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EDITED BY

CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

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IBSEN AS I KNEW HIM[1]

I

IT was in December 1881 that I first met Henrik Ibsen. He was then fifty-three years of age. His romantic plays and his dramas in verse, *Brand* and *Peer Gynt*, already lay far behind him. During the seventies he had written the vast "world-historic drama," *Emperor and Galilean*, and the second and third of his prose plays of modern life, *Pillars of Society* and *A Doll's House*. His name was as yet little known outside the three Scandinavian kingdoms, though *A Doll's House* was beginning to make its way on the German stage. He stood, in fact, on the threshold of his world-wide renown, though neither he nor any one else clearly foresaw it.

He was living in Rome, where I, too, had settled down for the winter. The desire to know the creator of *Peer Gynt* was not the least among the motives that had taken me thither. Though I might have procured introductions from Norway, I had somehow not thought of doing so. I trusted to meeting him at the Scandinavian Club, but found that, as a British subject, I was not eligible. The Committee, however, overcame the difficulty by making me an honorary member; and it was, in fact, in the rooms of the Club, in a sombre palazzo on the Via de' Pontefici, hard by the Mausoleum of Augustus, that I first encountered the poet.

The occasion was one of the Saturday evening social

[1] Copyright, 1906, by William Archer.

gatherings which brought together all the Scandinavians in Rome. I had been about a quarter of an hour in the room, and was standing close to the door, when it opened, and in glided an undersized man with very broad shoulders and a large leonine head, wearing a long black frock coat with very broad lapels, on one of which a knot of red ribbon was conspicuous. I knew him at once, but was a little taken aback by his low stature. In spite of all the famous instances to the contrary, one instinctively associates greatness with size. His natural height was even somewhat diminished by a habit of bending forward slightly from the waist, begotten, no doubt, of short-sightedness and the need to peer into things. He moved very slowly and noiselessly, with his hands behind his back—an unobtrusive personality, which would even have been insignificant, had the head been strictly proportionate to the rest of the frame. But there was nothing insignificant about the high and massive forehead, crowned with a mane of (then) iron-grey hair, the small and pale but piercing eyes behind the gold-rimmed spectacles, or the thin-lipped mouth, depressed at the corners into a curve indicative of iron will, and set between bushy whiskers of the same dark grey as the hair. The most cursory observer could not but recognise power and character in the head; yet one would scarcely have guessed it to be the power of a poet, the character of a prophet. Misled, perhaps, by the ribbon at the buttonhole, and by an expression of reserve, almost of secretiveness, in the lines of the tight-shut mouth, one would rather have supposed oneself face to face with an eminent statesman or diplomatist.

He moved from group to group, exchanging a few words with this or that acquaintance, but never engaging in any long or animated talk. Not without trepidation, for I had heard legends of his unapproachableness and occasional harshness, I asked the President of the Club to introduce me. It was clear that my name conveyed nothing to him, and this relieved me not a little; for I had been guilty of an unauthorised adaptation of *Pillars of Society*, produced (for one perform-

ance) in London some months before; and he might, not unjustly, have resented my action in the matter. He had, as a matter of fact, heard of the performance, and he took my rather lame explanations in perfectly good part. Of bearishness there was no trace in his manner; on the contrary, it was marked by a ceremonious, old-world courtesy. He invited me to call upon him, and my audience was over. As we parted, I asked him when we might expect his new play. He believed it was that very day to be published in Copenhagen.

The new play was *Gengangere—Ghosts.* At that moment he was as far as I was from foreseeing the storm of obloquy it was to bring down upon his head, and the controversy that was to rage around it all the world over.

I determined not to call upon him until I had read the new play. Day after day, I worried the shopmen at Loescher's book-store in the Corso for the copy I had ordered; but it was close upon Christmas before it arrived. However, I had devoured, if not digested, it before the Christmas-Eve festival at the Club, when my second meeting with the poet took place. Here I will quote from a letter written the following day, merely translating into English the phrases I had reported in Norwegian:

The first thing that met my eyes when I entered the room was the great Henrik, resplendent with all his orders, and looking really leonine. I must say I share a little of Björnson's objection to the orders; but, after all, it is customary to wear them, and too great respect for the powers that be is not, as a rule, his weak point. I sat quite close to him at dinner, but, unfortunately, back to back. At dessert, up got a prosy old Dane and proposed Ibsen's "skoal," which was drunk with enormous enthusiasm. (N.B.—I think my copy of *Gengangere* is the only one which has penetrated to Rome, except his own.) Like all the other people round, I had the honour of clinking glasses with him, and then he made a very short reply. He said that it was a great pleasure to him, &c.; that Christmas was usually regarded as a season of peace, but that for him it was often very much the reverse, since his books generally appeared a little before Christmas. But he did not believe that peace was the most desirable condition; on the contrary, he held warfare to be more wholesome for human nature. At the same time, it was always very pleasant to him to find that people, however much their points of view might differ from his, did

not let that interfere with their kindliness of feeling towards him. That was the substance of his speech, and it did not consist of many more words.

After dinner, as the tables were being cleared away, I stood in the lobby talking to Fröken (Miss) R——, who had been Ibsen's table-companion. She declares that she has the distinction of being the only lady he ever danced with—in Bergen, many years ago. I suggested that perhaps the honour was greater than the pleasure, and she admitted that there was a good deal in that. Just then Ibsen came up and shook hands with me. The conversation turned on smoking, as he was smoking a cigar, and offered Fröken R—— one. He said he couldn't work without smoking—not cigars, but a short pipe, so that you didn't know you were smoking until it was done and you had to refill it. Then he said people talked as if some special things were poisons, and some not; but in fact there is no such thing as poison. Certain substances, under certain conditions and in certain quantities, do more or less harm, and that you could say of everything. For instance, cold water, if you come plump into it from a height, will kill you. I thought of Peer Gynt, and his plunge from the Gendin Edge.

Afterwards I talked a good deal with Fröken R—— about him. She said that people were very unjust to his character, and that he himself had more than once said to her: "You mustn't think that I am entirely heartless and unfeeling." She said, too, that he hated to talk about his books; that he carried his reluctance to the point of a mania. Consequently, I was rather surprised when, further on in the evening, Ibsen came up to me, and, after we had discussed the Ring Theatre fire, said: "You would scarcely believe what a sensation my new play is making in the North." He asked if I had read it, and told me that he was getting heaps of letters every day about it. I told him a villain in the *Berlingske Tidende* had anticipated the very thing I was looking forward to saying about it some day or other, namely, that he had made good his promise of placing "a torpedo under the Ark." He then said he doubted whether it would be acted just yet, on account of its tendency. It was always the same; when he wrote *Love's Comedy* there was a great outcry, another when he wrote *Peer Gynt*, another over *Pillars of Society*; but little by little people got accustomed to the pieces. Just then I was called away, and as we parted Ibsen apologised for not having been to see me. I told him I did not for a moment expect it, but hoped he would let me call upon him. He said I should be heartily welcome, we shook hands, *und damit basta.*

My remark about the torpedo referred to a poem, "To my Friend the Revolutionary Orator," in which Ibsen said that the only thorough-going revolution recorded in history was the Flood. But even that remained incomplete, for Noah

seized the dictatorship. "Let us do it over again, we Radicals," he concluded. "If you, my friend, will call down the Deluge, I will with pleasure place a torpedo under the Ark." I remember to this day the look of surprise with which he received the allusion. In that look lay the germ of his next play, *An Enemy of the People*—it was Dr. Stockmann's surprise on finding that his demonstration of the rottenness of society was regarded by society as something less than a cause for unmixed gratitude. Strange as it may seem, Ibsen had not been prepared for the tempest which *Ghosts* was arousing. In a few days more the club-room was littered with papers in which critics scoffed at him as a "pale Ghost of his former self," and poets bewailed him as "A Fallen Star." George Brandes, I remember, was almost the only Scandinavian critic who preserved his sanity and his courage.

A week later, on New Year's Eve, there was again a "festa" at the Scandinavian Club. A tall, lanky, and very bald Dane, speaking in a shrill voice with a strong Copenhagen accent (unpleasing to the Norwegian ear) made himself very prominent throughout the evening, acting as a sort of self-appointed Master of the Ceremonies. Towards midnight, after the ladies had left, the President and Secretary of the club, Ibsen, one or two other men and I sat round a table in one of the smaller rooms chatting, when this Dane came in, and began talking and laughing very loudly. Ibsen visibly fumed for several minutes, until the Dane addressed to the President some question which I did not catch. Then Ibsen turned upon him, his eyes blazing, and thundered, "What have you to do with that? That is a matter for the Committee." "I merely asked the question," the Dane replied, and went on talking at a great rate. Ibsen rose, muttered something very audibly about an "intolerable person!" and left the room. The party immediately broke up; and as we were putting on our coats in the hall, I heard Ibsen, in saying good-night to the Secretary, quote some derogatory epithet from Holberg, and apply it to "den skallede, væmmelige

genganger!"—"that bald, loathsome ghost!" This was the only occasion on which I, personally, saw his temper ruffled, though rumour tells of many others. At the time, I thought the Dane's punishment excessive; but the Secretary told me afterwards that in "downing" him, as Johnson would have said, Ibsen had merely expressed the general sense of the Club.

II

In those days, at the corner of the Corso and the Via della Mercede, there stood a very bright and well-managed café, known as the "Nazionale." The Corso has since been widened at this point, and the comparatively small "Nazionale" has expanded into "Aragno's," the rendezvous of all Rome. Entering this café on the afternoon of January 2, 1882, I observed in the inmost corner a huge, broad-brimmed wide-awake hat, and gleaming through the shadow it cast, the gold spectacles of Henrik Ibsen. In earlier days, when he was writing *Brand*, at Ariccia, he was known to the peasants of the Alban Hills as "Il Cappellone," the man with the big hat; and his friends, in allusion to the lining of the said headpiece, used to call it "The Blue Grotto." It was doubtless a successor to the original "Blue Grotto" that he was wearing, as he sipped his glass of vermouth and looked at the *Illustrirte Zeitung*. I took a seat, with a friend, near the door. Presently Ibsen rose to leave, and as he passed out he stared at me short-sightedly, without recognition. But apparently he recalled my face on reaching the street, for in a minute or two he re-opened the glass-door, came up to my table, and entered into conversation. I again quote from a letter written at the time:

. . . He says he can read English with difficulty, but his son can read it quite well; and he spoke of Gosse's translations of some extracts from *Peer Gynt*. In the course of the talk, I elicited the melancholy fact that he has quite given up verse, so far as the drama is concerned, at any rate. I suppose another *Peer Gynt* was scarcely to be expected; but I must say I'm sorry to hear he is

entirely devoting himself to prose.[1] Then of course we got on *Gengangere.* He said: "The people in the North are terrible. I write a play with five characters and they insist on putting in a sixth—namely Ibsen. There never was a play with less utterance of personal opinion in it." Then he went on to say that his idea had been to show, in Fru Alving, how a badly educated, badly trained woman was certain to be driven, by men of Pastor Manders' way of thought and feeling, into opposite extremes. . . . Then I asked him right out: "How do you figure to yourself what occurs after the curtain falls? Does she give her son the poison or not?" He laughed, and said in his sort of unctuous, deliberate drawl: "That I don't know. Every one must work that out for himself. I should never dream of deciding such a difficult question. Now, what do *you* think?" I said that if she did not "come to the rescue" it was no doubt the result of a *genganger*, a ghost, still "walking" in her—always assuming, I added, that the disease was ascertained to be absolutely incurable. He said he thought the solution perhaps lay there: that the mother would always put off and put off "coming to the rescue," on the plea that while there is life there is hope. . . . Then we chuckled over Ploug's remark that it was questionable whether Oswald could inherit disease through merely smoking his father's pipe.[2] But here I noticed a little thing which seems to show that the criticisms rather gall him; for he accused Ploug of purposely misrepresenting him, so as to gain a temporary advantage over him, in the eyes of people who hadn't read the play. I suggested that it was probably a mere piece of carelessness, and he admitted it might be, but said, what was quite true, that a critic had no business be careless in that way.

During the next two months I saw Ibsen frequently, at his house, at the Club, and at the Caffè Nazionale. He had a flat in the Via Capo le Case, close to the corner of the Via Sistina. It was, if I may use the expression, a comfortable, yet comfortless flat—well furnished, but with no air of home about it. All his pictures, I fancy, were packed up and lying at Munich, and he had not even many books about, for he was never a great reader. His writing-room was very bare and painfully orderly. It has been reported that he kept on his writing-table various nicknacks and little figures, which he regarded as fetishes, and without which he could not work. I never saw anything of the kind, either in Rome, Munich or

[1] Many years later he told Professor Herford that he would like to write his last play in verse, "if only one could tell which play was to be last."

[2] Carl Ploug, the Danish poet and journalist, had fallen into this ridiculous misunderstanding of an incident in *Ghosts*.

Christiania; and photographs of his study in Christiania confirm my scepticism.

Almost every afternoon he sallied forth from his flat and walked slowly by the Via Capo le Case and the Via della Mercede, to the Caffè Nazionale, where he would spend an hour or so, sometimes in looking over the German and Italian papers, more often gazing into vacancy, and lost in thought. The dim blue eyes, at such times, saw nothing of the cosmopolitan crowd in the glittering café, but were fixed, or I am much mistaken, upon far-off Norway and its grey "provincial" life — saw the mob breaking Stockmann's windows, or little Hedvig slipping, pistol in hand, into the garret where the Wild Duck lived. Six years earlier, in an address to the Norwegian students, he had said: "A poet is by nature long-sighted. I have never seen my homeland and its life so clearly, so closely, or in such relief as when I have been farthest sundered from it in space."

My friends and I used to frequent the Caffè Nazionale almost as regularly as did Ibsen; but, of course, I did not often intrude upon his cogitations. I find only one other note of a talk with him in Rome, from which the following passage may be quoted:

> I spoke to him about Kierkegaard,[1] and he declares it is all nonsense to say that Brand has anything to do with Kierkegaard. He says he always draws from models to some degree, and that a man who formed a sort of model for Brand was a certain Pastor Lammers. This man went out of the State Church, taking any number of people with him; then saw he was on the wrong track, but neither could nor would take his followers back into the fold, and so left them in the wilderness and came abroad. Ibsen knew him in Dresden. However, he can't have been by any means an exact prototype of Brand, for Ibsen says he was full of the joy of life, went to the theatre, and was something of a painter and musician. Brand played the organ, but that was his only accomplishment, that I ever heard of. We spoke of Turgueneff, whom Ibsen praised highly; and as I happened to have *Une Page d'Amour* with me, we discussed Zola. Ibsen hasn't read anything of his, he says, and is inclined to undervalue him, from what he has read about him. I was rather

[1] A Danish theologian who is commonly said to have been the original of Ibsen's Brand. See the *Revue de Paris*, July 1901.

interested to hear this, for, of course, the *Morgenblad* is profoundly convinced that *Gengangere* is directly inspired by the study of Zola.

To my other meetings with him in Rome I find only general references in the papers before me, but they entirely bear out my recollection of his invariable courtesy and cordiality. And here let me ask how many great writers would have given so much time and patience to a wholly irrelevant youth who had no sort of claim upon them—not even that of a formal introduction? In after years Ibsen might—indeed, he did—consider himself under some sort of obligation to me; but in those far-off Roman days he knew nothing of me except that I could more or less imperfectly express myself in his language, and had made an unauthorised and partly garbled version of one of his plays. That he could be morose and even repellent on occasion is plain from well-authenticated anecdotes; but I think his treatment of me during these first months of our acquaintance ought absolutely to acquit him of any charge of systematic or habitual churlishness. He was never a man of many words; he always spoke slowly and (as George Eliot is said to have done) under a manifest sense of responsibility; but within the limits of his phlegmatic temperament I always found him not only courteous, but genial and even communicative.

Here, too, I cannot help touching upon a more delicate subject; for to avoid it would be to lend colour to idle and malicious reports. The often-repeated stories of his over-indulgence in stimulants were, to the best of my belief, such gross exaggerations as to be practically falsehoods. My personal observation on this point is confirmed by the report of one of his oldest and most intimate friends who, some years ago, discussed his character quite frankly with me, told me many anecdotes illustrative of his peculiarities, but wholly repudiated this slander. On convivial evenings at the Scandinavian Club I have seen him drink one or two small tumblers of thin Italian wine, but no more. At the Caffè Nazionale he would slowly sip a glass or two of vermouth—the most

temperate of potations. This I have observed day after day and week after week; for the amiable gossip that was current in Norway could not but make me keep my eyes open. In Germany, in Denmark, in Norway I have been with him repeatedly, have seen him evidently pursuing his daily habit in the matter of spirituous liquors, and have always noted the moderation of that habit. On one public occasion, when it was afterwards spread abroad that he had conspicuously exceeded, I both walked and talked with him, and can positively assert that there was no truth whatever in the scandal. He was certainly no teetotaler, and it is even possible that he relied on the stimulus of stimulants more than strict hygienists may consider wise; but that he was in any serious sense of the word intemperate I utterly disbelieve.

It may be said, once for all, in this connection, that, like most small communities, Norway is a hot-bed of tittle-tattle. Everybody knows everybody, and everybody knows a great deal more about everybody else than they know themselves. One has only to read Ibsen's plays to realise the prevalence and power of personal gossip. Ibsen was at one time violently unpopular in his own country; and though in his old age his fame was looked upon as a national possession, the habit of malicious and mendacious chatter about his concerns still held its ground. My brother was one day going to call upon him in Christiania, and remarked to a friend resident in the town, that if Ibsen was not at home, he hoped he might see Fru (Mrs.) Ibsen. "Oh no," said his friend, "you won't see her; she hasn't been able to live with him for years." My brother paid his call, and the first person he saw on crossing the threshold was Fru Ibsen. The incident was typical.

III

After leaving Rome, I did not again meet Ibsen for five years. In the summer of 1887 I spent some weeks in the south of Norway, and determined to return to England by an untried route—crossing to Frederikshavn in Jutland, and then proceeding by rail to Hamburg and Flushing. On the day

before I started, I saw a paragraph in a Norwegian paper to the effect that Henrik Ibsen was spending the summer at the little town of Sæby, a few miles from Frederikshavn. I telegraphed for permission to call upon him, and received a cordial answer. My impressions of that visit are noted in a letter from which I make the following extracts:

Frederikshavn is a very bright-coloured, cheerful, clean little place, and the country about it is delicious—a perfectly level sea-shore, and then, about a quarter of a mile inward, a low table-land, broken by deep watercourses, very wide for the driblets of water in the bottom of them. You see a magnificent sweep of coast, with, about seven miles southward, a projecting point on which stands a large church. This is Sæby. I found at the hotel in Frederikshavn a Norwegian business-man, a very decent old fellow, who was going to drive to Sæby. I proposed to share the conveyance, the more so as I had a Huntley and Palmer biscuit tin full of roses from A—— J—— for Fru Ibsen. The old boy consented with alacrity, and away we drove at the rate of about five miles an hour, in the queerest old trap you ever saw. It was a delightful drive—a perfect summer day, the corn ripe all round, the wild flowers brilliant, and the Cattegat dancing in the sunlight. All the way we could see Sæby Church straight ahead; and at last we rattled over a bridge, past a lovely old water-mill and into the quaint main street of Sæby—one storey houses with great high gables, all brightly painted.

The moment we were over the bridge I saw a short, broad figure ahead, in an inordinately long black frock-coat, and a tall hat made of black silk, looking far too small for the immense head. It was Ibsen, evidently on the look out for me. I stopped the trap, we greeted each other with effusion, and then he insisted that I should drive on the Hotel Harmonien, where he was staying, he following on foot. This scene proceeded to the speechless amazement of my fellow traveller, whom I had found to be a fine old stock-conservative, and had therefore not informed of my purpose in visiting Sæby. Ibsen, with his white necktie, appeared for all the world like a most respectable parson; but I am sure my friend looked at his boots to see if they were normal, and would not have been surprised if he had produced a torpedo from his coat-tail pocket, and proceeded to place it under the ark in which we were travelling. We drove into the courtyard of Harmonien, and, by the time I had settled with my companion, Ibsen arrived.

He took me up into an enormous, barely-furnished, uncarpeted room on the first floor, with four (if not five) windows, and two bedrooms opening off it at the back. This formed his apartment; and here we sat and talked for about an hour, until Fru Ibsen came in from a walk in Sæby Forest. I presented the flowers, which she promptly rescued from the biscuit-box, and received with enthusiasm. Indeed, they made a splendid show, and she was immensely

touched by their being a "greeting from Norway." After another hour we had dinner, coffee, and cigars. Then I thought the "Old Man" would want to take his siesta, so I proposed to go for a walk in the forest and return in an hour or two. So said, so done. . . . But on my way back I lost myself in the forest, and did not reach Sæby till six o'clock. Then we had tea, or supper, and at eight I set off to walk back to Frederikshavn.

Now for a few Ibseniana. I must say, in the first place, that the "Old Man" was really charming throughout—perfectly frank and friendly, without the least assumption, or affectation, or stiffness of any sort. . . . Unfortunately, I have a morbid shrinking from talking to people about their own works, so that our conversation was, on the whole, far too much devoted to mere small-talk and (strange to say) politics, Norwegian, Danish, and Irish. However, I shall jot down a few of the things that turned up in the course of the talk.

He said that Fru Ibsen and he had first come to Frederikshavn, which he himself liked very much—he could knock about all day among the shipping, talking to the sailors. and so forth. Besides, he found the neighbourhood of the sea favourable to contemplation and constructive though. Here, at Sæby, the sea was not so easily accessible. But Fru Ibsen didn't like Frederikshavn because of the absence of pleasant walks bout it; so Sæby was a sort of compromise between him and her. Fru Ibsen afterwards added that the Norwegian steamers at Frederikshavn were a source of perpetual temptation to her.

For the present Ibsen is not writing anything, and hasn't been all last winter, because his time has been greatly taken up with business connected with the production of his plays in Germany. He told me, what I had already read in the Norwegian papers, that there had been a regular Ibsen controversy in Berlin—that a certain set of critics had taken to exalting him to the skies and flinging him at the head of their own poets. They won't hear even of Spielhagen and Paul Heyse, being (Ibsen says) very unjust to the latter—which is particularly unpleasant for him (Ibsen), as he now lives near Heyse in Munich, and they are very good friends. Ibsen's account of Heyse is that he values himself on his plays, which are weak, while he despises his stories, many of which Ibsen holds to be masterpieees. It is this increase of business in connection with his plays that now forces him to live north of the Alps—besides the fact that the S.P.Q.R. have pulled down his house in the Via Capo le Case.[1] There has been a whole literature of pamphlets in the Ibsen controversy, of which he gave me one and promised to send me others.

Little did I foresee at that time how, two years later, the "Ibsen controversy" was destined to spread to England and America, and to rage for the next ten years with a virulence worthy rather of the Byzantium he had depicted in *Emperor*

[1] There must have been some mistake about this. When I was last in Rome (1904) the house was very slightly altered. It had become a hotel—the Hotel Suez, if I remember rightly.

and Galilean than of the western world and the nineteenth century. He went on to tell me of the reception his plays had met with in Germany and of the repeated suppression of *Gengangere* by the police; but as all this is now matter of history, I omit the details. Meanwhile, he said, he was revolving plans, and hoped to have "noget galskab færdigt til næste aar"—"some tomfoolery ready for next year." The "tomfoolery" in question proved to be *The Lady from the Sea.* It was evident from all his talk that he was himself at this time fascinated by that wonder and glory of the sea which was to be the motive of his next creation. I remember straining, and overstraining, the resources of my Norwegian in an attempt to convey to him some conception of the greatness of Mr. Swinburne as a poet of the sea, and, in so far, a kindred spirit.

> I tried [the letter continues] to get at the genesis of a piece in his head, but the fear of seeming to cross-examine him prevented me from obtaining any very explicit answer. It seems that the *idea* of a piece generally presents itself before the characters and incidents, though, when I put this to him flatly, he denied it. It seems to follow, however, from his saying that there is a certain stage in the incubation of a play when it might as easily turn into an essay as into a drama. He has to incarnate the ideas as it were, in character and incident, before the actual work of creation can be said to have fairly begun. Different plans and ideas, he admits, often flow together, and the play he ultimately produces is sometimes very unlike the intention with which he set out. He writes and re-writes, scribbles and destroys, an enormous amount, before he makes the exquisite fair copy he sends to Copenhagen.
>
> As for symbolism, he says that life is full of it, and that, consequently, his plays are full of it, though critics insist on discovering all sorts of esoteric meanings in his work of which he is entirely innocent. He was particularly amused by a sapient person in *Aftenposten* who had discovered that Manders in *Ghosts* was a symbol for mankind in general or the average man, and, therefore, called *Man*ders. He also spoke of some critic who had found the keynote of *Emperor and Galilean* in Makrina, a character of no importance whatever, introduced simply because it happened that Basilios had, as a matter of fact, a sister of that name.
>
> In politics [the letter continues] he came out very strong against the "compact majority."

Here, unfortunately, I ceased to report, and branched off into discussions foreign to the present purpose. One remark, however, I may be pardoned for quoting. Speaking of Ibsen

as a thinker, not as a poet, I said : " He is essentially a kindred spirit with Shaw." At this time Mr. Bernard Shaw had barely heard Ibsen's name, and *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*—nay, the very word, " Ibsenism "—was as yet undreamt of. Have subsequent events, then, justified my observation? Only, I think, in a very limited sense. But this earliest juxtaposition of the two names seemed worth putting on record.

IV

Three years passed before I again saw Ibsen. In the meantime *A Doll's House* had been produced by Mr. and Mrs. Charrington at the Novelty Theatre, London (June 1889), English translations of this and other plays were pouring from the press, and the " Ibsenite " and " Anti-Ibsenite " factions were fulminating against each other in the English and, to some extent, in the American press. In August 1890 I passed through Munich on my way to Oberammergau, and spent a day with Ibsen and his wife and son. I again quote from a letter written a few days later.

My first business in Munich, after making sure of my seat for the Passion Play, was to call upon Ibsen. . . . His fame in England and America is, as he says, " a fairy-tale " to him. . . . He is obviously older, but looks very well, and is quite alert and cheerful. He trotted me round a vast exhibition of modern pictures, where there is a portruit of himself by a Norwegian named Smith—a vivid enough, but far from flattering one. He won't go into the room where it hangs, but waited round the corner. Just as I discovered it, an Englishman and his wife were standing before it. The man looked up his catalogue, and said, " Oh, that's Ibsen, the Norwegian poet " ; whereupon the lady replied with the greatest interest, " Oh, is it ? Well, now, that's just what I should have expected him to look like." I was tempted to tell them they need only step into the next room to see the original ; but, instead, I reported their conversation to the " Old Man," who was amused. Sigurd Ibsen joined us at lunch, and we had a long talk about all sorts of things—mainly about translations and performances in England, America, &c.

You would see from Shaw's letter which I sent you that Ibsen was supposed to be infuriated at having been classed as a Socialist by G. B. S. He explained to me, however, that his rage existed only in the imagination of the *Daily Chronicle* interviewer. What he really said was that he never had belonged, and probably never would belong, to any party whatsoever ; but he expressed

himself as pleasantly surprised to find that English Socialists, working on scientific lines, had arrived at conclusions similar to his. This the *Chronicle* interviewer (a Berlin Jew) twisted into an expression of unpleasant surprise that any one should have the audacity to make use of his name in Socialist propaganda. The Old Man was quite put out about this, for the thing had got into the German and Danish papers too. While I was with him he received a letter from Vollmar, one of the Socialist leaders in the Reichstag, and a friend of his, asking him what the devil he meant by this seemingly contemptuous disclaimer, not only of Socialism, but of all sympathy with Socialism. Ibsen had already written a letter to Brækstad, intended for the English papers; and he forthwith sat down to write a German translation of this letter for Vollmar.

Fru Ibsen and he had an amusing little scene apropos of this incident. She said, "I warned you when that man came from Berlin that you would put your foot in it. You should have let me see him; women are much more cautious than men in what they say." Whereupon the Old Man smiled grimly, and said that wasn't generally supposed to be the strong point of the sex; adding that since the interviewer was going to lie about what he said, it didn't much matter whether he was cautious or not. Then Fru Ibsen suggested that he ought not to have seen him at all, and I closed the discussion by assuring her that in that case he would have made up the interview entirely from his inner consciousness.

Again, on my return from Oberammergau, I had a long chat with Ibsen at his favourite table in the "Café Max, opposite the Hoftheater, but have kept no notes of what passed. His rooms in Munich, further down the Maximilianstrasse, were lofty and handsome, but still, to my thinking, unattractive. He never seemed really "at home" until I saw him in his flat in Christiania. Of his home life I can only say that at all times I received a most pleasing impression of it. Of the loyal devotion of his wife and son, and their enthusiasm for his ideas, there could not be a moment's doubt.

V

In 1891 Ibsen returned to Norway, after an absence (save for brief visits) of more than a quarter of a century. He made Christiania his abiding-place, and seldom left it, settling in the new quarter on the Palace hill, first in Viktoria Terrasse, but ultimately in Arbins Gade. It was there that, in 1898 and 1899, I saw him again and saw him frequently.

He had now become a European celebrity, and thousands of tourists have seen him, and hundreds described or depicted him, taking his daily walk down Karl Johans Gade, or sitting at his own particular window in the *café* of the Grand Hotel. He was also the favourite victim of the inventive newsmonger. Either in Christiania or in Copenhagen—probably in the latter—there was a regular manufactory of Ibsen legends. Whenever other "news" was slack, a telegram about Ibsen's health, or about his friendships and enmities, or about his next play, or about his "autobiography" would be fabricated and disseminated: to be tardily followed, and never overtaken, by an official contradiction. I would especially warn all Ibsen-biographers against a most circumstantial story of his illness, his "Apologia," and his relations with Björnson, purporting to be written by Dr. George Brandes, which was circulated in the autumn of 1901, and was pure invention from first to last.

In the spring of 1898 he celebrated his seventieth birthday, and a number of his English admirers, headed by Mr. Edmund Gosse, presented him with a large silver goblet, technically known as a ciborium. This gift, as he told me both by letter and by word of mouth, gave him peculiar pleasure. It occupied a place of honour in his drawing-room when I visited him in August of the same year. In his study, a bright corner-room looking out upon the palace park, I was somewhat surprised to notice, holding a very prominent position, a huge gilt-edged and brass-clasped family Bible. "You keep this close at hand," I said, pointing to it. "Oh, yes," he replied, "I often read in it—for the sake of the language." Among some fine old pictures in his study, was a large and striking modern portrait. "Who is that?" I asked. "That is ————," he replied, naming a Scandinavian author of some celebrity. "Oh, do you know him?" I asked, a good deal interested. "No, I don't know him at all," was the reply, "but I rejoice in that portrait. I think he looks so delightfully mad."

Of my conversations with Ibsen in these years I have only fragmentary notes. In 1898, my brother, to whom the letters

above quoted from were addressed, was with me in Christiania, and shared in our talks. In 1899, it was the festivities connected with the opening of the National Theatre that took me to Norway; and though I saw Ibsen several times during those crowded days, there was little opportunity for quiet conversation.

In one of his poems, written in 1870, and entitled, "A Balloon-Letter," he had said,

> Yes, the age for Beauty hungers—
> That's what Bismarck little guesses.

He had now came to doubt whether he was right in that. Perhaps it was rather truth that the age was hungering for. But the two ideas tended, by psychological necessity, to flow together; and he could not but hope that the religious idea might one day follow suit, and blend with the idea of the true and the beautiful, into something different from any of those ideas as they at present exist. This course of thought—though he did not seem to realise it at the moment—runs exactly parallel with his transition from romanticism to realism, and from that again to a poetic elevation bordering on mysticism.

He spoke of the mission which the Government had assigned him in his youth, to travel through the country and collect folk-songs. As a matter-of-fact, he picked up no folk-songs at all, but brought back a store of folk-tales—all told him by one man, however. On the other hand, he gathered many impressions, which he afterwards used in *Brand.* He came to one valley where the parsonage had just been destroyed by an avalanche. The pastor and his wife were living in one room of a peasant's house. The wife, who had just given birth to a child, occupied a screened-off corner, while the husband transacted all the business of the parish in the remainder of the room. The scenery of *Brand* was mainly suggested to him by a side valley off the Geiranger Fjord—the Sunnelvsfjord, I think he said. He also spoke of coming down from the Jotunfjeld at a place where he looked straight down upon a steeple in the valley hundreds of feet

below, and could see no possible way of descent. It appeared, however, that there was a path cut in the face of the precipice, and by this he made his way down, in company with a Catholic priest and a sick woman tied on to a horse.

He wrote *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* (which appeared with only a year's interval between them) at very high pressure, amounting to nervous overstrain. He would go on writing verses all the time, even when asleep or half awake. He thought them capital for the moment; but they were the veriest nonsense. Once or twice he was so impressed with their merit that he rose in his night-shirt to write them down; but they were never of the slightest use. At Ariccia he used to get up at four or five in the morning and go for a long walk; then, when he came back, he was in good trim for writing.

He began *Peer Gynt* at Ischia and finished it at Sorrento. He set to work upon it with no definite plan, foreseeing the end, indeed, but not the intermediate details. For instance, he did not know that Peer was to go to Africa. "It is much easier," he said, "to write a piece like *Brand* or *Peer Gynt*, in which you can bring in a little of everything, than to carry through a severely logical (*konsekvent*) scheme, like that of *John Gabriel Borkman*, for example."

I had often heard him confess to a great distaste for seeing his own plays on the stage. This time he went more at large into his reasons. "I have quite definite conceptions," he said, "of my own characters, and the actors come between me and those conceptions, in some cases permanently distorting or obscuring them." It was one of the drawbacks to the various festivals that had been held from time to time in his honour—in Berlin, Meiningen, Copenhagen, Stockholm, &c.—that he was always expected to sit out one or more of his plays. I was reminded of Dr. Schlenther's account of the first production of *Ghosts* in Germany, at the Augsburg Stadttheater. Ibsen was present, whether at the dress-rehearsal or at the performance I do not remember. He sat with a friend in the stalls, and throughout the performance kept on pinching his companion and ejaculating, "Oh! oh!" in apparent agony,

varying the exclamation at some points—as when Regina made her entrance in peasant costume—with an emphatic "Oh, nein!" English and American stage-managers please note!

It was true, he said, that he had for a time entertained some idea of writing a sort of literary autobiography—an account of the external circumstances, and the conditions of thought and feeling, that had generated each of his works. The upshot would have been—so he believed, at any rate—a demonstration of the continuity and consistency of his process of development. But he had put the idea aside, and was now (1898) maturing the scheme of a new drama. "I have turned the characters out to grass," he said. "I hope they will fatten." In 1899 he told me that the play was nearly finished, and that he thought of calling it *A Dramatic Epilogue*—a sort of summing-up, I understood him to imply, of the work of his later life. That play was—alas!—*When We Dead Awaken.*

On September 1, 1899, Ibsen and Björnson sat side by side in the place of honour at the opening of the Norwegian National Theatre. That night crowned the life-work of the two men. They had created a national drama which had gone forth over all the world; and here at last it had found a fitting home in their own country which they had so loved—and chastened. A few days later, I parted from Ibsen for the last time, at his house in Arbins Gade. Punctilious as ever in his courtesy, he accompanied me to the outer door and we shook hands on the threshold. Nearly twenty years had passed since I first saw him in the dim old Roman salon; and in all that time, whether in speech or writing (though we had had business relations not quite without complexity) I had met with nothing but kindness, consideration, and cordiality at his hands. What I said I do not remember, but doubtless it was not the right thing. The right thing to have said was very plain. Thinking of all that I owed to the poet and the man, I should have used the simplest and most comprehensive of the formulas of gratitude in which Norwegian abounds, and said to him, "Tak for alt," or "Thanks for all."

WILLIAM ARCHER.

WHAT ENGLISH LANDLORDS MIGHT DO

THE depression in the value of agricultural land, especially arable, which set in about the year 1875, and has continued ever since, demands the most serious attention, not only of landowners, but also of all who are interested in the welfare of the State.

The following table shows the average prices of agricultural produce in the respective years:

	1874		1884		1894		1904
Wheat . .	55/9	...	35/8	...	22/10	...	28/4
Barley . .	44/11	...	30/8	...	24/6	...	22/4
Oats . .	28/10	...	20/3	...	17/1	...	16/4

It will be noticed that prices have never even approached those attained in former days. Landlords ever sanguine that the depression was but temporary, met the difficulty by temporary remissions of rent, but prices have never rallied, and the result has been that as farms became vacant, the lowered rent became permanent, if indeed it was not further reduced. The large farms of prosperous days frequently could not be let, much land came in hand, and sufficient capital was not forthcoming to maintain it in adequate fertility and obtain its fullest yield. During this long period the soil has become more and more exhausted, labour has become more costly and more inefficient, and the prospect necessitates vigorous and far-seeing action. The problem is an exceedingly difficult one.

Legislation has done and will do but little good, though in certain cases its action is beneficial. The difficulties must be met by a combination of the highest intelligence, the utmost skill, and undaunted perseverance.

In thirty years science has far advanced, and has taught us many ways of combating the situation. We have something like twenty-five agricultural colleges, in which experiments are made at the public expense, which afford teaching to scholars, and from which lecturers go forth to sow the good seed.

We have, also, the facilities allowed to our county councils, and thus we have a solid basis of instruction which should bear good and tangible fruit,

Yet how slowly do results flow from these sources. How comparatively few landlords take an active interest in promoting objects from which they, as well as others, must derive benefit, and how few correctly understand either the objects to be aimed at or the means of getting them.

It has not been the practice hitherto to train the future landlord in the conduct of the business on which his maintenance will depend, and but few agents and bailiffs, though possessed of great and valuable experience, have ever had the opportunity of learning the science, or mastering the principles, on which alone successful agriculture in the twentieth century must rely.

An analysis of operations on certain arable farms in Lincolnshire, during two distinct periods of five years, disclosed the alarming fact that in the later period the losses incurred nearly trebled the losses in the earlier. Does not this show that the land has largely deteriorated, that the skill applied has been inadequate, and does it not call for prompt and strenuous action?

It is obvious that neither the landlord nor the cultivator, who have never learnt the intricacies of chemistry, or the subtleties of botany, can apply to the land, with any chance of continued financial success, those much-neglected sciences, which, together with practical experience, are the foundation

of remunerative effort, and of what use are the lectures given by colleges and councils if they go in at one ear and out of the other, meeting with no absorbent receptacle in the process.

What then is to be done?

What should be the aim of a far-seeing landlord? Surely he can study the problem himself, and can combine with others, and employ with them a skilled expert, who, in a specified district, can advise, supervise, and instruct in accordance with the method tried in some places in England and common in Germany. Such importance is attached by the German Government to this practice that the State has spread all over Germany a network of experts who are at the disposal of landlords and farmers gratis. A qualified expert can be obtained for a salary of from £200 to £300 a year, which, if contributed proportionately by the various parties to the arrangement, is not burdensome and soon repays the cost; but he can do little or nothing if left in the hands of agents and bailiffs, who naturally and reasonably fear, on their sole direction, to change old ways, initiate new departures, and take new risks.

The landlord alone can take the responsibility of deciding on new methods and new expenditure, and must himself understand the drift of the new proposals.

It will be urged, and with much force, that landlords already become poor, cannot find the capital, and this very serious question must be faced.

The owner is, therefore, in the dilemma that he must face this issue or spend more capital to preserve fertility. The four-course system has served its day. New methods of cropping, applicable to varieties of farms, have come into existence, and the old plan may well be superseded by a broader and more flexible system, but is it to be supposed that an agriculturist brought up in the old school can unaided carry out the change?

It is by no means clear that improved ways of farming entail, over a given period, a serious increased outlay. Even under so-called thrifty methods great waste and extravagance

still prevail. The turnip crop, a most costly and wasteful product, is too often precarious, exhausting the soil, and as a plant, apart from sheep-feeding, returning no manurial value. Why then grow so large an extent of this crop, when a less expensive and more fertilising forage crop will form an efficient substitute, such as sainfoin, lucerne, &c.?

Large tracts of Lincolnshire arable never grew a blade of sainfoin; but recent experiment has shown that land, unproductive for years under grain and turnips, has in one season yielded 26*s.* an acre net under sainfoin, bringing fertility, economy, and profit in its train.

Again, what terrible waste occurs in the treatment of farmyard manure, the management of which is in itself a science. It is common to see it "hilled" and left to the exposure of the atmosphere for twelve months or more, losing 50 or 60 per cent. of its value, and frequently applied in the wrong place. This can all be avoided.

Further, there is still room for reform in the management and apportionment of food for stock. One would like to see each cultivator possess a clear knowledge of the average yield in food-stuffs of his holding, of the amount required each week per head to maintain his animals through the winter, the relative cost of purchasing food-stuffs as compared to producing them, and the use of many now neglected stuffs which the varying turn of the market would furnish at low price. Experience has shown that great economy can be effected in this direction. The subject is but little understood, and too much stress cannot be laid on this most important point. In the consumption of oil cake, where used for manurial value apart from feeding capacity, there is still much room for economy. The bills for cake are often prodigious and extend far beyond the point at which its conversion into meat is remunerative. Why continue so wasteful a plan when science has shown that the same manurial result can be secured in other ways at a cost of 50 per cent. less than that expended upon cake?

As long as the price of grain is so unremunerative surely the object of the cultivator should be greatly to increase the supply of forage crops on his arable land, maintain a *larger* head of stock on his farm, and by growing more food-stuffs to render himself less dependent on the merchant for such expensive articles. If science can help him to accomplish this, it will have done much, but it will never do so unless assisted by the landowner, and brought within reach of the cultivator.

Grass land is cruelly neglected in large districts of England, and nothing responds more readily to science. This has been proved by experiments at Cockle Park in Northumberland, where grass land worth only 5*s*. an acre was by scientific treatment raised to the value of 25*s*.

Another serious question which landlords have to face in many places is the comparatively scanty supply of applicants for arable farms. Is not our system to blame? Have we not relied too largely on the big farmer with ample capital—now a vanished quantity?—and have we not been neglectful to build up in recent years a more humble element to take his place? Landlords, not unnaturally, dread the outlay on small holdings, but would it not be wise, by letting arable fields in small plots, near towns and villages, to induce persons from those localities to cultivate them from their own homes, thus satisfying the natural desire for land, and stimulating the successful to increased effort in a wider field. By graduating the size of the farms into small, bigger, and big, many a competent and efficient waggoner, labourer, or other rustic would gain a step on the ladder which *might* lead him or his son to occupy a larger farm, and thus the way would be open to reward the thrifty, multiply the number of producers, and materially strengthen the position of the landlord.

The landlord could accomplish this far more easily, far more efficiently, and far more satisfactorily, than any official body, and, by degrees, arrange to admit his tenants at small cost to the benefit of expert advice of the utmost value.

The small holdings at Spalding are no failure, full rent is paid for them, and their success has been demonstrated.

The future will bring forth many schemes for tinkering with the land, some good and some bad, but the landlords should take the lead while they are still unfettered by legislation, red-tape, and official ignorance.

This brief paper only touches upon points, upon which volumes might be written, but it may suffice to draw attention to what landlords can do. To sum up:

(1) They can meet and discuss the idea of combining to employ a skilled expert to advise in a given district.

(2) They can discuss the best method of training future landlords in the business.

(3) They can, wherever practicable, offer to let, in small plots, arable land adjacent to towns and villages.

(4) They can encourage the labourer by making, where possible, a ladder of promotion for the efficient, the thrifty, and the trustworthy.

(5) They can render him more valuable by stimulating in schools the sensible education of children in Elementary Botany, Insect Life, and Natural History, so far as these have a bearing on agriculture, and the comfort and welfare of stock.

Algernon Turnor.

THE EVOLUTION OF AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT

STATUTE law should be well thought out, and of practical efficiency, as an instrument for good government and the furtherance of human improvement, having regard to the time and labour and skill expended upon its production. Parliament makes laws without haste or impulse, steadily, and with patience. Getting a big Government measure—like the Education Bill, for instance—through Parliament is, indeed, a labour—delicate, difficult, and complicated—to which ability, experience, and judgment of the highest order are devoted. A Bill has to pass through no fewer than five distinct and separate stages in both Houses of Parliament before the last ceremony of all, the Royal Assent, makes it the law of the land. It has to be read the first time, and read the second time; it has to pass through Committee, to be reported to the House, and finally read the third time. And having passed through all these five stages in the House in which it is first introduced—always the Commons in the case of large measures of legislation—it has to go through precisely the same five stages in the other House.

But it is necessary to remember that before a great Government measure is introduced at all into the House of Commons months of anxious thought are spent, first on the consideration of its principles, and next on its composition in the form of a Bill. Indeed, Parliament is generally in ignorance of what it

is to be asked to sanction until the Minister has unfolded his plan of legislation in the House of Commons. An outline of its proposal is first laid in the rough before the Cabinet by the Minister, and, no doubt after much consideration and discussion, the Cabinet agrees to particular proposals in conformity with what it conceives to be its mandate from the electorate, or, more properly speaking, with the general wishes and inclinations manifested by the Party in the country.

Gladstone, in his Diary for December 1868, thus describes how he prepared the skeleton plan for the disestablishment of the Irish Church :—

13th—Saw the Queen at one, and stated the case of the Irish Church. It was graciously received. 24th—At night, went to work on draft of Irish Church measure, feeling the impulse. 25th—Christmas Day. Worked much on Irish Church *abbozzo*. Finished it at night. 26th—Revised the Irish Church draft and sent it to be copied with notes.

Next came the Cabinet stage:

Feb. 8, 1869—Cabinet on the heads of Irish Church Bill. 9th—Cabinet. We completed the heads of the Irish Church measure to my great satisfaction.

Then comes the work of embodying in a Bill of the prescribed form, divided into many clauses, which again are sub-divided into sections, the principles agreed upon by the Cabinet. This is done by Government draughtsmen, who are eminent lawyers, adepts in the use of the legal verbiage—curious and quaint and circumlocutory—which custom ordains must be employed in Acts of Parliament, and which the lay mind often finds so difficult to understand and the legal sometimes interprets in various senses.

Before a Bill can be introduced in the House of Commons leave must be asked and obtained. A notice to the following effect appears on the "Orders of the Day"—or the daily agenda of the proceedings in the House :

Mr. Birrell.—Bill to make further provision with respect to education in England and Wales.

What is to be done has been settled outside the House in

the Cabinet. Not only have the principles of the measure been determined, but its very details have been elaborated. All that now remains is to inform the House of Commons what exactly it is to be invited to sanction. On the appointed day accordingly the Minister moves his motion for leave to introduce the Bill, which he accompanies with a long speech explanatory of the Bill's provisions. It is sometimes said that this really means the transfer of the power of legislation from the House of Commons to the Cabinet; that the House, in fact, is simply a sort of automatic machine for registering the edicts of the Ministry. But what other procedure is possible? The House itself cannot draw up the Bill. That can only be done by the Minister, aided by the trained and experienced officials of his Department, who are practically acquainted with all the conditions of the situation. In such hasty criticisms the important fact is also forgotten that these Bills, though prepared by the Cabinet, are framed in accordance with the political views of the majority in the House of Commons.

In the case of an important measure which arouses Party feeling, the Opposition at once states its objection to the Bill's contentious principles; but it is customary to allow the motion for leave to introduce the Bill to pass unchallenged by a division. The Bill is printed and circulated only after it has been read the first time, and, of course, until its provisions are fully before the House no determination can properly be come to by the Opposition as to the action to be taken in regard to it. Therefore the usage of allowing a Bill to be introduced unchallenged is rarely departed from, and only when in the opinion of some section of the House grave and urgent reasons exist for fighting it even from the first.

Leave having been given unanimously, or carried on a division, the Minister brings in the Bill. It is a very short and simple ceremony. The Minister goes down to the Bar, and walking up the floor to the table, amid the welcoming cheers of his supporters, hands the Clerk what purports to be a copy of the Bill. It is but a dummy copy, usually a folded

sheet of paper with the title of the Bill written upon it. Indeed, I have occasionally seen a Minister, on obtaining leave to introduce a Bill, pick up from the table the nearest sheet of notepaper to hand, and while the House rang loud and long with the applause of his Party solemnly hand the Clerk that piece of virgin paper as a copy of the great measure.

It is on the motion for the second reading of the Bill that the battle over its proposals really begins. There is a long debate—its length being determined by the importance or contentious nature of the measure—in the course of which the principles of the Bill are attacked by the Opposition, and defended by the Ministers and their supporters, on broad and general lines. A hostile amendment is moved. Sometimes it is declaratory of the chief objections to the Bill. Sometimes it runs simply—"That this Bill be read the second time this day six months," which, in a roundabout way, amounts to a motion for its rejection. The debate is closed by a trial of strength between the supporters and opponents of the Bill in the division lobbies, and if the motion for the second reading be carried—a foregone conclusion in the case of a Government measure—the principles of the Bill, generally, are supposed to have received the approval of the House.

Then comes the most important stage of all, and the most critical—the Committee stage, during which the proposals of the Bill are considered, separately and in detail, and efforts made to amend them or reject them. But, occasionally, "instructions to the Committee" are found standing in the way of the House getting into Committee on the Bill. Fourteen instructions, for instance, were put on "the paper" in the case of the Home Rule Bill of 1893. The Committee on a Bill have general powers to make such amendments as they think fit, provided they are relevant to the subject-matter of the Bill. The purpose of an "instruction" to the Committee is to enable them to amend or alter the Bill in certain particulars which they would have authority to do under their general powers. In other words, the object of an "instruction" usually is to

empower the Committee to extend or limit the scope of the Bill in a way not contemplated by its authors, and hostile to the purpose they have in view. For instance, one of the "instructions" to the Committee on the Home Rule Bill aimed at a contemporaneous settlement of the Irish land question; and another proposed that there should also be a redistribution of seats. But Mr. Speaker Peel, by a stroke of authority, unique for its sweeping character, perhaps in the history of the Chair, which in a House governed by precedent has had the effect of enormously increasing the power of the Speaker, declared that, with one exception, the whole of the "instructions" were out of order. It must not, however, be supposed that if the Speaker had ruled otherwise the "instructions" would have been adopted, and that a land measure, and a reform measure—to say nothing of the aims of the other eleven "instructions"—would have been included in the scope of the Home Rule Bill of 1893. If an "instruction" is in order it is moved and debated like other motions, and its fate —which is, generally, rejection—is decided in the division lobbies.

The House goes into Committee on a Bill simply enough. The Clerk reads the title of the Bill—"The Education (England and Wales) Bill—Committee." "The question is that I do now leave the chair," says the Speaker. "As many as are of that opinion will say 'Aye'; the contrary, 'No.' I think the 'Ayes' have it." As his declaration is allowed to pass unchallenged, he adds, positively, "The 'Ayes' have it," and forthwith steps down from the Chair and quits the chamber. The Sergeant-at-Arms, who sits in a big chair at the Bar, walks up the floor, lifts the mace from the table, and places it out of sight beneath. The Chairman of Committees takes his seat at the table, not in the Speaker's high chair, but in the low chair of the principal Clerk.

The House is now in Committee. It is, in fact, the House without the Speaker. Members are provided with copies of the Bill, and a separate paper containing the amendments

which have been handed in, days before, to the clerks. The amendment paper, as it is called, is divided into sections, each opening with a clause of the Bill in regular order, and containing all the amendments put down to that clause. If the Bill be very contentious, the amendment paper is a document of many pages. It is at this stage that the direct influence of the House at large on the legislative proposals of the Government is brought into operation. In the first instance the House must necessarily allow the Cabinet to draw up the Bill, with the assistance of the departmental officials, trained to the task by experience and study, in accordance with the political principles of the majority. Now comes the opportunity of the House to express its views and opinions of the proposals of the Bill in detail, and to make suggestions for their improvement.

The first amendment considered is, of course, the first amendment put down to Clause 1. It is moved by the member in whose name it stands on the paper. A reply on behalf of the Government is given by the Minister in charge of the Bill. He may accept the amendment, but he generally opposes it. At any rate, there follows a discussion on the proposal, the fate of which is usually decided by a division. So the amendments to a clause are dealt with in regular order as they appear on the paper. For some time the amendment paper shows no appreciable sign of diminution, as fresh amendments may be put down at any period of the Committee stage to any clause of the Bill not yet considered. As a consequence, the printing bill which the taxpayers have to meet is swelled enormously. While a Bill is in Committee the amendments to it are reprinted every night and distributed in the morning, with other Parliamentary papers, to Members of the House of Commons.

It is customary for big controversial measures to occupy a month or two in Committee. Such Bills are discussed, not only clause by clause, but word by word. A member can speak but once on any question when the House is sitting. He may speak as many times as he pleases on any question in

Committee. In fact, debate on an amendment may be protracted to any length, according to the number and volubility of Members who desire to talk on it, if the Minister in charge of the Bill does not lose patience and bring the discussion to an end by moving the closure. Debate in Committee of the whole House is much more businesslike than debate in the House with the Speaker in the Chair. There is, occasionally, a set debate on an important amendment—a "field night"—on which all the oratorical forces of each Party are brought into action; but, as a rule, in Committee, Members talk in a conversational fashion, and argue the points in brief pointed speeches.

The Bill, as I have said, is considered clause by clause. When all the amendments to a clause have been disposed of, the Chairman puts the question—"Clause 1" or "Clause 20" (as the case may be) "the question is that 'this clause stand part of the Bill,'" or, if it has undergone alteration, "that this clause as amended stand part of the Bill," and on that question the principle of the clause may be again debated, no matter how minutely it may have been discussed, as amendment after amendment was moved to the clause. A Bill is not rejected in Committee. If, however, a vital principle of a Bill is successfully attacked, or, if an important clause is rejected, the Bill is not only dropped, but the Administration, on whom a vote of censure has, in fact, been indirectly passed, resigns—thus throwing upon the Opposition the responsibility of carrying on the Government—or appeals to the country to decide the issue in a General Election.

Nevertheless, a Bill occasionally undergoes substantial alteration or expansion in Committee without bringing disaster to the Government. The Minister in charge puts down many amendments with a view to removing defects in the measure from his point of view, and these, of course, are carried. Modifications proposed by followers of the Government are also often accepted. Moreover, there are compromises designed to gain support for the

Ministry by satisfying the claims of important minorities, or to disarm or appease the Opposition, but leaving unaffected the main principles of the measure. All the ability of the House—its practical experience, its acquired knowledge—are brought to bear on the improvement of a big Bill in Committee, and when at last that stage is concluded, when the Chairman puts the question, "That I report this Bill with amendments to the House," and it is agreed to, there has been fashioned as good a piece of legislative workmanship as is possible for the trained intelligence of the Legislature to effect, working under the limitations of the Party system.

The House of Commons recognised in 1882 that it is impossible for it to do itself, and within its own Chamber, the vast amount of legislative work, which, owing to the ever widening extension in all directions of the operations of Government it is now called upon to perform. It decided, therefore, to delegate some of its functions to Committees or sections of itself. It appointed two Standing Committees for the consideration of all Bills relating to law and to trade. These Committees are respectively known as the "Grand Committee on Law Bills and the "Grand Committee on Trade Bills." This devolution of work has proved one of the most valuable reforms ever introduced into our Parliamentary procedure. Each Standing Committee consists of sixty-eight Members, and is intended to be a sort of microcosm of the whole House, having upon it a proportional representation of the various parties, interests or classes in the Assembly. The Members are nominated by the Committee of Selection—a small body of the oldest and most experienced men in the House, appointed for this special purpose, who are guided by the principle of having all parties and all sections of opinion in the House fairly represented on these Grand Committees. The Committee of Selection also add to the Grand Committee, as specialists, fifteen Members who are conversant with the subject of the particular Bill which has been sent to it for consideration.

Accordingly, when a Bill dealing with questions of law or with trade matters has been introduced in the House of Commons, in the way already described, and is read the first time, and the second time, it is committed to the Standing Committee on law or on trade, as the case may be. Each Standing Committee sits, with a Chairman, in one of the Committee-rooms upstairs, from 12 o'clock until the hour the House meets, on alternate days, until its labours are over. Twenty members form a quorum. Clause after clause is considered, amended, rejected, or adopted, exactly as in the case of a Bill before a Committee of the whole House. These Standing Committees impose a heavy additional strain upon the Members who are nominated to serve on them. But the burden is, as a rule, cheerfully borne. Many a Member of talent and business capacity, who, probably because of the lack of a glib, eloquent tongue, has failed to make himself a prominent figure on the larger stage of the House, transfers his ambition for distinction to the rather obscure shades of the Committee-rooms. The reporters are admitted to the meetings of the Standing Committees, but the newspapers allot to the discussions not a tithe of the space which they would devote to the same Bills before the Committee of the House; and no record of the proceedings is taken by shorthand writers for the Parliamentary Debates (as "Hansard" is now known), although similar proceedings on identical Bills in the Committee of the whole House are fully reported. But, notwithstanding the absence of this incentive of publicity to devotion to duty—or perhaps, as some should say, because of its absence —the details of Bills so referred to Standing Committees are carefully considered, the discussions are brief and to the point, and, as a rule, the Acts of Parliament which go through this ordeal will bear favourable comparison, as regards freedom from blots and contradictions, with the statutes that have passed through the Committee of the whole House.

When a Bill has emerged triumphantly from the Committee stage the worst of its troubles are over, in the House of

Commons at least. The Speaker is sent for—if the Committee be one of the whole House—the mace is again placed upon the table and the House resumes. The Chairman of Committees, standing by the Chair with a copy of the Bill in his hand, reports to the Speaker that the measure has passed through Committee. If a Bill be reported to the House without amendment it may be read a third time forthwith, and its career in the House of Commons is thus brought to a termination. But as that never happens in the case of a big Government measure, a day is fixed for the fourth stage of a Bill, known as "the report stage," and the Bill is reprinted if it has been at all amended in Committee.

On the report stage amendments may again be moved to the clauses of the Bill, or new clauses may be proposed, or the Bill may even be recommitted to the Committee again, if it has been found that matters which can only be properly dealt with in that stage have been overlooked. However, the report stage is usually brief, the amendments being generally confined to points that have not been dealt with in Committee. It must be added, however, that in the case of a controversial Bill which has been referred to one or other of the Standing Committees the deliberations upstairs has little restraining influence on the same questions being debated at length in the House on the report stage. Then comes the fifth and last stage of the Bill—"the third reading." There is a set debate in which the principles of the Bill are attacked and defended, as at the second reading stage. But the Bill cannot now be altered in any way. It must be either adopted or rejected, and that question is decided by a division. Of course, it is read the third time. The defeat of a Bill on its third reading in the House of Commons is an exceedingly rare occurrence.

The Bill then goes to the House of Lords. It was the custom formerly for the Minister in charge of a Bill which passed the Commons to bring it up to the Lords. The second Reform Bill was brought up to the Lords on September 22, 1831, by Lord John Russell, who had conducted it

through the Commons, and Lord Althorp, the Leader of the House. The Ministers were accompanied by close on two hundred Whig Members, who assembled at the Bar of the House of Lords, and burst into loud cheers when Lord John Russell handed the Bill to Lord Chancellor Brougham. But a different procedure is now followed. The Clerk of the House of Commons brings the Bill to the Bar of the House of Lords, where he hands it over to the Clerk of the Parliaments. "A message from the Commons," says the Clerk of the Parliaments, "desiring your lordships' concurrence in the first reading of the Education Bill." The Bill is then read the first time; and is again reprinted for distribution among the Peers.

The Commons, by insisting that all great measures should be initiated and moulded by them, and then sent to the House of Lords, would seem tacitly to acknowledge that the proper function of the Peers is to amend and revise the legislation of the House of Commons. But, as a rule, these Bills reach the Lords under conditions which afford insufficient time for due deliberation and revision. For months the Lords are comparatively inactive. In the earlier part of the Session, having no work to do, they sit, day after day, scarcely long enough to boil an egg. Then towards the end of the Session, in the hot days of July and August, the Bills come tumbling up in crowds from the Commons. In 1905 a most instructive return was prepared in the House of Lords showing (1) the dates upon which Bills mentioned in the Speeches from the Throne during the last Parliament were introduced into the House of Commons; and (2) the dates when such Bills were transmitted to the Lords. In 1901 the Factory and Workshop Bill, presented to the House of Commons on March 28, did not reach the Lords till August 14, the same date as the Youthful Offenders' Bill, introduced in the House of Commons on June 20. In 1902 the Licensing Bill, submitted to the Commons on January 30, was not read a first time in the Lords until July, while the autumn sitting, which was held

that year, had begun before the London Water Bill, the Patent Law Amendment Bill, and the Education Bill, presented in January, February, and March respectively, reached the Peers. In 1903 the Peers had to wait until the month of July was nearly ended before they could deal with the great Irish Land Bill and the London Education Bill, introduced in the Commons in March and April respectively. In 1904 the Licensing Bill, presented to the Commons on April 20, was sent up to the Lords on July 29, while the Education (Local Authority Default) Bill and the Shop Hours Bill, both of which originated in the Commons on April 26, were respectively received by the Lords on August 10 and August 11. Yet a Bill in the House of Lords has to pass through the same identical five stages again, as in the Commons. The Lords may agree with the Commons in the principles of the measure by reading it a second time, and yet may alter it substantially in matters of detail during the Committee stage. But, however trivial the alteration may be, the Bill, after it has passed the third reading in the Lords, comes back again to the other House for the consent of the Commons to the Peers' amendments. The Commons may agree or may not agree with the Lords in their amendments. If they agree, well and good. If they refuse to agree, the Lords' amendments are struck out and the Bill is sent back to "the other place" (as the House of Lords is called in the House of Commons) in its original form. Should both Houses remain inflexible the Bill is dropped, at least for the Session, and the dispute is referred to the electorate, in whom the ultimate controlling power is vested. It is on compromise, however, that the smooth working of the Constitution depends, and usually a compromise smooths, in the end, the differences between the two Houses. The Bill accordingly is passed, and remains with the Lords for the Royal Assent which it must receive in order to acquire validity.

Such is the long and elaborate process by which a Bill passes through both Houses towards its transformation into

an Act of Parliament by the Royal Assent. Neverthless, a Bill may pass through all its stages in both Houses of Parliament and receive the Royal Assent in the course of a single day. Such rapid law-making is secured by the suspension of the Standing Orders of both Houses which regulate procedure in regard to Bills. It is resorted to only in a national crisis. The Bill for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland during the Fenian troubles in 1866, and the Explosive Bill during the dynamite scare in 1883, were each passed in a singleday. The Standing Orders are also suspended by common agreement towards the end of a Session, in order to wind up business quickly. Owing to the facilities afforded by the telegraph and special trains for rapid communication the Royal Assent is often given by Commission at the end of the Session to measures within two hours of the third reading by the Lords. The King, say, is at Windsor. The Commission, containing the titles of all the Bills to which agreement by both Houses is expected has been despatched to his Majesty. On the day of prorogation a telegram that the Bills have passed through all their stages is sent to the King, and he forthwith sends a messenger by special train to London with the Letters Patent, authorising the giving of the Royal Assent by Commission.

The most curious, and certainly the most picturesque, scene to be witnessed at St. Stephen's in connection with the evolution of an Act of Parliament, is the announcement in the House of Lords of the Royal Assent. In theory, it is from the King all legislation proceeds. Parliament but agrees. All statutes open with what is called "the enacting clause," which is as follows:

> Be it enacted by the King's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal and Commons, and by the authority of the same.

In practice, however, the power of the Crown in regard to legislation has never, since the reign of Henry VI., been more than a right to express assent or dissent to Bills

which have passed both Houses of Parliament. This right, according to the theory of the Constitution, still exists. Therefore, before any Bill which has passed both Houses of Parliament is declared to be the law of the land it must be presented to the King and receive the Royal Assent. But Bills are not now laid before the Sovereign that he may exercise his independent judgment upon them, rejecting some and approving others as he thinks fit. The "veto" of the Sovereign to reject Bills according to the bias of his own personal views has completely lapsed. He could not personally say "nay" to any of them. He is bound, of course, to act on the advice of his Ministers. Yet according to the theory of the Constitution it still exists unimpaired in all its pristine force. The fiction, however, has its uses. Just as the assent of the Crown is really the assent of the Ministers, by whom the Bills have been introduced, so the veto of the Crown is really the veto of the Ministers. It affords to Ministers the opportunity of dropping a Bill, even after it has passed beyond the control of both Houses of Parliament. If it were found desirable at the twelfth hour not to place a Bill on the Statute Book, the Sovereign need only say "Nay," on the advice of the Ministers, and the measure would be as dead as if it had been rejected on a division in the House of Commons or the House of Lords.

Even in the days of George III., who endeavoured to rule as well as to reign, the giving of the Royal Assent was but a matter of form. Lord Eldon has told the story of his visit as Lord Chancellor to Kew to obtain the assent of George III. to certain measures. He was reading a list of the titles of the Bills and explaining briefly their provisions, when the King interrupting him said, "You are not acting correctly. You should do one of two things: either bring me down the Bills for my perusal, or say as Thurlow once said to me on a like occasion. Having read several of the Bills, Thurlow stopped and said to me, 'It is all damned nonsense trying to make you understand them, and you had better consent to them at once.'"

What really happens now is that, when a number of Bills await the Royal Assent in the House of Lords, their titles are submitted to the King by the Clerk of the Crown, and are set forth in the Letters Patent, signed by the King and issued under the Great Seal, appointing a Royal Commission, consisting of five peers, to go through the strange and picturesque ceremony of approving these Bills on behalf of his Majesty. Then the House of Lords meets for the ceremony. The five Lords Commissioners are seen in scarlet robes and three-cornered hats, all in a row, on a bench beneath the imposing Throne. In front of them is the scarlet Woolsack—like a comfortable well-padded lounge—on which rests the glittering Mace and the embroidered sachet which is supposed to hold the Great Seal. The centre figure is the Lord Chancellor. At a nod from him "Black Rod," the messenger of the Lords, goes to the Lower Chamber to summon the Commons, as both Houses must be present at the ceremony, and in a few minutes he returns with Mr. Speaker, attended by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and followed by a crowd of Members who congregate at the Bar or overflow into their galleries. The Lords Commissioners retain their seats when the Speaker and the Commons appear at the Bar, but they raise their hats in acknowledgment of the profound bow of the First Commoner. The Reading Clerk at the table gabbles through the Royal Commission, a long proclamation engrossed on parchment, in which is set forth, with much circumlocution, in the name of the King, that his Majesty has appointed "our most trusted and well-beloved councillor" the Lord Chancellor, and "our most dear cousins and councillors," or "our well-beloved and faithful councillors," naming the other Commissioners—each peer doffing his hat at the mention of his name and title—to signify the Royal Assent by Commission to Bills. Then the Clerk of the Crown and the Clerk of the Parliaments take up positions, one on each side of the table. The Clerk of the Crown, standing on the Opposition side with a list of the Bills awaiting the Royal Assent, bows to the Commissioners

and reads the title of the first Bill on his list. The Clerk of the Parliaments, standing on the Government side, then discharges his important duties in the ceremony. He first bows to the Commissioners, then turns and bows to Mr. Speaker and the Commons at the Bar, and declares to them the Royal Assent in the Norman French phrase, "Le roy le veult," or "The King wills it." The Bill has been transformed into an Act of Parliament. The Clerk of the Crown again bows to the Commissioners, reads the title of another Bill, bows once more, and again the Clerk of the Parliaments bows first to the Commissioners, then to the Commons, and again declares "Le roy le veult." And so on till the list of Bills is exhausted.

There is, however, a change made now and then in the form of words in which the Clerk of the Parliaments announces the Royal Assent. If the measure be a private Bill, such as a Bill empowering a gas, or water, or railway company to extend its operations, he says: "Soit fait comme il est desire"; or should the Bill be one for granting subsidies to the Crown, he says: "Le roy remercie ses bon sujets, accepte leur benevolence, et ainsi le veult."

If the Sovereign thought fit to refuse assent to a Bill—not because its provisions were repugnant to him personally, but because he was advised to do so by his Ministers—the Clerk would declare it in the mild fashion of "Le roy avisera," or "the King will consider it." But not since 1707, when Queen Anne withheld her approval of a "Bill for the Militia of that part of Great Britain called Scotland," has this power of rejection been exercised by the Sovereign personally.

The use of Norman-French in this ceremony is a survival of the days long, long ago, when the Sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland was supposed to be the ruler also of France. The year 1707, in which, as we have seen, the Royal prerogative of refusing assent to a Bill was last exercised, was also remarkable for an attempt to establish by legislation the giving of the Royal Assent to Bills in the English tongue—the tongue in which Oliver Cromwell gave his assent to Bills

passed during the Commonwealth. A Bill with that object in view was introduced in the House of Lords, passed through all its stages in that Chamber, and had reached its second reading in the House of Commons, when a dissolution of Parliament terminated its career. Curiously enough no attempt was ever afterwards made to revive it.

An Act comes into operation the moment the Royal Assent has been given, unless some time for the commencement of its operation is provided in the measure itself, which is usually the case; and accordingly the Clerk of the Parliaments is required to endorse on every Act, immediately after its title, the day, the month, and the year the Royal Assent was given to it.

Acts of Parliament are not proclaimed or promulgated in any way. They are printed "by authority" by the King's printers—which ensures their acceptance as correct in every court of justice. Two copies are specially printed on vellum. One is for preservation in the Rolls of Parliament, deposited in the Victoria Tower, and is regarded as the official copy. The other is sent to the Record Office. But that is all that is done in the way of bringing Acts of Parliament under the notice of the King's subjects. Nevertheless, all subjects are bound to take note of the law. A violation of a statute is not extenuated by a plea of ignorance. The whole nation is, in strict constitutional theory, present within the walls of the Palace of Westminster when the Estates of the Realm are engaged in the making of legislation. Therefore, an Act of Parliament requires no public notification in the country. In practice, of course, a subject finds it difficult to obtain entrance as a spectator to the Houses of Parliament; but of that little detail the Constitution takes no count.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

THE DOMINION OF PALM AND PINE

NOTES ON EAST AFRICA

THE minds of men are to-day running, as perhaps never before, on the problems of the British Empire; and a few short notes on its recent acquisition, the East Africa Protectorate, may attract attention usefully to a region of much interest and value. A Scottish settler, who had arrived by devious ways and by successive domiciles in British Columbia, New South Wales, and then Rhodesia, to discover his promised land on the fringe of the great cedar forests of El Damo, described to the writer his new home as in a region where, unlike any other, the white child and the banana flourish together, and where the settler for his comfort lights his fire every night of the year. And yet these El Damo forests are situated precisely on the equator!

Kipling's splendid verse has suggested a title for these pages; in his "Dominion over Palm and Pine" he transports the imagination from the control of the tropics to the vast silent places of our frozen North. But here in equatorial Africa the palm is neighbour to the pine in an atmosphere so vigorous and vitalising that the admiration of tropical nature, its wonderful flora and fauna, its more wonderful colour contrasts, is never impaired by that sense of exotic depression which all travellers, I suppose, have had to reckon with. And in this is

perhaps the chief value of our new Colony; two hundred miles from its seaboard there rises a great plateau, in area perhaps equal to the State of California; the climate of this African hinterland is fairly comparable with that of California, both its days and nights being rather cooler, and, unlike California, the mosquito is practically unknown. Hitherto, for reasons not very explicable, when focusing my memory and its affection on Britain's possessions, certain islands, always islands, would stand out. Vancouver Island, Tasmania and the South Island of New Zealand; but the African continent between Mount Kenya and the Victoria Nyanza, and from Mount Elgon to Lake Naivasha must always remain a happy hunting-ground for memory, and there is no country in our Empire with which it need fear comparison, whether for sport, for scenery, or soil. A new world indeed has been called into being by a State railway; a world where everything remains to be done and a society created. I think that such a country under our own flag, a country which the completion of the Cape to Cairo Railway will bring within ten days of London, cannot fail during the next few years to be the magnet for thousands of our young and adventurous countrymen. What, then, are its elements, and what are the points that should be borne in mind? Here is a country with very much the climate of New Zealand, which is, so to speak, at the very back door of the markets of Europe. Should it, then, attract the same kind of immigrant who leaves us to make his home for ever in the South Pacific? I have asked the question of several medical men, "Is this apparently perfect climate quite reliable?" True, the few white children look rosy and well; but is this great plateau, from five to eight thousand feet above sea level, a region where our people dare cut the painter and develop a home sentiment? I find the faculty doubtful as to the reply. "Go home every two or three years" is the usual suggestion. I hear the same thing said of the splendid Colorado plateau. The Denver man once or twice a year does well to get down to the sea-level; life at these great elevations is too strenuous and too nervous.

And if science thus qualifies our enthusiasm as to the air we breathe, is there not a note of warning also from the soil from which we derive our subsistence? Nature is but a huge chemical laboratory, and we are all in the control of the chemist. I remember many years ago when in Cairo being told by Mr. Hamilton Laing that the children of the native population died with unusual frequency during the period of dentition, this trouble being far less prevalent in the case of the children of the upper classes. The natives subsisted on bread made from Nile wheat, the well-to-do Cairenes on wheat imported from India. Mr. Laing thought the Nile soil excessively nitrogenous, so that the milk of the mother lacked the bone-making elements. And here in East Africa the complete absence of lime is very noticeable; the soil is a blanket, often thirty feet deep, of a coffee-coloured volcanic drift, a soil of infinite fertility; the water of every stream is soft as rain water. The conditions were evidently not without effect upon our splendid little Arab horses brought from Bombay, which were ravenous always for salt. Probably then science may determine that this seductive country is not an abiding-place for us, that it is too stimulating, and that the Aryan races now and again require a rest and change. We may find an analogy in the life of the plants. In our temperate zone

> After the slumbers of the year
> In spring the violets reappear,
> All things revive in field and grove.

But in tropical Africa there are no slumbers and no seasons; every day of the year a pulsating tropical sun rises at six and sets at six; to a rainfall twice that of the British Isles there is added in the rainless season, from December to March, a nightly precipitation of dew, reckoned at two and a half inches a month. Imported roses bloom as brightly as in the clays of Kent; but it is necessary to provide them a period of rest during the dry season by entirely laying bare their roots to the rays of the sun. The intending farmer will do well to keep

this in mind; those perennial plants which require the sleep involved in the seasons' changes are not adapted to East Africa. On the Wazan Guishu[1] plateau and in the hundred pretty valleys watered by the streams from the snowfield on Mount Kenya wild clovers abound. Our horses, ridden steadily during three months eight hours a day, retained their condition wonderfully; and the game, both beasts and birds, is everywhere fat and well liking, testifying to the quality and abundance of the feed. Potatoes, six weeks after planting, are excellent and fully developed, and already are being largely exported to South Africa. Wherever tomatoes and the Cape gooseberry have been planted during the last five years the birds appear to have scattered their seeds over wide areas. In the El Damo forests and in all the country around Fort Hall these nice fruits growing wild are already as plentiful as blackberries at home.

To return to the question of the emigrant. East Africa is not, I think, a "poor man's country," at least yet. For some years to come the carpenter and mason and storekeeper from near by British India who is content with earnings and profits much lower than the subsistence level for men of our race, will hold the field; and I think the young strong man with no capital but his energy, will do better to look westward to that bleak but not inhospitable north where the Grand Trunk Railway is presently to connect Hudson Bay with the Pacific Ocean near Port Simpson.

Now as to capitalist immigration, and by capitalist I mean the settler with at least fifteen hundred pounds; I think that to such an one no portion of the Empire offers equal attractions. Should he incline to pastoral pursuits I have nowhere seen wild grasses of a quality so fine as on the Wazan Guishu plateau, and in all the unoccupied region around the base of Mount Kenya. It is safe to say that here an acre will produce three times the meat or wool that can be produced on an

[1] The proper spelling is Uasa-n Guishu; but the reader will approve phonetic spelling, as the name will occur often.

equal area in New South Wales and twenty times the product of unirrigated prairie lands in Colorado or Montana. To these districts certain wild clovers are, as I have said, indigenous; many crops of lucerne could no doubt be harvested each year without irrigation; with irrigation it would be difficult to assign a limit to the amount of vegetation the product of a tropical sun, of a water-supply so unlimited, of a soil as deep and forceful as that of the Nile Valley itself. But in dealing with live stock the settler will do well to bear in mind that Africa is the home of desperate diseases, and too that the magnificent plains on the Athi and the Tana are so infested with ticks that except as game preserves they may be regarded as wholly worthless and for all time. Above five thousand feet, however, the tick disappears; the Wazan Guishu is absolutely free from this pest; and while the soil and the abundant and varied crops and fruits that can be grown on the levels between three and five thousand feet are certain to attract the gambler settler in a hurry to get rich, the part of wisdom for the more prudent homeseeker is to resist temptation, put the peg resolutely in his map at five thousand feet, and to build his house and make his bed at no lower elevation. The country in the foothills of Mount Kenya at some six thousand feet is attractive beyond description. This crater rises to eighteen thousand feet above sea-level; its snowfield appears to occupy three thousand feet, below which is a bamboo jungle of rather greater depth riddled throughout with elephant trails and fading into the forest of huge Juniper trees[1] (*Juniperus procera* and *Podocarpus milanjianus*). About every two miles on its circumference of perhaps a hundred and fifty miles sparkling streams of ice-cold water rush down through striated channels, the snows ever renewing and ever melting under an equatorial sun. This entire circumference is a beautiful region for settlement, although until one or two unfriendly tribes, the Embu and the Wakkomba on the northern slopes, have been disciplined, our colonists are very properly kept out of a large portion

[1] *Juniperus*, &c.

of this, the most delightful zone in East Africa. The travellers, mostly sportsmen whom we encountered this winter, were rather resentful that they were confined by permits to certain districts, and were not allowed to wander at will. Districts were proscribed as unsafe which appeared to be safe enough. It is easier for an unattached individual to explain this attitude on the part of the administration than for the officials themselves to do so. Three years since, when fewer restrictions were imposed, certain white traders, on the ground real or imaginary that their donkeys had been stolen, drove off large bands of native cattle. The next white men to come along were killed. It is not agreeable for the authorities to discriminate, and the allegation that certain districts are unsafe obviates a good deal of inconvenient explanation. It is wiser at the present time to err on the safe side.

Another magnificent region now quite ready for the settler is the Wazan Guishu plateau, a plain of at least five million acres, and having an elevation of fully eight thousand feet. This plateau is nearly enclosed by forests of juniper and yew, the working of which for export will no doubt be presently the staple industry of the Colony. I doubt whether even the famous redwood forests of California, which I saw when in their prime, carried as much timber on an equal area, and certainly the *Juniperus procera*, the "pencil cedar" of East Africa, is in quality and value much ahead of the redwood. The *Podocarpus* belongs to the yew tribe, and its timber closely resembles the white pine of America. As with the cedar, these trees also present a beautiful appearance, rising straight as the mast of a ship, often eighty feet to their lowest limb, and being frequently eight or even ten feet in diameter. It is not unusual to find single trees of either species containing two standards (over three hundred cubic feet) of timber. Of the numerous hardwood trees a species of wild olive, sometimes ten feet in girth, may be the most important. Its wood resembles the ordinary olive, and should be valuable for furniture. The El Damo forest is the haunt of

the antelope, which the natives call the Bongo, an antelope which is unknown elsewhere. A very fine specimen was brought in while we were there; the horns resemble those of a giant bush-buck: the hide, of rich chestnut, is striped almost like a zebra. This fine antelope, which is apparently not uncommon in the denser portion of the forest, has never yet been killed by a white man. But to return to the plateau: I travelled its extreme eastern boundary for some seventy miles; it is at present absolutely unoccupied even by natives, and forms a sort of neutral zone between the two mutually hostile nations the Nandi and the Masai. It is beautifully watered and sheltered by the heavy forests, and swarms with game; elephants, lions, rhino, buffalo, roan antelope, eland, the five-horned giraffe, Jackson's hartebeest, zebra, oribi, reed-buck, bush-buck, water-buck, wild pig, diker, ostriches, and the great and lesser bustard. Probably I have not catalogued nearly all the varieties of game, as circumstances compelled me to cut short my visit to this very attractive region. I had been told at El Damo that the El Geyo tribe, which inhabits a deep valley on the eastern boundary of the plateau, have a code of signals which in the event of white men approaching enables them to notify the tribe for a hundred miles in a few minutes. We had been travelling the plateau for a week without meeting so much as a hunting Wanderobo, when one evening we saw three natives, who at once made off. The next day before noon, about a dozen miles north, we came very suddenly on a large party, some sixty men, sitting under their long spears, which is a sign they are friendly. Evidently our approach had been signalled up the valley. They had never before seen men on horses, they told our Wanderobo guide, and they were extremely puzzled when they first saw our party; the horsemen being in advance and alone. They allowed their group to be photographed, but on condition I stood amongst them and shared "the medicine." The pow-wow over, I asked where were their homes, and their chief said if we cared to walk a mile he would show us. This we did,

and were rewarded by a view of what must I suppose be the grandest cañon in the world. Following our guide through a gap in the forest in a few minutes we were standing upon a huge table rock, from which a stone might have been flung down three or four thousand feet sheer into another world—a tropical world of mangoes, oranges and bananas. The whole plateau on which we were standing, "faults," breaks off suddenly into a vast abyss with nearly perpendicular sides, forming a cañon perhaps thirty miles wide. We could see below us a river, the headwaters of the Kirio, winding through the valley and a lake dotted with islands. What we took to be banana plants our glasses showed us to be great trees. Some such spectacle our planet must present to the traveller who had penetrated Orion's belt and was looking down upon us. Confronted so unexpectedly with this Titanic rift I confess to a lump in my throat; but even had I been forewarned the spectacle is still adorable, and I suppose generations of travellers who care nothing for sport will come to this spot to worship. This El Geyo escarpment is far more wonderful than the Grand Cañon of the Colorado; as compared with it the mighty cañons of the Fraser River are liliputian. It is the *coup d'œil* of all East Africa, beautiful though Kilimanjaro is with its scarp of vivid tropical green and its huge symmetrical snow cone opalescent in the setting sun.

Much care should be exercised when travelling the game trails of this plateau. The El Geyos dig huge wedge-shaped pitfalls, some fifteen feet long and twelve deep, to catch elephants; these they wattle with a light hurdle of fibre and grass. Within one of these traps I had an adventure which must have been attended with disastrous consequences had I been, as usual, riding. Two days later we were in camp, close to what remained of an old game-pit, the tale of which was told me by Moro, our Wanderobo guide. An old lion, probably too old to hunt the zebra, which are in vast herds everywhere here, had twice tried to catch him at this spot; in reprisal he dug a game-pit, and a few days later the lion

was safely wedged in the narrow bottom ; "before killing him with my spear," said Moro, "I first climbed down and *rode on his back*," a form of "tail-twisting" not unheroic.

The proposals of his Majesty's late Government to turn over the whole of this lovely Wazan Guishu plateau to a colony of Russian or Balkan Jews recalls Oxenstiern's remark that the intelligence of a governing caste is relative not positive.

Actually, the emissaries of this Zionist exodus came out to view their proposed settlement ; but lions roared around their camp, and two elephants providentially wandered in, and the Nandi looked truculent in the eyes of the sacred race. It is really difficult to discuss such a proposal in cold blood. As if the racial problems of Africa are not already sufficiently complicated and sectional without importing a defenceless and parasitic race (I use the word in no offensive sense), that we should be bound to protect, into a district exposed to raids from warlike Nandis and to a district from which its settlers may for some years to come keep watch and ward for the camp fires of Abyssinia's free lances. Is it to be thought of that such a district should be handed over *en bloc* to the Semitic exodus of a foreign Power ? The Wazan Guishu plateau is the very pick of East Africa ; it is that portion of East Africa which best indemnifies our nation for its expenditure of six millions sterling on the Uganda Railway.

The probability of disease and also the depredations of wild beasts, lions, leopards, hyenas, cheetahs, and wild dogs, are obstacles to ranching in East Africa, and, as I have pointed out, the plague of ticks below the five thousand feet level would almost certainly be fatal to imported stock. Ticks, as was the case with the tick fever of Texas, might no doubt be dealt with by petroleum baths ; but, unlike East Africa, Texas is the home of cheap petroleum, and too in East Africa, native cattle and sheep immune from this visitation supply excellent beef and mutton at prices so low that the cost of dipping cannot be entertained. Might it not, however, be possible to

communicate some infectious disease to the parasites themselves, and thus free men and game and a fine pastoral region from what is at present a hardly tolerable pest?

In dealing with the climatic conditions of these high plateaux, a word of warning may be prudent. Our party, indeed, found the climate not less than perfect and its atmosphere most bracing and vigorous. Although our visit was during the hottest period of the year, the mercury never once rose higher than 74° in the shade, and now and again in the early morning our camp buckets were decorated with a thin layer of ice. But those who have suffered from coast fevers find, I am told, that these elevations recreate their fever, and the nights were trying to our native porters, to whom so low a range of the mercury was previously unknown. I suppose the great forests, containing, as they do, few deciduous trees, forests from which the innumerable creepers and the tropical luxuriance of the vegetation almost excludes the sun at noonday, are accountable for the lowered temperature of the whole plateau region; these damp and dense forests must be to the adjacent plains just what the felt envelope is to a water-bottle, they must cool off the warm equatorial winds that blow through them, and in this way we can best account for the drenching dews precipitated far and wide. The forest vegetation is so dense and evergreen that the prairie fires lighted in every direction by the natives in the dry season are at once extinguished when they reach their fringe, so that forest fires, which commit such awful havoc in other countries, are happily here unknown.

Leaving the El Damo forests and the Wazan Guishu plateau and skirting the great lakes Nikura and Naivasha, we crossed the Settima range at an elevation of over ten thousand feet, and then traversing miles and miles of bamboo jungle[1] our route brought us down into the country around the base of Mount Kenya. This is the district which beyond question in soil, climate, and economic advantage, presents the greatest

[1] *Bambusa aurea.*

attractions to the white settler. Unlike the Wazan Guishu, which, as I have pointed out, is entirely unpeopled, the district around Fort Hall carries a dense Kikuya population, and rightly handled, this nation, which numbers not far short of a million, on an area smaller than Yorkshire, should prove a mine of wealth to the white man. For the Kikuya is, of all the natives, the most industrious and thrifty. Both sexes work, the men for four rupees a month (*5s. 4d.*) and the women for three rupees, and from this modest wage they feed themselves. For carrying a load of sixty pounds over the Settima range, some sixty miles to Naivasha on the railway, they are contented with a single rupee for the round trip. When the settler has discovered what crop he can best grow for export his gold-mine will be in the services of these industrious natives. Hitherto this nation has only devastated a magnificent country. At a very recent period, almost within the memory of man, this country, for a hundred miles around the foothills of Mount Kenya, was a forest of cedar and pine and olive and innumerable hardwoods. The natives have hung upon the skirts of this forest, burning and destroying piecemeal and then cropping the land, until to-day scarcely a vestige of a forest remains. But in place of the forest is a prairie of great fertility with not a stump nor a hole, and this wonderful transformation has probably been effected by the co-operation of the white ant. It is well known in Africa that if a pit is dug in the garden and into it is flung rubbish, dead stalks, and weeds, in a few weeks the white ant will have converted the rubbish heap into a perfect garden mould; and the fertility and evenness of the soil around Port Hall can, I think, only be accounted for on the white ant hypothesis. For the original soil is only a great lava blanket, perhaps thirty feet deep, and this has been transmuted to a soil not in any respect inferior to that of the Nile Valley itself. Tickled with a native hoe, it laughs with a harvest of two crops of maize or of millet a year, and I am assured with three crops of cotton in fifteen months. The province of Kenya is fortunate in its Commissioner, Mr.

S. L. Hinde, whose headquarters are at Fort Hall. Mr. Hinde is quite the most untiring experimentalist I have met; he has introduced amongst other things the cotton plant from American seed, also the Japanese mulberry, and the silkworm from Italian eggs. The growth of the mulberry is wonderful; the bushes, now three years old, are more than twenty feet high, and grow a fresh harvest of leaves three times a year. The quality of the cotton is excellent, and what is practically the first crop marketed is selling this year in Liverpool for from sevenpence to ninepence per pound. Taking into consideration the cheapness of the land, the taxes paid, and the rate of wages, Mr. Hinde considers that an acre of cotton can be grown at Fort Hall for at least £5 less than in Egypt. The maize grown by Mr. Hinde, also from American seed, is splendid, but the seed with which he supplies the natives has thus far secured no adequate return; the pollen from the inferior native "mealy" is blown over to its American cousin, and the average is, in a few seasons, debased to the native level. The orange plant, which would otherwise do well, is the food of the caterpillar, of the handsome swallow-tailed butterfly; the planter would first find it necessary to reduce the numbers of these attractive insects. Other crops that grow excellently in the gardens of the natives are yams, sweet and Irish potatoes, bananas, lentils, flax and hemp, and three kinds of beans. The castor-oil plant grows everywhere wild. The products to which the planters' attention might be usefully directed are, I think, cotton, rubber, coffee, vanilla, chillies; the fibre-plants such as the sanseviere, and the agave, aloe, and hops; all these are products which have a high money value, so that when the railway from Nairobi to Fort Hall has been built, the freight charges of, say, £3 per ton to London will not be a considerable tax, and, too, their cost of production is largely made up of the wages of unskilled labour. I take the hop to illustrate my meaning, because it is the plant with which I am most familiar. The worst enemy of the hop is wind, and not only are these hill-sides around Kenya perfectly

sheltered and at the higher elevations enclosed by forest trees, but wind-storms are here almost unknown. It is probable that two hop crops might be grown from the same plant each year. In Kent an exceptionally good acre of hop land will grow a ton, worth one year with another, £70; of this £70 at least £60 will have been paid first and last in wages. The hop-picking on the Pacific Coast, in Washington, Oregon, and British Columbia is done by Indians; I have seen Indian tribes there who have come in their canoes nearly a thousand miles down the coast for their season's hop-picking. The labour cost per ton in the Kikuya country cannot be reckoned at more than one-sixth of its cost in Kent. Any crops, such as hops and cotton, where labour is a very important element in the cost of production and where gang labour is carried on under the employer's eye, should be cultivated very cheaply in a region where soil and sun and rain are all favourable. The only experiment with hops, hitherto, was undertaken last year by Dr. Badeker, near Nairobi, the plants arriving in March; thus far they appear to do well, but it remains to be seen whether the hop-plant can thrive without the slumber of winter. There can be no doubt, however, that great quantities of cotton, of a quality equal to Nile or even sea island cotton, will come from the valleys of the Tana and Juba, and from Voi and Makindu. Fort Hall promises in the not distant future to become a centre for cotton-milling operations. There are in its immediate neighbourhood a dozen rivers, with waterfalls often a hundred feet high to supply power to any number of mills. The Tana alone falls at least five hundred feet within ten miles of Fort Hall, and this is a river fully a hundred yards wide and ten feet deep at low water. What has been accomplished in Bombay with inferior cotton, dearer labour, and with power generated by high-priced imported coal, suggests that when the labour and the rivers of the Kenya province are utilised an important cotton industry will have been created. Black labour and the waterfalls of Louisiana, Georgia, and the Carolinas have already turned the flank of our army of white

workers. When in California last winter I was greatly impressed by the silent revolution in labour conditions which in favoured regions of the earth is being effected by electrical transmission of power. I spent some days on the great gravel dredges which are there converting the apple orchards of prehistoric river beds into gold. These dredges, almost as large and ungainly as a line of battle-ship, are supplied with electric current from a central station often many miles away. A dredge thus propelled and carrying three shifts of three white men, accomplishes the work formerly done by sixteen hundred Chinamen; it washes no less than four thousand tons of gravel in the twenty-four hours;[1] any gold the gravel contains in excess of three cents per ton, is profit. Mr. Hays Hammond, who is chiefly responsible for these evolutionary monsters, gave me the following figures; the price of electric current supplied from the central station is fourpence per horse-power for eight hours. The work of sixteen white men is equivalent to one h.-p.; therefore electrical power transmitted too over long distances provides the equivalent of a white man's labour for an eight-hour day, for just one farthing. These are the developments with which labour is to-day confronted; the problems are entirely new, and there is no guide either in experience or history. Chinamen having been excluded from California, certain industries withered; but in others, as in the case of the gold dredges, necessity has indeed proved the mother of invention. General Hancock, when the nominee of the Democratic Party for the American Presidency in 1880, excited much ridicule by declaring that the tariff was a "local issue," and yet the problems of the twentieth century reveal hat this issue can only be decided after careful reference to the varying conditions of localities. Given a region such as Fort Hall, with millions of acres of cotton grown on the spot,

[1] The Boston and California Company on the Uba. The dredge averages twenty hours work per day, washes 3066 cubic yards, Gross gold 521 dollars for nine men's work.

with all its scores of rivers harnessed by electricity, with not, as now, thousands of unskilled blacks working for twopence, but millions of skilled blacks working for sixpence a day, what books of political economy would Manchester workers read? Would John Mill or Frederick List be then their apostle? Manchester capitalists may indeed adjust their operations and make such profits at Fort Hall as will indemnify them for a costly displacement, but what about the operative classes displaced? And it is not improbable that in China just these conditions of industrial competition which I adumbrate, may be awaiting us, and over a narrow threshold of time. I recall that but a few years since the contract for supplying boots for the Indian Army was being filled by certain Northampton firms. A little later I went over the great boot mills at Cawnpore, then newly erected by the late Sir George Allen and his partners. I saw in these mills thousands of native children handling the very latest Boston machinery at a wage of twopence. To-day all the boots for the Indian Army are being made in the Cawnpore mills. But let me return to the Kikuyas. It is all important to attract a large proportion of these natives from agriculture, to forest work, or to work in saw mills or cotton mills, so as to make them buyers and not as now only sellers of food; were starving the alternative to working, this part of Africa, and not this part only, would be on the road to better things. The present policy of settling natives on the very choicest land in the district, to the exclusion of white men, seems to me foolish in the extreme. An hour's work a day on such a soil as this provides for every want; were the native's farm only one-fifth as fertile, some tolerable effort on his part would be required to live. As it is, if the early maize-crop is good, the second crop is seldom planted. At present the only tax collected is a hut tax of two rupees a year, and this is no doubt contributed by the women; were the tax at least ten rupees the men would be driven to work. Great Britain has relieved the aborigines from an extraordinary tyranny, which has had much to do with

forming the differing habits of the various tribes. Those tribes, for example, which lived near the routes taken by the Arab slave caravans on their way from the interior to the coast were so perpetually harried to furnish slaves that their peoples entirely ceased to live gregariously. A single hut with no cultivation to advertise it—such conditions offered the best prospect of immunity. So that to live on roots and wild fruits and possess only a few goats which could be pastured in the forest recesses, came to be the social condition of the tribes near the caravan routes. The tribal relations thus broken up by slave-raids have never been renewed. As there are no villages it follows that there are no chiefs, therefore no discipline, and no obedience, no law, no public opinion, no moral sense. Such tribes as the Kikuya, on the other hand, inhabiting a district where ravines and countless rivers, spanned only by fibre foot-bridges, made slave-raids impossible, live in large village communities, and on the fruits of the soil. These, however, in their turn, either paid tribute to or were harried from time to time by the more warlike hill tribes from the confines of Abyssinia. We have rescued these people from slavery and spoliation, can we not inoculate them with want, which is at the basis of all civilisation? The desire to wear bright cottons must precede the making of bright cottons; at present these amiable citizens of the Empire go naked and not ashamed. The problem of the negro is indeed the despair of our age. By relieving him from the daily dangers which environed him, dangers from Arab slavers, from lions and hostile tribes, we have relieved him also from the necessity of taking any thought for the morrow; thus he tends to relapse into a condition of sensuality more indolent and more brutish than ever before, while he subsists on the labour of his women. In short he has exchanged the *rôle* of the slave for that of the slaver. By contrast, the slave on a Virginia plantation was not only a better but a much happier man, unless by happiness we mean the satisfaction of the tortoise on a sunny log. What was the purpose of the Creator in fashioning such men in His

own image confounds and transcends our philosophics. Religion, education, even evolution—these forces afford us hardly a ray of hope for his future, because his moral nature is at the mercy of certain physical limitations. The black child is intelligent and even receptive, until at about the age of eight the soft places on the skull—the skull sutures—harden; then, as the cranium, Nature's helmet against a tropical sun, thickens, the entire growth of the brain appears to be arrested by this clamp of bone, and too frequently they grow up "half devil and half child." In the case of their race removed a century since to America, to a climate where this sun-protector is not greatly needed, the skull is said to be already appreciably less dense, but the black problem there is still desperate and, I think, hopeless; it seems fated to handicap, perhaps even to render abortive, a civilisation necessary to the world, and it even menaces the greatest of the modern creations of man, the American Constitution.

On one occasion when in a densely populated district across the Tana and being as we were assured the largest party of white men, nine in all, who had ever visited the country, the two Kikuya chiefs, Kithai and Kuto, made a great levy of their clansmen, and the result was a most picturesque garden-party. At least three thousand natives attended, each one bringing as an offering a bunch of bananas or a stick of sugar-cane. When stacked together the presents must have weighed some tons. Then one of our party, the lieutenant of a home county, was introduced by Kithai, with appropriate gestures and in a very rhythmical oration. Each of the chief's rounded sentences were punctuated by a deep and not unmusical groan from the three thousand throats. And then our bugle sounded, and our countryman addressed his unique audience in a speech which filtered sentence by sentence through an interpreter: that we and they were united by sentiments of loyalty and affection for a great King; that our King has vast fleets of war ships, and mighty impis, whose war-drums and bugles echo around the entire earth. All this was very well received, but

the next sentence, "Our King is, however, a lover of peace and not of war"—the chant with which this assurance was greeted seemed to lack volume. There is too much passivity about white-winged peace, it does not sufficiently evoke the war-drums and bugle-blasts, I suppose. However, all passed off well, and, to conclude, his Majesty's lieutenant was required to himself shoot a fine bullock, a part of the offertory. The moment was a slightly anxious one; if the poor beast died handsomely and without a struggle or a groan we felt that the shot would ring north to the Abyssinian frontier and west to the Great Lake; our friend had made an excellent speech under conditions rather embarrassing; would he be equal to this further gallery? So a ·303 was very properly rejected and a ·450 cordite substituted, and, lo! the bullock dies without a shiver. For the amusement of our garden-party and by a happy inspiration we produced our small mirrors, which for quite two hours went the rounds. The delight and excitement of our visitors was good to see. Each of three thousand adults apparently for the first time saw the counterfeit presentment of his own features. Unlike the red man, there is nothing stoical or dignified about the descendants of Ham; the looking-glasses were a revelation; four or five faces would attempt to reflect themselves simultaneously; the impatience of those kept waiting was tremulous, but always good-natured and well-mannered; presently they returned his glass to the proprietor, but with evident sadness and with many a last look. I felt that this transient glimpse of self was for each sable Narcissus a long step on the road to progress, and that, *Petrus nimium admiratus*, Petrus would now haunt the bazaars to bedizen his newly-found heritage of good looks! What an infinity of talk our visit must have suggested to a community so garrulous as these blacks! I suppose, being unable to read or write, time must be spent in talk. One evening on the plateau I had killed a hartebeest, and I noticed that when we returned to camp one of the natives who had been with me was telling the others a quite interminable tale. Finally I

said to my Zanzibari "boy," "What on earth is Simba talking about?" The narrator, it seems, was telling his friends what I thought of the hartebeest and what the hartebeest thought of me, and how the beast had just decided that he would drink and come back to feed up wind, but that I thought it was not necessary for him to drink because his meat would be better unwatered. This was the nucleus for a tale that lasted nearly an hour, and which was listened to by the others with the keenest interest, while they roasted the meat on long sticks.

Any reader who may have done me the honour to read these pages is likely to make this comment: "But if East Africa is a fine climate and a white man's country, in these days of much white pressure on space, why do not white men go there, and why is it left to the British taxpayer to contribute nearly a quarter of a million a year, the difference between revenue and expenditure?" And these are indeed the questions which puzzle many of us. If people at home had any idea that the Equatorial Africa of these plateaux is a white man's world of the most attractive kind, deficits would be replaced by a revenue advancing by leaps and bounds. But at home the idea of Equatorial Africa is malaria tempered by mosquitoes. I think public opinion has been held to a view which makes all African travellers assume dimensions heroic, sells their books of travel, and fills the missionary box. Hitherto East Africa has been chiefly known to my class as a region in which a noble lord from Cheshire has settled, and where he was reported happy in his choice. Cheshire should be proud of the excellent work her citizen has done almost unaided. But this fertile land now cries out for emigrants, and emigrants of the right kind, not Polish Jews, and not that very off-scouring from Bombay, which has imported from India shocking morals and more shocking diseases. The official class in the Protectorate is highly intelligent and agreeable. If the machinery of the administration was directed so as to encourage immigration, no doubt we should in a few years have a Colony with the wealth, the resources,

and the white population of the New Zealand of to-day. Such a colony of a million British settlers, when federated with the South African Colonies, would immensely assist in the solution of some burning political problems not national only but international. But hitherto it has been no part of the business of the East African administration to attract immigration, and the visitor is struck dumb by the difference of atmosphere: between the way in which an intending settler is received say in Canada and in this British Protectorate. I am not for a moment criticising the administration nor condemning this attitude. To the official mind the problem presents itself in this way: "It is no part of my duty to accept the responsibility of advising a young gentleman of whom I know nothing as to a settlement which may make or mar his life." In his admirable book on East Africa its then Commissioner, Sir Charles Eliot, writes:

> I fear it cannot be denied that the Government has been somewhat behindhand in encouraging colonisation. In theory they desire it and have invited immigration; but there has been a woeful discrepancy between theory and practice.

Sir Charles adds:

> The increase of traffic in the East Africa Protectorate is likely to depend entirely on the encouragement given by Government to European settlement and colonisation. If European immigration is discouraged (as it practically has been) no large increase of trade or railway traffic can be expected to occur in our possessions to the east of Lake Victoria, because the native element is small and shows little inclination to use European goods. If, however, a considerable white community is established up country, there is no reason why the trade should not increase by leaps and bounds as that of Uganda is doing. It would be of special advantage to the railway if some permanent industry involving the regular export of heavy goods (such as timber from the Mau, or soda from the deposits in Lake Magadi) could be established.

At present all South Africa is importing heavy goods, such as mining and agricultural machinery, timber and building material, rails and railway equipment, and is exporting only diamonds and gold, so that the ships obliged to return with empty bottoms must charge double freight rates for a single journey. If these ships, by travelling up the coast to Mombasa, could fill up with timber, lumber, and soda, then not merely

the gain to East Africa, but the economy to South Africa and the relief to South African finance would be very great indeed.

The subject of freights brings me to the all-important question of the railway rates on the Uganda road. I have always believed that, like the distribution of letters, so also the distribution of products and passengers is a proper function of a modern well-equipped State. It added then to my interest in visiting East Africa, where its railway is to this fine country what the Nile is to Egypt, that I should be able to watch State ownership at work. Here, then, I should be certain, as in India, to find cheap freights and cheap passenger rates to bring the settler to the soil, to enable natives to migrate cheaply to where their labour is required, to carry the settlers' produce to the sea, and thus secure to the Colony a favourable balance of trade. Instead of this I found all those conditions which are to-day so largely responsible for the poverty and unrest of Ireland: an attempt to find out the profit attending an industry and then take just as much by railway freights as will yet permit the industry to survive. Such a policy in a new country banishes the intending settler, or, if he settles at all, will keep him for years struggling to find his feet. It is the fitting pendant for the unwise policy to which I have drawn attention, that of reserving for the native land which is so rich that he has no incentive to work. If East Africa is to make real progress, the policy should be reversed; railway rates should be reduced, the hut tax increased; the immediate response will be a prosperous white community, giving more employment and higher wages to the natives. The difference between State ownership and Company ownership is of this nature: the State says, "My interest is that the whole community be benefited and protected by low rates against foreign competition"; on the other hand, the Company has no other interest than in the high dividends paid to its shareholders. I may illustrate the comparative position of State and Company by the light of recent experience. Some fifteen years since I was staying in Hungary with the late Baron Hirsch. The

State there owns the railways, and was about to introduce its new zone system of third-class fares. The fares were to be cut at one fell swoop from one penny per mile to one penny per three miles. Baron Hirsch, whose knowledge of railway problems and railway finance was profound, expressed the opinion that the deficit was likely to be so very large that the experiment might not be persevered with. Unlike England, he said, Hungary has a poor soil and a sparse population; if in England we suddenly reduced our fares by two-thirds he would anticipate success, just as was the case when the fourpenny postal rate was reduced to a penny; the stimulus to business would rapidly overcome the deficit and presently secure a profit. Such was the baron's view. But the event showed that, even in the case of Hungary, the policy of cheap rates was abundantly justified; in three years the net earnings of the railways from their third-class passenger traffic was greater than ever before. And this was the smallest part of the benefit to the community. For it was found that the farmers of the rich Danubian provinces were now able to draw on Hungary for the labour they required to harvest their crops, and that the return tide of harvesters from the Danube, their pockets full of money, was bringing back quite a new life to the villages of Hungary. In this case, then, the State for three years deliberately budgeted for a deficit, keeping in view the probability of profit later. No body of shareholders would or could thus consent to forego dividends for three years on the chance that it would be made up to them later. The railway policy of a country, just as its postal system, requires to be regarded as a whole; it is reckoned that sixty letters can be delivered for a penny within the London district, but that to deliver his letter to a cottier in Mayo costs sixpence. In this case the community in London consents to be taxed in order that the Mayo peasant shall be cheaply served. The argument for the State ownership of railways is of the same nature. But on the Uganda Railway the fare paid by natives is one halfpenny per mile; thus a journey of a hundred miles exhausts a

month's wages. These fares are fully one-half higher than on the Belgian State railways and four times the native rate on the Indian Government railways.[1] The first-class fare in East Africa, which is threepence per mile, is the highest rate, I imagine, in the world. This is not a policy calculated to build up a new country, nor to justify State ownership. What splendid results have followed in America from quite the opposite policy—a policy, too, dictated by enlightened self-interest; the policy of the smallest possible profit on the largest possible business; the policy of dividends earned from collective prosperity; the policy of such master-builders as James J. Hill and the late Collis P. Huntingdon. A recent number of the *New York Engineering Journal* declares that where sufficient tonnage can be maintained for the present two thousand-ton train, a rate of one mille per ton per mile will pay. A rate of one penny per mile for twenty tons! Such a statement, or even that two thousand-ton trains could, as now, be hauled behind a single engine, would have been laughed out of court only a generation ago. I venture to suggest for the consideration of the administration in East Africa Professor Frank Parsons' statement:

> Traffic increases in geometric ratio with the reduction of rates. Public enterprise serves the people at cost, reducing the rates to the lowest practicable figure, while private enterprise keeps prices up to the highest practicable limit.

I do not propose to burden these pages with any chronicle of sport; but as the big game of East Africa is a chief inducement to visitors at the present time it invites a short reference. I had no conception that any country could carry such a prodigious head and variety of game. I am old enough to recall how, in the late seventies, in the Big Horn Mountains in Wyoming, a party of which I was one was hardly ever out of sight of buffalo, and this for weeks together. I never supposed that I should again see as much big game as I saw then; but here in East Africa it is no exaggeration to write

[1] In India for long distances the rates are as low as eighty-four miles for a rupee.

that I have seen more game from the train windows east of Nairobi during six hours, and again between Naivasha and Njoro, than I had ever seen in the aggregate during all my wanderings in America, Asia, and Australia. Zebras, hartebeest, Thomson and Grant gazelle, these are verily as the sands upon the seashore for multitude; the trains have by now become such a recognised part of their daily walk and conversation, that the beasts scarcely cease grazing to look up as we pass. Other game interspersed with these that the traveller will see at intervals from the train are rhinoceros and wildebeest, bush-pig, and wart hog, Chanler's reed-buck, and ostriches, and more rarely lions, and even an elephant; also there will be noticed the great and lesser bustard, Cavirondo cranes with glorious top-knots, Dutch storks, Egyptian geese, the great Hornbills, and many game birds of a more modest presence.

Ten years ago, before the arrival of the railway and the sportsman, the natives were decimated by lions; it was impossible in some districts to procure mail-carriers. Appalling stories are still related of the fearless ferocity of these beasts. I record one which is perhaps the most remarkable of these, and of unquestioned authenticity. The railway was building at Kiu; several coolies had been carried off by an old lion, and one night Mr. Ryall, an English engineer, who had seen much service in India, decided to sit up in a railway carriage on the chance of getting a shot. With him were Mr. Huebner, the German Consul, and an Italian, Mr. Parenti. The night was dark with but little moon, and after midnight Mr. Ryall commented upon the brightness of the fireflies near the carriage, and also remarked that he had seen a rat repeatedly cross and re-cross a spot where the steel rail glinted in the moonlight. The recognition would have saved Mr. Ryall's life that the supposed fireflies were the luminous eyes of the lion he waited for, and the rat was the slow movement of his tail. Tired of their vigil toward the morning the three watchers went to sleep, Mr. Huebner on the upper berth, the two others below. The carriage was the ordinary sleeping carriage familiar to

Indian travellers with a lavatory beyond the couches. An hour had passed, the party were asleep, when the lion jumped into the carriage and seized Mr. Ryall, while in a moment Mr. Parenti had slipped into the lavatory and closed the door. The movements of the lion, or more probably his weight thrown on one side, caused the door by which he had entered to slide to, thus Mr. Huebner's experience was most terrible; for him no escape was possible; the rifles were below, and on the upper berth he remained while the lion killed Mr. Ryall within three feet of him. After a few awful minutes the great beast jumped out through the window with the body of Mr. Ryall in its mouth.

An almost more shocking story was told me by a gentleman who has a large farm near Njoro. An official, Mr. O'H., accompanied by his wife, had stopped at the farm, and had then gone north four miles to camp. The next morning the lady alone returned; "I thought," he said, "that she was looking ill and sad"; a lion had entered the tent during the night and had carried off her husband, who was sleeping beside her. Such are the tragedies, but I was reminded that there is a comic side too to the life and death of big game. I asked an Italian gentleman had he ever shot an elephant? "Only one," he replied; he was riding a bicycle ahead of his waggon when he came suddenly on an old bull and killed it with a single shot. The juxtaposition of bicycle and elephant seemed to me Gilbertian, and I could not refrain from laughing; the narrator was puzzled and rather nettled by my merriment, which I tried not very successfully to explain. The future of these vast herds of African game is a problem; at present it is preserved to the point that settlers, even with a high licence, may not shoot freely on their own farms, and great sections of country are reserved as sanctuary. Certainly the pleasure of travelling in this vast zoological garden is very great indeed; but the day of fencing is at hand, and what havoc will not a herd of a hundred absent-minded elephants create as they stroll through a barbed wire fence! At present the spectacle is

extraordinary. One evening my companion, Captain Alwyne Greville, and I had followed a herd of quite five hundred buffaloes for some miles. Returning to camp we found the country (an open plain with neither trees nor brush) dotted all over with grazing rhinoceri. From one small kopje, and without using our glasses, we counted twenty-three of these great beasts. And dangerous beasts they are, even when not molested; not perhaps dangerous to us on horses, but not infrequently they charged through the line of our porters with preposterous noises and alarums.

It was matter for frequent comment that something in the tenuous atmosphere of these table-lands makes cordite powders carry high—that flattens still more the flat trajectory of the modern rifle. Possibly the heat of an equatorial sun intensifies the power of cordite; but whatever the cause the difference is not less perhaps than a foot in two hundred yards, which in the case of powerful beasts such as the buffalo or lion imports an element of unexpected danger and is therefore worthy of note.

There being no spring the game birds are much puzzled as to how to behave. The guinea fowl were in packs, often fifty or more together; it seemed to them that late autumn had come; but the various partridges were paired, and judging from the breast feathers of some of the hens they were nesting. Again, the chicks of the francolin, a splendid game bird which we encountered though rarely in the great bamboo forests of the Settima range, were more than half grown, while the bustards, and especially is this true of the lesser bustard, were in a state of single blessedness. The visitor should make early acquaintance with this latter bird, to be distinguished by his long legs and neck, and the broad bands of black on the wings. They were a great addition to our camp cuisine.

Did space permit pages might be pleasantly filled with the varied ornithology of these regions; a variation in its bird-life occurring with every change in the altitude.

The beautiful mountain streams flowing from Mount Kenya and the Settima range are at present quite devoid of fish life. In February two consignments of trout ova arrived, one brought out by Mr. Hinde, the other by Mr. Ewart Grogan. Mr. Hinde's being badly packed had unluckily perished on the road, but Mr. Grogan's twenty thousand, the ova of the common brown trout from the Howietoun fishery, were well timed and reached their improvised hatchery near Nyeri within a week of the hatching-stage. The results will be awaited with interest. There is a fairly wide zone in these streams, which is below the too cold water of the melting snow and yet above the too warm waters of the big rivers, and in this zone trout should do well. Fish food, the larva of countless flies and grasshoppers, is abundant, and in the brooks high up on the slopes of Kenya tiny fresh-water crabs swarm. The *salmo* that might probably be best suited to these streams is the rainbow (Irideus). This fish thrives with a water temperature as high as seventy degrees, a temperature which is fatal to the other *salmonidæ*. Like *salmo salar* the rainbow is really a sea fish, coming to fresh water only to spawn; there is little doubt but that he is identical with *salmo Gairdneri*, the steel-head salmon of the Pacific; but just as in the Rocky Mountain plateau, so also here in East Africa hundreds of miles of water too hot for *Irideus* to navigate will pen him back and cure him of seafaring habits. Mr. Hinde proposes to introduce the rainbow trout next season.

The current money of the Protectorate is the rupee of the Government of India; introduced only a few years since it has won its way far into the interior and is awakening the trade of Central Africa west of Uganda. Of all human machinery wrote Wolowski, money is that which costs mankind the least, considering the services it performs. It is therefore machinery that should when introduced be entirely up-to-date. The Indian subdivisions of the rupee, sixteen annas each, further divided into four copper pice, are bewildering; and Mr.

Bowring, the treasurer, has advised the decimal division of the rupee—a system which has proved already so convenient in Ceylon. Thus the division of the rupee would be into a silver half-rupee (50 cents), a silver quarter, a silver ten cents, and into copper fives and one cents. In a country such as this where money is still in its earliest infancy, where there is neither custom nor tradition to upset, and from whence it may presently cover half a continent, Mr. Bowring thinks very properly that it is extremely important to make a fair start with the decimal system. And especially is this the case with a vast wholly illiterate community. In his elementary mathematical caculations the native already employs his decimal digits; his fingers are his unit of summation, and the rupee subdivided as above would, quite apart from its work in currency, prove a useful mathematical primer. There is a natural sentiment on the part of the few English settlers who have already arrived in favour of the British currency of pounds, shillings and pence. But where wages are so low as four rupees per month, a coin such as the rupee with the prerogative of unlimited legal tender, its convertibility secured by the exchange conditions in India, is essential. Fort Hall alone collects yearly in hut tax a quarter of a million rupees. What could the collector do with some three hundred and fifty thousand shillings thrown on his hands and possessing only a limited legal tender, and therefore inconvertible into sovereigns? Then also, unlike the sovereign, the rupee exchange will stimulate such exports as coffee, rubber, cotton, vanilla, and other products which have to compete in the European markets with similar products coming from other countries which have a legal tender silver currency. At the present price of silver the Government of India is making a profit of fourpence on every rupee brought over to the African circulation. The Government of India now buys the silver contents of a rupee for a shilling, stamps it and sells it to the banks and merchants, who buy its Council drafts for sixteen pence. This profit is very excessive, and as the

volume of rupees coming to Africa is certain to swell to great dimensions, it might be matter for negotiation between the Government of India and the Treasury how this seigniorage should be fairly divided. Through the National Bank of India alone there were exported to its Mombasa branch between the years 1896 and 1902 more than ninety-five lakhs or nine and a half millions of rupees. The natives are already commencing to suck the rupee out of currency and into their hoards, and as the rate of wages rises and exports increase it is safe to anticipate an immense absorption of rupees in East and Central Africa. The contention no doubt of the Government of India is that they are entitled to the seigniorage because they guarantee or at least secure the convertibility of any fifteen rupees to a pound sterling. This is true, but in a very short time I should expect that the balance of trade, now against her, will favour East Africa, in which case her exchange will need no assistance, and indeed will itself assist its sterling exchange for the Government of India.

I left Mr. Bowring jubilant that at last rupee notes for his Government were actually on the sea outward bound. But the exchange relations between Bombay and Mombasa being what they are, and also the native traders and coolies travelling between these ports being so numerous, will make the retention of these notes in Africa difficult. Even though not legal tender in Bombay the banks there may still find it profitable to buy them at par for the convenience of travellers and for small remittances. However a short time will decide.

A few words only in conclusion. The late Professor Seeley once wrote that the British Empire had been got together in a fit of absence of mind. The accident that led to the construction of the Uganda Railway—no one seems to know quite why it was built—has added this beautiful province to our vast heritage. It is impossible to exaggerate the value of such a State occupying such a geographical position, with such a harbour, and such a climate, as a Sanitarium for our Asiatic

and African possessions.[1] What shall we do with it? By some means fill it to the thwarts with Britons. Its future *rôle* as a State of an African Federation must be infinitely important. Imagine at this moment the sense of national relief (except indeed to New Zealand) if New Zealand and its redoubtable Premier could be towed across and moored off Capetown. And I hazard the suggestion that East Africa might be at once utilised as a great military outpost of Empire. Troops at Nairobi, or at some depot further west still on the plateau, would be within striking distance of Bombay, of Capetown, of Constantinople: would be hardly a ten days' trip from any of these points. If a large proportion of our Indian army could be maintained where the mercury never goes higher than 74° in the shade and is never lower than 40°, how greatly it would improve the conditions of that service! The time-expired soldier who had camped and manœuvred through the beautiful region around Mount Kenya would often marry and return there to settle. Indeed, why should not the whole Wazan Guishu plateau rejected of the Jew be reserved for the married ex-soldier settler? The banks would advance him the capital he required to stock his farm, taking as security his splendid homestead. A large project of this kind would popularise the service and greatly assist the recruiting officer. At Nairobi building stone and timber for barracks are ex-

[1] An expenditure of some six millions on a railway of six hundred miles to Lake Victoria Nyanza has presented the Empire with this great and fertile Dominion. The Prime Minister apparently has little admiration for a great work completed at a timely moment in the Empire's history. On May 17, replying to a deputation at the Foreign Office, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman said: "Mr. Morley and himself were members of the Cabinet who first approved of the construction of the railway. That railways showed how cautious they must be in undertaking any work on the part of the Government for such a purpose in an ill-surveyed country with doubtful elements of difficulty and with all the causes of uncertainty which wrought such terrible results in the Uganda railway." This may, of course, refer to the killing of Mr. Ryall by the lion; but on general grounds his countrymen think that no act of his official life has been more admirable than this railway creation, for which, however, the Prime Minister offers this rather cryptic apology.

tremely cheap and good; a big bullock suitable for ploughing costs £5; native sheep five shillings; thus beef and mutton and in any quantity can be had for about twopence per pound; vegetables and fruits almost for the asking. It is safe to say that the cost of keeping a white soldier at Nairobi is less than half the cost in Ireland and less than a fourth the cost at Pretoria. Downing Street too would be much lighter hearted during the coming quarter of a century as to the problem of African politics were there fifty thousand mixed white and Indian troops in this eyrie above the Victoria Nyanza. And how pleasant the life and sport for both officers and men, and what a market would be created for the settler's produce! The completion of the Cape to Cairo Railway would place a large military force at Nairobi at the very back door of Cairo.

In Africa at present there are other problems of interest, and even of anxiety, than those South of the Zambesi. It is quite time that our frontier with Abyssinia was delimited. Almost daily the native tribes within our Protectorate are being despoiled of their cattle by King Menelik's riders. In Sir Charles Eliot's words:

> There is no mistaking the rapidity and significance of their (the Abyssinians) southward advance. If it continues at the same rate which it has maintained for the last six years, the Abyssinians will in another six years be on the Wazan Guishu plateau and the slopes of Mount Kenya.

MORETON FREWEN.

THE GAMING OF MONTE CARLO

WHILE most European States have suppressed public gaming for high stakes, after having recognised its corrupting influence, while the saloons of Ostend and Baden no longer exist, the establishment of Monte Carlo continues to develop. This being the case, it will be well to inquire into the working and the ethics of an enterprise which flourishes in spite of the reprobation which it has not failed to excite in the course of its long career.

The history of the tables is somewhat generally known, but it may, for the present purpose, be briefly related. In 1858 the then reigning Prince of Monaco granted permission to certain persons to open roulette tables in the Principality. The first venture, owing to insufficiency of capital, was unsuccessful. It was shortly afterwards ceded to others, who held the rooms until 1863, when François Blanc acquired the concession. With his administration, during which the extension of the railway to Monaco was effected, the true era of roulette began, and the game has continued to be played with increasing prosperity to the present day, conducted by the international company which was subsequently formed. It is sanctioned by the present ruler of the Principality for reasons which it is not necessary to mention.

The Casino in which the game is played is situated on a spot of great natural beauty, sheltered as no other place is, except the adjacent Mentone, from the cold winds which prevail on

the Riviera during the greater part of the winter months. It is the most conspicuous building in the town of Monte Carlo. Around it are palatial hotels and restaurants. An air of luxury pervades the place, which a French writer has described as "a true terrestrial Paradise, spoilt by the modern luxury, the Casino, and the immoral gaming rooms." The building itself differs little from the type of the larger casinos of the Continent. It possesses a theatre, reading-rooms, and lounges; but the long suite of rooms in which the play takes place distinguishes it, as to extent and character, from other establishments of its kind. This suite consists of a series of richly decorated rooms, each containing several tables around which are gathered, from two to ten deep, a little army of players and onlookers. In these precincts, admission to which is obtained by the exhibition of papers of identity, you are required to take off your hat, out of respect, it must be supposed, for the principle of play; you are made acquainted with the rules by the lists which hang upon the walls, stating the minimum and maximum which the Bank allows as stakes, the discretion of the administration as to whom it shall admit and whom it shall exclude, and the astute prohibition to natives of Monaco to play. Around the rooms are placed divans, on which the players are allowed to rest. Grave men in livery move about observing the occupants, ready to prevent any breach of the regulations.

About three-fourths of the tables are devoted to roulette, the special game of Monte Carlo. This game, it may be explained for the benefit of those unacquainted with it, consists of a movable cylinder fixed in the centre of a long table, and forming a dial on which are thirty-seven divisions, separated by copper partitions, painted red and black alternately, and numbered from 1 to 36 + 0, zero being placed on black. The cylinder and dial, which are made to rotate by the *croupier*, are encircled by a fixed ebony ledge along which this official projects a small white ball in the contrary direction to the movement of the dial. When the velocity imparted to this ball is expended, it falls on to the dial below, and after some changes of position finally

settles in one of the divisions, thus determining the game. The player who has staked upon the number into which it falls receives thirty-five times the amount of his stake; he who has staked on red or black or odd or even, once the amount of his stake if he be successful; and there are thirteen other less direct modes of staking, all marked on the table on either side of the dial, which it is not needful to describe here. When zero occurs all stakes are swept away, except, under conditions, half of the simple chances (red or black, odd or even, 1-18 and 19-36). It is very necessary to notice, however, that on a single number the maximum stake permitted is 180 francs, and on a simple chance 6000 francs, because these limitations render it impossible for a player or a coalition of players to long continue doubling their stakes so as eventually to retrieve their losses and to gain. It is plain that under these conditions the chances for each stake are $\frac{1}{36}$ for a number and $\frac{1}{2}$ for the colours or other simple chances; but it must not be forgotten that the zero is always imminent, and that within the ordinary period of a player's time there is almost as much probability of its presenting itself at one moment as at another.

The roulette of Monaco is worked ostensibly upon the zero chance, which, occurring daily with sufficient frequency at many tables, is productive of an enormous annual revenue. But that is not the only source of profit which the tables possess. With accurate instruments (and great care is said to be taken to ensure the accuracy of the instruments) an equilibrium must necessarily be established between the chances; but the number of strokes required to establish this equilibrium is so great that few players have sufficient capital or sufficient courage to benefit by it, whereas the Bank, with vast resources, gains a constant advantage from the desistance of ruined or discouraged players.

A great many systems of play have been devised, some offered with a cruel irony by men whom the tables have ruined, and in the jargon of the game there is a series of terms which

I shall not enumerate. All systems are dangerous. The progressions of whatever nature struggle vainly against the three staple assets of the Bank, the zero, the limit and the capital, the three reefs on which, sooner or later, shipwreck must occur. Nearly every method, as one writer on the subject has pointed out, has its opposite, which is as firmly believed in by some as the method whose laws it reverses is trusted by others. All are dangerous. Had they not been liable to be upset, the Bank could never have pursued its prosperous career till now. Combinations are calculated by the nth power of 2, n being the number of strokes in a series, and according to this it will be seen that in a play based upon, let us say, 6 strokes of red and black (2^6), the number of different possible combinations will be as many as 64, not one of which may be relied upon to occur within the sextuple limit.

The truth is that the player is at a constant disadvantage. He can only win occasionally by fortuitous entries and by prudential exits after gain and by the practice of abandoning the table after the first losses. But the coolness required for this manner of play is extremely great, and few players possess it. Gains thus acquired are, in a sense, miraculous, and, it must be said again, necessitate the absolute withdrawal of the player from the rooms if they are to be retained, because always, if given time, the Bank retrieves its loss.

I need not enter at greater length into the details of the game. I have said enough, I think, to show that, for the great majority of players, it is one of the easiest means of losing money that human ingenuity has devised. It is also one of the most rapid, since each stroke occupies only about three minutes. Far more ruinous than betting on the result of such occasional events as horse races, it is even more hazardous than stock-gambling, in which the operator has at least some dim perception of future events. In roulette, which is a mechanical invention, human agencies, present in horse racing and stock-gambling, are non-existent, unless we count the personal

equation of the *croupiers*, some of whom are said to unconsciously bring about certain results owing to the nature of the impulsion which they give to the cylinder or the ball. But this is problematical, and precautions are taken by the administration to change the *croupiers* frequently.

The same remarks apply to the more simple card game of *trente et quarante*, where again the *refait*, the equivalent of zero, takes half of the entire stakes. In this game there is the slight privilege of ensuring against the *refait*, which occurs when the numbers on the cards make 31; but as this number occurs frequently, it is plain that the chances of the player are little greater than at the more attractive roulette.

The gaming institution of Monte Carlo is one which, while not practising any equivocal methods of play, nevertheless is a permanent temptation placed before the visitor to the Principality to risk his substance with the probability of parting with it in exchange for the mere gratification of the gaming instinct. The game is one that excites an almost superstitious belief in the possibility of amassing wealth. It is practically impossible to amass wealth at Monte Carlo. On the contrary, a fortune may be lost there with the greatest ease.

Long ago these facts were recognised. It was seen also that even before they left the Principality, numbers of ruined gamblers committed suicide; that others passed the remainder of their lives in penury at Nice, or adopted discreditable callings. No fewer than six petitions for the suppression of the tables were presented to the French Chamber and Senate from 1867 to 1891, signed by the inhabitants of Nice, and the department of the Alpes Maritimes as well as by others. In 1880, an influential international committee was formed in London to obtain the compulsory closing of the gaming rooms; but in every instance the French Parliament declared itself unable to take action in the matter without violating one of the first principles of international law and breaking the treaty by which France recognises Monaco as an independent State.

The Italian Parliament, appealed to also, has given much the same answer. The ruler of a State, however small, which has once been declared independent, has apparently a right to permit whatever public gaming he may think fit, and the surrounding States may not prevent him. This is the principle virtually proclaimed and in the meantime the tables of Monte Carlo flourish. That they are more prosperous than ever of late years is largely due to the phase of moral apathy through which the European publics appear at present to be passing.

For on moral grounds the gaming at Monte Carlo is indefensible. It is a device whereby a human failing is most strongly fostered. There are no warnings of the real danger of the amusement. All who are admitted into the rooms are supposed to be able to control their passions, to be prudent, or, if not, to deserve the fate awaiting them.

There are, it is true, a considerable number of persons who risk a small but settled sum, and desist as soon as that sum is lost, and the aggregate of their losses must be productive of a large annual income to the tables. One can but regret the loss to charity of the sums thus sacrificed.

There seems at present only one means by which the tables might be suppressed, and that is by a determination of the public to desert them; but unfortunately, far from realising that by even staking a five-franc piece they are giving support to the principle involved, the majority of visitors to Monaco consider that they have scarcely done their duty to themselves if they depart without risking a few coins. At the hotel at which I stayed on the Riviera, none of the visitors could believe it possible that anyone should visit Monte Carlo without playing, and I am led to conclude that non-players in the gaming rooms are seldom seen. The contagion of example is very strong at any one of the roulette games. The bystander sees a number of persons seated at a green-cloth-covered table, many of whom stake steadily in answer to the *croupier's* invitation. He sees that one individual now and then is paid thirty-

five times his stake; he perceives in the faces of the players little or no traces of emotion; the game appears as a normal and almost inevitable thing. Money, which is thrown about like counters, appears to lose its value; the effort by which it is obtained is forgotten; the players seem possessed of an inexhaustible supply wherewith to keep pace with the game. Silence reigns during the rotation of the instrument. The constant expectation of results keeps the mind in a state of engrossed suspense. There is present the psychological influence of crowds, the desire which they excite in the individual to do as they do.

Roulette tables should never be tolerated in a civilised community. Cunning contrivances to exploit a human weakness, they maintain the gambling spirit, and they are frequently the causes of moral and material ruin.

Some years ago, in order to elicit an expression of opinion, a French writer submitted a work in which he had demonstrated the inevitableness of ultimate loss at Monte Carlo to an eminent mathematician, a member of the Institute of France. The reply was favourable to the writer's conclusions, but it expressed the conviction that no demonstration of the folly of gaming would ever prevent the lover of it from indulging his propensity. This is partly true. Nevertheless, just as alcoholism is known to be diminished by the suppression of public bars, so gambling may be lessened by the abolition of public gaming tables. It is wrong to dismiss the subject, as many do, by declaring gaming to be an incurable proclivity. Gaming is stimulated by gaming institutions which should never be permitted to exist.

F. Carrel.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE OTTER

WHEN we recall the number and variety of the fauna indigenous to this country that have one by one become extinct, the survival of the otter presents itself as a problem particularly deserving of examination. It may be said, with little fear of contradiction, that no wild creature has enjoyed less protection or been more relentlessly harassed. Yet, on the other hand, its prevalence is not to be traced to its fecundity. Like most carnivora the female produces but one litter in the year, and that a small one, the average number not exceeding four. That she succeeds, if unmolested by man, in rearing them all is most probable, for flood and springtide must rise very suddenly to prevent the devoted mother from removing her helpless cubs from the nest to a place of safety. A more serious danger is a severe frost, which congeals river and lake and excludes the otter, not only from its fishing-ground but from its chief refuge. But cold so intense is rare: through every ordinary season the otter will cling to the element so essential to its support and safety as long as it can keep open a few breathing-holes by bumping its head against the ice. A female with young whelps, when shut off from water, must be sorely beset to provide for them; and should snow fall a situation of privation becomes also one of great danger, inasmuch as her whereabouts, till then unsuspected, is betrayed by her tracks, even to the most careless observer.

Under all other conditions of nature the wary creature is quite able to look to its own safety, and so circumspect are its ways that very few otters meet with an untimely end from accident. They have been taken drowned from trammel, set, and eel nets, and even from crab-pots; there is also an instance of a full-grown otter found frozen to the ice, of another choked by a small fish it had attempted to swallow, and, as in the case of fox and badger, a few otters are killed on the railways by night trains. Of the number that die a natural death we are as ignorant as of the places to which they creep in their last moments. Nevertheless it may be inferred with confidence that the total losses due to material and accidental causes are insignificant in comparison with those occasioned by the agency of man.

Like every other outlawed creature the otter has to run the gauntlet for its life whenever it shows itself in the open. There is, perhaps, no better instance of the exhibition of this primitive instinct of the human for destruction than the well-authenticated story of the conduct of the Scotch butler under conditions as unfavourable as could well be imagined. Whilst kneeling at family prayers one Sunday evening, with mind remote no doubt from all thought of injury to bird or beast, he caught a glimpse of an otter and her cubs as they sank the brae towards the burn that flowed below the castle window. Even the most enthusiastic of sportsmen was for the moment—in Scotland—under restraint, but scarcely had the "amen" passed the laird's lips before, to the consternation of the family, the butler rushed wildly out of the room, and was next seen careering across the park brandishing the kitchen poker. It was not until his return, dishevelled and dirty, panting: "'Twas an otter, laird, under the verra window," that the family could free themselves from the fear that the staidest of their retainers had lost his wits. But whilst the instincts of the chase may be condoned as a common inheritance from our savage ancestors it is difficult to frame a defence for those riparian owners and river conservators who order their underlings to

trap and shoot the otter as if he were a criminal of the deepest dye without a redeeming trait. What is the truth about the otter as a destroyer of fish? Allow the whole charge brought against him, viz., that he kills, besides kelts and diseased salmon, a number of fresh fish, and even that he thins the crowded ranks of the salmon on the spawning-beds, and when all is said, an unprejudiced judge, acquainted with the vast amount of good he does, will not only not find cause for his extermination but will pronounce for a thorough system of protection. The argument advanced on behalf of the otter has never been shaken. It cannot be denied that he feeds chiefly on eels, which are as great a pest in fresh water as is the dog-fish in the sea. To say nothing of the harm they do to coarse fish, the ravages committed by eels on our salmon and trout fisheries can hardly be exaggerated. For not only do they devour the spawn deposited in gravel and sand, but even seek out the fry under stones in shallows where they are safe from the depredations of other fish. Only by the preservation of the otter, its only serious enemy, can the increase in the eel be kept within reasonable limits, and the balance of nature preserved.

But the array of steel traps which, as the result of the prejudice against him, are ever set in the shallows where he is wont to land in his up and down river journeys, is painful to contemplate. Sooner or later they close on a victim, for the line taken by one otter is the track of all the tribe that follow at intervals in its wake. A few escape with the loss of a claw, others so mutilated as to die a lingering death; others, again, with trap and chain fixed to limb or jaw. Is it not time that the law stepped in and forbade this, the most hideous relic of barbarism, now that the man-trap has been abolished? In olden times the otter was taken for the value of its skin rather than on account of the harm it did to the fisheries. In the code of Welsh laws made by Howel Dha in 940 A.D., the prices of skins were fixed as follows; those of the otter, fox, and wolf at 8*d.*, of the martin cat 24*d.*, of the beaver, which did not become extinct till two hundred years later, 120*d.* At the

time of Henry IV., Welsh rents were sometimes paid in otter skins, but the supply from this source, added to the supply from English rivers and morasses, had to be supplemented by importations from France to meet the great demand. At the end of the sixteenth century the value of the pelts was from twelve to fifteen shillings; and in the days of the gentle Isaac Walton, the sole stain on whose memory is his bitter prejudice against the otter, it fell to ten shillings. It would probably be incorrect to say that the Welsh caught the otters they marketed solely by trapping, for there is reason to believe the animal has been hunted in the Principality from the earliest times, and that from thence came the first pack of otter hounds, formed by one of the early Norman kings, It is not clear whether the Conqueror, or his son Rufus, set up the pack, but it was in full operation in the reign of Henry II., and successive packs were supported by the Exchequer through Plantaganet, Lancastrian, Yorkist, and Tudor times.

Unfortunately we possess no records of the number of otters taken by the varlets of the king's otter hounds, as the servants of the royal hunt were styled, nor, indeed, have we more than the most fragmentary evidence of the plentifulness or scarcity of otters even from the time of Somerville until we come to recent years.

Nowadays every animal killed by the twenty packs of otter hounds in existence is duly chronicled, and the big tally of the five summer months, during which the otter is hunted, has alas, to be supplemented not only from the records in a hundred local papers of otters shot or trapped, but also by the long list of those that meet their ends by foul means and find no chronicler.

So popular has otter-hunting become that there are few rivers or sheets of water in England and Wales not drawn by one or other of the packs, and the sport they show in the wild and picturesque spots where the otter is found is, in the opinion of many sportsmen, unequalled in the pursuit of any other quarry.

By hunting, the otter would never be exterminated; but the increasing legion of anglers and "specimen" collectors, the fishermen-hunters, who know every cranny and crevice along the cliffs, the gamekeepers, waterbailiffs, country millers, osier cutters, fenmen and poachers, are all enemies of the amphibian by lake, marsh, creek and riverside and the more we consider the widespread persecution to which it is subjected, the more we marvel at the creature's resources that have not only preserved it from extinction but enabled it to combat, with no mean measure of success, the forces arrayed against it.

In the England of even a century ago, when there still existed wide stretches of marsh and fen, the otter's fastnesses must have been so difficult of access that it ran no serious danger of extermination. But when one comes to the more recent years which have witnessed the almost entire reclamation of its marshy strongholds, investigation is severely taxed to account for its undoubted prevalence. That the transmission of the strains of the fittest of each persecuted generation has contributed to this result is probable, but a more convincing explanation is to be found in those habits which differentiate its mode of life from that of the carnivora that have become extinct, or, but for the protection they enjoy, would become so.

Fox and badger are content to kennel in one or two earths and are stay-at-homes, except in the courting season, but the otter is a Bedouin, and over the extended circuit of which the halt where he was littered may be a focus, will be dotted a score of places of call that he reaches before dawn and does not quit until dusk. The hunter who has followed his trail across wide stretches of country has laid bare some of the mystery shrouding the otter's roamings and proved that the animal which to-day may be kennelled in the cave of an estuary, may to-morrow be found under the roots of ash or oak overshadowing a salmon pool ten miles up stream, or before peep of the next day in the morass where the river rises. Indeed, it is difficult to fix a limit in the extent of his longest marches;

and the late Mr. Collier, a veteran otter-hunter of half a century's experience, admitted that there was no getting to the bottom of this wilding's capabilities as a traveller. To the creature's nomadic ways is due the fact that the race has escaped the deterioration that almost invariably results from inbreeding in species of more local attachment. In this commingling of different strains may also be sought the cause of that immunity from disease which the otter is believed to enjoy. Some may hesitate to accept these views, but all will agree that the survival of the race and the vigour of the stock are in no little measure due to the parent otter, whose care of her whelps is perhaps unequalled even amongst wild creatures.

A vixen's devotion to her cubs is well known, but it probably falls far short of the devotion of the female otter.

Solicitous for her offspring's safety her first care when about to become a mother is to select the securest place in which to bring them forth. Drought and flood must cause her untold anxiety as the time of parturition approaches and if the lowlands fail to offer the stronghold she seeks, she will betake herself to the boulder stream upland and beneath cairn or tor find a safe halt in which to fashion her soft nest. There week after week, she will nurture her precious litter. Later she will teach them to fish, then the hidden lodging places of their tribe the wide countryside over, and instruct them in the dangers of the world in which they will spend their lives. So great is her maternal solicitude that she keeps them by her till she is about to become a mother again. A book might be filled with well-authenticated examples of the female otter's affection for her young. The following is a typical instance.

An otter's cub was captured and confined in the stable yard of a house near a river where the mother had been hunted during the day. At night, in company with her other cub, she came to the yard and tried to liberate the little captive, but without success. At dawn she withdrew to the river, where she was again hunted, but after several hours' pursuit managed

to escape. Nothing daunted she returned at nightfall to the yard, and once more endeavoured to free her cub but with no better result than before. It is pleasant to read that after such heroic conduct on the part of the poor beast, the hunter's heart was softened and the whelp restored.

The journeys, whether to new fishing-grounds in search of a mate, or undertaken to gratify an inborn restlessness and love of wandering, are made at night, as if the outlawed creature knew, as indeed he does, that he must not show by day. Yet in retired stations, where the silence is unbroken by shout or footfall of man, he will stretch his great length to the full and expose every hair to the hottest rays of the sun. But if you would watch him, you must keep absolutely motionless, for not only does he possess keen ear and nostrils of the greatest sensitiveness, but his restless eye is quick to light on aught that is not in harmony with his surroundings. Such a chance of viewing him at his ease offers, however, but rarely, for the otter's usual quarters by day are some dark halts where he is effectually screened from sight. A hollow bank is a frequent hover, but no lodging however strange comes amiss to the secretive amphibian, provided always it is safe enough to satisfy his critical judgment. Where a sandy shore affords no shelter he will betake himself to a dry shelf in an abandoned tin or copper mine flooded to adit level, curl up in an osier bed close to a leat, or seek a couch bordering a reed-circled pool. But the harbourages most acceptable to his instincts are to be found where nature is wildest—the islet of a lonely tarn, the marshy ground between confluent moorland streams, a morass on the crown of a curlew-haunted watershed, the rushes fringing a mere, or a pile of rocks formed by the tumbled fragments of a promontory. Such spots are few in the wild England of to-day, and but for the otter's adaptability to artificial conditions he would probably be making his last stand in the fells or along the Cornish cliffs. For unlike the birds whom drainage dispossessed of the habitat they shared with him, but who had only to take flight and seek less cultivated lands, the

otter had to remain and confront the conditions of civilisation that had overtaken him. Wonderfully has he come through the ordeal, and to-day he has few securer strongholds than the very network of drains that robbed him of his marshy hovers. Nor does he disdain the overgrown backwater of a deserted canal nor the crumbling stone or woodwork of derelict wharves and jetties, nor even a raft of timber in the quiet corner of a harbour. At times he exhibits a strange daring that seems to belie his extreme shyness and fear of danger, for when the furze and rhododendrons are gayest and hunting at its height, he will lie up under the bushes bordering the walks of a reservoir as if he knew that the hounds are denied the railed-in sanctuary where he himself has found refuge. He may linger a day or two close to the well-stocked water until the arrival of one of his kind, and then betake himself to the next empty lair along one of the trails. For, except at courting times, the dog-otter is solitary in his habits and consorts not at all with other carnivora. By this unsociable use he escapes the fate of the poor badger, who is often found in the earth along with the fox and shown no mercy by the diggers. I know of no instance of the presence of an otter in the earth of fox or badger, or in a cave frequented by seals. This preference for an existence apart seems to be a historic trait in his character; for though remains of fox, badger, polecat, and even seal were collected with those of hyæna and bear from the ossiferous caves of South Devon, not a tooth or bone of an otter was discovered amongst them. A lonely denizen of the wild in the vigour of life, the otter is equally isolated in the places where it creeps to die, the situation of which is one of the many unsolved problems clustering about the history of this mysterious creature.

But for all its secretiveness it cannot wander by stream or marsh without leaving its footprints on spits of sand or the muddy margin of the water.

In such places its seal is as familiar to the otter-hunter as the chain of silver bubbles that betrays its subaqueous flight.

Its spraints also tell of its whereabouts during the night, and most of all the half-eaten fish, eel, pike, or salmon which it leaves on the banks.

But these remains do not lie long to witness against the poacher, for rats, hooded crow, and fox are all voracious scavengers, to whom the leavings of the otter's supper are welcome. Then again its shrill whistle heard above the roar of the river is more than likely to be mistaken for that of some bird, but, and if not, the chances are the otter will be miles away before the sun lights the foam-sprinkled boulder where he stood to sound the call.

Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that the presence of otters is often overlooked; but it is surprising that a female otter, kept prisoner to one halt by her helpless young, should often rear her litter without her near neighbourhood being even suspected until, perhaps, the haymakers come on the path she has beaten across the corner of the meadow.

Yet for all her subtle and secretive ways, too many piteous tragedies darken the domestic annals of the otter, for when gamekeeper and water-bailiff take the mother's drowned carcase from the river, there is often evidence that she is suckling her litter, left by her death to die of starvation.

If surprised by day the otter will crouch and remain motionless until it catches its enemy's eye. Then it makes off with a speed surprising in a creature apparently unfitted for rapid progression on land.

Should you happen on it spread-eagled on the surface and floating with the stream, it will not dive and so attract attention by exposing its back and tail, but will sink quietly out of sight, after the manner of the grey seal. Indeed, all its movements when danger threatens are characterised by extreme noiselessness and absence of flurry. Those who pursue it know how chary it is of yielding a single point to the hounds, except perhaps when in desperation it leaves the water and trusts its fortunes to the land.

Apart from the safety due to the natural qualities that it

employs so well for its protection, it enjoys a singular exemption from molestation which is not shared by its fellow carnivora.

Strangely enough, neither dog nor hound, except perhaps the otter-hound, takes naturally to its scent, and this in a great measure explains why otters may frequent waters in the neighbourhood of villages without being discovered. Nevertheless, the scent of the otter is more lasting than that of any other wildling save the foumart, and otter-hounds will own to it from fifteen to twenty hours, or even longer, after the animal has passed.

It will at times happen that a dog stumbles on the creature in a dry ditch or amongst rushes, but, if he dare attack it, he is certain to get more than he gives, and a terrier that invades its halt in drain or bank is nearly sure to receive severe punishment. A bitch otter never acts on the offensive, and a dog otter only against a rivalry of his own kind. In defence of young or life, however, it exhibits a very high courage. It is, indeed, exceptionally equipped for fighting. Its well-developed muscular system is supported by a massive framework of bone, and encased in a loose skin of the toughest and most slippery nature. His jaws are of a formidable character, and its endurance excites the wonder of even the veteran otter hunter. The protracted fight it will wage against a pack of hounds, after hours of pursuit, is little short of heroic. When at last it is overpowered it will relinquish its tenacious hold on life in sullen silence. His last stand, like every phase of the hunt that preceded the final scene, is eloquent in explanation of the survival of the race.

Whether the otter has been losing ground in the last half-century it is difficult to say, but there is little room for doubt that the creatures are now much less plentiful than they once were. At the beginning of the fifteenth century the otter must have been seen of everybody, for the author of the "Master of Game," writing at this time, says that "an otre is a common beast inow, and therefore I need not tell of his making." A

hundred years later otters were very numerous in the Norfolk Broads and east country rivers, for in some regulations made by the Norwich Assembly in 1557 for fresh-water fishermen between the tower at Conisford and Hardley Cross, it was provided that "every man shall be bound to keep a dog to hunt the otter and to make a general hunt twice or thrice in the year or more, at times convenient, upon pain to forfeit ten shillings." Camden tells us that the creature was very plentiful in the South-West of England at the time of his visit; and Daniell, the author of "Rural Sports," mentions that nine otters were killed in one day in the Essex marshes, which were frozen over at the time. It need hardly be said that our waters do not swarm with otters nowadays. With most packs of otter-hounds one day out of three is blank, and hunts have from time to time been given up owing to the scarcity of game. Nevertheless, a greater number of packs have been afoot during the past season than at any time in the history of otter-hunting, and, paradoxical though it may seem, in the increasing popularity of the sport lies the hope of the otter's preservation. The amphibian would not be protected any more than the fox for its own sake: that is evident from the ruthless way in which both these creatures are trapped and destroyed in every part of Great Britain where they are not hunted.

Nor can the objections formerly raised against the methods of pursuing the otter be fairly sustained now in face of the growing tendency on the part of masters of hounds to leave the chase more and more to the hounds and the quarry. The spear and the net have been entirely done away with; tailing the otter and flinging him to the hounds is rarely resorted to; the beast when found is no longer restricted to a score yards of water between lines of men guarding the stickles; there is more hesitation in asking the miller to lower the mill pool; in short, there are indications everywhere that the spirit of the old veneur revived by Trelawney of Coldrenick, Lomax of Clitheroe, and Gallon of Bishop's Auckland, is asserting itself

over the recent infatuation for scoring a record number of kills; and that the best sportsmen forbear, as the knightly Gaston de Foix puts it, "to take beasts unless by noblemen and gentlemen, and to have good disport."

And surely, in the name of fair play, this is as it should be, now that the river banks have yielded up their secrets to the otter-hunter and the packs of hounds have been increased from the six couples of old days to the ten, fifteen, and twenty couples of to-day. If an otter after many hours' pursuit can beat the best trained hounds, where is the true sportsman who will not rejoice at its escape, though his hounds return to kennel "unblooded"?

It may be asked by those who are no more moved by the seal of an otter than the footprint of a dog, why protest against the extermination of an animal, however graceful, that rarely shows itself unless hunted? With such opponents all discussion of the subject would be ineffectual, but no answer is needed by those who hold that the countryside would lose half its interest but for our few surviving fauna. For them, though they may never see an otter, the chief charms of the oak woods and bracken brakes of Exmoor is as the home of the red deer, the caves of Lundy, those along the cliffs from Tintagel to the Land's End would be mere resounding vaults without the seals that frequent them, and the glamour would fade from the Cumbrian fells if foumart, martin, and badger were extinct that shelter in ravine and screes.

To many who see the otter it is an otter and nothing more, but to those that have followed the fortunes of its race this ownerless nomad is the most interesting surviving creature indigenous to this island. Its ancestors were contemporary with the otter whose fossil remains tell of their existence far back in those remote, undated ages of which geology alone takes any account, its more recent progenitors shared our rivers with the beaver and witnessed its extirpation, and were companions of the boar and wolf in the great reed brakes of mediæval England as they are to-day in the vast marshes of Andalusia.

And through the centuries it has lived on, not only unprotected, but even in the face of a most terrible persecution, defended not only by its own marvellous endowments and sheltered only by the hidden fastnesses that kindly river and tide have fashioned for it.

If the law which gives partial protection to the feathered fowl may not be extended to the amphibian, let us hope that a more enlightened public opinion may save it from the trapper and the gunner.

Signs of improvement are not wanting. On many banks where gins were formerly set, drains have been built to encourage the otters to use them as places of call in their rounds or hovers wherein to bring forth and rear their litters. No matter how isolated the pond or lake, the artificial lodges do not remain long untenanted. In these sanctuaries the fearful creatures lose something of their shyness, and will venture out in the early dusk. No finer sight does the wild England of to-day offer than a couple of dog otters engaged in a friendly romp, or, it may be, in deadly fray, no more interesting picture than a bitch otter teaching her whelps to fish.

And beyond the pale of the inparked lands of those to whom such glimpses of wild life are priceless, more humane counsels are making headway, and the example set by the King in forbidding the use of steel traps on his estates is sure to be followed by those amongst our country gentlemen who have hitherto not discountenanced their use. If so, then at last the prejudice which, at least from Norman times, has been the otter's curse, if not conquered will at least cease to direct the action of riparian owners and river conservators, and the otter for the first time in its long history be free to roam the wild by night without fear.

J. C. Tregarthen.

"ANOTHER WAY OF (MOUNTAIN) LOVE"

THE love of mountains is, no doubt, in many persons an acquired habit; like smoking, or eating olives; in some it is even a stimulated pleasure; again like smoking, or eating olives. But in the latter case it is liable to break down under strain; as in the well-known story of the Frenchman in *glacé* boots and best kid gloves, toiling up the steep side of Ben Lomond, and at last exclaiming to his companion, "Aimez-vous les beautés de la Nature? Moi je les déteste!" But besides these persons we may distinguish at least four classes of mountain-lovers. First, there are those who like to gaze upon mountains at a safe distance, as from a comfortable hotel at Berne or Lucerne; or to play lawn-tennis somewhere within forty miles of them, as at Villars or other places of that kind. Secondly, there is the numerous class of persons who have courage enough to go right up to them, and so to speak stroke and make friends with them, without ever trusting themselves on their backs. This class composes the bulk of the holiday-makers who crowd the hotels of Grindelwald or Pontresina in the month of August; for them is the 20-centime-in-the-slot telescope focused on the peak of the Wetterhorn or the Cervin; for them is provided the cinematograph in the evening. The third class is of those who go in lifts and funiculars and rack-and-pinion railways to the top of anything which can be ascended in this way. They enjoy the excellent *table-*

d'hôte at the top of Pilatus—and indeed it is, or was, worth going for—and stand muffled round with cloaks at the Eismeer station of the Jungfrau Bahn. The members of this class have a tendency to be stout and Teutonic; and their favourite air is *Funicoli Funicola.* The fourth class is that of the climbers, and includes many varieties male and female; from the would-be Tartarin, sandwiched between two strong guides, relieved when he gets to the top of his peak in safety, and still more devoutly thankful to find himself safely at the foot again; to the being of stalwart limbs to whom the mere exercise of a steep climb is delightful, the feel of a rope pure joy, the tinkle and slither of ice-fragments under the axe the most exhilarating music.

But besides these four classes, or rather a sort of cross-division running through them all, there is yet another class of mountain-lovers: those who love them wholly and solely for their own sake; not as scenery, not as objects of interest, not as sensations, or stimulants to appetite, not as exercise-grounds; but as themselves, for themselves, in themselves, the mountains, the everlasting hills, in all their inspiring beauty and grandeur and loneliness. It is to emphasise this special love of mountains that I have ventured to adapt the title of this paper from that of a well-known poem of Browning's, "Another Way of Love." And if such a dish of trifles has any solid ingredient in it at all, it will be in the importance claimed for this true devotion to mountains, and the suggestions to be made for its encouragement and gratification.

I suppose this ideal love of mountains—this love that we may almost call a platonic love, since it seeks no selfish gain—really exists in most or all of us; and is at the root of the instinct certainly of the climber, possibly even of the tourist. We have all of us had our "moments" either on the mountains, or perhaps in some distant view of them, when life and joy have assumed new meanings, and the world's horizons suddenly broken down and shown us realms of dream beyond and yet beyond. Sometimes it is on the top of some lonely

peak—when the world seems at our feet, and the blue dome of space an appreciable thing; sometimes it is among the hush of snow-fields and glacier walls with icy peaks above and moonlit mists below us; sometimes it is from some lower height, where suddenly a panorama of silver tops breaks on us; or we see the far-distant snow peaks mirrored in sunny lake waters. However, the moment of inspiration comes—it comes always twofold, half as a satisfying joy, half as a quickening impulse. It passes, and we feel we *must* have it again; and so we climb new mountains and seek new scenes in hopes of finding it, and, alas, too often find it not. For it is not a vision or a feeling that can be bought with money, or earned by toil, or even won by mere determination.

> Skimming an idle stone along the lake
> An idle day,
> Sudden I saw a little rainbow wake
> Amid the spray,
> Which, trying oft, I could no more remake.
> This is Joy's way:
> All in a moment in our eyes to break,
> Then flee away:
> Nor all our toiling e'er can bring it back,
> Nor all our play.

For it is almost a commonplace to say that the mountains we gaze at are not the mountains we climb. *These* are matters of hard rock and chilling snow; of panting breath and toiling limbs; of keen eye and alert hand and foot. *Those* are a dreamland, a Paradise, no foot has trod, no mortal come to, The "Promised Land" is always a dream—always unattainable. "Where the rainbow rests," runs the old folk-saying, "lies a crock of gold." No one has ever found the crock of gold; but the saying has an inmost truth in it, which we may transfer to the vision of the mountains.

To whatever class in life we belong we all come eventually to the grave; and so to whatever class of mountain-lovers we belong we eventually meet in the Swiss Hotel. In fact, so associated has hotel life become with our recollections of

Switzerland that in fond retrospect even the discomforts and disagreeables of that unnatural form of existence are seen in mellowed and rosy light; even the meagre breakfasts, the lumpy so-called sandwich, the interminable *table-d'hôtes* on Sunday, the roar and babel of guttural volubility, seem tolerable or desirable, as connoting mountain air and the thrills of climbing. There is surely a wistfulness in those goodly lines of our Oxford successor of Calverley:

> They will dine on mule and marmot, and mutton made of goats,
> They will taste the various horrors of Helvetian *table-d'hôtes*.

following immediately as they do on the graphic vision,

> For a foothold or a handhold they will diligently grope
> On the rocky, icy slope, where we'll charitably hope
> 'Tis assistance only moral that they're getting from the rope.

But this is only in retrospect; and it is wonderful what retrospect will do. One can imagine a soul escaped into Bliss looking back almost with affection to the Purgatory which eventually led him there; and perhaps hotel life has this fitness and use, that it is a sort of purgatorial preparation for the climber's Paradise. Still I do not think any one would think that in his own case—whatever it might be for others—a purgatorial preparation was necessary: and in sober fact to most of us hotel life must to a large extent spoil the mountain life by its utter contrast and incompatibility with it—the artificiality of the one: the simplicity of the other. I have sometimes wondered whether it might not be possible to lessen one of the evils of hotel life to the climber, the temptation, I might almost say the necessity of over-eating or at least eating injurious forms of food, by prevailing on the hotel-keepers in large centres to have a "climbers' table" or a "climbers' dinner of simpler fare, fewer courses, and, if possible, less cost." It would certainly appeal to many of their guests—but whether it would pay the hotel-keeper I do not know, unless on the principle of the Irish tradesman who lost a little on every

article he sold, but made a profit owing to the enormous scale of his business.

Being much out of taste for this sort of existence, disliking hotels, and yet wishing to enjoy Swiss mountains, I decided, now a good many years ago, to try the experiment of taking a châlet for the whole summer, and endeavouring to live an ordinary English home life in Switzerland. And I found the plan answer so thoroughly and the summer proved so delightful that I have repeated the experiment again and again, and always with success. I remember that the first time we pictured a great many difficulties before us; and thought it necessary to make a great many preparations, including the despatch by that happily named institution the *Petite Vitesse*, of household necessaries of all kinds. But in practice everything proved amazingly simple, many of our preparations quite unnecessary: and the whole affair very little different indeed—except in the length of the journey—from taking a small furnished house anywhere in England or Scotland.

The chief difficulty of all is that of finding a châlet to let in any place where one least wishes to go or to spend the summer. I tried one year advertising in several Swiss journals, and got a large number of replies enclosing many photographs; but hardly one in the least suitable. It was usually the situation that was hopeless; there seemed to be plenty of pleasant houses in the Rhône valley, or other low and hot situations, but few or none among the mountains, and in spite of the numerous replies which kept arriving by post in various mis-spellings of the French and German languages, I drew a complete blank in those advertisements.

I also tried application to one of those obliging Swiss institutions, the Verkehrs bureau, where an affable young lady put aside her work and gave me half an hour's worth of absolutely useless information, finally telling me that if I came later the head of the bureau would be in and perhaps be able to help. I did go again, and being meantime fortified by luncheon, had sufficient firmness to resist all persuasions to

spend a day in going to see a châlet of the most ideal kind in the most unsuitable locality. Here again I drew an absolute blank.

The fact is that there are very few places that I have ever been able to hear of where one can find a furnished châlet to let—very few places, that is, in high and beautiful neighbourhoods, with good climbing near at hand. I believe there is a growing demand for such houses, and that more are being built or adapted. I have never tried to find such at Chamounix, but I have been told there are châlets or houses to be had there, only somewhat expensive. The three places where I have found châlets or houses more or less suitable, and have spent summers in this way, are Champéry in the Valais, Engelberg, and Grindelwald; and though all these places are well known and familiar, I will venture to talk a little about each of them from the point of view, not of a hotel visitor in a hurry but of a châlet-resident with plenty of leisure. No doubt there *are* other places where the same advantages may be found. I only mention these as being places I have myself tried.

Each of these three places has special features and characteristics of its own, many of which are immediately evident; but some grow upon one as one becomes more and more at home in the place. For instance, I do not think that the full beauty and charm of the Berlin shopkeeper can be thoroughly understood by any one who has not spent some weeks at Engelberg, and watched him in his magnificent and Kaiser-like appropriation of the whole place, or seen the unconscious grace with which his female relations will walk three abreast—a broad breast—in a narrow path, and leave the would-be passer-by the tactful choice of a rock-wall on one side or a river on the other. After all, however, this is an anthropological study of an incidental kind; and should perhaps hardly rank as one of the native interests or attractions.

Were it not for its climate I should personally think Engelberg a very suitable spot for a long summer stay. But

unfortunately the air is decidedly relaxing, surprisingly so considering its height; this being no doubt due to the presençe of an ancient lake-bed, long filled up, but still flat and in places marshy. Geologically no doubt this is as interesting as the Berliner is anthropologically and the discussing of this lake-bed compared with existing lakes in the neighbourhood, the Trubsee and the Engstlen-see provides the most entertaining discourse if one is fortunate enough, as I have been, to walk those parts with a companion equally distinguished as a geologist and a mountain climber. The mountains in the Engelberg entourage are of course not the highest; but it is extremely easy when resident there to make a few days' expedition to the grander peaks, and meantime there is an infinity of rambles and scrambles, and some fairly exciting rock-climbs as the Adler-spitze on the Spannorts for instance, or the little roof-ridge or traverse on the Spitzman, the Winkelplank stock. A whole summer with a fair average of fine weather is not sufficient to exhaust the neighbourhood for those who enjoy as much as most things a twelve or fifteen hours out from dark to dark alone, or with a chosen friend, finding their own way, and carrying their own everything.

The advantage of Grindelwald is, of course, its closeness to the real mountains. The disadvantage, from the point of view I am taking, that these dwarf all other things, and make the lesser expeditions, on what may be called the green side of the valley, seem less worth doing. Nothing can be more simply pleasurable than a long solitary ramble to the Schwarzhorn—or over the ridge to the Giessbach—or along the ridge to the Schynige Platte. But it is a little difficult all the time to possess your soul in patience and get the full enjoyment out of these places, with the great glaciers and glories calling imperatively to you all the while from across the valley. But I need not say much of Grindelwald. Every one now knows Grindelwald, with its crawling railways to the Scheidegg, and its crawling carriages to the Upper Gletscher, and its twice or thrice a week deliveries of labelled excursionists, and the

blatant exploitation of its mountains as mere baits for the sightseer. It seems wonderful that any real mountain-lover can care to go to Grindelwald, where everything is done to vulgarise the sublime and sublimate the vulgar. But thanks to the infinite power of Nature and the comparatively feeble powers even of railway engineers, the prevailing and underlying feeling of the place—the glory of the mountain masses and the stimulation of the neighbouring snowfields—still remains, and overcomes all that is distasteful; and I do not think it is fanciful to see the working of this power, the influence of this pervading charm, in the character of the inhabitants of Grindelwald, who are as yet very little spoiled by all that one would have expected to destroy their simplicity. This is pre-eminently so in the case of the guides; but it is noticeable, and perhaps more remarkable, even in the hotel-keepers and tradesfolk. No doubt, however, most members of the Alpine Club treat Grindelwald mainly as a base of operations, a mere halfway-house to the various mountain huts. They go there to do certain well-known climbs, or perhaps to try new ways up or down old mountains. But there is many a delight to be found in a long summer spent there quite unguessed at by the passing visitor. Mr. Coolidge's little handbook gives very good general guidance to all the charming walks to be had among the lower hills; but there are infinite variations, and every one can find for himself there some special walk or particular climb to make his own. The ridge of the Hörnli or the Mittelberg still offer many snug rock-climbs where one may venture without guide and alone—after all the most delightful of all ways of climbing.

Still, on the whole, for real enjoyment I think it is best to fix one's abode rather among the lower mountains, and leave the greater ones for occasional excursions. In this way one gets the full enjoyment of both. One is not tempted to despise the humbler pleasures by the dominance of the higher; nor in retrospect is there the regret of having passed unnoticed

many delights in the supreme rapture of the big climb. For, as has been well said,

> There are a thousand joyous things in life
> That pass unnoticed in a life of joy;

and in climbing great peaks one necessarily neglects the charms of many lesser ones.

And this brings me naturally to the third of the Swiss resorts of which I spoke, the little village of Champéry, at the head of the Val d'Illiez, in the Valais. I do not know that I should expect others to feel the same, but for myself I have no hesitation in saying that this comparatively humble place has an almost unique charm and attractiveness. Partly, no doubt, because having been there now many times I am familiar with almost every bit of it; and many of the inhabitants are warm friends. But I do not think it is only so; for I regret to notice the yearly increasing number of visitors to this out-of-the-road nook; and in the last twelve years or so there is an immense difference in the number and kind of people who go there. One class, however, rarely visits the place; and that is climbers and members of the Alpine Club; and, therefore, at the risk of telling some of my hearers things they know well, I will briefly speak of this green valley-end, nestling under the knees of the Dent-du-Midi, where, on fine Sundays, the village priest solemnly gives leave to his flock to get in their hay; where a single hand-loom still weaves the thick Champéry cloth—lady visitors occasionally have skirts made of it; and where among the upper pastures the female inhabitants still wear in a most neat, modest, and eminently practical form those convenient garments which the selfishness of man has reserved for his own use.

Champéry lies at the head of the Val d'Illiez, a lateral valley at right angles to the valley of the Rhone: preserving still some of the characteristics of those hanging valleys with regard to which my geological friend before mentioned has the most ingenious and engaging theories. At the mouth of the

valley are found those marvels of glaciation: the enormous erratic blocks of silver-white granite which have been so often described. Alas, many of the finest, including that noble block which used to lie among the chestnut trees close to the road above Monthey, have been destroyed and used for purposes of building. All the vineyard walls are made of this stone, as well as a great many of the houses and buildings in Monthey and the hamlets near. An attempt was made to save this particular block, known as the Pierre à Martin; but the sum demanded, 6500 francs, could not be raised, and the whole block is now cut up and gone.[1]

I read in "Ball's Guide" that "to a mountaineer Champéry is not nearly as attractive as Sixt or Salvan, but it is very easy of access, and has good wine." I was greatly pleased to find this remark in such a work, appealing, as it does, to a much wider circle of climbers than any words of mine will reach. Because it allows me to speak freely of the charms of the place, without risk of finding certain pet climbs and private ways up invaded by better climbers, and becoming hackneyed routes. For there are in this neighbourhood many spots of exquisite beauty; and climbs—not, of course, the highest—but of great interest. And the immense advantage, from the point of view of this paper, is the number of châlets which can be taken for the summer, at quite reasonable rents. There may be other places in Switzerland where this is the case; but I have not been able to find any

[1] Since writing these words, I have learned of a still greater loss threatening. At this moment, I am informed, the still finer block known as the Bloc des Marmettes, which lies above the roadway, and is the most wonderful monument of this enormous glacial energy, a huge mass of 2000 cubic metres, is itself in danger. It has been sold to a stone merchant to be quarried. The municipality of Monthey has interfered, and stayed the destroyer's hand temporarily, by an appeal to the Federal Tribunal. But the sum necessary to preserve it permanently is 27,000 francs—over £1000; and a subscription is now open for the purpose of raising this sum. The block is so interesting that it would be an everlasting loss to the place and to geology if it were allowed to disappear.

where there is such a comparatively large choice of comfortable private residences. Once established there, what a delightful range of walks and excursions there is—of all distances and all kinds of difficulty: from an afternoon's training scramble (ending in a view) up the Croix de Culet, or the Dent de Bonaveau, to an eighteen hours' expedition over the Tour Sallières and the Mont Ruan: from a breezy upland walk among the green Savoy hills, to an arduous rock-climb on the more difficult points of the Dents de Midi: and always, as the reward of almost every climb in this region, you have the glorious view of the Mont Blanc range—silver thrones set along the blue horizon, enchanting in distance, tempting in nearness, inspiration to the dreamer, stimulus to the climber. Ah! and there is one valley there, high up, walled in with rocks and low peaks—threaded with a swift but not too headlong torrent—the valley levelled by long years of overflowing waters, and silted mountain-wreckage: paved in July with all the loveliest of the Swiss flowers, set so thick that the foot can hardly pass without crushing pansies or gentians, or groups of delicate harebells, of rare blue or rarer white, among the golden hawkweed. I know no valley more lovely in Switzerland: and you have it all to yourself, so rarely does any visitor pass.

> O valley safe in fancy's land,
> Not tramped to mud yet by the million.

But to descend to the more prosaic side of châlet-life. I have sometimes been asked whether it is not a very expensive way of getting a Swiss outing. My experience is certainly that it is not. Provided, that is, that you wish to go for some time, and go, either in a family party, or several friends together. One can get quite a large-sized châlet for 1200 francs for the whole summer: there are also smaller ones at a lower rate; and a few better ones for rather more. The catering is very easy: as there are first-class provision shops—butcher, baker, groceries—in the village: and butter, milk, and cream are naturally very cheap. A few years ago I used

to calculate that living there was considerally cheaper than in England: but the prices have somewhat risen since then: and there is less difference. One can get excellent Swiss wine in cask very cheap: and fill one's own flasks or bottles for oneself or one's guides in expeditions. The tinned *Saxon* soups and meats are also extraordinarily cheap and good, and can be bought in the village. There is now electric light in many of the châlets. Firing is perhaps the most expensive item: but one does not want very much, once the cook learns to use the stoves properly. I have always found that English servants enjoy Swiss life very much, and readily pick up the ways and even the language. A good-looking young guide was quite ready to take our English maid (also good-looking) for a walk, and she quite ready to accompany him: although neither understood one word of the other's language. So that there must plainly be some mode of communication surviving from the remote common ancestry of the races. Also it is usually possible to get extra service locally.

These domestic details are, I fear, sadly away from the ideal side of mountains. But in the châlet-life of which I am singing the praises they become of much importance, and I mention them partly to show how little difficulty there is in planting a temporary household in a Swiss village.

The enormous advantage of this châlet-life is its freedom. You can eat what you like, and when you like: you can have a simple "English" or roast joint, and as training a menu as if you were rowing at Oxford or Cambridge. You can get up when you like, and go to bed when you like, undisturbed by your neighbours' early rising or late dancing. Moreover, you can choose your days for your expeditions, and only go when the weather pleases you and you feel quite fit; and by settling in one place for a whole summer, even with occasional absences for bigger climbs and grander excursions, you acquire an intimate and personal familiarity with every rock and valley, which gives a home-like charm and a feeling almost of ownership. The difference between this way of life in Switzerland and

the ordinary hotel life of a few days in one centre and a few in another, is much like the difference of owning books and getting them from a circulating library. In the one case you read hastily and acquire a general idea; in the other you absorb and assimilate and draw into the soul all that is lovely and treasurable.

Above all, you can enjoy what is certainly the most absolutely enjoyable form of climbing—climbing alone. I say this with fear and trembling, because I have been often warned by much better climbers than myself that one of the first and great commandments in the Alpine Club decalogue forbids to climb quite alone. But I have sometimes dared to wonder whether this law was not framed, or at least kept up, merely to heighten pleasure by the feeling of wrong-doing. As the famous citizen over his loin of roast pork expressed regret that he was not a Jew, to add a last epicurean zest of law-breaking to his enjoyment of it. For certainly many climbers—need I name them?—have done the thing; and one, whose untimely death was not in the least due to this practice, actually dares to say outright—and his words are in a printed book—what I should otherwise have hardly ventured to hint, that to climb alone is the most delightful of all climbing. Of course it must be limited by obvious prudences. Except in dire necessity I presume no member of the Alpine Club would cross a glacier where the crevasses were hidden, alone or unroped—an act of ignorance or rashness which only three years ago left empty a special niche in the world of book-lore which has not been filled and may not be filled in this generation. This, and other obvious risks, as on bad rock or in the neighbourhood of falling stones, should be rigorously refused by the solitary climber. But even with these limitations there is much real climbing work that may be safely done. And in such a stay as I am describing this particular pleasure has special chances. One may try a climb again and again till one finds the one way to do it; one may find out-of-the-way creeps, and chimneys unknown to any guide. One may make most

interesting ascents of rocks or points too humble to attract mountaineers; and please oneself with the fancy that it is a first ascent. For to the climber without guides who finds his own way unaided every peak is really a first ascent, just as much as if no foot had ever been set upon it before, and there is so much pleasure in this feeling of a first ascent that I sometimes think it is rather selfish of alpinists not to keep such things to themselves.

If only less were said, still more if only less were written and printed, about climbing, how much pleasure would be left to a world now using up its pleasures almost as fast as it is consuming its coal-fields; and now that the illustrated climbing article has become a feature of the modern magazine, and that latest invention of the Devil—the cinematograph—however he wishes us to pronounce it—reproduces sham accidents and jerky step-cutting as representing the life of the mountaineer, how is this noblest and most inspiring of pursuits becoming vulgarised and profaned! History repeats itself; and we can now again realise the full import of the Roman poet's sarcastic advice to the President of the Carthaginian Alpine Club:

> I demens curre per Alpes
> Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias.

> Go, climb your mountains, fool, and help the sale
> Of the *Boy's Own Paper* or the *Daily Mail.*

If these illustrated articles, and photographs of roped climbers suspended by their eyelashes or the skin of their teeth in plainly impossible situations, if these things really made for true mountain-love and mountain-knowledge and mountain-reverence, then they might have some educational value, and philosophy and philanthropy might encourage them. But in any case the Alpine Club should not, any more than a Trade Union would encourage tempting articles on the joys of bricklaying or boiler-riveting. After all, although we also have our "May Meetings," we are not merely a religious body, nor primarily a Missionary Society. We do not claim that our climbing of mountains makes the world better, as football

does or pheasant-shooting. Nor, again, do we seek subscriptions from the public, and so need to draw attention to our doings by self-advertisement. Nor, again, being a non-political body, do we need to influence the public by pictures suggesting that men may walk with ropes round their waists without being in a condition of slavery.

All this exploitation of mountains is of course absolutely abhorrent to the true mountaineer. For one thing it tends to crowd the mountains with a host of men, women and children, tied on to ropes, and pulled by guides like sheep—only, alas, not to the slaughter; and such an incident as the following becomes possible on one of the most famous of mountains. A party of young men and women, happy in health, wealth and ignorance, hired a sufficiency of guides and set out to what they called climb—I will not mention the mountain. They picnicked at the hut; and next day some of them duly reached the top, and returned, burning with self-esteem, to be photographed, roped together, before the hotel. But one member of the party, less capable than the others, failed to reach the top, and became too much exhausted to be dragged home even by two stalwart guides. It (forgive me for disguising the gender by the neuter pronoun) passed the night under a rock, with one burly guide for its mattress, and another for its coverlet, thus keeping warmth and vitality; and in the morning was safely restored to its family. In the photograph the face of one of the guides, presumably the one who had acted as mattress, had a curious flattened and distorted appearance, as if it had borne, for some time, the pressure of a heavy body. But the flatness may, of course, have been only the natural expression of face after an unsuccessful climb, or even due to the amateur photographer.

These somewhat desultory remarks have drawn me far away from the main object of this paper, which is to bring out the ideal side of mountain climbing. There are many alleged explanations of this passion which have been formulated to refute the charge of mere folly and foolhardiness, which at one

time was brought against climbers. Some climb mountains for statistical reasons, to have been so many times above 10,000 feet, or to have done fifty peaks and passes in fifty days; some for scientific reasons, to study the flow of glaciers or count the red corpuscles in a guinea-pig's blood; some from a spirit of imitation, to do what others have done; some from a spirit of emulation, to do what others have done. These and a dozen other excuses have been offered to pacify the habitual British attitude of mind: "What's the use?" And if climbers ever did as cricketers and golfers and other enthusiasts, and fell to talking shop, these are the kind of objects that would be taken for granted as underlying and dignifying the talk of chimneys and crevasses and hand-holds and step-cuttings.

One reason is never given openly, rather is disguised and hidden and never even allowed in suggestion, and I venture to think it is because it is really the inmost moving impulse in all true mountain-lovers, a feeling so deep and so pure and so personal as to be almost sacred—too intimate for ordinary mention. That is this ideal joy that only mountains give—the unreasoned, uncovetous, unworldly love of them we know not why, we care not why, only because they are what they are; because they move us in some way which nothing else does; so that some moment in a smoke-grimed railway carriage, when in the pure morning air the far off cloud of Mont Blanc suddenly hung above the mists as we rounded the curves beyond Vallorbes, or, still fairer, from the slopes near Neuchâtel, the whole Bermese range slept dreamlike in the lake at our feet, lives in any memories above a hundred more selfish, more poignant joys; and we feel that a world that can give such rapture must be a good world, a life capable of such feeling must be worth the living.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

THREE GARDENS AND A GARRET

I KNEW it belonged to me as soon as I set foot in it. I was following the little lame landlord across the floor towards the windows when something as real as a presence stopped me suddenly at the hearth, with an inward clench of conviction that here was the end of my quest. This was my dwelling-place; here I could be at home.

I had known it waited for me somewhere—that bare, white, sunny, silent space of mine so often lived in in my dreams—and as I wandered north, south, east, and west, the wiser half of me had been aware that I was not really hunting for a lodging: I was but idly marking time till the mother-heart of the great city should show me the niche it was keeping for me.

And on the third day of search, led by what seemed the casual sight of a name suggesting the peaceful student ways and cloistral dignity of ancient college quads, I had come to my own.

High up above the red-tiled roofs of an old-fashioned quarter where the houses still dream of the high-waisted and low-slippered ladies, the be-powdered and lace-ruffled men who used to grace their sombre panelled rooms; thrown out by itself in a little tower away from the main building, as if the romance of the neighbourhood, hard pressed by the besieging force of modern economy, had avenged itself upon its enemy at this point by beguiling the architect into an absurd extrava-

gance ; this garret had the unwonted luxury of three outside walls, and a stone staircase to flank the fourth. No sandwiched feeling here to fret a hermit soul : such aerial spaces gave more than a moorland freedom.

One glance from the first of the three windows in reassurance of what I had already guessed—free sky, and trees, and misty distance—yes, it was good enough : one could dwell here contentedly, unirked by any need to rebuild the place in imagination as an apology to one's self for living in it.

A week for the lustral rites, and I was in possession. Then, because there awaited me such wealth of joy within, I must needs turn my attention outwards, as a lover will look everywhere but into the eyes of the beloved when the awe of his love is upon him.

But not so could I escape the Presence on my hearth. Its reflection met me in all I saw without.

For my three neighbours were solitaries all, and, little as perhaps they dreamed it, were devotees of the same cult.

Westward, under a vast space of sky which flames at sunset into titanic splendours, my window looks upon the garden of an old surgeon long retired from active service, but bluff and jolly as the ivied Bacchus on his terrace, to whom he nods as to a life-long friend over his port on summer evenings. Those two have seen some festive times in the low broad house facing the narrow lane where a turnpike still bars the way to adventurous motor-cars, which sometimes risk a short cut to the bridge beyond and find themselves caught as in a trap, whence they struggle out backwards to the jeers of the ubiquitous small boy.

From the discreet professional air with which the dwelling fronts the world one could gather nothing of the jovial affluence held in reserve at the back, where three big creeper-covered bays look out upon as many acres of lawn and wood and garden.

Sheltered by house and stables from the north, and dividing them from the first acre of scrupulously kept lawn and flower-

beds, is a twelve-foot gravel terrace, running for sixty yards due east and west; and here on the driest, sunniest days the grizzled head and stalwart form of the owner may be seen leisurely pacing up and down his favourite walk. He never ventures further even in his own domain, for, in spite of his libations to the god of joy and inspiration, gout has him by the toe, and nowadays the mellow turf, so long and jealously preserved, responds to none but the gardener's foot.

It is a brave old figure, of a type fast making way for one whose beauty is less easily discerned. Except for the hands, it might pass for that of a champion boxer who had left the ring before it had degraded the very physique which was its glory. But no bruiser ever had hands quickened to such fine intelligence that the fingers, like sensitive antennæ, seem to have developed special brains of their own, by which feeling combines the powers of all the other senses, and to touch is to see, hear, taste, and smell.

Hands of this high order, obedient to the behests of a soul whose love for the Hellenic ideals of physical beauty expressed itself in correcting the ugliness of disease in the human body of to-day, must have been endowed with a healing grace which no learning of the schools could impart.

At its western end the terrace turns at right angles into a path which runs for a hundred yards along a herbaceous border protected by an old red wall, and ends in seven steps leading up to the second acre, laid out as a kitchen garden, as neat and flat and square as a chess-board. Each bed is trimly shut in by box-edged paths, where never a weed or leaf escapes the gardener's hand. It is so carefully kept, the soil is so rich from years of generous tendance, that the crops look strong and cheerful as in any rural garden, and the gnarled old fruit-trees, whose blossom hides the black earth in spring, still seem to bear as comfortable a harvest of pears and plums and apples as in their early days, when, instead of wharves and factory chimneys, sweet open meadows stretched between them and the river.

But the heart of the garden is in the third acre, where the trees are thick and tall, and the moss-grown paths wind in and out in curves of enchanting mystery, and the dew, and the frost, and the wind, and the sunlight play as they will on the broad untrodden spaces of green grass, where even the gardener comes but once a year, and then only to gather the fallen leaves.

The path to this place of hidden sweetness has faded to a faint wavering line through the shrubs at the other end of the terrace, where, to the uninitiated eye, they form a wind-break to the north-east round a square brick summer-house heavily overgrown with jasmine, and a wooden seat built round a chestnut-tree, whose stoutest arm holds out a swing. Behind these obvious attractions, the ghost of a path disappears into a tangle of evergreens, to emerge into a quite different world: a world of wayward and romantic beauty, which contrasts as sharply with the utilitarian precision, the conventional respectability of the rest of the garden, as if some dithyrambic quality in the owner's soul, too strong to be outworn by a lifetime of professional materialism, still reserved to itself in this wild acre, the right of free expression.

For here he has set up stone symbols of that early Nature-worship which marked the happy childhood of the race; and when the winds and frosts have brought down the shrouding leaves, white limbs and laughing faces of fauns and dryads glimmer through the branches, under which they stand concealed from the glare of summer, and seem to wait for the return of that truant lord who has deserted their woodland secrecy for the open ways of men. Of all the troop, only the god himself has dared the daylight, and stands forth upon the terrace, jocund, exultant, as the tutelary genius of the frank old pagan whose homage he receives. But those shy creatures of the elemental world keep to the twilight of the trees, old growths of ash and plane, acacia, beech, and elm, in whose venerable silence a recluse might meditate serenely as in a Himalayan forest, with no sound harsher than the cawing of

rooks overhead, no vision ruder than the waving of grass at his feet.

So lonely, indeed, is this garden, and that also of my neighbour to the south, that one might almost fancy their owners refrained from breaking in upon such solitude that the eyes of all the hundreds within sight of it might share the joy of undisturbed possession. For as they are, empty and unused, yet cared for, these gardens are a visible peace, an actual perfection of silence and repose, at the service of every soul whose eyes from any overlooking window may wander along their quiet paths, or rest upon their fresh untrampled sward.

My second window looks upon the house and garden of an artist whose studio window-blinds were so long drawn down when first I came to my garret that I began to wonder if he would ever come back from those interminable wanderings in Italy, whence he would send from time to time a diary in the shape of various potteries and sculptures, which were always respectfully unpacked by his man-servant on the gravel space before the studio door. These treasures were carried in and hidden away from vagrant eyes within a few hours of their arrival: all but two huge terra-cotta oil-jars, which to this hour remain outside, in startling contrast to the prim little Kate Greenaway house of yellow stucco with its square green boxes on each side of the porch holding bunched heads of bay perched upon long stiff stems like evergreen mops turned upside down.

There was a strained attentive look about the place, as if the very doors and windows listened for the step of the absent master, and the servants seemed driven to cleaning the same thing ten times over for want of some more cheerful occupation.

Every morning the man came out with a flourish of broom and pail to scrub the long path of red tiles leading up to the house from the garden door in the high yellow wall on the street. The zeal with which he scrubbed and swilled those tiles to keep their colour fresh as on the day they were laid

down was only equalled by the anxious care with which he spread clean sacks and dust-cloths over all the surrounding gravel when he had to undergo the ordeal of replenishing his master's coal-cellar. For the coal-shoot opens right in the midst of his fleckless courtyard, and no eighteenth-century spinster ever fussed over the washing of her china more punctiliously than this faithful soul over the ground his master treads on.

It is a merciful dispensation that such an artist should have such a retainer, for if his outward comfort were in the custody of less devoted hands and heart his lease of life might be a short one.

Clearly he has never known how to be at home in his body. The restless, questing soul of him looks out through the hungry eyes of a face as hypersensitive as a naked nerve.

To turn from the massive calm of the old surgeon's self-contentment and watch this other neighbour of mine go down the street is to pass from one world to another, to step suddenly from the simplicity of the physical plane of evolution to the bewildering complexities of the psychic.

As he urges his unhappy body forward with the desperate intensity of that neurosis of genius which is divided by less than a hair's breadth from the neurosis of disease, every line of the long lean form betrays that it is tense as a tuned harp to the faintest vibration he meets by the way, as well as to the fever of thought and feeling for ever fretting him from within.

In the sedate deliberate order of his house and garden might almost be read a pathetic attempt to surround himself with the outward signs of peace, in the hope that by subconscious response to the unobtrusive suggestion of environment he may acquire the poise he lacks.

There is an air of studied quietness as of a hermit's room about the large rectangular lawn enclosed by buttressed walls hung thick with ivy, and margined by square-tiled paths whose brilliant red makes the grass look green as a water-meadow. Three poplars stand at its farther end, and alone in its midst

grows an old pear-tree which, for one radiant month each year, the Spring transforms into a presence like that of "the Bride of all Delight," whose beauty heightens the blue over-head, and deepens the green under-foot.

Beyond this garden of the seeking soul stretch acres of low grey roofs, broken here and there by spires and towers and misty tree-tops, whose outlines merge into the soft monotones of cloud and river haze, which hide all sordid detail, and harmonise the whole into the dim and indeterminate beauty of a dream.

For so subtle is the effect of this strange London climate that even in full sunlight as one looks at the scene it is hard to say where the cloud-fabric ends and the houses made with hands begin. An ever-changing mystery is the note of it all, mystery which hangs like a half-transparent veil revealing yet concealing the beatific vision of the true and perfect city whose foundations underlie these insubstantial structures of brick and stone which seem so real and change with every breath.

The hour of clearest vision is when day breaks over the nuns' garden to the East, and shields of golden light flash back from all the gloomy ramparts of the sky as if innumerable hosts of shining ones acclaimed their Leader's signal to advance and rout the darkness of the world. In the morning hush the convent bell rings clear and deep for Prime, a distant throbbing starts in the factory engines by the river, and from the elms behind the convent comes the long-drawn warning call of the rooks as they wheel about their nests.

For the nuns too have their delectable secret, a little green field of their own, where now and then a flock of young things in shroud-like veils wanders slowly over the grass beneath the trees, shepherded by the Mother of the Novices, a stout, comfortable body, with wise old eyes not easily to be deceived, and a mouth which looks both tender and inexorable.

It is evidently a happy sort of schooling she gives her charges, for the white veils flutter round the black one like

bees round a honey-jar, and the youthful feet instinctively subdue their springing gait to the slow and measured paces of the aged lady.

The meadow with its rookery seems to be set apart for them, for they always disappear in the direction of the chapel, of which one mullioned window is just visible through the trees, and they never come back to the convent by the shorter way through the garden, where a beech spreads its great drooping branches like a tent, and a golden yew "makes sunshine in a shady place," and a juniper bush bears fragrant red berries for winter days, and a cedar of Lebanon gives its sweetness to the winds of summer. Of these delights no one takes heed, unless perchance they please for a moment the lay-sister who hurries past them with bent head on her way to the kitchen garden to cull herbs for the refectory table.

There is at least one soul, though, in that community who loves a garden and all other pleasant things, for on a certain wintry day when the grass was grey with frost and the walls were white with rime, two nuns came out into the visitors' courtyard to give orders for the laying of fresh gravel and the disposition of a piece of waste land bordering the drive.

One of them, the spokeswoman, was evidently the senior in years and in rank, but as evidently the junior in intelligence; and the face of her companion, who stood slightly behind her as she gave her directions to the gardener, was eloquent of a vehement impulse to speak her mind in defiance of all decorum and discipline. Her nervous hands opened and shut impetuously as they hung at her sides, and again and again her eager lips parted as if the words springing from her heart would be controlled no longer. Once some half-articulate sound must have escaped the rigid repression of her will, for the old nun's head turned sharply towards her, and her own bent meekly under the implied reproof. The gardener scratched his ear and fidgeted as if he wished he had to deal with the wits of the young sister, whose eyes in a single glance conveyed more sense about outdoor things than all the other's chatter; but

the eyes that knew were not again raised from the ground, and the interview resulted in a shrubbery adorned with clumps of half-baked clinkers from the nearest gasworks, and a variety of useless little paths, which carefully led the eye to the dingy blank of the boundary wall. At this work of suburban art the gardener toiled for a fortnight with dubious face, but it seemed entirely to represent the elder nun's ideal of garden beauty, for she beamed and nodded like a mandarin when she came out again to inspect it at the finish.

And yet, as it stands there in its vulgar, wasteful stupidity, it bears a significant relation to all that lies beyond it. A stranger entering that enclosure and seeing its barren ugliness would get from it no hint of the beautiful old walled garden on the other side of the boundary, or of the still more beautiful meadow with its rookery elms. Like the Church to which it belongs, the place keeps the sweetness of its mysteries for the elect and faithful who live within.

Ah, that *within-ness!* The feeling of the word lures the heart back with joy to its *garite*, its place of refuge and of wholeness, where, safe from the strife of opposites, healed of inertia and violence, it rests secure in the knowledge that nothing can hurt, disturb, offend, or make afraid.

No wonder that the "Poet or Maker of Ideas" should have been wont to dwell in a garret. What abode could be more fitting than one whose very name reminds him of his high calling and its power to heal the souls of men?

The old French *guarir*, *warir*, to protect, defend, preserve, keep safe, take care of (from the early Germanic *warjan*, to guard), has come to mean, in the *guérir* of to-day, rather the restoration than the preservation of well-being, the recovery of lost health rather than the safe-guarding of a treasure already possessed. And so, the Lover of the Word, aloft in his watch-tower under the roof, is kept in mind of its double purpose, and of the ancient warning that he who would heal must first himself be whole.

If this, then, be the soul of the garret—the thought and

feeling of it—its body or visible part must needs be, as far as possible, a symbol of that interior silence which reveals the Spirit, or Being, of the word.

Poverty, chastity, obedience—triple vow of the monastic life — that is the description of the ideal garret. But it must be a *bareness* which, like the fine frugality of the multi-millionaire, tells of the fulfilment, not the starvation, of desire : it must be a *whiteness* of passion no longer shunned and dreaded as a force hostile to righteousness, but known, controlled, sublimed into an exhaustless source of power : it must be *order* which expresses the freed man's involuntary yielding to the inspiration of grace, rather than a slave's submission to the law.

To have a room sweet, simple, serviceable, would seem to be easy enough, and yet it takes years to learn the art of living without lumber. We cling so hard to our superficial weaknesses that their very record is dear to us, and we are slow to disenchant our minds of attachment to those accumulated things which represent the ever-changing mask of mood, rather than the deep clean outlines of essential character.

When I came into possession of my garret its white nakedness was in itself so perfect that for many days I squatted happily alone upon the floor with nothing in it but a fire, acquainting myself with the sweet soul of the place, and mentally passing in review everything that belonged to me to see what could fitly claim its hospitality as part of the organic structure of my life. And as, one by one, I brought each once-treasured object before the Presence on the hearth, It smiled at me, and I knew I had no further use for that thing. It was no longer good enough. Books, pictures, sculptures, carvings, hangings, furnishings, of it all I found I needed only something to sleep on, something to write on ; and as I mused as to what might be the perfect form of each, since all I had ever used had been found wanting to some vague standard which haunted me the more persistently for being indefinable—the long-quiescent cells of earliest memory yielded up their hoard,

and in a flash I knew that I had been ever groping backward through the dark of intervening years to recover the lost treasure of a happy childhood. The cycle was complete. I had come home at last, and on the threshold rose to welcome me the gladness of life's unremembered morning, bringing to light that long-obscured ideal of a perfect dwelling-room, which had been unconsciously formed in me by the sweet Asiatic souls whose language and whose country were then more familiar to me than my own.

For the four qualities prescribed by the famous Cha-jin Rikiu as indispensable to the national tea ceremony of Japan, have been diffused, through the social ritual of the cultured, into the humblest lives, and the dress, speech, laughter, manners, gestures, tones, of my Japanese amahs—their very room with its open sun-lit spaces, its smiling reticence, its emptiness so full of blithe content—expressed the "purity, peacefulness, reverence and abstraction" ordained by the great philosopher.

So, a matting-covered floor, a low divan, a pine-branch, and a Japanese writing-table to be used sitting on the ground, and my garret felt as home-like as all other Western rooms had hitherto been strange.

The Eastern idea of cleanliness, which keeps all that belongs to the purification of the body separate from the place of sleep, is based upon a finer intelligence in these matters than yet obtains in the West. To the metaphysical Hindu, Buddhist, Tao-ist, Shinto-ist, sleep is sacred as the subjective state into which the soul voluntarily withdraws from the sense-world, to receive the inspiration of its indwelling Spirit; but the more material mind of the European tends to look upon sleep as an animal necessity to which man is subject in common with the beasts of the field; and such an idea, prevailing as the genius of the sleep-place, dedicates it to the dark silence of inertia, rather than to the white silence of illumination. Yet this same Illumination, or super-consciousness, is the end of all our striving, for whether we come from

east or west, the goal of our aspiration, however little it may at times appear to be so, is nothing less than To Know, and To Be, the *Whole*.

The lover of the garret will find its heart of flaming joyousness even more intimately expressed by the favourite mystic formula of "Purgation, Contemplation, Illumination," than by the neutral beauty of the conventual vow. The three-fold hempen cord of "Poverty, Chastity, Obedience" kindles into a radiance of golden strands as it catches the glow of the more vital words; and Poverty, in its cathartic essence, is seen to be freedom from all pre-occupation with the senses; Chastity becomes the singleness of mind, or purity from all preconceived ideas, necessary to the practice of true contemplation; and Obedience is recognised as that final state of surrender which enables the soul to receive "as a little child" the mysteries of the Kingdom of Eternal Consciousness.

Suddenly, as with waiting pen I sit and watch the firelight flush the walls to the faint rose of snow at sunset, a boy's voice soars into the stillness, singing for sheer joy of life as he saunters idly past on his way to the seething slum close by, where at midnight the hot-blooded Italians of the quarter settle their fierce disputes with cries of "Dio! Dio!"

> Jerusalem the Golden!
> With milk and honey blest,
> Beneath thy contemplation
> Sink heart and voice opprest.
>
> O sweet and blessèd country,
> The home of God's elect!
> O sweet and blessèd country,
> That eager hearts expect!

Up from the squalid street each note comes clean as a pearl, sweet as a rose, purging the soul with wonder and delight. This song of the Heavenly City,—do my neighbours hear it? The man of Science, with the Eager Hands devoted to the Beauty of the Body; the man of Art, with the Eager Eyes

ever seeking the elusive Beauty of the Soul; the Nun of the Eager Mouth, vowed to the Silent Beauty of the Spirit; do their hearts listen and thrill in unison as the child's voice sings of that inextinguishable Passion for Perfection beating in the life-blood of each one of them, in ceaseless reminder that the Kingdom they seek is *within?*

A. M. CURTIS.

CHARACTER IN LETTER-WRITING

THE late Lady Burton, widow of the famous Sir Richard Burton, once remarked to me that she thought it "the height of discourtesy to leave letters unanswered, even letters from strangers." For this reason, though generally extremely busy, she made it a rule to set aside one whole day a week, which she spent in answering letters, many from persons she had never even heard of, and in glancing through books of many sorts and kinds sent to her by authors anxious to have her opinion. And she used to say that she considered letters received from total strangers to be among the most interesting she got.

In the pursuit of an avocation that necessitates my writing to persons of many sorts and conditions, and in many different ranks in life, and that, I am afraid, occasionally necessitates my worrying strangers, I have for some years past been afforded opportunities of judging character, not by handwriting, for the great majority of busy men and women nowadays employ secretaries, but by the way in which letters are expressed. A great number of persons to whom I wrote in the first instance as a total stranger I have since come to know personally, and intimately, and in few cases indeed have I found that the opinion I had formed of these individuals, judging solely by the way they expressed themselves in their letters, had been a false opinion.

The letters I have received from persons to whom my name is, or was, quite unknown—and the total number of these letters runs into hundreds—may, broadly speaking, be divided into three sets; namely, the courteous, the discourteous, and the strictly formal. And here let me say at once that I have found that, contrary to the popular belief, true courtesy has nothing whatever to do with good breeding. I have had letters from men and women who can trace their pedigrees back almost "so far that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," that were courteous in the extreme in tone and style; but I have also many letters from persons of equally good breeding that only a man who at heart was a snob, or a sycophant, or a prig, could have written. Upon the other hand I find among the pile of letters before me as I write, communications from both men and women of very humble origin, but who have now risen to eminence, that for consideration, kindly feeling, and very great courtesy, could hardly be excelled. Indeed, upon comparing the one set with the other I find, to my astonishment, that the balance of courtesy rests with the latter. The letters that the least afford indications to their writers' characteristics, temperament, or peculiarities, are, ot course, those communications that are of a strictly formal nature.

Though unable to speak from personal knowledge, I have it on the best of authority that the members of our Royal Family, and their immediate representatives, invariably adopt an extremely gracious tone when replying to letters of inquiry on matters of general interest, which is what one might have expected. The many members of Parliament to whom I have, from first to last, had occasion to write, have almost all answered by return of post and in a very friendly way. Not so a great many Army officers, and I do not recollect ever receiving from any one of the gentlemen until recently connected with our War Office, a letter, in reply to an inquiry, that was not more or less brusque. Indeed it was from a gentleman indirectly connected with the War Office when the

late Government was in power that I received the following message written across a letter that I had sent to him: "Sir, I have looked in 'Debrett' but cannot find your name there," an unkind cut, seeing that I had not hinted at being so honoured. Naval officers, on the contrary, generally write in a very courteous tone—short, concise letters, that go straight to the point. When disinclined or unable to supply the information asked for they say so straightforwardly and have done with it. Naturally it must be borne in mind that I am speaking now of bodies of men collectively. There are exceptions in every instance.

The following letters form an example of the striking contrast there is in the way men answer inquiries put to them civilly. I had been commissioned to write an article on a question of some importance at the time I applied to them, and to obtain as much expert opinion upon the subject as possible. The letters I addressed to the various men I deemed in a position to furnish the information I needed were to all intents and purposes identical. It is not difficult to read between the lines the temperament of the man who wrote the following reply:

> I shall have great pleasure in doing what you ask. This week, unfortunately, I am more than ordinarily busy; but you shall hear from me early in next week.

Nor the manner of the man who wrote the following in reply to the same inquiry:

> I am not aware that I have the privilege of your acquaintance, and I decline absolutely to grant your impertinent request.

It was in reply to a similar letter of inquiry that the following answer reached me:

> The enclosed slip contains the expression of my views upon the matter referred to in your letter, and I take this opportunity of thanking you for the compliment you pay me in desiring my opinion.

And the following:

> In answer to your letter, —— desires me to say that he is not in the habit of conferring favours upon strange gentlemen.

A lady I employed as secretary was directly responsible for the following two gems, which speak for themselves. Through an oversight she had addressed the letter intended for, let us call him Mr. Brown—though his name was not Brown—to Mr. Brown*e*. By return of post Mr. Brown wrote:

> I really am much too busy to answer letters from strangers, more especially from men who know so little about me as to write my name with an "e."

The other was yet more whimsical:

> Sir John Smith presents his compliments, and wishes me to say that he is not in the habit of corresponding with lunatics.

Enclosed was the envelope that had contained my letter. It ought to have been addressed to Sir John Smith, Bart. Instead, the address, which was type-written, appeared, Sir John Smith, Rats. When I drew my secretary's attention to this trifling error in spelling she became almost hysterical. She declared that she had been very tired, and that when you become tired your type-writing machine is apt to take strange liberties—a statement that all who use a type-writing machine will know to be true. Consequently it was not until some weeks later, when a descriptive report of the movements of a great fog in the Channel, that I had dictated to her, appeared in the typoscript with the weird heading, "Great egg in the Channel," that I deemed it expedient to seek another assistant.

I could quote many more letters that serve to indicate the peculiarities of their writers' natures, but the foregoing will suffice for the moment. It is a curious yet indisputable fact, however, that quite a considerable section of the educated community is firmly imbued with the belief that a brusque, arrogant manner denotes strength of character. What can first have given rise to this erroneous supposition it is difficult to conceive. My own experience and observation lead me to conclude just the reverse. Almost all our successful organisers, pioneers in commerce, politicians, statesmen, literary men, lawyers, doctors, financiers, actors, artists of all kinds, are courteous in the extreme, and their courtesy is in most in-

stances revealed in the tone of the letters they have occasion to write to persons with whom they are not acquainted. The successful men who lack courtesy have succeeded in spite of their unfortunate personality, not because of it. It was no less successful a man than Sir Alfred Jones who said to me only recently, "In these times no man has a right to be, or can afford to be, discourteous;" and as an after-thought he added, "even to his office boy."

The idea, prevalent in certain circles, that the newly-rich constitute, as a body, the least considerate if not the most snobbish and purse-proud class, is not borne out by facts. The remark made lately by a well-known diplomatist that "no snob is really so snobbish as a well-bred snob," is probably one of the truest of utterances. Judging by the tone of his letters, the modern man of humble origin, who has amassed wealth through his individual industry, is businesslike and methodical, but he is seldom overbearing. His shortcomings are a tendency to be patronising, and generally a lack of humour, the latter characteristic possibly denoting that Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) was right when he recently pronounced a sense of humour to be "a hindrance to practical success in life," though one could wish this were not so. The great proportion of men who send post-cards "in haste" to say they are "much too busy to answer" belong almost always to the class that devotes several days a week to golf or some equally engrossing occupation. Men who really are busy find time to answer letters, and they answer usually by return. Mr. Gladstone used to answer every letter he received—begging letters from obvious impostors alone excepted—and he never dictated his replies; also, I believe I am right in saying, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain seldom leaves a letter unanswered.

Among my collection I find a few letters that can best be summed up in the one word "gushing." Experience teaches me that the habitual writer of the "gushing," frothy effusion, is seldom a man to be trusted. As a rule he ends by revealing himself to be a humbug, if not a hypocrite, and eight times out

of ten he finishes by wanting something, it may be a loan, it may be only note of introduction. I print one specimen only of the "gushing" letter, word for word as I received it.

> My very dear Sir,—I was most charmed to receive your most courteous communication, which let me hasten to answer. I can assure you it will afford me the very greatest of satisfaction to show you . . . and to furnish you with every particular. But won't you come and lunch with me, and let me introduce you to my wife? I know she will be as delighted to make your acquaintance as I shall be; in fact, we are both quite looking forward to your visit. . . .

And so on. Yet there was no reason, there could not have been any reason, why this man, or his wife either, should honestly have looked forward to meeting me, a complete stranger. They had no interest in my concerns, and I had none in theirs. But before I quitted their "hospitable" roof they made use of every means of persuasion in their power to get me to write a newspaper article in praise of some property in which they were interested.

I feel it is almost unnecessary to mention that a considerable proportion of the people to whom one is compelled to apply for information at one time or other, do not reply. Such persons belong to one of three groups. The first group is made up of men and women who, being, to put it plainly, too lazy to write any letter they can avoid writing, are in the habit of remarking sententiously that they "don't answer more letters than they can help—on principle." The second group consists of well-meaning people either devoid of method, or addicted to procrastination, who will tell you semi-apologetically, when you meet them, that they "ought to have answered that letter of yours," but that they are "such shocking correspondents." The third group embraces the self-complacent little crowd who observe, when the subject of not answering letters is broached, that they find that "heaps of letters answer themselves," and they generally roll off this platitude as if it were an original phrase, whereas it dates back to the time of Disraeli. Some men become extremely

annoyed when their letters are not answered, in the same way that others lash themselves into anger when they receive rude letters; but, to adapt to the present case the sentence of a famous statesman, "when there is so much in life that is really vexatious it would seem mere waste of animal economy to let such pin-pricks disturb one's equanimity."

I have been struck at discovering how deceptive handwriting often is as a true guide to the writer's habits. Letters well expressed, neatly written, and carefully punctuated, that ought, according to the canons of graphology, to emanate only from men of tidy and regular habits, come, as often as not, from individuals whose mode of living is quite the reverse, and whose "workshops" present the appearance of a waste-paper basket recently in eruption. Consequently I have found that a letter typewritten or dictated forms just as sure a key to the correspondent's temperament as one written by hand. Here, for instance, is a letter written at the instruction of a Royal Princess to a very famous vocalist that surely reveals the Royal lady's kindly nature, and her deep consideration for others, as accurately as if the written words were before us:

My dear Madame ——,

As you are always so kind, I come to ask you if it would be possible for you to hear a young girl sing, in whom the Queen takes much interest. She is the daughter of Mr. ——, one of the Queen's head servants, who has been fifty years in the Royal service, and she has been taught at the Musical Academy at South Kensington. The other day she sang there, and the Queen was so much struck by her fine contralto voice that she wished some one of musical influence could hear her. So we thought perhaps we might turn to you dear Madame ——, if it is not giving you too much trouble, and recommend this young girl to your kind interest. She is twenty-two, and, I believe, wishes to make singing her profession. Her elder sister is also very musical, and obtained the Duke of Edinburgh's prize for pianoforte playing at the same academy.

It was such a delight hearing you the other night in *Lohengrin*, and my husband was so pleased to hear you for the first time on the stage.

Hoping to have the pleasure of seeing you again this autumn,

Believe me, dear Madame ——,

Yours very sincerely,

——

And here is a letter in the same tone from another Royal lady that was received by the same artist:

MY DEAR MADAME ——,

You are always doing kind things for other people, will you do one more for me? The Conversazione of the . . . Nurses' Association, of which I am President, takes place on December 18, at the . . . Hundreds of nurses come from all parts of the Kingdom, and we always endeavour to provide some special pleasure for them. Would you—if you are free—give them the supreme pleasure of hearing you sing? Of course I shall be there myself, and if you can grant my petition I shall feel it only another proof of your friendship for me and mine.

Believe me,
Yours most sincerely and affectionately,

——.

Even more gracious was the letter she received upon another occasion from a reigning Sovereign abroad:

Acceptez tous mes remerciments, très chère Madame . . ., pour la généreuse contribution que vous venez d'offrir à l'hôpital qui porte mon nom. Cet acte de charité est digne de la grande artiste que nous voyons partir avec regret après l'avoir admirée comme l'interprète international de l'harmonie.

What a contrast in tone from that adopted by some of the persons who move in ordinary society, when they have occasion to communicate with distinguished artists. Here is a letter that was sent by a wealthy woman of title, last season, to an artist of world-wide renown:

MADAME,—I shall expect you to be here at *ten* o'clock *punctually*, so don't fail me. Tell your accompanist to bring *all* the songs I wrote down in my list. We shall want you to give us five songs, at least. When you get here you will be shown into the artists' dressing-room, where please wait until you are fetched.—Yours faithfully, ——.

I need hardly add that the famous vocalist was, at the eleventh hour, "unavoidably detained." In point of fact she did not wish to be "fetched." There are probably few well-known artists, actors and actresses who have not in the course of their careers received communications of this latter sort. Fortunately the courteous and gratifying letters as a rule considerably outnumber those which are calculated to leave a disagreeable flavour.

BASIL TOZER.

THE LONELY LADY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE

> Though I strive anew
> Shadows to pursue,
> Shadows vain
> Thou'lt remain
> Within my heart.
> JOHN OXENFORD.

CHAPTER I

THE LONELY LADY

> It's delightful to breathe the air,
> Breathed by people in Grosvenor Square.
> Popular song.

DECEMBER in London, 1902. Fog had prevailed throughout the early part of the day; now it had lifted, but a dismal rain was falling upon the coal-black stems of the lilac, the sooty branches of the plane, and the palings which divided them from the muddy pavement and muddier street.

A benevolent, bearded policeman, secure in mackintosh cape, paced slowly and solidly past the windows of 99 Grosvenor Square.

Within, a lonely lady sat at luncheon.

The table was spread with massive Georgian silver and Crown Derby china. Forced lilies of the valley, red roses

prematurely called into being, and clinging garlands of smilax curling in and out of the dessert dishes, added poetry to the prose of wealth's display.

The servants were not permitted to wait at luncheon.

The lonely lady left the brown chops to simmer over a plated furnace on the sideboard, and only looked at the glazed tongue and frilled ham reposing on beds of glittering aspic jelly.

This was not because she lacked appetite, but because she was afraid to broach them.

She helped herself timidly to boiled sole and mashed potato. She ate a little maraschino jelly in a furtive and guilty manner, and ended her meal by taking a peach, and some crumbs of a fine old Stilton cheese, in the wrong order.

She drank first water, stealthily and as though she were doing something wrong; and then, with frightened gulps of triumph, a small glass of light tawny port.

When she rose from the table she rang the bell so gently that the responding tinkle must have been very thin and uncertain; and she walked across the big solemn dining-room, over the parquet floor of the square hall, past the porter's empty chair, and into the morning-room.

Here she sat down, alone, as usual.

The room was decorated in strict accord with modern taste and convention.

The ceiling was heavily encrusted with white ornament, like unto a wedding cake. Panels of green brocade bore old gilt candelabra on the walls. The narrow Adam's mantel-shelf held Louis Seize candlesticks, a Dresden clock and Sèvres vases, beneath the life-size Romney portrait which occupied the space usually assigned to a mirror.

The fender rose in wild ornament of mimic flames made in solid gilt metal, around the white-tiled fireplace. The moss-green carpet bore heavy impress of a suite of Louis Seize furniture, gilt and brocaded.

Hothouse palms, rose-wreathed hangings, and the curved legs of enamelled tables lent graceful lines to pleasant spaces. Silver vases bore fragrant burdens of curled chrysanthemums, golden and bronze. A malachite pillar supported a tree, fern, and masses of azalea, pearl-petalled and scarlet-stained-bloomed in unnatural profusion in a shady corner—so quickly drooping, so easily renewed; because the owner of the house in Grosvenor Square was very rich, and had a great love for flowers.

The lonely lady had nothing to do with the decoration of the room, and flowers which disdained times and seasons, and bloomed for gold alone, bewildered as much as they pleased her.

She sat on the sofa and looked at them; rose and walked to the window and looked at the rain and the promenading policeman; returned to the sofa and looked at the little empty idle hands in her lap.

She would gladly have taken down one of the volumes, bound in morocco and bright with golden tooling, from the shelves behind the glass doors of the Chippendale book-cases, which lurked in the alcoves on either side of the fireplace, but, alas! she had tried the doors, and found them securely locked.

Upon the low occasional table by the side of the rose-wreathed couch, lay a copy of the "Book of Beauty," published in the early forties.

It opened of itself at a steel engraving of the portrait of Miss Marney of Orsett, and represented a young lady seated upon a balcony beside a marble pillar, playing the harp.

Miss Marney wore a flowing muslin gown looped with roses; ringlets depended on either side of a handsome face, archly smiling over a bare shoulder; her gloves, lace handkerchief, and a stiff little bouquet were carefully disposed in the foreground.

The lonely lady had looked at the picture many times already, and read the verses facing it, which began:

> Fair girl, and hast thou left the festive scene,
> To warble as a nightingale without
> The noble halls of thine ancestral home,
> Where thou are queen of frolic, deuce and rout ?

But she read them again with a momentary renewal of interest, before she put the book back in its accustomed place.

The crackling of the fire within the room, and the distant clip-clop and jingle of hansoms outside, broke the silence; there was straw laid down in the street beneath the windows, because the owner of the house was ill.

The lonely lady looked up at the Romney portrait, and sighed childishly.

"I wish you could speak to me."

Her name was Jeanne-Marie-Charlotte de Courset; but the gilt plate on the frame of the Romney portrait bore the name of her English great-grandfather,

LT.-COLONEL HARRY MARNEY, R.E.,
Of Orsett Hall, near Bath.
Born 1771. Died 1851.

The portrait must have been painted when Harry Marney was about twenty years old. He wore a grey powdered wig ending in a pigtail, a red coat with black velvet *revers* and gold epaulettes, a waistcoat and knee breeches of white satin, and a snowy neck-cloth.

The scene represented a battlefield, and the young face, oval and delicate as a woman's, stood boldly out against a background of lowering clouds and grey smoke.

Straight black brows met above dark blue eyes and an aquiline nose; a firmly closed mouth with slightly upturned corners gave a stern, almost satirical expression to the proud handsome face.

"It is no use looking so brave and so scornful," said Jeanne, "you know you were never in a battle in all your long life."

Then she relented and apologised.

"But I daresay you would have been if you could, for you are very like Louis. So like that it almost makes me cry to

look at you, great grandpapa Harry. I suppose promotion was very quick in your time for gentlemen of fortune, or perhaps the inscription was put a long time after the picture was painted. Surely you could not have been a colonel at that age. I must ask Aunt Caroline."

The only surviving daughter of Colonel Harry lay upstairs on her sick bed. She was now eighty years old, as the original of the portrait had been when death had summoned him from the hunting-field to take his place in the family vault.

Jeanne had been nearly three weeks in the house of her grand-aunt, but it seemed to her almost as though as many years must have elapsed since she had left the farm on the borders of Wales, where she and her twin brother Louis had been brought up.

She was used to loneliness. Coed-Ithel lay among the mountains, more than two miles from the nearest village; and the roads were bad and distances great for travellers to town and market.

The homestead belonged to her bachelor uncle, a hard-working farmer, who was generally out of doors, and who mostly fell asleep if forced from any cause to remain within, so that his niece could scarcely look to him for companionship, even if he had been as congenial to her as he was kind.

She had not seen her brother Louis, who was now in South Africa, since he had left home to join his regiment in India, nearly five years ago.

Thus she had grown accustomed to a certain solitude; but the loneliness of the hillside is not the loneliness of a large house in the midst of a crowd of strangers.

A restless impatience of the conditions which surrounded her began to pervade her empty days and her wakeful nights.

She was five and twenty years old, but in consequence of her forlornness, and the roundness of her little face, she looked much younger.

Her sojourn in town had not yet succeeded in dimming the

beautiful red bloom which the air of her native mountains had lent her complexion. The clear blue whites of her soft brown eyes, fringed with long black lashes, betrayed the perfect healthfulness of their owner. Dimples lurked on the round chin, and in the round young cheeks: but there was no smile to bring them forth from their hiding-places; the corners of the pretty mouth drooped, and expressed as much sadness as such a childish face could hold.

Jeanne had seen her aunt but once during the last three weeks. Upon the day of her arrival she had been sent for to Miss Marney's own apartment—to which that lady had been confined by illness for some time past, although she had not then yet taken to her bed.

Her first view of Miss Caroline presented to her a tall and dignified figure, erect in an elbow-chair, and clad in a flowing gown of grey satin, with flounces of Honiton lace; upon which couch of luxury her favourite dog, a little Yorkshire terrier, was very calmly reposing.

A lace cap, with pale pink velvet bows, crowned Miss Caroline's white hair, parted above black brows which met across a hawk nose, and blue eyes still piercing—still blackly fringed.

Jeanne had trembled not a little before this stately apparition, and her obvious alarm and admiration had impressed her grand-aunt favourably.

But of the interview she had but a vague recollection, for between terror and fatigue she could scarce bring herself to answer the few formal questions put to her concerning her journey.

Miss Marney would hardly have permitted an earthquake—far less the arrival of a humble stranger niece—to derange one of the established customs of her regular existence. It was the hour for double-dummy, and Jeanne was therefore requested to establish herself in an arm-chair in the background, and given a prolonged opportunity for recovering her

composure, during her aunt's nightly recreation of card-playing.

As the clock struck nine, Mrs. Pyke, the housekeeper, entered, dressed in black broché, which was curiously patterned with violet flowers in accordance with an ancient fashion; also she wore a black lace cap upon her head, and a long gold watch chain about her neck.

The maid, Dunham, had already set forth the card-table, and Mrs. Pyke, pausing in the doorway to make a curtsey, glided decorously into her place, and gathered the cards into slightly palsied hands, veiled by black mittens.

Pyke had entered her ninetieth year, but it had not yet occurred to her that she was too old to fulfil her duties.

She was a strangely silent person, and her length of service did not inspire her to abate one iota of her perpetual awestruck deference to her employer, though nothing could have exceeded Miss Marney's graciousness to her oldest dependent.

The rubber had been played in silence; Jeanne scarcely daring to breathe. She noted with wonder and delight the magnificence of her grand-aunt's appearance, and the stateliness of her bearing. She had indeed never seen any one like her: every time Miss Marney tossed her head, and this was a favourite gesture oft repeated, Jeanne thrilled responsively. She practised the movement afterwards before her looking-glass in private, and was disgusted at her own inability to produce double chins in rapid succession.

The scene interested her deeply: the card-table, lighted with green-shaded candles, struck her with pleasant dismay.

Her nonconformist uncle at Coed-Ithel called cards the devil's books; and she had never seen this class of literature before.

She felt almost as guilty as though she were being called upon to assist at a witch's orgy, instead of an old lady's innocent rubber, as she watched the housekeeper's shrivelled black figure, and dim spectacled eyes, peering at the cards held in her mittened hands. She observed with interest the small sour

smile on Mrs. Pyke's sunken mouth when her mistress condescended to put an ace on her king, and heard her faint clack of apology when she secured the odd trick for herself.

Jeanne wondered why both the old servants affected violet as their only decoration, and came to the conclusion that it must be because they thought it the most respectful colour for servants to wear, next to unrelieved black.

Dunham, another silent witness of the game, had been interested only in the flush on Miss Marney's face, and the stertorous difficult breathing which was painfully audible in the heavily curtained double-windowed room.

The rubber was cut short by some astounding *coups*, and a timely revoke, on the part of Mrs. Pyke, in deference to private signals from Dunham, who was seated a little behind her mistress; when it was over another time-honoured ceremony was gone through.

A glass of madeira was poured out very solemnly, and presented to the aged housekeeper, as a recompense and refreshment after her labours.

Pyke received this mark of favour with perennial surprise and gratitude; venturing to express a humble wish for Miss Marney's good health before she swallowed the wine, and making a second curtsey before she retired finally from the apartment.

Jeanne, too, had been dismissed—but with a gracious smile, an intimation that she should in future address her relative as Aunt Caroline, rather than as Aunt Marney—and a promise that an early interview should be accorded in the morning.

During the night, however, a great bustle and commotion arose in the old house, of which little Jeanne, sleeping soundly after her journey, and forgotten by the terrified domestics, knew nothing.

She learnt next day, that her grand-aunt was very ill, and that she had had some kind of a stroke or seizure. Dunham was reticent concerning details, but she explained that Jeanne

must not go to Miss Marney's room unless she was sent for; and Jeanne, unaccustomed to independent action of any kind (for she had always been subject to authority), had acquiesced as a matter of course.

During the weeks that followed, she had moped unquiet, alone, and disconsolate; poring over the newspaper for hours, rather in hopes of finding her brother's name in the South African intelligence, than because she was particularly interested in the general news of the day; afraid of venturing forth alone into the unfamiliar streets; choked by the fog, depressed by the weather, and hourly expectant of the summons to her aunt's bedside.

The long afternoon wore away, and at half-past four the tea was brought in by Hewitt the butler, and William the Irish footman. William was still a footman, though forty summers had passed lightly over his carroty head and freckled face; for his twinkling eyes, snub nose, and wide smiling mouth belied all his efforts to emulate the serious dignity of his superior, and debarred him for ever from rising to the first rank in his profession.

A little animation came into the lonely lady's woebegone face when the servants withdrew, leaving her respectfully alone to enjoy her meal.

She enjoyed it less because she was hungry than because eating and drinking gave her something to do.

To farm-bred Jeanne, the tea, however dainty, appeared but the contemptible shadow of her favourite repast; though, since she had taken next to no exercise for several days, and had lunched but two hours earlier, a less healthy appetite would scarcely have needed it at all.

She handled the heavy Georgian urn nervously, made the tea, and poured it into a shallow cup of egg-shell china. She spurned the London cream, delicately flavoured with boracic acid, and haughtily left one of the four minute wafers which did duty for bread and butter on its snowy folded napkin, lest Hewitt and William should be led to suppose her accustomed to more solid fare.

It was a greater effort of self-denial to spare the third sponge cake.

Miss Marney's still-room maid made excellent sponge cakes, though they were shaped and sized rather to suit dolls than human beings with a taste for sweet things.

Spin it out as she would, the meal was over in the space of a quarter of an hour; and when the door opened presently, Jeanne thought the servants had come to clear away the tea-things. She did not turn her head from the window, still blurred with rain, to which she had returned, but stood there, looking out dismally at the rows of twinkling lights in perspective, reflected in the wet mud of the street until they were lost in grey mist and smoke.

The sound of a throat cleared—respectfully but unmistakably in readiness for speaking—made her start; and she beheld her aunt's maid standing at her elbow.

The old-fashioned waiting-woman—who was scarce ten years younger than her mistress, and had tended Miss Marney faithfully for upwards of half a century—addressed Jeanne kindly but stiffly, and somewhat as though she were speaking to a very little child.

"Your aunty is asking for you, Missy."

"For me? At last! Will she really see me again? I will come at once," said Jeanne, very joyfully.

The *ennui* vanished, and the dimples appeared.

"Then she must be better. Is she better, Mrs. Dunham, do you think?"

Dunham shook her head. Down her wrinkled face stole the slow tears of age, falling, unheeded, one after another on to her black silk bodice and violet silk apron.

A certain independence of character, joined to great industry and a respectful manner, had recommended Dunham to her mistress from their earliest acquaintance. They quarrelled just sufficiently often, and Dunham was just sufficiently outspoken to enliven their daily intercourse; but the maid was tactful as well as frank, and knew exactly how far she might go.

Now that her lady lay dying, Dunham felt very desolate; her interests outside the little world of Miss Marney's household had lessened with the passing of years almost to vanishing-point.

The thought of change chilled and saddened her. She would have been shocked indeed had any one accused her of wishing to die before her time; but yet, had she been given any choice in the matter by Providence, it is probable that she would have chosen to accompany Miss Marney on the journey which lay before her now—as she had accompanied her on shorter journeys, during the past fifty years of her existence.

Jeanne's pretty face reflected the maid's sadness. Her heart was tender, and her impulses were quick and warm, though perhaps not always as wise as they were kind. She would have embraced and consoled the old woman had she dared. But the distance between them seemed too awful to be thus bridged over by an impulse, and Dunham looked too inscrutably respectful and dignified to be embraced by any one —far less by so young and insignificant a stranger as Jeanne felt herself to be. Wherefore she followed her guide meekly and silently up the winding stone staircase of the old house to the second floor.

She felt both frightened and pitiful, for Dunham's expression betrayed that she believed her mistress to be on the point of death.

CHAPTER II

THE PEDIGREE

Miss Marney's aquiline nose and blue eyes were visible over the edge of the sheet as Jeanne entered the bedroom. A nightcap was tied with pink ribbons under her ample chin, and a hand, with a white kid glove on it, caressed her little growling Yorkshire terrier, which was curled up on the quilt.

All her life Miss Caroline had prided herself upon the beauty of her hands; and they were exquisite yet, though seldom visible, for she was busy preserving them still.

"Would you like the candles, ma'am, or the light turned on?" said Dunham, advancing to the bed.

"No, there is a good fire; the room is light enough, one can talk better by firelight," said Miss Marney, in a tone so brisk that it made Jeanne jump. She had expected to find her aunt in a semi-moribund condition, and was no less astonished than relieved to find her in such cheerful-wise, and so well able to speak naturally, and give orders as usual.

She decided that Dunham must have taken an unnecessarily gloomy view of the situation.

"Don't fidget about, Dunham," said the invalid, imperiously, "but go out of the room and shut the door after you. I want to make acquaintance with my grand-niece."

"You won't tire yourself, ma'am?"

"When I feel tired, Miss Jane will ring."

Dunham turned a warning face towards Jeanne before leaving the room, and Jeanne nodded acquiescence and encouragement.

The door was shut, and she found herself alone with her great-aunt.

"I like to see your fresh face, my love," said Miss Caroline graciously. "You have the Marney complexion. When I was young the reddest rose could not vie with my colour. There is no such thing as a complexion nowadays. Young women are all pasty-faced."

Jeanne's confidence was restored by this complimentary address. Though she was alarmed by the butler and footman, and even rather fearful of Dunham and Mrs. Pyke, she became at once easy and natural in the presence of her august relative; for, like many ultra-sensitive persons, she alternated between the extremes of courage and timidity.

"You are neither thin nor sallow," said Miss Marney. "No

one in fact could believe you had a drop of French blood in your veins, and yet, undeniably, there it is."

Her voice was surprised and rather triumphant, as though she were under the impression that French blood must be yellow rather than red, and of a necessarily inferior quality. "You are not in the least like your father."

"But it is a great disappointment to Louis and me," said Jeanne, unconscious of her aunt's prejudices, "that we are not like our French ancestors. We sigh over it every time we look at the miniatures which belonged to poor papa."

"Have you those miniatures still?"

"Why, they are our greatest treasures," said Jeanne, surprised in her turn. "Louis said I must never let them out of my sight, so I brought them to London with me. We are very very proud to belong to them, but we know we are not like them. However, I mind less now that I know who Louis *is* like."

"Does your twin brother not resemble you?"

"Not a bit," said Jeanne, and she winked away a tear at the mere mention of her brother, after the weeks of silence she had unwillingly endured. "It is the portrait over the mantel-piece in the morning-room that Louis is like. He is so like that it might just as well be *his* portrait."

"Like the Romney picture of my father," said Miss Marney, rather sharply. She drew herself up eagerly on her pillows, and the gloved hand that settled the pink bow of her nightcap trembled nervously. "How very extraordinary! Your father was not like our family, and your mother was a farmer's daughter with, as I have always heard, no great pretensions to looks——"

"Just a little round thing like me," said Jeanne, humbly enough.

"Yet their son resembles his great-grandfather! I find it difficult to believe that the likeness can be anything very striking, my love. I should like to judge for myself."

"He will be coming home very soon, I hope," said Jeanne.

Miss Marney moved uneasily, and the thought crossed Jeanne's mind that perhaps even the "very soon" might be too late for her aunt.

"Surely you have a photograph," said Miss Marney.

"Of course, how stupid of me! It was taken five years ago, so he may be changed. But he was twenty, and I suppose the young man in the picture—I beg your pardon," said Jeanne confused, "I mean my great-grandfather, must have been the same age when that was painted."

She unfastened the bodice of her plain serge frock and took a common silver locket from its little white nest next her heart.

This she produced very simply and handed to her aunt.

Miss Marney groped for her spectacle-case beneath the pillow, and adjusted the glasses on the high bridge of her hawk nose. Then she pressed an electric button in a knob beside her, and by the light of a tiny glass globe above the bed stared for some moments at the photograph.

A pleased and interesting expression grew upon her good-looking old face.

"My dear, you are quite right. He is remarkably like, remarkably like. What an instance of the freaks of heredity! The son of Louis de Courset, whose foreign appearance we deplored; and of a farmer's daughter with no appearance at all, and he grows up the living image of my beloved father, who was one of the finest looking men of his day! Pray, how tall is he?"

"Six foot two in his stockings," said Jeanne proudly. "He is very strong and athletic, Aunt Caroline, and has won silver cups—I have them at home—for running and jumping. And think how well he has done for himself in the army, poor boy, with no interest, and only his own brains to help him along."

"Looks are of quite as much assistance as brains, my dear Jane," said Miss Marney, "and he owes his looks to us." She seemed soothed and gratified by this reflection. "Your

brother is very handsome, my love. He is a true Marney. I should like to keep this photograph."

Jeanne's brown eyes grew round with dismay.

"I could not sleep without the locket in my hand," she faltered. "It was his parting present, Aunt Caroline."

Then she was shocked at her own selfishness. Who was she to be refusing what might prove to be, perhaps, the last request of her dying relative? Though the pink bows on the nightcap and the liveliness of Miss Caroline's blue eyes looked very little like dying to Jeanne.

"Keep it as long as you like," she gasped, and closed the gloved fingers gently over her treasure. "If it is any comfort to you to have it—if it reminds you of your father—I could not grudge it to you. After all"—she choked back a sob—"I do not need anything to remind me of Louis *really*. He is *here*, in my heart," she clasped her little hands tragically upon her round young breast. "I think of him always, day and night."

"You shall have it back soon," said Miss Marney.

The simplicity of her niece pleased her. She was impulsive herself, and generous, though many years of complete independence and great wealth had caused her to become likewise capricious and self-indulgent.

"I see you mean to be kind to me," she said, with amused graciousness, "and I mean to be kind to you. Now tell me what you think of the house."

"I think it is very beautiful *inside*, and filled with beautiful things," said Jeanne sincerely.

"You have not, of course, seen the saloons? I keep them covered up. The tapestry chairs there were all worked in the eighteenth century, and are very exquisite. I keep the pictures covered up too. I believe they would suffer from the London blacks, to which I cannot accustom myself even after twenty years' experience. And I will not risk the family collection. Some day I will show it to you. I have added to it myself as regularly as I was able."

"I should like to see it," said Jeanne.

"But I had the morning-room made ready for you to sit in. I am very partial to that room. It is done up according to modern taste, for, though I am so old, I pride myself upon not falling behind the times," said Miss Marney, bridling. "I sit there always, and I hope you like it, my love."

"I like it very much indeed," said Jeanne, and she sighed unconsciously. "Are you always alone, Aunt Caroline?"

"I am almost entirely alone, my love. I do not care to make new friends, and I have outlived most of my old ones. Those who survive are down in the west country, and correspondence is not my *forte*. I drive out a good deal. I hope you order the carriage when you require it?"

"Thank you very much," stammered Jeanne, "but—I—I——"

"Quite so, my love; the fogs have been rather bad, I understand; but you will feel inclined to go and see your friends as the weather improves."

"I know only one person—I scarcely know if she is a friend still—in London," said scrupulous Jeanne.

"You are young, my love, and will find more friends, and later on you will have plenty of visits to make, I have no doubt. But you are quite right to be exclusive," said her aunt, "I do not care to be hail-fellow-well-met myself with everybody I see. We must try and amuse each other, for the hours seem very long to me, lying here."

"And they seem very long to me downstairs," sighed Jeanne. "For I do not like to talk to the servants even if they seemed inclined—which they don't——"

"I should think not, my love; it would not do at all. Never encourage familiarity. But have you nothing to do? You should never sit idle. It is a bad habit for a young person. Have you not even brought your tatting?" said Miss Marney, solicitously.

Jeanne knew not what tatting might be, but she shook her head, for, whatever it was, she had certainly not brought it.

"I brought nothing but absolute necessaries. I did not know how long I was to stay. Uncle Roberts said I was to go at once when your telegram came; so I started as soon as the cart could be got ready, and brought as few things as possible. Just a small box; and my desk in my hand."

"You must be sadly uncomfortable, my love," said Miss Caroline, sympathetically. "Still it will give you some shopping to do. Pray hand me the bag on my quilt."

Jeanne attempted to do so, but the little terrier growled ominously.

"Sensible dog!" said Miss Marney, in approving tones; "you see how he guards my property."

But she quieted her pet, and the bag was extricated. Miss Caroline opened it without removing the white kid glove, and took out a bundle of crackling bank-notes.

Selecting a couple she handed them to Jeanne.

"You must get yourself any trifle you require, my dear Jane. No thanks, I beg. Put them in the pocket of your gown. And pray write and desire that your wardrobe may be sent. I am in hopes to persuade you to stay on."

Jeanne's heart sank, but she tried to conceal her dismay as well as she could; and faltered forth her thanks for her relative's proposed hospitality.

"I am desirous to know," said Miss Marney, settling herself among her pillows, and half closing her eyes, "how far you are aware of your near connection with our family. I am too weak to be able to talk much myself, but I can give you my attention very well," her accents were regretful, and Jeanne divined that Miss Caroline was more accustomed to hold forth herself than to listen to others. "Speak clearly, my love People nowadays mumble so dreadfully."

Without suspecting her aunt of deafness, Jeanne obediently raised her voice.

"I know more about our own family than about yours; but uncle Roberts has told us what he had heard of both. Then there are the labels on the miniatures, and an odd

volume of a kind of old French history of the *ancienne noblesse*, containing an account of the de Coursets. It brings down the pedigree as far as my great-grandfather."

"Ah," said Miss Marney, drily.

"There were two brothers and a sister; Pierre, Charles, and Anne-Marie. Our great-grandfather was Pierre, the Marquis de Courset. He was page to Madame Royale, the daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette. He escaped with his young wife during the Revolution in 1793, and came to England and gave drawing-lessons in Bath to support them both. But he had been an officer in the French cavalry, and couldn't be happy without soldiering; so he left his wife and their little son Henri, and joined the campaign of the French princes in Germany, and was killed. But he desired that his son should be brought up an Englishman."

"Quite right. I know all this, and, as you may suppose, it is not very interesting to me, but it must be got through before we come to our family," said Miss Marney, tossing her head among the pillows.

"Would you rather I stopped?" Jeanne said, somewhat discouraged by this reception of her enthusiastic recital of a history which was to her the most interesting and romantic in the world.

"No, my love; I am equally struck with the retentiveness of your memory, and your respect for the past. Pray continue."

"The brother of the Marquis, my great-grand-uncle Charles, was in the French navy," said Jeanne, "and served on board the *Calipso*, at Martinique, a battleship which remained faithful to the royal cause throughout the Revolution. Louis XVIII. made him a Chevalier of St. Louis and of the Legion of Honour, and that is all the book says about him. I don't know if he married and had children. Anyway he did not emigrate, he stayed in France."

"I never heard of him, but a Frenchman is a Frenchman," said Miss Marney, sternly and incontrovertibly.

"The little sister, the Comtesse Anne-Marie," said Jeanne, yet more disconcerted, "was a *Chanoinesse*, but we do not know exactly what that means. She is the one we like best. She was the first noble lady to be arrested in the Revolution, and she was imprisoned in the Citadelle of Calais during the Terror, and died there. She looks so gay and beautiful and disdainful, and has a mouth like a cupid's bow."

"Ladies in miniatures always have that kind of mouth, my love," said Miss Marney. "Her fate was very shocking. But we will return to the little son, Henry. He was left in Bath under the care of his widowed mother, who, most fortunately for herself, eventually married an English gentleman."

"But it wasn't very faithful of her," said Jeanne, indignantly.

"Possibly not, my love. Foreigners are more apt, I believe, to be frivolous than faithful. Still, she married an English squire of fortune and repute, who was a true father to Henry, and sent him to Eton, and put him into a cavalry regiment. He grew up quite English, though he was called the Count de Courset."

"Yes," said Jeanne, trying to keep the sound of regret out of her voice.

"He was a Colonel in the 29th Hussars when *we* made his acquaintance," said Miss Marney, who now took up the recital with much energy in spite of her weakness. "He became a Lieutenant-General, and married my dear sister Jane, who died in childbed, in 1851. Poor Henry fell before Sevastopol in '55, and my brother and I adopted their little Louis."

"That was my father," said Jeanne.

"I can hardly expect you to realise, my love, in the light of after events, how devotedly attached we were to the orphan son of our gentle beloved Jane. But Louis was not, unhappily, a true Marney: his foreign blood was a distress to us both; and his disposition, alas, though attractive to some people, too clearly denoted his French origin. His character was not congenial to my dear brother, a very grave and serious man.

Louis had a happy nature, light-hearted, facile, and, and—but in short, the exact opposite of your poor uncle. *Louis le débonnaire*, I used to call him, fondly and playfully." She sighed. "I over-indulged him, my love, for it seemed to me as though Providence had bestowed him upon us. My dear brother designed him for his heir; being himself a great invalid, and unlikely to marry. We planned that Louis should assume his mother's name, and become one day Marney of Orsett."

"And you cast him off because he married my mother," said Jeanne, holding her head very high, in spite of her timidity.

"My dear Jane, I cannot discuss your father's conduct with you," said Miss Marney, with great dignity; "it would be neither charitable, nor seemly. When I tell you that all our hopes were centred in him, you must imagine for yourself, as well as you can, that we did not lightly decide to abandon them for ever. It pleased God," Miss Caroline's voice shook, but her sunken eyes gleamed brightly, "that he should atone by a gallant death for many errors of youth——"

"They have all died like that, the de Coursets—it is the family tradition," said Jeanne, with a throb of pride; "but, oh! how frightened that made me for Louis all through the Boer War. And he was never even wounded—after all!"

"It also pleased God," said Miss Marney, "that the last of the Marneys of Orsett should be—just an old brother and sister living together, and alone; pursued by misfortune, as you must know."

Jeanne had heard of the great fire which had destroyed Orsett Hall, and she nodded sympathetically.

"I know you lost your home," she said softly.

"And my brother," said Miss Marney. "He was not an old man, but he never recovered the shock; he would not face the rebuilding of Orsett, so we came to London. I had always desired to live in London, thus sorrowfully was my wish attained—too late to give me any pleasure. We bought

this house from a distant cousin, the Duke of Monaghan, and here we settled with the salvage of our home—and here my brother died."

She wiped away a tear, but it seemed rather an involuntary tribute to her brother's memory than the outcome of any agitation, for her voice was quite calm.

"Fortunately we had saved most of the family treasures; the pictures, which are very valuable, the library, the plate, and some of the furniture. My love, I hope these things will always be cared for as I have cared for them. I have guarded them as the apple of my eye," said Miss Marney, very earnestly. "During the last twenty years, the care of them has been my only solace. I have had the pictures cleaned and restored by degrees under my own supervision; and a *catalogue raisonné* made of the books. They have supplied the place of friends and acquaintances, being so very full of memories and associations for me. I was too old when I came here, my love, to begin a fresh life . . . but you are young. You will call upon people later on, and they will be glad to see you."

There was a pause.

"You are wondering," said Miss Marney, shrewdly, "why, when your father was killed in Afghanistan, we did not send for you and your twin-brother, twenty years ago?"

"I have been wondering ever since I came here," said Jeanne frankly.

"My brother had the strongest possible feelings against such *mésalliances* as the one your father chose to contract. It was utterly repugnant to him. His indulgence was already exhausted by your poor father's extravagance and—and other matters into which I cannot enter with you; and he warned Louis that if he married this young woman he would henceforth be a stranger to him, and to his children after him. He kept his word, as a Marney naturally would," said Miss Caroline with excessive haughtiness. "He never, in fact, wavered for a moment. He told me he hoped I should never waver. But

he exacted no promise." She hesitated. "Your brother is very dear to you, Jeanne?"

"He is everything in the world to me," said Jeanne.

Her brown eyes glistened in the firelight, which now illumined the room somewhat less brightly.

"Then you will understand that his wishes were the more sacred when he was no longer with me."

"Then why——"

"I am coming to that. The actions of human beings," said Miss Marney, solemnly, "are not always guided by principle. More often, perhaps, especially in our family, by impulse, prejudice, or sentiment. Let me get my dear dog safe and snug, or he is such an intelligent animal that he will assuredly bite you. Now you may look in the pocket of my bag—don't fumble anything else—and you will find a little letter in a fancy envelope. It was written to me when your father was at a preparatory school, the first time he ever left home."

The firelight flickered over the mahogany furniture; on the polished glass top of the dressing-table, laden with crystal and gold; on the medicine bottles by the bedside; and on the little brown head of Jeanne, stooping by the brass fender over the dim writing on the small yellow sheet.

Miss Caroline Marney lay still among the pillows of her four-poster bed; apparently considering the ornamentation of the ceiling, as she caressed mechanically her sleeping lap-dog; twining the gloved taper fingers among its silvery grey curls.

She had come very nearly to the end of her life's journey, and doubtless her thoughts travelled a long way back on the road, bridging space, and lingering among those flowery tracks of youth; which seem always so fair to the onlooker, with a beauty which the little pilgrim straying therein seldom recognises until he has left them far behind.

Jeanne read the letter.

SLOUGH, WINDSOR,
January 1858.

MY DERE AUNTIE,

I am writting as you bid me, but it is very difficuld to writ here. I hope soon it will be time for me to leeve here and go to Eton. I am not at all homsick as you feered I would be. I hope it will soon be the hollydays. I wish I had been a better boy to uncle Philip, and then I need not have come to schol yet. There is one boy hear yonger than me, so I am not the yongest. I send everybody at Orsett my love, and plese *plese* tell Uncle Philip I fele very sorry indeed now to have been so bad. I deresay I shall bring home some prizes. It is not three months to the hollydays. Plese feed my guiny pigs. My derest darling Anty, you need not be afrade I will forget you at schole.

Rember that werever I am I will holways love you even when you are quit old.

Your aff. and dutiful nephew,
LOUIS DE COURSET.

"I thought I had destroyed all his letters," said Miss Caroline's voice from the bed. "But I found that one the other day, just before my illness, when I was turning out an old desk. If you ask me, Jane, why, after all, I sent for you —that is the only reason I can give you."

"You are not afraid——" Jeanne's voice faltered, and she looked rather fearfully round the shadowy corners of the large luxurious room. "You are not afraid that your poor brother would be angry with you?"

"I am so close to him now," said Miss Marney's voice in the darkness, "that I know he is not."

CHAPTER III

THE MINIATURES

THE lonely lady went downstairs to her own bedroom after this conversation, not a little cheered and comforted by the first real intercourse she had held with a human being since her arrival in Grosvenor Square.

Her bedroom was on the first floor; a strangely solitary apartment, whereof the isolation inspired her with much nightly terror.

A suite of cold white drawing-rooms had been turned into a series of picture-galleries, and though the walls were crowded with pictures, these were carefully veiled from view, and the scanty furniture, dotted about the ocean of polished *parquet*, was muffled in holland covers, so that the saloons presented a very comfortless and ghostly appearance.

The empty music-room beyond had no furniture at all save a grand piano and two shrouded chairs. The great mahogany folding-doors of this apartment opened upon the landing of a secondary staircase; and across this landing, in a *cul de sac*, was the spare room which had been assigned to Jeanne.

It had not occurred to Miss Marney that her niece might be nervous; she had herself no experience of night fears. She occupied the best bedroom on the second floor, and Dunham slept in the communicating apartment on the right, whilst old Mrs. Pyke inhabited the dressing-room beyond the bath-room on her left. Moreover a hand-bell stood by her side, and the knob of an electric bell was nightly placed beneath her pillow, so that she might be able to summon assistance in a moment, should a burglar appear, as Dunham constantly apprehended he would.

Jeanne had a bell in her room, but she had no idea whether any one would hear it if she rang it after the household had retired; and being, besides, unaccustomed to the convenience of bells, the sight of it brought her little comfort.

She suffered great agonies of nightly terrors; thinking of the silent ghostly suite of rooms beyond her own, or listening to the unaccustomed noises of the streets; with the knowledge that no one else was sleeping on the same floor, and that the servants' quarters were carefully shut off by green baize doors at the end of the long passage.

But to-day she felt less lonely, because the sounds overhead no longer spoke to her of mystery and suffering. She could picture her aunt's face on the pillow, with the pink bows tied under her chin, and Mrs. Dunham moving about, making up the fire, and ministering to her various needs.

Coming freshly from the perusal of that letter, penned half a century ago, by a miserable little home-sick schoolboy, it was natural that Jeanne should go straight to the shabby desk which contained his despised family records; consisting of one worn old blue leather volume, stamped faintly with the fleur-de-lys; and five miniatures.

From this little stock of treasures she drew first her father's portrait.

It was a very bad little painting, and perhaps her long enforced study of the Romney picture in the morning-room helped to open her eyes to its deficiencies.

She laid it down with a sigh, and lifted the triple frame which contained the three French miniatures of her great-grandfather, and his brother and sister, in their *première jeunesse*.

The young Marquis wore a wig of powdered curls depending on either side of a full sensuous face, with a high nose, thick dark eyebrows, merry brown eyes, and a pronounced dimpled chin. The feature most attractive and individual was the mouth, beautifully shaped, and redder even than the crimson drapery held by a white hand in most artificial pose, around a loosely open shirt or frilled lawn, and an unbuttoned *surtout*.

Charles, the naval officer, was cast in a sterner and plainer mould; but Anne-Marie resembled her elder brother. There was no trace of the *réligieuse* in this miniature, which repre-

sented a young girl, with raven tresses and flowered head-dress, piled above arched brows and hazel eyes, and simpering cherry bow-shaped lips. It was strange to look upon the picture, and read the record in the shabby book of her dignified heroic acceptance of imprisonment; of her lonely death in the Citadelle of Calais; the first woman of her order to suffer arrest, and victim most innocent of the Revolution.

The fifth miniature was in a locket, and represented her grandfather, Henri, as he had been when he married Miss Jane Marney of Orsett. Doubtless, the medallion was a wedding present, and had been worn upon the bride's heart; for a lock of the gallant Colonel's grey hair was enclosed in the crystal back, and on the rim was engraved in minute letters: "Henri Charles Louis, Marquis et Comte de Courset, &c. &c., Col. 29th Hussars."

The portrait of Jeanne's father bore only his name. The French title had been evidently discarded by his mother's family. The boy who was destined to become Marney of Orsett could afford to ignore such empty and barren honours. Perhaps the "gentle Jane" had been less scornful, Jeanne thought.

Louis and Jeanne had built many a fairy castle of hope and romance in their childhood, all founded upon this wonderful French ancestry which Miss Marney regarded so contemptuously.

Louis was burning with ambition, and fertile in imagination, and his bold fancy embraced many a scheme for the restoration of the French monarchy, and his own consequent aggrandisement.

His hopes were for himself, Jeanne's were for him; but her sympathy and ardour were not the less warm on this account; and her dreams continued long after his had been quenched in the realities of an active life.

Their honest, prosaic Welsh uncle had no idea of the secret aspirations of the twins' early youth; nor was his respect for French blood and breeding any higher than Miss Marney's own.

Louis and Jeanne, who were called Lewis and Jane at Coed-Ithel, ascribed his contempt to ignorance, and learnt to smile inwardly when he expressed his views on the subject.

"Poor sister Jenny," said the farmer, alluding to their dead mother with indulgent pity. "So much to do about her grand marriage, and, willy nilly, she must have him against the wishes of his family; and what did my fine gentleman do for her after all? Lost her a good situation in Bath, and sent her here with his pedigree in her pocket, and never a brass farthing to keep it company. A pedigree be good for stock, but it never made human beings any more worth that ever I heard of. Poor Jenny had a hankering after the gentry, more than ever I could understand; but there it is, she was church and I was chapel so to speak, and her children shall be what she was, as is but right and natural. Still she came to be glad, pension or no pension, that her boy should be brought up on a good honest farm. I don't grudge him a good education, though. He's a gentleman's son, and I can afford to pay for 'un. Take it and welcome, says I."

Louis took the best he could get. The rector of the parish was friendly with the head-master of the grammar school in the nearest large market town, and interested him in the history of the twins while Louis was yet a little boy. The child's lively intelligence, precocity, and good looks did the rest. In time, Louis won scholarships as well as the approval and affection of his master, and he delighted his uncle by retaining his interest in the farm throughout the triumphs which awaited him in his school and college career.

"You can't make that boy a farmer," said the grammar school wiseacre.

"I'll be a farmer some day," said young Louis, "but a soldier first, as my father was before me. Uncle Roberts can carry on the farm without my help for many a long year yet. When he wants that, I'll come."

The lad was bold, and knew his own mind, and when to

speak it. He won his uncle over to his own way of thinking, where the schoolmaster might have advised in vain, and went to an army crammer in due course, old Llewellyn Roberts showing no signs that he grudged the expense of the lad's education. Perhaps he was proud of his nephew's wit and industry, and the ease with which he held his own in sport as in study.

But when Louis had once obtained his commission his uncle, beyond providing him with his outfit and fifty pounds in ready money, assisted him no further, holding that he was now a made man, who must earn his bread and live by his profession. The boy asked no more favours; sailed for India with a light heart and the highest hopes, and managed for a couple of years, by hook or by crook, to keep his head above water in spite of a too open-handed disposition. Now and then Jeanne received from him letters of financial despair, over which she wept, for she had not a penny of her own in the world, and was powerless to help him.

But when the South African War broke out, and Louis, who had been coming home with his regiment in the spring, was ordered to the front, he wrote joyfully to Jeanne:

"I wonder how many poor fellows this war has saved from bankruptcy. Me for one."

Llewellyn Roberts was a sturdy, independent man, and had sought no assistance in the bringing up of his orphan nephew and niece from their father's relatives. Nevertheless, he was too shrewd a Welshman to refuse the tardy hand of fellowship held out by their wealthy and presumably dying great-aunt.

On receipt of Miss Marney's telegram he had desired his niece to pack up immediately and go to London, and to stay as long as she was wanted.

Girls did not enter much into the calculations of uncle Roberts; he was a man of few words and fewer promises; and though he made no secret of his intention that Louis should

inherit Coed-Ithel, he never talked of making any provision for Jeanne.

If her great-aunt left her a legacy, however, so much the better for her. Whether she did or no, Jeanne was a pretty girl, and would probably get married some day. Uncle Roberts did not pause to consider that Jeanne had scarcely seen, much less spoken to, a marriageable young man in her life. If she did not marry it would be her brother's obvious duty to keep her.

He did not trouble himself overmuch concerning Jeanne, though he liked, in a vague way, to know she was "about the place"; a timid, bright-eyed, dimpled little thing, always happy, and occupied, it seemed to him, with her own harmless concerns, into which he had no wish to pry. He left her entirely to the care and under the orders of old Granny Morgan, the woman who kept house for him, and who still looked upon Jeanne as a little girl, though she was five and twenty years old.

Nor did Jeanne receive over much consideration at the Rectory, whither she was perpetually invited or sent for to play with the solitary daughter of the house, some two years her senior, because Cecilia required a playmate, and Jeanne was gentle, good-tempered and refined in speech and manner, being quick to observe and imitate all that appealed to her natural taste and to discard what did not.

She learnt her first lessons in the village school, which was more than two miles distant from Coed-Ithel, and a long tramp for a little maid in bad weather. Here she got on so fast that her uncle was minded to send her to a genteel boarding school, being well-to-do; but he was happily deterred from this course by the rector's wife, who was not, and who saw her way to halve the salary of a governess and obtain a companion for her child at one and the same time.

Louis privately rejoiced over this arrangement, whilst pretending to scorn Jeanne's studies and her friendship for the spoilt Cecilia.

He found fault with her, teased her, and commanded her, after the fashion of brothers; whilst she worshipped him untiringly, excused his faults, and bore patiently with his moods—though often winking away a tear in secret—after the fashion of sisters.

The twins loved each other so intensely that they were obliged to hide their feelings, each from each, for fear the other should discover the truth.

Jeanne, of course, concealed her affection less carefully than Louis,—wept openly when he went to school, and even seized the opportnnity to be personally demonstrative whenever he was, from any cause, too dejected to resent being kissed; or to be annoyed with her for thus dragging to the surface feelings which should have been too deep for outward expression.

She reproached him, sometimes, for unkindness, when he declined her offered caresses; but secretly she thought him a very manly boy.

Though Louis indulged far less in romantic day-dreams than did his solitary sister, yet he treasured the few records of his family's past greatness no less jealously than she. Though his prejudices as a British schoolboy warred with his sympathy for France, yet he had the history of that country at his fingers' ends, and kept steadily in view his determination to perfect himself in the language of his fathers.

As he grew older, his perception widened with his reading, and he found it possible to combine loyalty for the land of his adoption, with reverence for the misfortunes of his own race.

At Sandhurst it was the fashion among his comrades to encourage young de Courset to hold forth upon the tragedy which must ensue in case war broke out between England and France.

His intentions hovered between a dramatic resignation of his sword, and immediate suicide; and the cadets warmly advocated the latter course, and supplied him with innumerable receipts for a painless end. Their derision was of a friendly

kind, however, for Louis was popular, amusing, and sincere. It is affectation which usually excites the ridicule that kills; and is the unforgivable sin most utterly detested by honest youth.

From the time of his first school-going Louis lived but little at the farm; and as he was not infrequently invited to pass a portion of his holidays with one schoolfellow or another, he had many friends of whom his sister knew next to nothing, and lived a life altogether separate from hers. But she enjoyed all his confidence, exulted in his successes, and sympathised passionately with his troubles.

Perhaps she was less impressed with his wisdom than Louis always liked; for her rustic shyness, and ignorance born of utter inexperience, made him appear and feel much older than his twin sister. She thought him careless and extravagant, as indeed he was, and sent him little sermons concerning these tendencies.

Sometimes her advice was more humorous than practical.

"I am so sorry you do not like your C.O. He must be *horrid*. But do try hard, my dearest boy, to please him. For instance, you are so quick and clever, could you not get up early, and do all his work for him sometimes? I feel sure this would be the way to get on; and when they saw how much better you did it than he could, surely they would promote you? And please to send me your socks to mend, I am sure it would pay for the postage to get them properly done."

But if Louis laughed over these and other effusions from the anxious little sister, his laughter was always tender.

Her only *confidante* and the humble sharer of her hopes and her fears for her brother was Granny Morgan, and these letters were often the upshot of their consultations.

"It is so difficult to know how to say enough, and not too much," she would explain to the old woman. "But it frightens me to hear of these subscriptions and things when he has no money."

"A word here and a word there, my deary, like water dropping on a stone," said Granny Morgan; "he'll take to counting his clothes when they comes home from the wash, as he grows older, but the best of men is careless about such things. Just mix up a warning-like in all the news you sends him, like a powder in jam, and some of it will come home to him when he least expects it."

Jeanne herself hardly knew the meaning of extravagance or self-indulgence.

She grew up hardworking and simple, red-cheeked and bright-eyed; an adept in bee-keeping and fruit-preserving and butter-making; though, being the farmer's niece, she naturally left the milking of the cows to the herdsmen; nor would old Mrs. Morgan permit her to put her hand to any of the rougher work of the house, but prided herself on bringing up Jeanne "like a lady," to sew her seam, and look after the dairy.

Nevertheless, Jeanne had her troubles, for though the rector and his wife were kind and homely, she was of little account in their eyes compared with their own over-indulged daughter.

Cecilia, in consequence, gave herself airs, and being older and bolder than her humble playmate, constantly asserted and maintained her superiority, until she electrified her little world by marrying, at eighteen, a celebrated scientist and archæologist, who had come to this out-of-the-way corner of Wales in order to examine the ruins for which it was famous.

The professor's spectacled middle-aged eyes lit upon the rector's daughter, and her apple-cheeked, fair-haired, buxom comeliness inclined him to wed Cecilia.

Her parents never dreamt of her accepting his proposal, but she did so; and it turned out that he was rich, and she became very superior and prosperous on the spot.

Thus she passed out of Jeanne's life, and very nearly out of her parents' lives also, who had existed since her birth only for her; and who were equally pained and bewildered by this unforeseen result of her promotion.

Jeanne, though she had not at the time much regretted the departure of Cecilia, had certainly missed her, since a fitful semblance of friendship had been kept up between them to the last. For a few months after the wedding, a desultory correspondence was maintained; then Mrs. Hogg-Watson became too busy or too magnificent to write any more to her humble friend at Coed-Ithel farm.

"I think the child is honest, Dunham."

"I am sure of it, ma'am."

"Her eyes remind me of Clumber — you remember Clumber?"

"Yes, 'm," said Dunham, with an inflection of disapproval, "but I would be sorry to compare a Christian to a dog, 'm."

"Nevertheless, she has the same brown faithful eyes as my dear old spaniel."

Dunham permitted herself a slight sniff.

"And though she appears self-engrossed, as all young people do, she is not really thinking of herself at all, but of her brother. She is on the watch, as Clumber used to be for me; jealously guarding him all the while, though he is so far away. My heart went out to her, Dunham, for she is my own kith and kin after all. She is so gentle and so faithful. Not at all the vulgar young woman I had dreaded."

"She's too simple to be vulgar, ma'am," said Dunham shrewdly.

"She is very rustic and timid, of course."

"So she is, 'm. Almost afraid to eat and drink, Hewitt says."

"I desire you will not repeat the servants' gossip about my grand-niece, Dunham. I am very glad to hear she has not a gross appetite. It would be lamentable in so young a person. What else does he say of her?"

"I think, ma'am, you'll tire yourself with talking so much," said Dunham, stiffly.

"You are taking advantage to bully me, Dunham, because

you think me too ill to resent it," said the invalid, querulously.

"Me take advantage! God forgive you for saying so, Miss Caroline. But you don't mean it, and it's time for your mixture."

A tear shone in the old blue eyes.

"Perhaps I am a little tired," said Miss Marney, "though I waited several days before sending for her. I wouldn't let her come till I felt quite myself again." Then, after a pause, "They seem to have taken great care of their French family rubbish, such as it is, all these years, Dunham. They must be worthy of trust."

"I'm one as judges by small things, ma'am, and I'm sure of it. She's not so much as thrown a burnt match about since she been here. Never a chair moved out of its place in the morning-room but it's put back. And the new ormolu fender hasn't another mark on it since that day the curate called and balanced hisself on the edge of it all the time he was asking you for a subscription."

"Yes. I looked up the bill for the fender, and deducted the amount from the sum I had intended to give," said Miss Marney grimly. "I am glad she is careful of the furniture. It confirms my good opinion. Dunham, I am half thinking of sending for Mr. Valentine to-morrow."

"I've no opinion of half-thoughts, ma'am. They generally come to nothing."

"You will write him a line to-night," said Miss Caroline.

Jeanne sat over the fire, with the miniatures in her lap, when Dunham came tapping at the door.

"A letter for you, missy, from South Africa. I thought I would bring it myself, and hear how the young gentleman was."

"How very kind of you!" Jeanne's eyes opened in grateful astonishment at this sudden *accès* of attentiveness.

"I've seen his photograph, missy," said Dunham, in subdued

tones; betraying, however, that note of personal interest which had hitherto been entirely lacking in her brief converse with Jeanne.

"Did Aunt Marney—I mean Aunt Caroline—show it to you?"

"Yes, missy, she did."

"You have lived with her a long time, Mrs. Dunham, haven't you?"

"Yes, missy. You'll be wanting to look at your letter."

Jeanne opened it reluctantly.

She preferred reading those sacred epistles from her far-away soldier, in solitude; a page at a time, to eke out her delight.

But the first glance at the closely written sheets caused her to utter an incredulous sound of delight and surprise.

"Oh, Mrs. Dunham. His passage is booked. He is coming home! He will sail by the *Briton* early in January, or, at least, he *hopes* he will."

She forgot her desire for solitude in the joy of sharing the good news.

"I'm very glad, missy."

Dunham's voice was troubled.

"I don't know if I ought to take it on myself—but—if you could send him a cable, and ask him to start earlier?"

"Earlier! But I never expected him to come at all."

Dunham hesitated. Her small dim eyes peered anxiously out of her wrinkled face.

"Your auntie would like to see him."

"But she will see him."

Dunham shook her head sorrowfully.

"I am sure you are over anxious, Mrs. Dunham," said Jeanne, who now beheld all the world through rose-coloured spectacles. "Indeed, indeed, she does not seem to me so very ill."

Dunham evaded the subject.

"It might make a great difference, missy, to the young gentleman," she urged beneath her breath.

"A great difference!" said Jeanne. But though she was simple she was not stupid. A light broke in upon her.

"Oh—you could not—you could not suppose he would—hurry home—for *that!*" she cried in horror.

It is sometimes difficult for the old to fathom the disinterestedness—the lofty sentiment—of the very young; but Dunham did not make the mistake of doubting Jeanne's sincerity.

"He is so like the old Colonel, Miss Jane," she said, earnestly, "that your auntie can think of nothing else. When she wasn't talking to me—she's lain there, looking at the photograph, like one in a dream. She was terribly wrapt up in her papa, missy, and that picture in the morning-room is the apple of her eye. It was a thousand pities that the young gentleman didn't walk in to see her before he started for the war."

"But, Mrs. Dunham, we did not even know where she lived. It is more than five and twenty years ago that my father broke with his mother's people. They were never in our lives at all."

"I know, missy, and more's the pity, for the young gentleman is a Marney, every inch of him, as his auntie keeps saying."

"He is a de Courset," said Jeanne, and her cheeks burnt.

"Not in looks, Miss Jane, as you could not deny, if you remembered your own father as I do," said the maid with asperity.

"Oh, Mrs. Dunham, do you indeed? Please tell me about him," cried Jeanne, and she dropped her dignified manner in haste. "Uncle Roberts never speaks of him, he tells us nothing."

"We are told to speak no ill of the dead, Miss Jane," said Dunham. "If your poor papa didn't turn out as steady a young gentleman as his best friends would have wished, why he died for his country, missy, as no man can do more—and in the grave, as they say, all is forgotten. I can't stop, for your

auntie doesn't like me out of her sight. But if you could only think over—without a word to your auntie—about cabling to Mr. Louis," the name came naturally to her lips, "you needn't to give him any reason, but just to say as it was best for him to come."

"Oh, Mrs. Dunham, Louis and I have no secrets from each other. Of course, if I cabled for him, I must tell him why. And though he loves me more than any one else in the whole world," said Jeanne, and her tone was jealously exultant, "and would do what I asked him if he possibly could—yet his work comes first. A soldier must think of his duty, you know; and his whole career besides depends upon it. I am perfectly certain he could not get away earlier. All his letters are full of his longing to get home. Just think that he has not seen England for five years—nor me—his only sister and his twin! And you can imagine that if he could get away a single day sooner, he would be only too glad to do it."

"Poor young gentleman, he must have had a hard time, but he's got on well, by all accounts, and been steady, missy, I hope," said Dunham, lingering.

"Steady! Why he has done brilliantly!" cried Jeanne, with soft indignation. She seized the chance of holding forth upon her brother's perfections the more eagerly because she had had no listener for three weeks; and also because, like many young people, she was at this period of her life almost exclusively interested in her own concerns. "Just think of him, Mrs. Dunham, a poor young lieutenant in a line regiment, with nothing but his pay; and now he is a captain at five and twenty and has the D.S.O. He wasn't even very glad at his promotion—for so many of his regiment were killed, poor fellows; and he always thought—that was so like Louis—that they were better men than he. He said the best always got shot: it was like a fatality. But Louis came through it all without a scratch. And he was mentioned in despatches twice, Mrs. Dunham, he was indeed. Uncle Roberts pretended not to care, but he cried—he actually cried—when the

rector came up with the paper. And his Colonel wrote about him to uncle Llewellyn—though Louis couldn't bear him when first he joined, but on active service he said it was all different. And when the war was over, he got this job at Durban about the prisoners of war—partly because he learnt Dutch so quickly, that he spoke it quite well, and, of course, it gave him extra pay; but it was all, all through his own cleverness, for he has no interest, Mrs. Dunham, none whatever."

"He's got it in his face, missy," said Dunham, in the same subdued tones. "But still, I'm sorry—very sorry I am, that he couldn't be here for your auntie's last Christmas."

"Does the doctor say that?" said Jeanne, startled.

"Oh, missy, I go by my own senses, that's known her fifty years—far better than any doctors," said Dunham. "A professional gentleman knows better than to make prophecies and risk being wrong after all. His patients want to be told what they must do to get well again. It's not his business nor yet his interest to tell them that they won't never get well—to bid them give over hoping——"

"Does aunt Caroline know?"

"Yes, missy," said Dunham, solemnly, "she knows as well as I do."

(*To be continued*)