Frenchman of that date—of admiring Shakespeare. He considered our other plays "not inferior to those of Greece or France," and derived infinite satisfaction from their performance. As to the amusements of the day, which a more decent age would not tolerate for a moment, this blind lover found them refined and delightful. His "Memoirs" are in fact largely taken up with directing

the reader to British places of amusement of extremely doubtful reputation. But after all, if Prévost did not love us wisely he loved us well. "You must wish any one who is dear to you to be like the English," was his ultimatum. As Voltaire had popularised England in France among the educated classes, the Abbé revealed her to the *bon bourgeois*. He was certainly the propagandist of that Anglomania which reached its height under the rule and patronage of Marie Antoinette, and which introduced to our neighbour not only our freedom of thought and our newly born fiction, but also our "biliard," our "New-marekt," and at least something of our very deplorable taste in dress.

The great naturalist. Buffon, joined in England, in the year 1738, his two friends, the wild young Duke of Kingston, and Kingston's tutor, the Abbé le Blanc. The Abbé le Blanc brought back from our country three tedious volumes of observations—now rarely read, but which were then considered to form a kind of continuation to Muralt and Voltaire. As for Buffon, the young Duke introduced him to the highest English society, in which the great naturalist bore himself with so much grace and dignity, and in clothes so sumptuous, that Hume said he was more like a Marshal of France than a man of letters. "This sensible and profoundly thoughtful nation," he called the English: and during his year's residence with us translated into French Newton's "Fluxions" and Hale's "Statics."

Helvétius, "the Well-Fed Farmer General," steward to Queen Marie Leckzinska, and the author of the famous "De L'Esprit," was scarcely less enthusiastic over us than Prévost, when he arrived in England in 1764, bringing with him "the two Miss Helvetiuses, with fifty thousand pounds a piece," in hopes of marrying them to a couple of the prodigies of English virtue and disinterestedness with which his flattering fancy had seen our Legislature filled. "He is quite crazy about the English," said Horace Walpole: and Diderot declared he returned from our shores as delighted with Britain as d'Holbach was disgusted with it. D'Holbach's disgust, as interpreted

through that picturesque medium, Diderot himself, is not at all less just than the delightful compliments his friends had paid us.

Baron D'Holbach, "the maître d'hôtel of philosophy," famous for his atheism, his good dinners, and as the host, at his charming country house at Grandval, of Hume, Wilkes, Shelburne, Garrick and Franklin, came to England, said Diderot, "forewarned," was most hospitably received, enjoyed the best of health during his stay, and returned home, having "re-acquired his taste for living in France."

He found our architecture "bizarre or Gothic," which in 1765 it certainly was, and lamented the "vile taste" which collected in the great houses "the excellent, the good, the bad, detestable, all together, pell-mell." Public education there was none. The Universities—with their palaces of colleges "like our Tuileries"—were filled with rich idlers, "who drink and sleep half the day."

As for gambling, your Englishman "plays without speaking," and loses incredible sums with incredible stolidity. At his friendly dinner-parties—friendly!—the guests are seated according to their rank, and "by the side of each, formality and ceremony take their places." All their amusements have "the air of religious ceremonies." At some of them, the silence is so complete you could hear a pin drop. At the *al fresco* entertainments, which might be delightful, and where an orchestra plays really exquisite music, a hundred stiff and silent women walk round it—for all the world as if they were one of the seven processions of the Egyptians, perambulating round the tomb of Osiris. On every English face the unfortunate visitor read the freezing inscription: "What is there in common between you and me?" That gay, pleasant air of friendliness, which the surliest Briton does not fail to meet directly he is across the Channel, D'Holbach looked for here, as he might look now, in vain. The great had cold and melancholy manners: the lower orders had none at all. He declared that at thirty the Englishman of fashion had run through all the

resources of life—that wit, wine, study, money, even benevolence—could charm him no more. Ennui conducted him naturally to the Thames—unless he preferred a pistol—or took his suicidal mania to other countries. “Was there not an Englishman who threw himself the other day in the Seine? But he was fished out living.” Apparently, however, he had been fined for his bad taste and the inconvenience he caused in not confining the national tendency to his own shores. D’Holbach, in fact, found nothing to admire in us except the excellence of our post-horses and the promptitude—“but without affability”—with which the guest was served at inns. Unless, indeed, he intended a compliment when he boldly declared: “The Christian religion is nearly extinct in England. Deists are innumerable;” as Montesquieu had meant praise when he, too, had roundly asserted: “There is no religion in England.”

To D’Holbach succeeded, in 1766, a yet more famous visitor, who already knew our language, had sketched in his “Nouvelle Héloïse” a much approved portrait of an Englishman, and was intimate with all that was good, and much that was bad, in our literature. To be sure, Jean-Jacques Rousseau might have observed Englishmen more closely, if he had not during his sixteen months’ stay in our country been fully occupied in a famous, furious tempest of a quarrel with the great Hume. But “the blaze and the whirlwind of Rousseau” did not make him unable to appreciate the solid calm and composure of the British race. “I have taken a liberty with the English nation which it never forgives,” said he, “least of all in a foreigner, I have said the worst about them as well as the best.” But he had also generously excused our churlishness—“Englishmen never try to get on with other nations—they are too proud to go begging out of their own country;” and spoke of us as “the only nation of *men* among all the tribes scattered over the face of the earth.” It was Rousseau, too, who did more than any one, save his arch-enemy, Voltaire, to make us fashionable with the fashion of France, with so much success

that Buckle declared truly that from the death of Louis XV. until the Revolution there was scarcely a Frenchman of note who did not cross the Channel.

That well Gallicised German, Melchior Grimm, the editor of the "Correspondance Littéraire," the friend of many kings and the most famous journalist in the world, brought here in 1771 not only his German shrewdness, but a large supply of Teutonic sentiment. He used to declare that he felt as deep an emotion over an English garden as he felt on leaving a theatre after a tragedy: and he admired, almost with tears, "our simplicity, naturalness and goodness." But his excessive sensibility did not prevent him deploring the "appalling progress" of Anglomania in France and its injurious effects alike on "our gallantry, manners and taste in dress": nor from reviewing English books very sharply and shrewdly in his "Correspondance."

The great ponderous Abbé Morellet—the "priest" of the Encyclopædia—was here for long visits in 1772 and in 1783—but on both occasions he was the flattered guest of Lord Shelburne, that most unpopular of statesmen and most generous patron of talent—and as such a guest could hardly criticise freely his host's country or countrymen. Besides, Morellet was heavy in style as in body, and his "Memoirs" are only conscientious facts, not amusing opinions.

The Abbé Coyer, the pushing friend of Voltaire, also recorded, in letters dated 1777, a series of statements about our country, which must have much bored the friend to whom they were written. Descriptions of the Monument and St. James' Palace, of "Ranelag" and "Wauxhall," may have improved the mind of this gentleman—if he read them, which is very doubtful—but they are now chiefly amusing for their mistakes.

To hear of "Stratford in the County of Warwick" as being famous "through having had the happiness to give birth to Hugh Crompton, become Lord Mayor of London" is certainly humorous. But after all, if his wit was generally

unintentional, the Abbé had plenty of good sense. He justly complains of the insanitary English habit of burying the dead in the midst of their great cities : and the man who defined the English Church as "holding within her many other Churches at variance with herself and with each other" was not an observer to be despised. Then, too, while D'Holbach had mourned over our horrible melancholy, arising from our "strong drinks, heavy meats and constant fogs," while Misson de Valbourg had assigned the "melancholy hypocondric" as the most destructive disease in England, and Voltaire had laughed aloud at our heavy dismalness, Coyer declared us to be serious rather than sad in our pleasures, and allowed that we *could* enjoy ourselves, though it was "sans saillie, sans élan, sans transport." Coyer, too, was the first to approve the evolution of the English girl, and looked not unkindly on a young Miss who had a mind, a voice, and an opinion of her own.

In 1784 there burst on us like a tornado Mirabeau the younger, with his "seamed, carbuncled face," from whence looked "natural ugliness, smallpox, incontinence, bankruptcy—and burning fire of genius"—and who was already notorious in Europe. He was already, too, of fiercest unbridled passions, and famous for a law-suit with his wife. He brought over with him his mistress, Madame de Nehra. He went to stay with Sir Gilbert Elliot, who had been a school-friend, and made mad love to Sir Gilbert's sister-in-law, frightened his servants, his children and his wife—who stipulated that when this impossible person came to stay with them again he should be given rooms in the gamekeeper's cottage. When it is added that during his stay he plunged into a police-court quarrel with his valet over some stolen shirts, that he was writing political pamphlets, evolving a scheme to teach us political economy, and everlastingly in debt and disorder, it will be seen that he had not much time for calm comment on British character. Samuel Romilly and Lords Peterborough and Lansdowne were his friends—and he visited Burke at Beaconsfield. He also

declared that he saw Gibbon at Lord Lansdowne's, "and heard him talk like one of the most arrant knaves in existence upon the political state of Europe." Only, unluckily, Gibbon was in Lausanne during Mirabeau's visit, and they did not meet. Mirabeau indeed was furious with the smug historian for his evident admiration in his "Roman Empire" for a kingdom "containing two hundred millions of men not one of whom had the right to call himself free": and swore the book, with its love and respect for wealth and its taste for luxury, was worthy to be written by "the slave of an Elector of Hanover," but never by a free-born Briton.

Of Britain herself he declared he was no enthusiastic admirer. "If her Constitution is the best known—her Administration is the worst possible." At a dinner at which Romilly was present, he was excessively rude and intolerant in a dispute he had with John Wilkes on criminal law. Wilkes defended the English system with admirable wit and good-temper. But after all, the great and angry Frenchman, who opposed "its severity and the frequency of public executions," has been proved in the right by the judgment and the experience of a wiser and a more merciful age. He returned to France to be, while he lived, King of the Revolution: and to die stormily, too soon. He was our last famous French critic. In the Revolution, and after it, many of his countrymen fled to us for support and shelter. But under such circumstances their natural excellent taste and feeling, and their warm-hearted French gratitude, prevented them from criticising our country with the perfect freedom and openness which alone make criticism valuable.

As a whole, then, English people have no reason to complain of the verdict their neighbour passed on them in the eighteenth century. Nay, if anything, her judgments were too favourable: and where she did find fault, it was entirely justly. The most self-satisfied John Bull will not assert that his climate, his cooking, or his manners are his strong points. He will confess that his capital is murky and dingy, while

Paris, like her citizens, is friendly and gay. He will not claim for his parties the ease and charm which enable French social life to subsist without either eating or drinking, and with the most successful concealment of ennui ever practised. If he is a wise man, he will admit that in Englishwomen is seldom found that union of practical competence with grace and attractiveness which is the Frenchwoman's of every class. He will own that his middle-class Sunday is still dull and heavy—whether he think that dulness comes from excess of piety or simply from excess of meat and drink. He will not contend that he meets at Folkestone and Dover that spontaneity and *joie de vivre* which make a French holiday so truly a change for an Englishman; or that he has yet attained, either in conversation or amid all the great achievements of his literature, the Gallic art of touching serious subjects lightly, which is after all the only method of getting frivolous people to attend to deep matters.

As to the compliments, he will surely do well to see to it in these brawling times that he still deserves his character for solid good sense and steady, silent endurance; while he will be for ever grateful to his brilliant and generous sister for her appreciation of his qualities as thinker and free man, which have enabled England to reach, as, by other but not less noble attributes, France has reached, a foremost place among the nations of the world.

S. G. TALLENTYRE.

THE LORDS AS THE SUPREME COURT OF APPEAL

THE House of Lords is not only a deliberative and legislative assembly. It is also the supreme Appeal Court of this Realm. As such it is the ultimate resort of the suitor who thinks an injustice has been done him by a decision of any of the law courts. Its judgment on the question at issue is final, and can be set aside only by Act of Parliament.

The sittings of the House of Lords in its appellate capacity are absolutely independent of the adjournment, prorogation, or even the dissolution of Parliament. The House sits as it pleases according to its list of appeals during term. The public are freely admitted to the House. It is seldom that a visitor, inspired solely by curiosity, finds his way there, and yet to see a sitting of the highest court of justice in the land is an interesting experience. In its composition, its procedure, and its environment it is utterly unlike any other Court. The Lord Chancellor enters the Chamber, wearing his long flowing robe and full-bottomed wig. He is preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms, bearing the Mace on his shoulder, and by another functionary called the Purse-Bearer, carrying a gorgeously embroidered satchel supposed to hold the Great Seal, of which the Chancellor is the Lord Keeper. The other Law Lords are already in their places. The Lord Chancellor takes his seat on the Woolsack, and the Mace is placed behind him. The presence of the Mace indicates that the House is sitting.

The House of Lords always opens its proceedings with devotions. When it meets for legislative business, prayers for Divine light and leading in the deliberations are recited by one of the Bishops. Similar invocations are now offered up by the Lord Chancellor, and the responses are given by the other Law Lords.

But the doors of the Chamber have not yet been opened to the litigants and their counsel. Besides the Lord Chancellor and the Law Lords the only persons present at devotions are the Sergeant-at-Arms, the Purse-Bearer, one of the clerks of the House, who takes minutes of the proceedings of the Court, its orders and judgments, and the Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod. After prayers the clerk reads the title of the first appeal case on the list. "Call in the parties in the case," says the Lord Chancellor to Black Rod, and thereupon the doors of the Chamber are thrown open. Immediately inside the portals is a low oak partition or barrier running across the Chamber. This is the famous Bar. Here the lawyers, litigants, and general public assemble. In the centre of the barrier there is a sort of pen, in which the Speaker stands when the Commons are summoned by Black Rod to the House of Lords, and within it counsel for both appellant and respondent, with their solicitors, are accommodated when the House sits as the Court of Appeal. The Lord Chancellor comes down from the Woolsack and takes his seat at a temporary table, spread with a scarlet cloth, placed near to the Bar. The other Law Lords sit on the front benches to the right and left of the Bar, each with a small movable table before him provided with pens, ink and paper, and a copy of a book, purple-bound, containing the statements of the case on which the rival parties in the appeal respectively rely. Unlike the Lord Chancellor, the Law Lords are in ordinary morning attire. It seems strange that while in all the lower courts the judges wear the imposing trappings of their office, here, in the Supreme Court of Appeal, the Lord Chancellor alone sits in wig and gown. The reason is that despite a statute regulating the formation and practice

of the Court, it remains, at least in theory, no Court at all, but one of the Houses of Legislature sitting in a judicial capacity. It will be observed, too, that the forms and procedure of a legislative body, rather than of a Court, are observed throughout the proceedings.

Every Peer has the right to take part in the proceedings of the House of Lords, whether it sits as the final Court of Appeal or as a branch of the Legislature. But in practice lay Peers never interfere in the appellate jurisdiction of the House, and the hearing of appeals is left entirely to the Law Lords. By an Act passed in 1824 every lay Peer was bound to attend the House when it sat as a Court of Appeal, at least once in a Session, under a penalty of £50. Three Lords constitute a House for judicial as well as for legislative purposes, and the object of the statute in compelling the attendance of lay Peers by rotation was to secure a quorum for appellate business. The Court often consisted of the Lord Chancellor, or one of his surviving predecessors in office, and two lay Peers, but the decision in the appeal was left to the Law Lord. The lay Peers were simply dumb figures brought in to comply with the Standing Order, which requires a quorum of three before business can be proceeded with. Several unsuccessful attempts were made to remedy this state of things before a satisfactory solution was found. With a view to strengthening the legal element in the House, by increasing the number of Lords who had been judges of the High Court, the Queen, on the advice of Lord Palmerston's Government in 1856, revived the right of the Crown to make life Peers, which had been in abeyance for four hundred years, and issued a patent creating Sir James Parke, formerly a Baron of the Exchequer, Lord Wensleydale "for and during the term of his natural life." The Lords were jealous of their rank and privileges as a hereditary order. "The very essence of nobility," said Lord Malmesbury on a subsequent occasion, "is in the succession of the title to posterity." They disputed the right of the Crown to create peerages for life. The question was the subject of many stormy debates in

the Upper Chamber. Finally, the Peers passed a resolution that the patent conferred only the empty title of "Lord," without the right to sit and vote in the House of Lords, and the Government, bowing to the decision, created the peerage afresh by making Baron Wensleydale a hereditary Peer, with the customary right of succession to heirs male of his body lawfully begotten.

Sixteen years elapsed before the constitution of the House of Lords as the final Court of Appeal again became the subject of public discussion. In 1872 Lord Hatherley, the Lord Chancellor of Gladstone's Administration, brought in a Bill to abolish the appellate jurisdiction both of the House of Lords and of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council—which hears appeals from India and the Colonies—and to create instead an Imperial Supreme Court of Appeal for the decision of all cases which went hitherto to these separate and independent tribunals. The feeling among the Lords was strongly against any invasion of their ancient privilege to revise on appeal the judgments of the Courts of Law, and the Bill consequently had to be withdrawn. In the following year Lord Selborne—who had succeeded to the Woolsack in the same Administration on the resignation of Lord Hatherley owing to failing eyesight—introduced another Supreme Court of Judicature Bill. This measure also dealt with the question of appellate jurisdiction. It proposed to substitute for the duplicate machinery of Lords and Judicial Committee one Court of Appeal consisting of nine judges, sitting in three divisions. The Bill passed both Houses. The Lords had now surrendered by Act of Parliament their ancient jurisdiction over appeals. However, they soon repented of their action, and not too late to prevent the constitution of the Supreme Court of Appeal. The new Court was to deal only with English appeals, Irish and Scottish appeals being still reserved to the House of Lords. Before the date on which the Act was to come into operation so great an outcry was raised against the measure by Scotland and Ireland, backed by the House of Lords, that it was never carried into

effect. In 1876 Lord Cairns—then the Lord Chancellor of Disraeli's Administration—also tried his hand at the reorganisation of our judicature system. He brought in another measure, entitled the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill, which passed and came into operation. By this statute the appellate jurisdiction of the Lords was preserved, and the House as the Court of Appeal made more efficient.

Formerly the House, sitting as a Court of Appeal, was often constituted, as we have seen, of one Law Lord and two lay Peers. The Act of 1876 provides that at least three Law Lords shall be present at the hearing and determination of appeals. Law Lords consist of the Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, judges who are Peers of the Realm, Peers who have held high judicial office, and four Lords of Appeal in Ordinary. The Lords of Appeal in Ordinary were specially created by the Act of 1876 to assist the House in the discharge of its judicial business. The qualification required of a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary is that he has been a Judge of the Superior Courts for not less than two years, or that for not less than fifteen years he has been a practising barrister in England or Ireland, or a practising advocate in Scotland. He has a salary of £6000 a year, with a pension of £4000 a year on retirement and the rank of a Baron for life. Though a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary receives a writ of summons to sit and vote as a Peer in the House of Lords as a branch of the Legislature, his title does not descend to his heir.

An appeal may be made to the House of Lords from any order or judgment of the Court of Appeal in England, the Court of Appeal in Ireland, or the Court of Session in Scotland, in a civil suit. Before the case has reached any of these appeal courts it must, of course, have been heard and decided in a lower tribunal, so that the question at issue has been the subject of a judgment in at least two courts—the court in which the suit originated and the Court of Appeal—ere it comes finally before the House of Lords. If the party who has lost in the Court of Appeal has his faith in the

justice of his cause still unshaken, or is advised by his counsel that the decision of the Court is against the law, he may obtain from the House of Lords a definite, fixed, and final judgment on the legal point at issue. But this unquestionable interpretation of the law, by the highest legal luminaries of the land, is a very costly proceeding. The appellant who seeks to have the decision of the court below—that is, the Court of Appeal—reversed or varied must give, as security for costs—should the judgment of the House be against him—his personal obligation to the amount of £500 and the bond of a surety for £200. There are also, of course, the fees of the agents and counsel, which are enormous. The respondent, or the party in whose favour the Court of Appeal has decided, is not required to give security for costs, but should the House reverse the decision he may be required to bear portion of the expenses of the appellant. Giving security for costs is not, however, the only thing preliminarily required of the appellant. An appeal to the House of Lords is brought by way of petition. It must be addressed “To the Right Honourable the House of Lords,” and set forth that it is “the humble petition and appeal” of So-and-so, praying that the judgment in such-and-such a case “may be reviewed before his Majesty the King in his Court of Parliament, in order that the said court may determine what of right and according to the law and custom of this Realm ought to be done in the subject-matter of such appeal.” The petition must be printed on parchment. The reasonableness of its prayer must be certified by two counsel, who have appeared for the appellant in the Court of Appeal, or propose to plead for him before the House of Lords. Forty copies of the counter cases of the disputants, printed in clear type on quarto sheets, and bound in book form, at the expense of the appellant, must be lodged with the petition in the office of the House of Lords. It is also required that ten copies of the book are to be bound in purple cloth for the use of the Law Lords.

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It is a most grave and solemn tribunal, the House of Lords sitting for appellate business. The case opens at once. No preliminary objections of a technical nature or applications for adjournment are allowed. Such points are previously dealt with by a Committee of the House called the Appeal Committee, which is appointed at the opening of every session to relieve the House, sitting as a Court of Appeal, of the work of seeing that the Standing Orders have been complied with by appellants, and of dealing with respondents' objections to the appeal or applications for an extension of time. There is no bustle and no excitement. Dignity and decorum reign supreme. The methods of the Court are austere judicial. No witnesses are examined. It is all argument. Brow-beating is, therefore, unknown. Two counsel are heard on each side. The lawyer who opens the case stands at the centre of the Bar, and in a placid conversational style states at great length the facts and the points of law upon which he relies. Then counsel on the other side leisurely and with similar amplitude unfolds the case of his client. The Court listens with unwearied patience and the closest attention to the apparently interminable addresses of the lawyers. Judgment is not, as a rule, delivered at the close of the arguments. Knotty legal problems, or delicate and difficult points of equity, are always involved in these appeals, and therefore their Lordships allow themselves plenty of time for the consideration of their judgment.

On the day of judgment the House does not display quite the same aspect that it wore on the day the arguments were heard. The Law Lords are again sitting on the front benches close to the Bar, with their little tables before them; but the Lord Chancellor is now on the Woolsack. Rising from his seat, the Lord Chancellor reads his judgment from a manuscript, and concludes by moving that the order or verdict appealed from be affirmed, altered, or reversed, as the case may be. The Lord Chancellor is followed by the other Law Lords, in the order of precedence, each in like manner reading from a

manuscript reasons justifying the decision at which he has arrived. All begin their addresses with the invocation, "My Lords." They are supposed to be not judges delivering judgment in a case, but members of a legislative assembly stating in debate the reasons why the House should take a certain course in regard to the question before it.

When all the Law Lords have spoken, the question at issue is put in exactly the same form as if the House were sitting for the purposes of legislation. Should the Lord Chancellor have arrived at a decision hostile to the appellant, he says: "The question is that this appeal be dismissed. As many as are of that opinion will say Content; of the contrary opinion, Not-Content"; and then he adds, "The Contents have it." The House is usually unanimous in its decisions. But should there be a conflict of opinion among the Law Lords, judgment is pronounced in accordance with the views of the majority. It is possible, however, that there may not be a majority one way or the other. In the event of a tie, or an equal division between the Law Lords, the decision of the Court of Appeal stands, and each party have to pay their own costs. The Lord Chancellor, in cases where the issue has been decided unanimously or by a majority, finally declares: "The judgment of the House is that this appeal be dismissed, and that the appellant do pay the respondent's costs in the appeal." The decision thus given is the judgment of the House of Lords, and it is entered as such in the Journals of the House. It does not make the law, nor alter the law. It interprets and fixes the law. What it says is the last word on the tangled legal point at issue. The fiat is final and irrevocable. Its definition of the law can be altered, amended, or added to only by Act of Parliament, for Parliament, as Lord Palmerston once put it, can do anything except make a man a woman or a woman a man.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

THE STRANGE OBSEQUIES OF PAGANINI

IT is a curious fact in history that the lives of some of those men who make their mark in the world—whether in the arts, in politics, or in warfare—come down to succeeding generations as clearly defined as if they had lived in the days in which their descendants read of them: while in the case of others, a mystery grows with years, until it is almost impossible to separate the true from the false. Such a case is that of Nicolò Paganini.

Although but sixty-six years have elapsed since the death of the great violinist, many of the facts of his life and all those concerning the history of his remains subsequent to his decease, are so obscure that even after the lapse of this comparatively short period, we are reduced to supposition rather than proof as to what actually took place.

Much has been written on Paganini's life, but little attention has hitherto been paid to the strange and renewed burials which were bestowed upon his body.

M. Georges Maurevert, to whose research I am indebted for many facts set forth below, not long ago endeavoured to elucidate the mystery in the columns of a provincial French journal, and collected much interesting information without coming to any very definite conclusion.

Everything to do with Paganini bears the impress of mystery, his life, his talent, his death; and the truth as to the

peregrinations of his embalmed body has been so obscured as to be difficult of elucidation.

Paganini died at Nice—then of course Italian—on May 27, 1840, in a house at the corner of the Rue Sainte Réparate and the Rue de la Préfecture, where a marble tablet records the fact in the following graceful inscription :

Poichè da questa casa, volgenda il giorno XXVII. di maggio MDCCCXL., lo spirito di eterna armonia. Giace l'arco potente di magiche note, ma sulle aure soavi di Nizza, ne vive ancora la dolcezza suprema. (C. Bonelli pose. A. G. Barrili detto. MDCCCLXXXI.)

“ His magic notes still vibrate in the soft breeze of Nice.”

Family archives relate that this historic house was then the property of the Marquis de Châteauneuf, a Niçois. The Marquis' *homme de confiance* was a man named François Amba, who—when he saw that the clergy refused the last rites of the Church to the illustrious dead—begged his brother-in-law—Jules Bessi Cadet, a hatter—to allow him to deposit the coffin of Paganini in a cellar which he had rented in the said house, and this was done on the morrow, May 28.

But here, at the outset of the story, the mass of contradictory detail which obscures it begins to confront the enquirer ; for a contemporary, Francesco Regli, in his “Storia del Violino,” relates as follows :

When passing through Nice, not long after the death of Paganini, as I wanted to visit whatever was curious and interesting in the town, I saw at the hospital—not in a *cantine* as I had been told, but in an apartment on the ground floor—a case. As we came to it I noticed my guide's face flush, and he said to me in a vexed tone, “ You are looking at that case ; your instinct tells you something. It contains the remains of the famous Paganini. Monsignor Galvano, our Bishop, learning that he was *in extremis*, sent a Canon to speak to him about receiving the Sacrament. He made his confession, but as he was suffering from constant vomiting, the doctor would not allow him to take the Communion, and gave a certificate to that effect. So he died without receiving the Sacraments, and Monsignor refused him burial in consecrated ground. His son Achillino—who has inherited his entire fortune—has brought an action against the Bishop, but no one can tell how long it will last as priests stick to their principles and don't give way easily.

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The story is continued by Fétis, the well-known musicographer,

In vain his son Achillino (whose mother was the singer, Antonia Bianchi), his friends and most of the *artistes* in Nice, begged leave to have a service celebrated for the repose of his soul, alleging that—like all persons suffering from consumption—he had not thought death near, and had passed away suddenly. The Bishop, however, refused permission, and contented himself with granting a death certificate with leave to transport the body wherever they wished. This solution was not accepted, and the matter was taken into Court. The decision of the Tribunal of Nice was in favour of the Bishop. An appeal was then made to Rome, which annulled the decree of the Bishop of Nice, and appointed a commission, consisting of the Archbishop of Turin, with two Canons of the Cathedral of Genoa (Paganini's native city) to hold an inquiry into the Catholicity of the deceased. During all this time the body remained in a room in the hospital at Nice.

From this point we plunge straight into legend, but a legend which supplies the motive for the first translation of the remains.

It is asserted that the population of Nice began to get uncomfortable. Men declared that, nightly, lamentable cries issued from the room in the hospital in which Paganini's body was enclosed, devils were said to be seen dancing round the coffin, and the wildest gossip was rife on all sides.

The authorities, fearing unpleasant demonstrations, decided to remove the remains to the Lazaretto at Villefranche.

The disorder of Paganini's life, and the little respect he had evidenced for religion, might in some measure account for this legend, but his extraordinary personality—attached to the marvellous dexterity through which he had made his name famous by playing on a single string the most complicated and surprising variations—doubtless went far in the readiness with which diabolical interference was credited by a superstitious populace.

The word-picture of the violinist painted by Théodore de Banville in his "Mer de Nice" goes far to prove this:

I seem to see again [he writes] that terrible grandiose fear-inspiring head of Paganini, so imperiously modelled by genius and by grief. His burning eyes were hollow like a deep abyss, where an infinite ocean of disenchantment seemed to roll in fitful waves. His thick, bushy eyebrows bristled

round that eager glance so often wounded; his dilated nostril sought the breath of freedom; his mouth was distorted at once by ecstasy and irony; and on his thin and powerful neck the fine locks of his hair fell in caressing curls, like tired snakes.

This is flamboyant writing, but produces the picture of no ordinary countenance.

But his playing even more than his appearance gave currency to the tale that he had sold himself—body and soul—to the Evil One. A story is still current at Nice that a blind man hearing him play at the Opera House, demanded how many musicians were performing, "It is Paganini," was the answer. "But how many are with him?" "No one, there is only Paganini." The blind man replied, "Come, friend, let us go, that is no man, it is a devil." (*Es un diao!*)

A Viennese amateur was so convinced of the truth of this that at a concert given by Paganini in Vienna, he publicly declared that he had seen the Devil assisting the performer. But to return to our story.

The transference of the remains to the Lazaretto at Villefranche appears to have been carried out with but little delay, and here they remained a full month waiting a decision from Rome on the subject of their interment.

The statement in the "Grand Dictionnaire" of Larousse that they were kept for five years in a cellar of the hospital at Nice is evidently erroneous, and has doubtless arisen from the fact that it was not till five years later (in 1845) that the body—at the suggestion of the Empress Marie Louise, then known as Duchess of Parma, Placentia and Guastalla—was transported to Parma and buried in the property which had belonged to the artist at Gajona in her States.

It is the history of these five years that is so obscure, and the statements as to the disposal of the remains during that period are so confused and contradictory, that the light thrown on them by the investigation of M. Georges Maurevert is of the highest interest.

After the coffin had been lying at Villefranche for a month,

the odour of decomposition—in spite of the fact that the body had been embalmed—became so insupportable that the authorities decided to get rid of it, and it was actually deposited close to the sea by the side of a fetid rivulet formed by the refuse of a neighbouring factory where oil was extracted from olives in the primitive method of the country. There it remained for some days, no one having the courage to risk the displeasure of the ecclesiastical authorities or the phantasmal terrors of excommunication by giving it decent burial.

But among the friends with whom Paganini had been on terms of intimacy at Nice was one bearing a name respected for many generations among the Niçois nobility, the Comte de Cessoles, whose son was a well-known figure in the public life of the Riviera until his death a year or two ago.

This worthy gentleman, who had held Paganini in high esteem, not only as a personal friend, but also as a great *virtuoso*, was himself an amateur violinist of no mean order, and he had received from the *maestro*—not many days before his death—the present of an *Amati* of great value.

The Comte de Cessoles was, not unnaturally, highly indignant at the treatment accorded to the remains of his friend by the bigoted and ignorant ecclesiastic who then ruled the diocese of Nice, and he decided to bury them with decency at his own risks and peril.

He made known his project to four friends, two—the Comte Urbain Garin de Cocconato and the Comte de Pierlas, whose names are well known in the country—and two others, a young sculptor called Alexis de Saint-Marc (who was then at Nice working on a bust of the Comtesse de Cessoles) and Félix Ziem, the famous artist, who was at that time about twenty years of age.

It was Ziem who, towards the close of a long life, recalled the incidents of the drama in which he had taken an active part over half a century previously.

On the day following their conference, the Comte de Cessoles and his four friends met at Villefranche at midnight,

having taken the precaution to furnish themselves with torches and cords. Four peasants from the Comte's estate also accompanied the party.

They found the coffin in the place indicated, and by the uncertain light of torches, with the help of the ropes and long sticks, it was got out upon the seashore and placed on a hand-litter, which the sturdy arms of the peasants bore in the direction of Saint Jean. The night was starless, and the waves dashed at the feet of the *cortège*, wetting the coffin with spray, while the shrieking of the wind brought to the minds of those engaged in the adventure the demoniacal tales that had sprung up among the populace of Nice. M. de Cessoles marched ahead with a torch, and slowly the little procession fought its way along the peninsula until it reached a property belonging—not to the Comte de Cessoles, as has currently been reported—but to M. de Pierlas. It was at a point on the extremity of the Cap St. Hospice, just below the ancient Saracen Round Tower that the tomb of Paganini was made.

The coffin was laid upon a rock, some yards from the edge of the sea, which in stormy weather often completely covered it, and a marble slab inscribed only with the name "Paganini" was set over it.

M. A. Blanchi, a lutemaker at Nice, relates that his father had seen it in 1850, and long afterwards described to him the tomb of the great violinist; and he himself affirms that he recently found traces of masonry on the spot indicated to him many years before by his father.

This is the first stage in the strange Odyssey of the dead artist.

The events that follow are not quite so clear, but it would appear that the body rested here from about the end of June 1840 till a date—a year, or even two years, later—when Paganini's son Achillino decided to transfer the remains to Genoa, where his father had been born.

The coffin was embarked on board a ship which set sail for that port, but on arrival permission to land it was rigorously

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refused, as the vessel had started from Marseilles where a severe epidemic of cholera was then raging.

The little ship therefore returned along the coast to the Lérins Islands, where—possibly as a result of another refusal for permission to land from the Cannes authorities—on the Islet of Saint Ferréol the body of Paganini was again entombed.

On this tiny isle, only rarely visited by a few fishermen, a hole is still shown under the name of *Le Trou de Paganini*, where it is believed the coffin rested.

Guy de Maupassant describes Saint-Ferréol in “*Sur l’Eau*” in a few vivid phrases :

We pass near a bare red rock, bristling like a porcupine. So seamed is it with teeth points and fangs that it is scarcely possible to walk on it ; you must set your feet in the hollows between its tusks and advance with caution ; it is called Saint Ferréol. A little earth, come one knows not whence, has gathered in the holes and crevices of the rock, and from it have sprung a kind of lily and some delicious blue iris, whose seed seems to have been dropped from the skies. On this curious reef in the open sea the body of Paganini lay hidden below ground for five years.

So far the writer is accurate—except that it is impossible that the coffin could have remained so long a time here, but the rest of his narration is worthy of little credence.

He mixes up the refusal of the clergy of Nice to give Christian burial to the remains with the sanitary reasons which induced the Genoese port authorities to refuse them admission to their city, and states that Paganini had died of cholera instead of laryngeal phthisis.

He also mentions a return to Marseilles before the burial at Saint Ferréol, for which there appears to be no valid authority.

An old print gives the date of the second translation of the coffin to Genoa as August 15, 1844—though Fétis states the year as 1845—when on the demand of Marie Louise (as has been mentioned above) it was taken to Parma and interred in Paganini’s own property at Gajona.

Here the body of the *maestro* rested until the year 1853

when it was once more exhumed for hygienic reasons, and some fresh process of embalming resorted to.

At last in 1876, thirty-six years after the death of Paganini, the Papal Court authorised the transference of the remains to the Church of the Madonna della Steccata at Parma—a church especially affected to the Chevaliers of the Order of St. George, which had been founded by Charles II. of Parma, when Duke of Lucca, in the thirties, and membership of which had by him been conferred on Paganini.

Hither, after his many wanderings, the great violinist was at length borne. The translation took place at night by torch-light, and a vast concourse of people lined the banks of the torrent Baganza along which the *cortège* passed.

The mourning was conducted by the Baron Attila, nephew of Nicolò, and the tardy rites of a solemn requiem were celebrated over the body of the man who had died six and thirty years previously.

Here it might have been hoped that the much-travelled remains might be allowed to rest undisturbed, but such was not the case.

In April 1893 the Hungarian violinist Ondricek, of Prague, was staying at Parma as the guest of the Baron Achillino Paganini—now an old and venerable man—and on his solicitation, the coffin was opened and a few friends were permitted to view the corpse.

But even this was not the final disturbance of the tomb.

Another exhumation, described as being imposed by “urgent necessity,” took place in 1896.

A Genoese journalist, who was present at the ceremony, wrote in the *Caffaro* that the identity of the corpse was undeniable and the features still well preserved.

The black coat [he said] was in tatters, but its cut was still clearly discernible on the shoulders. The lower and middle part of the body are no longer anything but a heap of bones. But the face, after lying for more than half a century in the grave, still preserves its indescribable expression.

A photograph was taken of the head, and his aged son then

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placed his father's body in a fresh coffin, into which a pane of glass had been let so that the features could be observed.

For the last ten years Paganini has lain in peace.

The tale of his *post-mortem* wanderings during so many decades has not, I believe, been previously put before the public in this country.

J. D. E. LOVELAND.

TO AMERICA IN AN EMIGRANT SHIP

A LONG and shrill whistle shook the air of the cold January morning—I have never experienced a colder or a drearier dawn—in Fiume harbour; it was as if an otherwise brilliant Nature were shedding farewell tears. Certainly I never witnessed a more melancholy departure than that of those poor workmen who were leaving their old country.

As the chains were raised their rattle went through one's heart, as though all previous bonds were being severed. All memories of long ago, all recollections of childhood, seemed to have disappeared, as though forcibly destroyed. All that one loved vanished, and all the ambitions and hopes that had brightened one's youth seemed to be sucked down and drowned by the hungry waves, that tossed us about mercilessly, as we set forth on our way to our new destinies.

Two thousand four hundred workmen were leaving their own country to seek their daily bread in an unknown world. If every departure has its sadness, even if it is only for a short time, how very much harder must it be for those who leave their all, often for ever! I never witnessed a more desolate scene in the harbour of Quarnero, usually so bright, as if intended by Nature for holiday-makers and scenes of happiness only.

Fiume is one of those charming cities, half mediæval, half modern, where the picturesqueness of the Middle Ages and

the progress of modern times join hands, with their many contrasts of light and shade forming a delightful water-colour picture. It is extraordinary to think how this part of the Adriatic, formerly so utterly unknown and forlorn, should in fifteen or twenty years have become one of the centres of wealth and fashion, where magnificent hotels have sprung up in the midst of the olive groves, and where men and women from different parts of the world pass several weeks during the winter in the midst of a population of fishermen, who, undisturbed by exterior changes, continue to lead their strenuous lives of hundred years ago.

During my stay at the Governor's palace, a splendid display of marble and bronze and the home of every luxury, I had opportunities, while waiting for the departure of my steamer, of strolling about in the poorer quarters and observing the wretched conditions of most of the population, the pomp of the official quarters making the general poverty seem all the more striking. But is it not a curious coincidence that generally in those countries where the conditions of the working classes are the gloomiest and darkest, the display made by the Government is all the more splendid?

On the same occasion I had an opportunity of getting acquainted with the general sentiments of the public. It was just the election time; the streets were crowded, and riots were of constant occurrence, as in the days when the Frangipanis were defending their turreted castle, which still crowns the heights, against the turbulent citizens. Every passer-by was recounting his grievances and his aspirations. However, I had no time to enter into the details of party interests and the politics of the free town of Fiume, which has quite an exceptional constitution of its own, forming part of the Hungarian Crown and yet being autonomous under a Governor-General, which it would require volumes to explain, and one would very likely fail to make matters clear even then. Fortunately, I have little to do with politics. On this occasion my mission was simply to be ship's chaplain to a

company of my poor compatriots on a long and mournful journey.

I had volunteered to do this work, having heard of the great need of spiritual help and moral support on emigrant boats. When we consider that each town and village of less population it may be than one of those large boats—nay, even men-of-war belonging to different navies, are provided with their own church or chaplain—how much more necessary is it on these occasions, when depression is so great and after all danger so near, where old and young and people of both sexes are present, that spiritual help should be provided. Great attention is paid by all the leading companies to ensure for their passengers every physical or material advantage, such as wholesome food, good doctors, and a plentiful supply of medicine, but they do not seem yet to realise the importance of adequately providing for moral needs.

The necessity for such help was shown at the very outset of our journey in a tragic way. A sailor, while taking in a reef, fell into the hold and broke his spine, dying soon after, leaving a large family behind. An even sadder case that occurred shortly afterwards, was that of a poor woman who was on her way to join her husband, who was working in the mines of West Virginia. She had two children, but one had not been allowed to sail by the authorities on account of delicate health, and was therefore sent to the maternal relations in Hungary. She had not, however, reached her destination at the time we started, and the mother's anxiety was so great that, on receiving a telegram brought by a steam launch to the effect that the child had not arrived, she fell down with a shriek and expired in a few minutes. Is it not natural in moments like these for those who remain behind to require moral support and to seek consolation in their faith?

The journey lasted nearly twenty days. There were hours of long and monotonous tossing on a dreary waste of waters. How different from my first journey to the United States on the floating palace, *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, in the beautiful

midsummer of '90, when everything was bright and happy, and the boat crowded with people who seemed never to have known want and sorrow, while the universe seemed a magnificent background to their joyous lives! What a difference two or three generations can make, and what a change is often produced in the life even of an individual by well-directed energy! When reading the biography of one or the other citizen of the New Continent, it is hard to understand by what means it has been possible for men of mature age to adapt themselves to new conditions, and to develop themselves so as to be able to achieve works of universal importance in the short space of ten or twenty years.

Among the matters of interest which appeal to the scholars of the United States and of all new countries generally, the most essential questions are (1) What are the qualities necessary for success? and (2) What circumstances and factors develop these qualities? It is an inexhaustible subject of research to determine whence comes the bulk of the people that has settled down and populated new continents. To do this we must go back to the fountain-head and observe them in their respective native lands, and understand, to a certain extent, their childhood, the conditions of their life and work, their social state and culture, in fact their whole material and moral existence. We must have a certain idea of their whole history.

During the long days of our journey I had ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with my fellow passengers in long conversations, when they spoke openly of their personal affairs. I had a chance of penetrating into their mode of thought. There were men from different parts of Eastern Europe, mostly Hungarians, some Slavs and a certain number of Teutons. In their external appearance naturally there was a great deal of difference: the Hungarians, who were most numerous, were dark, short, but well made; the Slavs, tall, slender, fair and extremely passive; the Teutons, of whom there were not many on board, seemed to be the point of

union between the two ; mentally too, they were less fiery than the Hungarians, and more so than the Slavs, unquestionably men of serious qualities, practical thinkers. They expressed their various grievances and aims in a different way, looked upon their past in a different light, and had forecasts of the future seen through different coloured glasses. But their motives were always the same. Their reason for leaving their countries and breaking with the past was identical, that of primary necessity.

I was especially anxious to know why my own countrymen leave their homes in such numbers. The country is far from being over-populated, and there are whole districts which need double and treble the present number of souls. Even now huge areas are uncultivated, and the natural conditions of soil and climate are most favourable and capable of supplying all needs. Yet 100,000 workmen left Hungary two years ago, and 118,000 last year. How to prevent and to improve this state of affairs is one of the burning questions of the day.

We must not forget that no people leaves its country easily and lightly. The Magyars are especially a patriotic race and devoted to their fatherland : it is only under pressure of great necessity that they can bring themselves to part from it. At the same time they know that they are not welcome in the new country. The Immigration Laws become harder every year, and are all directed against the admission of too many new-comers, and hundreds and thousands are rejected every month by the authorities on various reasons and pretexts. It is quite comprehensible that the men in possession should dislike too great an influx of strange elements and an undesired competition. Indeed, there is a great danger that these people, arriving in shiploads, will remain in the cities on the chance of dubious jobs, instead of travelling farther into more scantily populated districts. The American Government desires, as far as possible, to prevent agglomeration, and to facilitate settlement inland. But the attractions of towns and the possibilities of eventual success in large

centres are counterbalanced with difficulty. The great manufacturing cities and commercial towns offer wages of from two to three dollars a day to the humblest worker, and this is too great a temptation and deters men from looking ahead and from going farther afield. As I said before, all emigrants are actuated by primary motives. They want their daily bread first, clothing will come next, shelter third, and all the other requirements some time later. They are struggling for life, and all their ideas are dominated by the instinct of existence and self-support.

The early part of our journey was along the beautiful coast of Apuleia and Calabria. One of the most beautiful landscapes was spread before us—Monte Gargano towering above his evergreen slopes—all this land which played such a great part not only in Italian history, but also in the history of civilisation. Now there was a glimpse of a magnificent cathedral, built by the great Popes of the period; now a view of fortifications, crenellated bastions and watch towers erected by the mighty Hohenstauffen Emperors; but all these meant nothing to my simple travelling companions. Neither the beauty of nature nor the glories of the historic past appealed to them. Only one or two asked me if they were already the shores of America, and on receiving a negative answer, took no further notice, but turned away with indifference, as from something which was of no practical use to them. It is difficult to understand the train of thought of people who have never had any but elementary things to strive for. It would be even more difficult to know how much should be added, and in what way, to their knowledge, to improve the harmony of their inner life.

The third morning the first rays of the sun tinged the peak of Mount Etna with a rosy radiance against a cloudless sky, blue as it can only be in this most beautiful part of the world, only adequately depicted and sung by the greatest artists and poets of Hellas and Rome. The sea was blue too. Between Scylla and Charybdis, girdled with white villages, which were

calmly reflected in the mirror of the waters, the whole scene was so beautiful, nature was so radiant, that a consciousness of love and hope penetrated even through the gloom overhanging the minds of those poor emigrants. They all came on deck, sat down in circles with their psalters, and sang those fine old melodies which took them back again to memories of their homes and childhood.

At Gibraltar we bade good-bye to Europe. We stopped in the harbour for several hours, and I had time to go ashore and revisit this unique place. It is unique, indeed, this key of the Mediterranean, as it is called, one of the greatest strongholds of the world. And yet those invincible fortifications and huge guns, pyramids of bullets and other deadly weapons, are so artistically hidden by pleasure-grounds, mountain walks and flower gardens, that one would never guess their destructive object. And all the men one meets look so smart in their fresh khaki, scarlet tunics, or other brilliant uniforms, walking up and down on the Promenade, amidst their happy families, that it is difficult to realise that the object of their life is after all war or destruction; but let us hope that the ambition of Gibraltar is even a higher one—the prevention of war and the maintenance of peace.

Opposite is the African coast, which is turbulent enough to need constant watching to suppress undesirable outbreaks. We passed Tetuan and Tangiers within gunshot; the former is certainly one of the most beautiful Oriental cities I ever visited; with its whitewashed streets and white-burnoused population, it reminds one of one of the fairy cities of the "Arabian Nights," and it is untouched by any kind of alien influence up to the present, and during my stay several years ago the knowledge that I was the only foreigner within its closed gates greatly added to its charm. Tetuan, like Fez and Morocco city, seemed to be the last vestige of the civilisation of the Khalifa, and the last remains of the glory of the Abencerrages. With what different eyes one sees a country in which one has lived and worked, where one

knows the towns and the people, great and small—remembrances which may throw a light upon things that may make them become important and interesting, even if intrinsically insignificant.

The rest of the voyage was passed on the open sea. For over ten days we were tossed from side to side; the greater part of the time the weather was very bad indeed. We experienced two regular hurricanes, met icebergs, had gales and snowstorms. Poor emigrants! Is it not natural that people who have never been to sea before should lose heart and think they were going to be drowned? I don't want to give too gloomy a picture of the interior of an emigrant boat; but it is easy enough to imagine the hull of a ship full of thousands of human beings, where they are packed together day and night. Even with more civilised people, it would not be exactly desirable to crowd so many together, as far as pleasant companionship went. And yet I must speak most highly with regard to the management of the crew. The boat was called the *Pannonia*, one of the newest types of twin screw, and everything was fitted up in accordance with the latest improvements. A portion of the hull was set apart for the women and children. The meals were served on tables, and the food was plentiful, and the best medical help was at hand. But who could eat or benefit by medicine when suffering agonies of sea-sickness? And it was interesting to see that those who, when starting, had been most anxious to be assured that there was a good cook on board and an experienced doctor, and who had not thought that a chaplain could be of any use, did not care for food and, seeing that medicine could not help, all came to me and wished to join in the service, that they might pray for fine weather, and that God would bring them safe to shore. In these moments of despair, there was not a man, however old and hardened, who did not recognise plainly his nonentity and the vanity of all earthly things, and who did not recognise the Supreme Will, and put his hope in the hands of the Almighty.

It was a trying journey in every respect. It was hard, even for me who have long been accustomed to sea voyages, and shared in all the comforts of the large Transatlantic boats belonging to the Cunard line, and benefited by the kind attentions of the officers. They were all men of world-wide experience, who seemed to understand life and its sufferings, and were always ready to respond to my appeal for assistance for any of the steerage passengers. Long as was the voyage, I had no time to be bored, for with such a large number of "parishioners" my hands were quite full.

I wanted to enter as fully as possible into the psychological reasons for emigration having attained such colossal proportions in Hungary. The only means of doing this was to pass a great deal of time with the people and to hear the opinions of each one in turn, so as to get to the general sentiment. The summary of all the grievances and opinions that were related to me, always in very vivid language and sometimes not without a touch of humour, pointed to three principal causes. First, excessive taxation; secondly, inadequate local administration; thirdly, the heavy burden of a long compulsory service.

With regard to the taxation, the complaints were only too well founded. The burden of taxation weighs most heavily on the land, giving great advantages to all kinds of commercial enterprise, while the great capitalists and speculators go almost scot free. This antiquated system, which dates from olden times when land was the only asset, can still be borne by very large landowners; but as in Hungary nearly all the cultivators of the soil are peasant proprietors, a few consecutive bad years suffice to ruin them.

With regard to the local administration of the laws, the present method gives too much scope for a despotic exercise of power and corruption, and is sometimes made use of, as the people explained to me, for political and party purposes, and often for merely personal advantage.

With regard to the compulsory military service, the people

were more reconciled to this. They even sometimes regarded it as a good school for their children, and it only seemed to press hard on those who depended on grown-up sons for their support.

I listened with great interest, and was struck by the remarkably clear common sense and the keen judgment generally displayed, and had nothing to oppose to their arguments, except a hope that the future might have better things in store for my poor country.

At last we arrived at Sandy Hook on a chilly February morning. We got in for the tail end of a heavy blizzard, arriving two days late in consequence. A magnificent picture of desolation was presented to us, everything being grey and white, a silver mist hanging over the shore, white flakes whirling through the bitter air, and the sea foam frozen on the funnels of the boat. The whole ship being covered with snow, we must have looked like a phantom ship as we slowly entered the Hudson River.

Suddenly, as if by magic, the outlines of the gigantic city became visible: huge mansions apparently perched somewhere in the sky, bridges spanning the clouds, and the majestic head of the colossal statue of Liberty welcoming the newly-arrived pilgrims, seemed to burst through the veil of haze and mist. The 2,400 souls on board all gazed with amazement. They seemed to stare without the least comprehension of the picture before them. What can have been the sensations of these simple people? What can have been the first conceptions they formed? What can have been their impressions of their long-expected Promised Land?

Every arrival is fraught with a certain amount of mystery; every fresh place excites our imaginations. How much more is this the case when reaching a so-called New World?

But there was not much time for musing. The Customs House and Sanitary Officers came on board in the exercise of their duty, which they perform with true American brusqueness. The manner of proceeding in vogue in the States has

been so vividly described by native writers of marvellous observation that I will not venture to attempt a narrative of my own.

We cast anchor in those huge Docks which form such a characteristic part of the environs of New York. But what a different appearance they presented now from that which usually meets the eye of in-coming and out-going steamers! Arrivals and departures in America are full of colour and life. Seeing those huge Docks crammed with people where every new-comer is met by somebody, and every departure is accompanied by groups of relations and friends, where every hand holds souvenirs or flowers, where every pocket-handkerchief is waved and cheers mingle with the strains of patriotic songs, is a typical picture never to be forgotten. What a difference now! The quays were silent and deserted. Those huge barn-like buildings did not bid anybody welcome. No one was waiting for the forlorn flocks of humble workers, except steam launches which were in readiness to convey them to Ellis Island to undergo inspection.

The regulations regarding new arrivals have been too often discussed and explained, too, by the leading American newspapers, and their own prominent politicians have given every argument for and against them, for me to enter into the matter. It is only right for a nation to adopt adequate precautions to ensure the prevention of undesirable elements. Diseased and penniless beings, or those who are incapable of earning their own living, are justly excluded. Like all regulations, it is very difficult to make hard and fast rules without giving a great deal of personal responsibility to the officials. In fact, the spirit in which the instructions are carried out depends on the individual officers, and therefore varies very much. In a country which has developed so rapidly it is doubly difficult always to maintain an ideal standard.

My personal experience on this occasion was on the whole favourable, and we had no special cause for complaint. The *Pannonia* had on board only people who could not be in any

way undesirable, all being born in the country, inured to hard work, and healthy both in body and mind. They all wished to go to the mining or agricultural districts, for the Hungarians are essentially a rural people, not loving to live in towns ; and, after inspection, they all started for the new work in far-away States.

The departure was rather sad. We had got accustomed to one another, and I was fully rewarded for my labours by the real sympathy and confidence shown to me. Looking back on the long voyage, I could not recollect one single disagreeable or regrettable incident. Even those who had kept most to themselves or been to a certain extent indifferent at first, afterwards became communicative. And I could not but recognise the remarkable qualities that were often hidden by rough or uncultivated exteriors.

At leave-taking the simple folk expressed their feelings in a most touching way, sending a deputation of their leading men to thank me for my ministrations. In a few simple words they expressed their gratitude, and said that what they had appreciated most was that I had treated them more like friends than as inferiors, and that they were convinced that I had a sincere desire for their well-being and took a real interest and sympathy in their future lives.

One of the most absorbing problems for any one interested in the social conditions of the human race is how to prevent the working classes from being submerged in slums when an entire change of atmosphere and of the conditions of their lives takes place. They come from an existence of almost archaic simplicity and are drawn into the vortex of a great metropolis ; the dangers are great and temptation is at hand, perhaps even more so when the first necessities are already provided and there is money to spend on sensual pleasures, gambling and drink.

On arriving in a new place, all the old deterrent influences cease. We must not forget that in those old homes each man was a social being, with his own ties and hindrances, surrounded

by relatives and neighbours, in whose eyes even the poorest wishes to appear a respectable member of the community; and the barrenness of the daily life is lessened by the little interests and petty ambitions of a humble circle. On settling down under new conditions, lost in a surging sea of humanity, self-respect is easily lost and may disappear for ever.

The great danger for such people is the possible loss of belief. Should their religious sense vanish, they have no higher ideals left to take its place, and they fall under the dominion of their lower instincts. Even in cases where the material life is not corrupt and the sense of duty prevents the people from coming in conflict with the laws, it is not enough if they are wholly without higher impulses and incentive, such as love of the family, patriotism, and faith in God.

When in America the newly-arrived settlers are so often complained of, it is always those people who are lacking in these very higher feelings who are regarded as a source of danger to the national ambitions.

A fear is sometimes expressed that emigrants do not amalgamate quickly enough with the rest of the population. Public opinion often goes even further, and seems to believe that foreign countries try to fan national interests in the United States. I do not know whether this is so or not, but, speaking from experience, I should say it would be a futile task. As to the first objection, that adult emigrants do not amalgamate quickly enough, this is scarcely to be wondered at; for there must be difficulties for grown-up aliens in adapting themselves to the national characteristics, and especially in regard to the language: but the children born on American soil are as American as if their parents had arrived with the first pilgrims. They are Yankees through and through, with all the exuberance of American youth. They have the same restless activity and craving for work, and, looking into the future, they see that life offers them the same chances, and they hope to get as much advantage out of it as they can secure by their personal gifts.

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To the coming generation, the stories recounted by their parents of the simple life in the hamlets at home, on the wooded slopes of the Carpathian Mountains, or on the Steppes of the lowlands, with all its melancholy and its crumbling institutions, can scarcely offer a very alluring temptation to return.

A certain number of those who go out to seek for work return, after putting by a modest sum, not being able to take root in a new country ; but it is the exception, if it ever happens at all, for the second generation, born in America and educated there and imbued with ideas of equality and democracy, to wish to return and settle down in the home of their fathers.

During my stay in different parts of the United States I was astonished to note what a short time was required to transform the descendants of people who had emigrated from the different countries of Europe, whether from the frozen land of Scandinavia or from the sunny South, from Germany or Hungary, into a new race, which takes a little after all the others, yet at the same time is independent and apart, psychologically and physiologically, as striking in external appearance as in internal qualities.

The populating of America is one of the most interesting features of modern times. It is not less interesting to observe how the surplus of Europe was and is carried away towards these new countries. And it is not less instructive to notice how the wave of migration has flowed, beginning first in the British Isles, whence it spread to the North of Europe, especially Germany, and then extended to the East, having now reached the Austrian Empire, whence over 200,000 emigrate yearly. There seems to be a regular ebb and flow ; in view of the fact that from Germany ten or fifteen years ago there were over 100,000 emigrants yearly, the number now amounts to only one-fifth of that figure.

If one dared to make a forecast of the future, when the political and economical struggles in the Dual Empire will have been brought to some termination, one would expect that

the tide, at present highest in the Carpathian district, would follow its indicated course to the eastward, and would find its largest complement in the Balkan States.

The great and uninterrupted flow of population to the New World in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, both in respect of extent and of portent, can only be compared with the migration of mankind in the dawn of civilisation. Millions and millions have left their fatherland in Europe and have founded new homes on the other side of the globe. It cannot be helped if this migration is sometimes detrimental to the countries or to the individuals concerned. One cannot place impediments on the freedom of the human will. And who knows if it is not in obedience to a higher law, if we may not see the overruling hand of Providence directing the inhabitants of lands peopled only by savages and heathen, to be absorbed into civilised and Christian countries?

This conviction, which must have been felt in the first stages of colonisation, has lately been even more emphasised on public occasions by statesmen. President Roosevelt, in his speeches of high moral and ethical character, constantly lays stress on simple life and healthy social conditions, on a strict family bond and the development of the religious sentiment as being the most essential duties of the citizen to uphold, and the strongest guarantee for the welfare of the country.

But President or workman, neither he who holds the reins nor he who pulls, can fail to see that the greater and mightier a country grows, the more necessary it is that its internal life should improve in proportion with its external prosperity.

If the first ambition was to become rich, and the second to become mighty, the third should surely be to become better. Travelling as I did on an emigrant boat, I had special opportunities of understanding that class which forms the greater part of the population, and is still providing millions of new comers. It is evident that for those enormous masses, who often lack the primary necessities of life, the first need of existence is to secure a living. All higher aims must

come afterwards, and the development of these is the united work of the home, the school, and the church.

Those who have written on America, both foreigners and even more Americans, have been sometimes too hard, and have criticised too severely the roughness of the customs and unpolished manners of the States, they have omitted to take into account the primitiveness of the conditions from which many of the community have emerged.

If on the occasion of my first visit, five years ago, I had become acquainted with all that American civilisation and wealth can produce, in the splendour of social life at New York and the refinement of artistic and literary knowledge at Boston, it was not less interesting this time to observe the conditions of the humblest and the life of the labourers. After all, the latter are the nation; the former are only the exceptions. Occasions were not wanting when I could admire the life and the qualities of those who have not yet attained to prosperity, who may lack in polish but are not wanting in sterling attributes.

How apt one is to judge people falsely from their appearance without knowing the conditions of their lives, and one hears only too often adjectives applied which are certainly misplaced! How often is the expression "vulgar" used, when "crude" would be better employed, or "pushing" instead of "energetic"; and we don't seem to be aware that the fresh elements which have risen by their own efforts cannot understand and still less appreciate many of those conventions which are remnants of days gone by, and that indolence and sluggishness which still pretends to be high-bred or distinguished.

But I hope to dwell in future papers on all these features merely touched on here. I will now only say that what impressed me most was the capacity of work and production displayed alike by people and land—work in its essence—work as an abstract force—all in short that the word expresses—work displayed as much by the individual as by the community.

It is this open and unlimited field, this respect for work, which draws not only the active minds towards the shores of the New Country but the humblest from the Old World—work which dominates, which is admired as the motive force, work which can raise the lowest of beggars to the greatest height in the social scale—undefatigable work, which has made the United States the leading Power of the present day.

VAY DE VAYA AND LUSKOD.

THE ACTOR, ART, AND THE STAGE

IN treating of a subject so popular as the stage in connection with art it is as well, as a precautionary measure, to begin with an axiom. Briefly, then, art is creative. Out of nothing the artist gives form, shape, sense, colour, melody, to his imaginings. The results are based on his innate talent only, and they are independent of the tools he uses in the pursuit of his art. These do not lessen his originality. His dexterity with brush or chisel, his manipulation of pigments, his knowledge of counterpoint and harmony, or his physical effort with pen and ink, are only instrumental in giving to others the outward and visible sign of his creative ability. The artist is not *inspired* by his tools; in no sense are they the raw material—the pabulum—of his work. Though the seed be the germ of the tree, canvas and paint will not of themselves materialise into a landscape. The architect uses the bricklayer and the carpenter to erect his palace, but these—even though they be members of a plutocratic trade union—are not capable of designing the structure. The true artist, therefore, is self-controlling and self-sufficient; in other words, he creates. Does the actor create?

Before the actor is equipped to take his place in the scheme of things an author must provide him with the design for his work. His characterisation is defined; his mental attitude in regard to the other characters in the play and

the scheme of the plot are expressed in words. The inflexion of his language, his actions, his place in the dramatic picture, are all carefully indicated. Nothing but the details that can be taught at rehearsal is forgotten; little is left to chance; and to lessen the risk of the actor wrecking the conception of the author by the use of any initiative of his own he is carefully rehearsed in his part for several weeks either by the author or someone who is conversant with the author's views.

Let us assume that the play be successful. To whom is the credit? The actor? He has been schooled and drilled for a month or so in his fraction of the whole work to the imagining and designing of which the author gave, perhaps, a year. It may be contended that without the imitative faculty supplied by the actor such success could not be attained. No doubt that is true in the sense that the palace cannot be completed without the services of the bricklayer; but if we deem the actor an artist, obviously the bricklayer is an artist too—a view hardly admissible outside of Labour Member circles. But the parallel will not be allowed by the actor; he will maintain that the imitative faculty is an art, forgetting that he shares it with parrots, that it is largely developed in the undeveloped brains of children, and seen, in a superlative degree, in monkeys. None of these has any temperament to speak of, and art is only attained through temperament. One may be immensely diverted by the performances at the National Theatre as held in the monkey house of the Zoo, yet one does not associate that delightful institution with art or the Society of Dramatic Authors.

What is, then, left for the actor to portray which the author has not provided him with? Emotions? They are conveyed by the words of his part (otherwise, as a dramatic effort the play would not have succeeded) or explained in stage directions. Moreover, is it art to depict feelings conveyed by another mind? One may acutely move a beholder by the portrayal of emotions that are personal and genuine, but surely

it cannot attain to the dignity of art to move an audience by the exhibition of second-hand emotions which have been drilled into one by another person? Again, the charm of voice and presence or the grotesqueness of manner (highly paid for in the person of the low comedian) are extrinsic qualities that owe everything to nature and nothing to art. What, then, in the way of art can the actor presume the possession of? Does he claim a share in the efforts of the scenic artist or the work of the costumier and the limelight man? One can only wonder where or what he would be without them.

To summarise: the architect, in designing the theatre, creates; the author, in imagining the play, creates; the scenic artist, in giving form and colour to the setting, creates. Each of these is an artist. The actor is like the child with an outlined plan who is told to fill in its different sections with certain colours. He creates nothing. He is instructed to paint the trees green and the sky blue. If he follow his mother's directions she will regard his labours proudly; if, however, he paints the trees blue and the sky green she finds amusement in this perversion of nature, forgetting that he may grow up to follow the calling of the actor, and either spoil an author's conception of one of his characters or become a low comedian.

It is, of course, a matter of no consequence, except to the wounded vanity of the actor, whether he be an artist or not. He believes himself to be one because he has been told so by people who would not hesitate to include the fourth dimension in the same category, and because he sees his work criticised in those parts of the public journals reserved to matters of art. He regards that work as on a par with literature, music, and painting, ignoring the fact that the exponents of those arts only engage his services in an operative capacity, just as the architect engages the bricklayer. The public have accepted him on his own estimate, tempered by the unconscious reservation that, *au fond*, he is a jester. They tolerate him—allow him to take himself seriously—so long as he clowns.

That this is the status of the actor and his feminine equivalent in England will be admitted by people who take the trouble to analyse their feelings towards him. They will, for several reasons, be assailed by many doubts in the process. They will be biassed by the preposterous amount of advertisement—pictorial and literary—accorded to him in the Press. For, short of such papers as the *Lancet* and the *Churchman*, the reader can hardly hope to pick up a journal which does not devote an undue amount of its space to the stage. The illustrated weeklies invariably contain pictures of prominent actors and actresses in new parts and costumes. One of the most noticeable features of the daily Press is the dramatic column. Like the poor, it is always with us. In name and in nature it is gossipy, cut up into paragraphs of short length to attract the reader. Here is no criticism; all is fulsome praise. The doings, the comings and goings of stage people are chronicled with the care that is given to the movements of Royalty. We are told that Mr. Dash and Miss Blank (one hears very little of Mrs. Dash) were present at Claridge's on such and such an evening supping with Mr. Randstein—they always are supping with someone; there is no record of their ever doing any entertaining themselves!—of how the "fascinating" Mrs. Blue Hopkins (in abbreviated costume which hardly permits of details) sold programmes at five shillings each at Madame Déclassé's charity entertainment. When it happens that Mr. MacSycophant, the actor-manager, has successfully schemed for an invitation to the house of a careless peeress the event is chronicled as a serious society item.

The fact is, the Press has weakened its authority on matters dramatic by cheapening its favours. As Mr. J. T. Grein has put it, the Press has not only "made the actor, but exalted him above his station." It can hardly have escaped the reading public that the criticism of even the leading journals after a *première* is invariably directed against the author, seldom the players. If the plot be not to the critic's

liking he points out what he considers are its defects. But his stricture of the actor is limited to sympathy with him for the indifferent part he has been cast for, or, alternatively, because of its unsuitability to his particular "line of business." Among critics, nobody but the late Mr. Clement Scott had the courage to express an adverse opinion of the actor ; and for some inscrutable reason he continues to be exempt from censure.

Where the actress is concerned the kindness of the Press seems to be founded on *de mortuis* principles. Nothing too good, nothing too extravagant can be said of her. The mark is apt to be overstepped, as when we read :

It is currently reported that Miss Fluffy Montessor has been left a fortune of £30,000 by a late admirer. Miss Montessor, who is quite prostrated with grief by the news of her friend's death, proposes to charter Lord Freelist's steam yacht and go for a protracted cruise in the Mediterranean.

And yet a week later the same journal will state :

We are told that a benefit is being arranged for Miss Fluffy Montessor, whose long connection with the stage (&c.). Tickets should be applied for at once to the Hon. Mrs. Main-Chance, or they may be obtained direct from the fair *bénéficiaire* at Makehaste Mansions, Upper Tooting.

Wild horses would not drag the secret of the lady's private address from her under normal conditions, but a benefit makes her reckless.

As for the journals that exist by illustrating stage life, one can only regard them as a disease—a disease which is infectious in direct ratio to the square of their circulation. It attacks the young of both sexes and the very old among males, and the symptoms of the disease are expressed in the form of the theatrical postcard. These journals teem with the set smile of the popular actress and the slightly-draped presentiments of the chorus. We are a puritanical people who bar the nude in art ; wherefore we are made to suffer by the nearest commercial approach to it—in tights ! When she is not depicted in scanty attire the actress poses as the owner of an automobile. She may be a "Gibson girl" at three or four pounds a week, or

earning twenty as a "star"; yet here she is portrayed at the steering-wheel of a 40-h.p. Limousine of the value of a thousand guineas! She does this as a joint advertisement of herself and the maker of the car; and when the public who see it are told in confidence that her salary runs into three figures they believe it!

To tell the public that the decadence of the British drama is mainly due to their insane curiosity about the private life of the actor, and their craving to know the scandal of the *coulisses* would surprise them. Yet the fact is patent to the members of "the profession" themselves. Some of the more intelligent among them have long seen and deplored it. Certain managers do all they can to limit the public's knowledge of theatre craft, because they appreciate that the old saying "Familiarity breeds contempt" applies to the stage as to everything else. Among managers, however, a reservation must be made. Some, no doubt, foolishly encourage the curiosity of the public; others, with inflated ideas of their own importance, court ridicule by adopting a *noli me tangere* attitude towards the members of their company. Take, for example, the notice posted on the call-board of a certain London theatre to the effect that the manager requests the members of his company not to recognise him when they meet him in the street! Nobody, probably, has thought of explaining to this complacent person the phrase, "How we apples do swim!" As against this instance it is worthy of remark that there exists an American *impresario*, who in his contracts with actors and actresses, prohibits them walking in Broadway during the busy hours of the day. At first glance such a clause seems autocratic and unnecessary; but it was framed by a man who controls enormous theatrical interests, and we may therefore take it for granted that it is imposed in the best interests of the stage. For the majority of stage people live only to be noticed—their overweening vanity demands it; their improvidence stands in the way of any self-respect; and they would rather lose their livelihood than their publicity. Is it not on record that the mother

of a budding actor implored a certain dramatic critic to write about her son—to praise him if he could, but if not, still to write about him ?

The public, of course, never do obtain any true account of the private life of the actor, for the actor has no private life to reveal. Domesticity is a state of which he has no experience. All he knows of it is in connection with the term “domestic drama”—which might be domestic were it not perverted by theatrical conception.

The theatrical interview takes us no further into the private life of the interviewed. It is a delusion and a snare. It reminds one of the remark of the man who, when asked to write his autobiography, readily consented, because, as he said, it was so much more satisfactory to invent pleasant fictions about oneself than to leave it to a biographer to record unpleasant truths about one later on. Who, then, shall blame the actress for making the most of the occasion ? Her confidences are so disingenuous ; her occupations are always so artistic, her sensibilities all so tender. Her little daughter (if she possess one) is the “one consolation of her exacting professional life” ! Here we get domesticity of 80 h.p. on the brake. It renders the interviewer incoherent. “She adores the country (with a frank and winning smile), but (with a vivacious sparkle in her eye) she loves the Strand ! The dear old Strand, and theatre-land, where all her successes,” &c. The picture that accompanies the text shows her pouring out tea by the fireplace in her “dainty” drawing-room. The fireplace, curiously enough, is invariably the most prominent feature of the illustrated theatrical interview. It is always white, with curly embellishment, and its style is probably Græco-Roman—a variant of the Catch-as-catch-can. To describe it otherwise is difficult, and might be libellous. But heavens ! it is time for the actress to go to the theatre, where she is appearing “in the most delightful part it has ever been her good fortune to ‘create.’ To disappoint the public (and give a chance to her understudy) i not to be thought of !” There is a kiss from her finger-tips

(some sub-editing), and the interview is ended. It has quite escaped the interviewer, as it does the public, that there is an absence of reference to the lady's everyday doings, and not a word about a husband; but the public are very heedless. Besides, they have spent so much sympathy on Petrarch and Laura that they have none left for Laura's neglected spouse.

Can it be doubted that stage life destroys the perception by its votaries of any life than that unreal one in which they are engaged? Life to them is summed up in the one word Effect. Ever under a thousand eyes, everything they express or do must be premeditated. Pose is the essence of their would-be art, and the pose, once acquired, cannot be shaken off—it is second nature. Among his own people, in his lodgings, his untidy suburban villa, even in his pretentious West-end house, in his clubs, in the street, the actor remembers he has an audience. He cannot avoid it—he does not want to—he acts. Unlike the ordinary mortal, the actor is never alone; his own company would be fatal to him. At no time can he play to an “empty house,” and he avoids solitude as he would a pestilence. Even at the end, when he is about to “shuffle off this mortal coil,” he dies consoled by the thought that, however insignificant his life, however trifling his contribution to the sum of mundane things, he will at least get half a column of emotional panegyric in the *Stage*, treating of his virtues, his trials, and his triumphs.

Let us now consider why the actor, in spite of his deficiencies, bulks so largely in the public eye. We have already spoken of the brief which the Press hold for him; and when we remember that the Press, in its capacity of honorary counsel to the public, has to support the public cause, we are able to find a reason for its apparent interest in the actor. To the public, then, we must go for a comprehension of the obsession which the actor has for them. The desire for amusement no doubt in part accounts for it; for, since the taste of the masses is uncritical, they are tolerant of the form in which amusement is provided for them. It must not be forgotten that the

prosperity of the stage stands or falls by the taste of the majority; and the majority in this country are not exactly sound on the subject of taste. The grotesque appeals to them; simplicity they find insipid. They prefer some ghastly contrivance in wall-paper, such as a nightmare design in blue on a terra-cotta ground—which they are convinced is “art”—to plain symmetry. And so, to their untrained eye, the tawdry work of the English actor is all-sufficing.

The social prominence of the actor does not, however, depend on the acclamations of the crowd. The majority give him publicity and, through the Press, the “notices” so dear to him. But out of the theatre they do not want to share his life; they are too busy. It is the minority who are responsible for the intrusion of the actor *in impropria persona* among us. It is the idle, the vain, and the foolish of society who have inflicted the actor upon their intellectual betters in the hope of penetrating beyond the footlights, and so obtaining a close acquaintance with what is worst in theatrical life—the licence of the stage. This is what allures. The goal is the stage, the flesh, and Apollyon; and though the reward of success be but a little reflected notoriety it is accounted ample by those who earn it.

Nobody minds, nobody thinks downright ill of this stage traffic. Paterfamilias lets his girls discuss the association between Mr. Blank and Miss Dash, and collect pictorial post-cards of the Triviality chorus (which, under the title of “studies,” elude police suppression). The whole thing is excused as “Bohemianism”—a phase of life that never existed in this country, and never had anything to do with the theatre in any other.

A further phase of the mania for intimacy with “the profession” is seen in the proceedings of the theatrical syndicate. It confines its attention to musical plays and large choruses—the large female chorus is essential to its well-being. There is a lavish “production,” gorgeous costumes, but no stage-management worthy the name. There are too many

cooks behind the scenes, and the dramatic broth is meagre. But that does not trouble the syndicate. The subscribers to it crowd the "entrances" on the stage, and earn the right to call the chorus by their Christian names! Needless to say, the funds of these theatrical *souteneurs* vanish at an alarming pace, and when the doors of their theatre close they do so without a single regret from the paying public. So does the commercial side of genuine theatrical enterprise suffer.

We may blame the public, we may feel contempt for the peccant humour of the syndicate, we may shake an admonitory finger in the face of the Press that knows which side its bread is buttered, we may deplore national shortcomings in matters of taste—we may do all these things in order to account for deterioration in affairs theatrical; but to find a true explanation of it we must go to the root of the evil—the actor himself.

The classes from which he is drawn are mainly two. In order of precedence, that of the "old professional" comes first. It includes all those who from childhood have breathed the atmosphere of the stage—whose forebears were actors themselves. To be born into "the profession" implies among its members a sort of brevet rank not accorded to those who come into it from outside spheres. The professional born belongs to a race apart. The stage has been his cradle, his nursery, his school, his church, and his home. His mental horizon is bounded by it; he knows no other world. On the stage he has learnt the tricks of his trade by mere force of habit. He is a "mummer" to whom schools of acting have nothing to impart. He does not, indeed, trouble any school more than an interfering Government insists. He is already employed on the stage when others of his age are groping amidst the various clauses of intermittent Education Bills, and his education is so strictly "sectarian" that—did he inquire into it—it would make the average passive resister feel he had no *locus standi*. But of books, knowledge, or anything scholarly the "professional" has no acquaintance. His reading is confined to the more popular columns of the daily papers and to the study

of theatrical news in his two weekly trade journals. Beyond this he does not go, because he does not understand the need of intellectual attainment or the moral code that is followed by the average man. Laxity in everything has been his bane from childhood; and the narrow distinction between the sexes which must obtain in a calling where men and women play with the sexual emotions for so much a week necessarily dulls his sense of right and wrong.

Besides these, the stage absorbs the ne'er-do-well, the profligate, the unintelligent, and the vain among all classes. Among the hundreds recruited, the proportion of those belonging to the ranks of the well-born and the cultured is infinitesimal. If, to this small minority, we add the few among the old professional families who lead decent lives and give their children reasonable schooling, the leavening of superiority is still totally inadequate to appreciably raise the standard of life, the moral tone, or the mental qualities of the remainder.

This, then, is the class that is supposed to "hold the mirror up to Nature," to portray the varied phases of life and to deal with psychological problems that puzzle philosophers. These are the men and women to whom it is given to delineate the majesty and poetic fancy of Shakespeare's characters, and represent the exquisites of Sheridan. For the modern play we dress them up and label one, the Duke of This, the other, the Duchess of That. In appearance and manner the former, more often than not, [seems based on the well-drilled young man behind a Bond Street counter; the latter appears to have made a careful study of something between a smart barmaid and a fashionable heroine of a penny novelette. The result, of course, is gross caricature. If acting were an art, we should find that the actor could provide as reasonable a picture of the duke as he does of the dustman; but he fails in representing the former by reason of low mental capacity and a limited imagination, whereas his admirable conception of the latter is the result of mere hobby.

To cite another illustration of the limitations of the actor, let us take the realm of sport, which constantly figures in the work of the playwright. How seldom do we see any sporting character realised on the stage? How, indeed, can we expect to do so when there are probably not more than a dozen actors in England—the home of sport—who have any personal acquaintance with the outdoor pastimes of English gentlemen? A man who has never ridden or shot or yachted can hardly be expected to look or behave as though he had; and, as a natural consequence, when the actor on the stage has a gun put into his hands he holds it in a manner calculated to unnerve the stoutest-hearted shot in the audience. When one sees him in breeches and boots—full of anxiety lest he should trip himself up with his spurs—he reminds one of the man who went out on a horse and came home inside a cab. In nautical attire he convinces one that he would be unwell on a L.C.C. steamboat.

The incapacity of the English actor can only be a subject for regret, especially to those who have experience of the Continental stage. There, if we do not find art, we get something which compensates us for its absence. The average foreign actor has imagination—the first among the actor's gifts; he is spontaneous, easy, natural, realistic. Here, in place of those qualities, we are confronted with awkwardness of action, elocutionary deficiency, exaggeration, mannerism, and a self-consciousness that destroys every pleasant illusion of the stage.

“The drama would be tolerable were it not for the actors,” was the remark of a thoughtful person after witnessing a play. But this view was anticipated centuries ago by the Chinese, whose civilisation cannot be doubted when it is stated that all their open competitive examinations are barred only to those convicted of crime, and to *actors, executioners, and others who inflict punishment!*

ARMIGER BARCLAY.

GHOSTS OF PICCADILLY

OLD Q.

IF one wanted to fix, among the eminent figures of our history, on a presiding genius for Piccadilly, one might wish, in a soft and gracious mood, to choose the Duchess Georgiana. Or, if one wanted a world-wide name that left a deep mark on England and Europe, one might think of the Duke of Wellington. One might wish and one might think, but one would have to fix on Old Q. He is there by right of familiarity and inveterate tradition; Old Q.'s is altogether too strong a case, and in fact over some less lovely aspects of Piccadilly Old Q.'s is quite the proper spirit to preside. Devonshire House and Apsley House must give way to No. 138.¹ Half a century ago there were scores of Londoners living who remembered the figure of him as he sat on a balcony of the house close to Hyde Park Corner, a parasol in his hand if the sun was hot, intent in observation, since he could no longer act, up to the last moment of his life, a ruined monument of such open licence as London could never see again.

From the middle of the eighteenth century until ten years after its close, first as Lord March and Raglan, and after 1778, when he succeeded his cousin, husband of Prior's "Kitty,

¹ And 139. They were one house in his day, the famous outside stairs to the first floor and the lift for his senile convenience being at 138. It was at 139, then "13 Piccadilly Terrace," Lord Byron lived.

beautiful and young," as Duke of Queensberry he stood high, admired or offending, against the gaze of the world. It is only fair to state, however, that in the prime of life his conduct was not more scandalous than that of many contemporaries. Horace Walpole was afraid he had scandalised his neighbourhood by harbouring Lord March and "the Rena," the Italian singer who was his mistress at the time, but then Strawberry Hill was a quiet and decorous place. Lord Sandwich, the Duke of Grafton, the second Lord Bolingbroke, and many others, were quite as open in their unblest amours in London and at Newmarket. Old Q.'s excessive reputation came merely from his continuing these manners into a generation which saw no other exemplars of them. Nor was he a man of uniquely extravagant passions at all. Many men in all ages and countries have led and lead essentially the same life, only no man of any position in this country has led it openly since he died. Monster for monster, for example, we may find a worse in the Lord Hertford who was the Regent's friend, "Red Herrings," the original of Thackeray's Steyne, and Disraeli's Montfort, and who married Old Q.'s daughter, "Mie Mie." A bad man, an immoral man, this Old Q. no doubt was, but I do not think his memory calls for any especial effort of denunciation on my part. I much prefer the elegant deprecation of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall :

Unfortunately, his sources of information [he is speaking of the Duke's good judgment], the turf, the drawing-room, the theatre, the great world, were not the most pure, nor the best adapted to impress him with a favourable idea of his own species.

That is really the nice way of putting these things.

Not profligacy but racing made him famous as a young man. At this pursuit he was indefatigable, as the long series of his letters to George Selwyn constantly shows. He is always just come from Newmarket, or is at Newmarket, or going to Newmarket—with the Rena or the Zamperini to be sure, but still in a spirit of business. He was a gentleman jockey in his early days, riding his own horses in the matches

which were so prominent a part of the racing in these times. He seems to have been generally lucky, but not always. "My dear George, I have lost my match and am quite broke," begins a letter undated, but apparently from Newmarket. He gave up the turf when he succeeded—at fifty-three—to the Queensberry title and estates, but he was still associated with it in the public mind. Two years later, when there was a rumour that he was to marry Lady Henrietta Stanhope, there was a lampoon of him full of puns on his late avocation.

Say, Jockey Lord, adventurous Macaroni,
 So spruce, so old, so dapper, stiff, and starch,
 Why quit the amble of thy pacing pony:
 Why on a filly risk the name of March?

Ah! think, squire Groom, in spite of Pembroke's tits,
 An abler rider oft has lost his seat;
 Young should the jockey be who mounts such bits,
 Or he'll be run away with every heat.

And so forth—all very hard on a man of fifty-three, who was to live another thirty years.

Betting, of course, went on in this sporting set all day. They bet about most things, but their favourite subjects, as any one who has read the "Betting Book" at White's or Brooks's will remember, were marriage and death. One would bet that a number of his friends would all be married before him—"or dead" is cautiously inserted in one such bet—or that old So-and-so would survive another year, and so on. It was about a bet of this last dismal kind that Old Q., then Lord March, and a friend went to law. Lord March bet Mr. Pigot 500 guineas that Sir William Codrington would outlive Mr. Pigot's father. He did; but Mr. Pigot's father was actually dead when the bet was made, though of course neither wagerer knew it, and Mr. Pigot refused to pay, and Lord March sued him before Lord Mansfield in the Court of Queen's Bench. In our time of course no such action would

lie. The case was of great interest to the betting world, and Lord Ossory and other eminent sportsmen gave evidence. Mr. Pigot argued that his deceased father was in the position of a horse which had died before the day of a race ; the wager in that case would be invalid. But Lord Mansfield charged the jury otherwise, and poor Pigot lost five hundred guineas, costs, father and all.

Precisely when Old Q. settled in Piccadilly I have been unable to discover, but certainly by 1767, though perhaps not at 138. Neither precisely do I know when he enacted in the drawing-room there his famous reproduction of the scene on Mount Ida, with three of the most beautiful women in London to represent the goddesses (in the same dress, so to speak) and himself as Paris to give the apple. As Wraxall remarks, it was a scene would have been appropriate to the days of Charles the Second, though when he marvels at it in the "correct days of George the Third" we marvel also at the epithet.

He seems never to have been really keen about politics, though the details of appointments are frequent in the news parts of his letters. He was a Lord of the Bedchamber for twenty-eight years, but lost that post in 1788, in consequence of a rare error in judgment. George the Third was insane, and Old Q., after careful enquiries among the doctors—with the caution of an old sportsman—thought it safe to bet on his not recovering. So he had conferences with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York in Piccadilly, regaling them, we are told, with "plentiful draughts of champagne," and finally went over to the side of the Prince and Fox. But George the Third did recover, and the Duke was dismissed.

That seems to have been his one personal move in politics, but political interest brought him under the satire of Robert Burns, who seems to have had a virtuous horror for the Duke's libertine character. Old Q. went down to canvass for the Dumfries Boroughs ; and Burns, who was on the other side, let him have it.

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears,
 Wha left the all-important cares
 Of Princes and their darlins.

—on “Drumlanrig” the editor of my Burns has “the fourth Duke of Queensberry, of infamous memory,” which is harsh. Burns’s memory is of course immaculate. And again—

The laddies by the banks o' Nith
 Wad trust his grace wi' a', Jamie;
 But he'll sair them as he sair'd the King,
 Turn tail and rin' awa', Jamie.

The day he stood his country's friend,
 Or gaed her faes a claw, Jamie,
 Or frae puir man a blessin' wan,
 That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie.

Wordsworth, by the way, denounced the “degenerate Douglas” for felling the trees at Drumlanrig.

And now for his character, for no man's character is really summed up in calling him a profligate, or saying that his memory is infamous.

It was agreed among his friends that from early days this voluptuary was remarkable for strong common-sense. The letters are full of it—a sort of rough sagacity and a cynicism that was not of the affected type, a usual green sickness of youth, but the clear-eyed recognition of certain unfortunate facts in the humanity surrounding him. So when George Selwyn, who was rather given to much words about misfortune, wrote to tell him of losing a thousand pounds, he replied—and I quote a little fully because here certainly the style is the man—

When I came home last night I found your letter on my table. So you have lost a thousand pounds, which you have done twenty times in your lifetime, and won it again as often; and why should not the same thing happen again? I make no doubt that it will. I am sorry, however, that you have lost your money; it is unpleasant. In the meantime, what the devil signify the *le fable de Paris* or the nonsense of White's? You may be sure they will be glad you have lost your money; not because they dislike you, but because they like to laugh.

And here is a glimpse of the punishment which comes to every clear-headed sensualist, that sentiment falls away from his emotions. He writes to George of the Zamperini :

You see what a situation I am in with my little *Buffa*. She is the prettiest creature that ever was seen ; in short, I like her vastly, and she likes me, because I give her money. I wish I had never met with her [because she broke his heart, or anything of that kind? Well, no] because I should then have been at Paris with you, where I am sure I should have been much happier than I have been here.

To be sure, my Lord March was over forty by then—a fact, by the way, which made Sir George Trevelyan, in his “*Life of Fox*,” very rightly angry for these franknesses.

But the Duke of Queensberry was something more than merely shrewd and cynical. He carried a sense of logic to an extreme point, and applying it to an unusual sphere of human activity gained thereby a reputation of eccentricity which was not properly his. There is a logic of the passions, I know, which even commonly is sterner than the logic of the intellect ; but this last, which is usually at war with the passions, Old Q. made their active and vigilant servant. He made up his mind that certain pleasures were, for him, the highest good in life ; and to have them in abundance, and for the longest possible time, he used every means at his disposal, wealth, a great position and all his faculties. All this calmly, relentlessly, even with a certain Scotch canniness, and with an indifference to the world's opinion so complete that even in an eighteenth-century duke it should gain him some credit for courage. I do not know of any voluptuary in history quite of this distinction in his profession. One or two in the early Roman Empire come to mind, but in them one finds a sort of headstrong savagery, a vulgarity of magnificence, which you may parallel in some of our own millionaires, but not in the Duke of Queensberry. He, at least, was a man of taste, and, if you can waive the moral point, a gentleman. At the very last, worn out and diseased, we find him writing an apology to a

friend for a passing touch of irritation. An evil type of aristocracy, it may be, but at least an authentic aristocrat.

Few men indeed, even sensualists, go through life without some softness of feeling, and this one had one real affection—for his friend George Selwyn. In letters so curt and businesslike and intolerant of affectation as his, a touch of feeling carries its truth with it. In the letter about the thousand pounds from which I have quoted, after saying that he would put it right at the bank, and “there will be no bankruptcy without we are both ruined at the same time,”—this, remember, was long before Lord March came into his kingdom, in days when he himself could be “quite broke”—he goes on :

How can you think, my dear George, and I hope you do not think, that anybody, or anything, can make a tracasserie between you and me? I take it ill that you can even talk of it, which you do in the letter I had by Ligonier. I must be the poorest creature upon earth—after having known you so long, and always as the best and sincerest friend that any one ever had—if any one alive can make any impression upon me where you are concerned. I told you, in a letter I wrote some time ago, that I depended more upon the continuance of our friendship than anything else in the world, which I certainly do, because I have so many reasons to know you, and I am sure I know myself.

He could make this last statement with more truth than most of us.

But sensualists harden, and the Rev. Dr. Warner round him, many years later, most unfeeling on the subject of *Mie Mie*. The reader, I do not doubt, knows all about *Mie Mie*, but perhaps he will forgive me if in the interest of scientific thoroughness I tell him an oft-told tale. *Mie Mie* was the daughter of the Marchesa Fagniani, and George Selwyn, who loved all children, conceived for her a devotion which touched and amused and slightly bored his friends. Gossips of that day and a later have said it was doubtful whether he himself or the Duke of Queensberry was her real father. I think, however, that nobody who knows the world and reads the Selwyn correspondence can doubt that George could not have believed he was her father, and that, whoever it was in fact—and let us

hope it was the Marquis Fagniani after all—he, and the Duke too, believed it was his friend. Letters from Warner to Selwyn assume the parentage of Old Q. Well, Selwyn wanted the child to be given up to him, to educate her, and Madame Fagniani refused, and half accepted, and refused again, and led poor George a cruel dance over Europe in his pathetic and slightly ridiculous quest. In all this Old Q.—who certainly professed no parental interest in the child—was sympathetic, though his common-sense could not but be in arms, and he pointed out that the more eager George showed himself, the more Madame Fagniani, a capricious woman who thought herself a neglected beauty, would torment him: also that he, the Duke, was the last person who profitably could interfere.

However, when George at last succeeded and the child was given up to him, the Duke began a little to pooh-pooh his friend's excessive tenderness and the fuss that was made over Mie Mie. Dr. Warner used to call on him in Piccadilly with accounts of her progress, and was indignant at his want of tenderness. Warner, by the way, was a good man strangely maligned by Thackeray, who said he was a parasite and licked Old Q.'s boots, whereas he said plainly he disliked Old Q., and only frequented him to oblige Selwyn, for whom it is quite clear he had a sincere regard. Warner's letters are by far the wittiest in the whole collection.

“Well, and how does Mie Mie go on?” asked the Duke, and Warner expatiated on her talents, “in the fond hope to please him,” and said she was learning everything. “Pshaw! she will be praised for what the child of a poor person would be punished. Such sort of education is all nonsense,” and so on. In this I detect an unwillingness on the Duke's part to let the Rev. Dr. Warner assume too much. Another time George had written from the country to Warner about “the little flannel petticoat” Mie Mie was wearing, and Warner read the letter to Old Q., “with which he ought to have been pleased, but which he treated with a pish or a damn.”

Dr. Warner was severe on him for this levity.

I have many acquaintances [says he] in an humbler sphere of life, with as much information, with as strong sense, and, as far as appears to *me*, with abundantly more amiable qualities of the heart, than his Grace of Queensberry.

Well, I am fond of children and am not a wicked duke, but I confess that if my morning avocations were interrupted by clergymen reading letters about little flannel petticoats, even my own daughter's, I might pish too. Selwyn and Warner expected too much of a voluptuary.

Old Q., however, left Mie Mie a fortune. And that brings me betimes, since I grow garrulous, to the end.

George Selwyn and all his old friends were long dead. He was blind of an eye and deaf of an ear, toothless and infirm. For his estates in Scotland he had never cared; Amesbury in Wiltshire, a place of most beautiful surroundings, he had ceased to visit; even his villa at Richmond, where he had grown tired of the Thames with its "flow, flow, flow," he had given up; Piccadilly was his home, and there he sat in the sun under his parasol. But this old man, much over eighty, was still keen to see life, still ready to talk if he could not hear.

Never did any man [says Wraxall, who saw him much in these days] retain more animation, or manifest a sounder judgment. Even his figure, though emaciated, still remained elegant; his manners were noble and polished; his conversation gay, always entertaining, generally original, rarely instructive, frequently libertine, indicating a strong, sagacious, masculine intellect, with a thorough knowledge of man.

And the statesman Wyndham notes in his diary, two years before Old Q.'s death, how he "went in to the Duke of Queensberry, whom I saw at his window; full of life but very difficult to communicate with, and greatly declined in bodily powers."

There he sat on his balcony, and the world saw him as it went by and moralised over him. Leigh Hunt, for example, often saw him there, "and wondered at the longevity of his dissipation and the prosperity of his worthlessness." Many tales of him went about. They said he took baths of milk,

and quite a prejudice against drinking milk arose in the neighbourhood. It seems to be true that he kept a groom, Jack Radford, ready mounted to follow ladies whose appearance interested him as he looked down on Piccadilly.

There he sat, with his neat peruke, and his strong-featured, lively, sharp old face. It seemed as though he would sit there for ever; but at last, in 1810, at the age of eighty-six, he died, and was buried under the altar in St. James's Church, Piccadilly, and his will, with its various bequests to favourites, caused much more sensation than that of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. "The Star of Piccadilly," as a rhyme of the day called him was set.

G. S. STREET.

“POPE’S TOWER”

THE afternoon sun was glinting pleasantly into a small room at the top of a tower. It was a square room with windows looking to the four points of the compass, not altogether unlike a lighthouse, one might say, after climbing the dark and narrow staircase leading to the apartment, but this illusion vanishes when we enter the peaceful wainscotted room. Latticed windows do not admit too much light, although a coign of vantage like this tower gives an outlook over the sleepy midlands wide as the ocean, but the only water we can see is the River Thames or the Windrush stealing through the meadows.

The day was still at its brightest, but it was the hour when labour calls for repose. A hard day’s work had been done in that room, and the occupant threw himself back wearily in his chair, with a sigh of relief, as the pen fell from his hand. The work was not that of days, but of years, and the little wainscotted room with the latticed windows had been peopled with the busy images of a poet’s brain, for this was a poet’s study, and the fragile figure in the chair was Alexander Pope. That the conclusion of the work gave him peculiar satisfaction we may gather from the inscription still carefully preserved on the pane of glass on which he wrote it :

In the Year 1718
Alexander Pope
finished here
the fifth volume of Homer.

The usual idea of Pope is that of a man of the world and society, the friend of statesmen, and the chosen companion of the wits and *literati* of his age. How he came to be exiled to this lonely eyrie is one of the interesting, but less well-known, episodes in his busy life. His sojourn there resulted from his friendship with Lord Harcourt, the Tory Chancellor of Queen Anne, who was amongst those who urged him to undertake the translation of Homer's "Iliad." Lord Harcourt was not only anxious that Pope should undertake the work, but was mainly instrumental in aiding its successful completion by placing his old deserted manor-house of Stanton Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, at the poet's disposal. Here the seclusion necessary for the task was to be found, and the old tower and some other portions of the house still stand in perfect preservation, as in the days when he inhabited it, and the study is known in the neighbourhood to this day as "Pope's Tower."

The idea of this translation was first originated by Sir W. Trumbell, and we are told that the proposal of Pope's doing it was so popular that Whigs and Tories were alike equally zealous in promoting the scheme. One staunch Protestant, alone, obtained for the little Papist as many as thirty-eight subscribers! The plan was conceived on a liberal scale—the translation to be published in six volumes, its price, five guineas each volume, to be carried out by subscription. It was a grand thing for Pope in every way, though he had misgivings about undertaking it, and many of his friends, like Lord Oxford for instance, considered a mere translation a waste of time for a man of Pope's original genius. How the poet added lustre to his own name, while perpetuating the fame of Homer, is well known, and bears out the now generally accepted theory that a translation is the more valuable in proportion as it conveys the spirit rather than the letter of the original.

It is hardly possible for any writer to escape altogether the influences of his generation. The quicker his sensibilities, the more vivid will be his impressions of all around, and the more easily will they affect his writings. If his surroundings are

frivolous, artificial, and scandal-loving, he will with difficulty escape the taint, but where the smaller minds succumb entirely to these disastrous influences, the character of the real man of genius generally throws off the shackles of mere environment when he intends to leave behind him a work of lasting repute. So with Pope when in the great world of London he talked its jargon, listened to its stories, and employed his pen to perpetuate many of its follies, but no one knew better than he the necessity of abstraction when he had a really big piece of work on hand. And hence his frequent visits to his patron’s empty house at Stanton Harcourt. During one of his visits there, he writes :

I was necessitated to come to continue my translation of Homer, for at my own house I have no peace from visitants and appointments of continual parties of pleasure—things very unseasonable to a man who has such a cruel unproportionable task on his mind. There will be no stirring me from the country hereabouts till I have done this whole volume (the fifth); for here, except this day that I spend at Oxford, I am quite in a desert incognito from my very neighbours, by the help of a noble lord, who has consigned a lone house to me for this very purpose.

I could not lie at his own for the very reason I do not go to Grinstead, because I love his company too well to mind anything else when it is in my way to enjoy it.

When thus alone he became thoroughly absorbed in his subject, and in his own delightful humorous way he describes his methods :

What can you expect [he writes] from a man who has not talked these five days? When people talk of going to church I think of sacrifices and libations; when I see the parson I address him as Chryses priest of Apollo, and instead of the Lord’s Prayer, I begin, “ God of the silver bow,” &c. While you in the world are concerned about the Protestant succession, I consider only how Menelaus may recover Helen, and the Trojan war be put to a speedy conclusion.¹

How happily and naturally this letter brings the writer before us; we seem to realise at once the scholar and man of

¹ Letter from Pope to Caryll, Courthope’s “ Life of Pope,” August 11, 1718.

letters happy in his work, and jesting over it while thoroughly appreciating its difficulties.

The lonely room seems to us, as to him, peopled with the heroic figures of the past, gods and goddesses mingling in the strife of mortals, and its walls resounding to the din and clang of Homeric warfare. What a change from the peaceful, home-like surroundings of Stanton Harcourt to such scenes as those suggested by the following lines :

Lost in a dizzy mist the warrior lies,
 A sudden cloud came o'er his eyes ;
 Here the brave chief who mighty numbers sway'd,
 Oppressed, had sunk to death's eternal shade ;
 But heavenly Venus, mindful of the love
 She bore Anchises in the Idæan Grove,
 His danger views with anguish and despair,
 And guards her offspring with a mother's care.
 About her much-loved son her arms she throws,
 Her arms whose whiteness match the fallen snows.
 Screened from the foe behind her shining veil,
 The swords wave harmless and the javelins fail ;
 Safe through the rushing horse and feathered flight
 Of sounding shafts she bears him from the fight.¹

What strange phantasmagoria to be conjured up at the will of one man, whose frail shrinking form droops now over his work, and whose sole weapon is his pen ! The quiet room becomes suddenly empty, as the poet puts aside his writing, and, after searching for his stick to aid him, slowly descends the steep stair leading from his study.

Above the study there is a flat roof. From its battlements Oxford can be seen, its towers and spires gleaming through the summer mists—a pleasant spot to linger in in the cool of the evening when the soft wind blows up from the river freshening the sultry atmosphere. Underneath the study are two small rooms, one of them no doubt Pope's bedchamber, and on the ground floor is what was once the domestic chapel, in perfect preservation, dating from the fifteenth century, with the arms

¹ Pope's "Iliad," book iv.

of its founder and his wife emblazoned on shields near the roof. Pope’s whimsical description of this ancient residence, which has belonged to his patron’s family for six hundred years, is to be found in a letter from him to the Duke of Buckingham, but though admirable from a literary point of view, we cannot commend its accuracy. The description of the kitchen, the oldest part of the building, is perhaps its most recognisable portion. He says :¹

The kitchen is built in the form of the Rotunda, being one vast vault to the top of the house ; where one aperture serves to let out the smoke and let in the light. By the blackness of the walls, the circular fires, vast calderons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch.

This old kitchen is of marked archæological interest, being the only building of the same description in England, excepting the one at Glastonbury. Nathaniel Hawthorne, in “ Our Old Home,” calls it “ A kitchen within a chimney,” in allusion to the manner of the smoke escaping under the roof instead of in the usual way. The walls are three feet thick, and the whole building is in perfect preservation, as fit to stand a siege to-day as in the reign of Stephen when it was built. With the adjoining buildings it formed part of an irregularly shaped structure built round three sides of a court and occupying a considerable portion of ground, the Tower which Pope inhabited being, as far as we can judge, the most recently constructed portion of the house.

The rest of the mansion had been allowed to fall into disrepair, and when the Lord Chancellor came into possession he preferred to dismantle it completely, living himself at Cokethorpe. Later Nuneham, which he acquired, became the principal seat of the family.

The remains of the old mansion lie surrounded by big elm trees whose sheltering arms protect it alike from summer heats and the blasts of winter. Hidden away behind their

¹ “ Pope’s Letters,” edited by Elwin and Courthope.

shade the fish ponds, full of ancient carp, still survive, the largest one reflecting in its depth as in a mirror the beautiful parish church with Pope's Tower and the old kitchen. A delightful old-world picture, and to be treasured in proportion to its rarity in these days when the hand of the destroyer has passed over so many of our venerable buildings! Here the shady walks lead through portions of the grounds described in old plans as the shrubs, the fish stews, the drying green, the hop garden, &c., forming altogether as quiet and sequestered a spot for study as the heart of poet could desire. And then how pleasant to stroll out into the cheerful village of Stanton Harcourt astir with the busy life of the fields, the villagers hay-making or harvesting with their noisy waggons passing continually, a relief after, as Pope says, "talking with no one but the dead." He has left us a proof of his acquaintance and sympathy with the lives of his humble neighbours in the lines he wrote on the tragic fate of two young villagers whose deaths occurred under the following circumstances while he was at Stanton Harcourt.

One sultry July afternoon the sound of voices broke the silence of the poet's study, and footsteps were heard on the stone stairs leading to his rooms. Slowly they came on, for the stair is very steep and narrow, winding the whole length of the tower. The two toiling up those steps were no infrequent visitors, and Pope knew the voices well as he flung open the tiny door to admit them. His kindly patron, Lord Harcourt, had come over from Cokethorpe, as was his habit, to see the poet and bringing with him "Mr." Gay. The greetings were, however, not as cheerful as usual, for Lord Harcourt brought the news to Pope of the terrible death by lightning of two of his work-people, John Hewet and Sarah Drewe, while engaged in the harvest-field at Southleigh, near Stanton Harcourt. The fate of these two, a young lad and lass, had a pathetic interest from the fact that they were shortly to be married. Lord Harcourt had a mural slab placed on the outside wall of Stanton Harcourt Church, with the following inscription:

Near this place lie the bodies of John Hewet and Sarah Drew. An industrious young man and virtuous maiden of this parish. Who being at harvest work (with several others) were in one instant killed by lightning the last day of July 1718.

Lord Harcourt considered that the catastrophe ought to be further immortalised, and requested Pope and Gay to write an epitaph. Their composition, however, did not please him; he thought it beyond the comprehension of the village community. “Well, then,” said Pope, “I will make one with something of Scripture in it, and with as little of poetry as Sternhold or Hopkins.”¹ He then composed the following quaint epitaph, which is inscribed upon the monument already mentioned :

Think not by vig’rous judgment seized
A pair so faithful could expire,
Victims so pure, heav’n saw well pleased,
And snatch’d them in celestial fire.
Live well, and fear no sudden fate
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike ’tis justice soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmov’d can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

Gay² gives in a letter the following picturesque account of the death of the lovers :

They have passed through the various labours of the year together with the greatest satisfaction; if she milk’d, ’twas his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand. It was but last fair that he bought her a present of green silk for her straw hat, and the posy on her silver ring was of his choosing. . . . Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of their wedding clothes, and John was suiting several sorts of poppies and field flowers to her complexion to choose her a hat for the wedding day. While they were thus busied (it was on the last of July, between two and three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black and such a storm of lightning and thunder ensued that all the labourers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a

¹ Lord Campbell’s “Lives of the Lord Chancellors.”

² *Ibid.*

swoon on a heap of barley. John, who never separated from her, sat down by her side, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had split asunder. Everyone was now solicitous for the safety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field. No answer being returned, to those who called to our lovers, they stepped to the place where they lay. They perceived the barley all in a smoke; and then spied the faithful pair, John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and stiffened in this tender posture. Sarah's left eyebrow was singed, and there appeared a black spot on her breast; her lover was all over black, but not the least sign of life was found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions they were conveyed back to the town, and the next day were interred in Stanton Harcourt churchyard.

And thus the tragedy of these village lovers came to be interwoven with the great historical and literary names of Queen Anne's reign, for Lord Campbell goes on to tell us how Lord Chancellor Harcourt, with Pope and Gay, were all present when John Hewet and his pretty sweetheart were laid to rest in Stanton Harcourt Churchyard.

Lord Harcourt had soon, alas! to employ Pope's pen on a subject still nearer his heart, when shortly afterwards he lost his only son, also a friend of Pope, and a young man of rare promise. The sorrowing father turned to Pope for help in the composition of the memorial lines, his own feelings being too keenly stirred to allow him to write on the matter. His criticisms, however, were excellent, and the touching lines suggested by him and written by Pope appear on his son's monument in the burying-place of the Harcourt family in Stanton Harcourt Church:

To this sad Shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near.
Here lies the Friend most loved, the Son most dear,
Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Nor gave his Father grief but when he died.
How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak,
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak;
Oh, let thy once loved friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a Father's sorrows mix his own.

Pope’s friendship with Lord Harcourt and his family is characterised by many pleasant incidents, and appears to have been unmarred by any of the stings and stabs he dealt out to others of his contemporaries.

Referring to the portrait of himself now at Nuneham, Pope wrote to Lord Harcourt : ¹

August 22nd, 1723.

MY LORD,—It is a satisfaction to tell your Lordship that I shall not be in any way disappointed of the honour you intend me of filling a place in your library with my picture. I came to town yesterday and got admission to Sir Godfrey Kneller, who assured me the original was done for your Lordship, and that you and no man but you should have it. I saw the picture there afterwards, and was told then by his Man that you had sent and put a seal upon it, so I am certain that affair is settled.

Give me leave, my Lord, with great sincerity, to thank you for so Obliging a thought, as thus to make me a Sharer in the Memory as well as I was in the love of a person who was justly the dearest object to you in the world,² and thus to be authorised by you to be called his friend after both of us shall be dust. I am ever with all good wishes to your Lordship and your family (in which, too, I must do my Mother the justice to join her), My Lord, Your most Obliged and Most faithful servant.

In this, as in all the correspondence with Lord Harcourt, we see the really friendly terms that subsisted between Pope and his patron, and the extreme kindness which characterised all the latter’s relations with the sensitive man of genius who was so frequent an inmate of his house. And there in his study in the solitary chamber in the Tower we will take our leave of Pope. Nearly two centuries have passed since he lived and wrote there, yet his memory haunts the spot with a persistent charm that speaks to all who value the best traditions of literature and love to trace its influence on a generation, remote and apart from our own, yet brought near to us by the attractive force of intellect and culture in one of its most distinguished sons.

MARY BLACKWOOD PORTER.

¹ “Pope’s Letters,” edited by Elwin and Courthope.

² Lord Harcourt’s son.

THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE

CHAPTER XVII

THE TELEGRAM

THERE are moments, perhaps, in most lives (but such periods are not to be measured by the clock) of vague but perfect happiness; enjoyed almost unconsciously at the time, yet looked back upon afterwards with wonder and envy.

Jeanne did not pause to ask herself why the days at Challonsleigh were so much happier than any other days her life had ever known; nor why the spring season, always a time of rejoicing, should this year be so riotously glad as to fill her heart with actual ecstasy as she walked in the sunshine, beneath a cloudless April sky, and gathered the scented white violets and the yellow daffodils growing by thousands in the fields.

She tried her hand at golf, under the Duke's tuition; and being blessed with the luck that usually attends beginners, believed that she could play the game very fairly; she was driven to the meet in the Duke's dogcart, and with great wonder and admiration beheld the Duchess on her colossal steed, looking as trim as it was possible for a lady weighing fourteen stone to look, in her close-fitting habit; she sat with

the Duke in the new tennis-court, and watched vigorous encounters between Dermot and Brian, evenly matched in the royal game, equally tall, active, and muscular; and she wondered that Cousin Denis could be so keenly and breathlessly interested as a mere looker-on.

She marvelled at the luxury of the stables, the number of the horses, the extensiveness of the kennels, and the perfection of the model farms on the estate, which appealed strongly to her own orderly instincts and practical experience.

The Duchess was fond of an out-door life. When she was at home in the country she discarded her fine clothes, her curled white front, and her long-handled glasses; and tramped about the grounds in all weathers, wearing a short tweed skirt, a billy-cock perched on her own grey hair, and a pair of spectacles which enabled her to see where she was going.

She carried always a stout walking-stick, and was generally followed by half-a-dozen dogs besides her favourite boarhound. She visited cottages, inspected the home farm, and examined the timber with untiring interest and energy.

But it was new to her to find a female companion who was as tireless as herself and a great deal more active, and who had an even more practical knowledge of the subjects connected with stock, cider-making, and dairy-work.

She found fault (in her usual candid manner) with Jeanne's too elegant walking attire, and presented one of her own tweed skirts to her visitor (to Dunham's horror), which Jeanne gratefully accepted, as she did all the advice bestowed upon her by the Duchess, who was highly delighted by such docility.

Her fear of the Duchess vanished during the expeditions she made with her; tramping up steep, red, muddy roads, through coppices carpeted with primroses, down narrow stony lanes, and over springy mossy turf—they became very nearly intimate.

The Duchess, to be sure, monopolised the chief part of the conversation; but the country was hilly, and the great lady was stout; going uphill Jeanne had it all her own way.

Thus her Grace learnt the history of the French pedigree (which bored her excessively), and, incidentally, the generous intentions of Louis, which she took breath to assure Jeanne (panting) were exactly what every one in the world would expect of him, and which could not consequently be thwarted; and this latter information interested her so much that she redoubled her kindness to her visitor, and pressed her to prolong her stay.

Habit doubtless inures human beings to all kinds of changes; but more swiftly to surroundings of luxury than of hardship. Jeanne soon learnt to go in to dinner without trembling; and to order her own breakfast quite fearlessly every morning from the *menu* handed to her as she entered the great dining-room, where every guest who breakfasted downstairs had his or her separate service, and special dish to order.

She retracted her hasty judgment of the bad management of large establishments, as she gained experience in the excellence of the *cuisine*, and the perfect attention of the noiseless and well-trained servants.

Her simplicity saved her from the mortifications and difficulties that might have beset a lonely lady with a little more knowledge of the world, who found herself suddenly included in a large and fashionable party assembled for Easter in a country house.

But allusions that such a one might be striving to follow and understand, passed over her head with perfect innocuousness; and here ignorance was bliss indeed. It did not concern her for a moment that she could not join in the conversation when it turned on racing, as it often did, or on bridge, or on motoring, or the latest doings of the best-known people in the land.

She knew as much about politics as about polo, and was perfectly contented to sit in her corner and listen whilst others talked; or to withdraw her mind altogether from her surroundings, and dream of Louis.

Her modesty attracted the men of the party, and mollified

the women; had the Duke and his mother monopolised her less, she might have made many friends.

As it was, she saw the departure of most of the Easter guests without any particular feelings of regret, and rather rejoiced at the diminished numbers of the party, which led to a certain increase of intimacy among those who remained.

Lord Dermot had turned his attentions (always inclined to be exclusive) to the young lady who had intended if she could to marry the Duke; and as she prudently reflected that, after all, the younger brother would be the richer man of the two, she met his advances, as it seemed to the onlookers, rather more than half way; which resulted in a flirtation so very ardent and conspicuous that the Duchess hailed the return of her second son to his duties at Windsor with great relief.

Their devotion was so exaggerated that it excited open smiles, and Jeanne, overhearing fragments of a conversation between two ladies who were intimate with one another, could not be ignorant of the subject to which they alluded.

“Will it come to anything, do you think?”

“Good heavens, no. He never stays in the same house a week without *almost* becoming engaged,”

“He only just fled in time, then, I never saw any one so determined as she.”

“She has met her match,” said the first lady, shaking her head. “He will disappear to shoot lions or something, worst comes to the worst.”

“They generally go to the Rocky Mountains in cases of extremity,” said the other.

Jeanne listened with indignation; but it was being gradually borne in upon her simple mind that size, strength, and comeliness of person, are not the only desirable qualities in mankind; and that the Duke suffered less than she could have supposed possible, by comparison with his brothers.

Lord Dermot, loud and cheerful, ruddy and healthful, was obviously, to the merest looker-on, careless of everything in the world but his own pleasure; lustily ready to hunt, to shoot,

or to make love, with equal zest ; and, young as he was, already dependant on constant fillips of whisky.

Lord Brian, with an equally fine physique, and the same Saxon fairness, was at once heavier of build and duller of intellect than his elder ; and appeared to exist for the sole purpose of getting from one place to another as quickly as he possibly could ; for he dreamt, thought, and spoke of nothing but motoring.

“ But at least they are brave,” thought Jeanne, wistfully ; “ for they both went to South Africa to fight for their country ; ” but she could not help feeling that when she had said that she had said all.

She blushed at the memory of her earlier feelings for Cousin Denis ; of her kindly pity, not unmixed with contempt, for his inferiority in appearance and strength to her idolised brother.

Was it possible that the difference of the setting in which she now beheld him had helped to increase her respect for the Duke, so that she now regarded him with something very like reverence, mingled with her cousinly affection ?

Jeanne blushed again, and with shame, at the very suspicion.

Yet human nature is undeniably subject to the influence of surroundings.

The quiet, lame young man, whose fair complexion was liable to such unfortunate variations of colour—whose unassuming manners had caused her to forget her natural timidity—and who never asserted his own opinions, nor contradicted those of other people, nor expressed strong likes and dislikes—had seemed to Jeanne (accustomed to the more vigorous or less well-governed personality of Louis) a very ordinary individual indeed. But the Duke, seated at the head of that great banqueting table, with its double row of well-bred, well-dressed guests, and its burden of hot-house blossoms and gold plate and wax lights—the Duke, limping through the spacious hall, giving quiet orders in his low voice, to bowing and

deferential servants of twice his own size, as a matter of course—the Duke riding through the deer park on his splendid chestnut horse—in short, the Duke at home, the head of a great house, and treated universally with respect as well as affection by those who had known him from childhood, could no longer be regarded by a little country maiden as such a very unimportant young man, his lameness and his delicacy notwithstanding; and perhaps Jeanne would hardly have been human had she not come to look upon him in a totally new light.

“High or low, indoors or out, there’s not a living soul but has a good word for him,” reported Dunham, thus doubtless summarising the information she had been able to glean in the Room. “He’s spent the most of his money, they say, on his poor Irish tenants; but yet he always seems to have a something to spare. ’Twas he as come to the Vicar’s help here, with the working-man’s club, as her Grace wouldn’t put her hand in her pocket for; and he as built the tennis court for his brothers. And nobody they says, from his childhood up, has ever heard a rough word from him, for all he suffered from his poor back and her Grace’s tantrums.”

The Duchess, although in no way gifted by any special quickness of perception, was yet, being a woman and a mother, enabled to divine the sentiments with which Denis regarded her young visitor, before Jeanne had been twenty-four hours under her roof.

Only her real anxiety to see her eldest son married could have kept her nimble tongue from allusion to the subject; but though a great talker, she could be silent when her own interests or her children’s were at stake; and she perceived Jeanne’s unconsciousness with something like awe, realising the simplicity which it denoted.

The Duchess knew very well that the unconsciousness was real and not assumed; no woman can be deceived on such a point by another; and she felt almost a maternal tenderness towards the girl as she realised it.

“I have always wished for a daughter,” she thought, “and here, for a wonder, is one that would suit me down to the ground. No modern anæmic young woman, all nerves and excitement, but a nice quiet gentle creature, come of a healthy agricultural stock; with an historic name, as it appears, into the bargain; and best of all, the prospect of a really suitable marriage *dot.*”

For Mr. Valentine had told Dunham, and Dunham had told her Grace's maid, who had in turn informed the Duchess, of Captain de Courset's openly declared intention of sharing his unexpected inheritance with his twin sister.

No doubt, thought her Grace, he would be advised to do nothing quite so quixotic when the time came; but her favourite inquiry of *How much?* in the right quarters, had elicited the gratifying information that the late Miss Marney's gross estate had been valued at three hundred and sixty thousand pounds.

It would go hard with her if Jeanne's portion, from a young and generous brother—who had never before owned a penny in his life, and who practically owed his inheritance to his sister—should be less than a hundred thousand pounds; perhaps even more, when young de Courset realised the magnificence of the match Jeanne would be making.

“I should be quite satisfied with that,” thought the Duchess, surprised at her own moderation, “quite—because she is so exactly the kind of girl I prefer, and never hoped to find, for Denis. Why can't he make haste and propose to her? Thank heaven Dermot did not take one of his fancies to her; no young woman would look at Denis beside Dermot.” The Duchess was troubled with no illusions concerning the superiority of mind over muscle in feminine eyes. “She shall not stir from here until it is all settled.”

But fate was too strong for the Duchess.

Jeanne's visit had lasted ten days (for she had needed but little pressing to prolong it), and she had spent a happy morning wandering in the old walled kitchen gardens with

Denis ; for the Duchess, who usually claimed her company at that time, had some arrears of letter-writing to occupy her, and was busy with her secretary.

It was a typical April day ; light showers alternating with brightest sunshine, and the breath of spring flowers scenting the mild air.

They walked past beds of wallflowers, pale yellow and copper colour, and deep velvet red ; and of blue forget-me-nots, bordered with stiff little red daisies ; below sunny red walls where the blossoming peach trees were nailed fan-wise ; through alleys of standard pears and plums, and cherry trees white with bloom.

Against a high north wall, the camellias flourished hardily, bearing their burden of waxen flowers in profusion, as though the outdoor climate of the West Country were more congenial to them than the hothouses of the North. Above the wall rose the delicate spires of the young larch plantations newly green ; and horse-chestnuts just uncrumpling downy leaves ; the cuckoo's call sounded far and near.

" I should think you must be fonder of this place than of anything in the world," said Jeanne.

" No : for it is not my home. Cuilmore is far dearer to me, solitary as it is. It is much wilder and more beautiful than this, though, alas, so much less prosperous and orderly."

" Can you not work at it—to make it grow prosperous and orderly ?"

" It is the wish of my heart," he said, " if it could be done."

" When shall you go back ?" asked Jeanne, simply.

" Very soon—it depends."

They took refuge in a greenhouse from a passing shower.

Jeanne stood beside a bank of arums and spirea and Madonna lilies, which rose amongst the palms above the lower tier, whereon brightly coloured hyacinths and gay tulips were ranged in long rows. A light green climber

covered the roof and dangled delicate tendrils above their heads ; the rain pattered upon the glass, and splashed through the open doorway ; and the Duke half closed the door.

They had been together and alone very often ; but never quite like this ; shut into this narrow glass kingdom of colour and sweet scent, in a twilight of green foliage, and falling rain. A sudden consciousness touched both man and maiden, with that unpremeditated little action of the Duke's, in closing the door, as it were, upon the outer world ; and although they were standing in such close proximity that the white cloth gown was almost touching the grey tweed coat, yet neither glanced towards the other.

The rain ceased as suddenly as it began ; glistening silver drops fell from the cornice to the stone pavement of the entry, whilst the sun serenely conquered the last of the purple clouds, and shone forth with renewed splendour.

The Duke looked at Jeanne's bright face, which reflected the glory of the sunlight in the clear transparent red of her cheeks, and in her dazzled brown eyes—and said to himself, with new-born hopefulness :

“ Not yet—but very soon.”

For as she had passed from shyness to perfect confidence in his presence, so he was conscious now that her shyness of him was returning once more.

Almost it seemed as though she were beginning, at last, to understand.

Jeanne blushed as she met that half-tender, half-mirthful look in his blue eyes ; and said hurriedly, “ It has stopped raining, let us go home now,” without knowing why ; and indeed scarcely knowing what she said.

But as they went their way home over the wet paths, wherein the sun reflected itself from a thousand miniature lakes and gleaming pebbles—the song of the birds sounded as no concert of the woods had ever sounded in Jeanne's ears before, and evoked joyful echoes in her very heart.

They walked in silence ; and in silence parted in the great

hall ; thus affording a happy illustration of the proverbial blindness of love ; for by this time Jeanne was perhaps the only woman in Challonsleigh who did not know that she was the probable future Duchess of Monaghan ; and Denis the only man who had any doubt as to what her answer would be, when he should actually utter the proposal which had so often trembled upon his lips.

Both were content, for the moment, with that vaguely blissful condition which precedes the declaration of first love, and seldom altogether survives it. So that instead of coming to an immediate understanding with his companion, the Duke sought the privacy of his study, whilst Jeanne flew upstairs to her own room, that she, too, might be alone with her happy thoughts, and her budding hopes, and the bewildering tumult of her suddenly awakened heart.

She did not know, as she entered her pleasant room, with the gladness of the spring in her hurrying pulses, and the brightness of the April sunshine still dazzling her brown eyes, that she was leaving her youth upon the threshold—and shutting the door upon it, for ever.

She crossed the room, humming a song, but her song died on her lips as she took up a telegram which lay conspicuously upon the dressing-table.

O.H.M.S.

Deeply regret . . . telegram received from Bohotle reports your brother Captain Louis de Courset . . . missing. Without doubt killed in action. Military Secretary.

Dunham entered from the communicating room and found Jeanne standing still with the telegram in her hand.

“It came an hour ago,” said the maid, “and I brought it up here for you, thinking it might be important.”

“Louis is dead !” said Jeanne.

She did not faint nor scream, only looked at Dunham ; and presently sat down in the armchair, feeling a little sick.

She heard Dunham asking somebody at the door for brandy, and thought she laughed in the old woman's face when she returned; but it was only a pitiful ashy smile that Jeanne gave. How could brandy possibly help her? Yet when she had obediently swallowed the mixture Dunham put authoritatively to her lips, she found that it helped her.

Her knees ceased to shake, and the mists cleared away, and she understood that the telegram was a reality.

"I know now why poor people take to drink when they are miserable," she said suddenly to Dunham. "You get strong, and you understand. But it all seems a long way off, and as if it didn't really matter."

Dunham was shocked when Jeanne said this; describing what she really felt, instead of what she ought to have felt.

But the effect that she described was so momentary that it was barely worth describing at all.

"I must write to Uncle Roberts at once," she said, and went to the writing-table.

Dunham stood watching her; not knowing what to do, but very sure that somebody must be written to at once, and relieved that her young lady should be able to do it.

Jeanne took one of the strawberry-crowned sheets of note-paper, and began her letter.

"*Dear Uncle Roberts,*

"I am sorry to tell you that Louis is dead——"

The written words looked to her so absurd that she laughed aloud, and Dunham became alarmed for her reason.

"You had better send a telegram, ma'am—or let me—and perhaps your good uncle would come to you, Miss Jane, for we must go home at once," said the poor old woman, and she suddenly broke down herself, and began to cry pitifully.

"Do not cry, Mrs. Dunham. What are you crying for?" said Jeanne, jealously. "He was nothing to you."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE LONELY LADY STILL MORE LONELY

“For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor.
But glory is the soldier’s prize,
The soldier’s wealth is honour.”—BURNS.

UNCLE ROBERTS sat in one of the gilt and brocaded Louis Seize chairs of the morning-room at 99 Grosvenor Square; with his hands crossed upon the knob of the market umbrella he held between his knees. He wore his rusty old great-coat, which he had refused to leave in the hall, despite Hewitt’s anxious persuasions; and he had put down his old round hat upon the delicate blue cover of the “Book of Beauty.”

He was in a state of agitation indescribable; and Jeanne forgot her astonishment at seeing him in London at all—in her awe at beholding a man who was usually so stolid and immovable thus beside himself.

His light blue eyes stared at her miserably from the forest of red-grey hair which surrounded his weather-beaten face; the wretchedness of his look and of his tones appalled her in the midst of her sorrow; his tears—the rare and difficult tears of a man who has not wept since childhood—filled her with reverence as with pity.

“I been to the War Office. I done what I could,” said Uncle Roberts, trembling, and unconscious of the drops that were falling over the unkempt beard and whiskers that Louis and Jeanne had so often deplored to each other. “You seen the papers this morning?”

“Yes, I have seen the papers.”

“They could tell me no more than was written on the papers. It seems there ain’t no hope of seeing him no more in this world. They sent ’un on a wild-goose chase and killed ’un. And all for nothing.”

“Uncle, oh uncle! You mustn’t talk like that. It makes

it so much harder. He was doing his duty. You always say a man can do no more," she cried in anguish. "He has laid down his life for his King and country, as—as his father did before him."

But her efforts died away into choking sobs.

"And he was only twenty-five, and all his life before him," said Jeanne, and she sank on her knees and wept as she had not yet been able to weep; for the familiar presence of Uncle Roberts brought back to her the familiar memory of Louis at home—on the farm—and opened the fountains of her tears.

The sight of her agony did more to restore the old man's self-control than all her attempts at consolation.

He stretched his arm out, and laid his rough hand not ungently for a moment on the brown head. Then he rose, pulled himself together, and walking to the window, blew a trumpet blast into his red cotton handkerchief.

The storm of Jeanne's weeping passed, and she too controlled herself, and smoothed her hair about her little ears, and confronted her uncle, with pale face, and dimmed and sunken eyes.

A dozen newspapers were scattered about the room; each had been scanned in desperate hopes of some fresh item, some hint of a possibility that the disaster was not final—that those who were missing might yet be recovered.

But the same heading—dreadful in certainty—the same clear and appalling details were reported in all.

SOMALILAND DISASTER.

Ten Officers and 174 Men killed.

And here was the list, and the name of Louis de Courset in black and white; and among the other brief pathetic paragraphs was the one which summed up the history of his short life, so far as it concerned his country.

"Captain Louis de Courset had served on the Indian frontier and during the Boer War. For his services in South

Africa he was twice mentioned in despatches, and received the D.S.O. He was in his twenty-sixth year."

All the rest—for Jeanne—was summed up in that portion of the main telegram which was headed: *All died fighting.*

. . . kept back enemy's forces until no more ammunition . . . at last enemy's forces overwhelmed square and annihilated all with exception of 37 fugitive Yaos.

"What are you going to do?" said Uncle Roberts.

"There is nothing to be done. I have been waiting and waiting and waiting—for him—all this time, and it was for nothing."

This was indeed the feeling of the whole household.

A dreariness indescribable had descended upon them. Nothing had been settled since their old lady's death. They had all been waiting, with Jeanne, for the return of the heir. And now he would never come.

"Will you come home?" said Uncle Roberts.

She shook her head.

"No, no. There might be—oh, uncle, I am praying day and night there may be—some more letters. The last had no messages—nothing special. But perhaps later—he may have written just before the—the disaster—with some presentiment."

But this was a flight beyond Uncle Roberts's powers of imagination.

"What good can letters do now?" His head sunk on to his chest. "I never thought to outlive the lad," he said almost angrily.

Then, as though the words led him into another train of thought, he asked, suspiciously:

"Has that lawyer chap been nigh the place yet?"

"Hewett went round to Mr. Valentine—Dunham said he must—directly we came home," said Jeanne. "But he has not returned from his Easter holidays yet. He is in Switzerland. Some one else came round from the office, but I said I

would see no one till Mr. Valentine came home. He is very kind and he knows about everything. He will tell me what to do."

Uncle Roberts looked uneasy.

"I've no faith in lawyers; nor yet I ain't no match for them. Still—I don't like to leave a bit of a girl like you to fight them all alone," he said, in troubled tones.

"There will be no fighting," said Jeanne, with a wan smile. "Aunt Caroline trusted him."

"Aye, I daresay," rather contemptuously.

Jeanne sought for an argument more likely to convince her uncle of Mr. Valentine's probity,

"Louis—had heard all about him from a brother officer, He wrote that he trusted him, too."

"Did he? The lad had a good head," said Uncle Roberts, and his brow cleared. "I'll warrant he wouldn't say so without cause."

"If there were—any difficulties—there is my Cousin Denis," said Jeanne, wearily. "He brought Dunham and me home last night. We were staying, as I wrote you, with his mother."

"Aye; the letter was a bit long, but I read it all through. I don't hold with dukes and duchesses," said Uncle Roberts, gruffly; "but if they're relations, you're very right to be civil to them. Blood's thicker than water. When you're tired of 'em all you can come back home." No doubts assailed his honest mind but that Coed-Ithel must always be home to little Jeanne. "If they can be of use to you, so much the better. I doubt you'll be cheated out of all this fine fortune the poor lad was to have got," he said, heavily. "'Twill be nought but a burden upon a bit of a girl like you."

"Do you mean that—that it is me it—all belongs to now?" said Jeanne. "I never thought of that."

"Who else?—'twas left to him outright."

"How shall I know what he would wish me to do with it?" said Jeanne, weeping; then her face was suddenly

illumined. "Oh, how could I have forgotten? He said—there was a letter which he sent to the bank long ago, with his insurance policy. I was to read it only if something happened. Mr. Valentine has it now. That will tell me what he wishes—but no—no—it can't, for it was written long before poor Aunt Caroline died. It will not help me—but at least, at least, I shall see his dear writing once more."

"Did the lad insure his life?"

"Long ago, that the debts he left behind him might be honourably paid," said Jeanne, proudly, "and oh—uncle, I may tell you now, he said I was to get the best horse that money could buy for you besides. He wanted to show you how grateful he was for all you'd done for him. Oh, Louis, Louis, you left nothing undone, ever in all your life, that you could think of——"

"I don't want no horse," said Uncle Roberts; but he cried as he said it. "What did he want with debts? Couldn't he a' wrote to me if he wasn't able to pay his way as he went along?"

"Oh, uncle, was Louis one to ask——?"

"If I kep' him short, 'twas for his good. I was brought up to believe a man should earn his bread," said Uncle Roberts, and his voice shook. "God knows, I grudged him nought."

"You did everything for him," cried Jeanne; and she came and knelt beside her uncle, and laid her wet cheek against his beard. "You gave him his start in life, as a kinsman should—do you think we would either of us forget it?—and after that—what shame is there in honourable poverty for a soldier? But it would have been shame for an officer and a gentleman to take your hard-earned money and play at being rich. Louis was never one to do that. Oh, thank God, he leaves a name unstained—unstained——" she sobbed.

Uncle Roberts went back to Coed-Ithel, and Jeanne was alone once more.

In a darkened room, with head aching and cheeks burning

from long hours of bitter hopeless weeping, she lay, listening to the ceaseless jangle of hansoms, and the alternate nearing and dying sounds of horses' hoofs, that came to her through the open window. As she counted each chime of the clock, she had a wild feeling that she must be waiting still—for the bell that would never ring—the hansom that would never stop—the tread that would never come up the stair.

Presently a step did sound on the stair, for the Duchess had come to town, and would take no denial, but forced her arbitrary way into Jeanne's presence.

Yet, perhaps, it was well she did so; for of the mixture of motives that prompted her action, Jeanne's innocent eyes only discerned one; and that was the honest sympathy which prompted her warm, motherly embrace.

"Poor child, poor little Jeanne!"

"Is there any fresh news—? Has anything more—"

"No, no. Denis has made every inquiry. Alas, there is nothing. Nothing left for you, my poor child, but to mourn your hero and be proud of him." The tears in the Duchess's eyes were genuine. She kissed the burning cheek and drew the aching head on to her ample bosom, petting and soothing Jeanne as though she had been a child.

"But you can't stay here alone, my love," said the Duchess presently, in her authoritative voice.

"Yes, yes, indeed I must; until I get his letters, and know if there was anything he wished. The lawyer has not come home yet. I am better here. I shall grow braver when I have had time to face it. I shall be able to attend to—to business when Mr. Valentine comes."

With a marvellous effort—but the stake at issue was so great—the Duchess held her tongue.

"I am coming downstairs—to-morrow," said Jeanne. "Only Dunham thought it would be the best thing for me—to have one more day—to rest—up here."

"And I came to disturb you! But I won't stay—poor little thing! Only remember, if you want me, I will come at

any time. I am in Park Lane, close by, you know. And Denis is thinking of you day and night."

"He is very, very kind," faltered Jeanne. She closed her eyes for a moment, and the Duchess did not guess that she was reproaching herself passionately for her happiness on that bright spring morning—was it only three days ago?—when Louis—Louis, had she but known it, was lying dead in the desert.

"Oh, let me die; oh, let me die," moaned poor Jeanne in her heart.

She came down on the morrow and faced a worse ordeal than the visit from the Duchess; for a card was brought to her scribbled over with Cecilia's pointed writing.

"Surely you will see an old friend, dearest Jeanne?"

"Oh yes, I will see her, why not?" said Jeanne, with dry eyes.

She felt as though she could weep no more. After all, what did it matter what Cecilia said?

"I heard the Duchess of Monaghan had been let in, and I was sure if you could see *her*, almost a stranger, you would not refuse an old friend like me," said Cecilia, who knew nothing of Jeanne's visit to Challonsleigh.

"It is very kind of you to come," said Jeanne, dully.

Cecilia looked at her almost with awe. Jeanne seemed to have lost her prettiness, and her fresh and youthful look.

Her cheeks and lips were pale, and there were hollows beneath her brown eyes, stained and reddened with long weeping.

A note of genuine sympathy sounded momentarily in Cecilia's voice.

"Oh, poor poor little Jeanne! Will you come and stay with me? Joseph is away, so we should be quite alone. I am sure I should be very thankful to have you, for I am nearly as lonely as you are," said Cecilia, shedding a few tears.

"Thank you very much. It is very kind. But I must stay here, I am waiting for Mr. Valentine," said Jeanne.

"Well, I won't press you against your will," said Cecilia; with her handkerchief to her eyes, "for I know what you must be feeling by what I am feeling myself."

"Thank you," said Jeanne.

Cecilia began to recover herself, but still cried a little at intervals.

"I can't tell you how shocked I was—nor how grieved. It reminded me so—those things always do—of my own loss. You know, I told you I lost my baby—a boy six months old—pneumonia."

"Yes, you told me," said Jeanne.

"It makes one able to feel for others more, having been through just the same thing oneself," said Cecilia. "Not but what this is worse than an ordinary death—all so blank—no funeral—nothing."

"It makes no difference," said Jeanne, speaking with dry lips.

Oh, why had she let Cecilia in?

"You would not say so," said Cecilia, sobbing, "if you knew the comfort—of having—their grave to cry over—and keep nice and tidy. It may not be much consolation, but it is something."

"I daresay it might be to you. I should not feel it so," said Jeanne, in a hard voice.

Cecilia's sobs took from her every inclination to weep; and she felt only a strong desire that her friend should go, and that speedily.

"Well—I am glad to see you are able to keep up," said Cecilia, "for I was half afraid you would be like me. I was utterly prostrated."

"No, I am not utterly prostrated. I am able to keep up."

"Yes. People take things so differently. But of course I was *there*. That makes a difference. Perhaps it is better when one doesn't see them, after all."

"Perhaps it is," said Jeanne.

"Have you seen the Duke?"

"No."

"What do you suppose made the Duchess call?"

"I don't know."

"I suppose——" Cecilia hesitated. Was it too soon to talk of such things? Really, when there was no funeral, it was very hard to tell. It must have happened on the 17th, according to the papers, ten days ago. But then Jeanne had only known it four days.

She looked at the set white face, and decided it was too soon to mention such matters. Besides, it was quite certain. He would have left everything to his only sister. Jeanne would undoubtedly be very rich.

"You look so tired that I don't think I ought to stay," said Cecilia, with a sudden outburst of renewed sympathy. "I only came to tell you how very very sorry I was. Goodbye, dear. If you want me you have only to drop me a line, or send a message."

She pressed her friend's hand, and went away at last.

The Duke did not come.

Jeanne knew that he called each morning and evening at the house, and asked how she was, and whether there were anything to be done that he could do—but he never asked to see her.

"Nobody understands but Cousin Denis," thought Jeanne.

She remembered, but almost as a dream, that hurried journey from Challonsleigh, and that he had put her alone into the carriage with Dunham, and travelled to town himself in another compartment, that she might be free to indulge her grief unseen.

Throughout the journey it was he who watched over her comfort, and yet never obtruded his presence, and scarcely spoke to her.

But every thought of the Duke brought with it a fresh access of self-reproach.

“How could I? How could I? Rejoicing in the sunshine, so full of brightness and happiness—light-hearted—and my boy in that burning desert, marching to meet his death. I didn't think, I never thought. He has been in so many dangers, and come so safely through.”

That her self-reproaches were unreasonable made them no less severe.

They poisoned the secret well of her happiness, and rendered the recollections of those bright spring days intolerable.

She never doubted but that the Duke divined her thoughts. His perceptions were so acute—his sympathies so delicate—he was gentle as a woman; far more gentle, indeed, than any woman she had ever known.

She put her hands to her eyes as though to shut out the memory of the grave fair face, the kind blue eyes, the expression of melancholy raillery as of one who for a long time had only looked on at life—half-amused, half mournful.

Ah, how could she think of Denis—what was he to her—when her twin brother, comrade and idol of a lifetime, who had no place for any one but her in all his brave faithful loyal heart—lay dead in Africa?

A little parcel, with a note, was brought to her.

It was addressed in the Duke's clear minute handwriting.

“I am sending you a miniature. I think it may comfort you, even though I fear it must pain you to have it now. Anything you do not like in it can be altered. I took the photograph you gave me to an artist some time ago, and gave him what directions I could from your description; but it only came home last night.—DENIS.”

She tore off the wrappers and looked at the miniature. It was like and unlike, as such paintings usually are.

The eyes were the eyes of Louis; but the face, copied

exactly from the last photographs he had sent, was the face of a graver and older Louis than she had ever known, and the moustache made it almost as the face of a stranger.

“And yet, oh yet, how glad I am to have it! I will put it with the other miniatures,” she said; and suddenly realised, with a dreadful pang, that Louis was now numbered with that company of the dead, whose portraits, cold and smiling, hung round the walls of the silent gallery above.

She felt alone indeed.

She realised, as she had never realised before, that Louis had been to her, in all her past life, the only reality in a world of shadows. Among the figures who had moved upon the horizon of her limited view, the only one who counted.

The discovery comes to many of us whose worlds may be crowded with thronging figures, that very few of them are real, so far as we personally are concerned. What the others think may be interesting, or amusing, or false or true, but it doesn't really matter to us; for they move across our lives like phantoms in a dream. They talk to us and we reply—the words mean nothing; we meet them and smile, and part and smile again; for our little landscape is neither the brighter nor the duller for their absence. They suffer, and we would help them if we could, for who would see humanity suffer and not weep? Yet our heart of hearts will never bleed for them.

But for the few, how different!

Their lightest word, how fraught with meaning—for us; their thoughts revealed—how sacred; their companionship how satisfying to our lonely souls; and the silence of their absence—how unbearable!

And when those beloved spirits vanish in their turn from our horizon into the unknown whither we may not yet follow—then how that horizon darkens; how hopeless the longing—how dreary the outlook—how empty the world!

CHAPTER XIX

THE LAST LETTER

“WHILST venturing to express to you my deep sympathy for the terrible blow you have sustained,” wrote Mr. Valentine, “I wish to inform you that I have directed that a letter addressed to you, and entrusted to my care by your poor brother, should be immediately delivered to you by special messenger from our firm. As regards his will, which is also in our charge, it will be handed to you, as executrix, whenever you choose to apply for it; but I hope to be in London twenty-four hours after you receive this letter, when I will, if you please, call upon you immediately, as I have news of grave importance to communicate to you; for which I have reason to hope, that your poor brother’s letter will, in some measure, prepare you.”

Jeanne, white to the lips, broke the seal of the enclosure which accompanied Mr. Valentine’s letter, forwarded from Bedford Row by special messenger, in accordance with the directions mentioned.

The envelope within was addressed to her by that hand which could write no more.

She opened the letter.

It was dated from Capetown, August 1900.

Nearly three years ago.

“You will never read this letter, my darling Jeanne, unless something happens to me before I see you to explain why I have acted as I have done, and kept it secret from my beloved little sister.

“I have married Anne-Marie-Charlotte de Courset, the only daughter of the late Henri de Courset, and the only living descendant of Charles, the Chevalier de Courset who remained in the French Navy when our great grandfather emigrated to England; and if you would know what she is

like in face, look at the miniature of our dear Chanoinesse ; but if in character,—why, she is *très dévote* (and you may look that up in the dictionary, my wee little Jeanne), and also, in her own sweet way, a bit of a mystic, and so beyond the power of such an ordinary mortal as I to fathom—I can but worship and wonder.

“ Her father was killed (or died of his wounds) fighting at Boshof last April by the side of poor de Villebois-Mareuil, and as soon as she heard of his death she came out to South Africa to find his grave ; defying all the difficulties, and overcoming every obstacle placed in her way. But when you know her you will understand. While others think (or talk) she *acts*.

“ She heard of a de Courset in hospital at Kimberley, and inspired by God knows what wild hope of finding that there had been some mistake—that her father might be yet alive—she flew there on the wings of love and hope—oh what an angel come to seek a poor mortal, she seemed to me ! and how do you suppose that, having found her, I could ever let her go ? . . . I was nearly convalescent, and I got leave, and slipped away here, and married her quietly in the chapel of the convent where she was staying, and before the French Consul . . .

“ Now if I had written this piece of news straight away to you, as I was sorely tempted to do—I know as well as you do, that between Uncle Roberts’ horror at my marrying a foreigner and a Roman Catholic—and your anger—perhaps, who knows ?—with your poor unstable brother, who has broken his solemn promise to you, and he knows it and deplores his weakness on his knees, and begs you to forgive him, though I am afraid he doesn’t repent as he should—between all these conflicting emotions ; and the certainty of your preconceived dislike for my wife, and your conviction of her complete unworthiness (which you know and can’t deny you are feeling at this moment), I wonder how much chance of a welcome my beautiful saint and queen would have had from you all ?

“ Not to mention that the life at Coed-Ithel, and the ways of our beloved uncle, would completely bewilder and upset her, without me to act as a buffer, so to speak. For though she is perfectly simple, yet she is also *très grande dame* in her way, my beautiful Anne-Marie.

“ If, on the other hand, you and Uncle Roberts hear that I have a wife, and she *doesn't* come to see you—why what another hullabaloo once more ! So all things considered in my poor crazy brain—half crazy with joy and pride to have won the one woman on earth whom God created for me alone—I have determined that silence is golden . . .

“ But in case bad luck steps in, as it has an ugly knack of doing in South Africa just now, and prevents me from carrying out my happy plan of fetching my darling back from her own country (to which, alas, she has already flown), and hiding her in London until I have talked over both you and dear old Uncle Roberts (and you know I could do it, my silly little Jeanne) why then—why then I have no resource but to write my confession now, and to send it to safe keeping, that you may hear it at least from *me*, dead or alive, and from nobody else.

“ So if you ever read this, my Jeannie dear, I shan't be here to know whether you forgive me or not, which makes me all the more certain that you will do it—and that you will remember that my wife is part of me, and the best part ; and that I love and reverence her above everything and everybody in this world ; and you will take her to your heart, and never never be jealous nor sick nor sorry concerning my love for her ; because Love is Love, and we cannot help its mastery even if we would.

“ With this I draw up a short will. Ah me, ah me, that I should have so little to leave ! But I hope there will be a few hundreds over out of my thousand pounds insurance, after paying my debts, and buying Uncle Roberts his horse ; and I appoint you sole executrix, for I know naught of French formalities, and have no wish to make legal difficulties to add

expense; and I divide all my property equally between the two who are nearest and dearest to my heart, my darling sister, and my beloved wife. But my debts I leave to my little Jeanne d'Arc alone, for I know it would go to her heart that any other should pay them: and for the honour of the family (as you used to say when you gave me your new desk, &c., to take to school, and kept my shabby old things in their stead), the wretched provision I leave my wife must be as large as we can make it; though, thank God, she is not dependent on that, but has a competence of her own, and lives in great state and luxury with her old servants on about twenty thousand francs a year. Her home is not far from the Château de Courset! Which now belongs to a good little bourgeois (oh! if you could hear her benevolent tones!) of the Boulonnais. I write her address on the back of this letter.

“Now, of course, such a pauper as I had no business to marry at all—but blame me who will, what care I, so that you are on my side? For, with such love to inspire me, I should be a fool and an idiot not to get on, and I shall but strive the harder, for her sake, to do my absolute best with the chances God gives me. Feeling as fit and as jolly as I do now, for I am practically all right again, and hope to get back to duty at once, it is difficult to write very seriously, my Jeannie dear, and, after all, why should I try? If I am killed, I am killed—and there's an end of it. All the best and bravest fellows I know have led the way.

“‘*End thy journey in content, just as an olive falls off when it is ripe, blessing Nature who produced it, and thanking the tree on which it grew.*’ Which reminds me that I gave my copy of M. Antoninus translated to a Boer who was wounded and a prisoner; a fine old fellow, and able to read English, and he said to me a few days later: ‘Captain, this man has written down all my thoughts.’ About the best and simplest criticism old Marcus Aurelius would have wished, I should think, to evoke.

“But I try once more to put myself in your place in case

you read this, and fear terribly to cause you sadness, my little sister. Somehow I can't bring myself to fear anything for *her*; she is too far above me, in the calm certainty of faith which is hers, and at which I look on amazed, but reverent, I hope; as who would not be, that had watched an angel pray?

"Anne-Marie has a lion-heart; but you, my little Jeannie, I would fain bid you pluck up courage, and remember that the longest life can last but a few years;—a few more, or a few less, what does it signify?

"I believe it is D'Israeli who says, 'grief is the agony of a moment: indulgence in it is the mistake of a lifetime.'

"Take all the joy that comes to you in life and be thankful for it; and if you want to know what are my feelings—why, I would like you never to go into mourning for me, and to laugh whenever you mention my name; but, above all, to know that, though I am Anne-Marie's devoted lover and servant and husband to command, I am yet also, for ever and ever, your brother what loves you.

"LOUIS DE COURSET."

Oh! were they only written words, or was it her brother's merry, tender mocking voice that rang in her ears as she read? Everything was changed.

Her grief was no longer that pure and undivided anguish of sorrow all her own. Love, pity and jealousy, grief and disappointment, all had their share in the tumult of fierce emotion which was beyond anything Jeanne's gentle breast had ever known.

Louis was not only her brother, her hero and idol, her twin-spirit—he was also the husband of Anne-Marie,

While she had thought of him as dying with only her image in his thoughts, only her pictured face in his havresack, only her love—the love which she believed to be all in all to him—in his faithful heart;—his last vision had been that of his "saint and queen,"—of her whom he loved and revered "above everything and everybody in this world." And her

name, perhaps, the last upon his dying lips. How much had she known of Louis, after all? Of the Louis who had kept this secret from her, whilst she had poured forth her very soul in her faithful letters to him? Of the boy who had become a man, during the long years of his absence?

He had failed in loyalty, failed—failed—thought Jeanne, gazing into the silent empty room in that dry-eyed desolate misery that hurts the very soul, unlike the tender sorrow which can be poured forth in tears, softening and healing as it flows.

In proportion to her unthinking and absolute trust in him, in proportion to the idolatry with which she had regarded him, and the simplicity which had enabled her to retain her childish belief in his infallibility—she suffered now.

Because he had broken his word to her, because he had withheld his confidence, because he was not the Louis—half soldier—half archangel—of her dreams; but a mere man after all.

The love of a sister for a brother stands apart from every other love in the world, if but for this cause—that it is the only affection which can truly survive and withstand the administration of home-truths.

The most tender of parents are well aware that such must be sparingly administered indeed if they are to retain the love and the confidence of their offspring; whilst if not nature, at least civilisation forbids a child to communicate his opinion of their merits or demerits to the authors of his being.

The most romantically attached husbands and wives know that if the mirror of truth be held up too often to the weaknesses of human nature, the illusion on which all romance is primarily based—must vanish. The lover dare not blame his mistress overmuch, lest love be drowned in resentment; nor must the friend treat his friend's feelings roughly lest he lose his friendship.

But the brother may say what he will to his sister; may deride her absurdities, label her faults, repel her caresses, scatter her prejudices; and if she loves him, she but clings the closer.

The relationship, at its best, is the perfection of human comradeship ; with all life's earliest memories to sanctify it, and every hope and ambition for the future to lend it an interest which can only increase with years.

Jeanne loved and blamed and pitied Louis all in one—but, like lightning, her resentment flashed upon the image of Anne-Marie.

It seemed to her that she had always known of this woman's existence ; she felt as though a long-dreaded enemy had arisen at last, and snatched her brother from her ; so that he was no longer her own, even in death.

Ah, but what were his words—his words that he had written with such careless certainty that, blame him who would, his sister would be on his side ?

“ So if you ever read this . . . I shan't be here to know whether you forgive me or not, which makes me all the more certain that you will do it.”

“ Oh, with all my heart and soul I forgive you, Louis,” cried Jeanne, weeping.

“ And that you will remember that my wife is part of me and the best part . . . and you will take her to your heart, and never never be jealous, nor sick, nor sorry concerning my love for her ; for love is love, and we cannot help its mastery even if we would . . . ”

There came to Jeanne, suddenly, a memory of halcyon days, scarcely past ; of a radiance she could not deny to those bright April hours ; of her bitter self-reproach for the happiness she had dared indulge whilst Louis was in danger ; nay, whilst death had already claimed him for its own. Death which he feared so little ; for it was not possible for any one knowing Louis to think of him as fearing death, apart from his own words penned in the fulness of life and young love.

He had always thrown himself eagerly into his varied

pursuits, working strenuously at whatever lay before him, and never pausing to count results.

Was this philosophy? thought little Jeanne, or was it carelessness? Did it mean that he thought too little, or too much—to fear death?

She could not tell. Human nature is apt to undervalue the greatness of even those fellow-creatures whom it holds dearest. Jeanne realised humbly that of the inner depths of Louis she had known little since his earliest childhood. There were subjects, of which, boy-like, he had seldom spoken; for which, perhaps, the little sister had thought him wanting in reverence; but it appeared that, at last, this quality had been aroused in her light-hearted brother.

He had watched an angel pray, and the angel had been Anne-Marie.

“Remember that my wife is part of me—and the best part.”

She put her lips to the letter, and locked it away with his miniature; looking at the face of Louis, and reading now, as it were, the meaning of that new purpose and determination written on his handsome brow.

Then slowly—slowly she moved to the *escritoire*, and sat down before it, and took up a pen—to write to Anne-Marie.

With the very action a little comfort came; a little lightening of the darkness of her grief. There was something to be done for Louis after all.

It was in every sense a difficult letter to write, for, in spite of her studies, poor Jeanne's French was as yet very far from perfect. But with her grammar and her dictionary beside her, she toiled over it, through the hours of the long bright afternoon, patiently making one copy after another.

It was Anne-Marie's home to which she was inviting her to come, since Louis had said that they were to share and share alike in all the property he left behind; though little dreaming, when he wrote, how great and rich a property it was to be.

“*Si vous viendrez,*” wrote Jeanne, in her best round hand and most surprising French, “*je vous prendrai à mon cœur comme il a écrit, et je ferai ma mieux être une sœur à vous. Mais c’est je qui va payer ses dettes ; pour il les a fié à moi.*”

As she finished at last, and paused, pen in hand, to consider doubtfully, how to address the envelope to her brother’s wife—the door behind her opened.

The windows of the morning-room were thrown up to their fullest extent, letting in the freshness of the May air, and the noise of the season’s traffic ; and thus she had not heard the bustle and commotion of voices in the hall outside ; but she heard very distinctly indeed the announcement which Hewitt made, almost at the top of his voice, in a tone of mingled wonder, incredulity and triumph :

“The Marquis de Courset.”

(*To be continued*)