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EDITED BY
HENRY NEWBOLT

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THE BOER AT HOME

DURING the past month the public has had the opportunity of listening to or reading a number of speeches by distinguished Liberals, in all of which the war in South Africa occupied a prominent place. The first of those to which our attention is now directed was that of Sir Edward Grey, delivered at Berwick on May 30, and it laid down, by way of preface to a very courageous and statesmanlike deliverance, the principle that it is now with the future and not with the past that we should be occupying ourselves. "I am not going back upon the merits of the war, for I think the time has come when the question should be left alone." Such words, if they fell from a member of the Government, would be open to an obvious retort, but from the mouth of one of the chiefs of the Opposition we welcome them as an evidence that the country has still Liberal leaders who are capable of the wider view; who can see even contemporary events as parts of a whole, and treat them as steps in the progress of history. Mr. Morley, Mr. Courtney, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman are not in agreement with Sir Edward Grey on this point: they still think it worth while to embitter the future by discussing the blunders and the "might-have-beens" of the past; and to prove their opponents' want of foresight two years ago they are willing to sacrifice the present influence and reputation of a great party. Into such discussions as whether South Africa was worth two hundred millions to us, or whether

peace might have been secured by calling upon Mr. Kruger to disarm in July 1899, we do not propose to follow them; but when the argument passes to a consideration of the settlement which is to follow the war, we are glad to hear what they have to say. We find, however, on a careful scrutiny, that they have been contented for the most part with firing at long range, and that, as is usual in such tactics, a long and continuous fusillade includes very few aimed shots. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman advocates "conciliation" in such vague terms as to hit no one—a prudent course, no doubt, since half his own side are in front of him, but not one that leads to an advance. Mr. Courtney shows a characteristic independence of both his old and his new friends; he thinks that annexation is "a wrong and a blunder," and declares that "the Liberal policy will some day be to temper annexation, if not to abrogate it." Mr. Morley, towards the end of his third long speech, succeeds in touching a really vital question. On June 7 he asks:

What are you going to do with the territory thus gained? I do not believe that British settlers are going there; I have not the slightest expectation that they will find suitable homes on the South African veldt. We have a great deal of difficulty in this island in keeping people on the land and in preventing them flocking into the towns. I wonder how long British settlers on the difficult and unattractive veldt will remain when they have the attractions of the large towns like Johannesburg to call them away. It is only a people like the Boers who have ever tried to make a living out of the land there, and I doubt whether any serious statesman will try to find a solution in a large immigration of British settlers; and if you have a small immigration another difficulty will arise, because it is not in human nature to expect that Boers and Britons will settle down not far off from one another and become good neighbours after what has happened.

The problems thus raised are the vital ones, and we venture to think that Mr. Morley will be doing more justice to his own patriotism if he will continue to treat of them, and cease to wrangle about the water that has already flowed under the bridge.

As a contribution to such discussion we offer a paper

which, in our opinion, deserves the attention of the public. The writer is an Englishman, settled for some years before the war in Cape Colony, and living among his Dutch fellow-subjects on friendly terms. His determination to remain after the war, and to continue as far as possible upon the old lines with his neighbours, makes it undesirable that he should appear by name in a political controversy, even as an unprejudiced witness; but his views may be taken to represent those of the best English element in South Africa, and the one upon whose increase and stability the future of the country most depends. Upon questions such as those raised by Mr. Morley it is extremely difficult—and correspondingly dangerous—for stay-at-home politicians to guide the public; the evidence of our correspondent is not directed by party bias, nor to party ends; it is the outcome of a considerable first-hand experience, and it deals directly and suggestively with all the points raised by the speakers we have named.—EDITOR.

IN order to forecast the future relations of the Briton and the Boer, it is necessary to look closely at the different character of the two races and try to ascertain in what degree of harmony they will live together. Weight must be given, also, to the part which politics and sentiment are going to play.

Among the Dutch there is no caste which holds a position of influence through the power of a family name or the possession of hereditary wealth and lands. There are of course rich men, but these are not known for their influence outside their own district, being generally men who have lately amassed money and who have scores of poor relations, including possibly poor parents, living near them.

The most powerful class (the national leaders one may say) is the set of professional men who have settled down in the large towns—men who have graduated at either the Cape University or at one in Europe, and become lawyers, doctors, or clergymen. Mixed up with this set is a percentage of

"Hollanders" and Germans, who frequently entertain somewhat socialistic notions. These latter do not parade a deep love of their fatherland; after passing through a cosmopolitan period, during which they thoroughly learn the Dutch language, they declare themselves Afrianders, and are admitted by the Dutch as such. It is a curious fact that after a few years all Continentals who wish it become Afrianders, whereas a Briton may have spent all his manhood and grown old in the country, and may speak Dutch as easily as his own language, and yet to the end of his days he will remain "De Engelsman." This shows the unconscious strife for paramountcy ever working, and the power of picking up colonists which the Dutch possess as well as ourselves, and also the pride of race which divides us. It is fair to say that these Continental Afrianders never obtain sufficient influence to work directly in politics with the bulk of the Dutch; they prefer to act in the rural districts through their Boer friends.

The true Cape-Dutch members of this clique are worth understanding, as they set the political tone to the remainder of their compatriots, and it is they, in Cape Colony at least, who have carried out the Afriander policy. No social advantages are necessary for admission into this clique; the able inevitably drift into it for the following reasons: The Dutch are essentially a rural people, the majority of them being Boeren or farmers; so large a proportion of them are Boeren that the Briton has made a short story of it and christened all the Cape Dutch, Boers. The Boeren are a community who start for themselves early in life and marry young. The girls are nowadays better educated than the generality of the boys; nearly all farmers who can afford it send their children, of both sexes, away to school. The girls not being so necessary for the working of the farms, remain at school until their educational course is complete; the boys seldom can be spared after they have attained the age of sixteen. They then come home and the younger children go to school in their stead. The result is that the boys usually complete their education when

still in what is known throughout South Africa as the Matriculation Class. The few who remain at school or college continue there because they are particularly fitted for study, and have, besides, ambition—not, as in England, because a degree is the usual end of a young man's education. It follows that a Dutchman who has found the means to go on with his studies until he has taken his degree is, in the opinion of his friends, his masters, his parents, and himself, an unusually promising young man. The consequence is that the leading set among the Dutch are a body of somewhat successful, self-confident, professional men, who, after making their incomes assured, yield to the earnest desires of their ladies, and turn their attention towards politics, and the seat in Parliament that lies behind their politics. Socially they are in a somewhat ambiguous position, and have to make their friends among themselves. The associates that their instincts tell them they should mix with are the cultivated Europeans who have made their homes in South Africa, and the transitory clergy, and military and naval men. Yet what stabs the sensitive natures of these pushing men receive from the unconscious remarks of those with whom they try to be on friendly terms, in spite of warnings from their wounded friends! After learning that the highest praise they can win is: "One would never think that *you* were a Dutchman!" they gradually relinquish the pleasure of intimacy with the well-meaning Briton of their own status, and, being dropped themselves in turn, they begin to nourish feelings of unspoken enmity. To seek companionship among compatriots outside their own immediate clique is again to court disappointment—such is the gulf that lies between themselves and the brothers and the friends who, on quitting school, have returned to the quiet of their farms, married, and sunk down into old-fashioned mediocrity. It follows that, having no real sympathy with any one, and fearing to be disdained by the British, they are gradually driven to affect the company of the rural Dutch for their own purposes rather than from inclination. Their ambition sees no more satisfactory outlet than politics

(of which they are naturally individually fond), hence it comes that rural relations are early looked upon as the tools of their more educated relatives.

In their opinion South African politics have scarcely been those of an ordinary colony, and some day one of them, the most fit, should become a Washington. This pleasing prospect is now doubtless somewhat blocked, nevertheless they are correct in thinking a good deal of state-making is yet to fall to their own politicians. Hitherto Downing Street has taken infinite pains to foster in their minds the idea that some day Britain will leave them to rule independently the country which they understand, and in which, among the whites, they form so vast and so well organised a majority. A complete argument, to their mind, is thus apparent, favouring the view that Britain's stay in South Africa is not to be permanent. Mr. Morley and Sir William Harcourt, they say, are always pointing out that for a country with so small an army, we are mad to attempt to hold so large a portion of the world. Some of it must be given up—let them strive that it be South Africa. Therefore they reason, if they only bother enough, and are prepared to use enough force to crush the small expeditions England has hitherto sent to fight in Egypt and South Africa, England will give back, under compulsion, the country, as she did the Transvaal in 1881. In all likelihood, they think, if the British public are in the mood, there will be no need to come to blows, as England has a habit of giving way without them. In 1896 Lord Rosmead peacefully sacrificed the reformers he had taken under his wing; in 1894 the loyal Swazis were delivered over to the Transvaal (rightly, under the circumstances) and, to them most significant of all, in 1881 the Dutch in the Transvaal who remained loyal were left to their fate on the retirement of our troops. Hence a young Dutchman entering politics, and turning these things over in his mind coolly, sees many reasons against sacrificing his popularity with his people for the sake of Britain, and sees no reason for so doing.

The country Dutchmen, the farmers or Boers, are a compact class. Riches or poverty do not divide them in a country where the native is the servant, and where the natural vicissitudes of country life are continually interfering. The wealthy field cornet may have a brother who last year lost all his sheep in a drought, and now supports himself and his family on the remnant of his flock, with the aid of a helping hand from sympathisers. The link between these sturdy farmers, accustomed to winter treks and hardships, and the professionals in the towns, is formed by the country law agents and store-keepers, the latter the parasites of the former.

The farmers make friends fairly well with the British when they know an individual thoroughly; this liking often heals the various blows they get from the frank expressions of contempt concerning them uttered by British merchants and others in the Colonial Parliament. But few English try to farm, and fewer still succeed. The successful British trader when blaming Dutch agriculture generally, bases his arguments on the small production of wheat in South Africa, and the protective duty on imported wheat. He reasons that the land is large beyond belief, and almost all fertile. He never considers the small amount of land which enjoys, for wheat growing, the necessary winter rains, and the limited number of farms within even three days by waggon of a railway, the necessity for northern development having caused all railway extension to be carried northwards; the result has checked the Transvaal but has done little to bring the isolated farmer in the colony nearer a branch line. The British merchant misses the fact that if wheat is to be grown it must be made to pay. If this duty made wheat-growing an unfairly privileged undertaking, the merchant would make his son a farmer; knowing, however, something of the difficulties, he abstains from so doing.

This failure of the Briton, even after long residence, to grasp the views of the majority of the white Dutch population, and to sympathise with their efforts to cultivate their difficult

country, is the seed of much race hatred. The Bond has thriven on it, and its efficient organisers have been able to impress most astounding arguments on the understandings of the Boers, owing to there being no other side to state the case in many districts. In the Western Province and the Karroo whole field cornetcies contain no British homesteads, the Britisher who thinks the lands so badly worked having apparently little anxiety to tackle for himself the droughts and plagues which fight it out with the protected Boer. Conceive the difference if only one British farmer could be found to every twenty Dutch, how even such a single one could spoil the facts of many a Bond orator in his out-of-the way district. It might even be hoped that in every ten years one Dutchman would be converted; also intermarriage among the children who have been brought up together, and possibly have been at the same schools, would undoubtedly lead to better things. So far, however, nothing of the sort has been going on: Britons have not settled on the land; it remains town against country, or British interests against Boer interests. When the time comes that requests for State assistance originate from mixed communities, whether the request be for the advantage of a town or a district, then it may be concluded that consolidation has begun.

It cannot be supposed, as some papers are now supposing, that the flourishing trade which is to follow the war will tend much to remove race hatred. It may make the country prosperous, but will it do anything to quench the smouldering flame of racial animosity? No! If the Dutch are to be happy under the rule of the British, they must live their daily life among the Britons, and see them worthy of being the paramount race. So long as the Boer considers his race the most manly one, and the British race the shopkeeping one, he will submit with a bad grace to their government. The Dutch professional politicians are not going to lose their power among their farmers without a fierce struggle; and so long as they are free to twist their arguments before purely Dutch

audiences, so long will there be danger—particularly when it is remembered that at present they can hold as many secret meetings as they will, and nobody be the wiser.

Were the British sympathisers as well organised as the Dutch, and known to be so—were they as easily mobilised as a Dutch burgher commando; then, with the known sympathy of the native and coloured people behind them, and a sprinkling of English farmers to check the secret arming of the Dutch, the British would be masters of the situation. The Dutch would then be protected from the temptation of thinking themselves all-powerful as soon as the regular army of the empire is involved in operations which threaten to last long.

The future is hopeful when the present circumstances are changed; which every man supposes they will be. Organisation is certain to be well looked after; a body known as the "League" has been some years in existence, and will now gain greatly in numbers. The war has furnished a precedent where young colonists of British sympathies, under their own commandant, have taken the field; the march of General Brabant and his men through the north-east of the colony (to say nothing of the doings of Cape Colonists at Mafeking, Wepener, &c., and in repelling the later invaders of the colony) showing with what brilliant success. These men will now be veterans, and will form an unofficial nucleus for recruiting. This new power of the British colonist—this showing that there is more to tackle than the European trained soldier 6000 miles off—will not be an offence to the security of the Dutch; it will only command a new respect for British capability—a respect which has long been wanting. Settlement, apart from the efforts of government on behalf of the military, will spontaneously follow on the footsteps of the wide publicity which has been brought by the war; and many from failing to obtain employment in the towns, and from other causes, will be forced into the country. Arrived there, they may or may not be individually prosperous, but as a class they will be the beginners of an entirely new and better state of things, and

it lies with them to work out the salvation of South Africa. Mr. Kruger was correct in considering that a large immigration of more or less educated people in South Africa would dash away Dutch hopes of paramountcy. This tide will now flow in unrestrainedly, with the result which he foresaw.

In conclusion a word of explanation is necessary to justify the manner in which, throughout this paper, the Cape Colony has been spoken of, as though what is good for her is good for the whole of South Africa. The reply is, Cape Colony is the key of the situation. When the colony is loyal, throughout, to the King, then there will be no possibility of war between the Dutch and the English anywhere in South Africa. When the crisis known as the "Closing of the Drifts" was on, the colony was temporarily bitter against the Transvaal, owing to the heavy duties the latter had placed on the importation of her produce. When Great Britain adopted a decided course, the Transvaal climbed down. When the 1899 crisis occurred Mr. Kruger was so far satisfied with the outlook that the "Federal" army entered the colony, and was joined by numbers of rebels. To-day the policy of returning their independence to the Republics is disposed of; and yet, in the many articles and speeches made on the subject the question of the effect annexation will have on the Dutch in the colony is little considered, whereas it may be gravely debated whether this be not its most important issue. Had any degree of independence been allowed to remain to the late Republics, the Dutch in the colony would have realised that they were the only state which had not rebelled, as a whole, against Britain, and were now the only Dutch in South Africa without some firm of nationality. They would think that neither successful nor unsuccessful strife with England brought terrible consequences after the cessation of hostilities. How rash would it then be to have allowed anywhere in South Africa any independence to keep in mind the dream of the Dutch, and enable them to tantalise faithful subjects in the Cape Colony with "what might have been."

ON THE LINE

"IS there anny one there for here?" shouted the porter, hastily opening the door: but the train went on before the astonished passengers could find their voices. As for the scene of *Penelope's Irish Experiences*—(Gay and Bird. 6s.)—we are certainly "for there" as often and as long as Mrs. Wiggin will take us, even when the journey is "a pursuit of the picturesque under umbrellas." A land where the servant leaves because the fairies pull her great toe at night; where "one man being dismissed with a small fine under condition that he would sign the pledge, consented willingly, but on being asked for how long he would take it, replied, 'I mostly take it for life, your worship'"; where golfers try "to go round in as few as possible, ma'am, but they mostly takes more"; a land of which good British old "Veritas" wrote to the *Times*:

That the scenery was magnificent, but that there was an entirely insufficient supply of hot water; that the waiters had the appearance of being low comedians, and their service was of the character one might expect from that description; that . . . he had seen coming out of an Irish hut three geese, eight goslings, six hens, fifteen chickens, two pigs, two cows, two bare-footed girls, the master of the house leading a horse, three small children carrying bags filled with school-books, and finally a strapping mother with a donkey loaded with peat-baskets.

But "Veritas" forgot the opal mist and the old beauty and romance; he knew nothing of "the Fate of the Sons of Usnach" or of "Tir-nan-Og, the Land of Youth, where the great Oisin married the king's daughter, "Niam of the Golden

Mair." Nor did he share the delightful adventures of Penelope, Salemina, and Francesca, or learn the virtues of Benella the Derelict.

"Scene, Italy." Was there ever a story of which this could be written that failed to charm? The time is immaterial—Italian time. Generations divide the first of **Crucial Instances**—(Edith Wharton. Murray. 5s. net)—from the last, but the characters conduct themselves like brothers and sisters. Italy is the same always, and her children are, as Charles Lamb would have said, "not matter-of-fact, but matter-of-fiction." The story-teller is twice a story-teller upon Italian soil.

Noon lay heavier on the gardens; not our live humming warmth but the stale exhalation of dead summers. The very statues seemed to drowse like watches by a dead-bed. Lizards shot out of the cracked soil like flames, and the bench in the laurestinus niche was strewn with the blue varnished bodies of dead flies. Before us lay the fish pond, a yellow marble slab above rotting secrets. The villa looked across it, composed as a dead face, with the cypresses flanking it for candles.

Mrs. Wharton is not always quite so happy, though she is almost always as vivid. It is well if the reader, before he comes to that fine sphinx-like villa, be not put off by the description of houses that are "the clear expressive cuticle of a life flowing close to the surface"—an observation which is clever enough itself, but not worth making at the price. The subject of "The Duchess at Prayer" is the same as that of Balzac in his "Autre Etude de Femme," and the behaviour of the two heroines, while the hero is being walled up by the husband, offers delicate points of similarity and contrast. The subject of "The Confessional" is magnificent, and cries out for the stage. The five stories which remain are unequal alike in merit and in style, but the title of the book is always justified, and we are kept excitedly see-sawing between "Ought he?" and "Ought he not?" "The Moving Finger" recalls Hawthorne, and the uncanny powers of fascination

displayed in it quite outweigh the dull objection that no artist ever could have done what Clayton did. What does it matter? Why insist that a story must be possible when we never dream of insisting that it must be true? The writer is less unkind to her brethren of the brush than to those of the pen. The hideously self-conscious pair of authors, male and female, depicted in "Copy," drive the exasperated critic to wish that novelists and minor poets could be put down by law. Happily they are not all like that. A wrong end seems to have tacked itself on to the carefully studied beginning of "The Angel at the Grave." No, no; something else happened—not this. "The Rembrandt" and "The Recovery" are alike charming.

Men and Women of the French Renaissance. By Edith Sichel. (Constable. 16s.)—To all of us the time comes sooner or later in our literary wanderings when "the wind is fair for France," and we need wish for no better guide than Miss Sichel, especially if it is to the France of the sixteenth century that we are voyaging, for she herself has not been wearied by the immense extent of the country, or confused by the crowd of brilliant and fantastic beings that hover about it like a flight of dragon-flies in early summer. On the one hand we have the women of the Renaissance—"a bewildering psychological problem."

The confusion of contrasts presented by them becomes overpowering and so does their manifold energy. In the same person, often almost at the same moment, we find the noblest conduct and the lowest morals, the Stoic and the Epicurean, the Bacchante and the Student, learning and puerility, side by side. The king's sister, Margaret, scholar, poet, and sage . . . promulgates an advanced naturalism and discusses metaphysics with the Reformers. Yet when her maid-in-waiting lies dying she stands at the bedside in a mood more inquiring than sorrowful, and watches for the passing of the soul. It comes up (she has heard) by the throat, and so out at the lips.

Like children, too, the ladies loved adventure. They indulged in all manner of delicious escapades—graceful, fantastic, reckless, such as turn the world into a Shakespeare comedy.

As for the men—the best of them—they make an excellent foil to these brilliant creatures, for while they shared with them that vitality which seems to have come straight from some lost fountain-head of youth, the current of their life widened and deepened into a great navigable stream on whose banks men have built cities and buried many iniquities.

There is something pathetic in the idea of these men (the Scholars), all of them mature and some of them old; grave and stately in their furred robes, yet as little children where knowledge was concerned; humble, reverent, aglow with curiosity. All were alike banded together in opposition to ignorance and the schoolmen.

Their work was the breaking up of mediævalism, that crust of superstition and inorganic system which was strangling thought and faith, and, being Frenchmen, they found ridicule to be among their most effective tools. "If the Reformation sprang from a conviction of sin, the Renaissance resulted from a conviction of folly; and satire offered a field in which both movements could be blended." The greatest figure among them all, and to our thinking the most ably here presented, is that of François Rabelais. How largely and sympathetically Miss Sichel has drawn him, how subtly she has modelled his very difficult features, the reader will discover for himself, and this opening passage may here indicate:

It is impossible to approach the figure of Rabelais without a thrill of awe and excitement: the sense that we are in the presence of a primeval force: a Titan whose mirth shook the old world and gave birth to the new. He is the Michael Angelo of laughter—sinewy, purposeful, Olympian; huge always, chaotic often; one in whom dignity of outline served instead of grace. His laugh has a nobleness, even a solemnity, of its own; for laughter partakes of the nature of what is laughed at. . . .

Rabelais may be said to be the apostle of modern humour; the humour which means deep insight into the incongruities of life and a compassionate knowledge of human foibles. He who has it has found the key to "le profond cabinet de nos cœurs." . . . This kind of fun cannot belong to primitive times; it is not possible till society has grown complicated enough to deal in contrasts—contrasts of something subtler than those of mere sensation. . . . There is plenty of this archaic mirth, besides the newer sort, in Rabelais; he is Jan Steen

as well as Michael Angelo; but his antics were for the crowd—his laughing philosophy for all time.

Men and Letters. By Herbert Paul. (John Lane. 5s. net.)—This is the real thing—a book written by a born man of letters—a book which is no mere passenger, but a friend to live with and consult, one, too, that has all the traditions of good company. For Mr. Paul's volume brings with it a whiff of Holland House atmosphere; it gives us a sense of the brilliance and penetration, the acumen and cordiality, the knowledge of books and personages, that made Lord Holland's table famous.

Mr. Paul has given us thirteen essays, and we wish there were more. They are all of them literary appreciations, and, for ourselves, we prefer those (the larger half) that deal with a single figure. But we except "The Art of Classical Quotation," which contains some of the author's most suggestive pages. He is, at his best, a master of the art of allusion, and the subject of quotation gives scope for the richness of his reading and the delicacy of his scholarship. This essay, together with those on Sterne and Gibbon, Lord Halifax, "the great Tractarian" and Cicero, "the father of letters," are our personal favourites. They provide us with that rare literary sensation, that Epicurean ease at our inn, which we never expect and seldom receive. Mr. Paul possesses what, for want of a better term, we must call the gift of intellectual topography, and he takes us by short cuts into the middle of a man's mind. Take, for instance, this passage about Cicero and his letters.

He could play tricks because he knew when to stop. Just as the charm of Shakespeare's heroines, Portia, or Beatrice, or Rosalind, lies in the delicate freedom which is always sure of itself, so Cicero's art, which was a second nature, is most conspicuous when he is apparently letting himself go. . . . And, indeed, there is in these letters a charm far deeper and higher than any grace of manner. Cicero had one of the warmest hearts that ever beat in a human bosom. There never was a better friend. The more his friends were out of his sight, the less they were out of his mind. Vain he was and egotistical

in the measure of his vanity. But of all the Romans we know he was the least selfish.

Or this on Sterne:

No man could be more nobly serious upon themes that moved his admiration, his reverence, or his pity. But he saw many things in odd lights, and his sense of humour never slumbered, not even when it would have been better asleep.

Mr. Paul's sparkle is that of old wine, and he decants it into bottles of alluring shapes. His sense of form finds a vent in epigrams, some of which are far-reaching. "The doors of Cranford," he says in "the Victorian novel," "open on the street. The windows open on the infinite." Or, again, in the same essay: "To dwell upon snobbishness is to run the risk of promoting it, because it consists in a morbid consciousness of things which have only an imaginative existence."

Epigrams, however, may be misleading. We have a bone to pick with one of Mr. Paul's, although it is the merest little wishing-bone. "After all," he writes, "what is originality? It is merely undetected plagiarism." Surely it is a good deal more than this—a new way of looking at old things, and much besides. But we do not take his aphorism as a final pronouncement, and, indeed, it sounds like a contradiction of himself. For it cannot be better disproved than by turning to his own pages.

Etudes sur la Littérature Française. (4 ième série.)
Par René Doumic. (Librairie Académique. Perrin et Cie. 3 fr. 50c.)—M. Doumic is very pleasant as a literary critic, but he is more interesting as a literary moralist. "Le Bilan d'une génération" (one of the studies in this volume) is a sermon to his contemporaries. He is not impeccable. His dread of cosmopolitanism and of Renan—his dislike for M. Amiel—impair his judgment, and he kills too many fatted calves for the return of MM. Bourget and Barrés to the fold of orthodoxy. But, whatever the remedies he may propose, he has the gift of diagnosis; he can state the case of his patient. His

"Bilan," which is ostensibly a review of Bourget's "Essais," proceeds to analyse the ills of his generation. Dilettantism is, according to M. Doumic, the root of all evil. It leads to un-discriminating laxity.

Il fallait [so he writes], tout comprendre, partant, tout admettre. C'a été l'universel écoulement de la pensée . . . Cette sorte de scepticisme est . . . en désaccord avec les lois de l'esprit humain qui aspire à la certitude et vit de l'affirmation.

The result is a false irony, a false sensibility, a false pessimism.

Il est regrettable que le littérateur eût commencé par s'isoler de ses semblables. . . . Le moyen d'aimer ceux qu'on méprise! . . . La bonté ne va pas sans une certaine dose d'énergie.

As for our pessimism, it is feebler than our sentiment. The despair of René and Byron had "une espèce de grandeur"; it was the awakening from

de trop beaux rêves. . . . Nos pessimistes n'ont pas rêvé, ils ne sont pas tombés de haut, ils sont entrés de plain-pied dans cette tristesse morne, sans poésie, sans éclat. . . . On accepte de mourir à condition de mourir en paix.

M. Doumic's remarks are applicable outside France, and even the youngest of our humorists might learn something from his paper on "Nos humoristes." He has discovered that humour should be a comment on life, and that "humour for humour's sake" is the order of the day. "Quand l'humour est à lui-même son objet, il est sans portée"—this is the conclusion of the whole matter. We should like, also, to cite passages from his interesting sketch of the Symbolists, the school that tried to make their words the symbols of their thoughts; or from "Le Journal de Saint Hélène," or "George Sand avant 1840." But M. Doumic's book is easily accessible and is better read than quoted.

The Life of the Bee. By Maurice Maeterlinck. (Allen. 5s. net.)—Like a greater poet, M. Maeterlinck has chosen to work with infinitely slender threads, but it is no slender glory that he has gained, for Apollo and all other favouring

gods have certainly heard his invocation. His epic has the beauty of shot silk : one way of the light it is ablaze with the green gold of outdoor life and the flash of wings ; the other it is richly sombre with the purple reflection of human thought and the mysterious shadow of fate. There is hardly one reader among a thousand who would not be caught by the mere beauty of the observed facts, the marvel of the Swarm, the Foundation of the City, the Birth of the Young Queens, the wild romance and tragedy of the Nuptial Flight and the Massacre of the Males. This is the history of the summer, for the bees are even to the least thoughtful "the soul of the summer, and their flight is the token, the sure and melodious note, of all the myriad fragile joys that are born in heat and dwell in the sunshine."

But to the epic and the idyll M. Maeterlinck has added a vista of dim analogies, a poetical philosophy, vague it is true, and perhaps unduly diffident, but always fascinating and suggestive. He begins from this point :

The discovery of a sign of true intellect outside ourselves procures us something of the emotion Robinson Crusoe felt when he saw the imprint of a human foot on the sandy beach of his island. We seem less solitary than we had believed. And, indeed, in our endeavour to understand the intellect of the bees, we are studying in them that which is most precious in our own substance : an atom of the extraordinary matter which possesses, wherever it attach itself, the magnificent power of transfiguring blind necessity, of organising, embellishing, and multiplying life ; and, most striking of all, of holding in suspense the obstinate force of death, and the mighty irresponsible wave that wraps almost all that exists in an eternal unconsciousness.

He concludes that there is a true evolution, and one significant for us, in

the almost perfect but pitiless society of our lives, where the individual is entirely merged in the republic, and the republic in its turn invariably sacrificed to the abstract and immortal city of the future.

It is significant enough that our eyes, once unsealed, should behold certain creatures rising thus, slowly and continuously ; and had the bees revealed to us only this mysterious spiral of light in the overpowering darkness, that were enough to induce us not to regret the time.

Yet man has what the bee has not, "the power of withstanding certain of nature's laws," and the power of demanding reasons before obeying "the will of nature." And here, at the end of his book, M. Maeterlinck having drawn us down to the shore, which is after all only the starting-point of our journey, launches us on the further voyage with an irresistible impulse. Whatever may be coming, he says :

Our wisest plan still would be to devote the whole of to-day to the study of these passions, these laws, and these truths, which must blend and accord in our mind ; and to remain faithful to the destiny imposed on us, which is, to subdue and to some extent raise within and around us the obscure forces of life.

But he says also, to enhance this duty,

It may be that these things are all vain, and that our own spiral of light, no less than that of the bees, has been kindled for no other purpose than that of amusing the darkness.

It is his passionate revolt against this idea that has for ever sent man's soul on pilgrimage, and it is from this alone that he asks deliverance in his *requiem eternam dona nobis*.

INSTRUCTIONS TO MY SON ON HIS VISITING ENGLAND

[WHEN "The Life of Abdur Rahman by Himself" appeared last autumn it was described by more than one critic as "a political pamphlet." So far as the greater portion of the book is concerned this is a misleading description, but there is an element of truth in it when the intention—not so much of the work itself as of its publication—is considered. For the most part the story of the Amir's life, with all its vicissitudes of fortune, its Oriental setting and colouring, and its fantastic intrusion into the modern world of characters and customs that might be taken straight from the Arabian Nights, is written with a splendid egoism which seeks nothing beyond its own development; but if we may gather the intentions of so diplomatic a writer from the later chapters of his book, the main object of its appearance in England was to bring nearer the moment when the Court of Afghanistan shall be permanently represented at St. James's.

That this is one of the most cherished—perhaps the most cherished—of the Amir's hopes as a practical politician appears even more clearly from the following document, the original of which is in our possession, while the translation is from the pen of Sultan Mohammed Khan, formerly Mir Munshi to the Amir. The publication of it has been entrusted to us without any indication from the Amir himself as to the light in which it is to be regarded: but whether it be read as a curious extract from the archives of an Eastern Court closely involved with our own Imperial interests, or as a further sign of the Amir's settled determination to pursue an important line of policy, it must equally be recognised as a unique contribution to Anglo-Afghan history.—EDITOR.]

THIS is a book of "instructions" which my dearest son Nasrullah Khan is to act upon throughout his journey to London.

I. On your arrival in India, if you have the opportunity of seeing the Viceroy, inquire his health on behalf of our Majesty

and your eldest brother, the light of my eyes, Sirdar Habibullah Khan, and give him the compliments of both of us. You are not to ask him for anything else except to introduce to you the official who is to accompany you to England for the arrangement of your journey. If you do not see the Viceroy, the official who is to make the arrangements for your journey to London will most likely meet you with the Viceroy's letter. You must answer the letter of the Viceroy, addressing him as our friend, &c., and should there be any need to write a letter to the Foreign Secretary of India, you must address him as follows :

*“ To my dear friend CUNNINGHAM SAHIB BAHADUR,
Foreign Secretary to Government of India.”*

Signed by me.

II. On your going to see her Majesty the Queen in London, you must look upon her with the same dignity and respect as you look upon our “ Royal Court ”; to respect her Majesty more than myself is unnecessary show of flattery, and to pay her less respect than myself is rudeness and against courtesy. I need not give you more details and full particulars in this respect, as you daily practise how to pay your respects and in what manner to appear before my Royal Court.

Signed by me.

III. On your visiting her Majesty the Queen, and their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, you must give them the friendly presents which you are taking with you for them.

Signed by me.

IV. If you are asked to go and inspect the army you must not offer any money to the soldiers, but only praise them for their discipline and good order, and say that you are pleased with them.

Signed by me.

V. In any palace, house, or hotel, where you stay or take your meals, you must give something to the servants there at the time of your leaving, according to their services.

Signed by me.

VI. To the ladies serving in the household of her Majesty the Queen, and to other ladies, as relatives of some of the members of the Parliament, or other London nobility who may become acquainted with you as your hosts or friends, it is necessary that some friendly remembrances in the shape of rings, brooches, necklaces, or bracelets, should be given by you. You must not write any letters with such remembrances, but may send your visiting cards, with so much writing as "With compliments from So-and-so to So-and-so, as a token of friendly remembrance."

Signed by me.

VII. Nothing is necessary to be given in theatres, music-halls, manufactories, or schools.

Signed by me.

VIII. Give fifty thousand rupees to the new Moslem converts of Liverpool, the heads of which institution are Sheikh Ul Islam, Sheikh Quilliam Abdulla, and a few other maulvis of Lahore and India. Should any of the new converts desire to enter into the service of the God-granted Government of Afghanistan, you must accept his services, provided he be a geologist or mining engineer.

Signed by me.

IX. Doctor Leitner has built a mosque and an Oriental Institute at Woking, near London, in which Sir Lepel Griffin and some others are his supporters; if he invites you to visit the institution, give him ten thousand rupees for the expenses of the mosque.

Signed by me.

X. Give my compliments and friendly remembrances to the following officials when you see them, and tell them that I always remember them, and look upon them as my kind friends :

LORD ROSEBERY, *the present Prime Minister of London.*
 LORD SALISBURY, *the Conservative Leader of the House of Lords.*
 LORD KIMBERLEY, *the Foreign Minister.*
 HON. MR. FOWLER, *Secretary of State for India.*
 MARQUIS OF RIPON.
 LORD DUFFERIN.
 HON. GEORGE CURZON.
 SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN.
 SIR JOHN GORST.
 SIR STEUART BAYLEY.
 GENERALS CHAPMAN AND BIDDULPH.

Should any of the above-mentioned gentlemen, or any other of my English friends write any friendly letters to you, you may write a suitable answer to such letters. The titles and the proper mode of addressing such gentlemen are given at the end of this book for your guidance.

Signed by me.

XI. If you are asked about the construction of railways and telegraphs in Afghanistan, you must say: "I am not authorised to discuss this subject, and therefore I am not prepared to say anything about it one way or the other."

Signed by me.

XII. If you are asked about the commerce and trade in Afghanistan, or if it be mentioned that it has decreased, you must give the answer: "Before this foreigners have had the control of commerce in Afghanistan, which the Afghan merchants have taken up themselves now, and I hope it will make good progress under the merchants of the Afghan nation."

Signed by me.

XIII. If there is any mention made of Waziri, Bajori, or Chitral, you must say: "According to a treaty it has been

decided which of these countries belongs to Afghanistan and which to India ; but the marking out of the boundary line is being delayed by the unnecessary disputes of the Indian officials on the frontier, but let us hope it may be finished soon."

Signed by me.

XIV. Give five thousand rupees to Ch. Mohammed Nahi Khan, brother of Mir Munshi Sultan Mohammed Khan, for the expenses of the school of the Mohammedan orphans of Lahore, when the said Mohammed Nahi Khan comes to salaam you with other chiefs of Lahore.

Signed by me.

XV. If you are asked whether Russia is friendly towards Afghanistan, or the contrary, say in a very short, guarded answer : " If Russia should not be aggressive towards Afghanistan, we also would not be aggressive towards Russia."

Signed by me.

XVI. If you are asked whether the Afghanistan people are displeased with their government or not you must answer as follows : That you had not heard about their displeasure or discontent, " but if you people hear no more about it than we do in Afghanistan then you need not ask me."

Signed by me.

XVII. If you have opportunities of meeting the Ambassadors of any of the foreign powers, as for instance, Germany, Austria, Italy, France, China, Turkey, &c., who are at the Court of London, do not discuss politics with them ; all that you have to say is to inquire after their good health and that of their sovereigns ; more than that is not necessary.

Signed by me.

XVIII. If by chance you see the Czar of Russia or the Russian Ambassador, say this much to them : " We hear from

those our frontier officers who are in the neighbourhood of your frontier and come in contact with your officials on the frontier, that they are pleased with the treatment which they receive from your officials, which makes us pleased with the government of the Russian Emperor, and we desire a long life for him."

Signed by me.

XIX. If you meet the Sultan of Turkey or his son, or the Khedive of Egypt, or the Sultans of Zanzibar or Morocco, or the King of Italy, or any other ruler, on the way there or back, no other conversation is necessary except ordinary friendly chat, and expressing feelings of friendship and affection, maintaining your own dignity, and treating them with due respect. But with the son of the Sultan of Turkey you must show special marks of friendship and affection, and must respect him as you respect your elder brother, and inquire after the health of the Sultan on my behalf repeatedly, and you must tell him that you are thankful to Almighty God that you have had the good luck to have the pleasure of making his acquaintance.

Signed by me.

XX. If the Duke of York or any other member of the Queen's family, or any of the members of Parliament should be desirous to pay me a visit, or to return your visit, you must accept their proposal, adding that it is necessary that we, as friends, should pay each other visits and see each other whenever we can find an opportunity to do so.

Signed by me.

XXI. If the British Government offers to bestow upon you or upon any of your followers the honour of a title or decoration, you must decline or refuse, saying, "Without permission of his Majesty the Amir we cannot accept such honour, it being against the law and etiquette of Afghanistan."

Signed by me.

XXII. The letters which my Court doctor, Miss Hamilton, her sister, her other connections, Mr. Walter and Mr. Martin, &c., will give to you to be forwarded to me you must forward without opening and without translating, as they can be translated here in my presence. You must close and seal the package containing your letter and those of your staff with your own hands, and then send the package to the post office through your own trusted servant.

The package of the Kabul letters which will be forwarded to you from my Court you must always open yourself after carefully examining the seals.

Signed by me.

XXIII. Any advice or instructions which my servants, whose names are mentioned in para. No. 22, may choose to give you by their word of mouth you must hear with full attention and must not repeat to anybody else.

Signed by me.

XXIV. If you could manage to engage the services of a geological surveyor or mining engineer through Mr. Martin, you could make an agreement with him and bring him with yourself; but if you cannot find a competent man yourself, then you can request her Majesty's Government to engage the services of a geologist and a mining engineer for our Government, saying, "As our country is full of mines therefore my father requests this as a great help in strengthening his Government."

Signed by me.

XXV. You are to buy from two thousand to ten thousand magazine repeater rifles through Mr. Martin, together with two thousand cartridges each if possible.

Signed by me.

XXVI. Concerning the order of merits and the arrangement of chairs and seats at Court for your English and Afghan

companions, you must leave it in the hands of your hosts to arrange it according to the custom of their own country.

Signed by me.

XXVII. When you are in the company of other gentlemen, and especially when any ladies are present, you must take care not to spit and not to put fingers into your nose, &c. You can smoke in the presence of gentlemen, but when ladies are present you must take their permission before smoking.

Signed by me.

XXVIII. You may shake hands with gentlemen at the time of first introduction, but with the ladies you must only make a bow when you are first introduced, but not shake hands till you meet them a second time.

Signed by me.

XXIX. Ladies can shake hands with their gloves on, but a gentleman ought to take off the glove of his right hand to shake hands, and for this reason generally the gentlemen wear gloves on their left hand and keep the glove of the right hand off to be able to shake hands without any delay; but they can shake hands with gloves on after it is evening.

Signed by me.

XXX. At the time of your departure from London you must address her Majesty the Queen of England as follows: "My father has requested me to put one more of his requests before your Majesty and to take the sanction of your most gracious Majesty.

"Your Majesty is aware that my father has done me a great honour in permitting me to pay my humble respects to you, and your Majesty also has honoured me by receiving me with most kindly and motherly affection.

"If a small request of my father could be accepted, I should return home with a great joy and reputation, otherwise I should have disobeyed the orders of my father. Hence, if your

Majesty graciously promises to accept that request I am ready to submit it to your Majesty." And after taking this promise you must address her Majesty as follows :

"Thanks and praise be to God that the friendship of these nations of England and Afghanistan has advanced so much that the members of the British Parliament go to Afghanistan without any bodyguard to pay a visit to the Amir, looking upon his house as their own home, and we the sons of the King of Afghanistan and the princes thereof have commenced paying our respects to your Majesty in the same manner as we go to pay our respects to our gracious father and most affectionate mother, and we hope that these intercourses will ever continue for this reason : His Majesty the Amir has made only this one request, that always one of his trusted servants should remain in London as his agent, to communicate the happy news of your Majesty's welfare and that of your Royal Family and your Government to my father, and to submit the communications of my father personally here and take replies thereto. My father has only made this one request, for which I am sent here, and from your Majesty, who are most gracious and kind like our own mother, I have every reason to expect the acceptance of this request, so that I should return with the joy and honour of having paid my respects to your Majesty and succeeded in my mission."

Signed by me.

XXXI. (*Note: This paragraph gives only the titles and the ways of addressing the British Royal Family and members of the Government, and therefore I need not translate it. It also adds that in the case of any one whose titles were not mentioned in this paragraph Prince Nasrullah was to ask Miss Hamilton and Mr. Martin about it.*—SULTAN MOHAMMED KHAN.)

XXXI. The rifles and all the other necessary goods which you are to buy from England, you must buy through your own servants, two or three days before your leaving London, without informing the British officials, and must not request

them to pay their prices nor to make you the present of such goods. But if having heard about the purchase of such goods they desire to make a present thereof you are to accept it.

Signed by me.

XXXIII. If the British Government gives any cash or things as a present for me or for yourself you may accept it, but you must not make any such suggestion or hint yourself.

Signed by me.

XXXIV. You must stay in London for only three weeks, but should her Majesty insist upon your staying there for more than three weeks then you must not displease her Majesty, as a guest is always in the hands of his host.

Signed by me.

XXXV. You must make a thorough inquiry whether there is any plague or epidemic disease prevailing at Mecca or Medina ; if so, you must not go there on any account, as it is against the instructions of our blessed prophet to go into a town which is affected by any epidemic disease. Should there be no such illness you have my permission to go there to pray for me also and to give reasonable charity there.

Signed by me.

The above-mentioned thirty-five paragraphs (excluding titles and addresses), every paragraph of which is signed, I have received through Mir Munshi Sultan Mohammed Khan as my guidance, and God willing I will act accordingly to carry out the instructions of my father.

Signed by me,

NASRULLAH.

18th Shawal,

1312 Hijra.

SOME FALLACIES AND THE EDUCATION BILL

THIRTEEN years have now elapsed since technical instruction was brought before Parliament as a branch of education demanding special legislative support and control, for in the year 1888 two Bills, having as their object the improvement of the existing systems of secondary and technical education, were laid upon the table of the House of Commons.

Various causes led to the inclusion of these two Bills among the slaughtered innocents of the year 1888. In 1889, however, the first step in parliamentary action was taken. In that year power was conferred upon the local authorities to raise money by a special rate for purposes of technical education within their respective areas of jurisdiction, and this power was extended by a further Act passed in 1891. The second step, of providing funds from the general revenue, was taken in the year 1890, and was the result of one of those fortuitous incidents which occasionally make our legislative procedure laughable. The House had agreed to an increase in the tax upon beer, but had unexpectedly refused to sanction the application for which this addition to the revenue was designed; and it therefore found itself with £700,000 at its disposal. Many plans were proposed for the utilisation of this windfall, and finally it was agreed to devote it to the promotion of technical education throughout the country. Thus, quite accidentally, the House of Commons endowed this branch of

education with an annual grant from the general revenue. Since 1890 the Education Department has allotted this sum of between £750,000 and £800,000 per annum to the educational authorities throughout the country, with the understanding that it shall be devoted chiefly to the furtherance of secondary or technical education within their respective areas of activity. Considerable latitude has been allowed in the expenditure of these grants of money, and as Sir John Gorst has pointed out,¹ the term "Technical Education" has been gradually widened in its meaning, until it has been made to cover instruction in practically everything excepting the dead languages. A very diversified and irregular system of education has thus grown up under the fostering care of the technical education committees of the county, borough, and urban district councils, and the present Government pledged itself in 1900 to bring in a Bill dealing with the matter, in order that some degree of system and order might be introduced into the activities of the various bodies entrusted with the expenditure of these public moneys. The time has therefore arrived when it is necessary to inquire whether the expenditure of this money upon the present lines is producing satisfactory results, or is achieving the objects that our legislators had originally in view.

I. TECHNICAL EDUCATION—ITS PURPOSE.

Probably but few of those who take an interest in educational questions would differ in their explanation of the purpose we have in view in spending large sums of money upon schemes of secondary and technical education, or in allowing the subject to occupy the time and attention of our legislators. The supremacy that England has so long held as a manufacturing country has been seriously undermined by the growth of peoples and manufactures abroad. Germany and the United States have in recent years enormously increased their

¹ See report of speech to deputation upon Evening Continuation Schools in the *Times*, February 2, 1898.

manufacturing resources, and their populations dependent upon manufactures for a livelihood. These two countries are compelled by forces, that act equally in our own country, to seek markets for their goods in all quarters of the world. They are competing successfully with us in the neutral markets that we had long monopolised, and are even underselling us in our own country, where the advantages of trade are certainly all in our favour. While the value of our export trade has remained practically stationary during the last quarter of the nineteenth century,¹ Germany and the United States have been steadily increasing their own trade with foreign countries, and all the indications point to an increase in the severity of the competition as the years pass on.

It is to meet this condition of affairs that we are being urged on all hands to pay greater attention to secondary and technical education. It is difficult to find a single utterance of any public man in these latter days bearing upon trade and commerce, which does not contain some reference to technical education as one remedy for the ills from which our manufacturing industries are suffering. Great differences of opinion exist as to other remedies. A few see clearly that many causes have contributed to bring about the present unsatisfactory condition of our commerce and industry. Others of more limited vision (sometimes, it is to be feared, wilfully limited, lest pet theories should have to be overthrown) can only see one. Yet all appear to be agreed upon this, that some part of our competitors' success is due to better systems of secondary and technical education.

The purpose then of the past expenditure and of the past legislation is clear: it has been intended to improve our position as an industrial nation. If it has failed to do this, the thought, time, and money expended upon the system have been utterly wasted, so far as this original purpose is concerned.

¹ See diagrams in articles upon "The Future of British Trade," *Fortnightly Review*, November 1897; and "The Trade of the Century," *Feilden's Magazine*, January 1901.

Having thus defined the test which must be applied in order to decide upon the value of any system of technical education, it is now possible to pass on to the other divisions of the subject, and to discuss the secondary and technical education systems of this country and of Germany as they exist at the present moment.

II. THE SCOPE AND DEFECTS OF THE EXISTING SYSTEM OF SECONDARY AND TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

Before proceeding further it will be wise to define more clearly the meaning attached to the terms Secondary and Technical Education—as used in this section of my article. The terms are used to cover that system of education in sciences and arts, which has come into existence under the fostering care of the Science and Art Department of South Kensington, assisted by the City and Guilds examination boards, and, more recently still, by the technical instruction committees of the county, borough, and urban district councils. The terms are not used to include the education in science given in the higher grade board schools, or in the middle-class grammar schools of the country, excepting in so far as this education is co-ordinated with that given under the ægis of the above authorities. The attack upon the existing system is therefore directed solely to those branches which are supported by the public moneys—raised either locally by special taxation under the Technical Instruction Act of 1890, or obtained in the form of grants from the national exchequer. These grants are derived from two sources. There are the sums which are placed at the disposal of each local committee by the Science and Art Department of South Kensington, and there are the sums which accrue from the division of the beer money. The expenditure of the latter for educational purposes is optional, and some local bodies prefer to expend a portion of it in relief of the rates.

The following are the details of the sums raised from these

three sources in the financial year 1899-1900, with the total amount expended upon secondary and technical education in the same year.

(1) Science and Art Department, Total Grants	£581,793
(2) Beer-money	867,000
(3) Local Rates	82,000
	<hr/>
	1,530,793
Proportion of (2) devoted to Relief of Local Rates	63,000
	<hr/>
Total Expenditure upon Secondary and Technical Education	£1,467,793

It is with the expenditure of this sum that we are at present concerned. Are we getting value for this annual one and a half millions sterling?

Prior to the year 1889, when the duty of providing and organising technical education passed into the hands of the local authorities, a system of evening instruction in sciences and arts and in certain trades and handicrafts had grown up in this country, under the fostering care of the Science and Art Department of South Kensington, and of the City and Guilds technical colleges. The grants and prizes offered by these two central bodies for successful work as tested by the annual examinations which they arranged, led to the creation of voluntary committees in most of the leading provincial towns, and it thus became possible for the youth of both sexes to obtain evening instruction in a great number of subjects, at merely nominal fees.

The requirements of the South Kensington authorities in regard to the teaching of science and art were also fulfilled by many of the day classes in the public elementary schools, and also in many private and public schools of a higher grade. An exceedingly large number of students were thus brought into touch with the South Kensington scheme, and were receiving education in science and art largely at the public expense.

When, in 1890, the large sum of £800,000 per annum became available for purposes of technical education, the bodies

entrusted with the expenditure of this money simply widened the area of evening instruction, and carried the system, that had been worked in the larger towns by the voluntary local committees under the Science and Art Department, into the smaller towns and the country districts of their respective areas. "Technical Education" thus came to mean a system of education which brought evening instruction in sciences, arts, and handicrafts within the reach of every man, woman, and child in the country, at fees which the majority could easily afford to pay. The instruction rarely passed beyond the elementary stage, excepting in the larger towns and cities, where more fully equipped technical institutes attracted students of a different class, prepared to undertake continuous courses of study. The aim of the student in many cases was simply to obtain as many certificates as possible in a great variety of subjects—an aim which was too often carefully fostered by the teachers, since such a course increased the grant received from the South Kensington authorities. Little effort was made to induce students to take up the higher branches of their subjects, as these involved much work and uncertain reward. A new regulation of the South Kensington Department in 1898 concerning continuous courses of study was met by an outcry from those engaged in science teaching throughout the country, and it was asserted that it was too early yet to enforce the wise regulation embodied in this new rule.¹ Sir Bernhard Samuelson, in a speech delivered in London before the Association of Technical Institutions in 1898, also deplored the fact that so few students were taking continuous courses of study.² There cannot be any doubt, therefore, as to the elementary character of the greater portion of the work done under the present system, and it would be no exaggeration to describe it as one that has produced a perfect army of smatterers, each of whom knows a little of many things, but not much of any one. Is this system then, one that can be held to be of any value in enabling

¹ See *Times* report, January 31, 1898. p. 7.

² See report of speech in the *Times*, January 29, 1898. p. 10.

us to withstand more successfully the strain of foreign competition.

The answer is most clearly—No.

As a system for providing interesting studies and occupations during the winter months, for the youths and maidens in dull provincial towns and country districts it may certainly be entitled to approval. As a means for awakening the intellectual faculties of the average working man it may also claim support. But when it is seriously asserted by the leaders of this movement, and as seriously believed by great numbers of our population, that this elementary instruction in science is going to restore to British trade its earlier prosperity, it is certainly necessary to prepare our legislators and the general public for a rude awakening.

It must not be supposed that I am entirely out of sympathy with all attempts to give further educational advantages to those who are the chief gainers by our present system of technical education. Were the funds at our disposal sufficiently ample, the expenditure might be defended as calculated to produce social and moral results of a beneficial character. But unfortunately the funds at our disposal are insufficient to permit of any expenditure upon work of a philanthropic or social kind, and I have no hesitation in affirming that were the whole of the money now devoted to technical education in this country spent in the wisest possible manner, it would still leave us less well prepared for the industrial struggle than our continental rivals. The only portion of the annual grant which is promoting the purpose for which it was originally made, is that portion paid over to some half-dozen of the larger technical institutes in London and the northern centres of industry. In these a large proportion of the students are day-students who are following continuous courses of study.

In support of the assertion that elementary instruction, especially in science, is valueless from an industrial point of view, the following opinions of men well qualified to speak with authority upon such a point may be quoted.

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Professor Meldola, F.R.S., of the City and Guilds Technical College, in an address delivered in 1892¹ expressed himself as follows :

It is absurd to suppose that we shall recover our lost position in any branch of industry by scattering broadcast a knowledge of elementary science, and then leaving matters to stand. . . . So far as the chemical industries of this country are concerned, a few highly trained specialists are worth more than an entire army of elementary certificated teachers or prize winners. . . . We are arming our industrial fighters with weapons which are as pop-guns, compared with the heavy ordnance of our competitors.

Sir William Preece, in a presidential address delivered before the Institution of Civil Engineers in November 1898, stated that he was not convinced that the enormous sums of money now being expended upon scientific education in this country were being applied in the best way.

It is well that the country has awakened from its conservatism and apathy, and that it is putting its schools in order. But is it doing so on a true issue, and are we distributing our money through the right channels? . . . Our educational methods have begun at the wrong end. We ought to teach the masters first and then the men. . . . The county councils of England are scarcely qualified as yet to discharge the very serious duty of properly dealing with a question so few of them understand.²

The Technical Institution Committee of the Manchester Corporation in 1900 published a report by Mr. F. Brocklehurst upon technical education. In this valuable report we find the following remarks :

It is useless for us to point to our evening classes. They are but of trifling value. In the majority of instances they involve a waste of public money. . . . If the magnificent Technical School of Manchester, second to none, I believe, in this country, is to be a vital factor in the industrial evolution of the city and neighbourhood, it is indispensable that it should receive the largest proportion of its students in the day-time, and that the students themselves should be placed in a position to undertake a from two to four years' course of study.

One more authority may be quoted. In 1896, the Technical Education Committee of the London County Council, at the

¹ The *Photographic Journal*, February 19, 1892, p. 157.

² *Proceedings Inst. Civil Engineers.* Vol. 135.

instance of Professor Armstrong, appointed a sub-committee to report upon the science teaching given in the various institutions and schools receiving grants from the committee. A large number of manufacturers, Mr. David Howard among others, were examined, and this sub-committee reported as follows with regard to chemistry :

As a branch of elementary education, chemistry, when properly taught, is a most efficient means of cultivating powers of observation and accuracy of thought, and consequently it should form a part of school work on account of its educational value, and not because the facts it deals with may be of commercial importance. . . . Passing from the teaching of chemistry simply as an element of education to the teaching of it with the special object of fitting a student for taking an important position in a chemical manufactory, we are convinced that the course of study must extend over several years, and be of University standard. . . . We desire to emphasise most strongly this need of the highest chemical instruction for the technological chemist. . . .

There is no industry in the country in which there is a closer connection between science and practical work than in the chemical industry ; and if those at the head of different branches of chemical manufacture are so firmly persuaded that the elementary education in science of the rank and file of the worker will be of little or no value from the industrial point of view, my contention with regard to the futility of much of the present expenditure upon technical education is certainly well supported.

But it may be urged by some of the more clear-sighted supporters of the present system : " We entirely agree with you upon this point. We are ready to admit that this training in elementary science of great numbers of our population is, in itself, useless as an aid to our competitive power. It enables us, however, to pick out from the mass of the workers those who have unusual ability, and in this way to select a certain number for that wider and deeper training in science which we recognise is necessary to render their attainments of any real value in our industries or manufactures." The answer to such an argument is, that a system which costs over one

million per annum is rather an expensive method of attaining the desired end. Moreover, the Science and Art Department for years has had in operation a system of scholarships and prizes, by which the more talented students could pass from the evening classes to an extended science course at the Royal School of Mines, and it is doubtful whether any considerable extension of this system is either necessary or desirable. If it had been thought necessary to increase the facilities for such transfer, the expenditure of a few hundreds per annum in each county council area, upon additional scholarships, available at South Kensington or elsewhere, would have been ample to meet the requirements of the situation.

There only remains one further argument to meet and dispose of, before bringing this portion of my article to a close.

There are many enthusiasts for technical education who see in the progress that has been made, only the promise of what is yet to come. They point to the recent efforts of the South Kensington authorities to promote continuous courses of study, and they look forward to the day when every student of science or art shall have, practically at his very door, facilities for obtaining a complete and thorough training in his particular branch of study. These enthusiasts ignore two facts that will prevent the realisation of such an ideal. No funds that we can ever hope to have at our disposal for this work will suffice to provide such educational advantages. Complete and thorough training in sciences and arts demands most expensively equipped institutes and highly trained teachers. These will never be obtained outside the larger towns. Further, to train our whole population in this manner would be about as wise as to give an army officer's training to every private who entered the ranks. In industries and manufactures, as in war, only a few can be leaders; the majority must simply obey. It is partly due to the recognition of this fact that our artisan population has not made great use of the educational advantages offered to them, and that so few of the

younger students undertake continuous courses of study. They see clearly that it is a waste of time and energy to gain knowledge that can never be utilised, or to train for posts that they can never hope to fill.

To summarise, then, what has been said under this head, Technical education as at present carried on in this country at a cost of over £1,400,000 per annum, is chiefly instrumental in giving to great numbers of young people elementary instruction in every subject excepting the dead languages. In the opinion of practical men this smattering of science and other subjects is of no value from an industrial point of view, and in some cases may even be positively harmful. As a system for bringing the few who possess undoubted genius or ability to the front, it is both costly and unnecessary. It can never possess as a system completeness and thoroughness, because neither the funds at our disposal nor the energies of the students will permit such a development to occur. The present system can only be defended upon humanitarian and social grounds, in that it provides interesting studies and occupations for the younger members of our industrial population, and in some cases helps to lessen the monotony of labour. As a force which is to assist in maintaining the supremacy of our country in the manufacturing industries, it is practically valueless. Yet this is the system which many desire to see strengthened and made permanent by the Government Secondary Education Bill.

III. THE SCOPE AND ADVANTAGES OF THE GERMAN SYSTEM.

The belief is rather widespread, that our present system of secondary and technical education is based upon that adopted in Germany, and that it is merely a development of the latter upon lines more suited to the idiosyncrasies of our countrymen. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The system is no carefully thought out plan of educational work, but is one,

of which the main lines of growth have been determined by chance. The chief features of the German system are centralisation and thoroughness; of the English, expansiveness and shallowness. The German aim has been to educate all who are to occupy *posts of authority* in manufactures and industries—thoroughly; the English aim, in so far as there can be said to have been any aim, has been to educate the *rank and file* of the workers—badly. The following sketch of the German system is based partly upon personal observation made during a period of residence and study in Germany extending over a year and a half, and partly upon facts and figures from official publications.

The technical schools, or polytechnics, are much less widely scattered in Germany than is now the case in England. Those that exist are, however, much more thoroughly equipped for their special work, and have a much larger number of teachers and professors attached to them than is the case in this country. It has apparently been recognised that it is useless and absurd to give a *thorough* technical training to the whole population, and therefore there has been no attempt to erect a polytechnic in every town of the slightest manufacturing or industrial importance. Certain towns are selected after due consideration of the claims of the district, by those who have the administration of the funds devoted to technical education; and the students who desire to avail themselves of the training, if resident at any distance, come to reside in the town as students until their course of study is completed. Owing to the large grants made to these polytechnics from the Imperial Revenue, the fees are extremely low, and the cost of board and residence in German provincial towns is also so small, that a two years' polytechnic course is within the means of all except the poorest classes of the community. *To those students who can prove inability to afford such expense, pecuniary aid is granted, provided that they show the required ability.*

A definite standard of education has to be attained before the student can be enrolled at any of these polytechnics, and

definite courses of instruction are planned and must be taken by those training for particular professions and occupations. These are rarely under two years in duration, and in many cases extend over three years. During this time the student gives his whole time and energy to his work, and at the conclusion of his course of training, he receives the certificate setting forth his attainments in the various branches of study that have occupied his attention.

The assertion has been made that these polytechnics are less widely scattered in Germany than is the case in this country, and as this is an important point, it will be well to give facts supporting it. The following is a list of the chief polytechnics and art schools in a district of Germany (Westphalia) of which I have special personal knowledge.

Art training is provided for by art schools at Düsseldorf and Frankfort, each of considerable importance. Students come to study at these schools from all the surrounding districts. Düsseldorf possesses in addition an industrial art school said to be the best in Germany. As regards general science, the polytechnics at Aachen and at Darmstadt offer the greatest advantages, the latter being noted for its equipment and extent. Engineering science in all its branches has been especially provided for at Darmstadt, while mining, metallurgy, and electro-chemistry are the branches of study for which Aachen offers special advantages.

Dyeing and the kindred arts are taught at Crefeld, this school being noted not only throughout Germany, but also in our own country, for its thorough equipment for study and research in this branch of applied science.

Agricultural science and land surveying are provided for by the "Landwirthschaftliche Hochschule" at Bonn; while at Duisburg there is a technical college where metallurgy is the chief subject of study. Cologne possesses a polytechnic where general science is taught; and at Wiesbaden there is the laboratory founded by Professor Fresenius for the training of

chemists. This differs from all the preceding institutions, in that it is not under State control.

These are the chief technical and art schools known to the writer in a district of Germany covering over 100 square miles, and equal in area and manufacturing importance to the six northern counties of England. If provided with technical schools upon the scale now customary in this country, it would possess ten times this number, and the efficiency of each would consequently be impaired in a similar degree.

In further confirmation of this point as to the better equipment and more thorough education of the German technical institutions, I may cite the report of a sub-committee of the Manchester City Council.¹ This sub-committee had been appointed to investigate and report upon the teaching of technical science on the Continent. They visited most of the leading polytechnics in Germany and Switzerland, and in their report state that they were most impressed by two features of the system of technical instruction found in operation abroad—namely, the splendid equipment of the polytechnics, and the thoroughness of the courses of study. Practically the whole of the students were day students, devoting all their time to study.

The classes who take these continuous courses of science study at German polytechnics are principally those who intend to occupy posts in the manufacturing industries as managers, chemists, and engineers. In many instances they are the sons or relatives of the manufacturers, and will be the future heads of the business. They are not artisans or of the artisan class, save in isolated cases; and so far as the writer's observations go, the educational machinery for providing the rank and file of the workers with instruction in sciences, after they have left the elementary schools, is much less developed in Germany than in this country. The success of the German manufacturer in those industries in which he is beating his English competitors is due to many causes, *one of which* is the more thorough

¹ *Nature*, October 28, 1897, p. 627.

scientific training of the heads of the business. If we are to recover the lost ground in these industries it will be—not by providing the rank and file of the workers with elementary instruction in science, but by providing facilities for the most thorough and complete education of those who are to occupy posts of authority, and by inducing our manufacturers to make use of such men in the threatened industries.

It is not in connection with the routine of the old-established industries that the aid rendered by science is so marked and beneficial. In the majority of these the margin for improvements is small, and the better methods of work have had time to filter down to, and become part of the practice of, even the most conservative and stupid manufacturer. It is rather in connection with new developments and new openings in manufacture that science renders its greatest aid. A thorough scientific training enables the manufacturer to decide quickly upon the merits of the new processes or inventions, and he is not daunted by the fact that in this newly-chosen path of industrial progress there is no "practical experience" to guide his steps. The German manufacturer has therefore been assisted by his own thorough technical training, and by that of his manager, engineer, or chemist, in adapting himself more quickly than his English rival to new conditions of trade, or to the exigencies of new processes and new developments of industry. In the chemical industry especially the present prosperity of Germany is largely due to this greater quickness in taking up and monopolising new branches of manufacture. The words of the celebrated German chemist, Joh. Nep. von Fuchs, may fitly be quoted in this connection: "Die Wissenschaft ist der goldene Leitstern ber Praxis; ohne sie, nur ein blindes Herumtappen in dem unbegrenzten Reiche der Möglichkeiten" (Knowledge is the golden day-star of industry; without it progress is a mere stumbling and uncertain advance into the illimitable kingdom of possibilities).

IV. THE FUTURE—THE CHANGES REQUIRED.

Two changes will be necessary in this country before our system of technical education can be held to be giving satisfactory aid to our manufacturing industries. There must be, first of all, concentration upon a few technical colleges of the energies and funds now spread over many; and there must be, secondly, greater appreciation on the part of our manufacturers themselves, of the part that science plays in the economical conduct of their business.

The comparison carried out in the preceding parts of this article of the system of technical education now existing in this country, with that found abroad is, in my opinion, sufficient to prove the need of the first. It may be indeed urged by some that our larger technical schools, as for example those in London and more important provincial towns, are already fully equipped, and equal in resources and teaching power to any found on the Continent. This is a delusion that would be quickly dispelled by half an hour's talk with those at their head. There is not one of our technical colleges or institutes, even of those in London, which is not handicapped in its work by want of funds. Neither the equipment nor the teaching staff is adequate for extended courses of study. *Such a comprehensive course as that planned for chemists at Zurich could not be carried out at a single technical college in this country.* The professors at the head of the respective branches of study are in many cases, especially in London, well-known and brilliant men, but their work is greatly hampered by inadequate resources, and by insufficiency of help. Their energy and time are too often frittered away in imparting elementary instruction that ought to be given by assistant professors. In the provincial towns, the instruction in several branches of science is frequently given by one man, and the teaching consequently seldom passes beyond the elementary stage. Such a state of affairs is practically unknown in the Continental polytechnics that have been named. This lack of

funds also leads to other evils, of which one example may be given. Since the year 1890 there has been a most remarkable development in the application of electro-chemical and electro-metallurgical methods to industrial operations, due chiefly to the improvement of the dynamo, and consequent cheapening of electrical energy when generated in large amounts. The industrial utilisation of water-power on an extended scale has also aided the development of these new industries. Electro-chemistry, formerly a branch of chemistry interesting only to the pure scientist, has thus become of industrial importance, and several of the German polytechnics and universities have appointed professors in this new branch of applied science, and have fitted up electro-chemical laboratories for study and research. In this country, owing chiefly to lack of funds, little or nothing has yet been done; and if the present system continues, the appearance of a professor of electro-chemistry in any of our technical institutes may be looked for about the year 1920.

Our leading technical schools are therefore badly in need of increased funds, and the diversion of a much larger proportion of the present grant to their aid would produce results of the greatest advantage. The difficulty of course is, that vested interests have been created, which will oppose any change in the present system of diffused efforts and grants. Every small local authority entrusted with the expenditure of the money granted for purposes of technical education, has felt its self-importance greatly increased by its share in the work of providing the neighbourhood with educational advantages, and its *amour propre* will be wounded by any attempt to withdraw the present grant. A large body of teachers have also been created by the past policy, and these will naturally oppose any change that threatens to deprive them of their occupation and income. The withdrawal of the grant from the smaller districts will therefore undoubtedly create opposition. When, however, as in this case, the interests of the whole country are at stake, it will be the duty of the new authorities to ignore this selfish opposition.

But, given the facilities for obtaining a deep and thorough training in technical science equal to those found on the Continent, could we promise to the students who devote two or three years to such a course of study, that they would, under the present conditions, easily find employment in this country? I am afraid not. Excepting in certain industries, the supply of trained men far exceeds the demand. The greater number of our manufacturers are still devoted to the "practical man" theory of works or factory management. Devoid of all scientific training themselves, they naturally undervalue it in their subordinates; and the majority of them have yet to grasp the fact, so clearly seen by our German rivals, that the best possible training for industrial posts, is one in which the practical experience is based upon a broad and thorough training in general science.

The proprietors of one of the largest works in the North of England still pay their chemist *less than* the majority of their skilled operatives, so little value do they place upon scientific knowledge as opposed to manual dexterity. The following advertisement, taken from a well-known technical journal during 1898, represents the attitude of many of our manufacturers towards science: "Wanted young man as Chemist at Tar and Vitriol Works in North of England; willing to fill up time at Book-keeping." One naturally wonders whether this enterprising firm is still in existence, or whether it has succumbed in the stress of modern competition.

It is difficult and costly to give a practical training in the polytechnic or technical institute. The thousand and one practical details of manufacture are most quickly and most easily learnt in the works or factory. But when a thorough training in the sciences underlying the particular industry or manufacture in which a man is engaged, has *preceded* this practical training in the works, a "practical man" of the highest possible value to his employer is produced; for his practice will rest upon scientific principles, and not, as is still

too often the case in English manufacturing industries, upon ignorance and rule of thumb.

There can be no doubt that the incredulity still expressed by some of our manufacturers concerning the value of scientific training has resulted from the mistaken self-assertion and superior airs of the few college-trained men with whom they have come into contact in the past. These, at a period when they were still profoundly ignorant of the practical details of manufacturing routine, assumed a *rôle* they were incompetent to sustain. It is then necessary that those who have taken a full science course at a technical college or university should recognise that they still enter a works or factory as students, and that they have much to learn before they can be in a position to dictate to those, whose knowledge of the practical side of the manufacture is greater than their own can ever be.

When these two changes have been brought about—when our technical institutes have been reduced in number, but increased in efficiency; when our manufacturers have been convinced of the valuable aid science can render them in the conduct of their businesses—then, and not until then, will our system of technical education be assisting British industries to the greatest possible extent.

It would be a mistake to bring this article to a close without an attempt to answer the question: How far will the Government Education Bill, introduced by Sir John Gorst, facilitate the changes outlined above?

The main principle of this Bill is the widening of the area of the secondary and technical education authorities.

In place of the education committees of the small borough and urban district councils, we are to have committees elected by the county and county borough councils. Each committee, as elected, is to be increased by co-optation of educational experts from the outside. The composite committee thus formed, is to have full and complete control over the expenditure of the moneys raised or allotted for secondary and technical education, within the area of its jurisdiction.

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The scheme, taken in conjunction with the Board of Education Act of 1899, consolidating the Board of Education, and Science and Art Departments of the Government, is undoubtedly a step in the right direction. It tends towards concentration of the funds in the hands of fewer authorities; and it will therefore lessen that diffusion of effort and grant which is the bane of our existing system.

The Government Bill has naturally met with a bad reception from those interested in the maintenance of things as they are. The smaller local authorities and the large army of elementary science teachers are its sworn enemies, and are organising vigorous opposition to the new measure. The school boards also feel themselves slighted by the new measure and are angrily protesting against its provisions. It is to be hoped that the Government will not be misled by the noisiness of these sections of the general public.

I firmly believe that the Bill is a wise step towards centralisation, and that the majority of thoughtful voters in the country not connected with existing institutions, if polled on this subject, would vote in its support.

Those who quarrel with the Government for not bringing in a more comprehensive measure, embracing elementary, secondary, and technical education, may console themselves with the thought that if the present Bill passes, and the new educational authorities are established, the consolidation they desire will be facilitated at some future date. A comprehensive measure at the moment is evidently impossible, and I am one of those who think that in this case the Government have acted wisely in remembering the proverb in praise of "half a loaf."

JOHN B. C. KERSHAW, F.I.C.

A CENTURY OF SEA COMMERCE

THE first year of the twentieth century is the hundredth year of steam navigation. It was in 1801 that the first vessel propelled by steam power was built. Her designer was William Symington, her name *Charlotte Dundas*, and the place of her birth, the Forth and Clyde Canal near Glasgow. There the first steamer was employed in towing barges some years before Henry Bell built his famous *Comet*, or Robert Fulton his equally famous *Clermont*. The opening year of the twentieth century witnesses the completion of the largest vessel ever built—considerably larger than the *Great Eastern*, so long the wonder of the world. Between the *Charlotte Dundas* of 1801 and the *Celtic* of 1901 there have been one hundred years' development of shipbuilding, of marine engineering and of maritime enterprise, a fair measure of which is obtained by a comparison between these two vessels.

Symington was not, of course, the first to think of or to attempt the propulsion of a ship by steam, but he was the first to achieve it. The *Charlotte Dundas* was 50 ft. long, 18 ft. broad, and 8 ft. deep. Her engine was of 10 horse-power (nominal), and it was of the horizontal type, with a 22-in. cylinder, and a steam pressure of a few pounds per square inch. With this engine the tiny craft was able to make six miles an hour, and actually succeeded in towing a couple of barges, 70 tons each, a distance of twenty miles against a strong head wind in six

hours. After this achievement the *Charlotte Dundas* rested from her labours and her works have followed her. There came, in 1807, Robert Fulton's *Clermont* on the Hudson River, New York, and, in 1811, Henry Bell's *Comet* on the Clyde, both vessels steaming about five knots. Thirty-seven years after the *Charlotte Dundas* paddled in the Forth and Clyde Canal, the *Great Western*, of 1840 tons and with engines of 750 horse-power, successfully steamed across the Atlantic, in spite of the prediction of Dr. Dionysius Lardner that the feat was impossible. She was quickly followed by the *Great Britain*, the first iron steamer; by the *Sirius*, *British Queen*, *President*, and other historic vessels. And in 1840 the Cunard Company was formed, and began business with the *Britannia*, a wooden paddle steamer 207 ft. in length, 34 ft. in breadth, 16 ft. 10 in. in depth, of 1056 tons, with engines of 740 horse-power, with a speed of $8\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour, and accommodation for ninety passengers. The *Britannia* was no great advance on the *Great Western*, and it was the designer of the *Great Western*, Isambard K. Brunel, who twenty-two years later brought forth that magnificent failure known as the *Great Eastern*. She was of 18,915 tons, and after her the development was in speed rather than in size until within the last few years.

Now place against the nineteenth-century *Charlotte Dundas* the twentieth-century *Celtic*, not the swiftest but the largest vessel in the world. Her displacement is 36,000 tons, or 10,300 tons more than that of the *Great Eastern*, which vessel she also excels by 1965 tons in gross measurement. She is even 3600 tons larger than the mammoth *Oceanic*, and 200 ft. longer than Lord Goschen's "mighty cruisers." She is divided horizontally into nine decks and can carry a population of 3194 souls. Her engines are of 14,000 horse-power and her speed will be about 17 knots. In swiftness, however, she will be excelled by the *Campania*, *Lucania*, *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, *Oceanic*, and *Deutschland*, but she is essentially a new-century vessel, combining great carrying capacity and comfort, with

high, though not excessive speed, so as to provide travelling facilities for the multitude of "persons of ordinary means." Like the railway companies, the steamship companies now gather their profits from the masses, not the classes. The *Celtic* marks time as an expression of the changed character of Transatlantic passenger traffic. Formerly it was confined to the very rich and the very poor; now it is composed of the rank and file of the population of both sides of the Atlantic. In very truth, though in other sense than Antony meant, we quarter the world,

O'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities.

Few non-travelling Britons, perhaps, have any perception of the enormous extent of the ocean passenger traffic, and of the fleets of vessels employed in it. As an example, take one route alone, that between Europe and New York:

Total Passengers landed at New York from Transatlantic Lines.

	Ships' Passages.	Cabin.	Steerage.	Total.
1890 . .	—	144,178	371,593	515,771
1891 . .	—	150,023	445,290	595,213
1892 . .	—	120,991	388,486	509,477
1893 . .	975	121,829	364,700	486,529
1894 . .	879	92,561	188,164	280,725
1895 . .	792	96,558	258,560	355,118
1896 . .	852	99,223	252,350	351,573
1897 . .	901	90,932	192,004	282,936
1898 . .	812	80,586	219,651	300,237
1899 . .	826	107,415	303,762	411,177
1900 . .	838	137,852	403,491	541,343

In the early years of the decade there was a large emigration movement in Europe, and at that time the number of ships in use was much more numerous than now. Even in the year of the great World's Fair at Chicago the total number of cabin passengers landed at New York was 16,000 less, and the

number of steerage passengers 51,000 less, than last year. The feature in this branch of sea traffic is the great increase in the volume of the human stream which flows in pursuit of business and pleasure.

Now let us tabulate this century growth :

Vessels.	Length. Feet.	Breadth. Feet.	Depth. Feet.	Size. Tons.	Engines. Horse-power.
<i>C. Dundas</i> (1801) .	50	18	8	(?) 20	10
<i>Britannia</i> (1840) .	207	34	17	1,156	740
<i>Great Eastern</i> } (1858)	691	82½	48½	18,915	8,297
<i>Celtic</i> (1901) .	700	75	49	20,880	14,000

The *Celtic*, then, exceeds in part the recorded dimensions of Noah's Ark, which in modern terms measured 547 ft. in length, 91 ft. in breadth, and 54½ ft. in depth. According to Mr. Hales, the Ark had a tonnage of 42,413 tons burden, so that the *Celtic* has very nearly one-half of the capacity of Noah's big house-boat, for it was hardly a ship.

Gigantic as are the sea-monsters devised by the modern shipwright, we have not reached the dimensions of the *Mannigfual*, of Frisian legend, whose masts were so high that a boy, sent aloft to "bear a hand," came down a grey-headed man, whose deck was so spacious that the captain had to gallop about on horseback to give his orders, and whose length was so great that when swinging in the Channel her stern scraped the cliffs of Albion white, whilst her bowsprit swept the forts at Calais. But we have exceeded in some respects the dimensions of Ptolemy's great ship, which was 420 ft. long, 57 ft. broad, and 72 ft. in depth of hold, and which carried 4000 rowers and 3000 mariners, besides unnumbered soldiers and passengers. Of the great ship of Hiero, King of Syracuse, the dimensions have not been recorded, but she was at least as large as Ptolemy's, considering that her freightage was "sixty thousand measures of corn, ten thousand jars of salt fish, twenty thousand talents weight of wool, and of other cargo twenty

thousand talents, in addition to the provisions required by the crew," and that she was so large no harbour in Sicily could contain her. This problem of harbour accommodation is one that is already troubling the owners of modern steam monsters, and is placing a limit on their growth.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century came into operation the new charter of the East India Company, under which provision was made, for the first time, for outside merchants to strive for a share of the Eastern trade, which had hitherto been "John's" close monopoly. Under this new charter all British subjects were allowed to export British produce to India, except military stores, ammunition, masts, spars, cordage, pitch, tar, and copper, and to import all goods from India, except calicoes and other fine piece goods. All such exports and imports, however, had to be sent by John's vessels at a freight of £5 per ton out, and £15 home. John had some 43,000 tons of shipping in the Indian and China trade, and he was then under the supervision of the Board of Control. But, although the Indian revenue had grown to £15,000,000 per annum, John's trade was not improving. The exports of the Company to India only averaged a million a year, and the monopoly of the Indian sea traffic had to be abandoned when the charter was again renewed in 1813. Then at last other British ships than John's were allowed into the trade, and soon did three times as much as he did with his lordly and expensive methods. A company that maintained armies and retailed tea, that carried a sword in one hand and a ledger in the other, could hardly expect to be a commercial success, as McCulloch said. In five years after the Indian monopoly was abolished the trade trebled. It is interesting to recall that in the first decade of the century the size of "East Indiamen" had increased to 1200 tons and averaged about 800 tons. In 1801 the largest vessel trading between Great Britain and India was a 1200-ton sailing ship, mounted with twenty or thirty guns, and carrying a crew of 120 men. In 1901 the P. and O. Company are running several steamers of 8000 to 10,000 tons. It has been stated

that in the early years of the century there was scarcely a ship-builder in the country who properly understood even the first elements of the displacement of a ship. John Company's vessels then cost £40 per ton to build and equip, though private persons could supply themselves at £25 per ton. A P. and O. liner does not probably cost any more per ton than did one of these wooden East Indiamen; and while John's vessels were fitted up as ships of war, the modern liners are built with a view to use as armed cruisers in time of war. The first year of the century saw the despatch of some forty vessels, of about 30,000 tons measurement, from London to Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Ceylon, Penang, and China. The last year of the century saw the despatch of British vessels of 1,175,165 tons to India and 433,233 tons to China, Java, and Japan.

John Company was probably the most extravagant ship-owner and the most regal merchant who ever engaged in ocean commerce. The whole concern was gilt-edged and gold embroidered, but it was a profitable employment and a commander "in the Company's service" could usually make his fortune in three or four round voyages. He managed his ship on naval discipline, and whenever he landed in India he was received with the same salute as a general. The first steamer to reach India was the *Enterprise*, a paddle boat built in 1825 at Deptford, of 479 tons register, and 120 horse-power. She cost £43,000, and made the voyage to Calcutta in 113 days, her highest average speed being $9\frac{1}{2}$ knots. This vessel was not built by John Company, but was acquired by him on completion of her voyage out and was afterwards employed as a mail boat between Calcutta and Rangoon and along the coast. This little *Enterprise* was the pioneer of the gigantic steam services now carried on in the East by the British India Steam Navigation and other companies.

If expensive however, John Company's ships were certainly serviceable, stately, and even luxurious in their appointments. Moreover, they did much for the Empire as well as for the Company, in many a gallant sea fight with Dutch and French

war-ships. One of the most brilliant feats in the annals of naval warfare was that of Commodore Dance of H.E.I.C.S. He was, in 1803, in command of the Company's homeward-bound fleet of China traders, with which a number of privately owned vessels allied themselves for protection, and he had no man-of-war convoy. The value of the fleet and cargoes was some six millions sterling and offered a tempting prize for the French. Admiral Linois waylaid this trading fleet with the *Marengo* (84 guns), *Semillante* (40 guns), *Belle Route* (40 guns), *Comette* (28 guns) and an 18-gun brig. Commodore Dance did not wait for the French to advance but gave the signal to tack and attack, and in a short time with his little fleet of tea ships he completely routed the squadron of heavily armed war-ships. Students of naval history are familiar with the story, but not so, perhaps, students of commercial history, who are apt to comment severely on John's blunders and to ignore his services. Look what has followed him. In 1814, when the East India Company lost its monopoly of the Indian trade the exports of the United Kingdom to British India were to the value of £1,870,690. In 1820, after the "free traders" had got partly to work the value was £3,037,911. At the close of the century we find the exports of the value of £32,000,000 which, of course, does not include the value of the exports from Australia and other British possessions direct to India. Practically all the immense sea-borne traffic of the East Indies is the growth of the century we have just left behind us. But far more than that—"England, bound in with the triumphant sea," has become the common carrier of the world, and in the matter of ships and shipping the universal provider of the nations.

They were stately creatures +hose vessels of John's, which

Under Southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars and borne by spicy gales.

Vaster than the "tall" ships of Elizabethan days, and not so shapely as the "Tea Clippers" which succeeded them in the

fulness of time, the ponderous old East Indiamen had qualities of solidity, strength, and seaworthiness that commend them to the affectionate remembrance of a sea-born race.

The nineteenth century opened (after the brief peace of Amiens) with neutral traders eating into our Colonial trade, and with practically all the commerce between the Old World and the New under the American flag. England and France hurled blockading and confiscating Orders-in-Council against each other, and the Yankee ship sailed in and carried off the prize. The commerce of the world was being carried on at great peril. Professor Leone Levi extracted some notes from the proceedings of the Court of Admiralty, in illustration of these times.

An American ship with a cargo of tobacco was sent from America to Vigo, or to a market for sale. At Vigo the tobacco was sold under contract to deliver it at Seville, at the master's risk, and the vessel was going to Seville to deliver the cargo when she was captured. A British vessel was separated from her convoy during a storm, and brought out by a French lugger which came up and told the master to stay by her till the storm moderated, when they would send a boat on board. The lugger continued alongside, sometimes ahead and sometimes astern and sometimes to windward, for three or four hours. But a British frigate coming in sight, gave chase to the lugger and captured her, during which time the ship made her escape, rejoined the convoy, and came into Poole. Ships were taken because they were sailing to false destinations under false papers, false flags, false certificates of ownership, and false bills of sale. They were seized for running the blockade, and for escaping from blockaded ports. They were arrested for carrying despatches, military men, and contraband of war. In every way, at every point of the ocean, the pursuit was carried on, till the seas were cleared of merchant ships and the highway of nations, the widest and freest arena for trade, was converted into an amphitheatre for the display of the wildest and worst excesses of human cupidity and passions.

Naturally, sea commerce could not flourish in such circumstances, and the situation was made worse by the system of commercial licences which then came into vogue—"an evil which undermined the first principles of commercial morality."

Whatever may have been the cause that led to this result [writes W. S. Lindsay], it was stated publicly at the end of March 1804, that there was

scarcely a single offer of trade for a British bottom, except such as were employed in the coasting or colonial trades, which were held secure by the strict enforcement of the Navigation Act. The shipowners pointed with dismay to the mooring-places in the river Thames, which were crowded with foreign ships in full employ, while British vessels covered the banks or filled the wet docks in a state of inactivity and decay.

The country was concentrating all its thoughts and energies on bringing Bonaparte and France to subjection, and everything else had to give way to that one engrossing object. In 1808 thirty thousand inhabitants of Bolton sent a petition to Parliament stating that they were suffering from want of bread, and the House of Commons went into Committee of the whole House to consider the state of the trade and navigation of the country. In 1809 a fleet of 600 merchant ships bound for Baltic ports was captured by the French, with the loss of several millions of pounds.

The following shows the imports and exports of the United Kingdom, and the total tonnage of shipping belonging to it in the first ten years of the century :

Foreign Trade and Shipping, 1801-1810.

Year.	Imports. £	Exports. £	Shipping. Tons.
1801 . .	31,786,000	* —	1,786,000
1802 . .	29,826,000	41,411,900	1,901,000
1803 . .	26,623,000	31,438,900	1,985,000
1804 . .	27,819,000	* —	2,077,000
1805 . .	28,561,000	38,077,000	2,092,000
1806 . .	26,899,000	40,875,000	2,080,000
1807 . .	26,734,000	37,246,000	2,097,000
1808 . .	26,795,000	37,275,000	2,130,000
1809 . .	31,750,000	47,371,000	2,167,000
1810 . .	39,302,000	48,439,000	2,211,000

* Unascertained.

This is a sorry record; and although the nation entered upon a new era of prosperity in 1815, the next ten years did not add more than 200,000 tons to the national shipping, thanks to the Navigation Laws.

We may (as I pointed out recently in the *Nineteenth*

Century) take 1840 as the birth-year of the maritime supremacy of Great Britain; but even for several years after the initiation of ocean steam navigation, progress was slow, because the enterprize of our shipowners was paralysed by Protection. In 1801 the entrances of shipping at British ports were 1,800,000 tons, and the clearances 1,700,000 tons. In 1820 the total entrances and clearances were only 4,098,000 tons; by 1840 they had increased to 9,439,000 tons. And now look at the leaps and bounds of sea traffic and shipping since that year:

Year.	Entrances and Clearances at the U.K. Ports.		Shipping belonging to the U.K.	
	Tons.		Tons.	
1801	.	3,500,000	...	1,786,000
1820	.	4,098,000	...	2,439,000
1840	.	9,439,000	...	2,584,000
1850	.	14,504,000	...	3,565,000
1860	.	24,689,000	...	4,659,000
1870	.	36,640,000	...	5,691,000
1880	.	58,736,000	...	6,574,500
1890	.	74,283,869	...	7,978,500
1900	.	79,937,729	...	14,033,000

At the beginning of the century, the shipbuilders of the Tyne and Wear, of the Humber, the Thames, and the Mersey, and of the southern ports, were turning out wooden vessels of much the same type as their predecessors had built a hundred years before them. Down even to the thirties the average size of merchant ships was not more than 500 tons—those running to 1000 tons and over in the East India Company's service being few in number. There were few more than 100 ft. in length, and there was not a single iron sea-going vessel on Lloyd's Register even as late as 1837, although some iron barges were then in existence. The use of wood for structural material necessarily limited the size of vessels, but when iron was introduced they rapidly grew in dimensions. The first Cunard steamer, *Britannia*, was of wood and was only 200 ft. long, but the first iron steamer, *Great Britain*, was 300 ft. long. It is curious now to recall that although the screw propeller was

fitted to the *Great Britain*, it was not generally adopted for ocean steamers until after 1860, principally because the Government would not permit the mails to be carried in screw steamers. This rule held good until 1862, after which the screw was adopted for all sea-going merchant steamers, though not until several years later for warships. The largest vessel afloat in 1861 (barring the *Great Eastern*) was 360 ft. in length, and in 1870 the longest was 400 ft. Steel was introduced as a shipbuilding material in 1875, and this permitted of a further extension in the size, and also of an increase in the speed of ships. And between 1840 and 1900 the consumption of coal by steamers has been reduced from 9 lb. to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. per horsepower per hour.

Those nervous persons who would have us all believe that Great Britain is not only losing her commercial supremacy, but is also on the down-grade in industrial proficiency, do not sufficiently consider her importance as the shipbuilder and sea-carrier of the world. By far the largest industry on earth is that of shipping, which employs directly and indirectly three-fourths of the world's population. Let us see what our share in that industry is, and how it has developed during the past century. It is computed that while the population of the world in the last hundred years has increased 150 per cent., the commerce of the world has increased by more than 1200 per cent. One of the main causes of that development has been steam, which has not only increased the producing power of man but has also accelerated and facilitated the movement of men and merchandise. By the railway the seaboard is carried into the interior, by the steamer the interior is carried across the ocean. Thus, while the value of international commercial exchanges in 1801 was not more than about £300,000,000, in 1901 it may exceed £4,500,000,000, or ten times as much as at the beginning of Transatlantic steam navigation in 1840. That year there were 368,000 tons of steam tonnage afloat out of 10,482,000 tons of vessels of all sorts, and to-day there is hardly as much tonnage afloat in

sailers as in 1840 there was in steamers. It has been usual to reckon the effective carrying capacity of steamers as three to one of sailers; but, taking size and speed into account one may say that the steam tonnage of to-day is almost four times as effective as the sailing tonnage of the past. Upon this basis the effective carrying capacity of the world's mercantile marine may be taken at 50,000,000 tons, as compared with 4,000,000 tons in 1800.

It is interesting to note the following estimate by the Chief of the United States Bureau of Statistics of the population and commerce of the world in these years. (We have cast his dollars into sterling.)

Population and Commerce of Century.

Year.	Population.	Commerce.
1810 . . .	640,000,000 . . .	£295,800,000
1820 . . .	780,000,000 . . .	331,800,000
1830 . . .	847,000,000 . . .	396,200,000
1840 . . .	950,000,000 . . .	557,800,000
1850 . . .	1,075,000,000 . . .	809,800,000
1860 . . .	1,205,000,000 . . .	1,449,200,000
1870 . . .	1,310,000,000 . . .	2,132,600,000
1880 . . .	1,439,000,000 . . .	2,952,200,000
1890 . . .	1,488,000,000 . . .	3,503,800,000
1898 . . .	1,500,000,000 . . .	3,983,000,000

In explanation of these figures it is stated that "Commerce" covers both exports and imports and includes the exchange of merchandise throughout the entire world wherever records are available.

Our maritime development has been chiefly during the second half of the century. Till the repeal of the Navigation Laws we made little progress, and the shipping of America was practically equal to ours. Mr. Ricardo marked the beginning of a new epoch when in 1847 he moved in the House of Commons for a Select Committee to inquire into the operation and policy of these Laws. They provided that no goods should be exported from the United Kingdom to any British possession in Asia, Africa, or America, or to the Channel Islands except in British ships, though vessels belonging to

the United States might carry goods from this country to India: That no goods should be carried from one British possession to another except in British ships: That no goods should be imported into any British possession in any foreign ships except ships of the country producing the goods, and only when such country had colonial possessions in which British vessels were accorded the like privileges or the most-favoured-nation treatment. And that no goods should be imported into, nor should any goods (except the produce of the fisheries in British ships) be exported from any of the British possessions in America by sea, from or to any place other than the United Kingdom, or some other of such possessions, except into or from the several ports in such possessions called Free Ports.

Ricardo's point was that by every ton of shipping driven away from our ports there was lost the benefit of the sale of an equivalent amount of our merchandise, to the loss of our manufacturers and workpeople, and of the public revenue. This, however, is but a brief and scanty outline of Laws which were designed by our ancestors to increase our prosperity by injuring our neighbours, but under which British merchants and shipowners really suffered as much as those from whom they were being ostensibly protected. The first effect of the repeal of these Laws in 1849 was to give a great impetus to American shipping, the next to give a still greater impetus to British shipbuilding in competition with American shipping. The Baltimore Clippers sailed in and captured the Transatlantic and the Eastern trade, until the Aberdeen Clippers sprang into the race, and were succeeded by British fleets of the most splendid sailing ships the world has ever seen. With these we steadily worked ahead of the Americans, until the evolution of the iron ship and the screw propeller enabled us to out-distance all competitors and to rise higher and higher in maritime supremacy. But in 1861 the United States had 5,482,127 tons of shipping to our 5,895,369 tons, and that notwithstanding the tremendous impetus given to ship-building in Great Britain by

the Crimean War. Since then we have not only never looked behind but have never allowed any competitor to come even within sight of us. In 1861 there were only 159 iron and steam vessels of an aggregate tonnage of 68,368 tons built and registered in the United Kingdom. In 1871 the number was 416 and the tonnage 295,109. In 1900 there were 19,986 vessels of 14,032,694 tons on the British register, of which 9208 were steamers and 10,778 were sailing vessels.

Contrasting with the *Britannia* in 1840 with a speed of $8\frac{1}{2}$ knots, we have now the *Campania* and *Lucania* with a speed of 22 knots, and several other boats with a speed of over 20 knots. Contrasting with the wooden sailing carriers of the opening of the century, ranging from, say, 200 tons to 1000 tons, we have now the giant cargo boats of the Cunard and White Star Lines, ranging from 12,000 to 20,000 tons. In 1811 the first steamer, the *Comet*, built on the Clyde, was 40 ft. in length, $10\frac{1}{2}$ ft. in breadth, and 25 tons burden, and 4 horse-power. Two years later she was followed by the *Clyde*, a vessel of 72 ft. in length and 14 ft. in breadth, with engines of 14 horse-power. Two years later still was built on the Clyde the *Marjory*, 60 ft. in length, memorable as the first steamer to ply on the River Thames. The first steamer to cross the Irish Channel was the *Rob Roy*, of only 90 tons and 30 horse-power, and she is further noteworthy as the inaugurator of the steam service across the English Channel between Dover and Calais. In 1821 was built the first iron sailing ship on the Thames; in 1839 was built the first iron sea-going steamer on the Clyde, and the problem of floating iron was solved. Little did the designers and builders of these vessels think that they were initiating a revolution in maritime commerce, as well as in naval architecture. With 1850 began a period of rapid displacement—the busy little wood shipyards, with their pleasant odour of timber and tar, began to disappear from our seaports, and a new race of gigantic engineering establishments began to spring up in a few well chosen and favourably situated localities. The Clyde and the Tyne soon

outdistanced all the rest, and their products drove the Stars and Stripes off the face of the waters.

In the last year of the century the British shipyards turned out 1245 vessels, of 1,674,844 tons and 1,777,643 horse-power, and to the total tonnage the Clyde contributed 492,609 and the Tyne 325,277 tons. This immense total includes not a single sailing ship from the once prolific birthplaces of wooden brigs on the Wear and Tees, only two small sailing craft on the Tyne, and four sailing ships on the Clyde. Only on the Thames and the Humber is the building of sailing ships of any dimensions. As the world's output of new vessels in 1900 is estimated by *The Statist* at 2,321,755 tons, the United Kingdom contributed more than five-eighths of it—not all for British owners and British uses, however. According to Lloyd's returns, the actual addition to the register of the United Kingdom in 1900 was 1,221,533 tons gross, of which only 34,903 tons was in sailing vessels. About 93½ per cent. of the addition were new vessels built in the United Kingdom. Against this there were 601 vessels, of 265,937 tons, lost, broken up, or for other causes removed from the register, and there were 636 vessels, of 669,118 tons, transferred to foreign and colonial purchasers. At December 31 there were on the register of the United Kingdom :

9,205	steamers	of	11,786,392	gross tons.
10,778	sailers	of	2,246,302	„
19,986	vessels	of	14,032,694	„

Last year there were 1924 vessels, of 1,019,808 tons, on the registers of the British Colonies. Adding these and the natural increase, we may take it that we begin the new century with 15,250,000 tons of shipping with which to do the carrying of the world, while America has 2,750,000 tons, of which, however, 715,000 tons are on the great lakes, and do not enter into the international competition. Germany has 2,650,000 tons, Norway has 1,640,000 tons, France has 1,350,000 tons, and no other country has as much as a million

tons. If the twentieth century has to witness the annihilation of our maritime supremacy, it will be pretty far on before our doom is sealed. It has taken us a hundred years to add 13,000,000 tons to our merchant navies, although within ten years we have added more than the entire tonnage of Germany and the United States put together. With our merchant fleets we carry 75 per cent. of the sea-commerce of the world. Look, for instance, at the entrances and clearances at British ports last year in comparison with the first year of the reign of Queen Victoria :

	Inwards.		Outwards.	
	No. of Ships.	Tonnage.	No. of Ships.	Tonnage.
1837				
British . .	13,155	2,617,160	14,567	2,547,227
Foreign . .	7,343	1,005,940	7,461	1,036,738
1900				
British . .	28,414	24,435,302	32,597	27,976,436
Foreign . .	21,926	11,760,208	26,622	16,765,780

The rate of increase in shipping also has grown as the century advanced. In the last quarter of it our registered shipping increased from $5\frac{3}{4}$ million tons to 14 million tons. It is possible that this pace has been too rapid. At the recent annual meeting of the Chamber of Shipping, the President, Colonel Ropner, M.P., expressed the opinion that we are, or have been, building too many ships. We have also sold a large number of ships to foreigners, besides the new ones we have built for them, and it is really these weedings from the British mercantile navy that form the most serious competition against British shipowners. Colonel Ropner indicated his belief that the sailing vessel will probably entirely disappear from ocean traffic during the present century. This is possible ; but at the same time one must remember that the sailing vessel is valuable in being a floating warehouse as well as a carrier, and that

in commerce cheap storage is often more desirable than speedy delivery.

With the new century begins a new system of naval warfare. The submarine boat suggests infinite possibilities. At the present moment the British navy is being augmented by five experimental vessels for movement and attack under water. They are pigmies, of course, compared with the new-century battleship, of which the *Russell*, of 14,000 tons, is a type. But it may be that the pigmies will win the race in naval construction. The South African war has demonstrated the error of matching massed battalions against a mobile foe. The next naval war may demonstrate the error of exposing mammoth battleships and mighty cruisers to the attacks of swarms of sea-dwarfs, above and below water. The battle may be to the swift, not the strong, and it is a serious question whether the amount of life and property placed at risk on a modern giant warship is not too great for modern conditions of warfare.

One can perceive advantages from the further enlargement of ocean-carriers not perceptible in the case of sea fighters. As Professor Biles showed in a paper on large cargo steamers read before the Institution of Naval Architects, in investigating the effect of increase of size upon working expenses—whether the working expenses, including coal, wages, &c., were less per ton carried in the large than in the small steamer—he was led to this conclusion :

Taking a steamer 500 ft. long, and 60 ft. broad, with a draught of 27 ft. 6 in., he found that by increasing the length to 700 ft. with a proportionate increase in the breadth, but keeping the draught constant at 27 ft. 6 in., the cost of carrying a ton of cargo 5000 knots at 12 knots speed increased from 8s. 6d. to over 11s. But if the draught, instead of being kept constant, was increased in proportion to the increase in the other dimensions, then the cost of carrying a ton of cargo the same distance, and at the same speed, decreased from 8s. 6d. in the case of the 500-ft. ship to 7s. in the case of the 700-ft. ship. This showed that if draught be increased proportionately to the increase of the other dimensions, cargo can be carried at a steadily decreasing cost as size increases.

A big merchant steamer is economical in another way, viz., in the amount of cargo she will transport in a few voyages, with proportionate decrease of dock and other charges. The White Star *Oceanic* of 1871 was 420 ft. long, 41 ft. beam, and 31 ft. deep, and her tonnage was 3707. She was a single-screw ship, with an average speed of 14 knots, and she consumed about 65 tons of coal a day. The *Celtic*, launched in 1901, has a length of 700 ft., 75 ft. beam, and 49 ft. depth, and her tonnage is 20,900. She is a twin-screw ship, and will steam at 17 knots, consuming about 260 tons of coal a day. The new ship is about 25 per cent. faster than the old one, and as a cargo carrier she will carry twelve times as much as the old ship did. In one year the new *Celtic* will do the work of about fifteen old *Oceanics*, while the working cost will only be increased about four times. To put it otherwise, the *Celtic* will carry about four of the first *Oceanic's* cargoes at the cost of one such cargo carried by the older vessel.

The growth in the size of ships became most marked in the closing years of the century. Ten years ago there was not afloat a single vessel of 10,000 tons; in 1901 there will be 25. In 1892 there were launched in the United Kingdom 37 steamers of over 4000 tons; in 1900 no fewer than 125 were built. Of the new steamers of over 10,000 tons to be born in the first year of the new century 5 will be over 18,000 tons each. Who can place a limit on what the new century may see? It is stated by a well-known shipbuilder that he is ready even now to build a steamer of 50,000 tons if desired. As far as material is concerned the thing is quite practicable, though it may be questioned if it is desirable to place such enormous risks on one bottom. But before further increasing the size of ocean carriers the problem to be solved is how to increase speed without increasing the consumption of coal.

BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

THE RATIONAL HORIZON OF FALMOUTH

All round the world (and a little loop to pull it by)

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE purpose of the present article is simple. It proposes to suggest and if possible to establish, by means of a combination of History and Geography, an explanation of that historical phenomenon which is, one imagines, most interesting to the mass of Englishmen to-day—the phenomenon of International Supremacy. That this matter should be of interest to Englishmen is but natural. By sword and fire, by gift and conquest, no less than by the peaceful, all-pervading energy of their race, they have brought half a hundred states, half a thousand different races, a handful of religions, and many million acres of the earth's surface beneath the direct sway of themselves and of their little island home far in the cold North Sea. And they must occasionally wish to consider how it is that, in the last few hundred years alone, so stupendous a greatness has come to them. The Paramountcy of England at this moment, her supremacy, that is, in the councils of Europe, is undoubted. "Patriots" of France and demagogues of Germany admit the fact together, though, perhaps, in varying tones. The most responsible statesmen of England affirm and re-affirm it. And now, at last, the people whose fathers made it are almost beginning to understand. But all that is understood is the bare fact; and one of

the most remarkable things in England at the present moment is the lack of any coherent and reasonable explanation of it, such as would give us some indication of what our hopes or fears for the future should be.

The Statesman, naturally enough, is considering mainly the actual affairs of his moment. The Political Scientist is eternally making theories, which it takes much of his valuable labour to square with facts. The Historian thinks of Nineveh, and remembers Tyre. Great empires, he says, have existed before, and have all fallen. That of Britain, therefore, though greater than any of them, should, he thinks, be no exception to the rule. Observing that every empire has been maintained, at bottom, by force, knowing indeed the date and immediate circumstances of every recorded battle since the world began, and finding that the rise of every successive paramountcy of any endurance has been associated by his eager predecessors with the name or names of certain born leaders, he assumes that Empire and Supremacy are the results, and not the essential causes, of force. That the domination of Rome arose from a pastoral community on the Seven Hills, by sheer unaided force of arms, would be to him a perfectly understandable proposition; that she fell, in the last resort, because of the loss of that military superiority over surrounding nations which alone he supposes could keep her alive, he would equally admit. He forgets, apparently, that as the result of the military successes of the barbarians, it was not Rome at all which fell, but merely one set of her inhabitants, who, having become incapable of holding and protecting the power which not their prowess at all but her position had given them, were forced, much against their will, to make way for others who in these respects had shown themselves in turn more capable. The Roman Empire, as understood by Augustus, indeed was then no more. But the importance and the supremacy of Rome herself remained for centuries after, and neither the one nor the other either waned or ceased until the true causes (as I believe them) of their original existence and appearance had

waned and ceased as well. Nor is there anything on earth to justify us for a moment in supposing that, had the international world remained the same after that irruption for nearly as long a time as had elapsed between its date and that of the original founding of the city, an empire as great as that which the Roman people had enjoyed might not again have gathered round her walls. Of which, however, more later.

The immediate object is merely to suggest the grounds which seem to exist for supposing that :

The rise of the British Empire is due to conditions exactly analogous to those which have caused the rise of every paramountcy before her ; but that, whereas in those former cases these conditions necessarily eventually waned and ceased, in the case of Great Britain they can necessarily do neither, but can only increase and develop conjointly with this, the last power which they have now created, or ever can create ; that although it is true that Nineveh and Tyre and Babylon and Rome have all been high and now are low, the causes (in each case the same) which operated to wreck them can never operate to wreck Great Britain ; and that, therefore, unless we are to suppose some inconceivable cataclysm which shall alter the face of the earth and the distribution of its peoples in such a way as to render necessary a new history and a new geography too, Great Britain, according to the clear lessons of both, and whatever may eventually happen to the present British people, is destined to be the seat of Supremacy until the end of those historical times with which ancient history began. A conclusion, surely, which, if true, should not be without interest to the present generation of Englishmen nor without its importance to those European statesmen into whose hands the destinies of the world may seem at this moment to have been committed.

It may be well to set forth at once, and as clearly as possible, the grounds upon which such an argument would be founded. It consists, briefly, in an adherence to the following propositions :

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1. That, in all times of which we have any historical record, there has existed one admitted seat of an enduring International Paramountcy.

2. That this Paramountcy has always been the result, and not the cause, of a paramount influence upon the world's trade as it then existed.

3. That the world's trade runs, and always has run, by sea.

4. That every enduring Paramountcy has, therefore, always resided on or by the sea.

5. And that, further, the seat of the Paramountcy of the moment will always be found at that spot of land which, being otherwise generally convenient, is most nearly situated to that spot of sea in which the greatest number of the sea routes of the moment naturally meet and cross.

If these propositions be conceded, there emerges a principle—to be stated later on—which will hardly then be denied. And by considering the present position of England in the light of that principle, the conclusions with regard to her sketched above will certainly appear.

The propositions themselves may be taken in order.

1. There has always been a seat of Paramountcy.

This is a matter of elementary history which, if questioned at all, will only, I think, be so because the limits of the proposition itself have not been fully appreciated. For to those who would question this, it may be properly permitted to point out that the paramountcy we are to consider is to be an *enduring* paramountcy, and not a merely temporary one founded on one of those passing military successes which are too often allowed to obscure the real view of history. The constant wars of ancient times (less constant in fact than in history because naturally rather unduly recorded) and the consequent apparently ceaseless rising and falling of various states, brought many such apparent paramountcies in their train. But unless those wars produced results of a lasting nature upon the fundamental and international paramountcy of their day,

neither they nor their results are anything to our present purpose. All the ancient seats of supremacy were surrounded by wars; and in those wars victor succeeded victor with monstrous rapidity. Yet the great wars which surrounded the supremacies of Egypt, of Chaldea, of Phœnicia, and of Rome, affected and limited indeed, but did not unseat, those supremacies. Rivals were constantly springing up, always and on all sides, but so long as they did not unseat the paramountcy they were but rivals, and, until they positively had done so, have no claim to our present consideration. It is through the undue if inevitable importance they so constantly attach to feats of arms for their own sake and that of their more immediate, apart apparently from their own lasting, results, if any, that historians have reduced their science to a state from which the silent standards of geography alone seem able to save it. For the permanent results of battles are seldom great. Napoleon was finally crushed, and the present English paramountcy saved, neither at Waterloo nor at Trafalgar; the historical causes of his fall lay deeper marked in the face of the earth than by the bodies of soldiers or the hulls of sunken fleets. The truth is that Napoleon, though a rival indeed, never came too near to the condition of a master. Nor, through all his glory, did he of all men ever forget this little island across the Channel, without the absolute possession of which, as he well knew, his dream of paramountcy was indeed but the merest dream.

2. Paramountcy has always been the result, and not the cause, of a paramount influence upon the world's trade.

For what is the cause of Paramountcy? From what does it result? The question is not easily answered; but we shall be much helped on our way to the answer if we firstly consider the prior question: What is the nature of Paramountcy? How may it be recognised? How are we to know it when we see it?

Paramountcy has but one sign and one mark; a sign and mark to be looked for, strictly, neither in the original or

present energy of any one race, in the nature or extent of the territories enclosed by its natural boundaries, in the character of its institutions, the capacity of its soldiers in the field, nor the courage, intelligence, or incorruptibility of its statecraft. These things are vitally important to the race, of course; yet alone or together they can never produce paramountcy.

Indeed, on the first breath of inquiry as to whether either has been an *invariable* concomitant of supremacy, each, as a fully satisfactory cause by itself, has had perforce to be given up. And at last, apparently in despair of finding any fundamental point of resemblance between the successive paramountcies of the world, recourse is had to such vague generalisations as a misty combination of all these causes together. Yet the true, invariable concomitant of supremacy, though always neglected, appears to be very close to the surface. It is none other, surely, than the simple one of Movement; the Movement which is intercourse, the intercourse which is Trade. At once, in this view, all Paramountcies are on common ground. Seventy-seven hundred years ago, as in London to-day, the streets and courts of Memphis were thronged with the merchants and the movements of all nations which then could be said to possess either the one or the other, and all the movements of active life of Asia Minor and the strange lands around it east and west, came to a focus in the great marts of Babylon at the time of her headship and supremacy. Those great walls and buildings, the armies and the roof-gardens which were then a wonder of the world, were not rendered either necessary or possible by the mere unaided needs and ambitions of the inhabitants of a single Asiatic town; they represented a wealth and a knowledge which nothing but important intercourse with other nations can, or ever could, supply. Eridhu, whose ruins still stand, chief city of Chaldea, and sanctuary of the great god Ea, is full of cosmopolitan remains to this day. The Hittite Empire, lasting until it was destroyed by the Assyrians, who

founded their own Empire in its stead, shows in its records and remains the clearest traces of crowded intercourse and active movement. And throughout it is the same. The lands of the Medes, the short supremacy again of Babylon, the conquests of Cambyses for Persia, all derived their international importance from the possession in their midst of the centre of international influence; and, whether that centre is in Egypt, in Arabia, in Syria, in Greece, or in Rome, it is always to be known and recognised by the broad streets, the pressing traffic, and that development of communications which show it to be for the moment the natural centre of the activities of the earth. Pre-eminence among nations is pre-eminence in their wealth-bearing activities; and wealth-bearing activity in all its forms resolves itself finally into some form of trade. It is pre-eminence in trade, therefore, which alone of all political forces leads at once and irresistibly to Paramountcy; and that will surely be found, at bottom, to be the mark by which it has been always known.

Exigencies of space prevent my going thoroughly into this particular inquiry. Yet, to those who may consider that the above is nothing more than a statement of that which it was hoped to prove, I would ask permission to put two questions. The first is whether it is possible to deny that the natural focusing of international trade in a district has been the invariable precursor of an enduring paramountcy seated in that district, and the second, whether, in default of such a focusing being allowed as the real and fundamental cause of such paramountcy, any other conceivable circumstance or set of circumstances can be allowed in its stead which will cover all the cases of paramountcy in history? I believe that both these questions must be answered in the negative. For what else than pre-eminent influence on trade can lead to Paramountcy? We are fond of talking to-day about the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race; and the necessity naturally felt of accounting for the present supremacy of England has led to the birth of catch-phrases such as this to describe popularly the reasons

of our huge national and Imperial development. But to the more sober of us it has always been clear that there are also other races who, in point of national character and determination, are in no wise inferior to ourselves. The Swedes and Austrians are splendid peoples, who have shown again and again on many a bloody field a play of bravery and a strength of devotion to causes whose support does them every credit. The Swiss have many Tenths of August recorded and unrecorded to their names. In industry the Chinese work sixteen hours a day, and produce things of art which we cannot approach, under conditions at which we can but wonder. The seas of the earth are covered with the keels of the "Dutchman," as sailors call him, the Norwegian and Swedish sailor, carrying on the heaviest business of the world, trailing his ensign at the peaks of vessels in which Englishmen would hardly dare to sail, but in which he confronts the dangers of storm and semi-starvation, with a courage and success thoroughly understood by those who can see and judge. The working power of the English people is great; it is not, nevertheless, the cause of their supremacy; for it is very nearly equalled by that of many another race whose position as a nation does not for a minute compare with ours.

What then? Can extent of natural territory account for the greatness of a nation? If so, what of China, or, nearer home, of Russia; and how, on this basis, shall we account for the strength of England, a mere rock-bank in the North Sea?

Has the number of population anything to do with it? China has 400 millions; but she has been seen to suffer an ordinary national defeat at the hands of Japan, who has not a tenth part of that population. The population of Russia is far greater than that of England. Yet nobody will suggest that she is therefore more powerful. "In the multitude of the people is the king's honour." Perhaps; but not, obviously, his weight in the Councils of the nations.

And so, as in these sketchy cases, the process of exclusion may be applied, it seems to me, to all the other factors in that

vague set of causes generally assigned to paramountcy. For in all ages paramountcy has been the same phenomenon, exhibiting itself in the same one way at bottom, produced in the same human nature as exists to-day by the only influence which could conceivably produce it. With nations as with men, the movement is the life; stop international movement and you have international death; start it and you have international life; foster it and you have international development; command it and you are internationally supreme. Paramountcy is a paramount influence upon that intercourse by which in the past, even more than at present, the better qualities of nations alone can live. Nothing else will explain it in its essence, nothing else will ever be found to have been able to bring it into being. Wealth, energies, military strength, follow on this possession. Alone they cannot produce it, for there have been many nations wealthy, energetic, and strong together who have never for a moment attained to it.

3. The world's trade runs, and always has run, by sea.

That by far the heavier proportion of the world's trade runs by sea to-day, in spite of the improvement in nearly all the methods of the land-transit of the world, is conclusively shown by the writer of an article in the *Contemporary Review* of September 1899, entitled "The Sea the only Road for Trade." He shows, in the clearest way, that in the year 1896 (the last year for which the figures were then available) the trade carried on by sea was from 66.5 per cent. to 71.5 per cent. (allowing for incalculable elements) of the whole amount carried by the ten great trading countries of the world; or, in other words, that two-thirds in value of the trade of that year was carried on by sea, and only one-third by land.

Such is the road-use of the sea to-day.

France, notwithstanding her large land frontier, takes 70.6 per cent. of her total imports from the sea, and sends 68.3 per cent. of her exports away by sea.

Germany, in spite of the fact that her sea-frontier hardly

exists, yet receives 65 per cent. of her imports from the sea and sends away also 65 per cent. of her exports the same way. All of which, too, is the case with land-transit extending and improving in every direction. Indeed—and this is important—the figures show that the more the land-traffics develop, the more they become only feeders to the sea. And this is surely only what the youngest student of the nature of things would be prepared to hear. For the countries of the earth are, as it were, its towns; and the sea the high road joining them. Or the whole world may be very properly, for this purpose, regarded as one large town, in which the different nations would be the different houses, and the seas, broad and narrow, its streets. Some small movement in such a town will take place, no doubt, from house to house, by the windows, and over the walls of back-gardens, but the heavy, real movement of the town, the movement which is its solid prosperity, will take place always in the streets.

To-day, then, it is very obvious from the figures above given that the sea is the great road for movement. And so, from the necessities of the case, it has always been. The land, as we know, divides the peoples of the earth, it is the sea which unites them; and nothing, perhaps, in the whole of modern history is so strange as the way in which the constantly increasing evidences of the existence of great sea trading-routes in ancient history have been neglected as historical factors by its professors. I remember quite well, a few years ago, being told by one much older, and therefore wiser, than myself, that the Egyptian civilisation was one which rose and flourished upon itself alone, and that my humble suggestion that it, like all civilisations, must have been really founded upon trade and intercourse was therefore mistaken. Yet one finds, on examination, that the very oldest inscription in the whole world, whose age is fixed generally at 6000 years, represents the Egyptian King Snefura, who reigned about 4000 B.C. (before the building of the Pyramids), conquering an Arabian or Asiatic enemy. The face of the kneeling enemy

and the surrounding hieroglyphics put this interpretation beyond doubt. And where was this ancient record found? In the copper mines of Wady Magerah; which are not in Egypt at all, but in the peninsula of Sinai! Here, then, as early as 4000 B.C., over all the stormy times of the invasion of the shepherd kings, &c., we find an obvious intercourse between nations already beginning, and the influence of Egypt always persisting. The great wars of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty (wars provoked by envy of Egypt's wealth and power; fights, therefore, like all great fights, fundamentally for trade) led to campaigns in Asia on a great scale, in which Egypt came into collision with powerful nations, and for a long time she was the dominant power of Western Asia, extending her conquests from the Persian Gulf to the Black Sea and Mediterranean, and receiving tribute from Babylon and Nineveh. Nor were the west-lying countries forgotten. Professor Flinders Petrie and others, in the course of their researches, have brought the clearest evidence of an extremely ancient movement between Egypt and the very Western Mediterranean even from the earliest times. In a lecture delivered recently at Cambridge the former began by showing a series of figures exhibiting marked stratopgyia from the early prehistoric Egyptian graves, from Malta, and from the neolithic remains of Brassenpouy, in France. Here then was a clear and undoubted intercourse before the rise of history between Egypt and Malta and France; for all the remains are of the same approximate date. And that intercourse, like all real intercourse, was carried on by sea, otherwise how could it have reached Malta, or, further, France?

4. Every enduring Paramountcy has, therefore, always resided on or by the sea.

If the above propositions be true, it is clear that this fourth must follow. If paramountcy is trade, and trade is on the sea, then paramountcy can hardly be far from the sources of its strength. And the truth of this resulting proposition is strangely corroborated by the facts. There has never, in the

history of the world, been a seat of ultimate paramountcy without direct access to the sea.

Egypt, admirably situated on two seas, connecting her east and west with the outer world, and with the Nile always for a spinal cord: Chaldea, with her great city of Eridhu, now many miles inland, but then undoubtedly a seaport: Babylon, on her stupendous water-way, Tyre, Phœnicia, Greece, Rome—all on the sea. Warlike, energetic, conquering races there have been inland, yet no one of them could attain to paramountcy until it had brought its arms victorious to the sea. So much, I think, will on careful thought be conceded. Yet that is not all. For while every paramountcy has been on the sea, every seaside place has by no means attained to paramountcy. What, then, is the final clue? Is it not:—

5. That, further, the seat of the Paramountcy of the moment will always be found at that spot of land which, being otherwise generally convenient, is most nearly situated to that spot of sea where the greatest number of the sea routes of the moment naturally meet and cross.

Let him who is inclined to doubt the universality of this proposition for all historical ages mark any acknowledged seat of paramountcy in any age on a map, and then colour round it the countries which, in those days, were capable of or accessible to trade. He will find that those countries will group themselves round the seat of paramountcy like the body of a circle round its centre. And more: he will find that this central seat of power is only removed from the absolute and geographical centre of the trading regions of the moment (which point is usually inland somewhere) by the least amount which will satisfy the necessity under which the positions of all true paramountcy have laboured, of being on or near, open for access from or egress by, that one great road, the sea. And if, in the above propositions, there is one word of truth or meaning, this is only what the simplest student of history would expect. If paramount power over trade be indeed

equivalent to paramount power over the trading, or more civilised, nations, what more natural than that that place at which the trades of distant regions naturally meet and cross, and which is naturally therefore the great changing house, clearing house, home, and emporium of the world's trade, should become the seat of such power? And, at least from the study of history in this view, few things appear more certain, I think, than that it has always done so.

And now, having, though but very roughly, cleared our propositions, we can come to the final and essential principle of all, founded upon them, emanating from them. It is this :

That the State which occupies the most central position geographically with regard to other existing States, and which also opens on the sea, tends irresistibly, and against all disadvantages, to become quickly the centre of power : that although one set of inhabitants of that State be destroyed and driven out, yet the fundamental paramountcy will still remain in its natural home : that nothing can ever change the seat of such paramountcy, until the discovery and opening up of new trading nations, and the consequent gradual inclusion of their territories within the widening horizons of trade, shall have resulted in such a decentralisation of the old seat that a new seat more centrally situated shall have become quite naturally necessary ; under which circumstances nothing can ever finally prevent such a change.

This principle—which may be epigrammatically described, perhaps, as the Principle of Seaside Centrality—may be true (as I believe it to be) of all times and countries, or it may not. But when applied to the particular case of the paramountcy of England it receives an even more direct and pressing corroboration, if possible, than from the changes and rises of the shifting paramountcies before her. For, with regard to the other nations of the earth, what is the geographical peculiarity of England to-day? Simply this: that she, and (naturally) she alone, is at their geographical centre. The matter is not one for speculation or for imagination ; it is a mere matter of

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fact, and one which (perhaps on that ground) historians have hitherto been strangely content to ignore. The proof is simple. If you take that hemisphere of the earth (using the word hemisphere for the moment necessarily somewhat loosely) of which Falmouth is the pole, it will be found to contain a certain amount of habitable land. If you take any other hemisphere of the earth, it will be found to contain less. In other words, of all the habitable land of the globe, Falmouth is the geographical centre. Now, that hemisphere of the earth of which Falmouth is the pole may be considered as having an equator. Swell that equator off the body of the earth into the sky, and you have, cut round the celestial concave, that "rational horizon" of Falmouth which forms the title of this article.

What then results ?

I venture to think that, if there be anything at all in the conclusions which I have come to, the rational horizon of Falmouth may be the key to many questions which are troubling thinking minds to-day.

England is now in the international position of Thebes and Babylon, of Eridhu and Persia, at the moments of their greatness—but with this difference; that the stage on which she is called upon to play her part is that of the whole world, and not a little corner of it. During all the years of the above varying predominances, England had no natural strength at all. When Thebes and Babylon were populous, flourishing towns, rich in art and commerce, and the seats and centres of power, London was a dismal swamp, whose only inhabitants were the owl and the bittern. While astronomers whose knowledge we can merely suspect, and mathematicians whose powers are not denied, were prosecuting their endless researches under a pole star whose very place has shifted since their day, our Universities had not yet arisen from evil fens of soft or frozen mud regarded with horror by the web-footed, prick-eared dwarfs, who hunted for their food along its slimy edge. And when, later still, the steady enlargement of the world's horizon

brought the golden milestone of Rome into the centre, and gave to history a new strength and an added grandeur, still England, not yet encircled by the always widening horizon, was regarded as, what she was, a tin mine and some oyster banks somewhere at the outer edge of the world. It was at Rome then that the roads crossed, and England was far away, at the end of one of the longest.

But the mighty operations of the principle continued, and with the gradual inclusion of England within the widening circle of discovered lands, came the beginnings of her existence as a nation. The fact that, instead of a chalk line frontier, she had been gifted with a series of harbour mouths, impossible, like the foreign ports near here, to close, and opening always upon the great sea-road, began from the first to operate in her favour; and in spite of her small size, and though inhabited by peoples hardly to be then distinguished in race from those of her immediate continental neighbours, she at once took on a tone and character so strangely different from theirs that only her equally different position can fully account for them. Had the bottom of the North Sea been a hundred yards higher, and England joined to the Continent, her history would surely have been different. For England has owed her very strange beginnings, as she will also owe her triumphant end, to the sea in which she stands.

Yet throughout the Middle Ages she was still on the outside edge of the world. Europe and Western Asia were then the world; and, however well she was situated for receiving movement to her own shores, she could not yet hope to become predominant. For predominance is at the centre. She had to wait at the end of the long road, and let the Venetian galleys provide her with "things of complaisance" at a steady profit to themselves. She was on the sea, no doubt; but on its outer edge. She could do nothing. And the Europe, which had seen the fall of Rome, hesitated over six centuries for its next great master. And then, suddenly there came the thing for which England had unknowingly been waiting. At

some particular moment or other, some one discovered America. The result of this discovery upon the position of England was instant, and that strange phenomenon, the English Secular Reformation, if one may so call it, appeared; when, having suddenly come into view of her stupendous heritage, England, strong in the result of her 500 years of active waiting, but not yet seeing exactly where her future lay, turned instinctively to the new men who were pioneers of those new ideas which were to lead her on to fortune. At last, the great stage of the world, whose smallest corner had sufficed for Egypt and Babylon, was going to be peopled up. It was now no longer with the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, no longer merely with Europe and pieces of Asia that the game of history was to be played. There had arisen another side to the earth and another chapter to the book. Columbus had done for England that which, in the mouth of Canning, had seemed but empty rhetoric; and without, of course, knowing it a bit, had prepared the way for the English supremacy.

For then, and not till then, her unique position, which of course she had always really had, could begin to tell; and her people, left to themselves to develop in their own way under a northern sky, were happily able almost at once to take advantage of it. Slowly but surely, as the outer lands became inhabited, the trade began to run; and with equal sureness the extraordinary centrality of England began to tell. The brains, the energies of all the world began to come in to share the profit at the centre, as they had flocked to Rome, to Egypt, before us: and at this moment what it means we know. If you want to go from Alaska to Peru to-day you come by London. Syria, which sees the tea trade pass her doors, yet gets all her tea from Liverpool. If any business in any part of the globe is to be done with any hope of real success at all, it must have an office in London; and if the effects of permanent centrality be doubted, a visit to the London docks will soon dispel that doubt. And almost every day the effects of her increasing and permanent centrality, as the far off countries

gradually develop and people up, are becoming clearer. For every hotel in London twenty years ago there are now ten. For every omnibus of ten years ago there are now twenty. Already our greater engineers are coming forward with plans for dealing with the extraordinary movement there; and the streets of the City of London are almost impassable during business hours. For all the movements of the world to-day London is the undoubted centre. And the more the outer countries develop and strengthen the greater will the importance of that natural centre become.

Here surely, then, is the difference between England and the paramountcies before her. Civilisations before us have risen high indeed, and fallen very low. Egypt was great and now is a shame; Babylon lived and is dead. But if in what I have thought there is a germ of truth, the causes which wrecked them can never operate to wreck us, and the only possible changes now are changes entirely to our advantage. For the sea-centre of the whole world is now irretrievably fixed.

It will, perhaps, be mainly objected to this conclusion that the doings of men are never strictly logical nor strictly in accordance with any principle which can be stated. That is true; but it seems to be no real objection. For the conclusion merely is that paramountcy is always to be looked for successfully in one particular position of the trading world; the advantage of which position arises not from human action at all, but merely from that perhaps rather disregarded political force, the nature of things. The conclusion, in short, deals not at all with the possessors of paramountcy, but solely with its position.

In spite, therefore, of this knowledge, which I fully grasp, I cannot help believing that the above position is good; that power has always been found eventually to reside at the earth's cross roads, that those roads are always in the sea, and that the continual wars of early history which have seemed to so many historians to mould the destinies of peoples were really but

unknowing attempts to bend or stop by force the operation of a principle which was in every case found eventually to be too strong to be resisted.

And if this is so, then it follows with the utmost certainty that England has been given, perhaps by chance, possibly by something higher, the position which, in the end, was certain to secure for her, if the earth were ever fully opened up, the ultimate predominance; that England is supreme for the same reasons that every other dominant power has been supreme; but that, set as she is, in the midst of all lands—lands which can hardly now in any great proportion go back fundamentally upon their developments—she is destined to stand above them all in durability, and secure in her Rational Horizon, which girdles all the earth, to last in supremacy, if it be so, until the ends of time.

Paramountcy, in fact, rests for good in England. That it shall also rest for good with Englishmen, it is the business of English Statesmen to take care.

G. STEWART BOWLES.

A NOTE ON AN EARLY VENETIAN PICTURE

WHILE the article in the June number of this REVIEW was in the press, a picture was acquired by Messrs. Dowdeswell, which is of great interest as an example of that late Gothic style, the distinct character of which I endeavoured to establish in that essay. It is, moreover, a picture hitherto so little known, of such great intrinsic beauty, and so remarkable as an example of a period of Italian art of which only too few pictures remain, that I gladly avail myself of Messrs. Dowdeswell's courteous permission to make it more widely known to amateurs of Italian painting. The picture has been for some time in private hands in America, and though it has suffered from two rather serious cracks it is for the most part in very perfect condition. The subject is the Annunciation. The Virgin, according to the most usual conception of the scene, is engaged at her devotions by a reading-desk. In this picture the very quaint device is added of employing the base of the desk as a cage for quails, one of which is drinking out of a small earthenware bowl. The Virgin stands in the portico of a house of peculiar structure, with a richly ornamented façade. The elaborate foliated scroll-work of the frieze, the delicately carved finials above, and the pale pink marble incrustations of the wall, are decidedly Venetian in character; and though probably fanciful in design recall the marble-incrusted walls of St. Mark's and the architectural forms of



Photo, Dixon

FIG. 1.—The Annunciation, Jacopo Bellini (?)

the Ducal palace. The archway which leads in to the interior is, however, of a somewhat different style. It is of dark green marble, or perhaps bronze, and decorated by a row of carved swags held by rings in a manner which recalls the usual treatment of the Paduan school. The arch is supported by fluted columns with elaborately carved foliated capitals in the Venetian style. That on the left is raised on an octagonal base. On the capital of this column is rather awkwardly introduced a white marble nude figure holding an oval shield and spear, and reminiscent of the antique.

Through the archway are seen two rooms leading out of one another, and partially screened off by a scarlet curtain. The ceilings are coffered and have dull gold stars on the black ground of the intertrabeations. In the further chamber is a small cupboard with various household utensils on the shelves. Above this two arched windows, with bottle-glass panes, open on to a landscape with vague suggestions of wooded hills and water.

The Virgin is dressed in a robe of stitched gold brocade on a dark green ground, the unicorn, symbolic of chastity, and part of the words of the salutation, are repeated throughout the design. The robe is bordered with a red and gold pattern with imitation Arabic letters. The reverse of the robe is a dark sage green, while the under vest is of brownish crimson. The halo round the head is of gold with the words of the salutation in Gothic letters of gold on a crimson ground. Below to the right one sees the bed, in the first chamber, covered by an oriental carpet. The step on which it is raised has another similar carpet and a small work basket resting on it. On the boards of the floor lies a scarlet footstool.

To the left, on a floor of inlaid marble squares, the angel kneels to announce the divine message; he is clothed in a rich brocade of crimson and gold, over a white under vest. His wings are of dull greens, reds, and pinks, the feathers indicated by gold lines. His halo is similar to the Virgin's; only part of the inscription, the words Gabriel Angele, are decipherable.

The marble floor of the entrance is bounded by a low wall, behind which lies a formal garden divided by diminutive walls into square compartments filled with flowers and cut trees. Among the flowers rabbits and guinea fowls disport themselves.

Beyond the garden stretches a wide hilly landscape, in the midst of which stands the city of Jerusalem encircled by walls. Here and in the surrounding country is enacted the history of Joachim and Anna. (The figures which in the original are quite minute are in the reproduction almost indistinguishable.) In the centre of Jerusalem Joachim makes his offering before an altar under a Gothic canopy. In a second scene in the town, before a precisely similar altar, he is rejected by the high priest and driven away from the temple. To the right he goes out by the city gate and comes in the further distance to the sheep folds in the wilderness where the shepherds greet him. Further to the left and by a hill that borders the sea he makes his sacrifice, and the swooping figure of an angel is just discernible over the hill-top bringing the command to return to Jerusalem; this he does, followed by a servant bearing a bundle. At the golden gate to the left of the town his wife meets and embraces him, and within the city walls the nativity of the Virgin takes place, thus completing the cycle of the story at the point of origin of the circular succession of minute scenes.

Beyond the wilderness spreads an expanse of green sea with faint indications of boats upon it; above this a grey blue sky with a luminous band over the horizon; while yet higher up and marked off by a precise line of demarcation begins the golden sphere of heaven. In this appears the Almighty surrounded by a host of scarlet cherubim, encircled by a border of conventional clouds. Below the dove is seen descending.

This long description, which the small scale of the reproduction renders necessary, already brings out many of the characteristics of a very peculiar phase of Italian art. We see that the author of this work is filled with interest and curiosity about all the details of natural life, that he makes the

subject of the Annunciation the excuse for an extraordinary diversity of incidents, some of which, as for instance the cage of quails beneath the reading-desk, are somewhat violently introduced. We see remarkable fertility of invention, a rich poetical and playful fancy rather than any very serious or sublime imaginative intention. We see, in fact, an artist who is extending the scope of traditional religious art so as to embrace more than heretofore of the varied interests of life, which he envisages with a charming freshness and spontaneity of feeling. The ornate architecture designed from a purely pictorial point of view is curiously wanting in perspective, while the fact that the horizon line of the landscape seen through the windows and that of the open landscape do not by any means agree, shows his indifference to the possibilities of three-dimensional space construction.

The poses of the figures display a much stronger feeling for rhythm of movement than for the possibilities of anatomical structure, the long and sensitive hands are posed with a rare feeling for elegance and not without a feeling for appropriate expression, but they are still quite unstructural; symbols rather than representations of human hands. In the draperies the same strongly marked rhythm of line predominates over all other considerations; in the Virgin's figure in particular this gives to the whole a consistent and harmonious movement, which convinces the imagination in spite of the obvious superficiality of the structural design. We have then just the essential characteristics of the late Gothic style, while the type of the Virgin's head with full almost vacant forehead and arched eyebrows, and the mazy involutions of the soft draperies, all recall the style of Gentile da Fabriano: Fig. 6 of the article in the June number of this REVIEW will show how close the resemblance is. The face of the angel, however, reminds one of another master. The incisive line of the profile, the intent look of the eyes, and the peculiar keenness given to the whole expression by the slight indication of the teeth, all remind one instantly of Pisanello's characteristic type.

I have not hitherto alluded to the colour scheme of the work, which is very remarkable; this is based upon a chord of crimsons, reds, browns, and oranges combined with dark warm greys, and without any use of ultramarine or positive blues, such as one finds almost invariably in Italian painting of the quattrocento. The depth and richness of this tempera picture is, in fact, very universal, and here again we are reminded of such pictures as Pisanello's "St. Hubert," in the National Gallery; but the warmer and more glowing colours suggest at once the dominant characteristics of the Venetian school.

The author of this picture is thus seen to be a Venetian artist of very peculiar temperament, who came under the influence of both Gentile da Fabriano and Pisanello. The influence of these masters, who worked together at the decoration of the Ducal Palace, was felt, no doubt, by most of the artists in Venice at this period (a striking instance of it may be seen in the "Adoration of the Magi" by Antonio da Murano at Berlin); but the artist who, as far as we know, came into the most intimate relations with them was Jacopo Bellini, and it is his name that, I think, we can most closely associate with the picture under discussion, whether it is possible definitely to ascribe it to him or not.

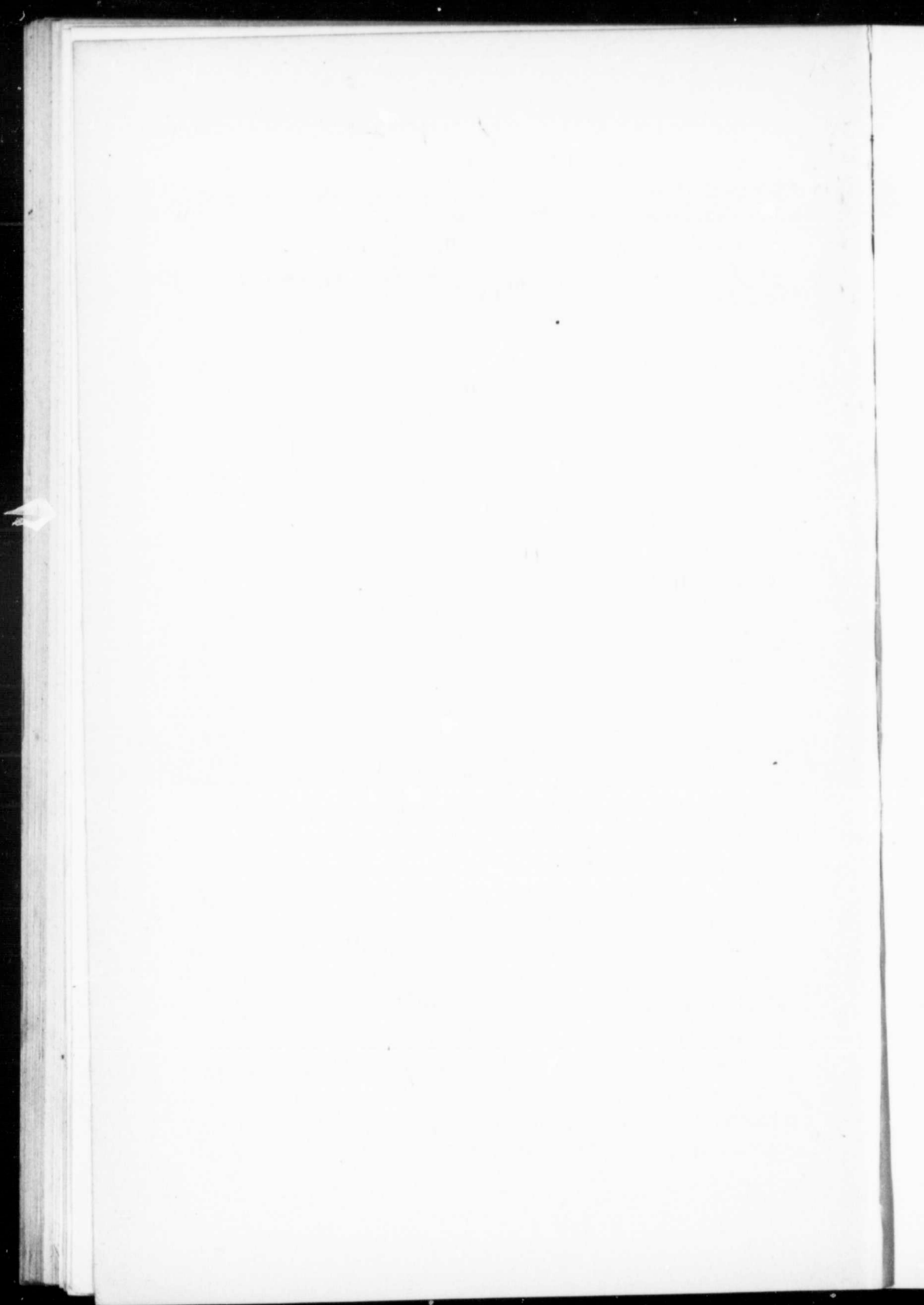
Jacopo Bellini's undoubted paintings are extremely rare, a signed crucifixion at Verona, two signed Madonnas, one at Lovere and the other in the Venice Academy, are our chief sources. To these we may add a few works which have been attributed to him by general consent, but in the main we must rely upon the two sketch-books of the British Museum and the Louvre.

These books, which are perhaps the richest mines of imaginative and fantastic invention that Italian art has left us, bring us into the most intimate contact with Jacopo's temperament, and it is perhaps more on the general resemblance of sentiment shown by the picture and the sketch-books that we may base the ascription to Jacopo. It is, of course, impossible to translate into words the vague general impression which the



Photo, Giraudon

FIG. 2.—From the Louvre Sketch-book. Jacopo Bellini

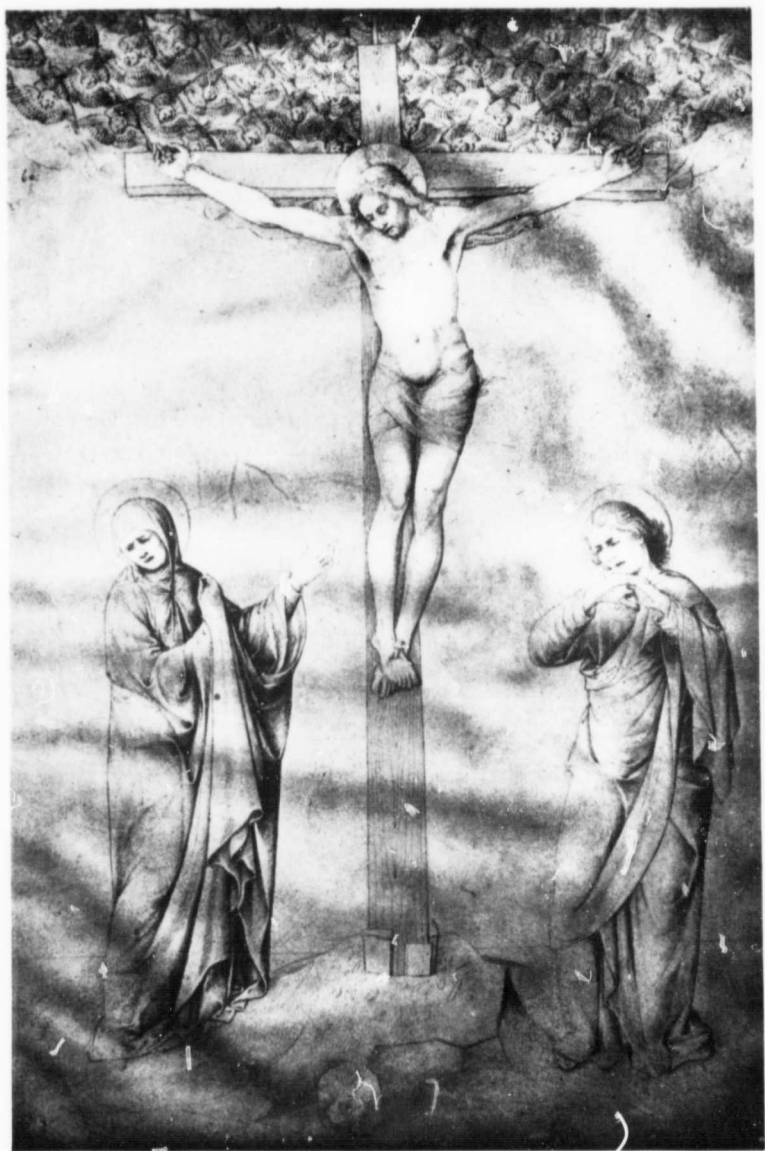


study of these two books leaves on one, and the conviction it brings with it that the picture of the Annunciation is the outcome of the same fertile and poetical mind. In the sketches Jacopo allowed himself, it is true, a greater freedom from the recognised rules of composition than he would have indulged in in set pieces. The ostensible subject, usually a religious one, often occupies but a small part of the composition, while in the rest his exuberant fancy has free play. The Annunciation, for instance, becomes the excuse for an immense piazza closed by a Roman triumphal arch, while in the foreground a railing and some peacocks engage the attention more than the tiny figures of the angel and the Virgin. In one drawing of Christ before Pilate the figures are but minute incidents in a vast architectural design, a classical structure covered with a profusion of Gothic ornament and elaborate bas-reliefs. In one of those reproduced here, the Presentation in the Temple (Fig. 2) this characteristic of Jacopo's manner is clearly seen in the elaborate and fantastic architectural canopy, in the wide landscape with its walled town, the ornate fountain, the adder, and the dog and deer (in the left and right lower corners) which enliven the scene. This, it will be recognised, is precisely the most salient characteristic of the picture under discussion—the evident enjoyment and the surprising freedom, not to say inconsequence, with which Jacopo has followed out all the trains of fanciful imagery which the subject of the Annunciation originated in his mind.

But though I would insist on this similarity of mental attitude as really the most striking proof of the authorship of the work, there are also some more definite points of likeness. Here again nothing but the reproduction of the whole of the two sketch-books would avail to give the full effect of the cumulative evidence. A few points, however, may be taken. The use of decorative swags with pointed leaves, though constant in the works of the next generation of artists who derived from Squarcione, is very unusual in a work of such evidently Gothic style as this, and is to be met with frequently in the sketch-

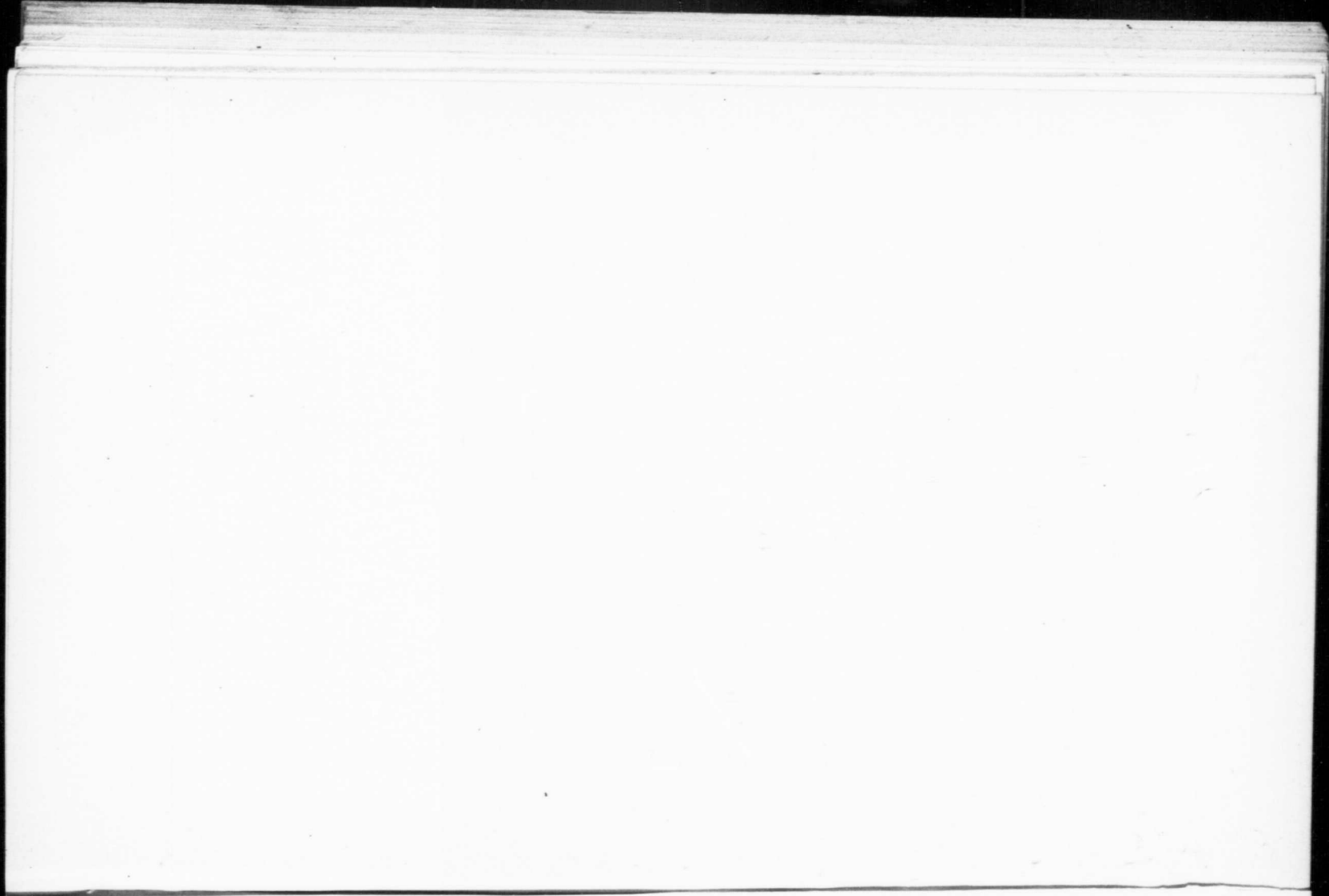
books. An example is given by Fig. 2. The same drawing supplies us with an exact facsimile of the design of the glass of flowers on the base of the Virgin's reading-desk. It may seem a point of almost trivial importance, but it is not without contributory value that the railings of the cage so unexpectedly introduced in the picture form a motive eminently typical of Jacopo's design. In a large number of sketches the foreground is filled either by railings similar to these or in open landscapes by a lattice fence.

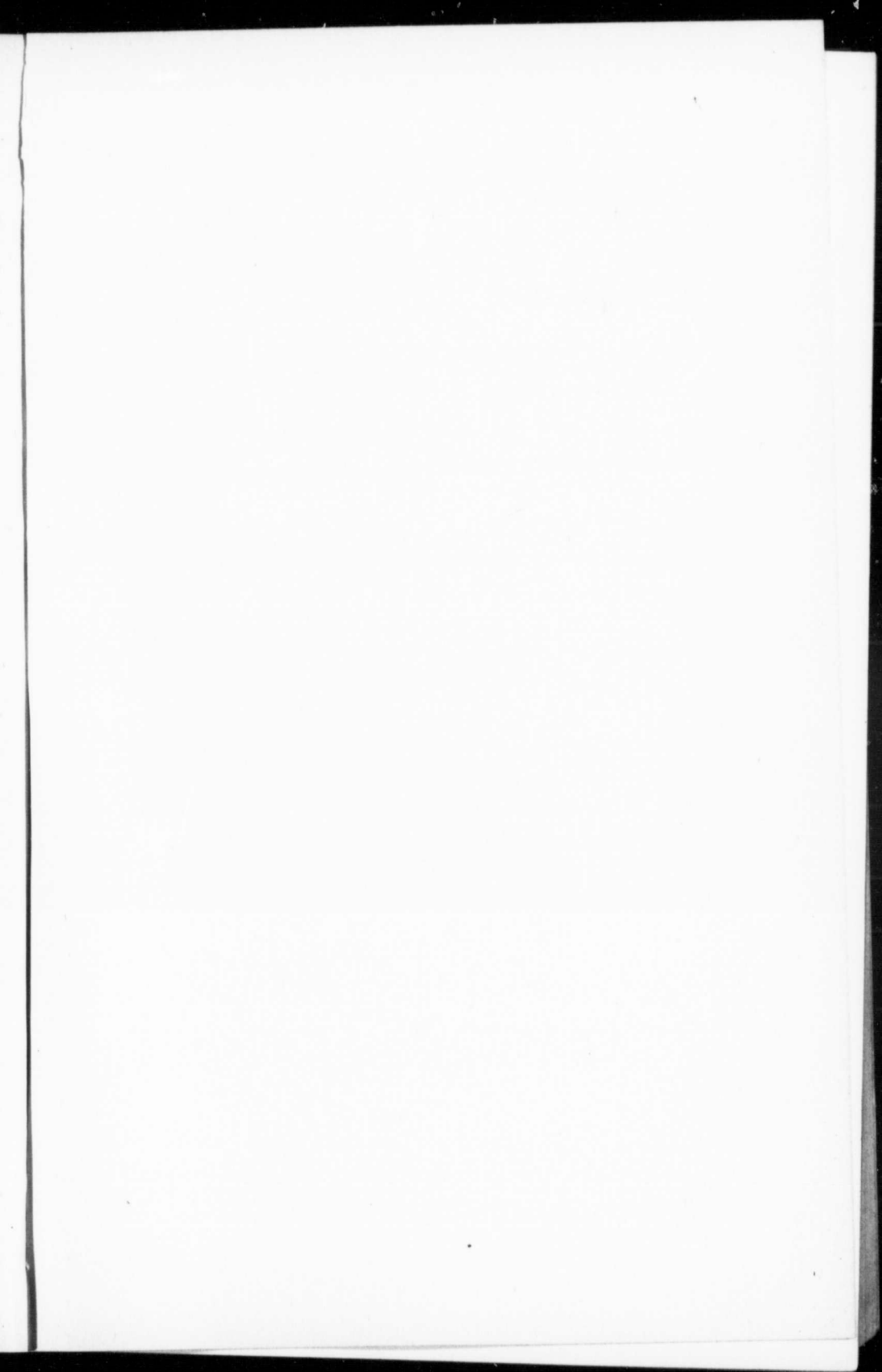
The design of the column to the right of the portico in the picture is peculiar. The projecting flutings stop abruptly a little above the base, which is elongated and of fanciful design with elaborate sculpture. The capital, although the general design is based on classic forms, has the usual Venetian Gothic foliage. In the sketch-books Jacopo evidently tries to approximate more closely to classical models, but the same characteristics constantly recur. As a particular example in which the form is almost identical, I may cite the column lying on the ground in the drawing of the Crucifixion, No. 735 of Giraudon's series. Still more striking in its likeness to Jacopo's style is the gratuitous introduction of the marble figure. In the sketches the façades of his great palatial buildings are frequently ornamented with numbers of such statues introduced sometimes with the same want of verisimilitude. In nearly all these the pose is the same as in the statue in the picture, the weight resting decidedly on one hip and the foot on the other side trailing. In one case, No. 778 of Giraudon's photographs, the identical figure occurs almost line for line, the same as in the picture, with the same shaped shield and the same pose of the spear, the only difference being that in the sketch the figure is clothed in close-fitting Roman armour. In another sketch, No. 785, we get a hint of what may be the origin of this often repeated figure. It represents a fountain, at the angles of which stand four statues, which are but slightly modified versions of the same figure seen from different points of view, and are obviously copies



Photo, Giraudon

FIG. 3.—Drawing from the Louvre Sketch-book. Jacopo Bellini







Photo, Anderson

FIG. 4.—Madonna and Child. *Venice Academy.* Jacopo Bellini

made from some late classical statue, which was very likely in the collection of the Estes, for whom he worked so frequently.

Yet another piece of evidence is supplied by the formation of the angel's wing; the long straight top curved up rather sharply at the end, the general squareness of the arrangement of the feathers, are constant and somewhat unusual characteristics which occur in the sketch-books.¹ Still more decisive is the curious design of the Almighty and His attendant cherubs. The peculiar form of the conventionalised clouds, though very common among northern Gothic designers,² is hardly to be found elsewhere in Italian art, but this and the very unusual filling up of the space with a fluttering mass of cherubim occur repeatedly in the sketch-books. The crucifixion (Fig. 3) will afford an example of many. The type of the Almighty's face with the knotted brow and well-shaped nose also is to be found throughout Jacopo's work.

We will consider next some of the pictures either by Jacopo or attributed to him and see how far they bear out the impression already gained. I have unfortunately no knowledge of the Madonna at Lovere. The Madonna and child in the Venice Academy, which is signed on the back "Opus Jacobi Bellini Veneti" (Fig. 4), shows great similarity in the type of face and in the crowded background of cherubim which, as in the Annunciation, are in one colour. The face of the infant Christ has been modernised, but in the hair we can recognise exactly the same rather full rounded curls ending in a volute, which are so striking a peculiarity of the angel's hair in the Annunciation.³ A small technical peculiarity common to both pictures may be noted, namely, the use of wash gold put on

¹ As an example, both of this and of the style of the Gothic lettering of the halos, one may compare No. 745 of Giraudon's series.

² A very curious repetition of this form, and, indeed, of the whole composition of this picture, is to be found in a bas-relief in Exeter Cathedral, dating from the beginning of the sixteenth century.

³ Also to be found in a profile head of the sketch-book. Reprod. in *Gaz. des Beaux Arts*, 1884.

over the painting. In the Annunciation the heaven is put on in this way in contradistinction to the almost universal Italian practice of using leaf gold for such a purpose, while the feathers of the angel's wings are also drawn in wash gold precisely as are the wings of the cherubim in the Madonna of the Academy.

The picture of St. Giovanni Crisogono on horseback (Fig. 5), in the Church of St. Trovaso at Venice, can only be ascribed to Jacopo on internal evidence; but it bears a close resemblance on the one hand to the drawings of the sketch-books, and on the other to the picture in question. The likeness of the face of the named saint, its keen and set expression, its slightly open mouth with the teeth showing, and still more the peculiar cut of the hair, to the head of the angel in the Annunciation is sufficiently obvious.

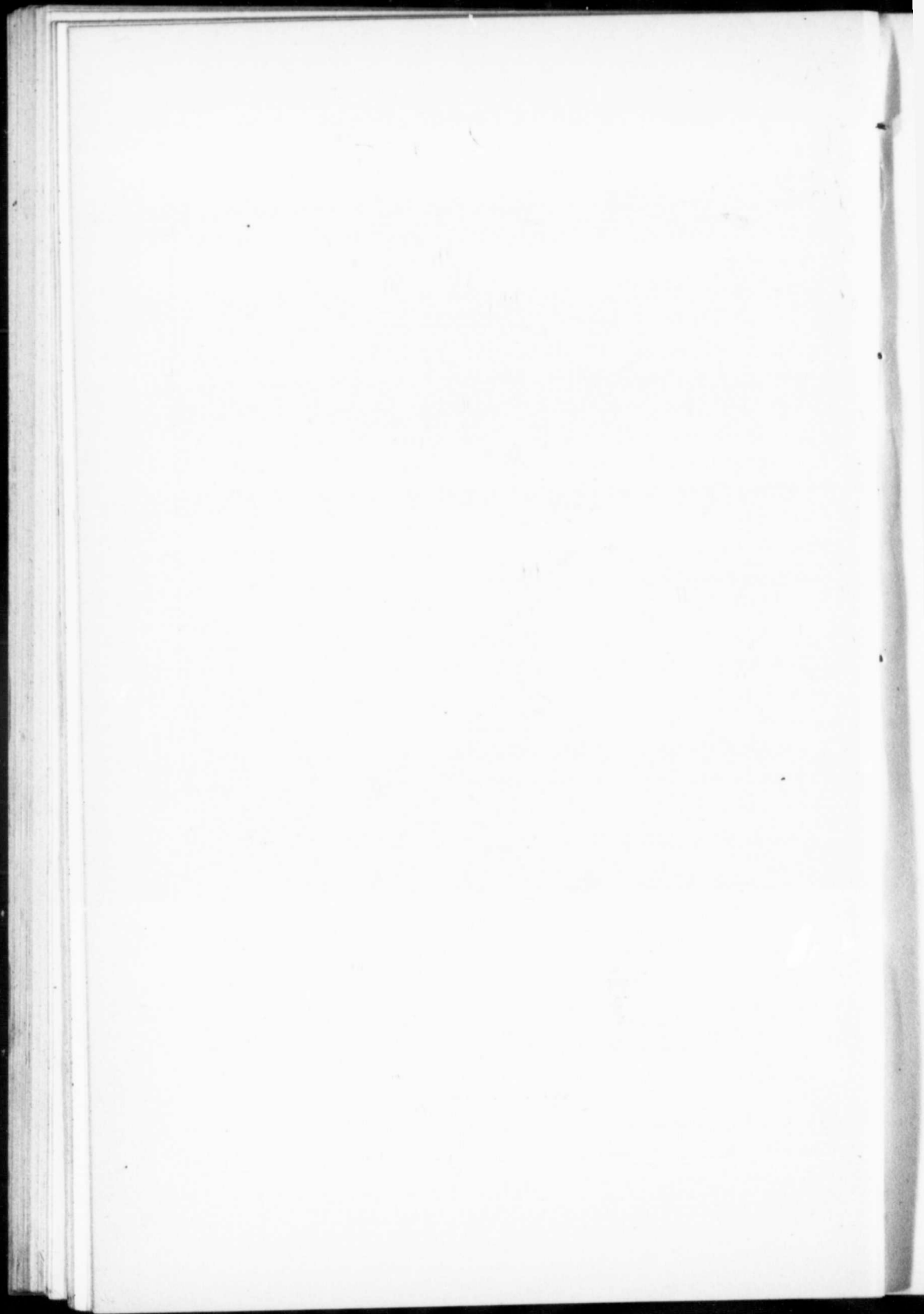
Finally, we will consider the picture of the same subject, the Annunciation, at St. Alessandro in Brescia (Fig. 6), which passes under the name of Fra Angelico, but which critics have long been inclined to give to Jacopo Bellini. The likeness between these two is very striking. The ceiling and the reading-desk have almost identical ornamental details, the drapery of the angel is in certain points almost identical (note especially the rather confused design of the folds of the lower part of the inner vest). The Brescian picture is so much repainted that it is difficult to indicate more than a general similarity of type and movement in the faces and hands.

Thus far then everything points to the view that we are dealing with a picture by Jacopo Bellini, but one serious difficulty has to be met. Jacopo in his sketches shows himself as an enthusiastic student of perspective; the whole composition is frequently suggested by the converging lines which he laid down as a commencement. It is true that his perspective is very elementary, that he has no true idea of the point of distance, and that he fails entirely in all but the simplest problems; but the idea of the horizon line and the vanishing point is present. It is true that the very excess of his naïve enthusiasm for the science suggests that it is a



Photo, Alinari

FIG. 5.—S. Giovanni Crisogono. S. Trovaso, Venice. Jacopo Bellini (?)



novelty, and that the sketches are often experiments in an unfamiliar, but to him delightful, method. In the picture on the other hand the perspective is singularly inaccurate. The walls of the garden actually converge towards the spectator; it is only in the ceilings that an approximation to the true appearance is made. We must thus, if our theory is to hold, explain the contradiction between these two.¹

As I have said, the treatment of perspective in these books suggests what we might have assumed on other grounds, that Jacopo acquired the rudiments of the science after he had originally been trained in the unscientific method of composition of Pisanello and Gentile da Fabriano, and we may, I think, fairly assume that his knowledge of perspective was acquired from Paolo Uccello, who was in Venetia from 1425 to 1432. At any time during that period the two artists may have met, and Jacopo been initiated into a part, only a small part it is true, of Uccello's secret. Unfortunately we do not know the date of Jacopo's birth, and therefore have no means of saying how long a period of his artistic activity lies before the year 1430. Recent researches² tend to place the period of Gentile da Fabriano's and Pisanello's decoration of the Ducal Palace before 1419, when Gentile followed Pope Martin V. to Florence, and in that case we may suppose that Jacopo acquired his artistic training about that time, following Gentile later on to Florence, where he was in 1423.³

¹ Much would be simplified did we know for certain the dates of the sketch-books. The evidences of Donatello's influence in the Paris book would indicate that it belongs to the forties. The English book bears an inscription in a fifteenth-century hand, "Di mano di me (or messer), Jachobo Bellino Veneto, 1430, in Venetia." This date is supported by the fact that two drawings occur of St. Bernardino preaching, and that the saint was in Venetia about 1427. But he was also at Ferrara, where Jacopo undoubtedly worked in 1444, and the drawings may belong to that period, and the inscription be explained as being an incorrect entry made later.

² Venturi. *Gentile da Fabriano and Pisanello*.

³ As we know from the processes which resulted from the street fight between him and the son of a Florentine notary.

If then we are to maintain the view that this picture is by Jacopo Bellini we must assume that it was executed either just before or just after his stay in Florence. On the whole we should be inclined to give it as late a date as possible owing to the masterly quality of the painting and the evidence of a study of the antique. We may, therefore, place it about the year 1426, but previously to his meeting with Paolo Uccello, at whatever period between 1425 and 1432 that occurred.

It is as well, also, to consider what other possibilities are open to us if we reject this hypothesis. Antonio da Murano and his school can scarcely be considered as possible claimants for this work, and we have left two other early Venetian painters to whom the work might conceivably be due. One is Michele di Giambono. The most important clue to this master is to be found in Miss Hertz's *Madonna and Child*, signed in Latin letters "Michele di Johannis Bono Venetus me Pinxit." This work though similar to the *Annunciation* in its rich, warm, and deep colour-scheme gives us several points of differentiation which are, I think, conclusive. Though the general type of the face is similar, the forms are less clearly marked and less firmly articulated. In particular the nose is neither so well shaped nor so aquiline as in Jacopo's works. The hair is rendered by separate lines of light paint on a dark ground and is not clustered into well-marked curls as in the picture and in Jacopo's work. The technique is throughout less delicate and less accomplished.

The other painter whose name might be proposed is Donato di Giovanni Bragadin, who, in 1440, entered into a profit-sharing contract with Jacopo Bellini.¹ As we only possess one very much repainted heraldic device by this master² it is almost impossible to determine his claims on the work. It is, however, well to recall the existence of this master, who was in close contact with Jacopo, as a possible alternative. Nevertheless, in spite of the serious difficulty which the want of perspective in

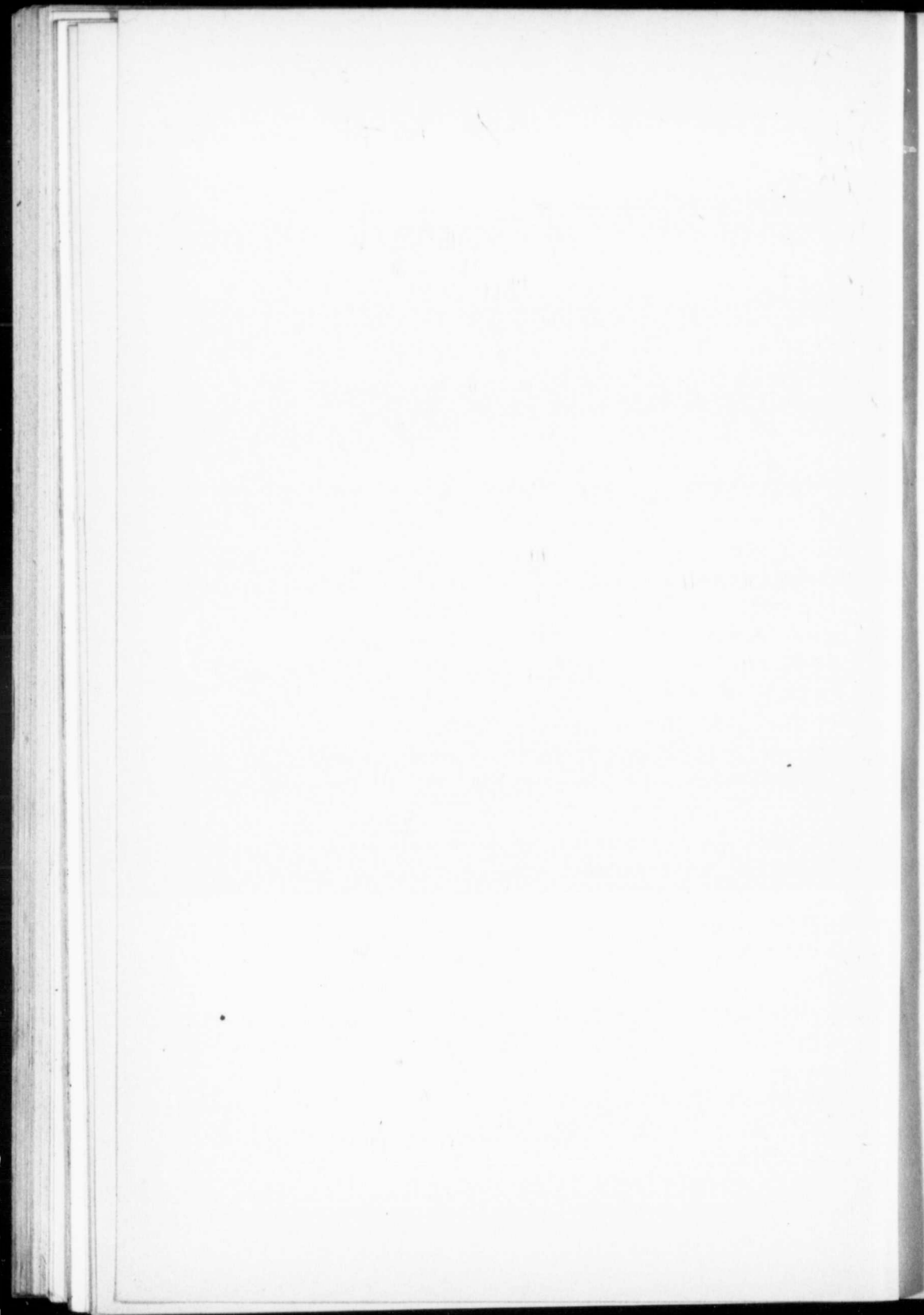
¹ v. Paoletti. *Raccolta di Documenti inediti*. Padova. 1894.

² In the Ducal Palace.



Photo, Alinari

FIG. 6.—Annunciation. S. Alessandro, Brescia. Jacopo Bellini (?)



this beautiful picture gives rise to, I feel that the evidence in favour of its being a work by that rarest and most fascinating of Venetian masters, Jacopo Bellini, is sufficient to allow it to bear provisionally at all events that ascription.

ROGER E. FRY.

A note upon the technique may be of interest to some students. It is a very low-toned and rich tempera, the deep transparent colour being produced by repeated glazings. The tones of the flesh are perfectly fused, and without the use of any hatching. The high lights have a peculiar crackle, which I can recall on only one other Italian picture, the *Madonna and Child*, ascribed to Masolino da Panicale at Dresden, a work of almost exactly the same period, and showing traces of a similar influence. How such an unhatched tempera was executed is still something of a mystery, and what is more extraordinary, the secret was lost or wilfully given up by the succeeding generation. The artists who learnt from Squarcione at Padua, even Jacopo's sons and sons-in-law, had recourse to the cruder methods of modelling by hatched strokes, and had to wait till the close of the century before they could again produce so fused an effect as this picture displays. The painting of the interior is extraordinary in its feeling for atmosphere and chiaroscuro; it is almost comparable in this respect to the works of Dutch artists of the seventeenth century, and is moreover a curious anticipation of Antonello da Messina's manner. The landscape is also far more advanced in the feeling for atmospheric quality it evinces than any contemporary work: here, in the luminous horizon seen across a vast space of sea, one is irresistibly reminded of Giovanni Bellini's "*Blood of the Redeemer*" in the National Gallery. As an example of subtle observation and masterly command of effects hitherto unknown in Italian painting, we may notice the way in which the landscape to the right is seen partly unobstructed and partly with the faint distortion and vagueness produced by the glass windows.

CONCERNING THE RELATION BETWEEN MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

THE mothers who are to-day in the position of having grown-up daughters, say "things were very different when we were girls"; they agree that there never has been a time in which the difference of "things"—presumably social ordinances, points of view, possibilities of independence, manners and customs, and the like—between one generation and another was so great. This may be so. At the same time the mothers have not had much opportunity of judging, for this is their only experience of seeing the change from one generation to another, since this is the only time in which they themselves have moved on from youth to middle age.

"Why, look you!" cries the amazed and bewildered mother who, having turned a corner, sees stretching before her an entirely unknown and not very pleasant aspect of the road along which she is travelling. "Here is a point of view that no one else has ever beheld before!" But the truth is that every mother in each succeeding generation, arrived at that same stage, has always beheld it. But it is of no good her trying to make those who follow her see it too: it is ordained that to them it must remain invisible until, at the appointed time, they turn that same corner themselves.

The words which head this article embody one of the most

arduous problems we are called upon to face. Some of us face it consciously, others unconsciously: some from luck, and others by good intention, succeed in solving it. Of these we need not speak, of those happy mothers and daughters whose intercourse has no history, to whom it has been given to understand all that that most blessed relation may mean of joy, of sympathy, of companionship. We are now considering those to whom that knowledge has not been vouchsafed, those who fail lamentably in solving the problem.

The onus of this failure, however, does not, I believe, lie upon the younger generation. When the problem is not satisfactorily dealt with, when the deposit of innumerable small mistakes on both sides has piled itself up until it has become consolidated into an almost insuperable barrier, I believe that the greater part of that deplorable result may be laid at the door of the parents, simply because they have generally been twice as long in the world as their children, and that they are therefore in full possession of a ripened judgment and experience at a time when those who follow them have not yet acquired much of either. The difficulty is generally recognised to be greater between parents and children of the same sex, from the obvious reason that people bound to go along the same path must get more or less in each other's way. And this is much more likely to happen with mothers and daughters than with fathers and sons, from the fact that men go out into the world to make their livelihood and are therefore not doomed to the friction of constant companionship. On the whole the mother has less opportunity of friction, in England at any rate, with a son than with a daughter. The son is a great deal more away from home than his sisters, thanks to our plan of sending him from our surveillance during the most impressionable and plastic years of his life. He is treated, when at home for the holidays, as though he were a privileged being, to whom the ordinary rules of behaviour do not apply. His peccadilloes are of a different kind from those of his sisters; he is judged by a different standard; the burthen of

his mother's exasperation is carried by her on another shoulder, which relieves the strain. When her daughter does something which departs from the mother's habitual standard, that departure cannot be justified by the fact that she is of a different, mysteriously interesting sex. It is often on quite minor points of difference from what the mother has become accustomed to take for granted, that the foundation of the permanent divergence, the permanent ill-feeling, may be laid, which casts a secret shadow over so many homes—how many, is, unfortunately, not a subject that can be ascertained by statistics. The result, however, of observation is generally to make us feel that the instances are rare in which there is not a certain amount of what may be called affectionate friction. I am speaking now of those mothers and daughters who have not to share with one another the pressure of want, whose possible privations may be of luxuries only—almost as souring, perhaps, to certain natures not nobly schooled. I am speaking of homes in which the women of the family have not each a separate compulsory bread-winning occupation, but have instead an equally compulsory portion of inadequately filled leisure; homes of which the inmates have means to pursue any branch of frivolity or study that may appeal to them, and whose choice of occupation, therefore, determined not by necessity but by inclination, is at the mercy of caprice or of mistaken aptitudes. What are the chances that the family intercourse under these conditions will be entirely satisfactory? Let us assume for the purpose of argument that one out of every two homes makes a success of the situation, and then let us leave, as we have said before, these happy homes out of the question. Let us see whether any reason and any remedy can be found for the unsatisfactory relations between mothers and daughters which meet us at every turn. One of the great difficulties is that the sufferers are at first not conscious that they are facing any difficulty at all. They go on the principle "take care of the friends and the relations will take care of themselves," not realising that perfect smoothness of family intercourse can be attained only

by incessant watchfulness, by deliberate and sustained effort. Most people who do not "get on," according to the phrase, with members of their family, seek the remedy—if they do seek one at all and do not confine themselves to complaint—in an absolutely wrong direction, and are about as likely to cure the evil as if they tried to heal a broken leg with the remedies suitable for scarlet fever.

The way to deal sanely with this question is to look at it not solely and sentimentally in the aspect of mother and child, but of two human beings, each looking at life exclusively from her own point of view and feeling an unconscious resentment against the other for not seeing it in the same light. The daughter cannot reasonably be expected to guess at the mother's point of view: the mother ought to be more able to recognise the daughter's, but she is commonly too busy looking at her own. It is not at all a foregone conclusion that two average grown-up persons of the same sex will be able to live happily under the same roof, arrived at the time when their lives, respectively widening, have different and specific necessities. When between two such people the grown-up and final developments of aptitude and occupation have been in the same direction, when they have sympathy of tastes added to the daily community of interest, unimpaired by unfavourable manifestations on one side or the other, then, and not otherwise, it may be possible for two members of the same family and the same sex to live together as the years go on, and derive from that prolonged companionship an ever-increasing, solidly founded happiness. But saying this, I postulate a great deal. For two average women, equipped with an average share, and no more, of abnegation, of self-control, of tact, of kindness, of sympathy, are bound, if thrown together, constantly to find difficulties in the path. This is probably why the stepmother of fiction is always presented in a lurid light. It is taken for granted by the experience of ages that it is impossible for an older and a younger woman to live together in harmony unless helped by having the tie of so-called

“natural” affection between them, that is, the tie of instinctive and unreasoning sympathy that often, although not invariably, exists between blood relations. But that link is not nearly so strong as it is conventionally supposed to be, and the real mother, too blindly depending upon it, may find that it gives way suddenly at the critical moment.

It is a somewhat complicated question of ethics how long the daughter who does not marry must perforce continue to live at home. If she had gone away to be married, it would have been assumed that the mother could perfectly well have been left, that it would not have been essential to her needs or to her welfare that her daughter should be at her beck and call. Or, again, if it had been necessary for pecuniary reasons, the daughter might have gone away and have had her own career and occupation, and made her own livelihood; and yet for some mysterious reason an instinctive feeling is found in nearly all of us that it would be downright wicked of the daughter, even if she is able to afford it, to go away and live under a separate roof somewhere else simply because she has a natural desire to live her own life in independence and out of tutelage; or, if it is not wicked, it is considered “odd” and a thing that would be talked about. But the misery of being talked about exists mainly in our imagination. It is not often, if ever, that we actually hear the things that are said of us: we only imagine them. Our imagination figures with great definiteness what would be said in the contingency of a daughter leaving her parents’ roof to go away and live by herself. But we do not probably in our daily life vex our souls by considering—and it is just as well we do not—whether people ever make comments upon the fact that the relations between that mother and daughter who have so unimpeachably remained together, are commented on by the people who have an opportunity of observing it, in terms of criticism that, extending over many years, swell to a more formidable bulk, probably, than the nine-days wonder that might be caused by the daughter going away. And yet, assuming that the daughter were of indepen-

dent means, it would, it seems to me, be incalculably better that she should, if she wishes it, lead an independent life. If everything is in the mother's hands, supposing her to be a widow so left that the daughter is dependent on her for an allowance, and, therefore, obliged to ask her assent to every step she wishes to take in life, the difficulties of the situation may be inconceivably multiplied. It is a situation deplorable for both; it brings out unsuspected meannesses and opportunities of exasperation. But even in cases where this difficulty has not arisen, where the mother and daughter are simply living at home together in the family circle, it is incredible in how many small ways, under unfavourable conditions, life can be embittered by those two for one another and for themselves.

The parent starts with a large fund of affection to draw upon, for the tendency of the child is instinctively and unreasoningly to love and depend upon the person who brings it up. It may be said that from two years old onwards, every year lessens, by a very little it may be, but still lessens, the child's absolute and unquestioning confidence in what is told him by his elders. The imprint, I verily believe, can be indelibly made during that time only. But this is the moment when the average mother, however well meaning, loving, and anxious she may be, however careful about the wholesomeness of her child's food, the width of its boots, and the becomingness of its hats, leaves it, as to its moral equipment, to receive in the nursery from untrained teachers a great number of rough and ready inadequate maxims of conduct, enforced by empirical methods varying in stringency according to the nervous condition or temperament of the enforcer. The very best servants, although they may have the crude and clearly defined virtues of their class even to excess, such as honesty, cleanliness, faithfulness, and sobriety, are not necessarily the best educators; they may still be deficient in susceptibility to the finer shades of conduct, respecting which the standards of those of gentle birth and training are as different from those of a different origin as are their standards of enjoyment.

Then follows the schoolroom phase. The mother, by her preoccupation with her younger children, if for no other reason, is frequently incapacitated at this stage from keeping in touch with the studies of the older ones. It is now with the governess, not with the mother, that the most frequent opportunities of collision must obviously arise, and it is, therefore, with the former that the discipline, the moulding of character, must chiefly lie. Then comes the crucial moment of all, when the girl emerging from the schoolroom is projected into the existence of her mother, who suddenly finds the care and responsibility of this full-fledged human being thrown entirely on herself, her own habits interfered with, her daily life complicated. The mother then takes counsel of her friends, and there are very few friends who have not another intimate friend who keeps a school to which they have heard of somebody's daughter going. This obviously settles the question. More than once has a mother said to me, "It was such a great difficulty to know what to do with Barbara for this next year, so I have sent her to school. I am told that Miss So-and-So has the most extraordinary knack of getting hold of girls." So the girl goes to school, and Miss So-and-So does get hold of her, probably greatly to the advantage both of her character and of her intelligence; but the fact remains that during the process it is not the girl's relations with her home, with her mother, that have been consolidated, but her relations with some one else's home. I am not assuming that for a child to be with its mother is necessarily a liberal education; but since, on the whole, those of the same family are thrown more in each other's society than in that of other people, it is more convenient, more expedient, more seemly, that the strong hold of affection and sympathy thus almost artificially induced, should be between those who have the tie of nature and association, whose interests are in common.

But we will assume that the girl has remained at home, that no outward influences have, deliberately at any rate, been brought to bear upon her, and that the mother, although but

dimly apprehending the immeasurable importance of the situation she is called upon to face, is now in sole charge of her child's mind and character. One initial unconscious difficulty is that the mother starts with the secret hope, not to say expectation, that her children will somehow be better equipped than most—better looking, better mannered, better natured, better witted. On this assumption she anxiously, nervously, deals with the situation all day long, incessantly pointing out what she considers her daughters' lapses from the right path. But misled by the lofty expectations we have described, ordinary human lapses appear to her terrific. In her efforts to direct aright the flood of information suddenly demanded from her, she is led to impart more than is absolutely prescribed by duty. She feels at every moment the obligation to "improve" the occasion, as it is called, an entirely misleading expression, for it very often spoils the occasion altogether, especially as her criticisms are apt to be based not only on the Just Man's eternal principles of conduct, but on her own personal prejudices and idiosyncrasies. She rebukes with as much irritation and severity the fact that her daughters pronounce a word differently from herself, or wear a different kind of under-clothing, or do their hair in a way she considers unbecoming, as she would if they infringed one of the ordinances of the moral code. And it is not, generally speaking, heroic misdeeds on the part of the daughter that call for admonition; it is not always that she wishes to become a missionary, or to go on the stage, or to marry an adventurer. It is mostly by a thousand minor departures from the demeanour, opinions, and conduct which the people she lives with would consider desirable that she offends; and it is, unhappily, her mother who is *ex-officio* the daily and hourly critic of such offences. There is nothing unpleasant in the mere juxtaposition of youth and middle age. It is not at all an uncommon thing for a girl at the impressionable, enthusiastic, absurd stage of her entrance into grown-up life to take a violent admiration for some woman older than herself, in whom she is ready to confide, to whom she turns for

guidance, from whom she will accept suggestions that would make no impression if they were part of what she considers the inevitable home criticism. And it is natural that it should be so. What the girl objects to is not the contact with a wider experience, with another phase of life. On the contrary, these are essentially interesting to her; but from her mother she apparently cannot get them without an admixture of reproof and correction added to the communication of experience. We all know that it is easier on occasion to pour out our souls, to make some special confidence, to one who will then pass out of our ken and will not from circumstances have incessant opportunities of interpreting the daily round of our actions by that moment of self-revelation. "In the breast of all of us," says Stevenson, "a poet has died young." Sometimes he dies hard, killed by others. The seething inward ferment of the girl at the moment when she finds herself on a level, as she conceives it, of standing, outlook, comprehension, with those who have achieved what she, of course, means to achieve, is a phase that should be tenderly, wisely, sympathetically, dealt with by those who can influence her. It is at this period that many mothers, if they overhear fragments of their daughters' conversation with a companion of her own standing of either sex will probably become aware that, although in daily life she appears a hearty young person enough, her soul is in reality oppressed by the gloomiest doubts as to whether life is worth living; she is representing herself as morbid, lurid, her life is clouded, her heart is barren. But the way to correct these distressing manifestations is not to say "Jane, how absurd!" nor need they make the parent anxious. It is astonishing how compatible they are with a keen, healthy enjoyment of life and pleasure.

It requires a great deal of deliberate thought and sense on the part of the mother to play the confidant adequately; in fact, I believe that the best way is to remain the onlooker, and learn enough by the intuition of close and daily companionship not to need any more explicit information about ephemeral contingencies. Let one girl tell another the enthralling news

of words and looks: it is not dignified that the mother should sanction it, it is not always necessary that she should disapprove of it. Confidences of another kind, respecting aspirations, points of view, ambitions, self-appreciation, self-consciousness, are more difficult, generally speaking, for the reasons given earlier, for the girl to make to one by the side of whom she lives; but happy is the mother to whom they are freely given, happier still the one who is wise enough to deal with them in the right way.

It is an open question, and one of the most interesting, how far it is advantageous to put the point of view of a more advanced time of life before those who are younger. I am not now speaking of the intimate underlying personal view of the flight of time, whether it be resentment or resignation. That is a grievance which the most sympathetic and understanding of young creatures cannot appreciate, cannot receive in any other way but with impatient inward criticism. I am speaking of the general change of focus, the re-adjustment of expectation that must inevitably accompany the passage of the years. Is it not better to leave each one to find that out for herself?

There are many axioms, as a great French writer has said, which we go on hearing half our lives without understanding them, until one day we suddenly realise what they mean. Is it good for the young to have their minds filled with such axioms, with undigested philosophy of existence prematurely imparted? One is apt to crystallise one's opinion of an idea, of a principle, as of a person or a place, by one's impression on first coming into contact with it; and the question is whether the idea, clear in later life and better assimilated, does not forego some of its possible advantages by presenting itself to the younger mind when it cannot appear in the right focus. This, it seems to me, also bears cogently upon the question of the selection of reading for younger people. I am not—I speak as one behind the age—an advocate for indiscriminate reading. We are no longer in the days when Elia's Bridget was early "tumbled into a spacious closet of good old English

reading, and browsed at will on that fair and wholesome pasturage": these words were written when the novel of daily life was only just beginning to make its way. The mass of second-rate literature that overflows from the closets of to-day is far from being a fair and wholesome pasturage. And even were it less noxious than it is, I cannot, as I have said, think it an advantage for the child or the young girl to anticipate experience by reading and pondering over accounts of a phase of life she has not yet reached, of which the descriptions, readjusted by nothing in her own experience, must necessarily come to her in some inflated and unnatural proportion. Let this point of view be explained to her instead of angrily forbidding the undesirable book, and she will probably accept it. There are young people of precociously developed mind and temperament from whom it is difficult to keep the problems that should come later, and that, coming at their own time, are unobjectionable. We ought to distinguish between that which is simply a somewhat undesirable anticipation of experience and that which is essentially undesirable at any time, and the former should not be treated as a crime.

We may come, I think, to the conclusion, on the whole, that in most cases the relations between an average and well-intentioned mother with a normal daughter, both brought daily face to face with commonplace difficulties which they try, in a haphazard way, to overcome, are neither all they should be nor all they should not be; life is quite possible, although not always agreeable, and if, as time goes on, the daughter marries and goes away before the antagonism latent in the situation has had time to reach an acute stage, all may still be well. They then no longer feel the discomfort of trying to keep in step, since they are no longer linked together. But if the girl does not marry? Then we have to consider a graver aspect of the question. The antagonism between the two natures, who would have done excellently apart under conditions in which certain evil possibilities would have remained for ever dormant,

arrives now at a point at which it poisons the whole of existence. On which side does the fault lie? I am inclined to think that—not as to the initial antagonism, but as to the way of dealing with it—it lies with the mother.

As to the original differences of nature which prevent a harmonious understanding, it is no more possible to say which of the two people concerned is in fault than it was possible in our childhood to say which of two pieces that would not fit in a puzzle map was at fault. In some cases (I have known in my own experience of three and have been told of others) this growing antagonism finally reaches the proportions of an absolute furious enmity on the part of the mother. I have heard stories of such cases which would be quite incredible if they were not based on incontrovertible evidence. I know of a mother—a woman of position and means—who, after banishing her daughter to the back regions of the house, inflicting all kinds of menial work upon her, refusing to give her any of the opportunities of her age, any means or any diversion, afterwards relapsed into exactly the same attitude towards a younger girl who, when a child, had been indulged and petted. The situation happily does not often become as bad as this, but the cases are many where these possibilities exist in embryo, and in which the eldest daughter especially has her whole life darkened by the shadow of her relations with her mother, a shadow which seems darker when she sees the light and warmth shed on the path of her younger sisters. If we try to get to the bottom of this question, we shall probably come reluctantly to the conclusion that if the actors in the drama are devoid of the finer, nobler instincts, these results, more or less marked, are the inevitable outcome of the conditions. There is more than one reason why the brunt of the difficulty should fall upon the eldest daughter rather than upon the younger ones. The average mother, who has married, say, in her early twenties, is, when her first children grow up and are at what is called the "difficult age," at a still more difficult moment in her own life. It has dawned on her that she has

left her youth behind her, although, until her children grew up, she thought she was still young; she is entering upon that phase which is aptly called the youth of old age; she has embarked upon that time of transition through middle age, which is to some women fraught with bitterness and resentment. These are very crude expressions, but it is well perhaps when we are safeguarded by the fact that we are considering a problem in the general and not in the personal, to try to look it absolutely in the face, to speak the truth about it, and to use the words which really describe it. The woman of the nature I am contemplating, realising that her youth is behind her, looks round her with a despairing glance, and vents that despair upon the person in the foreground of her life who is her constant and subordinate companion, and who, worse than all, is daily giving unconscious testimony that she is just entering into possession of all that the other has left behind. She is unhappily the person directed by destiny to make that truth clear. In the merest details of daily life she may constantly be an obstacle in the mother's path. The mother, perhaps, still feels that her own clothes are important, she still looks in the glass, people still call upon her whom she wishes to please. If she has any mild hobby, any favourite occupation (I am leaving out of the question those who have the saving grace, the absorbing interest, of an occupation, above all an art, pursued with success), she endeavours to go on with them. She reads, she learns languages, she plays the piano, she goes to a studio. She knows pretty well by this time what she is going to make of any of these things, although she may not have cared to define it clearly to herself, but they serve to fill up time. Then comes the young and eager creature ready to embark upon any or all of these occupations, full of excitement, of enthusiasm, of ambition, of hope. She accepts as a matter of course that her mother is still cultivating them mildly, after the fashion, she possibly thinks, of parents, whose attainments, learning, and achievements, compared to those of a later day, must naturally be inadequate; she herself is the person for

whom it matters. Her occupations are much more important than anything that her mother wants her to do ; her clothes, her appearance, her pleasures must come first. The mother had been walking along a smooth and even path ; but now she is constantly confronted by small obstacles. The spectator looking on at an unfortunate relation of this sort between a mother and daughter is apt to formulate it very crudely, and to say the mother is jealous of the daughter. Perhaps that is the real name of it, and yet it suggests something to which too definite and special a meaning has been given. What is to be done, then, to remedy this miserable state of things ? The misfortune is that the terms of the contract drawn up by nature are so terribly vague. The mother interprets them to mean that the daughter's existence is to be absolutely subordinate to her own, that the daughter must be always available for her mother's service. The daughter when she resents that interpretation is told by the mother that she is selfish. Unselfishness, however, is a difficult quality to teach. It is extremely difficult for the mentor not unconsciously to slide into the position from which she is endeavouring to move the other person, thus becoming selfish herself. This is one of the hardest problems the bringer-up has to face, and it is probably best solved not by evading it but by facing it completely, by boldly taking up the position of having the prior claim for consideration and indulgence of proclivities, and assuming that on occasions when that claim is insisted on younger people should at once admit it. On the grounds of practical expediency this is probably a tolerably good working basis. "An two men ride a horse, one must ride behind," says the proverb, and it is less misleading than such analogies generally are. But the person who rides in front should be wise and careful, and, above all, should know what are the stumbling-blocks to be avoided, should exercise unceasing watchfulness, unceasing self-control, should have wisdom in foreseeing difficulties, tact in dealing with them when they arise.

In this way the mother—and it is her best hope—may lay

a foundation of affection, trust, and confidence so strong that it can withstand the successive strain of the years. No temporary remedies, no dealing rightly with isolated difficulties, are of much good. The essential thing is to make the link between the mother and her children so solid that when the moment of tension comes it will not break.

Young people go through life by the side of an older one like a young dog taken out for a walk ; they are always running across the path sideways, darting into a hedge and into a ditch, stopping to wonder, rushing along the road, rushing back again. It would be as useless, indeed as ineffective, to insist upon accompanying them into every detail of companionship as it would be to dart in and out of the hedges with one's terrier. The important thing is that one should be walking along the middle of the road all the way, ready whenever one's young companion comes back again. The sense of permanent and enduring companionship is not given necessarily by sharing the identical pursuit, by reading the very letter written or received from the friend ; but it is given by sympathising with the pleasure gained from the pursuit, by tolerating the mention and the frequentation of the friend, by abstaining from criticism, and above all from derision of the pursuit, the friend, the occupation that does not appeal to oneself, if that be the only ground on which it is objectionable. It is useless for us, the mothers of to-day, to take as a standard for the conduct of our daughters that which we in a past generation were called upon to do by our mothers. The daughters of that time did not go alone in hansoms, the well-to-do never travelled in third-class carriages or in omnibuses, there were no bicycles, there were petticoats, there were chaperons. We must not object to our daughters going out in the street alone because we used not to do so, nor hope that they will return to us between each dance at a ball as we returned to our mothers when we were young. But let us remember that with those mothers of ours, the grandmothers of to-day, the crucial question had been as to whether they should be allowed

to waltz at all, or, still worse, dance the polka. But the grandmother ended by dancing the waltz, and the mother the polka, and the daughter the kitchen- (not to say the scullery-) lancers, and everything else she can find, and she will continue to dance gaily along the road until she finds her own daughter catching her up with some new mode of locomotion she has never dreamed of before. And so the world goes round. We think we know that it is moving: but we act as though we knew it stood still, and are secretly, some of us, as firmly of that opinion as were any of the persecutors of Galileo.

We are much concerned in these days about the condition of society, in its widest sense: we discuss the national life, the social fabric, its deficiencies, the way to remedy them. We discuss what we shall do with our girls and boys, what the condition of women is, what they can do to make the world better. There is one thing, at any rate, that women could bring about: it is that the generation which is growing up should be wisely and carefully steered, that it should be sent out into the cold world happy and warm, with a glowing belief in joy, in love, in gaiety, as well as in the nobler possibilities of the years to come: taking for granted a daily and understanding sympathy in the home, a constant grace of intercourse, a wise and courteous forbearance displayed by timely silence and kindly speech, an affection that gives a constant daily reassurance in the smaller as well as in the larger crises of life.

The family is an epitome of the community; and the influence of its wise governance and harmonious relations is bound to extend beyond the four walls of the home.

FLORENCE BELL.

ROBERT BRIDGES

MR. BRIDGES appears to me, in his "Shorter Poems," to be alone in our time as a writer of purely lyric poetry, poetry which aims at being an "embodied joy," a calm rapture. Others have concerned themselves with passions more vehement, with thoughts more profound, with a wilder music, a more variable colour; others have been romantic, realistic, classical, and tumultuous; have brought a remote magic into verse, and have made verse out of sorrowful things close at hand. But while all these men have been singing themselves, and what they have counted most individual in themselves, this man has put into his verse only what remains over when all the others have finished. It is a kind of essence; it is what is imperishable in perfume; it is what is nearest in words to silence. Of the writer of "Will love again awake," or "I love all beauteous things," you know no more than you know of the writer of "Kind are her answers," or of "O Love, they wrong thee much," in the Elizabethan song-books. You know only that joy has come harmoniously into a soul, which, for the moment at least, has been purged of everything less absolute than the sheer responsiveness of song. And so, better than the subtlest dramatist, the lyric poet, in his fine, self-sacrificing simplicity, can speak for all the world, scarcely even knowing that he is speaking for himself at all. And in this poetry, it should be noted, nothing is allowed for its own sake, not even the most seductive virtue, as pathos, the ecstasy of

love or of religion; but everything for the sake of poetry. Here is an artist so scrupulous that beauty itself must come only in sober apparel, joy only walking temperately, sorrow without the private disfiguring of tears. Made, as it is, out of what might be the commonplace, if it were not the most select thing in the world; written, as it is, with a deliberateness which might be cold, if it were not at that quiet heat in which rapture is no longer astonished at itself; realising, as it does, Coleridge's requirement that "poetry in its higher and purer sense" should demand "continuous admiration, not regular recurrence of conscious surprise"; this poetry, more than almost any in English, is art for art's sake; and it shows, better certainly than any other, how that formula saves from excess, rather than induces to it. So evenly are form and substance set over against one another that it might be said, with as much or as little justice, that everything exists for form, or that nothing is sacrificed to it.

Listen, for instance, to a song which gives us Mr. Bridges at his best:

I have loved flowers that fade,
 Within whose magic tents
 Rich hues have marriage made
 With sweet unmemoried scents
 A honeymoon delight,—
 A joy of love at sight,
 That ages in an hour:—
 My song be like a flower!

I have loved airs, that die
 Before their charm is writ
 Along a liquid sky
 Trembling to welcome it.
 Notes, that with pulse of fire
 Proclaim the spirit's desire,
 Then die, and are nowhere:—
 My song be like an air!

Die, song, die like a breath,
 And wither as a bloom:
 Fear not a flowery death,
 Dread not an airy tomb!

Fly with delight, fly hence !
 'Twas thine love's tender sense
 To feast ; now on thy bier
 Beauty shall shed a tear.

Technique in the writing of a song which shall be simply a song, and in the purity and subtlety of style, can go no further ; every word seems to be chosen for its beauty, and yet, if we look into it, is chosen equally for its precision ; every word sings, and yet says what it means, as clearly as if it had no musical notes to attend to. And here, as elsewhere in Mr. Bridges' work, every epithet has at once originality and distinction, a gentlemanly air of ease at finding itself where it is, though in a society wholly new to it. " Magic tents," for the enveloping petals of a flower ; the word " unmemoried," used of scents, to which it is common to attribute the memories they awaken or recall in human minds ; " faint attire of frightened fire," used of the palm willow in spring ; the vision of " uncanopied sleep flying from field and tree " at dawn ; the " astonisht " Saracen, whom the Crusader, before

His hands by death were charm'd
 To leave his sword at rest,

crossed the sea to send into hell ; the " soft unchristen'd smile " of Eros : all these unusual and inevitable epithets, each an act of the imagination, sharp, unerring, but never surprising, seem to unite in themselves just those contrary qualities which should combine to make perfect style in verse. Mr. Meredith, caring mostly for originality, invents for every noun an adjective which has never run in harness with it, and which champs and rears intractably at its side. Mr. Swinburne, preferring what goes smoothly to what comes startlingly from a distance, chooses his epithets for their sound and for their traditional significance, their immediate appeal, sensuous or intellectual. Mr. Bridges obtains his delicate, evasively simple effects by coaxing beautiful, alien words to come together willingly, and take service with him, as if they had been born under his care.

Unlike most poets, Mr. Bridges is a cultivated musician, and has, indeed, twice written the "book of words" for music: once for Dr. Villiers Stanford's oratorio, "Eden," and once, in the form of a Purcell Ode, for the setting of Sir Hubert Parry. Neither experiment is altogether fortunate, but the study of music has taught Mr. Bridges what the daily practice of it taught the song-writers of the age of Elizabeth: a delicate, and in time instinctive, sense of the musical value of words and syllables, the precise singing quality of rhythms, with all kinds of dainty tricks, which if they come at all, can come only by some rare accident to the song-writer who is not a musician. To Mr. Bridges it is part of his science, of his equipment as an artist. I doubt if many of his effects, irresponsible as they often come to seem, have come to him in his sleep; it is almost a point of honour with him, the artist's scrupulous honour, to know beforehand what he is going to do, and to do it precisely as he decides upon doing it.

Mr. Bridges' style in verse has been said to lack originality, and it is true that his finest lyrics might have found their place among the lyrics in an Elizabethan song-book. And yet they are not archaic, a going back to the external qualities of style, but a thinking back, as of one who really, in thought, lives in another age, to which his temper of mind is more akin. They are very personal, but personal in a way so abstract, so little dependent on the accidents of what we call personality, that it seems the most natural thing in the world for him to turn to a style which comes to him with a great, anonymous tradition. He has never had that somewhat prosaic desire to paint himself "with all the warts," and he is quite indifferent to the self-consciousness which goes by the name of originality. Just as, in his plays, he borrows frankly from any one who deals in his own merchandise, so in his lyrics he tries to write only what might have been written in any time or in any country. In the note to "Achilles in Scyros" we read: "One passage in my play (I. 518 and foll.) is an imitation of Calderon; but this is after Muley's well-known speech in the *Principe Constante*,

which is quoted in most books on Calderon." He seems almost impersonal in his work, indifferent whose it is, his own or another's, as if only its excellence interested him. And this work, when it is most narrowly personal, does not so much render moods of a temperament as aspects of a character. Nobility of character, a moral largeness, which becomes one with an intellectual breadth, a certain gravity, simplicity, sincerity: these count for so much in his work, which indeed they seem to make. Here is a poem, strangely named "The Affliction of Richard," which gives us, with spare dignity, all this side of Mr. Bridges' work:

Love not too much. But how,
When thou hast made me such,
And dost thy gifts bestow,
How can I love too much?

Though I must fear to lose,
And drown my joy in care,
With all its thorns I choose
The path of love and prayer.

Though thou, I know not why,
Didst kill my childish trust,
That breach with toil did I
Repair, because I must:

And spite of fighting schemes,
With which the fiends of Hell
Blaspheme thee in my dreams,
So far I have hoped well.

But what the heavenly key,
What marvel in me wrought
Shall quite exculpate thee,
I have no shadow of thought.

What am I that complain?
The love, from which began
My question sad and vain,
Justifies thee to man.

There are no heats of passion, no outcries, but an equable sensitiveness to fine emotions; a kind of brooding, almost

continual ecstasy, the quietest ecstasy known to me in poetry. He demands, and seems to attain,

Simple enjoyment calm in its excess,
 With not a grief to cloud, and not a ray
 Of passion overhot my peace to oppress ;
 With no ambition to reproach delay,
 Nor rapture to disturb my happiness.

But, among all these suave negatives, he finds or makes for himself an astringent quality of austere self-control. It is with a kind of religious fervour, as of one expressing an old, settled belief, that he says, in perhaps his best known lyric :

I love all beauteous things,
 I seek and adore them ;
 God hath no better praise,
 And man in his hasty days
 Is honoured for them.

I too will something make
 And joy in the making ;
 Altho' to-morrow it seem
 Like the empty words of a dream
 Remembered on waking.

Made, as it is, on so firm a basis of a character, his art is concerned with results rather than (as with most lyric poets) with processes. How many of his poems seem to lead from meditation straight to action ; to be expressing something more definite, more formed and settled, than a feeling divorced from consequences ! When, as so often, he finds words for an almost inarticulate delight, it is, for the most part, no accidental but rather an organic delight to which he gives utterance : the response of nature to his nature, of his nature to nature.

Mr. Bridges' art is made for simple thoughts, and direct, though delicate, emotions ; these it renders with a kind of luminous transparency ; when the thought or emotion becomes complex the form becomes complicated, and all the subtlety of its simplicity goes out of it, as a new kind of subtlety endeavours to come in. Mr. Bridges' poetic heat is inter-

mittent, and thus his felicity; for all charm in verse, however, "frail and careful," is born of some energy at white heat. At rare times, even in the short poems, and not only in so long a poem as, for instance, "Prometheus the Fire-giver," one feels that the wave of thought or emotion does not flow broadly and strongly to the end, but breaks on the way. And so the plays, with all their meditative and lyrical beauty, their quaint, delicate dialogue, a grave playing with love and life, a serious trifling, bookish and made for an artist's pleasure, remain, for the most part, interesting experiments, not achievements. Singularly insubstantial things, spun out of gossamer, a web of dainty thoughts and song-like meditations about passion, with a somewhat uncertain humour spinning it, they seem to have been made for the sake of making them, as a poet might write Latin verses. In "The Return of Ulysses," where the framework and part of the substance are ready made in Homer, and in "Achilles in Scyros," which is full of happy poetry, not twisted into some childish shape for the mere ingenuity of the twisting, we find a more continuous quality of charm than in the other plays, with merits less purely technical. But even in these it is beauty of detail, rather than structural beauty, which appeals to us; and, in these as in the other plays, we remember single lines and passages rather than either characters or situations.

"Prometheus" returns to me in these lines:

I see the cones
And needles of the fir, which by the wind
In melancholy places ceaselessly
Sighing are strewn upon the tufted floor;

"Achilles" in such lines as

that old god
Whose wisdom buried in the deep hath made
The unfathomed water solemn,

or

questioning the high decrees
By which the sweetly tyrannous stars allot
Their lives and deaths to men;

and "The Humours of the Court" characterises itself in the wholly undramatic picture-making of this beautiful speech :

All this hour

I have seemed in Paradise : and the fair prospect
 Hath quieted my spirit : I think I sail
 Into the windless haven of my life
 To-day with happy omens : as the stir
 And sleep-forbidding rattle of the journey
 Was like my life till now. Here all is peace
 The still fresh air of this October morning,
 With its resigning odours ; the rich hues
 Wherein the gay leaves revel to their fall ;
 The deep blue sky ; the misty distances,
 And splashing fountains ; and I thought I heard
 A magic service of meandering music
 Threading the glades and stealing on the lawns.

"Eros and Psyche," a narrative after Apuleius, has the coldness of work done, however sympathetically, as task-work, and is but half alive. Like the plays, it is an experiment, one of the learned, laborious diversions of the scholar who is part of this poet.

In the sixty-nine sonnets, called "The Growth of Love," we find another kind of experiment. Here Mr. Bridges plays solemn variations on the theme which is, he tells us,

My contemplation and perpetual thought.

Every sonnet has a calm, temperate skill of its own ; some of the sonnets come to us with precisely the accent of the lyrics ; some might be belated Elizabethan sonnets ; others translations from early Italian poetry ; others, as here, have almost the note of Milton :

The dark and serious angel, who so long
 Vex'd his immortal strength in charge of me,
 Hath smiled for joy and fled in liberty
 To take his pastime with the peerless throng.
 Oft had I done his noble keeping wrong,
 Wounding his heart to wonder what might be

God's purpose in a soul of such degree ;
And there he had left me but for mandate strong.

But seeing thee with me now, his task at close
He knoweth, and wherefore he was bid to stay,
And work confusion of so many foes :
The thanks that he doth look for, here I pay,
Yet fear some heavenly envy, as he goes
Unto what great reward I can not say.

But with all this fine skill, this serious and interesting substance, even these sonnets are work which is not Mr. Bridges' real work. They are written around a subject, they do not give inevitable words to that love to which they are consecrated. As we read each sonnet we say : How fine this is ! and when we have read them all we say : How fine they all are ! The poet who, in his lyrics, seems to speak for all the world, telling every one some intimate secret which has never whispered itself before, speaks now for himself, and finds himself unconsciously generalising. He seems to repeat only what others have said before him ; admirable things, to which he adds the belief of experience, but with no quickening of the pulses.

The exact filling of a given form has always been one of the main preoccupations of this artist, as it should be of every artist. And it is not necessary to read Mr. Bridges' treatise on the prosody of Milton to realise how completely he has apprehended everything that is to his purpose in the science of verse. Limiting himself, indeed, far less than Coventry Patmore, Mr. Bridges has somewhat the same resoluteness in subordinating technique to style. His verse has a unity of effect, so carefully prolonged that only by reading attentively do you discover the elaboration of this severe, simple, unemphatic verse, in which a most learned and complex variety of cadence is used to support, with adornment, indeed, but with no weak or distracting adornment, the single structure. Where many artists have the air of offering you their choicest things with a certain (what shall I say ?) emphasis, as if calling your attention to what you might possibly overlook, Mr. Bridges, when he is

most lavish, uses the most disguise, and would gladly pass off upon you his gold coin as if it were a counter. It is all the modesty of his pride: be assured that he knows the worth of his gold far better than you do.

In one of his sonnets Mr. Bridges has told us very clearly what it is that he aims at, and what he refrains from, in his work. Let us take him at his word :

I live on hope and that I think do all
 Who come into this world, and since I see
 Myself in swim with such good company,
 I take my comfort whatsoe'er befall.
 I abide and abide, as if more stout and tall
 My spirit would grow by waiting like a tree ;
 And, clear of others' toil, it pleaseth me
 In dreams their quick ambition to forestall.

And if thro' careless eagerness I slide
 To some accomplishment, I give my voice
 Still to desire, and in desire abide.
 I have no stake abroad ; if I rejoice
 In what is done or doing, I confide
 Neither to friend nor foe my secret choice.

"The art that most I loved, but little used," he says, speaking of poetry, and contrasts himself with those of his friends who have sought positive attainments :

While I love beauty, and was born to rhyme.

He wraps a haughty indifference round him like a mantle, not without some of that sensitiveness which resents praise no less than censure, because it demands acceptance, unquestioning homage, rather than even so much equality as the man who praises must claim towards the man whose worth he has weighed before praising. Mr. Bridges takes some pains to impress upon us that he is something more than a poet, and that, even in so far as he is a poet, he is not wholly at our service. In another sonnet he tells us what select kind of immortality he chooses to desire for himself :

O my uncared-for songs, what are ye worth,
 That in my secret book with so much care
 I write you, this one here and that one there,
 Marking the time and order of your birth?
 How, with a fancy so unkind to mirth,
 A sense so hard, a style so worn and bare,
 Look ye for any welcome anywhere
 From any shelf or heart-home on the earth?

Should others ask you this, say then I yearn'd
 To write you such as once, when I was young,
 Finding I should have loved and thereto turn'd.
 'Twere something yet to live again among
 The gentle youth beloved, and where I learn'd
 My art, be there remembered for my song.

Even this reward, he seems to say to us, he can do without, reserving to himself his "joy in the making."

To Mr. Bridges, undoubtedly, there is something of an actual "joy" in making poetry, in the mere writing of verse. No one in our time has written verse more consciously and more learnedly, with a more thorough realisation of all those effects which are commonly supposed to come to poets by some divine accident. Moreover, he has thought out the question of English prosody in a way of his own, correcting, as it seems to me, certain errors of theorists, and correcting them upon a principle which has consciously or unconsciously been present to the best writers of English verse in all ages. I will quote from his book on Milton's prosody what seems to be the essential part of his theory:

Immediately English verse is written free from a numeration of syllables, it falls back on the number of stresses as its determining law: that is, its governing power, and constitutes its form; and this is a perfectly different system from that which counts the syllables. It seems also the most natural to our language; and I think that the confusion which exists with regard to it is due to the fact that stress cannot be excluded from consideration even in verse that depends primarily on the number of syllables. The two systems are mixed in our tradition, and they must be separated before a prosody of stress can arise. But if once the notion be got rid of that you must have so many syllables in a line to make a verse, or must account for the supernumerary ones in some such manner as the Greeks or Latins would have done, then the stress

will declare its supremacy, which, as may be seen in Shakespeare and Milton, it is burning to do. Now the primary law of pure stressed verse is, that there shall never be a conventional or imaginary stress: that is, *the verse cannot make the stress, because it is the stress that makes the verse*. . . . If the number of stresses in each line be fixed, and such a fixation would be the metre, and if the stresses be determined only by the language and its sense, and if the syllables which they have to carry do not overburden them, then every line may have a different rhythm; though so much variety is not of necessity. . . . I will only add that when English poets will write verse governed honestly by natural speech-stress, they will discover the laws for themselves, and will find open to them an infinite field of rhythm as yet untouched. There is nothing which may not be done in it, and it is perhaps not the least of its advantages that it is most difficult to do well.

All Mr. Bridges' work in verse is an illustration of this theory, and it is because this theory is, as he says, "too simple to be understood," that he has been accused of writing verse which is difficult to scan. Read verse for the sense (that is what he really says to us), and if the verse is correctly written the natural speech-emphasis will show you the rhythm. Take, for instance, the last of the "Shorter Poems." The last stanza reads:

Fight, to be found fighting: nor far away
Deem, nor strange thy doom.
Like this sorrow 'twill come,
And the day will be to-day.

The first line of the poem reads:

Weep not to-day: why should this sadness be?

a line which appears quite normal, from the conventional standpoint of syllables and according to a conventional accent. Yet what a surprising and altogether admirable variety is introduced into this metre by the first line which I have quoted from the last stanza! Read it according to the rules by which, we are commonly taught, English verse is governed, and it is incorrect, scarcely a verse at all. Read for the sense, say it as you would say it if it were prose, and you were speaking it without thinking about accents or syllables, and its correct ease, its legitimate beauty, its unforced expressiveness,

reveal themselves to you at once. At times Mr. Bridges does not trust his own words enough, and puts needless accents on them, as in the poem which begins with the wavering and delicate line :

The storm is over, the land hushes to rest,

where he prints the last line but one in this barbarous way :

Sée ! sléep hath fallen : the trees are asleep.

That line needs but to be read, like all the others, for its sense, with the natural pauses of the voice, and it cannot be read wrongly. It is only in one point that Mr. Bridges seems to me inconsistent with his own theory, in which natural speech is so rightly accepted as the test and standard of verse. He admits, as in the lines I have quoted, inversions which would be impossible in natural speech :

nor far away
Deem, nor strange thy doom.

Now an inversion for the sake of rhyme or rhythm is as bad as a conventional accent, is indeed an inexcusable blemish in a poem written frankly in the language of to-day, and presenting itself to us with so familiar a simplicity. It is a "poetic licence," and for poetic licences poetry, at all events modern poetry, has no room.

If the quality of Mr. Bridges' poetry, apart from its many qualities as an art, were to be summed up in a word, there is but one word, I think, which we could use, and that word is wisdom ; and for the quality of his wisdom there is again but one word, the word temperance. This poet, collectedly living apart, to whom the common rewards of life are not so much as a temptation, has meditated deeply on the conduct of life, in the freest, most universal sense ; and he has attained a philosophy of austere, not unsmiling content, in which something of the cheerfulness of the Stoic unites with the more melancholy resignation of the Christian ; and, limiting himself so resolutely to this sober outlook upon life, though with a sense of the whole wisdom of the ages :

Then oft I turn the page
In which our country's name,
Spoiling the Greek of fame,
Shall sound in every age :
Or some Terentian play
Renew, whose excellent
Adjusted folds betray
How once Menander went :

limiting himself, as in his verse, to a moderation which is an infinite series of rejections, he becomes the wisest of living poets, as he is artistically the most faultless. He has left by the way all the fine and coloured and fantastic and splendid things which others have done their utmost to attain, and he has put into his poetry the peace and not the energies of life, the wisdom and not the fever of love, the silences rather than the voices of nature. His whole work is a telling of secrets, and they are told so subtly that you too must listen to overhear them, as he has been listening, all his life, to the almost inaudible voices of those "flames of the soul" which are the desire and the promise of eternal beauty.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE LAY OF ELIDUC¹

I AM going to tell you a very old Breton story, and I shall tell it as it was told to me, without altering a word.

There lived in Brittany a brave knight, courteous and generous, called Eliduc, the like of whom was not to be found in the land. He had to wife a lady well born, and as good as she was wise, and he had great joy of her, although they had been long wed. But it so chanced that because of a war, Eliduc must needs go fight in a strange country. There he loved a maiden of rare beauty, named Guillardun, the daughter of a king and queen.

Eliduc had for over-lord one of the kings of Brittany, who loved him, and Eliduc served him faithfully. When the king must journey, to Eliduc was given the care of the realm. He ruled wisely, but in spite of this many troubles came to him. He had the right of chase in all the forests of his lord, and there was no forester bold enough to hinder him, or to grumble at what he hunted in the king's demesne. For envy of his good fortune, as has often chanced to others, he was defamed and accused to his lord, who banished him from Court without inquiry.

Eliduc knew not the cause of his lord's displeasure. Oft-times he craved audience of the king to prove his innocence,

¹ From the *Lais* of Marie de France, written in the twelfth century by a Frenchwoman living in England, and, so far as is known, never before translated into English.

but the king was deaf to his request. So when the knight could gain no hearing, he quitted the court and went back home. And when he was come there he called his friends together and told them that he knew not why his lord was an angered, for he had served him faithfully. "Little," quoth he, "did I look to be requited thus, but my plight proves the truth of the proverb of the Vilain, that a wise man should never quarrel with his plough-horse, or look for gratitude in a lord; the vassal owes to the latter fealty, to his neighbours kind services." Then said the knight to his friends, that he should depart for the kingdom of Logris¹ and tarry there awhile. Whilst he was away his wife should have charge of his lands, and he bid them guard her faithfully, and help her as much as they could.

The friends of Eliduc made great sorrow for his departing. With him he took ten knights. His wife went a little of the way also, and then they parted sadly. Eliduc plighted his troth to her never to forget her, and to love her always. He came to a port on the sea, whence he set sail, and so reached Totenois.² Many kings ruled in the land, and between them all there was war and strife.

At Excester,³ a town of the same province, there was for ruler a king very powerful, but very old, and for heir he had only a daughter, of an age to wed. He was at war with a neighbouring king, to whom he had refused his daughter for wife, and who, by reason of this, was ever laying waste the lands of his enemy. His daughter, the while, he had hidden in a castle, so strong that the guard charged to defend it feared not a surprise, or any other kind of assault. When Eliduc learned how it fared with the old king, he purposed to remain in the land.

Eliduc sought to find out which of the kings had suffered most from the ravages of the soldiery, so as to offer him service, and place himself in his pay. And he found that it was the king, the father of the maiden. So he sent by one of

¹ England west of the Severn.

² Totnes.

³ Exeter.

his squires, to make known to him that he had left his own country to come to the king's, and to desire that if he would that he and his knights should abide there, he should send a safe-conduct to bring them to him.

The king received the messengers courteously. He sent for his constable, and bade him have great care of these newly-come, so that they might want for naught, and that they should not lack for the money needful to them. Forthwith he granted the safe-conduct, and anon it was delivered to Eliduc, who with all speed set out.

The king received the knight heartily, and loaded him with favours. He was lodged with a worthy burgess, who gave to him his hung chamber.

Eliduc lived in high esteem, and welcomed to his board all needy knights, and anon he commanded that no man, in pain of death, should exact aught from the townsfolk, during the first forty days, either in money or in kind.

Scarce three days had Eliduc been in the town, when a cry was raised that the enemy were drawing near. Scattered abroad over the country, they planned to join forces, and lay siege to the town. Eliduc, as soon as this was made known to him, armed himself and his companions, and set forth with but forty knights who were left in the town, for the rest had been either wounded or made prisoners.

The men who followed Eliduc, and who marched against the enemy, said to him, "Sire, we will never leave you, and we will always follow in your footsteps and your example."

"That is well," answered he. "Can any man amongst you tell me of an embushment where we can fall upon the enemy unawares? If we tarry for them here we shall get small glory to our arms." One of the soldiers made answer, "Sire, there is in this forest a place nigh unto a very narrow path by which the enemy must needs pass, where we might, methinks, discomfort them. The knights often flee that way after having been disarmed. I think that here we can do them grievous harm, and bring much loss to them."

"My friends," said Eliduc, "this device requires to be much thought upon, for it has many hazards. You are all the king's men, and you must serve him faithfully. Plight me your word to follow me, and to do as I do. I shall aid you after my power, and I dare vow that you shall suffer no mishap, even if we gain naught."

The knights hid themselves in the forest, nigh unto the path, there to await the coming of the enemy. Eliduc showed them his manner of attack, and taught them a war-cry, and anon, or they came to the narrowest part of the way, Eliduc shouted his cry.

The enemy, bewildered when they saw the great embushment, turned and fled, leaving behind a constable and many knights, who were delivered over to the squires. The number of the prisoners was now fifty-five, with horses and much battle-harness. The victors returned, filled with joy at their good fortune.

The king, spying from his tower, had great fear for his men. He cast blame on Eliduc, whom he suspected of having been false to them. He saw a large troop returning to the town laden with spoil, and because they numbered many more than those who had gone forth, the king did not discover them. Fearful of surprise, he commanded to shut the gates, and for his men-at-arms to get them to the walls to defend them. But for this there was no need, for a squire, sent out to espy, came back and told all that had chanced at the battle in which Eliduc had prevailed, and how he had himself taken twenty-nine prisoners, as well as the constable, without numbering the dead and wounded.

The king was overjoyed at the news, and, coming down from the tower, he greeted Eliduc, thanked him for his brave deeds, and granted to him the ransom of all the prisoners. Eliduc meted out the booty, even to his own share, keeping for himself but three of the knights, whose valour in the combat he had marked.

The king greatly esteemed Eliduc, and bound him and his

men-at-arms in his service for a year, and, at the end thereof, he would make him governor of his country.

Eliduc, besides being handsome, was courageous, courteous, wise and generous. The daughter of the king, hearing speak of his deeds, sent privily one of her chamberlains to beg him to go see her, and tell her of them. Very sorrowfully she marvelled that he had not erewhile repaired to her castle.

Eliduc made answer that he would gladly go do her bidding. So he mounted on to his destrier, and, followed by a knight, rode to the castle.

Before going in, Eliduc besought the chamberlain to make known his arrival, and the chamberlain returned with joyful mien, and told him that he was awaited impatiently.

Humbly presenting himself, Eliduc gave thanks to the beautiful maiden for her request, and for so graciously receiving him. She took the knight by the hand, and bade him be seated on a bed beside her.

After speech of many things, the maiden, absorbed in the faultless features and high demeanour of the knight, was overcome by tender love of him. So she paled, and sighing deeply, dared not avow her love, lest he should think ill of her.

Long while he tarried with her, then took his leave of the beautiful maiden, who would fain have had him stay, and went to his lodging, troubled and sad. With joy he remembered the sound of her voice and her sighs, and made great sorrow that he had not seen the fair princess more often since he came into her country. Then he blamed himself when he thought on his wife, to whom he had vowed to be faithful. For the maiden whom he had seen would fain have him to her love, for never had she found one so worthy.

He was troubled with these thoughts. The princess also had no rest of all that night for sorrow. And on the morn, early, she arose, called her chamberlain, and leading him to the window, poured out her heart to him. "I am unhappy," she said, "nor know I what to do. I love the knight Eliduc so well, that, by reason of my love, all rest and sleep have

gone from me. If he but love me truly and give me his heart, my happiness will be to serve him. He will become king of this country, which he will govern wisely. If he love me not, then I shall die."

When the princess had ended her plaint, the chamberlain gave her wise counsel. "Madam," said he, "since you love the knight, be assured he shares your love. Send him a girdle, a ribbon, or a ring. If he take the gift in good faith, and seem glad to have it, be assured he loves you. There is, under Heaven, no sovereign who would not be filled with joy of your love."

After listening to his words, the maiden said, "How can I be sure that I am loved? I do not forget that never such a proposal was made to any other knight. How unhappy I should be if he scorned me! Why are there no signs by which to read the human heart? Make ready and go."

"I am wholly ready," said he. And the princess said, "Take with you this golden ring and my girdle, and give them to the knight with my greetings."

The chamberlain went forth, and the princess could scarce restrain herself from calling him back; but she let him go, and grieved sorely, waiting for his return. "How sad is my lot to love a man from another country, for I know not whether he is well born, or whether he will stay long in the land. So I shall have much sorrow, for I have done very foolishly. Yesterday for the first time I had speech with him, and to-day I pray him for his love. Will he think ill of me? If he be a courteous knight he will judge me kindly. And if he cannot love me, then I shall hold myself most unhappy amongst women. Never shall I have joy any more of my life."

Whilst the princess thus grieved, the chamberlain hastened to Eliduc with the salutations of his mistress, and he proffered the ring and the girdle. The knight gave him thanks, and put on the ring and the girdle. The knight said no word more. He offered him gold, but he would take naught, and forthwith set out to go back to the princess.

He found the princess in her chamber, saluted her, and thanked her in the name of Eliduc. "Well," quoth she, "hide naught from me. Does Eliduc share my love?"

"Meseemeth so, madam. I believe the knight to be too true and too noble to play you false. I gave him your message and your gift. Straightway he put your ring on his finger, and clasped your girdle about him. Then I took my leave."

And the princess said, "Perchance I am undone. Did he seem glad?"

"I wist not, madam, but if he had rejected your prayer, he would have refused your gifts."

The princess answered, "Your words seem a mockery. Of a certainty he does not hold me true. Yet I have done him no offence but to love him well. If he hate me I shall die for grief. Until I have speech with him, never by you or by others will I ask aught of him. I will show him how love of him constrains me. Alas, I know not how long he will tarry in our land."

The chamberlain made answer, "The king has bound him by oath for a year, so you will have occasion to show him your desire."

When thus the princess learnt that her lover was to stay, joy filled her heart. But Eliduc was troubled out of measure since he had knowledge of the maiden, whom he loved dearly. No longer had he any joy; he ever thought of Guillardun, and the remembrance of the promise that he had made to his wife when he had left her, was as poison to his happiness.

Eliduc would fain have been faithful to his wife, but the charm of Guillardun made all his resolves fade away. He might see her, speak with her, kiss her, but naught did he that could bring dishonour to his beloved, as much to keep faith with his wife, as because he was in the service of the king.

So sorely troubled was Eliduc that he could hide it no longer, and calling his companions about him, he went to the castle to speak with the king, and perchance to see the maiden.

The king, having just supped, had withdrawn to the chamber of the princess, to play at the chess with a knight from over the sea. Guillardun was standing by the players to learn from them. Eliduc presented himself to the king, who made much of him, and bade him be seated beside him. Then calling his daughter, he said to her, "Daughter, I would that you wed this knight, and bring honour to him, for amongst five hundred knights you will not find his like for bravery."

The maiden was overjoyed when she heard her father's command, and she withdrew, and called Eliduc to her, and apart they seated themselves, and both were overcome of love. The princess dared not speak of it; the knight feared to do so. Nevertheless he gave thanks to Guillardun for the gifts she had graciously sent him, and declared that never had he received aught so precious.

Then the princess answered that she was much flattered of the use he had made of the ring and the girdle. "So truly do I love you," said she, "that I would have you to my lord, and if this cannot be, never will I wed."

Then said Eliduc, "Madam, I know not how to thank you for the love you have given me, and o'erjoyed am I that you think well of me. Howbeit I know not how long I shall stay in your land, since for a year only did I promise to serve your father. I shall surely not go until the war is quite ended. Then, by your leave, I must return to my own country."

The maiden answered him, "I know, beloved one, that you are wise and courteous, and so much do I love you, that I believe you right well, and would ask no more word of you."

So Eliduc departed with joy unto his lodging, because of the trust which he felt in his dear one's love, which ever grew more and more.

By his valour, Eliduc made prisoner the king who had made war against his lord, and delivered the land from the scourge of war. He was much esteemed for his courage, his judgment, and his generosity.

While these things were doing, the king in whose realm

were the lands of Eliduc, sent three messengers to discover where he sojourned, and to make known to him that enemies ravaged and pillaged his lands, seized his castles, and made his kingdom desolate. The king had oft repented him of his usage of Eliduc, and above all that he had listened to the evil counsel of the traitors who had accused him, which had constrained him to leave the country and exile himself. For the great need he had of him, the king besought him and conjured him, in the name of the alliance which they had made when he did homage, to come and help him.

Eliduc was much grieved when he received this news, because of the maiden whom he loved so dearly. Their only pleasure was to talk of their love, and to make gifts to one another. The poor maiden thought to keep her knight, and to wed him. Nowise wist she that he was even now wedded. "Alas," said Eliduc, "I did very ill in staying in this country, whither I have come only to my own undoing. I love the fair Guillardun, the daughter of the king, and she loves me. If we part, one or other of us must die, or perchance both, and yet it is needful that I go away. My liege-lord reclaims my services in the name of the oath which I gave him. Furthermore, my wife entreats me to go back to her. I cannot stay. I must leave this place. I cannot wed my love; religion and the law forbid me. All goes ill. How hard a thing it is to part. But whatever fate may await me, I shall do the will of my love, and be led by her. The kingdom of her father is now at peace, and he has no longer need of me. I shall beg leave for the knights my lord has need of. I shall beg leave for myself, with promise to return in a certain time. I shall speak with my love, and show her my letters of recall, and she will tell me what she would have me do, and I shall abide by her will."

No longer did Eliduc hesitate. He went to the king, asked for leave, and showed and read to him the letter which his lord had sent him.

The king, fearful lest he should not return, was grieved at

this mischance. He offered Eliduc the third of his kingdom, to take from his treasure all that he needed, and, if he would stay, to load him ever more with favours.

“Sire,” said Eliduc, “since my liege-lord is in danger, and has summoned me from afar, I must needs go aid him. I shall surely not stay away if you have need of my services. Right gladly shall I return to you with a goodly number of knights.”

For this the king thanked Eliduc, and graciously granted him leave. He offered him from his palace of all that he had—gold, silver, dogs, horses, precious stuffs—the which Eliduc took sparingly. Then he asked the king to allow him to bid farewell to the beautiful Guillardun, and full readily was this granted to him. Before him he sent a young squire, who opened the doors of the chamber. After their first greetings, Eliduc told his purpose to his beloved, and took counsel of her.

He had scarce spoken, when Guillardun swooned. The knight, grieved to see her in such a state, kissed her many times, and wept with tenderness. He held her in his arms, and pressed her to him until consciousness returned to her.

“Dear one, let me tell you yet again, you are my life and my death, and all my hope is in you. I have come to take counsel of you, because of the love that is between us. Necessity calls me back to my country. I have already taken leave of your father, but I will do your pleasure, come what may to me.”

Then said the maiden, “Since you will not stay, take me with you, otherwise I shall kill myself, for never more shall I have joy.”

Eliduc answered, “You know how much I love you, but being bound to your father by oath, I cannot take you away with me without breaking faith with him. But I swear to you on my honour, that if you grant me leave to go, I will return on such day as you name. Since my life is in your hands, nothing in the world could keep me away then, if I still live and am well.”

Then Guillardun, having great love for him, gave him

leave to go, and named the day for his return. Before parting, they exchanged their golden rings, then tenderly kissed one another. Then Eliduc rode to the seashore, and took ship, and kindly winds brought him to his own country.

When he was returned, his lord, likewise his kinsfolk and his friends, made great joy to see him once again, and above all his good wife, who was beautiful, wise, and generous. But Eliduc was ever pensive and sad, because of the love which overwhelmed him. He had no joy but to be near his love. His sad look alarmed his wife, who could in nowise divine the cause. Oft she asked of him whether, during his absence, he had heard aught of her that he would not wish. "Willingly before all will I prove my innocence," said she.

"Naught have I heard," said Eliduc, "but I have taken an oath to the king from whose country I am come, to return, for he has great need of me. If the king, my lord, makes peace, within eight days I shall leave. I shall suffer much until I can return, and until then I shall have no peace of mind, for I will not break my promise."

Having thus spoken with his wife, Eliduc hastened to serve his lord, who was led wholly by his advice, and charged him with the defence of the kingdom. But when the time fixed by Guillardun drew near, the knight compelled his enemies to make peace. Then he prepared for his journey, and bethought him of whom to take with him. First he chose two nephews, whom he much loved, a chamberlain who had followed him on his first journey, and some squires. Eliduc made them all swear to keep his errand secret. They set sail, and soon came to the land where he was so much desired.

Eliduc, for greater safety, anchored far from the port, since he would not be seen or recognised by any one. He ordered his chamberlain to go to his love to announce his return, and to beg her to be ready to start on the morrow.

At nightfall the chamberlain set out to carry the message. He was followed by Eliduc, who had changed his suit so as

not to be discovered. Straightway they went to the city where the daughter of the king was. The chamberlain entered the palace, and after making search, he gained the chamber of the princess. He gave to her the salutations of her love, whose return he made known to her.

When Guillardun heard the news she wept for joy, and many times embraced the bringer thereof. The chamberlain admonished her to make ready to start, and to join Eliduc at nightfall.

The day was spent in preparation, and when night drew on, and all was quiet in the castle, the maiden and the chamberlain privily took flight.

Fearing to be seen, Guillardun, clad in a silken gown, lightly broidered with gold, was wrapped in a short cloak.

Not far from the castle, in a beautiful park, nigh unto a forest, the knight and his friends awaited the princess in the shadow of the pale. Thither the chamberlain led her. Eliduc descended down from off his horse, and with utmost joy kissed her, and tenderly lifted her on to his saddle. Then he himself mounted on to his horse, seized the reins, and with hastening speed rode to the haven of Totenois, from which they at once set sail.

On the ship were only the knight, his companions, and his love. A fair wind brought them over the sea, but when they should have landed, a furious tempest arose; the wind drove them far from port, the large yard was broken, and the sails were rent.

The voyagers, kneeling down, fervently implored the intercession of St. Clement, St. Nicholas, and the holy Virgin Mary; and they entreated her to pray her Son, of His goodness, to protect them from peril and to bring them safe to port.

The ship, driven to and fro by the tempest, was nigh to perish. Then one of the squires cried out, "Of what avail are our prayers? You have near you, my lord, that which must bring destruction to us. We shall never make the land, for you have a lawful wife, and you are taking with you another

woman, setting at naught God, the law, and uprightness. Let us cast her into the sea, and anon we shall get to land."

Eliduc heard what was said, and he could scarce control himself. "Traitor, liar, to speak thus! Could I but leave my love, dearly would you pay for this."

He held his love in his arms, and comforted her all he could for her sufferings on the sea. But as soon as Guillardun heard that her love was wedded, she swooned, and her colour, her pulse, and her breathing left her. The knights who had helped to bear her away, made no doubt that she was dead.

In great ire, Eliduc arose, went towards the squire, seized an oar, and smote him on the head so sore a blow that he fell dead at his feet. His companions lifted the body, and cast it into the sea.

Then Eliduc went to the helm, and by his care the ship was soon brought into port. The anchor was cast and the bridge thrown across. Eliduc tenderly carried his love, who still gave no sign of life. His sorrow was all the greater when he felt himself to be the cause of the death of Guillardun. He took counsel with his knights to show him some place a little way off, where he could give her honourable burial. "I should wish," said he, "to bury her in holy ground, as is her due, since she is the daughter of a king."

But the knights were so filled with dismay at what had happened, that all power of speech left them. Then Eliduc set himself to think whither he could bear his love, for his castle was so nigh unto the sea, that they might arrive before supper. He called to mind that near his lands was a forest thirty leagues in width, where for more than forty years a hermit, who served in a little chapel, had lived. "Thither I will carry the body of my love," said he, "and he will bury it in his chapel, and on my lands I will found an abbey for monks or nuns or canons, who day and night will pray God's mercy on her soul."

Eliduc mounted on to his horse, as likewise also did his companions, whom he made swear never to reveal what they

were about to see, and before him, on his palfrey, Eliduc bore his love. They entered the forest and arrived at the chapel; they knocked, they called, but no one answered or opened to them. Then Eliduc bade one of his squires climb over the wall, and open the door.

As soon as they were entered in, Eliduc perceived that the holy hermit had been dead since eight days. The sight of his new-made grave added to the sorrow of the unhappy knight. His followers would fain dig a grave for Guillardun, but Eliduc prevented them, saying that he would do naught until he had taken counsel with the wise men of the land. "Moreover, I think," said he, "to build in this place either a monastery or an abbey. Meanwhile we will lay her before the altar, and commend her to God. Bring me your cloaks, for with them I will make her a bed, and with mine own I will cover her."

And when it came that the knight must leave his love, he thought to die of grief. He kissed her eyes and her face. "My beautiful one," said he, "I swear to God never again to bear arms, but to retire from the world. Yes, sweet love, for your hurt is it that you have seen me, and followed me. How sorely am I to blame, since, because of your love, you no longer live! But for me, you would have been queen. The day that I commit you to the earth I shall become a monk, and each day, at your tomb, I shall sorrow anew."

Thus he parted from the maiden, and closed the door of the chapel. He sent forward one of his squires to let his wife know that he was returned, but ill and travel-worn. She was happy when she heard of the return of her lord. She apparelled herself to receive him well, but little joy awaited her, for he was sad and gloomy and speechless, and for two days she knew not what to do to make him break silence.

He arose early and heard Mass, and then went forth to the little chapel where lay his love, Guillardun. She still remained unconscious, giving no sign of life, but he marvelled to see that

the face of his love suffered no change, except to become a little paler. He wept very bitterly, and prayed for the soul of his love, and then went back home.

The wife of Eliduc, wondering whither her lord went, caused watch to be set on him by a squire, making promise to him of battle-harness and a horse. The varlet obeyed her commands, and secretly followed Eliduc to the forest, saw him go into the chapel, and heard him make sore lamentation.

Whilst Eliduc was still within, the squire returned to tell to the lady that which he had seen, how the knight went into the chapel, and complained unto himself in great anguish.

Much surprised at what she heard, the lady said, "Tomorrow we must to the hermitage, when my lord goes to seek audience of the king. I know the hermit is dead, and that my lord loved him well, but I think not that he can be so sad by reason of this old man."

That same day, after noon, Eliduc went to speak with the king. The lady, followed by the squire, took her way to the hermitage. As soon as she had entered the chapel she saw the maiden, who looked like a new blown rose. Lifting the coverlid, she beheld a body of perfect beauty, arms and hands of dazzling whiteness, and long, well-shaped fingers. Then she knew the cause of the great sadness of her lord. She called the varlet, and said to him, "Do you see this woman, whose beauty is like to that of a precious stone? She is the love of my lord. It is for her that he is so sad. I no longer wonder at his sorrow, when so beautiful a woman is dead, for from pity and love, no more shall I myself have joy." And she wept bitterly for the maiden.

Whilst she was sitting weeping, a weasel ran out from behind the altar, and passed over the body of Guillardun. The squire took aim with his staff, hit the weasel, and killed it, and threw it aside.

Soon after, its mate ran in, and straightway went to

the weasel that had been killed, and went round it, raised its head, walked over it, and seeing that she could not revive it, seemed in despair. Then she ran out of the chapel into the wood, and with her teeth took a flower of a red colour, and hastened back. Then she put the flower into the mouth of her dead companion, and immediately it came to life.

The lady having seen this, cried out to the varlet to catch the weasels. He threw his staff at them, and they ran away, leaving the precious flower behind them. The lady ran to seize it, and she put the flower, which was beautiful indeed, into the mouth of the maiden.¹ She waited awhile. Then Guillardun came to herself, sighed, opened her eyes, and said, "How long a time I have slept!"

When the lady heard her speak, she gave God thanks. "Tell me," she said, "your name, and who you are."

And the maiden answered, "Madam, I was born in Logris, and am the daughter of the king. I greatly loved the knight Eliduc, who was in my father's service. He carried me away with him, and did me a grievous wrong, for he carefully hid from me that he was already wed. When I heard speak of his wife, from very grief I swooned. After having deceived me, he has forsaken me in a strange land. Ah! how foolish it is to trust in men."

"Dear one," said the lady, "naught is there in all the world that will give the knight so great joy as to hear that you have

¹ This is apparently a version of the well-known Greek story, represented on a vase now in the British Museum: Glaukos, one of the sons of King Minos of Crete, fell, when a boy, into a cask of honey, and was smothered. His father, ignorant of his fate, consulted the oracle to ascertain what had become of him, and the seer Polyeidios of Argos was named to discover him. When he had found him, Minos shut him up in the tomb with the dead body of the boy until he should restore the latter to life. Whilst Polyeidios was watching the body, a serpent suddenly came towards it, and touched it. Polyeidios killed the serpent, and immediately a second one came, which, seeing the other one lying dead, disappeared, and soon returned with a certain herb in its mouth. This it laid on the body of the dead serpent, which immediately came to life. Polyeidios seized the herb, and with it rubbed the body of the dead boy, who thereupon was instantly restored to life.

come back to life. Since he thought you dead, he has been marvellously discomfited. Each day he has returned to look on you, and never thought he to find you alive again. I am verily his wife, and his sadness has brought me much sorrow. Seeing him go forth sadly each day, I would fain know whither he went. I cannot tell you the joy I have had in seeing you come back to life. You must go home with me, and I shall give you back to your love. Greatly do I desire to take the veil, and thus will he be free of all his vows."

In such manner did the lady comfort her, and together they left the chapel. She commanded the squire to go to Eliduc, and tell him of what had happened.

The squire tarried not till he found him, and told him of the adventure. Eliduc mounted on to his horse, without awaiting his followers, and came at night to his castle. When he saw his love again, he thanked his wife tenderly. He was overjoyed, and no time had ever seemed so happy. He oft embraced his beloved-one, and she with gentleness returned his love.

When the lady saw them thus, she asked of her lord to let her leave him, for she would fain give herself to the service of God. She begged for some land whereon she might build an abbey. "Then," said she, "can you wed your love, for you know the law does not allow you to have two wives."

Eliduc granted her all that she would, and in the grove near the castle, by the chapel of the hermitage, he built a nunnery, with all necessary outbuildings. He added thereto lands and revenues, and endowed it with great livelihood.

When all was ready, the lady took the veil, with thirty nuns, of whom she became the superior.

Eliduc wedded his love, and with great festal was the day passed.

Long lived they together in perfect love, and to God they gave much alms and many goods.

On the other side of the castle, Eliduc built a church and monastery, which he richly endowed. Therein he placed

monks renowned for the sanctity of their lives, to be an example to the house.

When all was ready, together they resolved to dedicate themselves to the service of the Almighty God.

He placed Guillardun, who was so dear to him, with his first wife, who received her as a sister, and treated her with great honour, and taught her how to serve God and her Order. Together they prayed to God that he would have mercy on their friend, and he made prayer for them. They sent messages to each other to know how each fared, and to comfort and sustain one another. With all diligence they sought to serve God faithfully, and at length died in great sanctity.

On the adventure of these three persons, the ancient Bretons, always courteous, composed a lay to keep them in remembrance of what should never be forgotten.

Translated by ALICE KEMP-WELCH, 1901.

THOMAS DOGGETT, DECEASED, A FAMOUS COMEDIAN

Where are the passions they essayed,
And where the tears they made to flow?
Where the wild humours they portrayed
For laughing worlds to see and know?
Othello's wrath and Juliet's woe?
Sir Peter's whims and Timon's gall?
And Millamant and Romeo?
Into the night go one and all.

IT is probable that of the few who will recognise the name of Thomas Doggett in any connection, by far the greater number will only recall the famous race for his Coat and Badge which takes place every August "for ever" from London Bridge to Chelsea. No stronger proof could be adduced of the thin thread by which an actor's reputation hangs. It is as if the boys of 1990 should remember the name of Henry Irving only by a surviving challenge cup for athletic sports which may well be among the many unknown generousities of "Mephistopheles" beyond the footlights of the Lyceum. That penalty is laid upon all artists who depend for their success upon a momentary appeal to an audience that is never the same. I have long ceased to wonder that a great singer should demand a thousand pounds a night, or that a successful actor should multiply his gains by skilful management. Their reward is with them, and their day is soon over. It is far more

interesting, to most of us now, to read of the bets which David Garrick made with Charles James Fox, than to study his interpretation of the most famous of his rôles. But I doubt whether a single artist who was in the first rank of his profession was ever so utterly forgotten for his own art, and so keenly and constantly remembered by those of an entirely different occupation, as the "famous comedian, deceased," who founded the race for Doggett's Coat and Badge. It is grotesque; but I confidently take advantage of the rowing season to draw attention to the actor.

Early on the first of August, 1716, all the Thames-side watermen and their apprentices were discussing with the greatest interest a placard which had been set up on London Bridge the night before. It ran as follows :

This being the day of His Majesty's happy accession to the Throne, there will be given by Mr. Doggett an Orange colour Livery with a badge representing Liberty, to be rowed for by six Watermen that are out of their time within the year past. They are to row from London Bridge to Chelsea. It will be continued annually on the same day for ever.

Those who had attended the last performance at Drury Lane were aware, from an announcement in the playbill, that if they desired to see the start they would have to be in the parlour of the Old Swan Inn before four o'clock. The hour now varies with the tide, and the falling of the first of August on a Sunday makes a slight change in the date. But the race has taken place ever since, and it is older than the oldest regular aquatic contest by over a century, and more ancient than any annual sporting event by sixty years; for the University Boat Race began in 1829, and the St. Leger (which antedates both the Derby and the Oaks) was only instituted in 1776.

Proverbial facts are among those which are most easily forgotten, so I may remind my readers that Queen Anne died on a first of August exactly two years before Mr. Doggett's announcement caused so much stir from Rotherhithe to Richmond.

By that date Doggett had retired from the stage and sold out of his partnership with Wilks and Cibber in Drury Lane. He only played once more, and that was to give his adored Hanoverian sovereign the gratification of admiring his most loyal subject in his famous characters of Ben, and of Hob, a rôle which had earned the special commendation of Steele in the *Spectator*. His career upon the boards had been strenuous and varied, since as an unknown Irishman he had travelled from Dublin to try his luck as "leading comic" across the water. He scarcely saw Castle Street again, for his career proved sufficiently successful to afford a somewhat striking example of that union between Celtic wit and Saxon business qualities which must be difficult for any actor to preserve and rare for any Irishman to possess. There are, indeed, many traits in his character which lead me to imagine that had he not found the stage an easier way to moderate fortune than another, he would not have remained an actor. He objected, for instance, very strongly when Wilks once gave a benefit at Drury Lane to two entirely unknown actors from Dublin; apparently forgetting altogether that he owed his own advancement to similar consideration for a stranger. It took all Colley Cibber's art to smooth down his anger at such unbusinesslike proceedings, and poor Wilks had actually to pay out of his own pocket the ten pounds loss on the night (which Doggett had shrewdly foreseen) in order to keep the peace.

It may be as well to emphasise this side of his personality before describing his career in greater detail, in order that facts may be understood in their true light which might otherwise appear distorted. A good example of his conscientiousness is to be found in the great reputation he always possessed for a clever "make-up." "I can only copy Nature," Sir Godfrey Kneller told him once, "from the originals before me; while you vary them at pleasure and yet preserve the likeness." The painter has his revenge; for whatever modern art may say of his "Van Dyck-and-water," at Hampton Court, his canvases remain to this day, and are but mellowed by the

touch of time; while Doggett has gone "into the night," and vanished into as dead a silence as the laughter of his merry audiences.

It has been stated, in volumes which are usually considered to be authoritative, that Doggett made his first appearance upon the English stage at Bartholomew Fair. This may be perfectly possible; but the details given in an unguarded moment by the aforesaid authority are sufficient to prove that whenever he really visited that ancient place of revelry, it was not "at Parker and Doggett's Booth near Hosier End," nor in the play of *Friar Bacon; or, the Country Justice* that he made his earliest bow to English audiences. For he was certainly acting at Drury Lane in 1691, which was probably the result of several previous and unrecorded efforts; and of his booth with Parker at Hosier Lane there is no mention in the annals of the Fair before that date, and there is a distinct mention of it in 1702.

There is, somewhat naturally, almost as much uncertainty with regard to Doggett's first appearance as about his last; but it is likely that he faced the public of the Theatre Royal as Lory in *The Relapse*, an arch, familiar valet, whose pertness would be especially appropriate to the Irishman's native talent. In 1691 he was on the same boards as Nincompoop in D'Urfey's *Love for Money; or, the Boarding School*, and in the next year he created Solon in the same author's *Marriage-Hater Matched*. But it was in 1693 that a friendship with Congreve, which does infinite credit to the intelligence of Doggett, began to bear fruit in a manner which must have been equally agreeable to them both. Their intimacy, and the well-known affection which the brilliant young society dramatist felt for the actor, are worth considering in any estimate that may be made of Doggett's character. One result of it may have been that the actor himself once tried his hand at authorship with very considerable success. But it is the cause that will interest us most. We may begin by taking a very considerable discount off the end

of Tony Aston's estimate of Doggett: "A lively spract man, of very good sense, *but illiterate!*" This can scarcely be true of Congreve's friend. Scarcely a man then living but might have suffered in the light of so brilliant a comparison; yet we may at least surmise that if there was one person the witty and eloquent writer would not have honoured with his friendship it would have been an "illiterate" actor. However that may be, it is at least certain that as Fondlewife, in *The Old Bachelor*, Doggett created a part that not only satisfied the writer of it, but retained the plaudits of the town for many years.

But Doggett's successes with Congreve were not, of course, his only parts. In 1696 he was Young Hob in the only play he ever wrote, as I have mentioned before, *The Country Wake*. That same year saw him as Vaunter in Lord Lansdowne's *The Gallants*, and Sapless in Dilke's *Lover's Luck*. Next season, Mars Johnny (a schoolboy) in Cibber's *Woman's Wit* at Drury Lane; Bull, Senior, in *A Plot and No Plot*; and Learchus in Vanbrugh's *Asop* were among the rôles in which he was seen; and about then he revisited Dublin for a short time, and no doubt astonished Castle Street with the solid results of his English reputation, soon after the Peace of Ryswick had given European approval to the sovereignty of King William and the succession of Princess Anne, though I doubt whether he left London during the period when the visit of Peter the Great of Russia may well have caused a certain amount of fashionable visitation to the playhouses.

Another part we know he played was the comic Shylock to Betterton's Bassanio in Lord Lansdowne's version of the *Merchant of Venice*, which was performed in Lincoln's Inn Fields. While he was assisting Cibber, Wilks, and Swiney in the management of the Haymarket he acted Tom Thimble in Buckingham's *Rehearsal*, a play to be found in Arber's Reprints which anticipated the leading motive of *The Critic*; he was also to be seen as Dapper in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*, and as the First Grave-digger in *Hamlet*. By 1713 he was managing

Drury Lane with Collier and Steele, and about that time he performed in Johnson's *Wife's Relief* as Sir Tresham Cash. The last part he created, on January 29 in that year, was Major Cadwallader in Charles Shadwell's *Humours of the Army*. It is said that the last the public saw of him was when he acted in *The Wanton Wife* for the benefit of Mrs. Porter, but he does not seem to have appeared before an audience after 1717, though he lived another four years, and his three favourite parts, Ben, Fondlewife, and Hob were often called for on various occasions during the twenty years of his highest popularity.

Tributes to his talents and his native wit are numerous. "The Craft of an Usurer," writes Steele in the *Spectator*, "the Absurdity of a rich Fool, the awkward Roughness of a fellow of half Courage, the ungraceful mirth of a Creature of half-wit, might be for ever put out of countenance by proper parts for Doggett." It will be remembered too that when Addison is describing "The Trunkmaker in the Upper Gallery," who always led the applause by banging on the woodwork near him, he says that this energetic lover of the playhouse had "broken half a dozen oaken Plants upon Doggett." It is clear in fact that our friend, "the famous comedian," was of no slight account in the polite society of his day as an actor of excellent parts and accomplished humour. By more professional critics, and by his own colleagues, he was no less appreciated. "Very aspectabund," writes Downes, "wearing a farce on his face . . . the only comic original now extant." "The most original of all his contemporaries," says Colley Cibber, "his manner was his own . . . he could be extremely ridiculous without stepping into the least impropriety . . . a prudent honest man." "The most diligent, most laborious, most useful actor seen upon the stage in a long course of years," asserted another who knew him well.

The net result is the picture of a clever actor, endowed by nature with a mirthful physiognomy; conscientious in using every extraneous aid to success, whether by careful dressing or by diligence in study; highly respectable, and a trifle

opinionated, maintaining warmly, for instance, that Comedy was superior to Tragedy "because it was nearer to Nature"; always keeping an eye upon the main chance, yet only obstinate when thwarted; but standing upon what he imagined to be his rights with absolute fearlessness; a "theatrical patriot," in fact, as he has been rightly called, ever anxious to combat the least shadow of tyranny or unfairness; a strong "politician," too, sometimes trailing a coat behind him, it may be suspected, for unwary managers to tread upon.

The most conspicuous example of this characteristic pugnaciousness was found in the notorious dispute which dissolved his long partnership with Wilks and Cibber. It has been already noted that he was among those who protested against their treatment by the managers of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and helped Betterton's new venture with Congreve's Plays in Lincoln's Inn Fields. When he returned to act under articles he left the stage because he objected to the Patentee's interpretation of them. So the help of the Lord Chamberlain had to be invoked to bring the sulking Achilles out of his tent in Norwich. The messenger who brought him back to London was kept in fits of laughter all the way, and when the actor made an application to Lord Chief Justice Holt, he was at once discharged and the extravagance of the process was censured. The attempt, in fact, of the authorities to encroach upon their rights had been successfully resisted. Our best authority on dramatic history now living thinks that there was nothing malicious in the effort; and Doggett may therefore be congratulated on his plucky stand. But the breach which was created by the successes of Booth, to which I can only refer here, was far more serious. In 1708 Swiney got leave from the Lord Chamberlain to select, by private treaty, certain actors from the Drury Lane Theatre to share with him in the management of the Haymarket. Doggett was one of them, and when Swiney retired he stayed on, successfully guiding the finances of the establishment with Wilks and Cibber. When Booth's brilliant performance of *Cato* had won

the favour of the Tories and the promises of a Secretary of State, he was admitted by Wilks and Cibber as another partner. Doggett's objections may have been embittered by his furious Whig proclivities, but in any case he risked the fact that their licence was only held "during pleasure," and persisted in refusing to countenance the new arrangement. He left the theatre, and then demanded one-third of the profits as usual, although Booth had by that time come in. He refused also either to set a value on his own stock or to part with any of it, and the Vice-Chamberlain appears to have supported him. Thereupon the other partners were compelled to show fight. Doggett forthwith filed a bill in Chancery, and after two years of litigation was given fourteen days to decide what he would do. He stuck to his guns against his own interests, and on announcing his determination to quit the stage he was decreed £600 for his share in the property, with 15 per cent. interest since the date of Booth's admission, a very poor equivalent for the sum he might have made in the same time had he agreed with his old friends and swallowed his political convictions.

The same excellent authority referred to above gives an interesting account of his personal reconciliation with Cibber, after "the principal of the thing" had been thoroughly vindicated. For a long time visits to Button's Coffee-house had been embarrassed by the indignant snorts and bellicose demeanour of the wronged Irishman in presence of his oppressor. At last the old dodge of a premature Obituary Notice was tried by a mutual friend, and trusting Thomas fell into the snare like a child. He came up to Button's and sat opposite Cibber, the writer. There was a prolonged pause. At last Cibber tentatively offered a pinch of snuff. "Humph," said the patriot cautiously, "the best—humph—I have tasted a great while." The ice thus diplomatically broken (and where, it may be asked, is the diplomatic snuff-box in these downright days?), Doggett proceeded to explain that it was really Wilks who had been in fault. "I would

not be a Lord of the Treasury," he grumbled, "if such a temper as Wilks's were to be at the head of it—a trifling wasp, a vain shallow." No doubt he said much the same to Wilks of Cibber, and, at any rate, his friends were loyal enough to his memory when the Obituary Notice was really needed. Yet now that his plays have so long been over, and it is near two centuries since the last flicker of his oily footlights, by what is he remembered? By the skill with which he drew two opposite characters in Congreve's sparkling comedies? By the numberless parts he played with Betterton and Bracegirdle at Lincoln's Inn Fields, or the Haymarket, or Drury Lane? No. But by a wager for Thames watermen in best and best boats upon the tideway. It leads one to conjecture how many parts created by Mr. Wyndham, or Mr. Beerbohm Tree, or Mr. Alexander will be remembered when the prizes they have presented to various sporting confraternities are being competed for some two hundred years from now. Which of all our "famous comedians" are likely to leave a prize for sculling on the Thames? Not one, I fancy. But then the Thames nowadays is not what it was to Mr. Thomas Doggett.

Even by his time old London Bridge had been burned down in the great fire. "Poor little Michell and our Sarah" were on it, writes Pepys, who was wont sometimes to take his morning draught, after the perils of getting through the narrow piles, at that Old Swan Inn which perished in the same great conflagration. But the "wine shade" was probably saved owing to its safer situation, for it is known to have been let in 1697 for the convenience of citizens who "drank their genuine old port and sherry, drawn from the casks, and viewed the bridges, hooters, and boat-races." It was most probably in this genial company, as we shall see, that Doggett first made up his mind to encourage boat-racing by leaving a prize for young watermen. The "shades" in which he sat were subsequently removed to the house of Alderman Garratt, who, as Lord Mayor, laid the first stone of the present London Bridge. The ancient tavern above them has gone too. As

long ago as 1323 it had been left by one Rose Wrytell to trustees to maintain a priest at the altar of St. Edmund King and Martyr, and in the parish book of St. Mary at Hill, under date 1499, the continuance of her charity is proved. It was here that in 1440 Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, landed, carrying a lighted taper, clad in a white sheet and bare-footed. The fifteenth century had seen Henry V. ride over the crowded arches of the old bridge, triumphing after Agincourt. Beneath them he was borne on his bier to burial seven years later. So, in the next century, the body of the great Elizabeth was brought by water to Whitehall; and so in the seventeenth, the twelve State barges of the City Companies escorted Charles II. in State from Hampton Court.

The river in those days, and even long after Thomas Doggett, had a large share in the life of every Londoner. To remember it is to give some slight measure of our loss, in years when it seems likely to retire for ever beneath a tunnel of continuous bridges, in shame at having lost alike its usefulness for locomotion and its beauty for a pageantry of State. Mr. Secretary Pepys, who "went by water," as everybody else did, far more often than by the unsafe and miry highways, tells how "the watermen had lately been abused by some that had a desire to get in to be watermen to the State, and had lately presented an address of *nine or ten thousand* hands to stand by this Parliament, when it was only told them that it was a petition against hackney coaches, and they had put out another to undeceive the world and to clear themselves." The importance of "the jolly young waterman" in those days fully justified his "thinking of nothing at all," as far as worldly anxiety was concerned, for he must have driven a roaring trade, and he was protected in numberless different ways. Their fares had been regulated by Henry VIII., and they were formed into a company by Philip and Mary in 1555 with eight overseers and rulers selected by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. The Privy Council concerned itself with their pay, and the dimensions of their wherries, "then dangerously shallow and

tickle," were regulated by statute. How they would have stared to see the wager-boats in which their descendants sculled last August! Taylor the "water-poet" says that there were no less than 40,000 watermen in Queen Elizabeth's reign between Windsor and Gravesend. This may be a trifle exaggerated, but they could certainly furnish 20,000 men for the fleet, and 8000 were actually in the royal service. They were naturally as much opposed to hackney coaches as to bridges, and they vehemently condemned the building both of Westminster and Vauxhall Bridges, as likely to damage the ferrying trade in those parts. But in the stress of modern competition and development they have been rapidly disappearing. Watermen's Hall in St. Mary-at-Hill, Billingsgate, still stands, but it is only when the race for Doggett's Coat and Badge comes round that we remember there are any watermen at all.

The reason for the actor's selection of his prize has therefore become a little clearer after a consideration of the differences between his mode of life and ours; but for the actual link between the theatre and the watermen I must go back for a moment to a still older actor whose career is in many ways a striking parallel to that of Thomas Doggett. For while there are many who are grateful for the foundation of Dulwich School, and while hundreds yearly know that Edward Alleyn founded it, there are not many who remember that Edward Alleyn, the friend of Ben Jonson, of Dekker, and of Heywood, "Proteus for shapes and Roscius for tongue," was the builder of the Fortune Theatre, the popular actor of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great*, the rival of Burbage (of the Globe), and the purchaser of Shakespeare's wardrobe and stock for £596 6s. 8d., when the immortal writer left the Blackfriars Theatre and retired to Stratford-upon-Avon. One more strange coincidence I must note here. It is that just as Doggett's favourite author, Congreve, was attacked by Jeremy Collier, so the first bedesman recommended to Edward Alleyn for his new foundation at Dulwich was sent him by the rector of St. Botolph's Without, Bishopsgate, that same Stephen Gosson

who had so bitterly abused the plays which Alleyne acted. But the connection of the drama with watermen is our main point, and we come to it in Alleyne's history, in the year 1593, when the Plague had closed all the theatres, and even stopped, says Stone, a few days of the merriment of St. Bartholomew's Fair. In that sad season, when the occupations of so many had been temporarily ruined, the Thames watermen sent a letter in the winter begging that the actors might be allowed to play once more. Their petition to "Lord Haywarde (*i.e.*, Howard), Lord Highe Admirall of England," showed that Philip Henslome (one of the groomes of Her Maties chamber) had been restrained from playing, and that "we saide poore watermen have had much helpe and reliefe for us, our poore wives and children, by means of the resort of suche people as come into the saide playhouse." This is signed by "Dowet, M^r of her Mties barge," by two of Her Majesty's watermen, and by six other names; and the playhouse referred to is the Rose, where Alleyne and Henslome were joint actor-managers in the company known as "Lord Strange's Players."

This is no place to go further into the tale of Edward Alleyne, the actor. His memory is enshrined, with his bones, at Dulwich, even more durably than Thomas Doggett's in his annual wagers. Both have vanquished the oblivion of their art by leaving monuments more durable. But the connection between actors and watermen is, I think, now more clearly established than before. There was a kindly feeling upon either side, and the gift of Thomas Doggett was a very natural one.

The details of that gift are to be found in a place which at first sight does not seem to have much connection with either party, for it was at Fishmongers' Hall that I was allowed the privilege of inspecting the agreement in their Will Book by which that ancient and honourable company now carry out the details of Doggett's bequest.

The result of this, shorn of legal superfluties, is that in consideration of the sum of £350 the aforesaid Fishmongers'

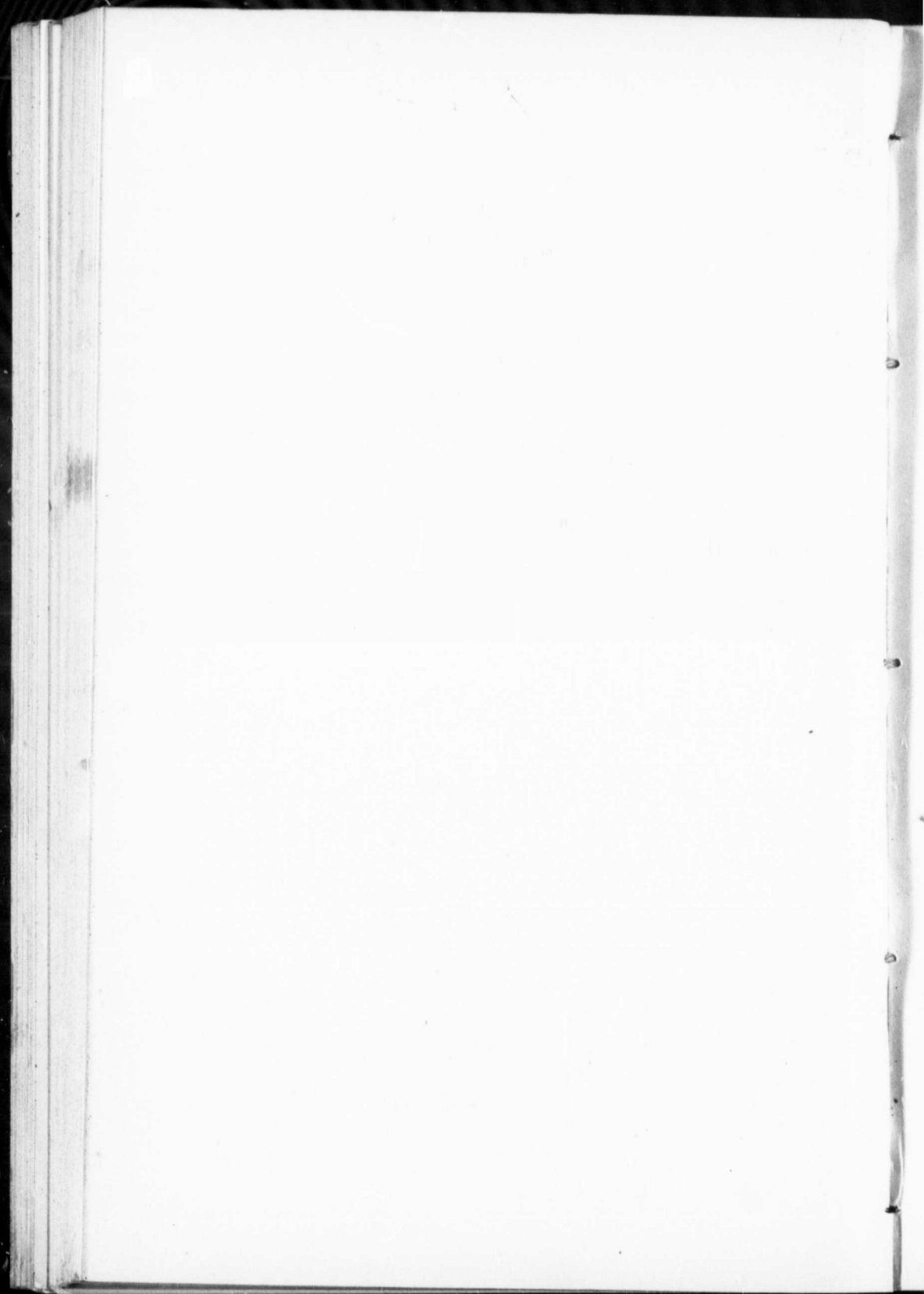
Company promised to provide a silver badge "with the impress of a wild horse (of Hanover) as Thomas Doggett used in his life," with inscription round it, to be rowed for, with a coat, every year by six duly certified young men free of the said Company of Watermen on the 1st of August (if a Sunday then on the Monday following) for ever, the Wardens and Commonalty of Fishmongers acting as judges and directors of the race, and appointing both start and finish. These are the Old Swan Wharf at London Bridge and the Old Swan Pier on Chelsea Embankment respectively, and the limits are probably much the same as they have always been, though the conditions under which we see the contest are different indeed.

On that August afternoon in 1722, when Doggett's immortality really took its rise, the sturdy old actor had been buried at Eltham for almost twelve months. Addison was dead, but Pope, Defoe, and Steele were still ministering to the entertainment or instruction of their countrymen, and Swift was not yet silent. Men had not quite forgotten the great crash which followed the breaking of the South Sea Bubble. Craig, the Secretary of State, had died of terror at the investigations. Amid the general wreck of all his rivals Walpole had risen again to power, and in 1721 had been again made First Lord of the Treasury with Townshend as Secretary of State. Men were as used to news of fighting in the field as we are. The Turks were harassing Venice. The war of Spanish Succession was in full blast. In our American Colonies Carolina's Governor had just been struggling for life with "the merciless Indian savage," and the Buccaneers of the West Indies had received a sharp lesson from New Providence. Politicians at home were all discussing the prospects of the second Parliament of George I., which would meet in two months time. I am not sure that we think much more of that excellent monarch to-day than we do of Mr. Thomas Doggett, but the race once started in honour of the other still goes on "in commemoration of the happy accession of the family of His Present Majesty to the Throne of Great



Doggett's Coat and Badge.

From a Drawing by T. ROWLANDSON in the *British Museum*.



Britain," as the loyal Fishmongers of to-day phrase their announcement.

The fine old crusted flavour that hangs round the contest still is not merely owing to the fact that ever since 1791 the name of the happy winner has been preserved, a record much older than either the Wingfield Sculls or the Professional Championship, but also to the happy circumstance of the ancient and hospitable patronage under which the race is rowed. The old hall of the famous Fishmongers' Company perished in the great fire, and, on a site which was worth over half a million an acre even seventy years ago, the third edifice was rebuilt by Roberts in 1830. The statue of Sir William Walworth (holding in his hand the dagger by which Wat Tyler fell) is on the great staircase, as a reminder that fifty Lord Mayors have been supplied by the Company to the City Government. Among its other cherished relics is a chair made from wood and stone brought up in 1832 from the foundations of old London Bridge, which were put down in June 1176, by Peter of Colechurch. The long interval is almost covered by the history of the Company which guards these historic remnants, for the fishmongers were a guild more than seven hundred years ago, and by letters patent in 1364 were incorporated into a "Mystery." One of their most famous pageants in those early days was the welcome to King Edward I. on his return from Scottish victories, in which gilded sturgeon, silver salmon, and a thousand horsemen bore glorious part. To the Third Edward they gave a sum of money towards the French wars which was the second largest subscription in London. The Seventh Edward himself enjoys the privileges of a Company in which his father and his grandfather before him had been also freemen.

It is under such excellent auspices as these that the race takes place every year, and I wish I were able in this place to give some faint adumbration of its varied interest; of the crowd of penny steamers bellowing encouragement to the champions of Bermondsey, of Twickenham, of Greenwich, or

of Chelsea, each boy in his distinctive colours; of the skill and hazards of the contest, as a string of barges, or an indignant tug, comes tearing down to the Pool from Putney right across the course; of the hairbreadth 'scapes of scullers in their dancing cockleshells of cedar and of canvas; of the winning-post and its flag resplendent with the crowned fishes of the Company; of the mighty luncheon in the hall beforehand, and the copious dessert upon the decks after the race is over; and of the return in the quiet murmur of a splendid sunset to the basement of that great hall where the old inn stood till 1720. You can almost hear, in the twilight, the silvery laugh of Bracegirdle as she trips ashore, with a jest of Congreve's own or Steele's, that makes the very ghost of Thomas Doggett chuckle.

By how slight an occurrence may man's memory be fixed in the hearts of posterity! Alas, poor Doggett! "Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning? Quite chop-fallen?" I can end no better than by commending my readers to look upon his face (an if they may) where its presentment hangs with Kitty Clive's, with Quin's, with Peg Woffington's, and many another forgotten hero of the footlights, on the storied walls of the Garrick Club. Perhaps, too, I may be allowed to quote those lines, written only sixteen years after his death on a window-pane at Lambeth, by some young sculler, belike, with more of muscle than of metre in his composition.

Tom Doggett, the greatest sly droll in his parts,
 In acting was certain a master of arts;
 A monument left—no herald is fuller—
 His praise is sung yearly by many a sculler.
 Ten thousand years hence, if the world last so long,
 Tom Doggett will still be the theme of their song.
 When Old Noll with Lewis and Bourbon are forgot,
 And when numberless kings in oblivion shall rot.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XXII

AN INSULT TO THE BLOOD

IT could not be denied that Blinkhampton was among the things which arose out of Blent. To acknowledge even so much Harry felt to be a slur on his independence, on the new sense of being able to do things for himself in which his pride, robbed of its old opportunities, was taking refuge and finding consolation. It was thanks to himself anyhow that it had so arisen, for Iver was not the man to mingle business and sentiment. Harry snatched this comfort, and threw his energies into the work, both as a trial of his powers and as a safeguard against his thoughts. He went down to the place and stayed a week. The result of his visit was a report which Iver showed to Southend with a very significant nod; even the mistakes in it, themselves inevitable from want of experience, were the errors of a large mind. The touch of dogmatism did not displease a man who valued self-confidence above all other qualities.

"The lad will do; he'll make his way," said Iver.

Southend smiled. Lads who are equal to making their own way may go very far if they are given such a start as he

had in contemplation for Harry. But would things go right? Southend had received an incoherent but decidedly despairing letter from Mina Zabriska. He put it in the fire, saying nothing to Lady Evenswood, and nothing, of course, to Mr. Disney. In the end there was perhaps no absolutely necessary connection between the two parts of the scheme—that which concerned the lady, and that which depended on the Minister. Yet the first would make the second so much more easy!

Mr. Disney had given no sign yet. There was a crisis somewhere abroad, and a colleague understood to be self-opinionated; there was a crisis in the Church, and a bishopric vacant. Lady Evenswood was of opinion that the least attempt to hurry Robert would be fatal. There were, after all, limits to the importance of Harry Tristram's case, and Robert was likely, if worried, to state the fact with his own merciless vigour, and with that to say good-bye to the whole affair. The only person seriously angry at the Prime Minister's "dawdling" was Mina Zabriska; and she had enjoyed no chance of telling him so. To make such an opportunity for her was too hazardous an experiment; it might have turned out well—one could never tell with Robert—but on the whole it was not to be risked.

What Lady Evenswood would not venture, fortune dared. Mina had been seeing sights—it was August now, a suitable month for the task—and one evening, about half-past six, she landed her weary bones on a seat in St. James's Park for a few moments' rest before she faced the Underground. The place was very empty, the few people there lay for the most part asleep—workmen with the day's labour done. Presently she saw two men walking slowly towards her from the direction of Westminster. One was tall and slight, handsome and distinguished in appearance; in the other she recognised the rugged awkward man whom she had met at Lady Evenswood's. He was talking hard, hitting his fist into the palm of his other hand sometimes. The handsome man listened with deference, but frowned and seemed troubled. Suddenly the pair stopped.

"I must get back to the House," she heard the handsome man say.

"Well, think it over. Try to see it in that light," said Disney, holding out his hand. The other took it, and then turned away. The episode would have been worth a good paragraph and a dozen conjectures to a reporter; the handsome man was the self-opinionated colleague, and the words Mina had heard, were they not clear proof of Dissensions in the Cabinet?

Disney stood stock-still on the path, not looking after his recalcitrant colleague, but down on the ground; his thoughts made him unconscious of things external. Mina glowed with excitement. He was not an awkward man to her; he was a great and surprising fact, a wonderful institution, the more wonderful because (to look at him) he might have been a superior mechanic who had dropped sixpence and was scanning the ground for it. She was really appalled, but her old instinct and habit of interference, of not letting things go by her without laying at least a finger on them, worked in her too. How long would he stand there motionless? As if the ground could tell him anything! Yet she was not impatient of his stillness. It was good to sit and watch him.

An artisan swung by, his tools over his back. Mina saw the suddenly awakened attention with which his head turned to Disney. He slackened pace a moment, and then, after an apparent hesitation, lifted his cap. There was no sign that Disney saw him, save that he touched his hat in almost unconscious acknowledgment. The artisan went by, but stopped, turned to look again, and exchanged an amused smile with Mina. He glanced round twice again before he was out of sight. Mina sighed in enjoyment.

With a quick jerk of his head Disney began to walk on slowly. For an instant Mina did not know what she would do; the fear and the attraction struggled. Then she jumped up and walked towards him. Her manner tried to assert that she had not noticed him. She was almost by him. She gave

a cough. He looked up. Would he know her? Would he remember asking—no, directing—my lord his secretary to write to her, and had he read what she wrote? He was looking at her. She dared a hurried little bow. He came to a standstill again.

“Yes, yes?” he said questioningly.

“Madame Zabriska, Mr. Disney.”

“Oh, yes.” His voice sounded a little disappointed. “I met you at——?”

“At Lady Evenswood’s, Mr. Disney.” Taking courage she added, “I sent what you wanted?”

“What I wanted?”

“Yes. What you wanted me to write, about—about the Tristrams.”

“Yes.” The voice sounded now as if he had placed her. He smiled a little. “I remember it all now. I read it the other morning.” He nodded at her, as if that finished the matter. But Mina did not move. “I’m busy just now,” he added, “but—well, how’s your side of the affair going on, Madame Zabriska? I’ve heard nothing from my cousin about that.”

“It’s just wonderful to see you like this!” the Imp blurted out.

That amused him; she saw the twinkle in his eye.

“Never mind me. Tell me about the Tristram cousins.”

“Oh, you are thinking of it then?”

“I never tell what I’m thinking about. That’s the only reason people think me clever. The cousins?”

“Oh, that’s all dreadful. At least I believe they are—they would be—in love; but—but—Mr. Tristram’s so difficult, so obstinate, so proud. I don’t suppose you understand——”

“You’re the second person who’s told me I can’t understand in the last half-hour.” He was smiling now, as he coupled Mina and the handsome recalcitrant colleague in his protest. “I’m not sure of it.”

“And she’s been silly, and he’s been horrid, and just now—well, it’s all as bad as can be, Mr. Disney.”

"Is it? You must get it better than that, you know, before I can do anything. Good-night."

"Oh, stop, do stop! Do say what you mean!"

"I shan't do anything of the kind. You may tell Lady Evenswood what I've said and she'll tell you what I mean."

"Oh, but please——"

"If you stop me any longer, I shall send you to the Tower. Tell Lady Evenswood and Southend. If I didn't do my business better than you do yours——!" He shrugged his shoulders with a good-natured rudeness. "Good-night," he said again, and this time Mina dared not stop him. Twenty yards further on he halted once more of his own accord and fell into thought. Mina watched him till he moved on again, slowly making his way across the Mall and towards St. James's Street. A great thing had happened to her—she felt that; and she had news too that she was to tell to Southend and Lady Evenswood. There was considerable unsettlement in the Imp's mind that night.

The next day found her at Lady Evenswood's. The old lady and Southend (who had been summoned on Mina's command—certainly Mina was getting up in the world) understood perfectly. They nodded wise heads.

"I was always inclined to think that Robert would take that view."

"He fears that the Bearsdale Case won't carry him all the way. Depend upon it, that's what he feels."

"Well, there was the doubt there, you see."

Mina was rather tired of the doubt in the Bearsdale Case. It was always cropping up and being mentioned as though it were something exceedingly meritorious.

"And in poor Addie's case of course there—well, there wasn't," proceeded Lady Evenswood with a sigh. "So Robert feels that it might be thought——"

"The people with consciences would be at him, I suppose," said Southend scornfully.

"But if the marriage came off——"

"Oh, I see!" cried the Imp.

"Then he would feel able to act. It would look merely like putting things back as they were, you see, Mina."

"Do you think he means the viscounty?" asked Southend.

"It would be so much more convenient. And they could have had an earldom once before if they'd liked."

"Oh, twice," corrected Southend confidently.

"I know it's said, but I don't believe it. You mean in 1816?"

"Yes, everybody knows that they could have had it from Mr. Pitt."

"Well, George, I don't believe about 1816. At least my father heard Lord Liverpool say——"

"Oh, dear me!" murmured the Imp. This historical inquiry was neither comprehensible nor interesting. But they discussed it eagerly for some minutes before agreeing that, wherever the truth lay, a viscounty could not be considered out of the way for the Tristrams—legitimate and proper Tristrams, be it understood.

"And that's where the match would be of decisive value," Lady Evenswood concluded.

"Disney said as much evidently. So you understood, Madame Zabriská?"

"I suppose so. I've told you what he said."

"He could take Blentmouth, you know. It's all very simple."

"Well, I'm not sure that our friend Iver isn't keeping that for himself," smiled Southend.

"Oh, he can be Lord Bricks and Putty," she suggested, laughing. But there seemed in her words a deplorable hint of scorn for that process by which the vitality (not to say the solvency) of the British aristocracy is notoriously maintained. "Blentmouth would do very well for Harry Tristram."

"Well then, what's to be done?" asked Southend.

"We must give him a hint, George."

"Have we enough to go upon? Suppose Disney turned round and——"

"Robert won't do that. Besides, we needn't pledge anything. We can just put the case." She smiled thoughtfully. "I'm still not quite sure how Mr. Tristram will take it, you know."

"How he'll take it? He'll jump at it, of course."

"The girl or the title, George?"

"Well, both together. Won't he, Madame Zabriská?"

Mina thought great things of the girl, and even greater, if vaguer, of the title.

"I should just think so," she replied complacently. There was a limit to the perversity even of the Tristrams.

"We mustn't put it too baldly," observed Southend, dangling his eyeglass.

"Oh, he'll think more of the thing itself than of how we put it," Lady Evenswood declared.

From her knowledge of Harry, the Imp was exactly of that opinion. But Southend was for diplomacy; indeed what pleasure is there in manœuvring schemes if they are not to be conducted with delicacy? A policy that can be defined on a postage stamp has no attraction for ingenious minds, although it is usually the most effective with a nation.

Harry Tristram returned from Blinkhampton in a state of intellectual satisfaction marred by a sense of emotional emptiness. He had been very active, very energetic, very successful. He had new and cogent evidence of his power, not merely to start but to go ahead on his own account. This was the good side. But he discovered and tried to rebuke in himself a feeling that he had so far wasted the time in that he had seen nobody and nothing beautiful. Men of affairs had no concern with a feeling like that. Would Iver have it, or would Mr. Disney? Surely not! It would be a positive inconvenience to them, or at best a worthless asset. He traced it back to Blent, to that influence which he had almost brought himself to call malign because it seemed in some subtle way enervating, a thing that sought to clog his steps and hung about those feet which had need to be so alert and nimble. Yet the old life at

Blent would not have served by itself now. Was he to turn out so exacting that he must have both lives before he, or what was in him, could cry "Content"? A man will sometimes be alarmed when he realises what he wants—a woman often.

So he came in obedience to Lady Evenswood's summons, very confident but rather sombre. When he arrived, a woman was there whom he did not know. She exhaled fashion and the air of being exactly the right thing. She was young—several years short of forty—and very handsome. Her manner was quiet and well-dowered with repressed humour. He was introduced to Lady Flora Disney, and found himself regarded with unmistakable interest and lurking amusement. It was no effort to remember that Mr. Disney had married a daughter of Lord Bewdley's. That was enough; just as he knew all about her, she would know all about him; they were both of the pale in a sense that their hostess was, but Lord Southend—well, hardly was—and (absurdly enough) Mr. Disney himself not at all. This again was in patent incongruity with Blinkhampton and smelt woefully strong of Blent. Lady Evenswood encouraged Harry to converse with the visitor.

"We're a little quieter," she was saying. "The crisis is dormant, and the Bishop's made, and Lord Hove has gone to consult the Duke of Dexminster—which means a fortnight's delay anyhow, and probably being told to do nothing in the end. So I sometimes see Robert at dinner."

"And he tells you things, and you're indiscreet about them!" said Lady Evenswood reſtfully.

"I believe Robert considers me a sort of ante-room to publicity. And it's so much easier to disown a wife than a journalist, isn't it, Mr. Tristram?"

"Naturally. The Press have to pretend to believe one another," he said, smiling.

"That's the corner-stone," Southend agreed.

"Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" pursued Lady Flora. "But Diana was never a wife, if I remember,"

"Though how they do it, my dear," marvelled Lady Evenswood, "is what I don't understand."

"I know nothing about them," Lady Flora declared. "And they know nothing about me. They stop at my gowns, you know, and even then they always confuse me with Gertrude Melrose."

"I hope that stops at the gown too?" observed Southend.

"The hair does it, I think. She buys hers at the same shop as I— Now what do I do, Mr. Tristram?"

"You, Lady Flora? You know the shop. Is that enough?"

"Yes, or—well, no. I supplement there. I declare I won't wait any longer for Robert."

"He won't come now," said Lady Evenswood. "Is the bishop nice, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, quite plump and gaitery! Good-bye, dear Cousin Sylvia. I wish you'd come and see me, Mr. Tristram."

Harry, making his little bow, declared that he would be delighted.

"I like to see young men sometimes," observed the lady, retreating.

"The new style," Lady Evenswood summed up, as the door closed. "And—well, I suppose Robert likes it."

"*Dissimilia dissimilibus*," shrugged Southend, fixing his glasses.

"It's the only concession to appearances he ever made," sighed Lady Evenswood.

"She's a lady, though."

"Oh, yes. That's what makes it so funny. If she weren't——"

"Yes, it would all be natural enough."

"But we've been wasting your time, Mr. Tristram."

"Never less wasted since I was born," protested Harry, who had both enjoyed and learnt.

"No, really I think not," she agreed, smiling. "Flora has her power."

The remark grated on him ; he wanted nothing of Flora and her power ; it was indeed rather an unfortunate introduction to the business of the afternoon ; it pointed Harry's quills a little. Lady Evenswood, with a quick perception, tried to retrieve the observation.

"But she likes people who are independent best," she went on. "So does Robert, if it comes to that. Indeed he never does a job for any one."

"Carries that too far in my opinion," commented Southend. The moment for diplomacy approached.

But when it came to the point, Lady Evenswood suavely took the task out of his hands. Her instinct told her that she could do it best ; he soon came to agree. She had that delicacy which he desired but lacked ; she could claim silence when he must have suffered interruption ; she could excuse her interference on the ground of old friendship ; she could plead an interest which might seem impertinent in him. Above all, she could be elusively lucid and make herself understood without any bluntness of statement.

"If it could be so managed that the whole miserable accident should be blotted out and forgotten !" she exclaimed, as though she implored a personal favour.

"How can that be ?" asked Harry. "I was in, and I am out, Lady Evenswood."

"You're out, and your cousin's in, yes." Harry's eyes noted the words and dwelt on her face. "She can't be happy in that state of affairs either."

"Perhaps not," he admitted. "Facts are facts, though."

"There are ways—ways of preventing that," Southend interposed, murmuring vaguely.

"I don't know how you'll feel about it, but we all think you ought to consider other things besides your personal preferences. Might I tell Mr. Disney—no, one moment, please ! Our idea, I mean, was that there might be a family arrangement. A moment, please, Mr. Tristram ! I don't mean by which she would lose what she has——"

"But that I should get it?"

"Well, yes. Oh, I know your feelings. But they would cease to exist if you came to her on an equality, with what is really and truly your proper position recognised and—and——"

"Regularised," Southend supplied with a sharp glance at Harry.

"I don't understand," Harry declared. "You must tell me what you mean. Is it something that concerns Cecily as well as me?"

"Oh, about that we haven't the right even to ask your feelings. That would be simply for you to consider. But if anything were to happen——"

"Nothing could." Harry restrained himself no longer. "There can be no question of it."

"I knew you'd feel like that. Just because you feel like that I want to make the other suggestion to you. I'm not speaking idly. I have my warrant, Mr. Tristram. If——" She was at a loss for a moment. "If you ever went back to Blent," she continued, not satisfied, but driven to some form of words, "it isn't inevitable that you should go as Mr. Tristram. There are means of righting such injustices as yours. Wait, please! It would be felt—and felt in a quarter you can guess—that the master of Blent, which you'd be in fact anyhow, should have that position recognised. Perhaps there would not be the same feeling unless you were still associated with Blent."

"I don't understand at all."

She exchanged a despairing glance with Southend; she could not tell whether or not he was sincere in saying that he did not understand. Southend grew weary of the diplomacy which he had advocated; after all it had turned out to be Lady Evenswood's, not his, which may have had something to do with his change of mood towards it. He took up the task with a brisk directness.

"It's like this, Harry. You remember that the unsuc-

cessful claimant in the Bearsdale Case got a barony? That's our precedent. But it's felt not to go quite all the way—because there was a doubt there. (Luckily for Mina she was not by to hear). But it is felt that in the event of the two branches of your family being united it would be proper to—obliterate past—er—incidents. And that could be done by raising you to the peerage, under a new and, as we hope, a superior title. We believe Mr. Disney would, under the circumstances I have suggested, be prepared to recommend a viscounty, and that there would prove to be no difficulties in the way." The last words had, presumably, reference to the same quarter that Lady Evenswood had once described by the words, "Somebody Else."

They watched him as he digested the proposal, at last made to him in a tolerably plain form. "You must give me a moment to follow that out," he said, with a smile. But he had it all clear enough before he would allow them to perceive that he understood. For although his brain made easy work of it, his feelings demanded a pause. He was greatly surprised. He had thought of no such a thing. What difference would it make?

Southend was well satisfied with the way in which his overture was received. Lady Evenswood was watching intently.

"The idea is—" said Harry slowly—"I mean—I don't quite gather what it is. You talk of my cousin, and then of a viscounty. The two go together, do they?"

It was rather an awkward question put as bluntly as that.

"Well, that did seem to be Mr. Disney's view," said Southend.

"He was thinking of the family—of the family as a whole. I'm sure you think of that too," urged Lady Evenswood. There would never be a Tristram who did not, she was thinking. Well, except Addie perhaps, who really thought of nothing. "Of course as a thing purely personal to you it

might be just a little difficult." She meant, and intended Harry to understand, that without the marriage the thing could not be done at all. Mina had reported Mr. Disney faithfully, and Lady Evenswood's knowledge of her cousin Robert was not at fault. "Apart from anything else, there would be the sordid question," she ended, with a smile that became propitiatory against her will; she had meant it to be merely confidential.

There was ground for hope; Harry hesitated—truth will out, even where it impairs the grandeur of men. The suggestion had its attractions; it touched the spring of the picturesque in him which Blinkhampton had left rusting in idleness. It suggested something in regard to Cecily too—what it was, he did not reason out very clearly at the moment. Anyhow what was purposed would create a new situation and put him in a different position towards her. In brief, he would have something more on his side.

"Once he was sure the proposal was agreeable to you——" murmured Lady Evenswood gently. She was still very tentative about the matter, and still watchful of Harry.

But Southend was not cautious or did not read his man so well. To him the battle seemed to be won. He was assured in his manner and decidedly triumphant as he said:

"It's a great thing to have screwed Disney up to the viscounty. It does away with all difficulty about the name, you see."

Harry looked up sharply. Had Mr. Disney been "screwed up"? Who had screwed him up?—by what warrant?—on whose commission? That was enough to make him glower and to bring back something of the old-time look of suspicion to his face. But the greater part of his attention was engrossed by the latter half of Southend's ill-advised bit of jubilation.

"The name? The difficulty about the name?" he asked.

"If it had been a barony—well, hers would take prece-

dence of course. With the higher degree yours will come first, and her barony be merged—Viscount Blentmouth, eh, Harry?" He chuckled with glee.

"Viscount Blentmouth be hanged!" cried Harry. He mastered himself with an effort. "I beg your pardon, Lady Evenswood; and I'm much obliged to you, and to you too, Lord Southend, for—for screwing Mr. Disney up. It's not a thing I could or should have done or tried to do for myself." In spite of his attempted calmness his voice grew a little louder. "I want nothing but what's my own. If nothing's my own, well and good—I can wait till I make it something."

"But, my dear Harry—!" began the discomfited Southend. Harry cut him short, breaking again into impetuous speech.

"There's nothing between my cousin and me. There's no question of marriage and never can be. And if there were"—he seemed to gather himself up for a flight of scorn—"if there were, do you think I'm going to save my own pride by saddling the family with a beastly new viscounty?"

His tones rose in indignation on the last sentence, as he looked from one to the other. "Viscount Blentmouth, indeed!" he growled.

Southend's hands were out before him in signal of bewildered distress. Lady Evenswood looked at Harry, then, with a quick forward inclination of her body, past him; and she began to laugh.

"Thank you very much, but I've been Tristram of Blent," ended Harry, now in a very fine fume, and feeling he had been much insulted.

Still looking past him, Lady Evenswood sat laughing quietly. Even on Southend's face came an uneasy smile, as he too looked towards the door. After a moment's furious staring at the two, Harry faced round. The door had been softly and noiselessly opened to the extent of a couple of feet.

A man stood in the doorway, tugging at a rugged beard and with eyes twinkling under rugged brows. Who was he, and how did he come there? Harry heard Lady Evenswood's laughter; he heard her murmur to herself with an accent of pleasure, "A beastly new viscounty!" Then the man in the doorway came a little further in, saying:

"That's exactly what I think about it, Mr. Tristram. I've heard what you said and I agree with you. There's an end, then, of the beastly new viscounty!" He looked mockingly at Southend. "I've been screwed up all for nothing, it seems," said he.

"Why, you're——?"

"Let me introduce myself, Mr. Tristram. I came to look for my wife, and my name is Disney. I intend to keep mine, and I know better than to try and alter yours."

"I thought it would end like this!" cried Lady Evenswood.

"Shan't we say that it begins like this?" asked Mr. Disney. His look at Harry was a compliment.

CHAPTER XXIII

A DECREE OF BANISHMENT

THE Imp cried—absolutely cried for vexation—when a curt and sour note from Southend told her the issue. The blow struck down her excitement and her exultation. Away went all joy in her encounter with Mr. Disney, all pride in the skill with which she had negotiated with the Prime Minister. The end was pitiful—disgusting and pitiful. She poured out her heart's bitterness to Major Duplay, who had come to visit her.

"I'm tired of the whole thing, and I hate the Tristrams!" she declared.

"It always comes to that in time, Mina, when you mix yourself up in people's affairs."

"Wasn't it through you that I began to do it?"

The Major declined to argue the question—one of some complexity perhaps.

"Well, I've got plenty to do in London. Let's give up Merrion and take rooms here."

"Give up Merrion!" She was startled. But the reasons she assigned were prudential. "I've taken it till October, and I can't afford to. Besides, what's the use of being here in August?"

"You won't drop it yet, you see." The reasons did not deceive Duplay.

"I don't think I ought to desert Cecily. I suppose she'll go back to Blent. Oh, what an exasperating man he is!"

"Doesn't look as if the match would come off now, does it?"

"It's just desperate. The last chance is gone. I don't know what to do."

"Marry him yourself," advised the Major. Though it was an old idea of his, he was not very serious.

"I'd sooner poison him," said Mina decisively. "What must Mr. Disney think of me?"

"I shouldn't trouble about that. Do you suppose he thinks much at all, Mina?" (That is the sort of remark which relatives sometimes regard as consolatory.) "I think Harry Tristram as much of a fool as you do," Duplay added. "If he'd taken it, he could have made a good match anyhow, even if he didn't get Lady Tristram."

"Cecily's just as bad. She's retired into her shell. You don't know that way of hers—of theirs, I suppose it is, bother them! She's treating everybody and everything as if they didn't exist."

"She'll go back to Blent, I suppose?"

"Well, she must. Somebody must have it."

"If it's going begging, call on me," said the Major equably. He was in a better humour with the world than he had been

for a long while; his connection with Iver promised well. But Mina sniffed scornfully; she was in no mood for idle jests.

Cecily had been told about the scheme and its lamentable end. Her attitude was one of entire unconcern. What was it to her if Harry were made a viscount, a duke, or the Pope? What was anything to her? She was going back to her father at Blent. The only animation she displayed was in resenting the remainder, and indeed denying the fact, that she had ever been other than absolutely happy and contented at Blent. Mina pressed the point, and Cecily then declared that now at any rate her conscience was at rest. She had tried to do what was right—at what sacrifice Mina knew; the reception of her offer Mina knew. Now perhaps Mina could sympathise with her, and could understand the sort of way in which Cousin Harry received attempts to help him. On this point they drew together again.

“You must come back to Merrion, dear,” urged Cecily.

Mina, who never meant to do anything else, embraced her friend and affectionately consented. It is always pleasant to do on entreaty what we might be driven to do unasked.

Good-bye had to be said to Lady Evenswood. That lady was very cheerful about Harry; she was, hardly with any disguise, an admirer of his conduct, and said that undoubtedly he had made a very favourable impression on Robert. She seemed to make little of the desperate condition of affairs as regarded Cecily. She was thinking of Harry's career, and that seemed to her very promising. “Whatever he tries I think he'll succeed in,” she said. That was not enough for Mina; he must try Mina's things—those she had set her heart on—before she could be content. “But you never brought Cecily to see me,” Lady Evenswood complained. “And I'm just going away now.”

That was it, Mina decided. Lady Evenswood had not seen Cecily. She had approached the Tristram puzzle from one side only, and had perceived but one aspect of it. She did not understand that it was complex and double-headed; it was neither Harry nor Cecily, but Harry and Cecily. Mina had

been in that state of mind before Cecily came on the scene ; it was natural now in Lady Evenswood. But it rendered her really useless. It was a shock to find that, all along, in Lady Evenswood's mind Cecily had been a step towards the peerage rather than the peerage the first step towards Cecily. Mina wondered loftily (but silently) how woman could take so slighting a view of woman.

"And Flora Disney has quite taken him up," Lady Evenswood pursued. "George tells me he's been to lunch there twice. George is a terrible gossip."

"What does Lady Flora Disney want with him?"

"Well, my dear, are you going to turn round and say you don't understand why he interests women?"

"I don't see why he should interest Lady Flora." Mina had already made up her mind that she hated that sort of woman. It was bad enough to have captured Mr. Disney ; must the insatiate creature draw into her net Harry Tristram also?

"And of course he's flattered. Any young man would be."

"I don't think he's improved since he left Blent."

"Country folks always say that about their young men when they come to town," smiled Lady Evenswood. "He's learning his world, my dear. And he seems very sensible. He hasn't inherited poor Addie's wildness."

"Yes, he has. But it only comes out now and then. When it does——"

"It won't come out with Flora," Lady Evenswood interrupted reassuringly. "And at any rate, as you may suppose, I'm going to leave him to his own devices. Oh, I think he's quite right, but I don't want to be wrong myself again, that's all."

But another thing was to happen before Mina went back to the valley of the Blent ; a fearful, delightful thing. An astonishing missive came—a card inviting her to dine with Mr. and Lady Flora Disney. She gasped as she read it. Had

Lady Flora ever indulged in the same expression of feeling, it would have been when she was asked to send it. Gasping still, Mina telegraphed for her best frock and all the jewelled tokens of affection which survived to testify to Adolf Zabriska's love. It was in itself an infinitely great occasion, destined always to loom large in memory; but it proved to have a bearing on the Tristram problem too.

For Harry was there. He sat on the hostess's left; on her other side was handsome Lord Hove, very resplendent in full dress, starred and ribanded. Several of the men were like that; there was some function later on, Mina learnt from an easy-mannered youth who sat by her and seemed bored with the party. Disney came in late, in his usual indifferently fitting morning clothes, snatching an hour from the House, in the strongest contrast to the fair sumptuousness of his wife. He took a vacant chair two places from Mina and nodded at her in a friendly way. They were at a round table, and there were only a dozen there. The easy-mannered youth told her all about them, including several things which it is to be hoped were not true; he seemed to view them from an altitude of good-humoured contempt. Mina discovered afterwards that he was a cousin of Lady Flora's and occupied a position in Messrs. Coutts' Bank. He chuckled once, remarking:

"Flora's talking to Tristram all the time, instead of being pleasant to Tommy Hove. Fact is, she hates Tommy and she'd be glad if the Chief would give him the boot. But the Chief doesn't want to, because Tommy's well in at Court and the Chief isn't."

"Why does Lady Flora hate Lord Hove? He's very handsome."

"Think so? Well, I see so many fellows like that, that I'm beginnin' to hate 'em. Like the sweet girl, don't you know? I hear the Chief thinks Tristram'll train on."

"Do what?" asked Mina absently, looking across at Harry.

Harry was quite lively, and deep in conversation with his hostess.

“Well, they might put him in the House, and so on, you know. See that woman next but three? That’s Gertrude Melrose; spends more on clothes than any woman in London, and she’s only got nine hundred a year. Queer?” He smiled as he consumed an almond.

“She must get into debt,” said Mina, gazing at the clothes of inexplicable origin.

“Gettin’ in isn’t the mystery,” remarked the youth. “It’s the gettin’ out, Madame—er—Zabriska.” He had taken a swift glance at Mina’s card.

Mina looked around. “Is it in this room they have the Councils?” she asked.

“Cabinets? Don’t know. Downstairs somewhere, I believe, anyhow.” He smothered a yawn. “Queer thing, that about Tristram, you know. If everything was known, you know, I shouldn’t wonder if a lot of other fellows found themselves——”

He was interrupted, fortunately perhaps, in these speculations by a question from his other neighbour. Mina was left alone for some minutes, and set to work to observe the scene. She was tolerably at ease now; a man was on each side of her, and in the end it was the women of whom she was afraid. There would be a terrible time in the drawing-room, but she determined not to think of that. Harry saw her sitting silent and smiled across at her while he listened to Lady Flora. The smile seemed to come from a great way off. The longer she sat there the more that impression grew; he seemed so much and so naturally a part of the scene and one of the company. She was so emphatically not one of them, save by the merest accident and for an evening’s span. The sense of difference and distance troubled her. She thought of Cecily alone at home, and grew more troubled still. She felt absurd too, because she had been trying to help Harry. If that had to be

done, she supposed Lady Flora would do it now. The idea was bitter. Where difference of class comes in, women seem more hostile to one another than men are to men; perhaps this should be considered in relation to the Franchise Question.

Through the talk of the rest she listened to Harry and Lady Flora. That Harry should hold his own did not surprise her; it was rather unexpected that he should do it so lightly and so urbanely. Lord Hove tried to intervene once or twice, with no success; capricious waves of sympathy undulated across to him from Mina. She turned her head by chance, and found Mr. Disney silent too, and looking at her. The next moment he spoke to the easy-mannered youth.

"Well, Theo, what's the world saying and doing?"

"Same as last year, Cousin Robert," answered Theo cheerfully. "Government's a year older, of course."

In an instant Mina was pleased; she detected an unexpected but pleasant friendship between Mr. Disney and the youth. She credited Disney with more humanity—the humour necessary she knew he had—and liked him even better.

"The drawing-rooms have kicked us out already, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, rather. But the Bank's not sure."

"Good! That's something. Banks against drawing-rooms for me, Madame Zabriská." He brought her into the conversation almost with tact; he must have had a strong wish to make her comfortable.

"That's right," announced Theo. "I should say you're all right in the country too. Crops pretty good, you know, and the rain's comin' down just nicely."

"Well, I ordered it," said Mr. Disney.

"Takin' all the credit you can get," observed Theo. "Like the man who carved his name on the knife before he stabbed his mother-in-law."

"What did he do that for?" cried Mina. A guffaw from Disney quite amazed her.

Harry looked across with a surprised air; he seemed to wonder that she should be enjoying herself. Mina was annoyed, and set herself to be merry; a glance from Lady Flora converted vexation into rage. She turned back to Theo; somehow Mr. Disney had taught her how to like him—often a valuable lesson, if people would keep their eyes open for it.

“Everybody else I’ve met has been horribly afraid of Mr. Disney,” she said in a half whisper.

“Oh, you aren’t in a funk of a man who’s smacked your head!”

That seemed a better paradox than most. Mina nodded approvingly.

“What does the Bank say about Barililand, Theo?” called Disney. Lord Hove paused in the act of drinking a glass of wine.

“Well, they’re just wonderin’ who’s goin’ to do the kickin’,” said Theo.

“And who’s going to take it?” Disney seemed much amused. Lord Hove had turned a little pink. Mina had a vague sense that serious things were being joked about. Harry had turned from his hostess and was listening.

“That’s what it comes to,” concluded Theo.

Disney glanced round, smiling grimly. Everybody had become silent. Barililand had produced the question on which Lord Hove was supposed to be restive. Disney laughed and looked at his wife. She rose from the table. Mr. Disney had either learnt what he wanted or had finished amusing himself. Mina did not know which; no more, oddly enough, did Lord Hove.

Mr. Disney was by the door, saying good-bye to the ladies; he would not be coming to the drawing-room. He stopped Mina, who went out last, just before his wife.

“We’ve done all we could, Madame Zabriska,” he said.

“We must leave him alone, eh?”

"I'm afraid so. You've been very kind, Mr. Disney."

"Better as it is, I fancy. Now then, Flora!" At this peremptory summons Lady Flora left Theo, by whom she had halted, and followed Mina through the door.

The dreadful moment had come. It justified Mina's fears, but not in the way she had expected. Two of the women left directly; the other two went off into a corner; her hostess sat down and talked to her. Lady Flora was not distant and did not make Mina feel an outsider. The fault was the other way; she was confidential—and about Harry. She assumed an intimacy with him equal or more than equal to Mina's own; she even told Mina things about him; she said "we" thought him an enormous acquisition and hoped to see a great deal of him. It was all very kind, and Mina, as a true friend, should have been delighted. As it was, dolor grew upon her.

"And I suppose the cousin is quite——?" A gentle motion of Lady Flora's fan was left to define Cecily more exactly, and proved fully up to the task.

"She's the most fascinating creature I ever saw," cried Mina.

"Rescued out of Chelsea, wasn't she?" smiled Lady Flora. "Poor thing! One's sorry for her. When her mourning's over we must get her out. I do hope she's something like Mr. Tristram?"

"I think she's ever so much nicer than Mr. Tristram." Mina would have shrunk from stating this upon oath.

"He interests me enormously, and it's so seldom I like Robert's young men."

So he was to be Robert's young man too! The thing grew worse and worse. Almost she hated her idol, Mr. Disney. Personal jealousy, and jealousy for Cecily, blinded her to his merits, much more to the gracious cordiality which his wife was now showing.

"Yes, I'm sure we shall make something of Harry Tristram."

"He doesn't like things done for him," Mina declared. She meant to show how very well she knew him, and spoke with an air of authority.

"Oh, of course it won't look like that, Madame Zabriska."

Now the Imp's efforts had looked like that—just like it. She chafed under conscious inferiority; Lady Flora had smiled at being thought to need such a reminder.

"Men never see it unless it's absolutely crammed down their throats," Lady Flora pursued. "They always think it's all themselves, you know. It would be very clumsy to be found out."

In perfect innocence she sprinkled pepper on Mina's wound. Able to endure no more, the Imp declared that she must go back to Cecily.

"Oh, poor girl, I quite forgot her! You're going back to Blent with her, I suppose? Do come and see us when you're in town again." Was there or was there not the slightest sigh as she turned away, a sigh that spoke of duty nobly done? Even towards Robert's caprices, even to the oddest people, Lady Flora prided herself on a becoming bearing. And in the end this little Madame Zabriska had rather amused her; she was funny with her airs of ownership about Harry Tristram.

Well poor Mina understood! All that the enemy thought was legible to her; all the misery that keen perceptions can sometimes bring was sure to be hers. She had spent the most notable evening of her life, and she got into her cab a miserable woman.

Theo was on the doorstep. "Escapin'," he confided to her while he handed her in. "Worst of these parties generally is that there's nobody amusin'," he observed as he did her this service. "Aren't you rather glad you haven't got to take on Flora's job, Madame Zabriska?"

No, at the moment at least Mina did not rejoice on that account.

When she reached home, there was nothing to change her mood. She found Cecily in a melancholy so sympathetic as to invite an immediate outpouring of the heart. Cecily was beautiful that evening, in her black frock, with her fair hair, her pale face, and her eyes full of tragedy. She had been writing, it appeared; ink and paper were on the table. She was very quiet, but, Mina thought, with the stillness that follows a storm. Unasked, the Imp sketched the dinner party, especially Harry's share in it. Her despair was laced with vitriol and she avoided a kind word about anybody. This was blank ingratitude to Mr. Disney, and to Theo too; but our friends can seldom escape from paying for our misfortunes.

"Those people have got hold of him. We've lost him. That's the end of it," she cried.

Cecily had nothing to say; she leant back in a slack dreariness while Mina expatiated on this doleful text. There came a luxury into the Imp's woe as she realised for herself and her auditor the extreme sorrows of the situation; she forgot entirely that there was not and never had been any reason why Harry should be anything in particular to her at least. She observed that of course she was glad for his sake; this time-honoured unselfishness won no assent from Cecily. Lacking the reinforcement of discussion, the stream of Mina's lamentation began to run dry.

"Oh, it's no use talking," she ended. "There it is!"

"I'm going back to Blent to-morrow," said Cecily suddenly.

It was no more than Mina had expected. "Yes, we may as well," she assented dismally.

Cecily rose and began to walk about. Her air caught Mina's attention again; on this, the evening before she returned to Blent, it had something of that suppressed passion which had marked her manner on the night when she determined to leave it. She came to a stand opposite Mina.

"I've made up my mind. From this moment, Mina, Blent is mine. Up to now I've held it for Harry. Now it's mine. I shall go back and begin everything there to-morrow."

Mina felt the tragedy; the inevitable was being accepted.

"You see I've been writing?"

"Yes, Cecily." After all it looked as though the Imp were not to be cheated of her sensation.

"I've written to Cousin Harry. I've told him what I mean to do. He must think it right; it's the only thing he's left me to do. But I've told him I can do it only on one condition. He'll have my letter to-morrow."

"On one condition? What?"

"I said to him that he gave me Blent because I was there, because he saw me there in the middle of it all. That's true. If I'd stayed here, would he ever have told his secret? Never! He wouldn't so much as have come to see me; he'd never have thought of me, he'd have forgotten all about me. It was seeing me there."

"Well, seeing you anyhow."

"Seeing me there—there at Blent," she insisted, now almost angrily. "So he'll understand what I mean by the thing I've asked of him. And he must obey." Her voice became imperious. "I've told him that I'm going back, going to stay there, and live there, but that he must never, never come there."

Mina started, her eyes wide open in surprise at this heroic measure.

"I must never see him—if I can help it. Anyhow I must never see him at Blent. That's the only way I can endure it."

"Never see him! Never have him at Blent!" Mina was trying to sort out the state of things which would result. It was pretty plain what had happened; Cecily had felt the need of doing something; here it was. Mina's sympathies, quick to

move, darted out to Harry. "Think what it'll mean to him never to see Blent!" she cried.

"To him? Nothing, nothing! Why, you yourself came home just now saying that we were nothing to him! Blent's nothing to him now. It's for my own sake that I've said he mustn't come."

"You've begged him not to come?"

"I've told him not to come," said Cecily haughtily. "If it's his, let him take it. If it's mine, I can choose who shall come there. Don't you see, don't you see? How can I ever cheat myself into thinking it's mine by right if I see Harry there?" She paused a moment. "And if you'd thrown yourself at a man's head, and he'd refused you, would you want to have him about?"

"N—no," said Mina, but rather hesitatingly; uncomfortable situations are to some natures better than no situations at all. "No, of course not," she added more confidently, after she had spent a moment in bracing up her sense of what was seemly.

"So I've ended it, I've ended everything. I posted my letter just before you came in, and he'll get it to-morrow. And now, Mina, I'm going back to Blent." She threw herself into an armchair, leaning back in a sudden weariness after the excited emotion with which she had declared her resolve. Mina sat on the other side of the table looking at her, and after a moment's looking suddenly began to sob.

"It's too miserable," she declared in wrathful woe. "Why couldn't he have said nothing about it and just married you? Oh, I hate it all, because I love you both. I know people think I'm in love with him, but I'm not. It's both of you, it's the whole thing; and now it never, never can go straight. If he got Blent back now by a miracle, it would be just as bad."

"Worse," said Cecily, "if you mean that then he might——"

"Yes, worse," moaned Mina. "It's hopeless every way. And I believe he's fond of you."

A scornful smile was Cecily's only but sufficient answer.

"And you love him!" Mina's sorrow made her forget all fear. She said in this moment what she had never before dared to say. "Oh, of course you do, or you'd never have told him he mustn't come to Blent. But he won't understand that—and it would make no difference if he did, I suppose! Oh, you Tristrams!" Again her old despairing cry of revolt and bewilderment was wrung from her by the ways of the family with whose fate she had become so concerned. Southend had felt much the same thing over the matter of Harry and the viscounty. "So it all ends, it all ends—and we've got to go back to Blent!"

"Yes, I love him," said Cecily. "That evening in the Long Gallery—the evening when he gave me Blent—do you know what I thought?" She spoke low and quickly, lying back quite still in the attitude that Addie Tristram had once made her own. "I watched him, and I saw that he had something to say, and yet wouldn't say it. I saw he was struggling. And I watched, how I watched! He was engaged to Janie Iver—he had told me that. But he didn't love her—yes, he told me that too. But there was something else. I saw it. I had come to love him then already—oh, I think as soon as I saw him at Blent. And I waited for it. Did you ever do that, Mina—do you remember?"

Mina was silent; her memories gave her no such thing as that. Her sobs had ceased; she sat listening in tense excitement to the history of the scene that she had descried, dim and far off, from the terrace of Merrion on the hill.

"I waited, waited. I couldn't believe—Ah, yes, but I did believe. I thought he felt bound in honour and I hoped—yes, I hoped—he would break his word and throw away his honour. I saw it coming, and my heart seemed to burst as I waited for it. You'd know, if it had ever happened to you like that.

And at last I saw he would speak—I saw he must speak. He came and stood by me. Suddenly he cried, ‘I can’t do it.’ Then my heart leapt, because I thought he meant he couldn’t marry Janie Iver. I looked up at him and I suppose I said something. He caught me by the arm. I thought he was going to kiss me, Mina. And then—then he told me that Blent was mine—not himself but Blent—that I was Lady Tristram, and he—Harry Nothing—he said, Harry Nothing at all.”

“Oh, if you’d told him that!” cried Mina.

“Tell him!” She smiled in superb scorn. “I’d die before I told him. I could go and offer myself to him just because he didn’t know. And he’ll never know now. Only now you can understand that Blent is— Ah, that it’s all bitterness to me! And you know now why he must never come. Yes, as you say, it all ends now.”

Mina came and knelt down by her, caressing her hand. Cecily shivered a little and moved with a vague air of discomfort.

“But I believe he cares for you,” Mina whispered.

“He might have cared for me perhaps. But Blent’s between.”

Blent was between. The difficulty seemed insuperable—at least where you were dealing with Tristrams. Mina could not but acknowledge that. For Harry, having nothing to give, would take nothing. And Cecily, having much, was thereby debarred from giving anything. And if that miracle of which Mina had spoken came about, the parts would be exchanged, but the position would be no more hopeful. The Tristrams not only brought about difficult situations—as Addie had done here—but by being what they were they ensured that the difficulties should not be overcome. Yet at this moment Mina could not cry, “Oh, you Tristrams!” any more. Her sorrow was too great and Cecily too beautiful. She seemed again to see Addie, and neither she nor anybody else could have been

hard to Addie. She covered Cecily's hands with kisses as she knelt by her side.

"Yes, this is the end," said Cecily. "Now, Mina, for Blent and her ladyship!" She gave a bitter little laugh. "And good-bye to Cousin Harry!"

"Oh, Cecily——!"

"No, he shall never come to Blent."

How would Harry take this decree of banishment? Mina looked up into her friend's eyes, wondering. But did not the dinner-party at Mr. Disney's answer that?

(To be continued.)