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SPORT AND CRUELTY

WE were glad to have an opportunity some months ago, of calling the attention of our readers to the high level both of tone and argument which is not infrequently attained in the debates of the House of Lords. We have unfortunately been reminded by a more recent discussion that the Upper Chamber, no less than the Lower, may at times fall lamentably short of its own standard.

On Monday, March 3, the Bishop of Hereford moved the second reading of a Bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to Wild Animals in a short speech the moderation and humanity of which were cordially acknowledged by Lords Aberdeen and Ribblesdale, the two most serious and considerable of his opponents. He explained that the Bill followed the lines of the Act of 1900, to which it formed a logical sequel: that it prohibited the hunting, coursing, or shooting of any animal which, to the knowledge of the person so acting, had been kept in confinement and was released for the purposes of such sport. It would thus prohibit the hunting of the carted stag and the practice of pigeon-shooting: it would not interfere with the killing of so-called tame pheasants, since it was not to apply in the case of animals which had had two months' liberty immediately before the date of the shooting, but it would put an end to the coursing of bagged rabbits, an amusement which he considered cruel and brutalising, and which is said to be gaining favour rapidly in many great centres of population.

The result may have been only what the Bishop feared, or what his opponents confidently expected: to those who read the report of the debate next day it was a complete surprise. As a nation we are almost to a man devoted to sport; few of us at any rate are born without the instinct; we are humane even to the verge of absurdity, as we have shown in the South African War: we are genuinely concerned for the welfare of our industrial classes, and love to put our concern for any good cause into the exhilarating form of a crusade. There were therefore plenty of strong reasons for expecting a full and spirited debate, perhaps even an illuminating one, for though the House of Lords is certainly a constellation in which one star differs from another in brilliancy, it contains probably few members who have not given much time and thought to the particular subject now under discussion. If but one in twenty of those qualified by skill or experience to speak on such matters had been anxious to take part in the debate, an adjournment would have been inevitable: as it was, after hearing five speeches against him and not one in support, the Bishop withdrew his motion exactly an hour and a half after he had first risen to make it.

It might be worth while to examine the arguments which preceded—we cannot say that they caused—so decisive a result. The attack was led by Lord Newton, an unselfish peer, who happens to live in the neighbourhood of manufacturing towns, and is subjected to considerable inconvenience by people who attempt to take, and very often do take, his rabbits for the purposes of coursing. We sympathise strongly with Lord Newton, and should not have blamed him if under such provocation he had voted for the Bill. The House, however, laughed at the conscientious struggles of this good man. His subsequent points were more important, if not so clearly reasoned. The measure, he said, was directed against forms of sport which in the opinion of the mover were both spurious and cruel. For his part he should be extremely sorry to have to define what was spurious and what was legitimate sport (hear,

hear), and he thought that the only question they need seriously concern themselves about was that of cruelty. He had never been able to see the cruelty of tame-deer hunting. He had no sympathy with pigeon-shooting, but the question was—was it unjustifiably cruel? Was it more cruel than shooting tame pheasants or partridges? He doubted whether there was more cruelty in rabbit-coursing than in rabbit-shooting. Of course all sport was cruel more or less: those who engaged in shooting or hunting could not with any consistency vote for the Bill. It was really an attack on all sport, but he opposed it chiefly on the ground that it was a piece of class legislation.

The Earl of Durham concurred on this last point, and referred to, but did not feel able to read, some letters he had received from members of the working class desiring that he would tell the Bishop of Hereford their opinion. We regret the suppression of these letters; but Lord Durham made ample amends by reminding us "that physical courage and love of sport have been for centuries the distinguishing characteristics of the British race." He was further of opinion that this Bill "would withdraw many rabbits from the food of the people."

Lord Ribblesdale acquitted the Bishop of making a general attack on sport; but he thought that their lordships were met by the overwhelming difficulty of distinguishing between what was legitimate and what was spurious. He would be very sorry to see stag-hunting included in a Bill of this sort. He should also vote against it because if the other parts of it passed into law "a great number of people who led hard working lives and did not get much amusement would suffer very much."

The Marquis of Londonderry "cordially supported" Lords Newton and Durham, and repeated the last argument of Lord Ribblesdale, but in less memorable language.

The Earl of Aberdeen felt that many of their lordships must feel a difficulty in voting for the Bill. He thought, however, that "the Right Reverend Prelate had done good work

in raising the discussion, as he had drawn attention to possible abuses. People must be on the alert for checking any such abuses."

On this, the highest note yet reached, the debate ended.

We regret the unworthiness of the discussion, and the confusion and timidity of mind which it revealed; still more do we regret the result—the apparently conclusive nature of the failure; for we are entirely devoted to the interests of sport, and we believe that this Bill, so far from being an attack upon all sport, offered an opportunity of doing something towards saving all that deserves the name. It was, in fact, in our view, a far-sighted attempt to place sport upon the footing on which alone it can eventually stand, if it is to stand at all, to separate the worthy and healthy parts of it from that which is not only corrupt in itself but must, if allowed to remain, inevitably involve the whole in one sweeping condemnation. If it be true that the difficulty of distinguishing between legitimate and spurious sport is, as Lord Ribblesdale declared it to be, overwhelming, we have only two alternatives before us: we must either abandon one of the most valuable and characteristic elements of English life, or look impotently on while it poisons, like impure blood, the manly strength and beauty which it has so long nourished.

Have we really no third choice? We do not for a moment believe so. We should not claim to set our opinion in the balance with a serious and considered judgment of the noble lords whom we have named, but the superficial nature of their arguments and the perfunctory manner in which they presented them on this occasion encourage us in the belief that they were so preoccupied or so much taken by surprise as to be unable for the moment to bring their best powers to bear. Lord Durham for example, when he is not addressing the House, knows as well as any one that the supply of rabbits for food is ample, and that it would be at least as easy when you have caught your rabbit (or Lord Newton's rabbit) to send him direct to the market, as it is to course him first and send him

to market afterwards. Lord Newton again, when he is not taking dialectical exercise, would readily admit that there is a great difference between the sudden death of a creature shot in its native woods and the lingering torment of one which is captured alive, kept in confinement, carried to execution huddled and stifled in misery, turned out in strange surroundings half paralysed with terror, and worried to death by strange enemies, without even the barest possibility of escape. And Lord Ribblesdale, in spite of his quaintly expressed sympathy with those who "would suffer very much" by the loss of their sport, cannot seriously mean to contend that everything is justifiable which provides "amusement" for working people. He would not really vote for the legalising of bull-fights or of gladiatorial shows. No, these were not serious arguments; they were but the hasty unaimed shots of a picquet ready to fall back on a position to whose real strength, whatever it may be, their fusillade bears no relation. They were on this occasion effectual in repelling the attack, simply because it was entirely unsupported, a single-handed charge, a forlorn hope without the hope. That attack will certainly be renewed, and we trust that in the meantime their lordships will have considered at their leisure whether the position is one that can or ought to be defended at all.

At present they have avowedly looked at the question from one point of view only; they have taken it as a balancing of cruelty against amusement, of the loss to the animal against the gain to the human being. Setting aside the word "amusement" for the moment, and substituting for it the word "sport" in its highest sense, we shall for our own part find no difficulty in agreeing that man's interest must outweigh the animal's, as it is almost universally admitted to do when food is in question. In fact, it seems to us very doubtful whether the pursuit and killing of a wild animal can in itself be properly called an act of "cruelty" at all; it is, at any rate, the chief principle of that struggle for existence upon which terrestrial life is founded, and if we are condemned for preying upon our fellow inhabi-

tants of the earth, the same judgment must fall more heavily upon the Power which created the order of the world. Mr. Russel Wallace discusses this question in the second chapter of his "Darwinism" and adds with great force:

> We must remember that animals are entirely spared the pain we suffer in the anticipation of death—a pain far greater, in most cases, than the reality. This leads, probably, to an almost perpetual enjoyment of their lives; since their constant watchfulness against danger, and even their actual flight from an enemy, will be the enjoyable exercise of the powers and faculties they possess, unmixed with any serious dread. There is, in the next place, much evidence to show that violent deaths, if not too prolonged, are painless and easy; even in the case of man, whose nervous system is in all probability much more susceptible to pain than that of most animals.
>
> Where we err is, in giving to animals feelings and emotions which they do not possess. To us the very sight of blood, and of torn or mangled limbs, is painful, while the idea of the suffering implied by it is heartrending. We have a horror of all violent and sudden death, because we think of the life full of promise cut short, of hopes and expectations unfulfilled, and of the grief of mourning relatives. But all this is quite out of place in the case of animals, for whom a violent and a sudden death is in every way the best.

We believe this to be a sane and just statement of the case; but it has little to do with the coursing of rabbits, for there can be no doubt that whatever may be the truth about their death, the capture and captivity of such timid and weak creatures must be to a certain degree cruel. Lord Ribblesdale, who spoke up for the noblest form of sport in England—the chase of the wild red deer—must have listened with horror to the sacrilegious sentence in which Lord Newton declared that those who engaged in hunting could not with any consistency vote for a bill against the worrying of so pitiful a quarry as a cowed rabbit. Pigeon-shooting is upon the same footing; in neither of these "sports" is the victim in any true sense "wild"; in both the death is in reality a prolonged and terrifying one. We must add that the cruelty is not accidental or occasional only; it is by the very nature of the case necessary and invariable.

We are content, however, to leave on one side what may be called the animal's point of view, for the decisive considerations

lie, we believe, elsewhere. We would advise their lordships to summon up their courage and approach once more the problem which one of them thought overwhelming and another "would be extremely sorry" to attempt—the problem of the distinction between spurious and legitimate sport—and to approach it this time from the man's point of view. What are the elements which, on the man's side, go to make up the definition of sport? What is it that satisfies "the sporting instinct" which is so deeply engrained in the English character, in the character of one of the kindliest and most humane peoples in the world?

The answer may be arrived at by examining the different forms of sport in use amongst us. They will be found to fall into three broad divisions; and the basis of all of them is the delight in contest. In the first class come all our games and athletic sports—contests of strength, speed or skill between man and man, whether equipped or not with sails, wheels, oars, skates, or gloves. To the same class belong all kinds of hunting and shooting of wild animals; contests in which the trained faculties of the hunter are pitted against the natural powers of the game. In a second and perhaps less exciting, though hardly less interesting, class come those contests in which the sportsman measures himself not against any living creature, but against the natural difficulties caused by time and space, and by the weaknesses and limitations of his own human nature. Alpine climbing is a sufficiently good example of this kind of sport.

All the pursuits included in these two classes have in greater or less degree the same marked characteristics; they are not only "amusements," they increase the strength and skill of those who follow them. When used in moderation they produce health of mind as well as of body, and the amount of enjoyment and exhilaration derived from them is directly proportioned to the amount of courage, patience, and endurance expended. It follows from this that the best sport is attained in these pursuits when the difficulties to be surmounted are greatest—always, of course, within the limits of possibility—or,

in the case of contests with men or beasts, when the match is an even one, or the wild animal has a fair chance of escaping by his speed and cunning and by his knowledge of the ground. This is, we imagine, the explanation of the marked love of fair play in all good sportsmen, and their curiously sympathetic feeling for the creatures whose lives they delight to take when they can do so within the rules. Of one thing there is no doubt: the moral effect of all these sports is strong and salutary; the life of England has attested it for centuries.

The third class is of a very different order: the contests which are included in it are not contests in which the sportsman himself takes part: they are games played, races run, fights fought, not by him but for his "amusement." To a certain extent the exhilaration produced by these spectacles resembles that gained in the true sports; we sympathise with the combatants or competitors, more especially if we have ever done the like ourselves. But where the contest is one between animals, the feeling must be different. It may still be a not unworthy feeling; admiration, for instance, at a horse-race, by the common consent of all times and nations one of the most stirring and beautiful sights that man can see in the purely physical world. But it may be one of the basest and most degrading of human pleasures, the glutting of the gladiatorial instinct, of the desire to enjoy the sensational thrill at the cost, not of our own, but of another creature's effort, or pain, or death. There is no doubt that this desire is rapidly increasing in England, and the Triple Alliance which it maintains with the evils of excessive drinking and betting forms a danger to the welfare of the country perhaps not less formidable than the outside combinations against which we are so much on guard.

On such lines as we have roughly indicated it would not, we hope, be difficult for a House crowded with good sportsmen to distinguish between the spurious and the legitimate. It might even be possible for some decision to be come to on the vexed question of the carted deer, without, on the one hand, taking the opinions of the ignorant and sentimental, or, on the

other, consulting the animal itself as to whether it preferred—in Lord Newton's words—"to be hunted as a tame deer with the certainty of having its life prolonged, rather than as a wild deer with the probability of its being killed." It would be perceived, we think, upon further consideration that this curious sport is an anomalous one: it contains little or no element of cruelty; it demands from the hunters the fullest amount of skill and courage; but the quarry is not a wild animal contending for its life and on its own ground; rather it is an unwilling player in a kind of game, much in the unenviable position of a team of slaves compelled to stand up at football against an overwhelming combination of their owners. Even if the slaves learnt to enjoy it, we do not think the sport would cease to be unworthy of so high a name. But however this may be, about pigeon-shooting and rabbit-coursing there can surely be no doubt; the animal has no fair chance, and where there is no fair chance there is no true sport; the man spends neither courage nor skill and gains neither health nor manliness.

As to the charge of "class legislation" little need be said. They dishonour English sport who represent it as the subject of a corrupt bargain between high and low to wink at each other's cruelty. And if democracy can be shown to mean that the standards of our social life are to be lowered until they cease to conflict with the most barbarous or most decadent tastes among us, then to whom should we look if not to the House of Lords to set about the ending or mending of democracy?

ON THE LINE

WE have, it appears, one writer at least—and how thankful we are for him—who knows that to be original it is not necessary to lay your scene in the moon, or preach a new religion, or deprive your hero of legs. Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch in **The Westcotes** (Arrowsmith. Bristol. 6*s.*) does not even shrink from the danger of superficial comparisons; his time and place are those familiar to all who know their Hardy, and in his method he claims to be a disciple of Mr. Henry James. Whatever may have been his intention we take leave to assert that the result is all his own; it has a natural romance, a distinctively English feeling, and a broad kindliness which no combination of these two writers could by any possibility produce. Of their subtlety, their critical fineness and their detachment he has, at any rate, sufficient for his purpose: which is to make us sympathise with the French prisoners of the Great War without for a moment losing our good solid old national pride. Frigate actions end, as a matter of course, in French prisoners and more French prisoners; but these, even in their captivity and poverty, are gentlemen and artists, who can not only keep their parole under all temptation (love only excepted) decorate a ball-room for their conquerors and discuss Roman antiquities, but avenge those fatal broadsides with a quick fire of wit, better aimed if less heavily shotted. For the life of us we cannot help taking sides here against our own people, represented though they are by the

majestic person of the senior partner in the firm of Westcote and Westcote, bankers of Axcester, in the country of Somerset.

Endymion Westcote, like many pompous men, usually hurt somebody when he indulged in a joke, and for this cause perhaps, had a nervous dislike of wit in others. Dull in taking a jest, but almost preternaturally clever in suspecting one, he had disliked Raoul's sallies in proportion as they puzzled him.

But the point of the book, and half the originality of it, lies not here but in the treatment of Dorothea's love-story. See with how sure and light a hand we are steered between the ridiculous and the sublime. "Face it," said her brother, "the thing's absurd! You, a woman of thirty-eight (or is it thirty-nine?), and he, if I may judge from appearances, young enough to be your son!" And a tender-hearted public all the time longing to see convention, and comfort, and even nationality, heroically defied, and true love disappearing with postillions and old shoes into a conveniently misty region of happiness! Mr. Couch knows better than the brother or the public.

I pray you be gentle with Dorothea. Find if you can something admirable in this plain spinster, keeping, at the age of thirty-seven, a room in her breast adorned and ready for first love; find it pitiful, if you must, that the blind boy should mistake his lodging; only do not laugh, or your laughter may accuse you in the sequel.

She had a most simple heart. Wonder filled it as she rode home to Bayfield, and by the bridge she reined up Mercury as if to take her bearings in an unfamiliar country. At her feet rushed the Axe, swollen by spring freshets; a bullfinch, wet from his bath, bobbed on the sandstone parapet, shook himself, and piped a note or two; away up the stream, among the alders, birds were chasing and courting; from above the Bayfield elms, out of spaces of blue, the lark's song fell like a din of innumerable silver hammers. Either new sense had been given her, or the rains had washed the landscape and restored obliterated lines, colours, meanings. The very leaves by the roadside were fragrant as flowers.

For the moment it sufficed to know that she was loved. She was no fool. At the back of all her wonder lay the certainty that in the world's eyes such love as hers was absurd; that it must end where it began; that Raoul could never be hers, nor she escape from a captivity as real as his. But, perhaps because she knew all this so certainly, she could put it aside. This thing had

come to her: this happiness to which, alone, in darkness, depressed by every look into the mirror, by every casual proof that her brothers and intimates accepted the verdict as final, her soul had been loyal—a forgotten servant of a neglectful lord.

Long afterwards, when the war was over, and the Provence rose root came from France—no letter accompanied the gift—she planted it sentimentally, and, later still, pruned it with calm reflection:

"After all . . . provided one sees things in their right light and is not a fool——"

Folks no longer smile at sentiment. They laugh it down: by which, perhaps, no great harm would be done if their laughter came through the mind; but it comes through the passions, and at the best chastises one excess by another—a weakness by a rage, which is weakness at its worst. I fear Dorothea may be injured in the opinion of many by the truth—which nevertheless has to be told—that her recovery was helped not a little by sentiment. What! Is a poor lady's breast to be in combustion for a while and then—pf!—the flame expelled at a blast, with all that fed it? That is the heroic cure, no doubt; but either it kills or leaves a room swept and garnished, inviting devils. In short, it is the way of tragedy, and for tragedy Dorothea had no aptitude at all. She did what she could—tidied up.

There can be but few readers of the "New Arabian Nights" who do not remember the Rev. Mr. Rolles. Finding, to his own astonishment, that he had stolen the famous "Rajah's Diamond," he was embarrassed by his ignorance of a safe method of disposing of so conspicuous a booty. He consulted, at his club, a stranger whom he judged from his appearance "to be pre-eminently a man of the world," and who was in fact no other than Prince Florizel of Bohemia himself.

"I, sir," said the curate, "am a recluse, a student, a creature of ink-bottles and patristic folios. A recent event has brought my folly vividly before my eyes, and I desire to instruct myself in life. By life," he added, "I do not mean Thackeray's novels; but the crimes and secret possibilities of our society, and the principles of wise conduct among exceptional events. . . . I am a patient reader; can the thing be learnt in books?"

Mr. Arnold Bennett, the author of **The Grand Babylon Hotel** (Chatto and Windus. 6s.), is here entirely at one both

with Mr. Rolles and with the fantastic genius who created him. Life, for him, is by no means Thackeray's novels: it is more like Balzac's *Histoire des Treize;* as full of crimes and secret possibilities as the Paris of "Monte Cristo"; but abounding in more modern elements, American millionaires and their daughters, royal princes and their debts, hotel waiters more important and mysterious even than Lord Rosebery's, chefs who can embalm a murdered man with the coolness of Baba Mustapha, and will not stoop to serve a steak at eight o'clock for any man on earth. We must confess that Mr. Bennett is never for a moment on Stevenson's highest level in this kind; but he is on the right road, and his first five chapters give promise of successes to come. The writing is excellent: the sensational grip of the story is irresistible. If "the thing" can be learnt in books this is certainly one of the books in which to learn it.

Royal folk in Russia—they that make history—behave like the worst characters in the worst plays of the time of Elizabeth. Whether they were bad rather than mad, or mad rather than bad, will always remain an open question; magnificent they are always. Shakespeare's kings and queens are not capable of such conduct, but Marlowe's, Ford's, and Fletcher's are, and their accumulated horrors are not more wanton than the individual deeds of Catherine II. To look at the quiet, sensible face of this lady, as depicted in Mr. Nisbet Bain's vivid **Life of Peter III.** (Constable. 10*s.* 6*d.* net) is to shudder. Was the cold, calculating vampire even as one of ourselves? Alas for the unnaturalness of Nature!

"My child," said Peter to the young and lovely Princess Dashkova, one of the thousand tools of his terrible wife, "you would do well to recollect that it is much safer to deal with honest blockheads, like your sister and myself, than with great geniuses who squeeze the juice out of the orange, and then throw away the rind."

It was the only clever thing he ever said. He was not clever, and yet "stupidity is too solid and substantial a quality

to be attributed to one so essentially flighty and feather-brained." He was possessed of a wonderful memory (unintelligent people often are); he had a passion for soldiers and manœuvres; he could play the violin, and he desired to form a library, though, mindful of his boyish sufferings, he forbade the purchase of any book written in Latin. He cared more for his little duchy of Holstein than for the Empire of All the Russias, and he sacrificed every Russian interest to his hero, Frederick II. Six months of his rule were enough. He "disappeared."

In the prevalence of caste, in the dearth of genius among us, the power of a story-teller to draw one class correctly—or even half or the fourth of one class—must be reckoned a wonderful gift. The commercial world is well railed in from the nobility; the soldier has no concern with scholar or with artist; servants hold aloof from "the poor." Even those professional go-betweens, the clergy, the doctors, the gentlemen of the robe, rarely possess intimate knowledge of character outside the circle to which they belong. Experts in any line of science or of sport may draw together, but the classes themselves stand apart; and the fact that an author knows something of one class will not certify his acquaintance with the rest. A man who can describe gentlemen well, or paint the Portrait of a Lady as Henry James painted it once, earns and deserves to earn great applause, even if he neglects or merely sketches the other actors on the stage. Hardy's ladies and gentlemen make ladies and gentlemen smile; but what does that matter? There lives in the midst of us at the present moment a writer of remarkable ability—sage, mature, unemotional. The village folk whom he depicts in **Kitty Fairhall** (By John Halsham. Hodder and Stoughton. 6*s.*) are as true, if not so humorous, as Hardy's; the two scholarly and friendly clergymen who minister to them live as those reverend persons live in "Scenes of Clerical Life"; the landscape has the perfection of a landscape by Thoreau. John Halsham is no specialist, and,

guided by a wise moderation that never attempts the impossible, he writes of nothing unfamiliar, and does not theorise. Hope and despair are alike remote. The sense of beauty consoles and soothes. Over all hangs the veil of that gentle melancholy—the melancholy of tender-hearted people between thirty and forty-five—which is different alike from the storm and tempest of youth and from the occasional sternness of later middle age. No effort mars the even charm of style. No rude, bright colours glare against the grey. It is as if we listened to a soft strain of music in twilight, with here and there a star.

Lazarre. By M. Hartwell Catherwood. (Grant Richards. 6*s.*)—The lover of historical romance will enjoy this novel. It is more romantic than historical, and sufficiently historical to lend reality to the romance. It purports to be the autobiography of Louis XVII., and is founded on the story that the poor little Dauphin did not really die in the Temple, but was smuggled over to America. From the fascinating prologue in old St. Bat's, or St. Bartholomew-the-Great, to the final living happily ever afterwards, the book is full of atmosphere, and has the rather rare power—so essential in historical fiction—of concentrating our vision upon one figure—the Dauphin's. As a child of nine, apparently imbecile from his gaolers' maltreatment, he and his pension are made over to the Indians, who bring him up as one of them. He is called Eleazar, or Lazarre Williams, and passes as a half-breed, till one fine day, when he is eighteen, his torpid faculties awake, and gradually, through a woman, the consciousness of himself and his possibilities is borne in upon him. Then begins the drama of his life, and we are thankful to a writer who enables us to follow him with sympathy, with longing for his success: whether in his first ardour for books, or in his escape home to nature; on the journey to France, or in the prison of Ste. Pélagie; in white satin court clothes, or disowned by his uncle at Mittau; as an uninvited guest at the Tuileries, or in his secret flight thence;

as a schemer for empire—philanthropic empire—over the Indians, or in the final union with his lady-love, in whose arms we are allowed to leave him. The first half of the book, up to the scene at Mittau, is the best, the most convincing; and some of the episodes are brilliant, with a softened brilliance which appeals to the fancy; especially, perhaps, the boy's first sight of his mother's missal and his first meeting with Louis Philippe out of the mist in an American forest. But throughout the story the struggle in him between princely Bourbon and primitive Indian, the rush of half-memories that objects suddenly evoke in him, the eclipses that follow—are all depicted with real delicacy and insight. And Mrs. Catherwood loves Nature, and, when not too elaborate, succeeds in portraying her. The description of Lazarre's night in the mist is worth the reading. So are the pages that deal with the antipodes of Nature—Paris. But whoever wishes to stroll there had best do so at once, under the author's guidance.

The British public, we are almost sure, loves poetry, but it loves it in small quantities, in small pieces, and above all at a small price. Mrs. Meynell's volume of **Later Poems** (Lane. 2*s.* 6*d.* net) fulfils these conditions, and, if the rarity and delicacy of its contents be not too much against it, may find its own welcome even in this hour of the powers of war and politics. To those who have long followed and admired the development of this strange talent, we need only pass the word that here is a new collection in some items of which the artist has at least equalled her own best work. To those who are not well acquainted with Mrs. Meynell—neither she nor her friends have kept pace with the modern methods of advertisement—it may be well to say that this is an art demanding such a union of refinement and passion that perfect success can only be expected now and then, and its effect is seldom instantaneous upon those who are not skilled to see the mark at which these slender high shafts are winged. It is illuminator's work, a kind of miniature painting in *grisaille*, and in the absence of

warm colouring the indispensable fire must be conveyed by a fervour as it were of line or movement, or at the least a radiant freshness. We find such a vivifying passion in nearly all Mrs. Meynell's religious poems, and there are several here; one an exquisite Christmas hymn:

New every year,
New born and newly dear,
He comes with tidings and a song,
The ages long, the ages long.

Among the other pieces we must confess to one or two decided disappointments; they are paradoxical, and no one can impart fervour to a paradox. Moreover, they have a troublesome likeness to the work of the truly minor poet; for they are rather gleams on a backwater than shining ripples, however tiny, on the great river of life. Put any number of failures are as nothing when weighed in the balance with a real success. Such are to our thinking—and we are confirmed by very high authority—the four stanzas called "The Modern Mother," contributed to this REVIEW in December 1900, and at least three other pieces. For quaint originality and captivating movement it would be hard to find the like of "Chimes."

Brief, on a flying night,
From the shaken tower,
A flock of bells take flight,
And go with the hour.

Like birds from the cote to the gales,
Abrupt—O hark!
A fleet of bells set sails,
And go to the dark.

Sudden the cold airs swing.
Alone, aloud,
A verse of bells takes wing
And flies with the cloud.

Mr. Theodore A. Cook's **Anthology of Humorous Verse** (Virtue. 3*s.* 6*d.* net), and Mr. Anthony C. Deane's **Little Book of Light Verse** (Methuen. 2*s.* 6*d.* net), both achieve

to a remarkable degree the same object while remaining substantially different from each other. One hundred and five authors (thirteen anonymous) are represented in the two collections, but of these only thirty are to be found in both: and even among the works of the thirty the choice of the two editors is by no means the same. This may be largely the result of the necessity under which anthologists lie, of accepting what they can get from the authors or publishers of works still the subject of copyright: and we can understand that the author may prefer not to give the same poem to all who ask. At any rate, whether by taste or fortune, we think Mr. Deane has been a little more happy than Mr. Cook in his pieces by modern writers: he has for instance Mr. R. C. Lehmann's "Retriever's Epitaph":

> Such was my dog, who now without my aid
> Hunts through the shadow land, himself a shade;
> Or, couched intent before some ghostly gate,
> Waits for my step, as here he used to wait.

Mr. Quiller-Couch's "Titania":

> So bluff Sir Leolin gave the bride away:
> And when they married her, the little church
> Had seldom seen a costlier ritual.

and R. L. Stevenson's "Song of the Road":

> For one and all, or high or low,
> Will lead you where you wish to go;
> And one and all go night and day
> *Over the hills and far away.*

—three pieces which we cannot well be without, and for whose absence we are not to be compensated even by Mr. Seaman's or Mr. Stephen's masterpieces. But since these too are indispensable the result must be the acquisition of both volumes. This is the better worth while because in addition to the difference of their contents the two books afford a pleasant contrast of temperaments. Mr. Deane confesses in his introduction that he collects from the point of view of the professional: his interest is mainly in the excellence of the verse; it need not

be very humorous, if only it be neat. The art with which he deals is "of a comparatively recent date," and he scorns the time when "the popular theory was, that light verse should be a rollicking jingle, written pretty well as you pleased, the more puns in it the better." Mr. Cook is more genial and far more catholic; necessarily so, for he is of the historical and scientific school, begins with Chaucer, and arranges his collection in five divisions. These are worth enumerating, for they are not entirely arbitrary or entirely scientific, but rather represent the prevalent modes in which English humorous verse has hitherto been written.

"The first division is devoted to what may be described as old-fashioned humour, out of which, for good or evil, we have grown"; but we doubt whether we have quite outgrown, for instance, Herrick's "Ternary of Littles." The second division consists of verse "written round about the Eternal Feminine"; this begins with "The Wife of Bath's Prologue," and ends with Mr. Henley's famous "As like the Woman as you can"; the third deals chiefly with parody, and the fourth with politics—a small section this, but it includes Canning, Praed, Godley, and Seaman. The fifth division is miscellaneous, and covers much the same ground as Mr. Deane's whole book, containing no less than a hundred and forty odd pages, filled, for the most part, with modern verse. This fact lends some justification to Mr. Cook's view that the writing of humorous verse is yet in its infancy. It is certain that the amount written is rapidly increasing, and that the character of our humour is changing; but for all that, the time is, we imagine, far off still when the rollicking laughter that resounds on so many of these pages will have entirely lost its savour. We believe that a revival of broad genial humour, freed from its ancient cruelty, would be a healthy reaction, and is not altogether impossible. Mr. Cook, we feel sure, would welcome it.

The Life of Napoleon I. By John Holland Rose. (Bell. 2 vols. 18*s.* net.)—The latest book on a great subject is often

taken to be the final book—so far as finality is predicable of books. It will be a long time before the final book about Napoleon is written. Mr. Rose has added to our knowledge of certain parts of Napoleon's career, chiefly from researches in the Record Office, and has written the whole story in a clear and interesting manner. Mr. Rose's history is not like Green's "Short History" or Fyffe's "Modern History," books to which we return again and again for the mere pleasure of reading them. Such books have a kind of finality. Nor is it to be compared with Carlyle's "Cromwell," in which the touch of genius draws a living portrait in spite of imperfect knowledge and deductions as vast as unsound. But Mr. Rose may justly claim (as he does) with Bishop Creighton to have "tried to write true history." His "Life of Napoleon I." is a faithful record of events, enhanced by his own researches, and a work of sound judgment; and no book of equal bulk contains a better account of the superhuman man who is its subject. We shall, however, continue to go to Bourrienne, Las Cases, and Marbot, and the great captain's own despatches, and Victor Hugo and Erckmann-Chatrian, and Heine, to get the true Napoleon-myth; for the actions of such a man and the impression he made upon the world have something mythical in them, and belong to poetry as well as prose. Napoleon's personal influence upon the men among whom he lived is as real a fact as his remodelling the map of Europe, re-creating France, and slaying his hundreds of thousands. His armed ghost may rise at any moment and lead France to new conquests. His ideas rule the modern world and are shaping the future. He bestrode the world in which he lived like a colossus: and the historian who takes in hand to describe the events of that time must be a portrait painter, the subject of whose picture is Napoleon, and the figures and landscape accessories. This may be an exaggeration: Sir John Seeley treats Napoleon as a product, not a creator; but the superstitious view of Napoleon is after all truer than the matter-of-fact view; and Mr. Rose, though he is well aware of the supreme capacity of the great man,

approaches him perhaps too much from the side of prose and facts, not belittling him like Lanfrey, or explaining him away like Seeley, nor blinded by hatred of his crimes and vices, but seldom rising into the epic strain which befits so great a subject.

Canto l'armi . . . e'l Capitano—

we wish Mr. Rose had poured a little more *song* into his history.

Napoleon himself, with all his "dæmonic" superiority to mankind, his "seven-league-booted thoughts," his immense designs and gigantic actions, his belief in his star, his dreams of Oriental empire, his mythical treatment of himself as the incarnate Revolution, a force not a man, was in action the man of prosaic details and master of commonplace methods. His grasp of facts and knowledge of common motives, combined with clearness of vision, strength of will, and promptitude in action, made him "the first man of business" of his time. "I am always thinking," he said; and his thought had always a practical issue. He "never asked a question twice." In his brain was laid up the business capacity of a whole nation. Perhaps no man except Cæsar, and on a smaller scale Frederick, has ever held all public business so completely in his hand. It was his superior knowledge of facts as well as his inflexible will and personal ascendency which made him irresistible. From his Corsican days, and from the moment when he freed himself from Thermidorian ties, he looked upon himself as different from other men in virtue of his knowledge of affairs and what he meant to do with it. Already in the Italian and Egyptian campaigns he treated his official superiors as if they were his clerks, making treaties and unmaking states as if he had been born in the purple of Charlemagne. This confidence in himself ruined him at last, when he had united the world in arms against him. But till the fatal Russian enterprise, itself a step towards his final object, the establishment of a French empire in East and West on the ruins of the British Empire, there was no reason why he should not have been able to maintain and perpetuate in a Bonaparte dynasty

the greater part of his conquests. The peace of Lunéville gave to France the Rhine, Nice, and Savoy. After Campo Formio the French frontier included Holland, Switzerland, and North Italy, with Naples and the Adriatic islands as a base in the Eastern Mediterranean. At Amiens peace with England was settled on the basis of the annexation or protectorate of Belgium, Holland, and North Italy. Even the later conquests, by which the whole of Italy and Germany as far as the Jura became part of the Napoleonic Empire, might have been held, so weak was the bond of German and Italian nationality and so great the relief felt in both countries from the abolition of feudal disunion and the comparative freedom enjoyed under French institutions. "The true turning point in his fortunes," says Fyffe, "was the moment when he passed beyond the policy which had planned the Federation of the Rhine, and roused by his oppression the one State which was still capable of giving a national life to Germany." Prussia, insulted, robbed, humbled, and weakened by the loss of half her territories, put herself at the head of the liberators. Russia was alienated by the rigour of the Continental system. Austria regained courage to try once more at Leipzig the fortune which had so often failed her, and the work begun by Nelson was completed by Wellington. The Napoleonic ideas, which in their most moderate form might have fixed the French frontier permanently at the Rhine and the Alps, resulted in the loss of the Netherlands and the Rhine provinces in 1814, and of Alsace and Lorraine in 1871.

Napoleon's conquests have disappeared from the map of Europe. The institutions which he created survive. Though it may be true that much of what he accomplished would have been brought about in time by other agents, the work was done by him. He made the unity of Germany and Italy possible. He gave to the same countries personal liberty, administration of equal justice, and the career open to talent, and extended the same benefits to Spain and the Low Countries.

He cut off the heads of the poppies, but let the corn grow. All the institutions of modern France were created and remodelled by him. For good or evil he set up Ultramontanism on the ruin of national Churches. By violent methods and in disregard of common morality he laid for ever the ghost of the Holy Roman Empire ("neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire"), destroyed feudalism from the Rhine to the Austrian border, threw down the effete aristocracies of Venice and Genoa, abolished ecclesiastical states and petty princedoms; and no one has wished to restore any of the rubbish which he burnt up.

All this is clearly brought out by Mr. Rose, and one of the best parts of his history is that in which he describes Napoleon's work in France as the founder of institutions, the only region in which Lanfrey does him justice. It is easy to say that the work was done by somebody else. Everybody's work is done by somebody else; a man of genius turns the guesses of others into certainties and their failures into success.

Mr. Rose, like other writers, is under the spell of Napoleon's early days, when the young conqueror witched the world with the greatness of his designs and the splendour of their execution. As his story goes on he finds more and more to condemn. But in truth Napoleon's heart was never soft, nor his conduct ever guided by justice or mercy. As he was in 1795, such he remained to the end, only with increasing power for good and evil. "Men like me do not commit crimes"; "What is the death of a million of men to me?"; "I will crush Russia"; "I will break Austria to pieces"—such sayings suggest the question, whether the highest practical genius can be found in company with morality, whether a different standard from that of other men is not to be applied to Cæsar, Napoleon, Frederick, and Richelieu. Napoleon may have been Scapin; but the Jupiter in him counted for more than the Scapin.

Mr. Rose's researches in the Record Office have enabled him to throw light on several points in which our nation has hitherto suffered in public estimation. We regret the necessity

for seizing the Danish fleet in 1807. But whether or not it was justified by results, it was not merely opposing fraud to fraud, and fighting Napoleon with his own weapons. With an honourable antagonist we might have been more scrupulous. But neutrality was impossible for Denmark; the doubtful attitude of the Czar made action necessary, and our ministers knew enough of Napoleon to be sure that if we did not act, he would.

The seizure of the Spanish plate fleet was also an act anticipating an outbreak of war—irregular, but not unfair.

One feature in this book is the rapid and accurate sketches of individual character with which it abounds. Besides Napoleon himself, whose character will never be adequately portrayed till some Michael Angelo of literature takes it in hand, the portraits of Lucien, Jerome, the emperors and kings, the marshals and ministers, are graphically and justly drawn, and the sidelights on Pitt, Canning, and Wellington are clear and impartial. It is no small merit to have produced so large a historical gallery with so little caricature and want of proportion.

Mr. Rose's style improves as he advances. Now and then he rises to the height of his great argument. We quote as a good example the description of Napoleon's funeral, though it is not without faults:

> Clad in his favourite green uniform, he fared forth to his resting-place under two large weeping willow-trees in a secluded valley; the coffin, surmounted by his sword and the cloak he had worn at Marengo, was borne with full military honours by the grenadiers of the 20th and 66th Regiments before a long line of red-coats; and their banners, emblazoned with the names of "Talavera," "Albuera," "Pyrenees," and "Orthez," were lowered in a last salute to our mighty foe. Salvos of artillery and musketry were fired over the grave; the echoes rattled upwards from ridge to ridge and leaped from the splintery peaks far into the wastes of ocean to warn the world beyond that the greatest warrior and administrator of all the ages had sunk to rest.

AN ENGLISH CORONATION

THE following letter is one of a series written during the years 1725–1729 by M. César de Saussure, who was then on a visit to this country, and was an eye-witness of the festivities at the coronation of George II., one of the most splendid in the history of England. This account, which has hitherto remained unpublished, is contributed to the MONTHLY REVIEW by Madame van Muyden, a descendant and representative of M. de Saussure.

I HAVE often longed to have you with me, but never more so than on May 11 last, for I then saw the most solemn, magnificent, and sumptuous ceremony it is any one's lot in life to witness; I mean the coronation of King George II. and of Queen Caroline, his spouse. I know only too well that it will be quite impossible for me to give you a correct impression of the extraordinary and magnificent riches I saw on this occasion, but as I know that you wish me to write and describe all the eventful and curious sights I see during my travels, I will relate it to you to the best of my ability.

For two or three days before the coronation numbers of carpenters had been working at erecting a footway or wooden bridge about three feet in height and edged with wooden railings; this bridge commenced at the chief entrance of Westminster Hall, passed all along New Palace Yard, King's Street, St. Margaret's Churchyard, and ended at the western porch of Westminster Abbey. On every side of this bridge, wherever the space allowed it, stands and platforms had been erected for the use of spectators.

On May 11, at four in the morning, I, with two of my friends, went together to take our places on one of these stands which we had been to select the day before; we had chosen some well-situated ones in New Palace Yard. Though we started from home at such an early hour, we experienced considerable difficulty in getting to the stand because of the enormous crowds of people that already filled the streets, passages, and even the stands. At seven o'clock several companies of Foot Guards appeared and took up their position on either side of the bridge. Two regiments of Horse Guards guarded the square, the churchyard, and bridge, the latter being shortly afterwards concealed by blue cloth. The bridge was so wide, it required three widths of cloth to conceal it.

At about nine o'clock the procession or solemn march began in the following manner:

1. The King's herb-strewer, followed by eight maidens carrying four baskets filled with flowers and sweet-smelling herbs, with which they bestrewed the bridge or footway.

2. The beadle of the Dean of Westminster, with a blue cloak hanging from his shoulders and carrying a thick black staff in his hand.

3. The drum-major, followed by twelve drummers of the Foot Guards.

4. A kettle-drummer and several trumpeters of the Horse Guards wearing their uniforms of crimson velvet, braided on the seams and on the coat tails with wide gold braidings.

5. The six Clerks of Chancery in robes of black satin brocaded with flowers, trimmed with tuftings of black silk on the sleeves. They walked by three and three together.

6. The vestry-keeper of the Royal Chapel, followed by the King's twelve chaplains, all clad in long scarlet robes bordered with ermine, and wearing stoles of black silk and carrying square caps in their hands.

7. The Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, followed by the Aldermen and Recorder of London dressed in their scarlet robes of ceremony. Those aldermen who had been Lord

Mayor wore the gold chain of office hanging down to their belts.

8. The Masters of the Court of Chancery, the Solicitor-General, the King's Proctor, the Attorney-General, all wearing scarlet robes, but differing according to their offices.

9. The King's Gentlemen-in-waiting.

10. The Barons and Judges of the Exchequer and the Judges of the King's Bench in robes of scarlet bordered with ermine, and carrying scarlet caps in their hands.

[N.B.—All the persons I have mentioned and all those that followed walked four and four whenever they were numerous enough. All peers and peeresses and the councillors of the King's Council walked two and two.]

11. The Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer and the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, in robes of scarlet bordered with ermine and interlaced silver-gilt collars forming a double S.

12. The Master of the Rolls and the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, clad like the preceding, with the same collars of gilded silver.

13. The choir boys of the Abbey of Westminster in surplices of white linen, and with square caps in their hands.

14. The dean and subdean of the Chapel Royal in scarlet robes, but of a different fashion to those of the lawyers, and carrying square caps in their hands.

15. The choir boys of the Chapel Royal in surplices of fine white linen, and wearing over these cloaks of scarlet cloth; they carried square caps in their hands.

16. The organist of the Chapel of Westminster, followed by a band of musicians with hautboys, fifes, bassoons, bugles, and other instruments.

17. The twelve prebendaries or canons of Westminster in surplices and copes of white silk brocaded with large flowers of various colours, and holding square caps in their hands.

18. The Herald-at-arms of the Knights of the Bath.

19. The Knights of the Bath who are not peers, wearing

the dress and collar of their order, and carrying their caps surmounted by white ostrich plumes in their hands.

20. The first Scottish Herald-at-arms, or Lord Lyon.

21. A Knight of the Thistle, which is a Scottish order, clad after the manner of the Knights of the Bath, but his cloak was of green velvet, lined with flame-coloured satin, his cap was surmounted with handsome green ostrich plumes, and he wore the collar of his order.

22. The first Herald-at-arms of England, or Lord Garter, dressed in his dalmatic or coat armour of blue silk, on which the arms of England are stamped in colours.

23. Sir Robert Walpole, the only Knight of the Garter who is not a noble; he was clothed in the robes of this order. His mantle and cap were of blue velvet, the latter laden with tall flame-coloured ostrich plumes; the lining of his mantle, his jacket, and his breeches were all of flame-coloured satin. His hose and shoes were white. He wore a belt of blue velvet, to which a large gold sword of ancient workmanship was suspended over his jacket. The collar of the order was round his neck, and the blue garter embroidered with pearls was tied round his left leg.

24. The Vice-Chamberlain, followed by the Controller of Accounts and by the Treasurer of the King's Household, all three wearing their habitual clothes, but of great magnificence.

25. Those of the King's Councillors of Great Britain who are not peers, walking two and two.

26. Two Kings-at-arms in their dalmatics of blue silk.

27. The baronesses walking two and two as did all the peers and peeresses. They wore their robes of state, and I must describe them to you. On their heads were neither caps nor coverings of any sort. Their hair was dressed in long, thick curls falling on their shoulders, and they wore quaintly fashioned garments, called kirtles, of crimson velvet, lined with white satin and trimmed with green silk cut out in the shape of flames, edged with a silver fringe. These kirtles were fastened to the waist by jewelled clasps, and were widely cut

out round the neck and chest so as not to conceal the front part of the bodice, which was embroidered with gems and precious stones. The lower part of the gown likewise was exposed to view, being composed of beautiful silver cloth brocaded with flowers of various colours. Over these kirtles were worn cloaks of crimson velvet hanging from the shoulders, lined with white satin, and trimmed with flames of green silk, and with capes bordered with two bands of ermine and lined with green silk. The trains of these cloaks hung three feet on the ground, and they were fastened over the shoulders by thick cords of silver, which ended below the waist with heavy silver tassels. The baronesses carried their coronets in their hands; these were very small, being made to fit at the back of the head, and were of crimson velvet surmounted with a silver tuft and edged with a circlet of the same precious metal and with six large pearls, after the manner of barons' crowns.

28. The barons in their robes of state, their kirtles being of crimson velvet lined with white satin, and bordered with cut green silk in the shape of flames. These kirtles fell below the knee, and were faced and bordered with green silk and silver fringe. Over these they wore wide belts of white velvet, to which swords of ancient workmanship were suspended, the scabbards being of crimson velvet. From their shoulders hung cloaks of crimson velvet lined with white satin and bordered with the green flames, the capes being lined with green silk and bordered with two bands of ermine, and fastened on the shoulders with thick silver cords tasselled at either end; these cloaks fell down to their heels. The barons all wore white hose, and likewise did all the other peers, and they carried coronets in their hands just like those of the baronesses, except that they were much larger and fitted on the head.

29. The bishops, all excepting those who carried the regalia or royal ornaments. They wore their rochets and big cloaks and capes. All their garments were of silver cloth, brocaded with flowers of divers colours, and in their hands they carried mitres of the same cloth of silver.

30. Two Kings-at-arms as before.

31. The viscountesses dressed like the baronesses. Their trains were three and a half feet in length, their capes bordered with three bands of ermine, and their coronets were those of viscountesses.

32. The viscounts clad like the barons, but their cloaks hung half a foot on the ground, and their capes were trimmed with three bands of ermine, their coronets being those of viscounts.

33. Two Heralds-at-arms in their dalmatics of blue silk and wearing silver-gilt collars.

34. The countesses dressed in their robes of state after the fashion of the baronesses, except that their cloaks trained four feet on the ground, and that their capes were bordered with four rows of ermine. The fringes, cords, and tassels of their cloaks, and the big tuft on their coronets, were all of gold. Their skirts were of cloth of gold, brocaded with flowers and leaves in various colours.

35. The earls, all excepting those who carried the regalia, in their robes of state fashioned like those of the barons, except that their cloaks hung one foot on the ground, and that the coronets they carried were earl's coronets. The peers, Knights of the Garter, of the Thistle, of the Bath, wore their gold chains round their shoulders and the star of their order embroidered on their cloaks.

36. Two Heralds-at-arms as before.

37. The marchionesses in their robes of state. Their trains were four and a half feet in length, and their hoods were bordered with five bands of ermine. Their coronets were the coronets of marchionesses.

38. The marquesses in their robes of state like those of the earls; their cloaks trained one foot and a half on the ground. Their hoods were bordered with five bands of ermine, and their coronets were the coronets of marquesses.

39. Two Heralds-at-arms as before.

40. The duchesses in their robes of state like those of the

countesses, save that the trains of their cloaks were five feet in length, and that their capes were bordered with six bands of ermine.

When the duchesses were in front of our seats the procession was for a time brought to a stop. The Dowager Duchess of Marlborough took a drum from a drummer and seated herself on it. The crowd laughed and shouted at seeing the wife of the great and celebrated General Duke of Marlborough, more than seventy years of age, seated on a drum in her robes of state, and in such a solemn procession.

41. The dukes, all except those who carried the regalia, or who filled some other important office. They wore robes of state like those of the earls, save that their cloaks trailed two feet on the ground, and that their capes were bordered with six bands of ermine and that they carried ducal coronets.

42. The Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain of the King's Household, walked alone at the head of the other dukes. He wore his robes of state, and carried his ducal coronet in one hand, and his long white wand of office in the other.

43. The first King-at-arms of England. On his right hand walked the Scottish King-at-arms, and on his left the Irish King-at-arms; they all wore dalmatics, and characteristic marks of office, and carried their coronets in their hands.

44. The Duke of Devonshire, President of the Council, and Lord Trevor, Keeper of the Privy Seal, in their robes of state.

45. Lord King, the Lord Chancellor, in his robes of state, carrying his coronet in one hand and the big purse or pocket containing the Grand Seal in the other. The Lord Archbishop of York in his rochet and cloak of gold cloth, carrying his Archbishop's mitre of the same cloth in his hand.

46. The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury walking alone in his robes fashioned like those of the Archbishop of York.

47. Colonel Lambert, representing the Duke of Normandy, and Sir George Walter, representing the Duke of Aquitaine. They were dressed in the same fashion as the other dukes, except that their cloaks were bordered with ermine, and that

they carried a sort of old-fashioned hat made of cloth of gold, with drooping brim and lined with ermine.

48. The Queen's Vice-Chamberlain in rich clothing, the key of his office embroidered in gold on the left side of his coat.

49. Two gentlemen ushers.

50. The Queen's Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Grantham, in his robes of state, fashioned like those of the other earls.

51. The Duke of St. Albans carrying the Queen's state crown of purple velvet enriched with magnificent jewels; this crown reposed on a crimson velvet cushion braided and fringed with gold. On his right walked the Duke of Rutland carrying the gold sceptre with the cross, and on his left walked the Duke of Norfolk carrying the ivory sceptre with the dove. These three nobles were in robes of state.

52. The Queen in her royal robes, fashioned like those of the peeresses; they were of purple velvet bordered and lined with ermine, and with wide gold braidings. The skirt of her robe was of gold and silver tissue, brocaded with large bunches of different coloured flowers, enriched with a quantity of beautiful jewels. On her head was a small state cap of crimson velvet with a circlet of gold and border of ermine. She was supported on either side by the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Westminster, wearing rochets and cloaks of silver cloth.

53. A canopy of cloth of gold ornamented with balls and little bells of gold or silver gilt. This magnificent canopy, supported by four staves of gold, was carried by the Barons of the Cinque Ports and by the Gentlemen Pensioners over the Queen's head. The Gentlemen Pensioners wore new scarlet uniforms with braidings of gold.

54. The train of the Queen's royal mantle carried by the three elder princesses, Anne, Amelia, and Caroline, who were aided in their office by the eldest daughters of three dukes. The princesses were dressed after the manner of the duchesses, and the young ladies wore rich costumes.

55. The three eldest sons of dukes, magnificently attired, carrying the three young princesses' crowns.

56. The Duchess of Dorset, first lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen, in robes of state.

57. The Ladies Herbert and Howard, Ladies-in-waiting to the Queen.

58. The Earl of Crawford bearing St. Edward's staff, which is of massive and beaten gold and the emblem of authority. On his right walked the Earl of Lincoln, bearing the sceptre with the dove, which is the emblem of peace, and on his left the Earl of Pembroke, bearing the golden spurs which are buckled to the King's feet in the ceremony of the coronation. These three lords wore their robes of state.

59. The Duke of Montague, bearing the curtana, or sword of St. Edward, which, having no point, is the emblem of mercy. On his right walked the Duke of Kent, bearing the second sword; and on his left the Duke of Manchester, bearing the third. These two latter swords are the emblems of spiritual and temporal power.

60. The Lord Mayor of London, in robes of crimson velvet, lined with ermine, but differently fashioned to those of the peers. His thick chain of gold fell below his waist.

61. The Duke of Ancaster, Lord High Chamberlain of England, in his robes of state, carrying his coronet in one hand and a long white wand in the other, this being his mark of office.

62. The Duke of Richmond, named for that day Grand Constable of England. He carried his coronet in one hand and his wand of office in the other. On his right walked the Duke of Roxburghe, deputy for the Grand Constable of Scotland. He also carried his coronet in one hand and his staff of office in the other. On the left walked the Earl of Sussex, representative of the Duke of Norfolk, hereditary Earl Marshal of England, who, being a Roman Catholic, cannot officiate. He carried a coronet in one hand and a marshal's staff in the other.

63. The Earl of Huntingdon, bearing the sword of state in its scabbard of crimson velvet, enriched with slabs of wrought gold, hilt and guard being of massive gold, enriched with precious jewels.

64. The Duke of Dorset, bearing St. Edward's crown of purple velvet, enriched with the finest jewels of the realm, on a crimson and gold-fringed cushion. On his right walked the Duke of Somerset, bearing the gold sceptre with the cross surmounted by a jewel of great value; and on his left the Duke of Argyle, bearing the orb, or globe, which I described some time ago, after visiting the Tower. These peers also wore robes of state and carried coronets in their hands.

65. The Bishop of Coventry, bearing a Bible on a gold-fringed crimson cushion. On his right walked the Bishop of Rochester with the paten, and on his left the Bishop of Peterborough with the chalice, which, like the paten, is of pure gold. These three bishops wore cloaks, rochets, and capes of silver cloth.

66. The King, in his royal robes of purple velvet, lined and bordered with ermine. On his head was a cap of crimson velvet, with a gold circlet and border of ermine. This cap was too large, and kept falling over his eyes. His Majesty was supported by the Bishops of Durham and St. Asaph in cloaks, rochets, and capes of silver cloth.

67. A canopy of cloth-of-gold, like that borne over the Queen's head.

68. The train of the Royal mantle, carried by four dukes' eldest sons, most richly and magnificently dressed.

69. The Captain of the Guard on service that day, having on his right the Captain of the Guard of the Gentlemen Pensioners; and on his left the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. These three gentlemen being noble wore robes of state, and carried their coronets in one hand and their staves in the other. The Lieutenant and Standard-bearer of the Gentlemen Pensioners walked on their right and left.

70. The Earl of Essex, first Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber, in his robes of state.

71. Three of the King's footmen in their ordinary clothes.

72. The procession was finally closed by a detachment of yeomen or battle-axe guards, carrying battle-axes on their shoulders, and having their lieutenant and ensign at their head.

It is impossible for me to make you understand and imagine the pomp and magnificence of this solemn procession, which took more than two hours to pass before us. Everything in it was grand and sumptuous. Persons of an advanced age, who have seen the coronation of King James II., of William III. and Mary, of Queen Anne, and of King George I., are all agreed that the magnificence of the present coronation has far surpassed that of the preceding.

What embellished this ceremony greatly was the magnificence of the jewels. The peeresses were covered with them, and wore them in great quantities on the fronts of their bodices, in their hair, as clasps for fastening their robes and cloaks, without counting their necklaces, earrings, and rings. Most of these ladies had the worth of a large sum on their persons, and many had hired jewels for the day. It is said that London jewellers, not having gems in sufficient quantity, had sent for some from Paris and Holland. The skirt of the Queen's robe was so much embroidered with jewels that it threw out a surprising radiance, and she next day declared that what had fatigued her most was the weight of this skirt. You must not expect me to describe to you the ceremony in the church of the Abbey of Westminster, for I did not witness it. I can only tell you that the ceremony commenced by a divine service; that the Bishop of London preached a fine and suitable sermon, that was followed by a communion service; that the King took the oath that he would protect the rights and privileges of the nation; that the Archbishop of Canterbury anointed the King and Queen on their heads, foreheads, chests, and on the palms of their hands with a prepared essence or oil, and that at the precise minute he placed their crowns on their heads volleys of cannon and musketry were fired, and that as soon as the King

was crowned and seated on his magnificent throne, all the lords, both spiritual and temporal, the members of the Lower and of the Upper Houses of Parliament, the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen of London, &c., took the oath of fidelity. During the whole ceremony a band of the most skilful musicians, together with the finest voices in England, sang admirable symphonies, having the celebrated Mr. Handel, who had composed the Litany, at their head. Henry VII.'s Chapel, in which the King and Queen were crowned, was entirely hung with crimson velvet. The throne was of purple velvet, fringed and ornamented with wide braidings of gold. Sir Robert Walpole, as First Lord of the Exchequer, presented all the peers and peeresses with a gold medal, of the value of four guineas, on one side being engraved the heads of the King and Queen, on the other the ceremony of the coronation.

It was near three o'clock in the afternoon when the ceremonies were ended and the procession was ready to return to the great Hall of Westminster. The Knights of the Bath, of the Thistle, and of the Garter wore their caps laden with waving ostrich plumes, for every one donned their head coverings for the return procession, and the effect was charming. Sir Robert Walpole had on either side of him a person carrying a red morocco bag, filled with silver coins, stamped with the sovereign's effigies; these the knight threw right and left among the numerous spectators on the stands or at the windows. The peers and peeresses wore their coronets, the King and Queen those with which they had been crowned; the King carried the gold sceptre with the cross in his right hand and the orb in his left; the Queen carried another sceptre with a cross in her right hand, and the ivory rod with the dove in her left. The Yeomen of the Guard had scarcely closed the procession before the crowd and the soldiers of the Foot Guards posted along the railings of the bridge tore off the blue cloth with which it was covered, and fought for it and the boards as to who should get the most; and all this made a terrible tumult and disorder most amusing for the spectators to watch,

at least for those who were on the stands and at the windows. But I did not have the pleasure of witnessing this scene. Lord Lindsay (the Duke of Ancaster's son, who is Grand Chamberlain of England) had had the kindness to provide me with a ticket allowing me to enter the great Hall of Westminster, and I got there some time before the procession arrived. This hall was prepared for the coronation banquet. At one end a sort of stand, three or four feet in height, had been raised, on which the thrones and table of the King and Queen were placed. All along the hall were two long tables for the peers and peeresses. On either side of the hall raised galleries had been erected, which were filled with spectators. I took a seat in one of the galleries, and from there had an excellent view of the hall. More than three hundred persons could be seated at the long tables. The damask linen was entirely new, as were also the plates and dishes of Cornwall pewter and china. These tables were covered with a sumptuous and magnificent meal, and as they were narrow, sorts of storeys had been raised on them. The first storey or table itself was covered with hot meats, the second storey with cold roast meats, and on the third and narrowest the dessert was arranged with much taste and symmetry. It consisted of magnificent pyramids of sweetmeats and preserved fruits of every variety and kind, arranged in different patterns and ornamented with a quantity of tinsel flowers, and the effect was enchanting when the peers and peeresses took their seats, all dressed as they were in robes of state with coronets on their heads. The other persons in the procession, after crossing the hall, went into other apartments, where tables had also been prepared for them. When the King and Queen entered the hall the light was beginning to fade. About forty chandeliers, in shape like a crown, hung from the ceiling, each carrying about thirty-six wax candles. Suddenly at the King's appearance all these candles ignited, and every one in the room was filled with astonishment at the wonderful and unexpected illumination. Little cords of cotton-wool, almost imperceptible to the eye, saturated with sulphur of

saltpetre, with spirits of wine, and other ingredients, had been prepared and arranged so as to carry the flame rapidly from one candle to another. This arrangement had been so skilfully prepared that hardly a single candle failed to take fire. The King seated himself on his throne, the Queen on hers, and they were at once waited on by the great officers of the Crown. The three young princesses sat with their parents, but at a certain distance.

It was now close on six o'clock. I had eaten nothing all day, and I was famished, and I felt it all the more when I contemplated all the tempting viands on the tables. But my turn was coming to taste these delicacies. I was seated behind several ladies and gentlemen who were acquainted with some of the peers and peeresses seated at the table beneath us. When we saw that they had finished eating we let down a small rope, which, to tell the truth, we had made up by knotting our garters together. The peers beneath were kind enough to attach a napkin filled with good food to our rope, which we then hauled up, and in this way got plenty of good things to eat and drink. This napkin took several journeys up and down, and we were not the only people who had had this idea, for from all the galleries round the same sight could be seen.

At the end of the sumptuous feast the King's Champion, completely covered in ancient armour, with helmet on his head and lance in hand, mounted on a superb steed, also covered with armour and richly caparisoned, rode into the hall. On his right rode the Duke of Richmond as Grand Constable, and on his left the Earl of Sussex, representative of the Earl Marshal of England. Both these peers were mounted on very fine, richly caparisoned horses. When they had ridden up to the centre of the hall a herald-at-arms on horseback, who had preceded them, called out in a loud and threatening voice, "If any one has the audacity to deny that King George II., King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, is son and nearest heir to George I., and legitimate successor to the imperial crown of these kingdoms, this champion here present gives him the lie,

and maintains that he is false and a traitor, and that he is ready to fight him in single combat in the lists." The Champion thereupon flung one of his gauntlets on the floor, but as none, as you may well imagine, answered the challenge, the herald-at-arms picked it up and restored it to the Champion. The King then drank the Champion's health in a goblet of gold, and he in his turn drank to his Majesty's health, and kept the goblet as his fee.

Shortly after the Champion had challenged and retired the King, Queen, and Princesses rose from table, and passing into another apartment, retired to St. James's Palace very fatigued and weary. Their example was followed by the peers and peeresses, after which the big doors were thrown open and the crowd allowed to enter and take possession of the remains of the feast, of the table linen, of the plates and dishes, and of everything that was on the table. The pillage was most diverting; the people threw themselves with extraordinary avidity on everything the hall contained; blows were given and returned, and I cannot give you any idea of the noise and confusion that reigned. In less than half an hour everything had disappeared, even the boards of which the tables and seats had been made.

I know I cannot possibly give you any correct idea of the magnificence and beauty of all these sights; the spectators on the stands and at the windows were likewise charming to contemplate. I am certain that at least two thousand people had left off wearing the late King's mourning for that day, and were dressed with taste in bright colours. I saw many ladies remarkable for their beauty and charming attire. As to the populace, it was innumerable. The greater part of those persons who took part in the royal procession have a right to certain offices either by birth or because they possess certain properties and lands. I have been given a list of those who have particular privileges, and some of them seem to me to be so very curious that I must tell you of them.

1. The Lord Great Chamberlain of England has the right

to present to the King his shirt on the day of his coronation and to dress him, and to receive as fee a sufficient quantity of crimson velvet to make his robe of state, also the King's bed and the furniture of the room in which he slept on the night preceding the coronation, together with the clothes and dressing-gown he wore the day before, and besides all this, being the first officer and his office being to wash the crockery, he may present the King with a basin of water before and after the feast, and receive the big basin and ewer of chased silver-gilt workmanship that has served for this usage as fee. These utensils must weigh three hundred and five ounces.

2. The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury has the right to crown the King, and to receive the throne, the cushion, and stool of purple velvet on which the King has been seated as fee, and also the pall of cloth of gold that is held over the King's head whilst he is anointed.

3. The Lord Mayor of London has the right to be first to offer the King a draught of wine in a goblet of pure gold; this goblet and lid may be kept by him as fee, and must weigh twenty ounces.

4. The Duke of Norfolk, as Earl of Arundel, has the right to be chief butler on that day, and to send a representative in his stead, and to receive a goblet with lid of pure gold, weighing thirty-two ounces, as salary.

5. The Earl of Essex has the right to be Grand Chaplain on that day, and to receive two large vessels of chased silver-gilt workmanship as salary; these vessels must weigh three hundred and five ounces, and have served for receiving the offerings.

6. The King's Squire (Ecuyer), Master of the Horse, has a right to taste the viands and to receive two silver-gilt basins, weighing thirty ounces, as salary.

7. The feudatory Lord of Great-Wymondley, in the county of Hertford, has the right to officiate as Grand Cup-bearer, and to receive a basin and cup in silver-gilt, weighing two hundred and twenty ounces.

8. The Mayor and twelve citizens of Oxford have the right to aid and assist the Grand Butler, and to receive a bowl with lid of chased silver-gilt workmanship, weighing one hundred and ten ounces, as salary.

9. The feudatory Lord of Scrivelsby, in the county of Lincoln, has the right to be the King's Champion, and to receive a goblet with lid of pure gold, weighing thirty-six ounces, as fee, and also the horse his Majesty habitually rides, with saddle and trappings.

N.B.—The King's cipher is engraven on all these different pieces of gold and silver-gilt plate.

10. The Dean and Chapter of the collegiate church of the Abbey of Westminster have the right to inform the King of all the rites and ceremonies in use at the Coronation, to assist the Archbishop of Canterbury, and to receive as salary the robes for the dean and the twelve canons, also the offerings that have been received at the ceremony, as well as the hangings with which the chapel has been hung.

11. The feudatory Lord of Addington, in the county of Surrey, has the right to make gruel for the King and Queen, and to serve it himself at their table; he receives all the utensils which have served to make it as fee, and the King must create him knight bachelor if he is not one already.

13. The feudatory Lord of Ascleven, in the province of Norfolk, has the right to lay the cloth for the King and to receive all the table linen as fee.

14. The feudatory Lord of Heydon, in the county of Essex, has the right to present the King with a napkin for cleaning his hands before and after the meal, and to receive the napkin as fee.

15. The feudatory Lord of Worksop, in the county of Nottingham, has the right to provide the King with a glove for the right hand, to have the honour of putting it on him, and of helping him to uplift his right arm with the sceptre when seated on his throne.

16. The barons of the Cinque Ports have the right to carry

the canopy over the King's and Queen's heads on Coronation Day; this privilege is shared with the Gentlemen Pensioners, and as salary they may keep the canopies, with the balls and bells of gilded silver.

Many other noblemen have particular rights and privileges on Coronation Day, but I cannot describe any more for I have been too lengthy already. I must therefore end my letter, assuring you of my love for you.

CÉSAR DE SAUSSURE.

I must add that the Lord Mayor's banquet has been particularly sumptuous and brilliant this year. The King, Queen, and the three elder princessses honoured it with their presence. A great number of lords and ladies of the Court, and the foreign ministers assisted. It is true that no king has attended this banquet for many years, and this was the cause of its extraordinary magnificence.

EDUCATION IN THE NAVY

II

IN a former article I have endeavoured to point out how ill-designed is the present sytem of education in the navy for the production of a good officer, and how hardly it presses on those who are expected to make it work. An examination of the causes which have reduced it to its present fragmentary and disordered condition was also attempted, and I would now venture to suggest on lines, arising out of those causes, a system which might have some chance of bringing the means in harmony with the end. To attempt to draw up a complete scheme is beyond a civilian's power. All that he can do, in ignorance of the details of naval life and sentiment, is to propound a crude form which if found workable by experts might at least serve as a general design upon which the details might be worked in by more skilled hands. To an outsider it appears that what is lacking more than anything else is a clear general principle, and it is hoped that the proposals which follow will be regarded as a matter of general principle and nothing more ambitious.

To get a clear direction it will be well at the start to restate with as much precision as possible what is the end in view; or, in other words, what are the character and attributes with which we desire to endow a naval officer. First then, and above all else, we must make him a seaman. Whatever the changes which the advance of science may make in the art of

naval warfare, seamanship in the broad sense must always remain the foundation of success. First, then, we have to make of him a sailor—ready, alert, and bold, familiar with the sudden chances of the sea, quick to anticipate them, versatile to modify his action to meet conditions that are never twice the same, second-sighted to know his way, as it were, in the dark. This should be his second nature upon which all the rest must be grafted, and by which all the rest must be infused with effective life. Secondly, we must make a man of him. We must teach him to obey and to command, to bear responsibility without flinching, to take risks with nerve, to be zealous for duty, and light-hearted at his work. Thirdly—and for all the vast strides which naval science has made in the past generation I will still place it third—there is his technical instruction, whereby he must be made a man of science and a skilled craftsman to get mastery over the complex organism that is to be his weapon. These, then, are the three main factors of his education—instinct, character, knowledge, and for a sea-born people like ourselves it must ever be in this order that they are valued for achieving the highest result.

To state the problem is to proclaim its unequalled difficulty. At first sight it will appear insoluble. The need of instinct and character has not lessened, and the need of knowledge has enormously increased and is increasing every day. Hence the paradox that seems to block the way. You cannot train except at sea, and at sea you cannot teach. How then can the problem be solved? In the old days of masts and sails it solved itself. By sending a boy to sea in a masted ship his instinct grew, his character formed, and his knowledge was picked up in the act of living his life. Training and teaching can no longer go so easily together. Their tendency is to clash at every turn; and we have to find a substitute for the splendid old system by which each factor can be perfected without harming the other, by which each shall, as far as possible, assist the other.

No sooner do we turn to tackle the problem than one con-

sideration forces itself clearly to the front. "Ars longa, vita brevis," says the old saw, and of nothing is it truer than of the "Ars Navalis." When we think how essential it is that naval officers should reach the highest grades while still in the vigour of their prime it is clear no time must be lost anywhere upon the road. The utmost period consistent with a boy's health will be necessary for his timely development. He must be caught at the earliest possible moment, at his most plastic age, and the process must begin at once. It was the way of our fathers and we must go back to it. The first move, then, must be to retrace the fatal step to which the public schools persuaded the Admiralty some eighteen years ago. The age for entry must be put back again to between twelve and thirteen. It was with this change that the seed of the present trouble was sown, and nothing effectual can be done till it is rooted out.

From such a return to the old system several valuable results would immediately flow. In the first place, a boy would be able to get four years continuous "school" on one co-ordinated and progressive system, instead of the single year as at present, and he would still be able to go to sea at an age not materially higher than that at which he now joins a ship. In four years a boy may be taught almost anything that is elementary, and may receive a real mental training. It is the average period which a boy spends at a public school, and which is considered sufficient to set the public school stamp upon him indelibly, and to teach him all they claim to impart. We may safely assert, therefore, that it is also the ideal period for a naval school to set its mark upon him, and to give him all the culture and elementary knowledge that is necessary as a foundation for his training as an officer. It would be time enough to teach him all necessary mathematics and elementary science, history, and geography, and the groundwork of, at least, one foreign language. In these subjects, moreover, there is ample scope for the broad mental education, apart from mere practical attainments, on which our public schools rightly set so high a store.

Besides this there would also be time for a grounding in the special service subjects, navigation, seamanship, gunnery, torpedo, construction, and steam, always provided they were taught in a practical way. In short, the cadet, still but little beyond the age at which he now goes to sea, might fairly cease to be a school-boy; and instead of being, as he now is, obliged to continue a hybrid existence, half school-boy, half officer, during his first critical three years at sea, he would be ripe to become a probationary officer at once. But to this point we must recur later.

The second advantage would be that, by catching the boy at his most plastic age before he has had time to be infected by what can only be called the public school disease, we should have a fair chance, by judicious handling, of making his profession his chief interest in life. This is a consideration of ever growing importance. There is no denying that since the advance of the age of entry let in the public school influence the navy has begun to feel the taint of games. Their importance has increased alarmingly in the minds of cadets, and they carry their feeling into the service. The result is an ever increasing difficulty in getting the young officer to take his profession seriously, and anxious observers agree that it is vital to stop the poison going any further.

On this highly explosive question it is desirable to be perfectly clear. It is not a question whether organised athletics are a source of good or evil in a public school. Few who have gone through the mill can doubt that the good outweighs the evil. An excess of athletics is, of course, bad, but not so bad as too little. If, on the one hand, an exaggerated interest in games is a disease, loafing is a plague. Games, as a serious occupation, are physically and morally essential to the present public school method. They are even its key-note. Much valuable time and energy are sacrificed to them—more than can well be spared—but the moral and physical gain we still hold is worth it, and until some substitute is found for their influence public schools will rightly cling to them.

But if organised athletics are essential to the public school it by no means follows that they are essential or even desirable in the navy. Here substitutes of equal value occur at every stage. Boat sailing, practical seamanship, drill, and the like—nay, the very breath of the salt water will do almost everything to engender in a boy naturally those qualities which public schools have to seek artificially in organised games. At a naval school a boy's recreation and much of his work should be barely distinguishable even to himself. It is for this reason that the possibilities of what he may learn in his four years have been placed apparently too high. But we must not judge of what a boy can be taught in four years by what he learns in that time at a public school. For at a naval school, by a judicious and sympathetic handling of his practical work, it may be made largely to take the place of games with an immense gain in time and facility. Without a boy feeling he is at work it might be made to foster the desired spirit and temper, and that without forcing interests in him that are antagonistic to his work, and which tend almost inevitably to become the chief interests of his life. For the rest there is afterwards the comradeship of the sea and the forming strain of duty. If his school life fail to give him entirely the qualities to which our public schools are consecrated, the first years of his life afloat will infallibly complete all that it has left undone. It is not indeed too much to say that all these moral effects which a public school so carefully cultivates at the cost of half its boys' wits, flow naturally and inevitably from a sound and sane naval education.

A picture of school life without games will appear dreary enough to modern eyes, but, in truth, there is no need to exclude games. On the contrary, they should be encouraged as a reinvigorating alterative—as a wholesome relaxation, but they must be kept a relaxation. They must never be allowed to assume a place higher than "skylarking" aboard ship. This could easily be done by forbidding competition. It is competition in games between houses and rival schools, that is the

forced draught of the public school system of organised athletics. The boys' inbred *esprit de corps* and desire to excel are by this means squandered on cricket and football instead of being used to give energy to their work. In a public school it may be that this is not to be avoided. In a naval school it can and should be. In a naval school a large part of the work should be done with eye and hand, by teams in which leading boys may captain the others, the principle being that what has been learned in the class-room should at once be executed out of doors. Thus, for instance, if a class be instructed with a model how to rear sheer-legs, this should be done with the thing itself by the class with their own hands, and under the command of the head boys of the class in turn. Seamanship and mechanics afford abundant opportunities for this sort of work, and consequently abundant opportunity for competition between teams. Many more may be found in gymnastics, fencing, boat-sailing, rowing, and all those exercises which directly tend to foster in the cadet the spirit and abilities and knowledge which his profession will demand of him. At a public school we know it is difficult to get a boy to take the same interest in such things as he does in games, or consequently to imbibe the same spirit for them. But by putting back the age to the old limit for entry we should be dealing with practically virgin soil, and should be able to plant there the enthusiasms we want before anything else has had time to take root.

It would further largely increase the opportunities for using the stimulus of competition. The increase in the number of years spent at school will demand a corresponding increase in accommodation. We should require two if not three schools instead of one, and here we have all that is necessary to reproduce the conditions which exist amongst public schools. The rivalry and *esprit de corps* will at once spring up, and so long as they are fed and nourished by competition on the lines above indicated, then the things which belong to the boy's profession will be his first, instead of his secondary, interest. This is no

dream. In the navy it exists already and works well, as any one may assure himself who has seen a fleet coaling ship against ship.

Necessary as they now are, any system of schools has a serious disadvantage beside the old plan, when a boy scarcely out of childhood was sent straight to sea. Then it was easy enough to breed that instinct for the sea which we have formulated as the first desideratum in a naval officer. Under any school system it is very difficult. Still, on all hands, it is admitted that owing to the highly technical nature of the modern naval art a thorough preliminary training in class-rooms is essential as a foundation, and therefore we have to seek some method by which the instinct may be fostered side by side with the intellectual training. Towards this end boat-sailing, rowing, and the like, will do a great deal, but still more might be done by attaching to such schools a torpedo-boat, which the cadets should be taught to work and handle themselves. One or more small cruisers might also be used, on which from time to time the senior cadets should live as much as possible and perhaps altogether, sleeping on the lower deck, and roughing it like bluejackets. In these vessels short cruises should be made, in which the cadets would do the work of seamen and learn how it should be done. All service subjects could be practically taught in this way, the boys would get a real taste of the sea, and the loss of the old training squadron would scarcely be felt. Further keenness and experience in this stage might be obtained by appointing selected cadets to ships for the annual manœuvres as acting midshipmen.

As to the course of instruction that is a matter of detail which cannot be dealt with here. The desirability of making it as practical and out-of-door as possible, without prejudice to intellectual development, has been already insisted on. Beyond this it will suffice to lay down the broad principle that it should aim at bringing out individuality, and avoid crushing into one pattern. At present everything turns on mathematics. In this subject alone can "promotion" marks be

obtained on passing out. Now, without in any way depreciating the high educational value of mathematics, it can safely be said that many a boy may well deserve six months' seniority without being a natural mathematician. Some system therefore is desirable to ensure that every aptitude which goes to make a good officer shall obtain due recognition. This could probably be achieved by differentiating between the boys at a certain period in their course and setting them partially to specialise in their natural bent. At the end of his second or third year a cadet might be obliged to take up a "special subject." Either mathematics, physics, languages, or history, and each of these special subjects should rank equally for promotion marks in passing out, provided a "first" were obtained in all the other subjects. Such a system would have a secondary advantage of no small value. Where a number of subjects have to be taken up the disciplinary value on a boy's mind of his being made to learn one of them thoroughly is universally recognised. Thus, besides selecting for advancement the best minds of every type, we should at the same time be raising the general standard of culture.

The question of the administration of these colleges is one of much delicacy. Should they be under a naval governor or a civilian headmaster? Should the civilian staff be recruited from the public schools or from the ranks of the "crammers"? These questions, and many more, are involved, but the subject is too large and vital to be dealt with here. All we can say for certain is, that service subjects should be taught by fully qualified officers, but none of them should remain more than a year at the work. Neither for their own sake, nor for that of the boys or the service, is it desirable they should be longer away from active ships.

So much then for the advantages that would flow directly from a return to an earlier age of entry. Great as they are they do not end the account. More and even greater benefits would follow. The schooling of a cadet is an easy matter compared with the training of an officer, and it is when the

training begins that the full advantage of the change would be felt. After passing out at the end of his fourth year the cadet will be sent to sea as a midshipman. He will be at most six months older than the average age at which he joins a ship now, so that practically nothing of real sea-life will be lost, On the other hand, how much will have been gained! Instead of joining with two or three years at a public school or a crammers behind him, and one in the *Britannia*, where he will have had time to learn nothing properly and veriest smattering of service subjects, instead of being a hybrid product of land and sea, and of several wholly different methods of education, he will join his ship braced and fed with four years of systematic grounding on one homogeneous plan. He will have acquired all the schooling necessary for the intelligent assimilation of what is to come, and for the completion of his general culture, if he has a mind to it. If he has not, nothing in any case will make him complete it. His real knowledge of the general subjects can scarcely fail under the new system to be as high as it is at present when, after his first three years at sea, he goes to Greenwich for his final schooling; and besides this, he will have a real elementary understanding of the simpler duties afloat. In short, instead of being a marred school-boy destined to spend half his time trying to acquire elementary knowledge under conditions still worse than those he has passed through, he will be fit to take his place at once as a probationary officer.

It is of the utmost importance that this position should be felt by him from the moment he sets foot on deck. The eagerness to learn with which the first taste of manhood will make him approach his duties, must not be damped for an hour. How this can best be achieved it is not for a civilian to say. But speaking generally, without adequate knowledge of the economy and routine of a modern warship, two guiding lines may be indicated. Firstly, the boys should not be herded together in a battleship as they are at present. Boys will be boys in the mass, but thrown with men they will quickly

become men. The cadets therefore should be distributed through the fleet in all kinds of ships, where their assistance will be welcomed, and where real work can be found for them. Secondly, the appearance of regular instruction should be avoided, so as further to remove the midshipman from the dispiriting sense of being still a school-boy. By attaching him for definite periods to one or other of the lieutenants, as assistant or "understudy," he would pick up the knowledge more quickly and more thoroughly than by a renewal of the instruction he has been receiving already for two years. As for theoretical knowledge he would be brought in contact with enough probably to prevent his science and his mathematics getting rusty. At the same time, by the occasional delegation of duty he would, as under the old system of masts and sails, be acquiring nerve to command and to accept responsibility and alertness to set things right when they are going wrong. This process would be almost an exact equivalent for what we have had to abandon so reluctantly. The boy would be thrust at once into his life's work; he would be handling with realised purpose the implements of his craft, and side by side his nerve would be gaining temper and his technical knowledge a solid expansion. It cannot be claimed that such a form of training would in all respects equal that of the old masts and sails, but it would at least be an attempt to apply its fundamental principle as closely as the present complexity of naval science will permit.

In this condition a midshipman would remain for a period of three years, corresponding to his present first spell at sea. For those who have gained seniority by "promotion marks" the period would of course be so much shorter. He should then be called on to pass an examination for lieutenant, such examination being mainly in the work he has been doing at sea, the internal arrangements of ships, the handling of ships and boats, and a searching test in all branches of modern seamanship. It would be well if possible to add languages and naval history with simple questions in tactics and strategy, in

which again promotion marks might perhaps be given, though there would doubtless be some difficulty in arranging this fairly. Still if it could be done the advantage would be great. A midshipman would be provided with an inducement to employ his idle hours profitably and the reading required would prevent his mind being cramped by a too close application to technical study. A manner in which he might be assisted in such book work will be presently suggested.

We have now reached the point in his development, at which under the present system the young officer is sent ashore to be finished at Greenwich and Portsmouth, and with the most unsatisfactory results. The reason is not far to seek. As things are at present no matter how well designed the Greenwich course might be, the result would be much the same. At an age when his appetite for enjoyment is at its highest, and his power of restraint at its lowest, a boy is suddenly liberated from the reins that have hitherto controlled him and let loose ashore. It is inevitable that the kind of nature we wish to see in the navy should make the utmost of his comparative liberty. His aim is usually the largest amount of enjoyment and the least possible concern with the work that stands in its way. More "thirds" are probably due to this simple and very excusable cause than to any deficiencies in the candidates or the system. Far better give him a free run ashore for three months. In the majority of cases you would lose little and gain much, for you would avoid a very ingenious means of making the boys regard work as an enemy.

The fact is, our man is not yet ripe for a naval college. He should remain at sea another three years, with such further reduction of time as he may have gained in passing lieutenant. He is now a full-blown officer, and it becomes still more difficult for a civilian to say how he should be treated. But again, one may venture another indication of the general direction in which his training may be carried forward in harmony with the earlier stages.

At the end of the midshipman period a certain amount of divergence with specialities might be permitted, in the case, for instance, of those who desire to take up navigation or surveying. The rest, however, would probably be better employed as ordinary watch-keepers, being from time to time attached as before to the gunnery, torpedo, and navigation officers, and as often as possible, when sufficiently advanced, to take over the duty entirely. On all occasions the utmost amount of responsibilty should be thrown upon him. This should be particularly aimed at in navigating. At present academic navigation is taught, but navigating is not taught, and worse still it is not practised. Thus the mass of knowledge which a navigating officer acquires by experience is not passed on as it should be, but every young officer has to find out the unteachable secrets for himself, and in the majority of cases no real working knowledge of the mystery is obtained during the training period.

By a sagacious working of this system of "attachment" we should be getting very near to the pith of masts and sails, and the tangible advantage over the present system would be twofold. It would be a gain to the officer himself, and a gain to the fighting efficiency of the fleet. For not only would the individual officer be ripening up to a really useful point in the general knowledge of his art before specialising in one of its branches, but in case of casualty he would, to a very practical extent, be able to take the place of the man he had been understudying.

At the end of the second three years the final divergence into specialities would be carried out by selecting the officers who mean to follow gunnery or torpedo; but no officer should be allowed to specialise in these subjects till he had passed a higher grade examination similar to that he had to clear as a midshipman, with a further stiff test in navigation and pilotage. Unless a sailor is at home here, and well at home, he is no sailor at all, and unfit for any command; and if half that is whispered is true, there is a very serious reproach hereabouts in our

navy which the system above indicated might go far to reduce.

The young officer would by this time have spent from five to six years at sea, according to the promotion marks obtained, and he would be from twenty-three to twenty-four years of age. He would thus have reached a time of life when the first heat of his youth is sobered, and when most men begin to look at life seriously. It is the time when men in civil life begin to look back on their university days and wish they had spent them more wisely, and when they seek eagerly, and too often in vain, for a way of retrieving lost opportunities. This, then, is a time when six months or even a year ashore would do an officer the least harm, and when he would be likely to make the best use of it, being old enough to think and not too old to be sanguine. Here, then, should come the Greenwich course. Of the special gunnery and torpedo courses it is unnecessary to speak—they are well enough as they are. But the Greenwich course must be radically changed. Here, again, the precise nature of the reorganisation is a matter of detail, requiring the most careful consideration and ripe experience. Generally, however, it may be said that it must be no longer a finishing academy. It must be a true war college. The course should be mainly concerned with the broad principles of the naval art, with tactics, strategy, and naval history, together with international law. There should be lectures aimed at fostering original thought—lectures, that is, on such subjects as the recent development of construction and armament both at home and abroad, on the progress of foreign navies, on the tendency of foreign naval opinion. There should be weekly papers read on such points, followed by discussion, and these papers as often as possible should be by the officers undergoing the course. From some such system two great gains would flow. Firstly, officers who had no inclination for specialising in gunnery or torpedo would have a chance of making their mark in other branches of the art and showing their general fitness for command. In the second place, officers would obtain

practice and experience that would enable them to continue this form of mutual education at sea; and this would be an invaluable gain, for not only would it keep their minds continually active with the higher naval problems, but it would greatly assist in the education of the youngsters. For without some stimulus and assistance of this kind it would be difficult for midshipmen and junior lieutenants to carry on their suggested reading in history and the like to any great advantage.

Officers would probably welcome the institution of some such system. No lament is more common than that of the bored lieutenant at the dreary ineptitude of his life in sea-going ships. So long as he is condemned to spend his days and nights walking up and down the quarter-deck with nothing but the most trivial duties to perform, it is difficult for him not to lose interest in his profession, and almost impossible for him to increase his knowledge in the higher planes. Having once given education a strong and sustained momentum by some such means as I have ventured to indicate, there is no reason why it should not, with very little encouragement, continue to move of itself.

To sum up the fundamental features of the proposed reform, it would consist mainly in beginning the education of the officer at the earliest possible moment on a clean slate, carrying it through by correlated stages, and continuing it till full manhood is reached. I am aware such a system is, in a sense, reactionary, that it is contrary to the recommendations of recent committees and to the latest practice of our most formidable foreign rivals. But on the other hand, the result of endeavouring to apply the recommendations of the committees has not been a success, and there is no reason why the first of maritime nations should go to school with either America or the Continent of Europe. In detail, let us learn all we can from them, but let our system be our own. Others may rightly seek success in sacrificing all to the highest attainable scientific education. We should certainly keep the same end in view, but not at the sacrifice of our birthright. As a sea-born people,

we have always pinned our faith on seamanship first, and our faith has been justified. Here has been our advantage over all other nations, and so long as we foster it, it will remain an advantage that no one can overtake. They may beat us in developing scientific skill—it must be our stalwart endeavour that they do not—but in the class-room and laboratory, work as hard as we will, we must never forget our mother sea. For all our effort, it is possible that others, more scientific by nature, may surpass us in technical attainment, but seamanship will always redress the balance if, in our own system of education, we are but true to our traditions and our breed.

Finally, I would express the extreme hesitation I feel in dealing at all with a subject so difficult and technical. It cannot be but that much that is here written will appear to those who know impracticable and even absurd—will reveal a lamentable ignorance of modern naval life. To this I candidly plead guilty. But on the other hand, I may hope that service critics will confess with equal candour that those who know have not yet produced a system of education that satisfies any one—that any one can call a success. That a civilian should be able to do so is not to be expected. Yet my hope is that possibly, being on the outside, one may help those in the midst of it to get a view of the thing as a whole, to help each expert to get that part of it with which he is in close contact in proper proportion with the rest. For my comfort and excuse, there is always at least the recollection of that bewildered traveller, who could not see the wood for the trees.

JULIAN S. CORBETT.

CLEANING THE SLATE

THE Liberals that have formed themselves into a league for the purpose of promoting the policy outlined by Lord Rosebery at Chesterfield are thereby committed to the cleaning of the Liberal slate as their first business. In other words, they have to reconsider the "fixed principles" and the "traditional policy" to which, according to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal party is bound, and to clear the way for a fresh start on new lines. But it is not enough to clean the slate; if the mistakes of the past are to be avoided in the future, it is necessary to find out why the slate wants cleaning; to probe, that is say, to the bottom the causes of Liberal decadence.

There are Liberals, of course, who deny that any such investigation is needed; they are content with the simple explanation that the country has been suffering from temporary aberration of mind; Liberalism has been submerged by a wave of reaction, and they propose to wait patiently until the tide ebbs and leaves them high and dry on their fixed principles. But is it so certain that the present position of the Liberal party is due to a reaction in the country, to a growth of genuine Conservatism? Might not one attribute it more accurately to the fact that the Liberal party has become reactionary? Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has unconsciously admitted as much; for a party that is tied once and for all to "fixed principles" and fettered by a "traditional

policy" cannot be a party of progress. If we are to make any progress at all, policy must be changed with changing conditions and principles must be reconsidered in the light of new facts.

The political history of London, for instance, during the last decade or so gives us, I think, some reason for doubting whether the repudiation by London of the Liberal party can be accounted for by the hypothesis of a wave of reaction. For how, on that hypothesis, are we to account for the strong support given by London to the Progressive party on the County Council? London has, during the last sixteen years, returned a Unionist majority at five successive general elections, and has, during the last twelve years, returned a Progressive majority at five successive County Council elections (except in 1885, when the numbers of Progressives and Moderates were equal). Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in his recent speech at St. James's Hall, referred to the contrast, as he conceived it, between the overwhelming Progressive victory in March of last year and the rout of the Liberals only four months earlier, and he professed himself quite unable to understand it. Yet there must be some explanation; and one might reasonably expect a political leader to have succeeded in twelve years in arriving at some sort of hypothesis as to the cause of such important political phenomena. For my part, I believe that the London electors, in electing the Progressives and rejecting the Liberals, were influenced by very similar considerations and motives; and London, in this respect, is typical of the rest of the country.

The decline of the Liberal party, we are apt to forget, has been a gradual one; it began in London and the great manufacturing towns of the North in 1885, and has since spread first to England generally and finally to Scotland, which now returns a Conservative majority for the first time in sixty years. No acute observer can attribute the crushing Liberal defeat of 1900 solely or even mainly to the influence of "khaki"; that influence doubtless made the Conservative

majority more sweeping than it would otherwise have been, but it does not account for it. The causes of the Liberal collapse lie far deeper than a temporary gust of feeling, and its beginning must be sought much further back than the outbreak of the South African War. It is the culmination of a process that has been going on for two decades, and a process, be it remembered, that is not peculiar to this country, but may be observed also in Germany and in Belgium, where Liberalism is no longer a vital force, and to some extent in Italy.

If we go back to the General Election of 1885, when the symptoms of a reaction against Liberalism first manifested themselves, we find ourselves face to face with the fact that that reaction began among the most intelligent section of the electorate, and in the very places that had been for years the strongholds of Liberalism. The Liberal party had always depended, in England at any rate, for its chief support on London and the boroughs, particularly the great manufacturing centres. Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, and the other great towns had been almost consistently Liberal since the Reform Act of 1832. But in 1885 the Conservatives returned thirty-seven of the fifty-nine members for London, nine of the ten members for Liverpool and Birkenhead, and six of the nine members for Manchester and Salford. Of the great towns of Lancashire only Burnley remained true to Liberalism, and their total representation consisted of twenty-one Conservatives and six Liberals. In other parts of the country the reaction was less marked, but there were considerable signs of it. At Birmingham, for instance, although the Liberals won all the seven seats, the Conservative poll was both actually and proportionately much heavier than it had been for two generations, and up to the eve of the poll the defeat of Mr. Bright by Lord Randolph Churchill in Central Birmingham was looked upon as quite possible. This may seem ancient history, but its value lies in the fact that it shows the decline of the Liberal party to have begun not only before khaki had been heard of, but also before Home Rule had become part of the

Liberal programme. The Liberal party would have been in a minority in England in 1885, but for the new county electors who, in the first flush of gratitude, gave a majority to those who had enfranchised them. But the adhesion of the new county electors did not last twelve months; they have followed the lead of London and the boroughs; the Liberal party has been in a minority in the English counties since 1886, and is now in a minority even in the Scottish counties. At the present moment Wales is the only part of the United Kingdom that returns a Liberal majority; it would be fulsome flattery to say that the electors of Merioneth or Cardiganshire are more intelligent and progressive than those of London or Edinburgh, Lancashire or Lanarkshire. And in Wales the conditions are so different from those of the rest of the country that it is but little affected by change in political thought; the real dividing line there (except in such a place as Cardiff which is more English than Welsh) is not political, but religious, and every election from that of a local board to a parliamentary one is fought on the issue of Churchman *v.* Nonconformist. At bottom the Welsh are, like the Irish, thoroughly reactionary and sentimental; their extreme Particularism is therefore natural.

It may be useful to recall the results of the last five General Elections in Great Britain (excluding the University constituencies):

Boroughs.

	London.		England (Provinces).		Wales.		Scotland.	
	L.	C.	L.	C.	L.	C.	L.	C.
1885 . .	23	36	88	79	9	2	30	1
1886 . .	11	48	50	117	7	4	22	9
1892 . .	23	36	71	96	8	3	24	7
1895 . .	8	51	43	124	5	6	17	14
1900 . .	8	51	40	127	6	3	15	16

Counties.

	England.		Wales.		Scotland.	
	L.	C.	L.	C.	L.	C.
1885 . .	134	100	18	1	32	7
1886 . .	65	169	17	2	21	18

	England.		Wales.		Scotland.	
	L.	C.	L.	C.	L.	C.
1892 . .	103	131	19	0	27	12
1895 . .	65	169	17	2	22	17
1900 . .	78	156	18	1	19	20

What these figures show is a steady Conservative reaction from 1885 onwards, in which London and the English boroughs led the way, with a slight temporary check in 1892. They support the pendulum theory to only a slight extent; the pendulum has never since 1886 swung back far enough to give the Liberal party a majority in Great Britain. At present the Conservative party is in a better position than in 1895 or 1886 everywhere except in the English counties and in Wales; and in the English counties the swing-back of the pendulum has been trivial, and the Conservatives are still two to one.

Such are the facts with regard to the reaction against Liberalism, which reached its highest point in the autumn of 1900. To what causes is it due? Its principal immediate causes (as distinguished from its root-cause) are, I should say, five in number, namely: (1) Neglect of social reform in 1880–85; (2) Gladstonian Home Rule; (3) Welsh Disestablishment; (4) Direct Veto; (5) Little Englandism. As to the first of these I am convinced, and my conviction is based on personal experience, that the attitude of the Liberal party towards social questions was the chief cause of the loss of London and Lancashire in 1885. The London or Lancashire workman voted Tory not because he loved the Tories more, but because he loved the Liberals less. If you scratch a Tory artisan in nine cases out of ten you find a Socialist or something uncommonly like one, although he himself is unconscious of the fact. The British workman dislikes the term Socialism owing to its past associations, but to the thing—to Collectivism in its modern form—he is far more favourably disposed than is sometimes imagined. The repeated Progressive victories in London would seem to support this view. The very men that vote Tory at Parliamentary elections, vote Progressive at

County Council elections; and what, after all, is the Progressive programme but practical municipal Collectivism?

That Home Rule has injured the Liberal party is a fact that needs no demonstration. And no candid observer, I think, can deny that Welsh Disestablishment and Direct Veto were the main causes of the crushing defeat of the Liberal party in 1895. One would have supposed Welsh Disestablishment to be a popular cry in Wales itself at least, yet it is the significant fact that in 1895, when the General Election in Wales was fought almost exclusively on the issue of Disestablishment, the Conservatives did better than they have done in Wales at any election during the last sixteen years and gained five seats, four of which were won back by the Liberals in 1900 when the issue of Disestablishment did not enter nearly so much into the election. It can hardly be necessary to dwell on the fact that the Liberal party has been and is being injured by the Little Englandism of many Liberals; the General Election of 1900 is too recent for the fact to be forgotten.

But it is not enough to recognise what have been the immediate causes of the anti-Liberal reaction, it is more important that we should discover the root-cause of which these details of policy are manifestations. And it is, I believe, to be found in a tendency on the part of Liberals up to the present to proceed by the unscientific methods of deduction and *a priori* reasoning rather than by the scientific and modern methods of observation and induction. Liberals, that is to say, instead of recognising things as they are and considering what is for the good of the nation and makes for progress under the given conditions, have started with certain assumptions or "fixed principles" and have deduced their policy from them. Everything has been brought to the test of some abstract proposition, and dogmatic theses arrived at on *a priori* grounds have been embodied in legislative proposals without regard to the facts of the case. We have had, for instance, from some Liberals in the past wild schemes for giving self-government to India based not on the ground that they are

fitted to the actual conditions existing in India, but on the doctrine that "the right of government is derived from the consent of the governed," from which it is deduced that democracy and representative government are the only right forms of government, and therefore to be applied to all peoples under all possible circumstances. It is a healthy sign that we hear very little of such schemes nowadays. People are coming to realise that democracy is neither a fetish nor a panacea and that it has always many drawbacks, but they support democracy on the ground that it has fewer drawbacks than other systems of government in a civilised Western community.

Precisely the same habit of mind and method of reasoning as have led to the advocacy of such schemes as have been mentioned are also, in my opinion, responsible for what I hold to be the five immediate causes of the decline of the Liberal party. If we take, for instance, the neglect of social reforms by the Liberal party, there could not be a better example of the result of the *a priori* method. The cast-iron dogmas of the Manchester school as to the sacred right of freedom of contract, the wickedness of interfering with competition even when it took what the late Mr. Bright called the "legitimate form" of adulteration, and the duty of allowing the individual to do as he pleased so long as he kept his hands out of his neighbours' pockets; these were fetters and shackles on the Liberal party, and prevented it from dealing with social and economic conditions from an unbiased standpoint and in a practical way. These doctrines were responsible for the opposition to any and every proposal for regulation of the hours of labour or the conditions of work in factories from Lord Shaftesbury's Factory Acts to the Miners' Eight Hours Bill, which opposition was for many years the "traditional policy" of Liberalism. Facts and experience have proved the doctrines to be false, and they have few adherents left among the Liberal party; indeed, their chief exponent at present is Lord Salisbury, who is one of the few remaining orthodox Manchester Liberals. But they did their work in 1885.

The Gladstonian Home Rule policy was another example of *a priori* reasoning. It was deduced from the thesis that whatever the majority of the people residing in a particular geographical area demand must be granted them as a right, whether it is good for them and their neighbours or not. There may be much to be said for the thesis from an abstract point of view; it is its practical application that is objectionable. What is true of the Home Rule policy is still more true of the Disestablishment movement. The one thing of which the supporters of Welsh Disestablishment failed to convince the country in 1895 was that the measure would confer the smallest benefit on any one. And to do them justice they made very little attempt to convince the country on that point. Their case has always been based on the doctrine that the "recognition" of religion by the State is morally wrong and a union between Church and State "adulterous," as the late Mr. Bright put it. The ordinary Englishman does not care a jot whether the existence of an established Church is or is not a breach of a purely abstract and ideal "religious equality," and he refused to accept *a priori* reasoning as a substitute for practical cause shown why the Church in Wales should be disestablished.

Direct Veto is surely to be attributed to the same source. Those who initiated that proposal start with the assumption that it is morally wrong to drink any alcoholic beverage, and they naturally propose to suppress the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors so far as they can. Nor does the failure of similar attempts in other countries affect them in the least, since their theories have no relation to facts. Yet no temperance reformer, who proceeded by the method of induction, would ever have proposed a Direct Veto Bill. Other supporters of the measure based their support of it on the "fixed principle": "If the majority of the inhabitants of any district desire to suppress the sale of drink it is undemocratic not to allow them to do so." To such an argument one can only reply that if a proposal appears unwise and inexpedient a practical person is bound to oppose it even at the risk of being

undemocratic. And that, in effect, was the reply of the English electorate in 1895.

Little Englandism or anti-Imperialism or whatever it may be called is no less than the others a manifestation of the *a priori* method in politics. Since the Empire—the international English commonwealth—exists, a person who recognises facts and draws his inductions from them must needs be an Imperialist. A Little Englander is what he is because he holds certain Nationalist or Particularist dogmas to which he adheres in spite of facts. The anti-Imperialist is the Individualist of international politics, gallantly clinging to his belief in the face of an inevitable tendency towards the absorption of small nations into federalist international commonwealths. He is deserving of the sympathy that the large-hearted man must always feel for the defenders of lost causes.

Quite other than the method which has produced these results is that on which the Progressive Party in London politics has gone to work. That party is to a great extent the creation of the new Collectivists whose best representation is to be found in the Fabian Society. Unlike the earlier Socialists, whose method was almost entirely *a priori* and deductive, and who started with such theses as that private property in land is immoral, the modern Collectivists have arrived at their economic and political hypotheses by observation and induction. Their observation may not have been always accurate nor their inductions always correct, but at least they can say that they build on a foundation of facts and not on abstract propositions. It is this that has given them their influence, a greater influence than is always realised, in modern politics. The Progressive party, which has been so largely moulded by men of that school, has adopted the same method. The municipalisation of certain public supplies is advocated, for instance, not for the reason that private monopoly is theoretically indefensible, but because it can be shown by facts that the public ownership of monopolies is more advantageous to the community. The Progressives have

succeeded in convincing the London electors that they are practical businesslike men who consider a question on its merits and base their principles on facts instead of trying to adjust the facts to preconceived theories. They do not waste their time on discussion of abstract points such as whether the community ought or ought not theoretically to undertake this or that form of enterprise or how far it should go in competing with private enterprise; what they consider is whether it is expedient for the public welfare that this or that form of enterprise should be taken over or initiated by the community here and now, the circumstances being what they are. And many of the Progressives have taken the trouble to study the administrative and economic problems with which the County Council has to deal; they are professional politicians in the best sense of the term, whereas the average Member of Parliament is an ignorant and incompetent amateur unworthy even to be called a *dilettante*. London electors are intelligent enough to recognise the qualities of business capacity, accurate knowledge, hard work, sound common sense, and reasonable opportunism, and they return Progressives to the County Council as consistently as they return Unionists to Parliament. Those who describe the London electors as "khaki-mad" should ask themselves, is it possible that the fools of November became the wise men of March? Rather is it not likely that men who are so alive to their own interests as a community in municipal affairs are equally alive to their interests as a community in Imperial affairs? The conclusion is that Liberals themselves and not the electors are to blame for the fact that London like Great Britain as a whole steadily rejects them. Not that the present Government is possessed of the qualities which I have claimed for the Progressive party in London; far from it. But the country does not support the present Government; no Government was ever regarded with greater contempt by the majority of the nation. It is Mr. Chamberlain that the country supports because he does possess the qualities that have been mentioned; whatever

his faults may be, he is a strong man, who knows what he means to do and has the resolution to do it. As for his colleagues, the country would gladly part from them to-morrow but for the belief that the Liberal party, as it has existed up to the present, would be a greater evil.

The lesson to be learnt by Liberals is surely that they have been on a wrong tack, and have been working on an obsolete method. If the members of the new Liberal League mean business, they must change their method and abandon the discredited theses which hang as millstones round their necks. They must be free to look facts in the face and correct their theories by them where the theories will not fit in with the facts. No revival of the old Liberalism is possible. The Liberal party has no longer a *raison d'être*. Its principles and methods, which were progressive and up-to-date thirty years ago, are now out-of-date and reactionary. Many of its objects have been achieved; others have become obsolete. We have to start afresh; we have to build up upon the ruins of the old Liberalism a new party of progress with new methods and new aims suited to new conditions, just as the Progressive party in London politics has been built up. We must, like the Progressives, study the problems with which we have to deal, and equip ourselves with that accurate knowledge of the conditions of things which alone makes businesslike administration possible.

But for all this we want leaders such as the Progressive party has had. That party was the creation of a few men who knew their own minds and understood what they were about; it is what it is because it has been efficiently led by leaders who could command confidence. Lord Rosebery, in one of his speeches last year, minimised the importance of leaders; the driving power, he said, must come from the nation. So, no doubt, it must; but driving power is not enough; indeed, it is worse than useless unless it is used intelligently. If there is no intelligence at the helm, driving power will but land the ship on the rocks, and the greater the power the greater will be the disaster. It may perhaps be concluded from Lord Rosebery's

recent action that he has come to modify his opinion on this point; it has yet to be seen whether we shall find in the Liberal League the leaders that are wanted. Some, indeed, of those who have rallied to Lord Rosebery's standard are as much the slaves of tradition as is Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, but, while he follows the tradition of the late Mr. Gladstone, theirs is the tradition of pre-Gladstonian Whiggery, not more out of date than the other, but quite as impracticable. Even Mr. Asquith seemed chiefly concerned at St. Leonards to establish his orthodoxy as a true believer in the tradition, albeit prepared to compromise when he must. But Lord Rosebery's own speech at Glasgow shows that he, at any rate, realises the necessity of new methods and a new policy. If he means what he says, he will neither respond to the call from certain quarters for a Whig lead, nor consent once more to put the sentimental grievances of Welsh Nonconformists before social and administrative reforms and sacrifice educational efficiency to the unsectarian dogma. In that case Lord Rosebery need not appeal only to those who now call themselves Liberals. The Unionist party is not really a composite whole; there are as fundamental differences among Unionists as there are among Liberals; hitherto they have been kept together by the common bond of opposition to Home Rule, but the abandonment of Home Rule by all but the pro-Boer rump (which is inevitable) may prove the solvent of the Unionist party. In that case there will be a general shuffling of the cards, out of which may come two new parties, each of which will really be an organised expression of some common principle, instead of an organised hypocrisy. One of these parties would, of course, be Conservative, and the other would be Progressive. Whether the Progressive party is led by Lord Rosebery depends chiefly on Lord Rosebery himself.

ROBERT EDWARD DELL.

A TRANSVAAL BURGHER'S OPINION

AT this juncture in writing on the subject of the Settlement of South Africa, it is advisable to leave entirely alone any mention of the negotiations and events immediately preceding the war. To argue as to whether it was the mal-administration of the Boer Government or the Jameson raid which precipitated the deplorable struggle still proceeding would, besides being sterile, take up too much space. Therefore, I shall endeavour to avoid expressing any opinion touching on so controversial and difficult a point. At the same time, it is impossible to put clearly before my readers the subject of the Settlement without referring to the retrocession of 1881. Beyond the shadow of a doubt to that act must be traced the acute racial jealousy and antagonism which has existed between the English and the Boers in South Africa, and which has been mainly responsible for this disastrous war. The feeling of bitter disappointment and exasperation of the loyalists at the peace of Majuba, and their resentment of the action of their own Government, can best be described by two quotations which I give below. The first is from a letter of the Pretoria correspondent of the *Natal Witness*, and is dated April 24, 1881 :

> The English portion of the inhabitants feel very bitter at the fact that they have been shamefully abandoned by the Imperial Government, by its action in connection with what they call "the disgraceful peace." They, or I suppose I ought to say *we*, have all along looked upon the Government of

Great Britain as one which we could safely trust and look to for justice and the safe conduct of the National honour; and believing this we have been blindly loyal to that Government, risking and sacrificing not only property but lives in support of what turns out be a chimera. We have had the oft-repeated assertions, given in the most unqualified and emphatic manner by the rulers of England, that under no circumstances could the Queen's sovereignty over the Transvaal ever be relinquished. Naturally we believed these assertions, which had been made by Conservative and Liberal Governments alike; as naturally we believed Sir Garnet Wolseley when he told us that as long as the sun shone the Transvaal would remain British territory. Now that the Volksraad of the South African Republic is an established and acknowledged fact, we look up to the sky and find to our amazement that, notwithstanding Sir Garnet's grandiloquent speeches, the sun is still shining as brightly as ever.

The second quotation is an extract from the letter of a loyal farmer in the Transvaal, dated April 11, 1881:

Country loyals have had a time such as few town loyals can realise. . . . You will perhaps say that the declaration of peace provides for public opinion and free speech on both sides, but can you reasonably suppose that any country loyal would dare to rely on such a statement from the English under existing circumstances? They first broke their promises to the Boers and have now broken faith with us. . . . For us now publicly to assert our rights and liberties as English subjects, simply means, not only total ruination, but exposes us to dangers of a more serious nature, without any chance of obtaining redress and justice from the English, to whom we have been blindly loyal.

This abandonment burnt deeply into the very souls of the loyalists, who have ever since nursed a feeling of bitter resentment against Gladstone and antagonism to Boer rule. From that date also can be traced the determination of many of the leading Dutch, at whose head stood ex-President Kruger, of establishing a great Dutch-speaking nation in South Africa. It was not a new idea, for in 1874 President Burgers had already spoken enthusiastically of his intention of introducing ten million Hollanders into the Transvaal. It was at the time deemed an empty, post-prandial boast, and in all probability when uttered it was so. Still, there were many in whose bosoms had been roused the burning desire of fulfilling this dream. The Dutch Afrikander sentiments and aspirations had been excited and the retrocession gave them renewed hope of

ultimate success. Froude, in his "Leaves from a South African Journal," gave expression to the prevailing idea when he wrote:

My own private opinion is more and more that the Imperial Government should confine itself to the Table Mountain peninsula, fortify the two harbours, and hold it as a military station, leaving the rest of the country to itself. President Burgers spoke at a public dinner last night, talking with vague enthusiasm about a united South Africa. I asked him what the flag was to be. He hesitated, but I saw what he meant. I told him that a South African flag would float over Cape Town castle and Simons Bay when South Africa was strong enough to drive us out, but neither he nor I would live to see it.

Again in the same Journal:

This morning (December 7) I called on President Brand. He is a resolute stubborn-looking man, with a frank but not over-conciliatory expression of face. . . . His manner to me was short and abrupt. He said that the English Government has ill-treated him. He had done what he could to bring about an arrangement, but he had failed, and we must now take our own course. Experience showed that all colonies became sooner or later independent. At no very distant time the British would leave South Africa altogether, and he could afford to wait. I said the Cape was not a colony only, but a naval and military station, and of vital importance to us. I did not think it likely that we should abandon it. He was cold and incredulous, and we have parted without any wish expressed on his part to see me again. I am sorry, for though his face is as hard as a flint, integrity is written on every line of it.

And, lastly, as a further proof that this conception of an independent Afrikander nation was not confined solely to the extreme or anti-British Boer or foreigner, I give the opinion of ex-Chief Justice Kotze regarding the question of "paramount power" in South Africa, as expressed to a *Volksstem* interviewer after the Jameson raid. He had been accused by the *Volksstem* of being what was sneeringly called a "paramount power" man in a conversation he had had at Cape Town with Mr. Mathers, editor of *South Africa*, and this was his reply. The italics are mine:

Undoubtedly are the Afrikanders (in the true sense of the word) the paramount power in South Africa. But when England is spoken of as the paramount power we have in mind the European Power, which has not only the greatest and most important possessions in South Africa, but which above

all protects and defends South Africa from an attack by other Foreign Powers. *This position is, until South Africa is united, and capable of protecting itself against attacks from without, inevitable.* That another European Power should occupy this position is not desired, and we should never tolerate it in South Africa.

From the above quotations I think it is plain even to the "man in the street," that while this Afrikander aspiration and sentiment existed there could be no voluntary acknowledgment of England as the "paramount power," and no confederation of the Colonies and States under the British flag.

Now, it is admitted by all parties as essential in the interests of South Africa as a whole that there should be some form of Federation. It is a question of such moment that all who take an interest in its solution should not cease to give all the attention possible to it; on all sides there is evidence of a desire to build up a great South African Dominion on the Canadian and Australian lines. Hitherto the form of Government and the flag have been the stumbling-blocks. Now that these two obstacles have been removed, the way should be clear for that unity and peace so much needed for the progress and welfare of both whites and blacks. There is really no excuse whatsoever for the present disunion of the peoples of South Africa. As their interests are identical, they should all be incited by the same motives, and working towards the same end—to use a homely phrase, rowing in the same boat.

How is this happy and desirable consummation to be brought about? My reply is, By the surrender of the Boers and their acceptance of the result of the war. To talk now of "independence"—and it is a moot point whether the independence of the Transvaal was not really sacrificed by the majority of the Boers in upholding one man and his incapable administration—and the ultimate establishing of a Dominion under a Republican form of Government would be simply ridiculous. If the Dominion is to start fair on its career, if it is to be enabled to establish its name and credit in the markets of the world, to make its importance felt amongst the nations of the earth, and to march steadily on the road of prosperity,

under a safe and competent guide, it can do so only through British influence. This cannot be obtained by any patched-up peace or compromise, nor by negotiations with Mr. Kruger or delegates in Europe, nor with that evil genius of the Transvaal, Dr. Leyds, who still pursues like a Nemesis the agonised and dying victims of his machinations. With the leaders of the fighting Boers alone should negotiations be carried on or terms offered. Those on the Continent have degenerated into vilifiers of England, slanderers of her army, and inspirers of caricaturists of her rulers. Surely not with these would Lord Rosebery parley.

Language like this may sound strange from one who was until recently a Republican citizen, but the conditions of South Africa to-day are such that the question must be viewed from a different standpoint, and I state frankly my conviction that at the present time it is only under British rule that the country can be properly governed and confederation be successfully established and prosperously conducted.

Union under the flag of Great Britain means, for the whole of South Africa, restoration of peace and order, security of property, the smooth flow of the current of business, mutually beneficial political and commercial intercourse, the securing to the inhabitants of the late Republics, in common with the other civilised peoples of South Africa, of a commanding and dominant position over the surrounding hordes of barbarism and savagedom, and the placing of the whole continent upon a footing of permanent peace and prosperity. This is what the union of the whole of South Africa means under a stable and firm Government with equality and just laws for all; this is the boon to which the acceptance and maintenance of British rule should eventually lead.

I am aware, as a writer has recently stated, that true federation should be free and voluntary, and not premature, and can only become a living system when the different parts of South Africa can enter it on terms of equality. That time, however, need not be long postponed if all those interested in

the solution of the difficult problem sink their political and racial differences and prejudices, and work with a will to build a golden bridge over which English and Dutch may reach the common goal. There must be no holding out of hope for an undoing by one Government of the act of the other. As Lord Rosebery has said regarding foreign affairs, there should be a united front. And with that object in view, let both Unionists and Liberals sink their differences on this question and devote their energies. It is the more humane course, besides being the more statesmanlike and patriotic.

In conclusion, let me say that when this is realised, not only will the English colonists gain by having a settled and uniform government of the different states and colonies, but the Dutch will also. They will discover that by becoming British subjects they do not lose their freedom. To enable them the better to realise this it is essential that as soon as possible after peace has been declared the freest institutions and autonomy should be conceded, and sentence of banishment withdrawn, or, to be precise, not confirmed against those leaders who are not absolutely irreconcilable and are willing to take the oath of allegiance and settle down under the new order of things. It seems to me that it would be bad policy to show any vindictiveness or to make martyrs of men the majority of whom after all are fighting for what they believe to be a just cause and are, besides, the best of the Boers. The quality of mercy would not be wasted by being applied in such cases. Given good laws, just administration, equality, no favouritism in official appointments, and generous treatment in rebuilding and restocking the devastated farms, and I believe that in a shorter time than many imagine, the bitter enmity aroused by the war would subside, and English and Dutch work together for the common good. Surely such a desirable consummation to all this terrible waste of life and wealth is worth a supreme effort.

FRANK WATKINS

(Late Member of the Transvaal Volksraad).

DUELLING AND COURTS OF HONOUR

THREE fatal duels in Germany, between November 1901 and January of this year (1902), have called attention forcibly to duelling in that country, and to the influence with respect to it of what are termed "Courts of Honour," more particularly in army and college life, but also with the nation at large.

It must be understood that I do not allude to ordinary students' duels, which are going on constantly at the German universities, and entail hardly any risk of life. These, inasmuch as they cause scars and disfigurement, may be foolish, but they have advantages and encourage skill at arms. The chief objection to them is that they foster the duelling spirit in a country where duelling is permitted in the army. The duels which are referred to in these pages are duels with pistols, fought under conditions which make the issue of the combat almost certainly death, or a serious wound, to one of those engaged.

The duels which have recently occurred are:

(1) That at Insterburg, on November 4, 1901, between Lieutenant Blaskowitz, of the 147th Regiment, and Lieutenant Hildebrandt, in which the former was killed.

(2) That at Jena, early in January 1902, between Lieutenant Thieme, of the 94th Regiment, and a university student named Held, in which the latter was killed.

(3) That near Springe, in Hanover, on January 16, 1902, between Herr v. Bennigsen, District President of Police, and Herr Falkenhagen, in which the former was killed.

All the above were fought with pistols. The conditions of the first I am not aware of, but Lieutenant Blaskowitz fell at the first shot. The conditions of both the last are stated to have been five shots at ten paces, or yards.

I will allude more particularly to the above duels further on, and will merely say here that the two first were fought by the direct decision of Courts of Honour, and for what had happened in drunken brawls.

The third comes under a different category.

It is not justifiable, no matter how much one may disapprove of duelling, to speak of those as uncivilised or criminals who, under a pressure almost impossible to resist, feel compelled to fight duels in order to avoid social disgrace, and so become the unhappy victims, or the perhaps equally unhappy survivors, of such combats.

I may say, too, that the days of duelling in the United Kingdom are too near to our own times to justify our throwing stones at others who have not so completely abandoned its practice as ourselves, and doing so will have no effect in repressing the practice.

What I propose to do is to touch upon duelling in general as it prevailed down to the time of its suppression in England, Scotland, Ireland (*i.e.*, the United Kingdom), and Scandinavia (Sweden), to draw attention to its worst features, and to the manner in which it was stamped out, to recent duelling in Germany, and the courts of honour established there, to the efforts made in 1843 to introduce them into the English army, and then to consider what all this suggests.

I will not refer specially to duelling among the Slavonic, or Latin races—Russia, Italy, France—because it might be argued that, owing to certain differences in climate, temperament, and other respects, comparison cannot fairly be made between the inhabitants of these countries and of those I have mentioned.

It must be admitted, though, that there is much in common between the Teutonic and Celtic races of the United Kingdom, Scandinavia and Germany, and all have some of the fierce Viking blood in them.

I will not discuss duelling from a religious standpoint. At the present day few will be found to defend it from that point of view, though, in the past, good men and God-fearing men have fought duels, and clergymen have fought duels, but there are clergymen and clergymen, and, in the days of the Fleet parsons especially, some were in Holy Orders chiefly in name.

"Trial by Battle," introduced in Norman times, was the father of duelling in the United Kingdom, and the Courts which ordered it, the ancestors of the modern courts of honour. This is a point which should be understood. The first formal duel fought in England was in 1096 between William Count of Eu and Godfrey Baynard. The legal and judicial sanction given to this description of combat contributed largely to make it popular and perpetuate it in England, where the people, as a body, have a regard for established law.

It may astonish many to hear that the law of "Trial by Battle," although it had, years previously, become practically obsolete, remained on the Statute Book, and could therefore be appealed to in England, so late as 1817.

Under it any one accused of murder might claim to fight his accuser, in order to establish his innocence, and in that year a man named Thornton, charged by the brother of Mary Ashford with having murdered his sister, challenged his accuser to "Wager of Battle." Lord Ellenborough ruled that he was within his right, and the challenge not being accepted by the accuser, who was a youth, Thornton escaped trial altogether. Then the law was repealed.

But long before this the ancient belief that the right cause in such contests must triumph had died out under the force of established proof to the contrary, and nothing is more striking in the modern duel than the uneven justice it administers.

But after official trial by battle had ceased, the fighting

instincts of human nature, together with the fact that quarrels had for centuries been legally settled by personal combat, combined to make men resort to duelling to decide their private differences, even though it was fully recognised that the right cause did not necessarily triumph. The practice of duelling continued in the United Kingdom, and it may be here said [1] that in France, between the years 1601 and 1609, 2000 men of noble birth fell in duels, which resulted in very stern measures on the part of Cardinal Richelieu being adopted, and with partial success, to repress the custom.

To come to recent times, one has only to take up Lever's novels, or Sir Jonah Barrington's Sketches, to see how general duelling was in Ireland, especially in the army, in the decade between 1800 and 1810, and in England and Scotland it constantly went on, though to a less degree.

It may surprise some to be told that the Rev. Henry Bate —afterwards the Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley, Bart.—who died while Prebendary of Ely and Chancellor of the Diocese of Ferns, in 1824, had fought three duels in England while in Holy Orders.

Sir Jonah Barrington, in his reminiscences of Irish life written in 1827, says that, within the twelve months of his sixty-third year, "227 *memorable and official* duels took place, not counting less notable affairs."

> Every family [he writes] had a case of hereditary pistols which descended as an heirloom, together with a long, silver-hilted sword, for the use of their posterity. Our family pistols, denominated "Pelters," were brass, the barrels very long and "point-blankers." They were included in the armoury of our ancient castle of Ballynakill in the reign of Elizabeth. The stocks, locks, and hair-triggers were, however, modern, and had descended from father to son from that period, and one was called "Sweet-lips," the other "The Darling." The family rapier was called "Skiver the pullet."

But in 1808 duelling is said to have received a great check in England from the consequences of a duel between Major Campbell and Captain Boyd, in which the latter was killed.

[1] See *Mémoires de Fontenoy Mareuil.*

This duel arose out of a trivial dispute after mess as to what was, or was not, a correct word of command at drill. It was fought with pistols and without seconds, which was irregular.

There was no proof of any unfairness in the combat, and Captain Boyd when dying forgave Major Campbell, but also implied that the latter had hurried him in firing.

Major Campbell, put upon his trial for the death of Captain Boyd, was found guilty; the Crown would not interfere with the due course of law, and Major Campbell was hanged.

It can be readily understood that the effect upon the army and society of the disgraceful punishment of execution by the common hangman having been inflicted upon one in Major Campbell's position was great. His execution struck the first heavy blow at duelling in England.

The effect, however, would have been still greater had this duel not been an irregular one, with some suspicion, however slight, that there might have been unfair play; also that in the army there was at this time no special enactment against all concerned in duelling, while in cases where there had been no fatal or serious results, it was difficult to get juries to convict.

Duels still went on, especially abroad and in Ireland, and in 1815–16, during the occupation of Paris by the Allied Armies, English officers fought many duels with the French. But the circumstances here were exceptional, and when insulted and challenged they could scarcely refuse to fight.

Between 1820 and 1840 there is a noticeable decrease in the number of duels, but they did not cease.

In 1827 the Rev. Mr. Hodson wounded Mr. Grady in a duel in Hyde Park.

In 1829 the Duke of Wellington fought a duel with Lord Winchelsea in Battersea Fields. The Duke, as Minister, had taken part in bringing in the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, and Lord Winchelsea, in a letter which was published, accused him of an insidious design to introduce Popery into every depart-

ment of the State. The Duke, who was no duellist, who had never before been concerned in a duel, and who of all men in Europe could have best afforded to disregard any imputation upon his actions, considered it necessary upon public grounds to challenge Lord Winchelsea for this. Nothing could better show the view which still lingered in England as to duelling.

In 1841 Lord Cardigan wounded Captain Tuckett in a duel on Wimbledon Common, but claimed his right to be tried by his peers, and was acquitted.

In 1843 there was a fatal duel between Lieutenant Munro and his brother-in-law, Colonel Fawcett, in which the latter was killed; and in 1845 one more fatal one—I believe the last fought.

It was the duel between Lieutenant Munro and Colonel Fawcett which, to all intents and purposes, caused the practice to cease, because it led to an enactment in the Articles of War against all concerned in duelling in the army.

This country is indebted for many of the improvements and advances which have taken place in its social life during the last sixty years to the late Queen Victoria. It is also largely indebted for many of them to the late Prince Consort, and among these for the suppression of duelling, and for its becoming entirely discredited in society.

Public feeling was much outraged by the duel last mentioned, partly on account of the near relationship of those who fought it; and the Prince Consort, to whose mind, as no doubt to the mind of the Queen, duelling was a discreditable practice, succeeded, by his earnest efforts, in getting the Article of War referred to promulgated.

It was to the effect that any officer who fought, or promoted, or was concerned in, or in any way connived at a duel, was liable to be cashiered or otherwise punished.

There was no doubt, in view of the feeling of the time, that this Article would not be a dead letter, and that the consequences professionally, not only to the principals, but also to the seconds and others concerned in duels, might be heavy.

As, after this duel, only one other "memorable" one is recorded in some articles upon the practice in the United Kingdom, it is clear that this measure had much effect in stamping out duelling throughout the country.

It would be an exaggeration to say that it alone caused duelling to cease. Public feeling had been gradually growing up against the practice for some time. In Scotland, as far back as 1815, there had been a disposition to turn duelling into ridicule, as evidenced by the action of the sheriff in Edinburgh in that year in fining the principals and seconds in a duel twenty-five guineas each, and directing the sum to be applied to the funds of the lunatic asylum, that being from its nature the institution best entitled to a fine derived from such a source. A society also for the discouragement of duelling was established in England in 1845.

On the other hand, it is wrong to say that public opinion alone stopped duelling, except in the sense that, in a free country, public opinion eventually makes the law. It did not put duelling down until all concerned in any way in a duel, whether military men or civilians, saw that very serious discredit and social stigma, professionally and generally, would be entailed by fighting or conniving at a duel.

The fact that duelling had become discredited in the mother country led naturally to its becoming so in the colonies and India; and the feeling which existed against it in England was reflected in the settled Northern States of the American Union.

It is very important though to say that before the Prince Consort succeeded in getting the Article of War, to which we have alluded, introduced, he had been anxious to establish courts of honour in the army to regulate duelling and lead to its gradual suppression. This latter is the system which has been for a long time in force in Germany.

The Duke of Wellington thought that there would be great jealousy against courts of this confidential kind; the Admiralty that they were not adapted to the detached nature

of naval service, and could not be formed at certain stations; the Master-General of the Ordnance (Sir George Murray) that quarrels could not be satisfactorily made up by them, and that the civil law was sufficiently strong, if properly enforced, to put duelling down.

The Cabinet decided against them.

It has been a common opinion that duelling has certain good points—that it restrained intemperate language and abusive slander, and tended to courtesy; but if we study social life in duelling times this argument will not carry conviction with it.

It is certain that the practice of duelling produced the bully and encouraged the ruffian. Duels were not only frequently fought for the most trivial causes, but occasionally insults were deliberately and wilfully given, without any provocation, and those wantonly insulted often killed by those who had forced the duel upon them. A quaint old book called "Duell-ease" by "G.F.," published in 1685, thus alludes to the duel:

> As wrongs must all the yeare bee budding, so men must ever be bleeding.
>
> If a fellow gaze at noone, and sweare it is night, and lay you lye if you deny it, and challenge you, you must follow him; else, by staying at home you lose your honour.

Cromwell was obliged to issue severe edicts against duelling.

During the occupation of Paris by the Allies after Waterloo, the English officers had to fight many duels with the French, in which several fell; and exceptionally disagreeable reading is the following extract from Colonel Gronow's reminiscences of this period:

> The Marquis ——, descended from an ancient family in Brittany, fought innumerable duels, killing many of his antagonists.
>
> I have heard that on entering the army he was not of a quarrelsome disposition, but being laughed at and bullied into fighting by his brother officers he, from the day of his first duel, like a wild beast that has once smelt blood, took a delight in such fatal scenes.
>
> At the time I speak of (1815) he was much blamed for his duel with F.,

a young man of 19. While dining at a café, he exclaimed "J'ai envie de tuer quelqu'un," and rushed into the street and to the theatres trying to pick a quarrel. At last, at the Theatre de la Porte St. Martin, he grossly insulted this young man, who was, I think an *élève* of the Ecole Polytechnique, and a duel took place under the lamp-post near the theatre with swords. He ran him through the body, and left him dead on the ground.

The social code under which the aggressor in such an affair, though he was blamed, could retain his position, and escape trial for murder, startles us; yet any one who reads the annals of duelling will find in them many duels in which the circumstances, though perhaps not quite so repellent, are in reality quite as bad. There is constantly the same triumph of the skilful swordsman, or quick practised pistol shot, over his less skilful antagonist, and of the guilty man over the innocent.

One of Napoleon's sayings was, "Bon duelliste, mauvais soldat."

A rule in the duelling code was that the party challenged should have the choice of weapons, on the ground probably that he had not sought the duel. Under this rule, however well intentioned it may have been, a bully skilled with either sword or pistol had but to offer unprovoked insult, and await the challenge which society insisted must be sent to him, to be in a position to choose the weapon in which he was most expert.

We now come to Scandinavian and German duelling. Sweden was the great military Power of Scandinavia in the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, as Germany is the great military Power now.

In Sweden, the army under Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII. was one of the most renowned in Europe, but these monarchs were hostile to duelling, and to a strong religious vein they added an iron will.

Gustavus Adolphus issued an order that any subject who should send or accept a challenge should be executed; and he meant what he said, for when afterwards two officers had

resolved to fight and this came to his knowledge, he appeared on the ground with his executioner to take off, upon the spot, the head of the one who survived. His pardon was begged and granted, and the duel did not proceed.

Under Charles XII. the following were the orders against duelling, as given in the "History of Sweden by a person of note," 1717:

> Duels between gentlemen, if the one party be killed, are punished by the survivor's death, and a *note of infamy* on the memory of both.
>
> If neither be killed, they are both condemned to prison, with *bread and water*, for two years, to which is added a fine of 1000 crowns, or to one year's imprisonment and 2000 crowns. Reparation of honour in case of affront is referred to the *National Court*, where recantation and public begging of pardon is usually inflicted.

Duelling was not tolerated, and in times of peace all trespasses and crimes committed by the soldiery fell as a rule under the cognisance of the civil magistrate.

Under this system duelling both in the army and civil life, being visited by heavy penalties, often of a discrediting character, had a comparatively short life in Sweden, and probably in the end public opinion contributed there also to stamp it out.

In Germany very severe measures for the repression of duelling were taken by Frederick the Great, but in that country the status of the military class with respect to the civil, and the existence of courts of honour, create a peculiar position.

Let us now turn to the recent duels which have occurred there.[1] First as to that at Insterburg in which Lieutenant Blaskowitz was killed. This officer was about to be married, and had invited a number of friends to a farewell bachelor party two days before his wedding. Having drunk too freely, he was afterwards found in the street in a semi-helpless condition by a party of officers on their way home. They recognised

[1] I take particulars from what has been contributed to the Press in this country from Berlin.

him, and insisted on taking him to what had been his lodgings, but where, as a matter of fact, he was not then residing. He resisted, and on the landing of the lodgings struck Lieutenant Hildebrandt, one of the party.

The next day he proceeded to the town where his intended wife lived, to attend the feast on the eve of his wedding. There he received a telegram sent by direction of a court of honour, to which no doubt the fact that Lieutenant Hildebrandt had been struck by him had been necessarily reported.

This recalled him to Insterburg to fight a duel held by the court to be unavoidable. Having no recollection of the incidents of the previous night, he expressed his willingness to apologise to Lieutenant Hildebrandt, but this the court of honour would not permit. The duel therefore took place, and Lieutenant Blaskowitz was killed at the first fire. The Minister of War stated in the Reichstag that he was a promising young officer.

Some, at first sight, may be disposed to blame Lieutenant Hildebrandt for this duel. In fact an English journal, commenting upon it, said: "Lieutenant Hildebrandt was not in the execution of his duty. If he chose to take him (Lieutenant Blaskowitz) home he should have treated him as a drunken man." This view is not, I think, the correct one to take. As things turned out, it might have been wiser had he and his companions left Lieutenant Blaskowitz lying in the street where they found him, but it was natural that they should act otherwise for the credit of their cloth, to say nothing of the inhumanity of leaving him out on a November night. They may also have behaved imprudently in other respects, but the blow having been struck, if the officers aware of it had not reported it, I imagine that, under German regulations, their commissions would have been in danger. The court of honour having directed the combat, both Lieutenant Hildebrandt and Lieutenant Blaskowitz had to fight if they wished to continue in the service.

Further, to expect Lieutenant Hildebrandt not to defend himself, and to fire wide of the mark, or, as the usual expression is, "in the air," permitting his adversary to fire at and kill him if he desired, is to expect what is unreasonable.

Of the two officers concerned, he is in reality as much to be pitied, in all probability, as Lieutenant Blaskowitz.

Upon the court of honour must lie, it seems, the responsibility for the duel, and the German Emperor is stated to have shown his opinion upon this head by condemning the action of the court, as contrary to the *spirit* of his orders, and by removing from the army the officer commanding Lieutenant Blaskowitz's regiment, who had power to influence that action and prevent the duel, but did not.

With respect to the duel at Jena, in which the student Held was killed, there is apparently a feeling between students and officers in university towns akin to that which prevails, or did prevail, between "Town" and "Gown" in our own colleges at Oxford and Cambridge.

After a beer-drinking night, seeing the old year out and the new year in, Held and a companion, on their way home between 5 and 6 A.M., met Lieutenant Thieme and another officer. The parties bumped against each other, there was a wrangle, and Held struck Lieutenant Thieme.

As in the case of Lieutenant Blaskowitz and Lieutenant Hildebrandt, a report of this was made. The English correspondent of the *Morning Post* in Berlin says:

> The petty incidents of this drunken brawl occupied a students' court of honour and a regimental court of honour on the following morning. The students proposed a duel with swords, but the military tribunal insisted on an encounter with pistols, and five shots at ten yards distance. Held's third ball grazed Lieut. Thieme close to the jugular vein. He himself was shot through the heart.

The responsibility for this duel apparently rests partly upon a students', but principally upon a military, court of honour, the latter directing not an exchange of one shot only, but of five at short range.

A blow certainly had been struck, and the court may have acted on technical rules, but the real character of the offence given speaks for itself. Lieutenant Thieme was practically compelled to fight, and had stood two shots, one of which was nearly fatal to him, before Mr. Held fell to his fire. By those who consider the case dispassionately he cannot therefore be blamed.

As to the duel between Herr von Bennigsen and Herr Falkenhagen at Springe, it stands, as we have before said, in a totally different category from either of the above, and was not ordered by any court of honour, both parties being civilians.

From what has appeared with regard to it, certain members of Herr von Bennigsen's club communicated to him some rumours which were in circulation. His wife left her home with Herr Falkenhagen, and he challenged the latter, who killed him in the duel which followed.

Without being aware of all particulars in a case like this, one must refrain from making comments upon it, but it does not seem that Herr von Bennigsen, in a country where duelling was permitted, could have avoided sending this challenge. This duel is creating a painful impression in Germany, and may, it is to be hoped, lead to some further measures against the practice.

Duelling is against the law of the land in Germany, but for the army, the Imperial Cabinet Order of January 1897, supplementing Army Standing Orders as to officers' courts of honour, permits and regulates its practice in certain cases.

These courts were no doubt instituted not only with the view of producing a high standard of honour in the corps of officers, but also with the hope that by confining duels to those fought with official sanction, they would be rendered very rare and would eventually cease. It is expected that anything affecting the honour of an officer should be made known to these courts, and officers if they wish to remain in the service must conform to the ruling of the court when approved.

It can be easily seen that the members of a court of honour

have a most difficult part to play. On the one hand, they have to safeguard the honour of their cloth, which they have been brought up to consider can in certain cases be cleared only by the duel. If they do not do this, they will be presumably blamed. It is said that under the regulations for their guidance, reconciliation in cases where any offence has been given is only permissible when the honour of the class of officers (Standesehre) and good morals do not forbid it, and this must often render the court very uncertain how far the opinion of their superiors and of the army will bear them out in a decision that no duel need take place.

On the other hand, if they direct a duel in any case where the offence given has not been heinous, and the result is serious, they will be blamed also—by some at all events.

It seems doubtful how far it is desirable that the State, in what is in reality a matter of life and death, should delegate its responsibility in this way, and the Duke of Wellington most probably gauged English feeling correctly when he considered that the introduction of these courts in this country would not be favourably received. If it be argued that higher authorities have the power to veto the ruling of courts of honour, the reply is that, in the two first of the duels in Germany which we have considered, they did not do so, and that even humane officers find a difficulty in constantly over-ruling the opinions of courts properly constituted under official sanction.

The Minister of War, speaking in the Reichstag upon the case of Lieutenant Blaskowitz, said that in former days duelling had been punished by death, a penalty which had failed to stamp it out, and that he could recommend no fresh measures for its suppression. Herr Munckel (Radical member), speaking on the same matter, said sarcastically that a period of incarceration in a fortress for duelling was really considered by officers as almost equivalent to ennoblement.

Severely repressive punishments have, it is true, failed, especially when not long and consistently applied, to stamp duelling entirely out; still, in the United Kingdom and in

Sweden public opinion, backed by authority, together with the enforcement of reasonably heavy and, above all, discrediting punishments upon officers and civilians alike, have stamped it out.

Public opinion in civil circles in Germany, if articles in the Press are to be believed, is opposed to duelling, but it can hardly be repressed while it is tolerated in the army.

In Germany the army is to some extent the nation, as every one must serve for a time in it. From its numbers and social status it occupies an exceptional position, and therefore so long as duelling among officers serving is indirectly or directly legalised, in opposition to the civil law of the land, so long is it unreasonable to hope that duelling will cease.

The conclusion can scarcely be avoided that the first step—if the wish is to stamp out the practice instead of simply to regulate it—must be to relieve courts of honour, which for some other purposes may have a very good influence, from the responsibility for life and death, which the power of directing or recommending a duel lays upon them; to forbid duelling positively in the army as well as in civil life; and to ordain, against all concerned in duels, punishments which involve loss of status or social stigma.

Public opinion will then have full influence. At first it must be expected that many in the army will chafe against such restrictions. So, no doubt, did many in the United Kingdom and in Sweden, but this is not the consideration which should decide what is right in such a matter, and in a few years any feeling in favour of duelling would be a feeling of the past.

In conclusion, what the *Times* said in commenting upon the duel between Lord Cardigan and Captain Tuckett in 1841 may well be quoted:

> Every class has in it an aggressive, self-centring principle which aspires to ride rough-shod over society, and chafes under the restraint of law. It is the very object of law to bind together all these discordant interests by restraining the eccentricities of each. . .

Duelling is the foster child of the public opinion of a class, not of society at large, nor of the nation at large. If the head of that class, if leading opinion of that class, declare it directly to be disgraceful, it will become so.

And it did become so in England shortly after this.

It may, I believe, be added that when duelling has been entirely suppressed in a nation, those who suppressed it will be, within a generation, viewed as the enlightened benefactors of their country; and that the honour of officers and civilians alike will be maintained as untarnished as before, by the weight of the opinion of their own class, and by the restraints of the ordinary civil law, with less wrong inflicted, less bloodshed, and less distress to friends and families than are now caused by the duel.

C. W. Robinson,
Major-General.

REVOLUTION IN THE PARIS PRESS

THERE is a man who carries the *Patrie* along the street in which I live. Every afternoon, wet or fine, punctually at four o'clock he shuffles slowly down the middle of the asphalt uttering a raucous melancholy cry that lops slowly from "G." to "D.," *La Pat-rie, La Pat-rie.* The concierges along the street find him useful to set their clocks by, and so presumably he is patronised, but he brings little enthusiasm to his task, and appears equally indifferent to money gain. The antithesis to this man is a fellow I see later in the evening, a veritable scarecrow camelot of the old "canard" hawking school, who dashes madly about among the boulevard cafés about half-past nine. "Demandez le Sueur!" (in educated French *le Soir*) he shrieks; "La dernière nouvelle d'la journée! Importantes dépêches, le Sueur-eur!" Across his bundle of papers he carries a painted hand-bill of startling import, his own work of course; "Nouvelle défaite des Anglais," "Suicide de Lor Kitchenère," and the like. Clearly people do not mind being gulled, for night after night he tears about and always makes a pocketful of ha'pence.

But this man and my friend of the strangely musical *Patrie* cry, are relics of a departing age, for a revolution is spreading among the Paris journals, and the brood of canards is growing smaller and weaker every month. In a word, Parisian journals, and public alike, are beginning to appreciate the value of actual

information in the daily sheet. It used to be said of the Paris press that "it gave the news of last week under the date of to-morrow." But the witty reproach will soon be wiped away altogether, and trustworthy news service and regular private correspondents in foreign towns are springing up in a way that was almost unheard of even so short a time as three years ago.

There was certainly plenty of amusement to be found in the old style of Paris journals, whichever of them one read. In the top rank came the *Figaro*, founded by clever M. Villemessant, who so well understood what was wanted by the "cercles" and "boulevards" alike. In his hands the *Figaro* was really a guide to Paris for foreign consideration; it took no sides, had no politics, criticised and chaffed all alike in excellent wit and good humour. Unhappily Villemessant's successors abandoned the founder's policy. The *Figaro* became an ardent anti-Dreyfusard organ, then a still more ardent Dreyfusard, and though it had such splendid writers on its staff as M. Cornély and the late M. Valfrey—the latter being perhaps the only writer who ever saw clearly into the rights of the South African question—it lost class. The miserable quarrels of a few months ago between M. Périvier, the editor, and M. Prestat, the director, and even its attempt to return to the old independent attitude, in which, by the way, it is only half-hearted, and is rather trying to curry favour with the Nationalist crowd, have still further lowered it, and as surely as the *Figaro* displaced the *Gil Blas*, a paper which nowadays is hardly to be found outside the "Quartier de l'Europe," so surely is the *Matin* displacing the *Figaro*.

Side by side with M. Villemessant's paper were to be placed the *Temps*—although perhaps this journal has, owing to its semi-official connection with the powers that be, a position aloof from all others—the *Journal des Débats*, and the *Gaulois*. These are all papers that will never go with the new tide that is setting in. The *Temps* remains for ever in Olympian majesty, apart. It is an evening paper, appearing at about five o'clock, and for three sous—a large sum that, to spend on a newspaper

in Paris. It gives its readers a massive article on all the politics of the world by M. Francis de Pressensé, who knows far too much to be ever either quite lucid or interesting; two or three careful columns about interior politics; verbatim reports of the Chamber, Minister's speeches at the unveiling of every statue and memorial in the country, and the inaugural lectures of new immortals at the Institut de France; a column of "Faits Divers," which are usually within three days of being up to date; and a "Dernière Heure"—oh, that "Dernière Heure"! I shall come back to it later, for it is a rock of much offence in Paris journals—where are to be found the official news from the Quai d'Orsay and the other ministries, odds and ends of news sent in by the Havas agency, and as much of the doings of the Chamber and Senate as there was time to get in before going to press. Later in the evening the *Temps* publishes a supplement, *Le Petit Temps*, which finishes off the work of the Chamber, and really gives a fair amount of news from all parts of the country. It is quite an admirable paper the *Temps*, dull perhaps, but at least a source of information, and always perfectly trustworthy. The *Journal des Débats*, which costs two sous, is a perfectly charming paper, and is undoubtedly the most agreeable sheet to read in Paris, if, that is, you are indifferent to actual news, which indeed it makes very little pretence of giving. It is mildly oppositionist, contains clear, concise reflections on home and foreign politics, picturesque letters from notable travellers, and delightfully witty leaderettes on passing absurdities—the whole written in most exquisite French, and with a tone of perfect breeding and courtliness. There is certainly no need for such a paper as this to change its system, for its character gives it a special and deservedly large class of readers. By the way, it enjoys the distinction of being the only paper besides the *Temps* which spells English names and gives English quotations correctly. The *Gaulois* is, of course, well enough known for its royalist devotion, and though it suffers from occasional lapses from good taste—many papers did so during "l'affaire

Dreyfus"—it will always have its particular class of readers in the "Faubourg St. Germain," and on the whole may be safely put into the hands of any *jeune fille*.

One other paper, the *Siècle*, deserves special mention as having always held a good position, though of late years its Dreyfusism, its anti-protectionist policy, and its unswerving devotion to the English cause in the South African War, brought it so low that, as will be remembered, it actually announced its sale in the open market. Wealthy friends, however, came to its rescue, and as it is one of the papers that have already joined the revolution in the Paris press, one hopes that its ancient light is far from being put out.

Below this special class there came a mass of flimsy sheets, among which its enormous circulation entitled the *Petit Journal* to some consideration. The rest occupied a dead level of deplorable badness. Four pages was the limit in size, a circulation of even 40,000 was unheard of, and there was little in those four pages beyond the leading article, dramatic criticism, and the Bourse quotations. The *Journal* held a distinct position by reason of its *feuilletons*. The *Intransigeant*, *Patrie*, and *Libre Parole* held distinct positions by reason of their extreme violence. Advertisements were few and exorbitantly charged, and while the leader writer and dramatic critic, who were, and indeed are, always men of culture and purely literary men, who never come near the office except to receive their cheques, drew tremendous salaries, the rank and file of Paris journalists were miserably paid, and on the whole deserved to be. Foreign correspondents were undreamt of, and to this day the tape machine, except, in rare instances, for "Bourse" quotations, exists not, but the agencies send their informations round the newspaper offices at stated hours on large printed sheets. Very few journals could stand alone; in fact, many of them, even among perfectly respectable sheets, received subsidies from some great public man to puff his views, and his alone, the compact being universally known, and the newspapers being casually referred

to as "Monsieur Machin's journal," or the "organ of Monsieur Chose." Other papers not fortunate in at once obtaining a patron were started with no fixed politics, and waited for the next political crisis to enable them to find some golden goose whose cause they then noisily espoused. Every big sensational scandal brought up a fungus growth of new publications all more disreputable "the ones than the others," though one must make an honourable exception in the case of the *Aurore*, started during the Dreyfus case with M. Urbain Gohier as editor, and Zola's eloquent pen to fight for truth and justice.

There is one other curious class of journals, those that only appear once or twice a year in order to keep themselves on the list of "journaux quotidiens." The *Gazette de France* I saw as often as twice in a single week during the hottest period of Anglophobia, but *Paris* I have not seen at all since the fire at the Théatre Français, twenty months ago.

This irregular position of the cheaper Paris press, the papers, that is, which naturally appealed to the unlettered public, had, needless to say, a very bad influence. The readers of respectable journals, organs, that is, which were capable of seeing some honesty in a public man although he was in office, found themselves nevertheless bound to the views of him who financed the paper, which, through its dependent position, was obviously incapable of seeing any harm in its patron. On the other hand, those who liked their politics served up to them hot and spicy became consistently restless and dissatisfied. When I first came to France I used to think it laughable to see the cabdrivers and concierges reading the furious diatribes of a Millevoye or a Bailby, and shaking their heads over the rottenness of the country. But though these savoury leading articles are written in admirable French, as is demanded by a nation that goes on studying its language till the undertaker knocks at the door, their violence and bitterness are such that it is but natural if the masses look upon those who govern them as unscrupulous intriguers who only arrived at power by chicanery,

only to use it as a means of enriching themselves at the nation's expense.

It is popularly reported that a Frenchman cares for nothing in his newspaper but politics and the Bourse, but since the revolution began, and it is possible to obtain real news after the English style for the same price as that at which the fervid denunciations of discontented place-seekers are sold, this theory has been abundantly disproved. Newspaper subscribers read nothing but politics and the Bourse quotations, because there was nothing else for them to read. News, foreign correspondence, and special reporting were far too expensive luxuries when a lost libel action, with a matter of a thousand pounds damages, was so serious an affair that it might nearly lead to the sale of the paper. In the cases where a public man financed an organ for the proclamation of his own views, he obviously would wish to spend as little on his advertisement as possible, while in the few cases of independent journals the proprietors naturally desired the largest returns that their outlay would give them. In either case political articles were the bulkiest and cheapest matter to fill up the paper with. Every editor was, moreover, sure of quantities of unsolicited contributions for which the honour of a printed signature was accepted as full payment. So "Fama" of the "pernicious wings" got a fine show, and poor "Hermes" starved in a garret.

But by the energy and enterprise of one or two journals a prospect of brighter things has been opened for the Paris press. Nay, more, it is being forced into new paths, and those journals which will not follow the example of their more adventurous brethren will soon have ceased to be. In a word, the old four-page sheet of political invective has already become a thing of the past, and with it goes the power of that strange anomaly the leader writer, a personage purporting to be modelled on the English newspaper writers, who daily turned out upwards of a column on any and every conceivable topic. It is rather more than three years since the *Matin* blossomed forth with six pages. To an English public, accustomed to the bulk of

the *Times*, the *Standard*, or the *Telegraph*, this may seem a ridiculously small thing, but it was a great departure for a Paris journal. An efficient telegraphic service of intelligence from London was organised. A system for exchange of news was made with the *Times*, information was made a greater feature than *feuilletons*, or leading articles—indeed, to-day, M. Harduin's witty little paragraphs on current topics are all that remains of the leading article in the *Matin*—and thus for the first time a real newspaper appeared on the boulevards. The experiment soon became a success, and the *Matin* after about twelve months of the new *régime* moved from its old obscure offices in the Rue d'Argenteuil to the beautiful building which it now occupies on the Boulevard Poissonnière. There are many people who declare that Dr. Leyds' money was responsible for the change, but if it were not absurd enough to suppose that Dr. Leyds would pay for what Paris newspapers were quite ready to do on their own initiative as a revenge for England's attitude during the Dreyfus affair, one need only point to the success which has fallen to those journals which have whole-heartedly adopted the new methods, to refute the calumny.

For a long while the *Matin* remained alone as a type of the new journalism. Then during the spring of 1900 the *Journal*, while retaining its old glory, the *feuilletons*, and the delightful dialogues of Michel Provins and Marny, added another sheet and advertised a full foreign service. For some reason, a monetary one perhaps, the *Journal's* foreign page has never been a success. The private correspondence which was at first so proudly advertised disappeared, and though the foreign page, or "Dernière Heure" as it is called, continues to appear, it contains nothing but agency work, very badly arranged and sub-edited.

However, the movement once begun was not to die out. The *Matin* brought forth a fine child in the shape of the *Français*, a six-page evening paper, appearing about half-past four or five, supplied with good foreign news from its parent's

London office, and possessing many excellent correspondents in the provinces. Special correspondents had by this time made their appearance. M. Jean Carrère went out to South Africa for the *Matin*, and though he never got very near the front he sent home some delightful letters, and it was at least a wonder to see a journalist actually sent abroad to obtain true information, instead of being told off to sit at home and invent what the public would like to hear. It is, moreover, only a little while since the same enterprising paper sent M. Gaston Stiegler round the world to see what the Trans-Siberian Railway had done for globe-trotters, while the *Français* despatches special correspondents all over France on the slightest occasion.

The next journal to join in the onward march was the *Echo de Paris*, which was turned into a six-page paper last spring. The *Siècle* had been appearing on six pages for some months, and was giving a fair amount of London news. However, the *Echo de Paris* went in for the new system far more thoroughly, established a London office, and exchanged news with several London dailies; in short, devoted a whole page to foreign news, most of which was telephoned over from England. Lastly, the *Petit Parisien*, an organ which used to hold its hat solely for the pence of the "cocher" and the market gardener, went into six page form. The steady advance of this paper during recent months has been one of the most remarkable features of Paris journalism. The *Petit Parisien* has already hit the *Petit Journal* very hard—the *Petit Journal*, by the way, has for some time been saying helplessly that it intends to appear on six pages as soon as its machinery is in order; probably by the time these lines appear it will have done so—and people are saying that it will go far, and rank ere long among the first Paris papers.

Hitherto, it will be seen, no paper had aimed higher than having a good London service, and trusted for its news from the other capitals of the world either to agencies, a very indifferent source of information, or to the telegrams which

were communicated in proof by the London dailies. The system was good enough from two points of view, it was cheap, and as all the principal trans-oceanic cables are laid to England, it was efficient and fresh. It had, however, two great disadvantages: firstly, that all foreign news was tinged with English feeling; and secondly, that it necessarily arrived in Paris so late at night that for provincial distribution, the Paris papers are compelled to bring out two editions, one at 2 A.M. for the provinces, and the second, containing the bulk of the news from London, at 5 A.M., for sale in Paris. This is the "Dernière Heure" in its completest form, and it is another of the causes which keep provincial towns so much further behind the capital in France than in England. But only since the middle of October a completely new departure has been made in the Paris press. To the *Echo de Paris* belongs the honour of being the first French journal to have regular correspondents, not only in town but in St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Copenhagen, Madrid, and Constantinople. The success of the new venture is already apparent, and if the *Echo de Paris* will suppress some of the violent militarist and Nationalist partisanship, which still lingers about its columns, it will certainly compete very strongly with, and may possibly altogether outstrip, the *Matin* in the race for the headship of Paris journalism.

So Parisians are learning to look for real news in exchange for their halfpence. Already I seem to hear something more than mere vinous huskiness in the cry of my old friend who hawks the *Patrie;* and it is certainly noticeable that the vociferation of the other vendors of the *Patrie* and of those who cry *La Presse*, another very scurrilous evening paper, is far less voluminous than it was even a year ago. The new movement is still in its infancy, and much yet remains to be done. The agencies, for instance, need reformation. They apparently consider that they have earned their subscriptions by the official news which they publish, although abroad they are frequently represented not by Frenchmen but by men

belonging to the country from which the news comes, so that the intelligence must obviously be coloured with the opinions of the other side. Then, again, tape machines are badly needed, for at present the agency sheets, to which I referred above, though theoretically issued at stated hours, are usually dependent for punctuality on the progress which the *rédacteur* in charge has made in his game of chess or *écarté* at his favourite café.

Next, the "Dernière Heure" is ripe for abolishing, but that will only become possible when all papers are provided with a foreign service like that of the *Echo de Paris;* even then, for the French are the most conservative creatures, the name will probably linger. However, the thing is to abolish the system, and substitute for the double edition one universal number for Paris and the provinces alike. Lastly, and most important of all, Paris editors must find out how to obtain good plentiful advertisements, for at present they trust rather to exorbitant charges and, consequently, few advertisements; and the deficit in the cash-box must be supplied by subventions, which sometimes come in the highly reprehensible form of bounties from Monte Carlo. Of late years the French manufacturer has been waking up to the possibilities of advertisement, as the hoardings show; and it only needs the increased circulation, which is already rewarding the pioneers of the new journalism, to bring him to the newspaper offices for the promotion of the growth in France of a sound and independent press.

OWEN M. GREEN.

THE RENOVATION OF THE THEATRE

IN a paper entitled "A Plea for an Endowed Stage," I suggested that "much might be done in a corner" towards a revival of dramatic art: and based this expectation on the fact that a clique is the only force extant for the furtherance of art: and cliques by their very nature work best in corners, nor can they usurp a much wider field. The reason for this is obvious. In proportion as their immediate influence widens, the members of a clique become leaders of a party, and merely personal relationships gradually cease to suffice for the supply of requisite functionaries. The crowning test of a clique's wisdom is to recognise the right moment for constituting itself a public body: if it fails here it may initiate for ever but will fail to establish anything; others will enter into its labours, and ten to one prove but foster-mothers to its children. So having marked my strong sense that a clique which wishes to accomplish anything of such wide importance as a re-creation of dramatic standards, has a necessity laid upon it to foresee and prepare for its own transformation into a public institution, I shall now proceed to inquire in what directions the immediate efforts of a clique are likely to effect something pregnant in view of so desirable a renaissance.

In the first place I think that the clique should consist of people with at least these two convictions: that the standards

of theatrical performance in this country are unnecessarily low; and that they can help to raise them. Now if such a clique is to be active, its members must do two things: organise performances by actors and actresses whom youth leaves free, and a desire for self-culture and adventure makes willing to experiment; and content their souls with nothing short of impressing on such performances the characters that they conceive to be most needed in view of reformation. And in order to do this last they must have to some extent focused their conception of such desirable characters; no doubt if their conceptions are vital they will develop and grow clearer from being acted upon; but some clearness, some development they must have to start with. The following paper is an attempt to shape an answer to commence upon for these questions: What public should be first addressed? What kind of plays should be chosen? What characters should be impressed on these performances? When a few such performances have been given, then only an endowment will be requisite to provide for the growth of the undertaking into the desired school and theatre, and so to free it from the tutelage of its nurse, the clique.

For all things young and weak the avoidance of dangers, or a happy security from them, is of the greatest importance. There is small chance for a child if it be exposed to the major catastrophes of life, and babies perhaps thrive best when safeguarded from all removable accidents. The absence of dangers is quite as important to the infancy of every birth in art. Nowadays it seems certain that all births and re-births of art will have to be self-conscious from the outset. In this they will differ from the most part of historic instances. Progress has ever been from the unconscious to the conscious; besides, outward circumstances no longer further and protect artistic infancy, but instead are nearly all combined to defeat and vitiate the æsthetic promptings of nature. Then each new self-conscious baby-art will do well as far as possible to imitate more happily situated infants, not only in its actions, but by

an attempt to construct for itself a nursery resembling their world as to its main features. As I have said in my former paper, I believe an endowment, protecting it from the aimless competition of modern commercialism and from contamination by the victims of this disease, to be essential to its future. But this is by no means the only kind of danger that must be guarded against; for we are concerned with dramatic art, and are, therefore, rich in past examples, and so must know how to choose. We have to face, too, an enormous and rapidly increasing demand, a demand such as no sane clique could hope to satisfy, or nearly satisfy, at the outset; we must, therefore, select a division of this demand—a section of this public; that is, our clique must know how to limit its field of action, or, as I have said before, create its own nursery. In painting, in poetry, and even in the written drama, we have examples of wilful and successful returns to more primitive modes of art: the pre-Raphaelites, Burne Jones, Maeterlinck, the Celtic movement, &c. &c. Perhaps none of these were entirely self-understood, and in that lay, as it seems to me, their weakness. These artists either believed that they might reproduce the past exactly, or, having returned in the good faith of young enthusiasm, they became bashful in the modern world, and sought out compromises when they were already too old to lay sure hands on any modern element; with what sad results the later art of Burne Jones abundantly illustrates. It seems to me that a familiarity with the history of these experiments teaches us two things. Firstly (and this answers one of our questions), that the public we must choose to begin with is a cultivated and wealthy one, which has the leisure and the means to experiment in novel amusements, and perhaps a larger admixture of active intelligences. Secondly, that we must not be under any illusion as to why we return to past limitations. It is not in order to reproduce a dead world, nor is it in order to permanently lodge an esoteric element in modern life; but it is purely as a discipline, to enable us to commence thoroughly at

the beginning, and to learn one thing at a time in the same way as children are taught to make crotchets and pot-hooks; not that we believe that pot-hooks can be regarded as sufficient in themselves, however refreshing they may be to eyes jaded with the extravagances of caligraphy. But this is not all; for primitive art has often extremely fine qualities, and in such cases its narrower range adds a charm instead of detracting from it. Thus there is no reason why the efforts of beginners may not possess very great excellences to which their lack of accomplishment will be no drawback, and those who come to see them may be rewarded at a far higher rate than audiences who watch amazing proficiency. We are captivated by children and bored by a fatuous facility. "The soulless self-reflections of man's skill," as Rossetti calls them, are of all things the least charming. "The soulless self-reflections of man's skill" most happily describes an art whose activity is merely a mirror for itself: purposeless, unrelated, like an idiot's jabber, laugh and smile; it is done, it is even done well, but our admiration is shocked at the imbecility of intention revealed. How much accomplishment is there nowadays which must thus shock every sensitive nature?

"What kind of plays should be chosen to start on?" Such as give fewest occasions for virtuosity; so far we can now go towards an answer to our second question.

A play stands in a relation to the actor similar to that of a beautifully shaped amphora to the artist who must paint on it; according to his perception of its beauty it sets limits either to his design or to his possibilities of success; if he perceives no beauty in it, he must fail, though he may do just what he likes; but if he perceives its beauty, he will be made proportionately anxious to co-operate with it, and not to compete against it; his labour will be to enhance that beauty and make it radiant, not to confuse and obscure by some loud extravagance out of all keeping with it. To begin with, then, plays should be chosen that do not embrace anything like the whole gamut of passion. Masks like *Comus*, modern pro-

ductions as purely æsthetic as Mr. Yeats' *Shadowy Waters*, or Maeterlinck's faery romances; things, at any rate, with a definite and obvious atmosphere of their own: and instead of attempting to clear this away, let the effort be to retain, enhance, and accept it as a help, a protection, a guide. This then completes the answer to our second question: it now remains to discover what characters should be impressed on the performance of such plays.

From the prevalence of virtuosity, from the absence of high standards, it follows no doubt that one great difficulty will be to convince even young actors and actresses that they are really children in respect to the true dignity of their art; that an artist, even when he becomes a master, is always a learner whose success is in exact proportion to his docility. Yet it is on the young that the needed element produces its most magical effect, because in them the instinct for what is lacking to their lives is keenest: the dignity drawn from placing a high value on the very texture of daily functions, the manners which result from generations of choice livers. Such dignity, such manners, are a main element in most primitive, in all sound art. As a game is fostered by the exuberance of vigour, so is the character of a race cherished by its recreations, by its routine of courtesy, its characteristic preferences. We English, in our Puritanical effort to preserve the kernel of our character, have damaged its radiancy like some fond mother who, to safeguard her child, should starve it of open air and exercise. The power by which a race not only resists contamination but enamours others and wins their support: this it is which we patently lack. To help my reader clearly to seize what is meant, here are three instances of this power as embodied in dramatic art:

To begin with: thus, it has always seemed to me, is best explained the great success of Yvette Guilbert; she inherited the distinction and charm of a race; though every song she sang, and every trick she picked up, made against this effect, it persisted through all disadvantages, and still no doubt per-

sists, hard to kill because of its great beauty and the high value it lent to the simplest actions. To see her walk, to see her sit down, or curtsey, was a revelation of a vanished Brittany, such as haunts some of Renan's most delightful pages. A second instance is the fascination which the Japanese actors exerted. I remember a lady friend of mine saying that what they were about was evidently very important to them, and that this made their acting as earnest as children's play. This is exactly the point; there, where grown-up people are only too generally frivolous, and where children are nearly always in earnest, there lies the secret of good acting; nay, of good art of any kind. The ordinary actor is far too grown up and sophisticated; he is more anxious about the effect he produces than about the scene he is enacting; he is like those abnormal infants whom the poet speaks of:

> Children (as such forgive them) have I known,
> Ever in their own eager pastime bent
> To make the incurious bystander, intent
> On his own swarming thoughts, an interest own—
> Too fearful or too fond to play alone.
> Do thou, whom light in thine own inmost soul
> (Not less thy boast) illuminates, control
> Wishes unworthy of a man full-grown.

The play, the game, that is what ought to be absorbing. How often actors are like the author who thinks of his reputation and defeats his art by so doing! for his readers cannot forget him, and that is just what they would do if they were absorbed by what he was saying; and henceforth if his books are interesting, their interest is that of scandal, not of art; it is his opinion, his character, not the beauty of the life portrayed or the truth of the argument, that counts. This is why Rossetti, with his sure instinct, insisted that narrative poems ought to be as enthralling as novels, besides being much that novels fail to be.

And now we turn to the third instance. Not long ago a friend, in the vitality of whose taste I have confidence,

described, in my hearing, the spell thrown over him by some Spanish dancers at the late Paris Exhibition. The finest of these dancers was a girl of fifteen, and her art has become so rare that several Spaniards assured him that they would not have believed that such dancing still existed in their country. It was dramatic and performed on a large table by the girl and a man; they began by walking to and fro, talking to one another and the audience, then gradually developed a love quarrel, dancing as the passion rose; the Spaniards present, like gamesters at a cock-fight, shouted insults at the girl to make her dance the better, till such a pitch of intensity was reached that she would often faint before the applause had crowned her efforts: while all new-comers had been kept in a constant dread of her falling from her narrow stage—which, however, she never did. Such a dance, no doubt, in the economy of its home among the Sierras, is educational, as cricket and football are with us, only it educes other qualities; one can well imagine that it is no small protection to a girl to have such a knowledge of her emotions, and their effect, as is implied in a dance of this kind; even to have witnessed such dancing frequently would be a sufficient preventive against many of our domestic tragedies, not to mention the fact that the restraint and economy of movement maintained even in the whirlwind of an assumed passion, result in an exquisite efficiency of bearing, for any parallel to which we should look vainly in our streets.

However, there is no proposal coming from me to day that English girls should be taught to imitate Spanish, Japanese, or Bretonne artistes: but oh! that they might learn to do some one thing with a similar nicety and passionate love of perfection! or at least that all actresses and actors among us might. And, seeing that, unless we are very curious readers, we shall never get the very best out of our magnificent poetry till we have heard it adequately rendered by beautiful voices, the one thing that nature seems to have underlined for their strong point is, alas! that which our actors are most deficient in—elocution.

Perhaps no nation has ever been so rich in splendid verse as we are; at any rate we are very rich. Our dramatic literature, justly famous, is even finer as poetry than as drama. And yet we have come to such a pass that nowhere can one hear verse spoken as verse, not as bad prose containing an occasional rhythm that refused to be travestied, or broken up by the repeated calamity of rhyme. How such a fashion should have become all but universal in a nation that had produced our poetry, seems at first to baffle conjecture. Those who have recently set on foot a really promising dramatic renaissance of their own, our Irish brethren—with that charming amenity so characteristic of them—have indeed discovered a reason amply sufficient, but one which I venture to think the native diffidence of the English character will be slow to accept. They assure us that we are in full decadence, becoming more brutish and unintelligent every year; that empire means always death to the arts, and that we, like Martha, have chosen to be busied about a world of things comparatively uninteresting, so that the better part has been chosen by our sister who refuses to help us in our troubles. Now this diffidence to which I refer is itself the trait widespread among my countrymen, which unless I am greatly mistaken has proved the most efficient foster-mother to our present deplorable mania for speaking verse absurdly; though in more sympathetic than Irish ears it may be described as that kind of shyness which makes a man most anxious to hide his best, often even inclined to parade his worst. Many of us are always rude to strangers, others refuse "to make the slightest effort to diminish the awkwardness that their presence is only too well calculated to produce;" and almost all in one way or other demand to be wooed, and take a pleasure in baffling the approaches made on them with that view; we hate to be thought the dupes of some seeming virtue, to be supposed to take seriously what is only inadequate or sham politeness, affection, enthusiasm, learning, skill or whatever it is; and we are tempted to demand that all men shall suppose our virtues to exist before we prove

it by exercising them. For this reason there is among us a kind of tacit conspiracy to degrade all means of expression; both manners and speech suffer in pure English surroundings; often even the moral atmosphere suffers, as if the parties were one and all taking a delight in feeling themselves to be sound in spite of the atmosphere which they did their best to maintain. I think this frame of mind is growing into a national disease. We despise acting and we encourage it to degrade itself; we are pleased that it should set itself to pander to us on an ever lower plane. All this is truest of the class that in these matters ought to lead; as one descends the social ladder one meets more and more of naïvety, less and less of this suicidal shamefacedness. Nevertheless at many points large sections of the educated classes are conscious of this disease and already actively combating it: so that our clique, if it tries to cultivate an elocution worthy of our poetry, will find allies, and as it succeeds make converts; for the educated Englishman is nearly always conscious of his failings.

The prosperity of the art of elocution among us would mean an immense increase to the value of our life. We must purge our minds of the idea that elocution pretends to give us a "self-reflection" such as our dispirited, starved, brow-beaten every-day speech gives us; what it pretends to give is a beautiful speech such as would, if we could but let it, content our heart's desire, such as we are proud to read when nobody sees us. Art, in so far as it is the creator of beauty, cannot be a mirror, but is more properly compared to the sun. The Greeks, the most artistic of peoples, recognised the fact by making art and light the functions of one divinity. The power to resist is great, but the power to radiate is not only great but beautiful; our physical expansion has been enormous, it has certain features of beauty; but if it is to endure, our minds and souls must overflow in proportion. And that a nation's mind and soul may brim over, its manners and speech must be expansive. What an ideal is Falstaff in this respect, what an ideal is Milton's Satan! Both are unbelievably eloquent, and the eloquence of

both is distinguished from that of Rabelais or Pascal by its beauty; it is less intellectual but more delightful. There is gusto in Rabelais, but it is not sufficiently chary of itself and tends to become mere appetite—a continuity as bracing but as wearisome as a high wind; whereas Falstaff is not diffuse, and so can keep a high level. Eloquence, imaginative eloquence, these are present in English literature where we least expect them—in our broadest comedy, in our religious poetry. In both there is a vein of unmatched richness which, if it were less articulate, would be luxuriant to extravagance. These are our national models, yet how we grunt, growl, bark, and mumble. Can we go on without returning? Are we not as far from our ideal as it is possible to be? Then let us recognise the fact and turn back, having surpassed all peoples in the daring of our self-abasement. Mr. Dan Leno himself leads the way; in his choice of language and vivacity he is often worthy to rank with Launce Gobbo, though I believe the vibration of Launce's voice was many degrees more dulcet, less harsh, and more insinuating. I am really very much in earnest about elocution, it is so dead and so extremely desirable. If we look narrowly into this shamefacedness of ours we may find it akin to that of some artists who can never create anything because their conception of what ought to be has altogether outgrown their capacity for production. They are too fastidious to put up with any shortcomings in their work. May it not be an excessive love of perfection that keeps us so very painfully imperfect; dumb instead of eloquent; awkward instead of graceful; cold instead of warm-hearted; obscure amateurs instead of efficient artists? In our popular literature such characters are assured of success, the sympathy of the nation goes out to these fruitless bores; the pathos of their existence is keenly felt; Dobbin is the hero of our Vanity Fair. They do their duty but fail to radiate; and when by reason of the staying power which virtue gives, they marry Amelia, they inevitably see through her, and snub her for the sake of hers and their child whose future is uncompromised, on whom they can still drape

their unrealisable dream. All this is the opposite of beauty, the frustration of desire; sincerity is more necessary for really great art than any other virtue; we have sincerity, at least it seems to me characteristic of our creative types; but sincerity must be wed to naïvety if it is to produce a happy art—naïvety, that is, a simplicity which supposes itself necessary and thus accepts both its failure and success with innocence instead of turning both into deadly poison by brooding over them. This naïvety, this inevitability, this incapacity for disguise, we perceive in foreigners and in children; it has degrees of value according to their individual worth, as a becoming dress is more beautiful on a noble person; but we, why should we so dread to be set off by simplicity and candour? Thus our remaining question is answered. We desire to impress on our performances a genuine and eloquent character. An outward habit in regard to things which one can be sincere about, and an utter abandonment of hypocrisy—to impress the necessity for these on young English artists will be no doubt as arduous as it is necessary. This, I believe, to be the root difficulty.

There are two kinds of acting which may be roughly compared to prose and poetry. Now in literature poetry is the primitive form and also the one capable of most beauty, so much so that the creation of beauty has become its almost exclusive function: it is a commonplace remark that successful prose writers have often very greatly benefited by attempting to write poetry when young; and Mr. Coleman in his paper in the December *Nineteenth Century*, indicated that his experience pointed to the same being true as to acting. By poetry I do not mean the acting of dramas in verse. Some prose plays lend themselves to poetical treatment; and dramas in verse may be barely illustrated by prose acting or rendered grotesque by the degree in which such acting contradicts their spirit. French is admittedly the most consummate modern prose: and the same is true about French acting; it is by far the most developed and perfect in the prose qualities of acting.

Our English poetry is more and more recognised as having something of a similar superiority, and I believe our acting would take a like place if it were but given a fair chance. The acting of Sir Henry Irving certainly is creative, is poetical in this sense (though perhaps, as even our poetry is very apt to be, eccentric): while a tendency in the same direction is traceable where there is less genius. Now it will be plain why I think we should begin with poetical acting, even though I am not one of those who would like to see a theatre exclusively given up to poetical drama, or would even desire to have a theatre producing a majority of poetical pieces; and should be quite satisfied if there were one Sunday in every week. The fixed repertory might with advantage contain a majority of poetical dramas, but in the less permanent programme the balance should be in the other direction—or so it seems to me. But to return to our clique. In order to prepare for these great things, it might very possibly find that really the wisest course was to begin without scenery and with acting reduced to a few large and rhythmic gestures; even to act in clogs and in masks might be found expedient as a means of bringing both the performers and audience to lay hold of the fundamental beauties of imaginative speech and action. And what are the fundamental beauties of imaginative speech and action? they are those which will fit like a glove the verse and action of great plays; or if not, why are those plays called great? Great acting will have a rhythm, harmony, and power similar to that of great verse, and will as nobly clothe the passion for a perfect life and indignation at the life which is. Its beauty will dictate to every accident; control the most suicidal passion, and give to vulgarity itself a cohesion and coherence that shall satisfy the creative soul. No doubt this leaves room for every start and surprise of realistic acting; but the effect of the whole depends on that cohesion and coherence which may easily be ignored by a curiosity that tracks home the eccentricities of passion as it struggles in the nets of custom. This coherence good verse supplies both as sound and mean-

ing; unless the actor be in imaginative touch with that which he recites, better far that he should be the merest mouthpiece than that he twitch himself about or parade some incongruity of his own. If he is to succeed in doing justice to great plays, he must respect them—he must have respected less difficult plays on which he began; every artist must respect and learn from the material in which he works. Though he should only find himself free at a single point in a whole play to add something entirely of his own—yea, though all the rest were no more than rhythmically correct and distinctly enunciated recitation—he would be more truly an artist than if, the whole play through, ignoring the material on which he was working (that is, the written play), he had, after the prevalent manner of those whom it is unnecessary to name, "played such fantastic tricks" before the house as must have made any one with an atom of unvitiated taste, who was so unlucky as to be present, weep, or laugh derision.

Nor are the limits set him by the chosen play the only ones that will discover in the true actor the artist's docility and patience. In regard to the material it works with his art is of all the most exacting, the one that demands the most perfect absorption of all bias and prejudice, in order that the creation may not be against the grain, and thereby thwarted and diminished, but in perfect harmony with all the capacities of that most complicated of implements, a theatre. The actor must learn of the limits imposed by his own gifts; careful not to transgress their bounds or to overstrain them, he will master in private every enlargement of their scope before, in public, he exhibits it. The talents of his fellow actors must also set bounds and give direction to his own, demanding alert and tactful observance: and lastly there is the nature of his public—and this requires perhaps the most delicate sense of propriety of them all; for only a fool casts pearls before swine, and yet he has to shape, educate and create an audience out of the crowd before him. Like a political leader he must lead with-

out getting too far ahead; and a thousand temptations and pitfalls this necessary relation must inevitably create for one who cannot, like the poet and artist, rely in part on the future. This is a prime reason for choosing at first a cultivated audience, and appealing to its most cultured side. Yet it is well to remember that all necessary limitations are to the true artist a defence against the temptations with which the poorer elements, in his materials, in his own nature and in his public, are constantly pregnant. He is besieged by degrading praise and blame while he has to lay siege to the stubborn commonness of materials, and keep on the alert against the decoy of facility to which any degree of success immediately gives birth.

Nor do I think, as cynics pretend, that a man who is victor in so many hard fights will be in danger of having lost his own individuality; much rather will he have been in danger of harnessing some mere idiosyncrasy or eccentricity of his own alongside the beauty which he intended to present—or of having given some morbid or personal tint to the light which he has been at such pains to gather up and comprehensively focus. Indeed loss of individuality and the resultant loss of seriousness is the great danger of the prose or illustrative actor whether in comedy or tragedy: the poetic or creative and interpretative actor is in danger of the opposite pitfall, the insistence on his own personality to the detriment of beauty and the effect of the whole.

However, when the actor has attained some readiness in the poetry of his art: as for the poet nothing is more beneficial than the necessity of writing prose; so also for the actor, to have to grapple with the problems of the prose of his art, will, I believe, prove most wholesome, and put a check on the development of mere idiosyncrasy, of vanity, and virtuosity, which ever lead to the utter boredom of those "soulless self-reflections of man's skill."

And now I hope to have given a possible answer to the three questions which I proposed—to have given good reasons

for choosing at first to address the most cultivated audience that can be obtained for playing the simplest and most æsthetic plays: and for impressing on the performance of them an open and obvious sincerity, while giving the chief place to effects produced by elocution.

T. Sturge Moore.

NEW LIGHT ON NAPOLEON'S INVASION PROJECTS

IT is a matter of common knowledge in France, if not in England, that for the last five years the French General Staff has been closely studying the problem of invading England. The method of investigation has been historical; the French Staff has begun by examining with the utmost care, and scrutinising with the minutest detail, the abortive projects of Napoleon. We English cannot complain; for to this investigation, whatever its motives, we owe three admirable volumes by Captain Desbrière, in which the "Projets et Tentatives de Débarquement aux Iles Britanniques"[1] from 1793 to 1804 are examined in the light of the latest and best authorities. The third volume is of remarkable interest to all Englishmen, as it deals with the outbreak of war in 1803, and traces the evolution of Napoleon's famous flotilla at Boulogne, giving at the same time a clear account of the preparations made in England to meet the threatened invasion. The Captain has performed his task with admirable judgment; he has made full use of the mass of unpublished matter in the French archives, and he has not overlooked the wealth of material which still reposes on the shelves of our Public Record Office, while throughout he evinces the impartiality of the historian.

Two points with which he deals at great length have been the subject of heated controversy in the past. The first is,

[1] *Section Historique de l'Etat-Major de l'Armée.* Paris: Chapelot.

whether England or France was the aggressor in 1803; the second, whether Napoleon was in earnest in his proposal to invade this country.

The first point Mr. Oscar Browning has already discussed in his edition of the Despatches of Lord Whitworth to the British Foreign Office, a work of which Captain Desbrière makes no mention. In the royal message to Parliament on March 8, 1803, the King informed his faithful Commons that he had called out the militia "because of the great naval preparations which were being made in the French and Dutch ports." This, then, was the ground for a measure which from the French point of view could not but be regarded as menacing, and which was the immediate cause of war. It is true that no small provocation had been given to the British Ministry and people by the foolish conduct of Napoleon, who had issued a memorandum on the subject of the Ionian Isles and Egypt, from which it was perfectly clear that the ruler of France still entertained designs upon those countries; while at the same time the expedition to St. Domingo was another cause of suspicion, as, from a study of the past history of Napoleon, men were inclined to expect some treacherous stroke against the British West Indies. But "the great naval preparations" of which British Ministers spoke were wholly imaginary. Lord Whitworth reported on March 17: "I think I can say with certainty that no armaments of any consequence are carrying on in the French ports." He alludes again and again to the want of stores, the penury of the French Government, and the wretched state of its finances.

> The magazines are completely empty, nor is it possible to find either money or credit to fill them [he writes in January]. The utmost efforts have been made to equip the few vessels that sailed a week ago from Brest . . . which were, I am assured, in such a state as to render the voyage an object of the utmost danger.

Nor was Lord Whitworth misinformed. The evidence adduced by Captain Desbrière is absolutely convincing. If Napoleon had meant war at the opening of 1803, we know

enough of his character to feel certain that he would have prepared for it. But the returns in the archives of the French War Office prove that the effective of the French Army was the normal one in March 1803, and that of 247,000 men no less than 45,000 were on furlough or in hospital. The disposition of these troops was such as to indicate that there were no hostile designs upon Great Britain. The forces on the coast or near the naval ports were insignificant.

As for the French navy, its condition was deplorable. This is a point of the utmost importance, as it explains the facile successes which our fleets gained at sea throughout this war. It is a fact which Englishmen are not by any means ready to admit, and which their present Ministers are accustomed to leave altogether out of view, that the naval wars of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries with France were wholly abnormal in their conditions. They were conflicts between a force utterly disorganised by the Revolution and without confidence in itself on the one hand, and on the other a force which had not broken with its traditions and past, and which was so fortunate as to possess the greatest commander any navy has ever seen. The French started badly handicapped, while the British had in Nelson the analogue at sea of Napoleon on land. These things must be remembered when it is argued that, because England won with such ease against the French navy in Napoleon's day, she would find success come with as great speed and certainty against the reformed and reorganised French navy of our own time.

Nothing could well have been more miserable than the situation of the French navy in the opening months of 1803. Of the flotilla of small craft prepared in 1801, ostensibly for the invasion of England, 193 were in existence, but of these only twenty-seven were in a tolerable condition. At Boulogne, ready for the embarkation of troops, there were only four, which could perhaps have conveyed between them 500 men—a total scarcely sufficient for such an enterprise as the invasion of England. Of the larger vessels of the navy, all the most

effective were in the West Indies. The total of French vessels *in commission or ready*, including the squadron in the West Indies, was only twenty-three ships of the line and twenty-five frigates; and of these, in the French ports at home, there were only five ships of the line and ten frigates actually ready for sea. It is no exaggeration to say that to each of these ships the British navy could oppose four at least. Of the ships which were not ready for sea, most required extensive repairs where they were not incomplete, while there were no officers and men to take them to sea. Not without reason then does the author conclude that "the state of her squadrons was the worst France had known since 1793," and that the situation could be summed up in the words "absolute impotence at sea." To imagine that with this ridiculously weak force Napoleon would have provoked war is entirely to misread his character. Disaster to the French marine was as certain from the outbreak of the struggle as it was in the case of the Spanish marine when the United States in 1898 sent their ultimatum to Madrid.

As we study the evidence which this volume produces with regard to the state of the French navy, we shall wonder, not that Nelson won the battle of Trafalgar against apparently heavy odds, but that the French were able to make so good a fight. For while our adversaries were taken completely off their guard, a fact which perhaps explains the peculiar bitterness felt from this time onwards by Napoleon towards England, the British armaments were in a state of very satisfactory preparedness. Lord St. Vincent has been blamed, and with good reason, for unwise economies in the administration of the navy during the Peace of Amiens, but, even so, the fleet was in a fair condition of readiness. In January 1803 we had thirty-seven ships of the line and seventy-four frigates in commission, with twice as many more in our ports wanting only crews. When the struggle began, with such speed were our forces augmented, that in November 1803 Britain had in service eighty-three ships of the line, excluding guard and

hospital ships, twenty-four of the fifty-gun class, and one hundred and twenty-five frigates. Thus outnumbered, what could Napoleon expect to achieve at sea with his fleet?

And the French navy was not only outnumbered, it was left altogether behind in the all-important matter of efficiency by its terrible adversary. Jurien de la Gravière, whose memory went back to the Napoleonic navy, declared that it never recovered from the stunning impression caused by the defeat of the Nile, and that, from the day when Nelson in so swift and dramatic a fashion destroyed Bruey's ships, it always went into battle feeling itself defeated. These pages teem with examples of the hopeless timidity which had infected it. "It is written that our sailors never pass a port without putting into it," comments one of Napoleon's generals scornfully upon the dilatory and nervous movements of the flotilla of invasion. "Our sailors avoid an action even where the chances are in our favour, and where we have the advantage in number of guns and in calibre," writes Forfait to Napoleon.

On the other hand, there is a mass of evidence as to the extraordinary vigilance and activity of the British seamen which is most impressive. Knowing with what sort of an enemy they had to deal, they did not hesitate to take the most audacious liberties. It is doubtful if Cornwallis could ever have maintained his blockade of Brest against an enemy whose material and *morale* were respectable, and it is pretty certain that his feat will never be repeated in our day. "The observation maintained by the English," writes Ganteaume, "has sometimes appeared to us in the nature of a prodigy." In the Downs, when Napoleon's flotilla was gathering at Boulogne, day after day the British cruisers watched it as a cat watches a mouse, tireless, ready to snatch the slightest advantage which chance might offer, dismayed by no storms, perpetually attacking, with strong reinforcements always within call, until we cease to wonder that the nerves of the French sailors gave way or that the British seemed to their adversaries to possess the activity of demons.

While the British navy was thus in material and *personnel* equal to its work, the British land forces were organised upon a scale which seems to betray some anxiety as to the capacity of the navy to prevent invasion. The militia had been called out in March 1803, and at that date the forces at home mustered no less than 250,000 men, of whom 110,000 were regulars and the rest militia, yeomanry and volunteers. This was a respectable total, though the training and discipline of the yeomanry and volunteers left much to be desired. But when it was seen that the enemy was seriously planning invasion, strenuous efforts were put forth to increase the available force. A supplementary militia, 25,000 strong, was raised by ballot. Then Parliament ordered the levying of a distinct force, 50,000 strong, which was to be known as the "Army of Reserve," and to obtain the men for which the ballot was employed when necessary. On the top of this came the development of the Volunteer movement, so that by December 1803 there were 463,000 men in this category enrolled in England, Scotland and Ireland. Finally, should the enemy land, a levy *en masse* of all males from seventeen to fifty-five was to take place. Making heavy deductions, England must have had some 500,000 men under arms at home during the period of danger from the Napoleonic flotilla, and a study of the dispositions adopted shows that about 100,000 men could have been concentrated with great speed against any invader disembarking on the south-east coast. That force would, we may presume, have only fought a delaying action to give time for the more distant forces to enter the field. The French "state" of the army to be embarked shows that the combatants on their side were only to number 91,000, so that, granting them far superior leading and better discipline and training, it does not appear that they would have found the task of conquering England or even of capturing London an easy one. In a very short time they would have found themselves confronted by an enemy two or even three to their one.

The tactics to be followed by the British were carefully laid

down. Orders were issued to the Lord-Lieutenants to withdraw the population, devastate the country, and remove all that could be of value to the French, in case they landed. At the instance of the Duke of Richmond, however, who was not eager for such sacrifices, it was finally decided that the devastation should be omitted, but that all horses, carts and animals should be withdrawn. A circular from the Duke of York, the Commander-in-Chief, indicates the *rôle* to be played by the irregular troops:

> The instant a landing has been effected [it says], they are to make it their one object to harass, alarm and exhaust the enemy. There can be no better means of securing this end than by the operations of small bodies of men who are thoroughly acquainted with the country. They should approach the enemy's outposts and fire upon them, but without permitting themselves to be drawn into serious engagements or to run the risk of being cut off. If they take these precautions, manifestly they will incur no danger. They will have the country behind them open, while their enemy in front does not know the roads and can have only a very small force of cavalry. If the enemy moves inland, the irregulars must attack his flanks and rear, and cut up the small detachments which separate from the main body for the purpose of plunder.

Captain Desbrière comments upon the advantage which the nature of the English *terrain* would have given for such warfare, in the general idea of which perhaps we may trace the hand of him who was afterwards Sir John Moore. This officer played a great part in the organisation of the British defences, himself commanding the force which would have acted as advanced guard had Napoleon landed. We may regret with Captain Desbrière that the British system was not actually tested, but there can be little doubt that, if it had been, Napoleon's career would have ended in 1804 or 1805.

There are many curious details of the irregular forces from French spies and secret agents. The volunteers were to be uniformed as regulars, in order that the enemy might not be able to distinguish them. This accords with what Moore told Pitt when he said:

> You and yours (volunteers) shall be drawn up on that hill, where you will

make a most formidable appearance to the enemy, while I with the (regular) soldiers shall be fighting on the beach.

If the French witnesses can be trusted, it was just as well that precautions were taken to prevent the volunteers bearing the brunt of the attack.

The volunteer cavalry [says one agent] is about as absurd as could be imagined. The greater part of the men composing it have only hired horses. These they ride on the days when they exercise, after which they have to go on foot, and not uncommonly are imprisoned for failing to pay the hire of their steeds. One regiment, however, is not in this plight. That is the regiment of Dragoons of St. James, who are composed of the richest young noblemen in England. They are equally comic, as each dragoon has five or six servants with him on horseback. One carries port-wine; another, liqueur; another, mufti.

The uniforms were occasionally fearful and wonderful, though the good sense of that time prevented such preposterous absurdities as brass helmets, "plastrons of royal purple," and Prussian blue tunics and trousers, which in the year 1902 appear in some of the new home-service Yeomanry corps, and which for bad taste and uselessness in the field could scarcely be surpassed.

Such was the enthusiasm that even women were anxious to be enrolled, and Lady Jerningham proposed to raise a force of lady cattle-guards, who, when the French landed, were to drive off all animals. This attitude of energy and enthusiasm was reflected in the extreme precautions which the Government took, but which yet failed to satisfy the nation. On all sides complaints were heard that arms were wanting, that greater vigour should be displayed, and that, above all, in its armaments the Ministry should beware of sacrificing the regular forces to the irregulars. As a matter of fact, the usual mistake in times of crisis was committed. Too large a force was organised for home defence; too small a force for offensive purposes against the enemy.

We come now to Napoleon's preparations. In his famous interview with Lord Whitworth in February 1803, some weeks

before the rupture, he had declared that "a descent was the only means of offence he had, and that he was determined to attempt, by putting himself at the head of the expedition." He went on to say that, unless forced to it by necessity, he would not

> risk his life and reputation in such a hazardous attempt, when the chances were that he and the greater part of the expedition would go to the bottom of the sea. He talked much on this subject, but never attempted to diminish the danger. He acknowledged that there were one hundred chances to one against him; but still he was determined to attempt it if war should be the consequence of the present discussion.

In the speech which Daru delivered to the French Tribunate in May, and which, no doubt, was inspired by Napoleon, further allusion was made to the plan of invasion. All France, and, indeed, the whole world, were led to expect an attempt to disembark an army on the coast of England. Was this, as Professor Sloane and many other Napoleonic authorities suppose, merely a feint?

And here it may be said that Napoleon's impulsive and excessively obstinate temperament was not at all unlikely to lead him to engage in and persist in enterprises which he well knew to be exceedingly dangerous. Mr. Ropes, by far the most competent of modern critics of Napoleon, has laid stress upon and defended the gambler's disposition which is so strongly marked in the great Emperor. We know, from his conversation with Pasquier, that Napoleon was aware of the terrible risks he ran in invading Russia in 1812. We know that in his expedition to Egypt he hazarded everything upon the mere chance of not encountering the British fleet. We know that, as Decrès, his Minister of Marine, said, his salient characteristic was an "insane rashness."[1] So that the excessively dangerous nature of the enterprise is *à priori* no argument that Napoleon did not intend to attempt it. Nor is his declaration to Lord

[1] Just as the timid old gentlemen in the British navy declared Nelson a "dangerously rash" man; as the same class in the United States Army in 1862 decried Grant as rash and reckless.

Whitworth, as some have supposed, a proof that his only aim was to mislead his enemy. Like Bismarck, Napoleon was fond of calculated indiscretions and of a candour which, by its very boldness, deceived. His subsequent assertion to Metternich that he had never meant to invade England is no evidence, for at the time when it was made, on the eve of a war with Russia, he was anxious to convey to the crafty Austrian diplomat the impression that he had never failed in any enterprise. It is his acts, not his words, that are of importance in deciding such a question as this.

At the outset he seems to have thought that a flotilla of fishing-boats, aided and convoyed by 150 armed craft of small size, might, under favourable circumstances, succeed in crossing the Channel and landing an army of 100,000 men on the British coast. From documents given by Captain Desbrière, the outlay on the armed vessels would not have been more than £80,000, and the fishing-boats could have been hired at an insignificant cost. Had the project remained in this stage, it would be reasonable to feel great doubt as to its seriousness, but Napoleon from week to week modified and augmented it until the preparations and expenditure required were upon a very large scale. The number of fighting craft steadily increases, while the number of fishing-boats concurrently diminishes. At the end of May 1803 there are to be 1050 vessels in the flotilla, of which 310 are to be fighting craft; in July there are to be 1410 fighting craft; in August 2008, which are to be ready by the end of November. The central idea is that these vessels will be able to cross under cover of a winter fog or in a calm succeeding a storm which has driven the British cruisers off the coast.

Had Napoleon meant nothing more than a demonstration it is difficult to suppose that, with his finances in a very embarrassed state, he would have lavished immense sums upon the flotilla. The course which we should have expected him to take would have been this: to develop to the utmost his sea-going fleet and to restrict the flotilla to the narrowest

possible proportions, while making the greatest parade of it. He might have ordered the construction of thousands of small craft, but he would have taken good care not actually to put them in hand. Instead of this, we find him pressing forward the construction of the flat-boats which were to form the chief feature of his flotilla, and sanctioning elaborate works to enable the harbours on the Straits of Dover to contain them. Huge excavations, basins, moles, and sluices were begun at Boulogne, Ambleteuse, Etaples, and Wimereux, in which millions of francs were as absolutely wasted as if he had flung them into the sea.

Even if at the outset he was not fully in earnest in his avowed determination to invade England, he must have felt that, unless he could show some practical result for all this outlay—he was already ridiculed for the scheme in Paris—he was a lost man. Yet precisely when he began to realise this unpleasant fact, his family had succeeded in awakening him to a deeper sense of the extreme peril of the enterprise. In a council held on October 29,

> Bonaparte . . . asserted that he was determined to perish or plant his flag on the Tower of London. All who were present were alarmed, and united their efforts to dissuade the conqueror. They pointed out to him the value of his life to France and Europe, and how cruel it was of him to expose himself thus and hazard the future of his family and his adherents. The dangers inseparable from such an enterprise were painted in the most vivid colours till the hero was touched. Gradually he was overcome by emotion, and . . . his feelings went so far that he shed tears.

His family after this scene felt certain, we are told, that he would never run the risk of an invasion. But his purpose of invasion does not relent, so far as we can judge by his acts, though the method of execution is altered.

For one thing, he still felt that an invasion must be attempted, if only to satisfy public opinion. And if attempted he must lead it. No other general could be sent, for the very good reason expressed by Bernadotte to Napoleon in a conversation which is for the first time reported in this volume:

"If you send one of us, and if he succeeds, he will be more powerful and greater than you are yourself." We can well believe that, in the words of a Bourbon traitor in Napoleon's own *entourage*, he "feared equally going and remaining at home." The more he looked at the matter the less feasible did invasion appear, the greater the risk of quitting France before his power had been consolidated.

But at this epoch he seems to turn from the idea of using the flotilla by stealth, and to look rather to a crossing effected openly, under the convoy of a battle fleet, in which the flotilla is to play only the insignificant part of transporting his troops. For that end a sudden concentration of his heavy squadrons in the Channel becomes necessary. When exactly this new plan, which led directly up to Trafalgar, was formed, we do not know. The material which might have enlightened us, the secret correspondence of Decrès and Napoleon, was irretrievably lost when the Tuileries were burned in 1871. But from papers which remain it is clear that the change was made in the closing months of 1803. A letter to Ganteaume, the admiral in command at Toulon in December of that year, sketches in general outline what we may call the Trafalgar plan. Nelson is to be induced to hurry off to Egypt; the Toulon squadron is to slip out, to join the Rochefort squadron off Cadiz or Lisbon, and then to enter the Channel, appearing off Boulogne and taking care not to allow itself to be sighted from the land on its way.

> I shall be at Boulogne at the end of February (1804), [says Napoleon] with 130,000 men, 2000 peniches, gun sloops, and gun boats . . . frigates, cutters, skiffs, &c., and if our squadron has to fight before Boulogne, which God forbid, we shall be able to give it very satisfactory and formidable support.

The British fleet off Brest is to be evaded, while, if the French fleet in Brest can give its blockaders the slip and get three days start of them, it also is to make for Boulogne.

Ganteaume's opinion of this plan was scarcely encouraging. He thought the project "excessively dangerous," because—and this is the point best worth notice—"the enemy can detach

against each vessel of ours that makes its escape, forces quadruple or quintuple." The idea of moving a great mass of heavy ships into such confined waters as those of the Channel near Boulogne, and of combining their action with that of the flotilla he thinks will mean exposing both big ships and small to the utmost danger. As for the Brest ships getting three days start of the English, that is out of the question. In any case he thought evasion of the British fleets was not capable of realisation, because "the British admiral is sure to have at every point a vast number of frigates and corvettes scouting, and it is hardly probable that they will fail to inform him promptly of our movements."

To convince Napoleon of the utter futility of expecting any offensive action from the flotilla, the events of the winter of 1803–4 would have sufficed. In January 1804 there were only 500 out of a projected total of 2008 ready. Even this miserable total had not been concentrated where the flotilla was wanted — at Boulogne. When the unhappy flat-boats attempted to sail along the coast to their destination they found themselves at every turn attacked by the British cruisers. It took one detachment from September 16 to November 29 to cover the short distance from Granville to La Hougue. Seven other boats in fifteen days got no farther from Cherbourg than Havre. From the west coast of France these unfortunate craft had to run past the powerful British squadron blockading Brest, a feat which none of them achieved with success. In fact, they were helpless and harmless, face to face with the British ships of the line and frigates, wherever the depth of water was sufficient to enable the British ships to get at them. Not once did they attempt to do that which the most sanguine advocates of the flotilla declared was feasible—to attack the large ships in calm weather.

The boats which had assembled at Boulogne underwent very disagreeable experiences. If the plan of a surprise invasion was to succeed, it was essential that all the small craft should be able to leave for the British coast at the shortest

notice. As it was quite impossible to move hundreds of boats out of the inner basin in any reasonable time—as, in fact, the utmost number that ever made their exit in one tide was 100—it was necessary to station as many as possible outside the basin in the roads. But here they were exposed to the bad weather, with such results that the force which had been slowly and painfully concentrated were driven in all directions and scattered. Thus on April 26, 1804, forty of the Boulogne flotilla were driven by a gale to Etaples. The task set the commanders of the flotilla was indeed a Sisyphean one. If the boats remained in the basins, they could not get out in less than five or six days, by which time any opportunity which might offer itself would assuredly have passed. If they remained outside they were certain to be scattered, and would never be available when required. Of the two evils it was better to choose that of remaining in the basin, and the records collected by Captain Desbrière show that during a space of 176 days, from November to May 1803–4, the flotilla went out of the basin only three times and remained outside ten days in all. Not only this, but whenever it did go out it suffered serious mishaps.

Because of such facts, the author concludes that Napoleon could not have expected anything from the flotilla. But the French Emperor, though doubtless disillusioned and disappointed, does not seem to have fully grasped the completeness of the failure, and even if he had done so, he had still to face the awkward problem of reconciling public opinion to a prodigal and useless outlay, and convincing the army that his immense scheme was something more than the profoundest of miscalculations. He could not afford, at this stage in his career, to allow his prestige to suffer a signal shock, so he persevered in the undertaking, despite its obvious risks, though with a hope, we may guess, that, as actually happened, the chapter of accidents would come to his help. We see precisely the same phase of mind in him when he lingered at Moscow in 1812, hoping against hope that Alexander would

yield to a display of firmness. Under these circumstances the war which Austria so imprudently made upon him must have seemed to him the direct intervention of Providence.

For the rest, the facts which Captain Desbrière has brought to light with regard to the flotilla will scarcely encourage those ardent Frenchmen who have revived the flat-boat idea. It may be granted that steam has rendered the movement of a mass of small vessels easier than it was in the past, while the French harbours or the Straits of Dover are now able to shelter a great flotilla. But the more the plan of Napoleon is studied the more evident is it that invasion can only be accomplished by the aid of a strong fleet, permanently or temporarily commanding the Channel. The conditions have changed since 1804, as we have seen, and it is to-day by no means impossible that France, with the aid of another great navy, might obtain that command at which she scarcely dared to aim under Napoleon. Instead of being able to oppose forces four or five to one, as in Napoleon's time, to the hostile fleets, England to-day would be able only to oppose one to one, and victory might well depend on chance—chance which we cannot control.

H. W. Wilson.

TWO INSCRIPTIONS

FOR STONES IN SOUTH AFRICA

I

Tell England, you that pass our monument,
Men who died serving Her lie here, content.[1]

II

Together, sundered once by blood and speech,
Joined here in equal muster of the brave,
Lie Boer and Briton, foes each worthy each:
May peace strike root into their common grave,
And blossoming where the fathers fought and died,
Bear fruit for sons that labour side by side.

F. Edmund Garrett.

[1] After Simonides of Ceos.

THE SHELL OF LEONARDO

BEING AN ESSAY ON SPIRAL FORMATION IN NATURE AND IN ART

Part I

[Some twelve or thirteen years ago the writer of these tentative pages was dining at Oxford in company with some distinguished biologists. Feeling a little at a loss for any topic of discourse in a conversation which ranged so far beyond his own experience and knowledge, he finally ventured to produce for the general inspection a proof engraving upon India paper of a certain staircase, built by an unknown architect of the early sixteenth century in Touraine, which he had just visited. The little picture was indulgently received; and the joy of its humble possessor may be imagined when one of the party loudly proclaimed his recognition of the spiral curve therein depicted. No sympathy, however, was suggested with the architectural problem so triumphantly surmounted; and the critic who now held the picture of the spiral staircase in his hand announced to his comrades that the curve was identical with that of *Voluta vespertilio*. Abashed, befogged, yet keenly interested, the unlearned visitor hinted at his utter ignorance of what *Voluta* might be. "The curve of the architect's spiral," he was told, "is the same as that in the interior of a shell." *Voluta* was promptly fetched. Still the visitor remained unmoved and unilluminated. But the Professor had pity on him. A sharp saw was produced, a longitudinal median incision was made, and the spiral stood revealed within. The effect of that discovery has never left the guest at this intellectual gathering by the banks of Isis. "Was it possible," he asked himself, "that there was something more than chance in such a coincidence? Could the unknown builder of this marvellous staircase have consciously taken his model from Nature?" If so, the close parallel thus brought suddenly to light seemed to suggest a combination of knowledge in the builder so perfect that but one instance seemed to fit the possibility—that great Italian artist, mathematician, scientist, and engineer who died in exile within a few miles of this very staircase a year or two after it had been begun. Though he knew little history, less architecture, scarcely any mathematics, and

no morphology or botany whatever, the writer became irresistibly impelled to enter upon a course of theoretical inquiry which involved a deep mastery of all five. In the course of the investigations embodied in the following essay, a *Scala della Conchiglia* (or "Shell Staircase") came to light in Italy, and a *Voluta scalaris*, a *Solarium maximum*, even a *Scalaria scalaris* (or "Staircase Shell"), in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. The necessity for further research seemed clear; and he went on, in spite of many other conflicting interests and duties. His excuse for now offering this first sketch of his endeavours to the public is that the questions to which he has sought an intelligible reply have not yet been answered in any of these five divisions of intellectual research, though distinguished exponents of each are firmly convinced that a reply can be furnished by the others. He does not give the names of many who have most kindly afforded him assistance. None of them might wish to be made even remotely responsible for arguments leading up to what may be described as a suggestive generalisation that is unfettered by too keen an appreciation of difficulties in detail. Although he has been at great pains to verify his facts, he therefore begs that the architect will particularly scrutinise his biological statements; the mathematician his excursus into art; and that the historian will look indulgently upon one result which seems to flow from statements based alternately upon both—a result which, in the absence of all documents, does not admit of perfect proof.]

§ 1

NO one has yet been able to say who designed the open staircase in the wing of Francis I. at Blois, which is reproduced in Figs. 1, 40, and 43. I have given my reasons for the suggestion that we owe it to a great artist, and architect, who had studied Nature for the sake of his art, and had deeply investigated the secrets of the one in order to employ them as the principles of the other. The main impression produced by this staircase is its spiral form; and I shall therefore endeavour to show not only that there are many beautiful spiral forms in Nature, but also that these lend themselves very particularly to adaptation in constructive art. In presenting them I wish to point out that my line of search, though necessarily widened by modern invention and discovery, was originally indicated in the manuscript notes of Leonardo da Vinci, who suggests many problems which even the present advanced state of scientific knowledge is unable as yet to answer.

FIG. 1.—Spiral staircase in the wing of François I.
Château de Blois

Let me begin by making quite clear what I mean by a spiral.

Before me as I write is a plain cylinder of wood, nine inches high, with a diameter of just over one inch (Fig. 2). I have taken a piece of string eighteen inches long and nailed it to the bottom edge, in order to wind it round the cylinder to the top edge. In doing this, I find it easier and more natural to make the first turn of the string towards the right, with the result that the three visible lines of the string made by its ascent upon the cylinder are all curves which move upwards towards the right, and these curves are in the form of what is called a spiral, and sometimes a helix. When I rotate the cylinder on its axis they remain the same. In this instance I have formed a right-handed (or dextral) cylindrical helix. When a watch-spring lies flat upon the table it forms a plane spiral. If you fix its largest circle to the table, and raise up its innermost point, you find that a conical helix has been formed; and a good natural example of this is shown in *Mitra papalis* (Fig. 19). But I shall avoid confusion by confining myself for the present to the cylindrical helix.

FIG. 2.—Right- and left-handed cylindrical spiral.

At the same point on the bottom edge of the cylinder where I had fixed my string, I now fix a piece of flat narrow tape of precisely the same length, so that I can wind it round the cylinder to the same point on the top edge reached by the string. I had naturally wound to the right before, because my right hand (being that of a right-handed man) always finds it easier to make a circle towards the right than towards the left, just as every right-handed fencer knows that the contre-sixte is an easier parry than the contre-quarte, because the circular movement of the hand is towards the right.

I now begin by turning my tape to the left, and when it is fixed at the top, I find its three ascending curves go up by a

different and symmetrically opposite path to that taken by the string; I have made, in fact, a cylindrical helix which is not of the usual dextral or right-handed form, but sinistral or left-handed. The difference seems very simple when it is expressed in simple language, but it will have to be kept very carefully in mind in the course of this paper, for a good deal will be found to depend upon it; so much, indeed, is this the case, that I find it impossible to proceed without placing my cylinder upright on the table before me, with the two different spirals of string and tape clearly showing the difference between the two forms of helix, and I notice it does not matter which end of the cylinder is at the top, for the spirals remain the same if I stand it upside down.

FIG. 3.—The "Prentice Pillar," Rosslyn.

The beautiful effect obtained in what is known as the "Prentice Pillar," in Rosslyn Chapel (Fig. 3), is due to the fact that its separate right-handed spirals (proceeding from their separate points) envelop in their long and slender ascending curves a pillar which is artfully grooved in perpendicular lines, so that full value may be given to the encircling decoration. In Nature the ascending curves of spiral growth are nearly always, like these, towards the right, as shown by the Pillar and by the string upon my cylinder, when observed at right angles to its elevation. Either very rarely in a "sport," or with some definite object in artificial examples, the ascending curves are those towards the left, as shown by the tape when its course is followed from the bottom of the cylinder upwards. Such reverse curves a right-handed man makes with conscious

effort either with his right hand or right foot; they seem, in fact, to be chiefly connected with descent, and may be observed, under certain circumstances, in the fall of a strong stream of water from a height. We should not expect them, therefore, to occur in architecture, because man builds upwards, and his upward spiral movement would be instinctively to the right, as it is in the "Prentice Pillar."

The commonest instance of a cylindrical helix is the homely corkscrew, which may be placed for comparison beside our cylinder of tape and string, and it will be seen that its masculine strength of penetration is expressed by the same right-handed curves as those of the string. If you place it upright upon its point, you will observe that an insect ascending to the handle would be perpetually turning to the left, so conchologists call this spiral "leiotropic," for they seem to have connected shells and staircases together as soon as scientific terminology became common.

If you imagine that the string surrounding our cylinder is made of the same substance as the cylinder, and projects a little further from the surface, you will have an example of the ordinary screw. The coffin-screw, on the other hand, is that fortunately rarer variety which only penetrates when it is turned in the unusual direction, to the left. In these military days it is also possible to point to a sinistral spiral which has become a common object of admiration, and that is the rifling in a Lee-Metford, which is made to turn to the left in order to counteract the pull of the average right-handed soldier. It is curious that all left-handed spirals look as if they were at almost double the pitch of the corresponding right-handed spirals. Perhaps because they are less familiar to the eye.

The difference between such dextral and sinistral spirals as we have now seen artificially constructed, "from the outside," becomes more and more suggestive when we investigate a few examples of spiral growth "from within," in plants and other natural objects; and we shall find that when objects which usually display a dextral helix are found to show a sinistral

helix, some peculiar value and often some supernatural signification is attached to them by the primitive races who make the first discovery. The delight in such rarities of Nature, and the instinctive use of them as ornament, was shown by Schliemann to be at least as old as ancient Troy;

FIG. 4.—*Turbinella pirum.*
(Right-handed.)

FIG. 5.—*Turbinella rapa.*
(Left-handed.)

for he found that an inland people had used the echinus or sea-urchin as a model for the bosses which they set round the circle of their shields.

A still more interesting example, which has left easily verifiable traces at the present time, is the belief of the inhabitants of Travancore that the sacred shell called "Sankho" is a manifestation of the god Vishnu, because its internal spiral does not turn to the right (with its "entrance" therefore also to the right) as in the case of the shell *Turbinella pirum* (Fig. 4) and in a million other examples; but turns to the left (with its "entrance" also to the left) as in *Turbinella rapa* (*see* Fig. 5) with the rare sinistral helix; and this belief survives in the drawing, conventionalised though it be, of this sacred shell (with its opening to the left) which is to be seen upon the postage stamps now used in Travancore.

FIG. 5A.—Postage stamp from Travancore.

The use of the spiral in ornament goes back to prehistoric times in other instances. In the work of the Bronze Age flat spirals are found hanging to the side of a shield as decorations, just as on an ancient Pile-Hut-Urn (which is mentioned in Sir John Lubbock's "Prehistoric Times," and is thought to come from Melos) the walls of the house are represented as being decorated with large spirals. From the well-known fact that the mediæval monks used to say their prayers within a maze, to escape the pursuit of the Devil, there may, perhaps, be more in the form of the famous Labyrinth at Crete than has yet been suggested, and the spirals tattooed upon a Maori's face may have the same object of confusing the Evil One. No doubt Mr. Henry Balfour possesses many examples in the Pitt Rivers Museum. But the most delightful form in which the idea occurs has been told me by Mr. George Calderon, whose knowledge of the folk-lore and magic of Eastern Europe seems as inexhaustible as it is interesting. It appears that at the baptism of a Lithuanian infant the parents bury one of its little curls at the bottom of a hop-pole, so that the child may "twine out of danger" in its lifetime, just as the spiral tendrils of the plant twine upwards to the light.

It is quite possible, therefore, that the sinistral spiral in some few rare shells, for many ages, had a deep signification as a symbol, and that any specimens of them known (for example) in the early sixteenth century would be brought home, if possible, by travellers, and valued by collectors, for this extraneous reason, quite apart from the biological problem they present. I think, too, it must be clear that any one who had ever studied the laws of organic structure in natural objects would be particularly attracted by any specimens of shells which he had closely examined. We know now that in the fathomless ooze of the Atlantic depths, and in the masses of chalk formation which buttress our own island home, there are countless millions of microscopic shells, each perfectly constructed. From the earliest days of scientific investigation the problems presented even by the series of common shells, of very

varying sizes, that travellers might easily collect, were doubtless as fascinating as they are to-day, when greater knowledge has only brought the certainty of far more complex causes.

There are some divergences in "natural" spirals which are inexplicable on the theory that one kind is normal and the other very rare. On the beach at Felixstowe, for instance, you may pick up specimens of shells which exhibit dextral and sinistral curves in about equal proportions; but after a little investigation it appears that all those with the sinistral curve have fallen out of the cliffs, and are in fact the fossil *Fusus antiquus* of the Red Crag Sea; while modern whelks of the same kind in the North Sea apparently all possess the dextral curve. Is this because the currents now set differently, or for what reason?

Again, in the case of antelopes and wild goats, the two horns exhibit different spirals; but the right-handed spiral grows on the left side of the head, and the left-handed spiral grows on the right side of the head, in all instances hitherto examined (Fig. 6). An example of the sinistral helix may be seen in the Zoo on the right side of a water buck (*Cobus unctuosus*). But in the horns of many domestic animals which have been examined the position of the spirals is not thus crossed, but is "homonymous," the right-handed spiral appearing on the right side of the head, the left-handed upon the left. What kind of change in the use of the horns can have produced this difference in Nature's growth? The change must have taken a very long time, as is shown by a pair of elands now in the Zoological Gardens at Regent's Park. One of them (*Orias canna*) was bred in South Africa, the other in France. Both have a well-marked left-handed spiral on the right side of their heads, and *vice-versa*. The "home-bred" variety is of a slightly longer pitch. Perhaps it means to straighten out before turning the other way. Mr. George Wherry, of Cambridge, has made a further suggestion in this connection. He notices that the wild sheep (*Ovis nivicola*) differs from the spiral-horned domestic sheep of the

FIG. 6.—Horns of Bush Buck from South Africa, shot by W. Brodrick Cloete in 1878

FIG. 7.—Neottia spiralis ("Lady's Tresses")

FIG. 11.—Narwhals' tusks

FIG. 12.—Spiral tusk of elephant

Alps, in the fact that its external ear is remarkably short and is situated exactly in the axis of the spiral curve, "in such a fashion that the ear appears to be at the apex of a hollow cone formed by the great spiral horn" (as seen in Guillemard's "Voyage of the *Marchesa*," vol. i. p. 214). From this Mr. Wherry has argued that the spiral curve of the horn enables an ear so placed to distinguish sounds in a fog better than would have been the case with a different formation, just as a man often hears better when his hand is placed behind his ear. But this, like many other theories of a similar nature, still stands in need of further proof and wider investigation.

§ 2

In plants, the liane, the convolvulus, or the scarlet-runner are all good examples of spirality. As a climbing plant grows the apex of its spiral shoot or tendril revolves also, with an independent movement that has been called "nutation"; and this appears to be due to the more rapid growth of cells on one aspect, or edge, than on the other, which not only makes a curve, but also rotates it as the growth alters and alternates. In the white bryony a filiform tendril grows out, which becomes so "irritable" that while revolving in a dextral helix at its free end (exactly as if "groping" for a prop) it coils round the first twig it touches. The right- and left-handed spirality of climbing plants is a subject which I believe Francis Darwin is now investigating, and it should produce the most interesting results. A very peculiar effect is observable also in the growth of an orchid called "Lady's Tresses" (*Neottia spiralis*), found for me in North Devonshire. It is not a climbing plant at all, yet its buds are arranged to catch the light in an exquisite spiral of the rare sinistral form, which can almost be seen to move as the plant stands by a window in a glass of water. The drawing (in Fig. 7) was an exceedingly difficult piece of work, so often did the plant slightly alter its surfaces during the hour it was being closely studied.

As we shall see when we come to consider the origin of

spiral shells, the force which determines the original direction may be very slight and subtle, yet is invariably "good evidence." The shape of the shavings at a carpenter's bench, for instance, might furnish another Sherlock Holmes with the proof he required that his murderous mechanic was either left-handed or a Japanese; for one of these two he must have been, if the shavings exhibit a sinistral spiral. The right-handed screw which is usual in the innocent shaving is produced because the right-handed carpenter invariably drives his plane a little to the left. Orientals seem always to prefer a left-handed spiral, just as they write from right to left, and a common example may be found in those silver-headed walking-sticks of blackwood which, in all instances I know, are carved in left-handed spirals, where a Western workman would naturally have turned them to the right.

It is probable, in the same way, that when it was not a matter of importance for a helix to be either dextral or sinistral, the first sketch for such a helix made by a left-handed man would more probably exhibit a sinistral than a dextral spiral; but when we come to an example of a sinistral helix which may have been designed by Leonardo da Vinci I do not, therefore, wish to argue that his skill in drawing with his left hand was alone responsible for the rarer formation; the fact that he was left-handed may certainly have suggested the original form of the left-handed helix which he eventually elaborated for other—and more potent—reasons.

FIG. 8.—Pine-cone.

I may introduce a few more typical examples of spiral growth in plant-life with the cone of *Pinus smithiana* (Fig. 8) in which the spiral arrangement of the overlapping leaves is very distinct. The economy of space ensured at the points of growth is as observable as the curious manner in which each of these leaves is enabled, by its special relation to its neighbours, to

obtain the maximum of light with the minimum of shade. In Museum No. 2 at the Royal Botanical Gardens, Kew, is a section of the trunk of the Carnauba Palm from Brazil, sometimes called the Wax Palm (*Copernicia cerifera*), which shows very clearly the left-handed spiral exhibited in the example of the same tree in the British Museum of Natural History, drawn in Fig. 9. But there is another example of this same Wax Palm in the same room at Kew, which is no less clearly arranged as a right-handed spiral.

The Date Palm (*Phœnix dactylifera*) given in Fig. 9 was drawn from an example in the Museum at South Kensington, and shows a right-handed spiral; but in Museum No. 3 at Kew the same tree exhibits a left-handed spiral. Of all the plants I examined, the various kinds of *Pandanus* in the large Palm House afforded the most beautiful instances of this remarkable form, and their growth is extraordinarily like that of a spiral staircase. But here, again, we get the same puzzling divergencies. *Pandanus vandermeschii*, a maritime variety of this "screw-palm" from Madagascar, is arranged in a right-handed spiral, as is *Pandanus utilis*. But the left-handed spiral is found both in *Pandanus sylvestris*, from the Isle of Bourbon, and in *Pandanus millore*, from the Nicobar Islands. The plant called "Rata" which climbs up the New Zealand gum-tree is an example of another kind of spiral growth. A visit to Kew Gardens will reveal many more instances of the same formation. In the flower of the white water-lily the various organs will be found to be arranged in a continuous spiral, and the Egyptians, noticing a similar formation in the Onion, often used that plant to typify eternity. In all the more primitive flowers a spiral formation is exhibited as opposed to the concentric circles in the "floral diagrams" of more highly developed species. This spiral

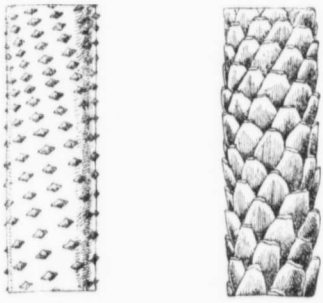

FIG. 9.—Date palm and Wax palm.

arrangement also seems to me to be not only nearer to primitive Nature, but also more beautiful and suggestive; for the spiral begins in the centre with the carpels, and the various organs in the course of their growth gradually slide out of one formation into another, until they become the sepals on the outside, which are often green and leaf-like. In much the same way the leaves upon a shoot or twig are arranged in a series of spiral formations, so that the greatest number possible may catch the sunlight from above. More than this: if you take a twig and choose upon it one leaf (A) which comes exactly in a straight line above another (B), you will find that the intermediate leaves are arranged in a spiral, exactly as if (B) were the bottom point on the cylinder in Fig. 2, and the intermediate leaves were arranged along the string until they reached (A) at the topmost point of the cylinder. The number of turns in the helix thus exhibited is apparently constant in each species, and is found to vary in different species. The bud of the convolvulus closes and opens with a spiral twist, and it may be noted that the Byzantine builders of St. Mark's were peculiarly fond of the beautiful lines of the water-lily and the convolvulus flowers, as motives for the decoration of their columns; not, perhaps, taking these forms consciously, but producing the same effects by the careful modelling and the artistic proportions of their convex and concave capitals. In all ordinary yews the leaflets grow opposite each other, but there is now a variety in which the leaflets are set in a spiral, and the name by which they are distinguished is a record of the fact that all were grown from a single "sport" which occurred at Florence Court. Indeed the entire botanical kingdom is full of examples of the spiral:

> As woodbine weds the plant within her reach,
> Rough elm, or smooth-grained ash, or glossy beech,
> In spiral rings ascends the trunk and lays
> Her golden tassels on the leafy sprays.

I can the more cheerfully allow this part of my subject to remain somewhat incomplete, because the vast majority of

twining and tendril plants still await investigation by more competent observers ; nor does it seem possible to explain their ways until we understand a little better how the forces of gravity and light act upon processes of growth. In many instances the resulting spiral may have originated in what we should call "mere accident," or, as Darwin expressed it, in "causes which are not apparent to us." But several of the problems presented seem to go much deeper, and even to touch those elemental laws which govern universal life and strength and movement, and give their final proportions to the handiwork of man.

No one who looks with a seeing eye at the finest of the buildings which Leonardo da Vinci might have known can fail to detect an intense perception of that harmony in relation to quantities of which Nature is the great exemplar. The "straight lines" of the Parthenon are in reality subtle curves, and recent investigation has detected a similar delicacy of constructive measurement in the great Gothic cathedrals. The influence of the study of flowers and leaves is especially marked when the positions and proportions of the best Byzantine arches are examined in the light of the laws which govern growth. How slight and exquisite were the details on which such laws depended no one could realise better than the painter who had studied the rendering of expression on a human countenance by lines so delicate that the reason for the effect produced was only visible to the few who knew. The eye is even more influenced by things which are usually "unseen" than by things which are "obvious" ; and it is of the essence of Beauty that her origin and cause are hidden from those unworthy to appreciate her.

§ 3

Very early in the chain of animal creation the spiral arrangement makes its appearance. The cilia on the top of *Vorticella* are set in a spiral, possibly with the object of creating a vortex in the water that would suck food towards

the mouth. In the tube-building worm called *Sabella* the gills are set in a very beautiful spiral, no doubt with much the same effect of converging currents. This organism is mentioned by Herbert Spencer, but the best picture of it I have seen is in the Atlas to "Le Règne Animal," by G. Cuvier, edited by a number of his disciples (Paris: Fortin, Masson et Cie), which gives a very beautiful drawing of *Sabella unispira* on Plate IV. in the section "Annélides." An instantaneous photographic record of the spiral movement of the cilia of *Vorticella* was published by E. J. Marey in "Le Mouvement" (Paris, 1894), since translated by Eric Pritchard. In some sharks the eggs exhibit a spiral formation, of which I reproduce an example (of a dextral helix) in *Cestracion philippi* (Fig. 10). The spiral of the cochlea hidden in the ear is an unmistakable proof that the bone containing it belongs to a mammal, and it is thus that ambitious lizards are unmasked. Hermann von Meyer once accidentally dropped a skull which he thought belonged to a lizard, and the breakage revealed the cochlea, proving that the bones belonged to a mammal which was christened *Zeuglodon*. The same arrangement has an even more intimate connection with the most important organ in the human body, for Pettigrew showed that the process of the fibres in the ventricles runs in spiral lines from the tip of the base of the heart, so that the muscular constriction of the systole is of the nature of a twist or screw. There are, in fact, certain vital forces in Nature which are invariably expressed in a spiral. It has, for instance, been shown that the relation of the direction of the magnetic force due to an electric current to the direction of that current itself is the relation involved in a right-handed screw.

FIG. 10.—Shark's egg. (*Cestracion philippi.*)

I have already mentioned the slight causes which may give an apparently accidental origin to a spiral. The follicle of hair is a good example of this. In Western peoples it is

generally straight, but in the negroid races the follicle is bent, and the result is the spiral shown in curly hair. The socket of a tusk or the base of a horn has much the same effect on growth. The two examples of narwhal's tusk (really his front tooth), which I have chosen from the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons (Fig. 11), show excellently the rare sinistral spiral, and the variation shown by the additional curves in one of them is no doubt due to a slight variation in the socket. Every narwhal tusk I have ever seen (and there are six now in one naturalist's shop in Oxford Street) has a left-handed spiral; but they exhibit an even more extraordinary partiality to this formation. There are seven examples known of narwhals with a double tusk. One of these is in the British Museum of Natural History at South Kensington. Instead of following the examples of the horns I mentioned above, and showing different spirals, this pair of tusks exhibits two spirals of the same kind, and each of them is sinistral, and though I only speak of what I have myself examined, the statement has been made that whenever a narwhal has two teeth their spirals are identical, instead of exhibiting symmetrically different spirals about the middle plane of the body, as might have been expected. In the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons I found an elephant's tusk (Fig. 12) which exhibits a very abnormal form indeed; for, instead of being the usual segment of a circle, the tusk has grown into a sinistral spiral, so much accentuated by causes latent in the socket that the whole thing has taken a complete cork-screw formation. That an alteration in the socket is quite sufficient to control the formation of a growing spiral may be proved by placing one of the eggs called "Pharaoh's serpents" in a small tube. As soon as the spiral begins to come out of the egg it will exhibit a dextral helix if the tube is dented slightly on the left, and a sinistral helix when the orifice of the tube has an inclination to the right.

But it is in shells that I have found the most exquisite examples of spirality in all the natural kingdom, and the

formation of spirals by the shell-fish seems to be still in need of a complete scientific explanation.

When an elastic "bendable" substance is growing above an object, and dropping at its end, it might sometimes take the form of a plane spiral. But if, during its growth, it lops over at all to one side, it usually lops over to the left, the result of which (as we observed in shavings) is the usual right-handed spiral, and shells exhibiting this are called by conchologists "leiotropic," because a man walking up a right-handed spiral staircase would be always turning to the left (*see* Fig. 28 and compare Fig. 4). Very rarely they lop over to the right, and the result is the rare left-handed spiral of the "dexiotropic" shell (*see* Fig. 5).

As an organism of this kind grows, if the new piece were of accurately rectangular formation, thus: ▭, the result would be growth in a continued straight line. But it never is; for the dorsal surface of a shellfish is thin and ductile, while the ventral surface is harder, and contains muscles which continually exercise a certain pull upon the tissue; so that the new growth is usually of this form: ▱ As, therefore, the dorsal surface expands more easily than the ventral, while the creature goes on developing, the result is a continuation and emphasis of the spiral form, thus:

It is only necessary to remember that this spiral is growing vertically while it also grows in length, and you may add the pull of gravity to the other forces at work while the creature increases in bulk and weight, until the spiral formation of the shellfish becomes a little more intelligible. You may produce the same formation by squeezing paint out of a tube, or by the toy called "Pharaoh's serpents," which is a more exact parallel, because the "growth" comes from beneath.

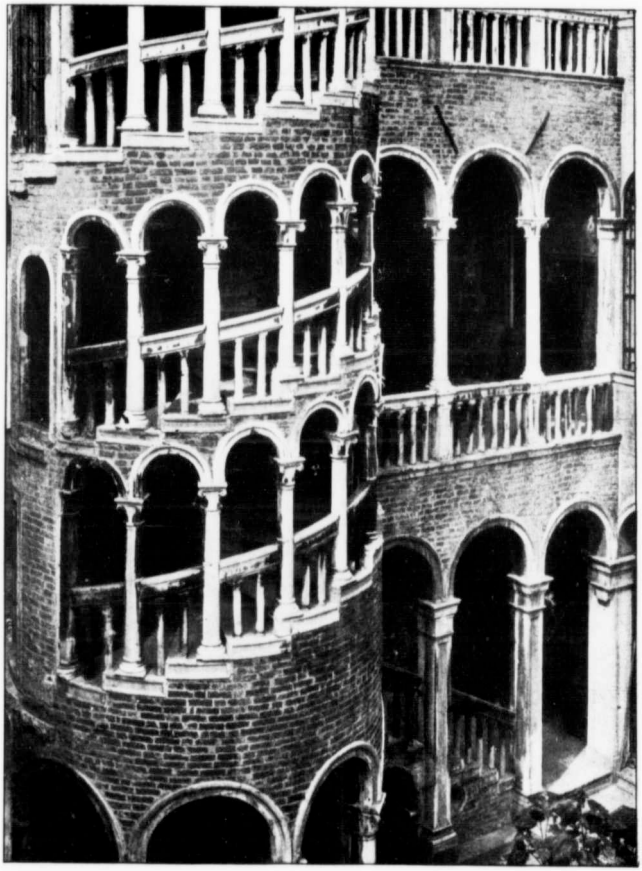

FIG. 14.—Spiral staircase; from Palazzo Contarini, Venice

§ 4.

In such a shell as *Solarium maximum* (Figs. 13A and 13B) the simpler form of this spiral arrangement is prettily exemplified, and it is so easy to imagine walking in at the mouth (or entrance) and continually turning to the left until the top is reached, that this shell has been commonly called the "staircase shell."

A connection between shells and spiral staircases has been already indicated in the words "leiotropic" and "dexiotropic," which are otherwise inexplicably the reverse of the spirals they

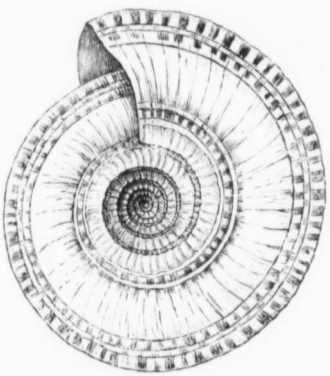

FIG. 13A.—*Solarium maximum*, or Staircase shell.

FIG. 13B.—*Solarium maximum*, or Staircase shell.

describe. But it is still further suggested by the nomenclature of some well-known architectural treasures in Italy. At Fiesole, for example, in the convent of San Domenicho, there is a flight of eight steps leading down to the cloister which is so exquisitely arranged in the form of a shell that the little building is called the "Scala della Conchiglia"; and it is a great regret to me that no idea of it can be obtained by photography.

But in other instances I have been more fortunate. There is a Venetian staircase (at San Paternian) in the Palazzo Contarini, which is called the Scala del Bovolo (Fig. 14), and I am tempted to think that the architect of this dextral

helix, with its exquisite rising spiral of light archways, may have seen the shell so aptly called *Scalaria scalaris* (Fig. 15), which exhibits exactly the same formation. In this shell the mouth or entrance has gradually grown round and round with the growth of the inhabitant, leaving a little colonnette behind it as it moved, until it reached the place which is equivalent to the door in the staircase to which I compare the shell. How infinitely more beautiful the spiral formation of ascending curves in the Scala del Bovolo is than a mere system of super-imposed circles (even when arches and colonnettes are similarly added) may be seen from a comparison of the whole height of this staircase (Fig. 16) with the Campanile at Pisa (Fig. 17). But the spiral formation itself is not invariably a happy thought in every architectural position. Some such idea of growth, of support, of strength, as is shown in the "Prentice Pillar" seems as essential to it in Art as in Nature. The staircase of the Rundthor at Copenhagen, is, for instance, a far more satisfactory example than the twisted copper spire in the same locality; or than the stone spirals in one of the small steeples of the Palais de Justice at Rouen, near the Rue Jeanne d'Arc; or than the twisted screw-spire at Chesterfield. Mere imitation of externals, without structural necessity, is, in fact, as barren here as it must ever be. Perhaps this is why I can never admire the twisted chimneys so often seen in Tudor buildings. Even when in its right place, in a staircase, the spiral needs clever handling if it is to be effective, as may be seen in the clumsiness of the brickwork in the house of Tristan l'Hermite at Tours, and the ambitious failure of the clustered sinistral spiral in the stone stairway of the cloisters in the same town. In each case the steps, too, are straight and inartistic.

FIG. 15.—*Scalaria scalaris.*

An even more delightful example of the close connection between a good architect's plans and the exquisite lines of Nature is to be found in the stairway called "Escalier de la

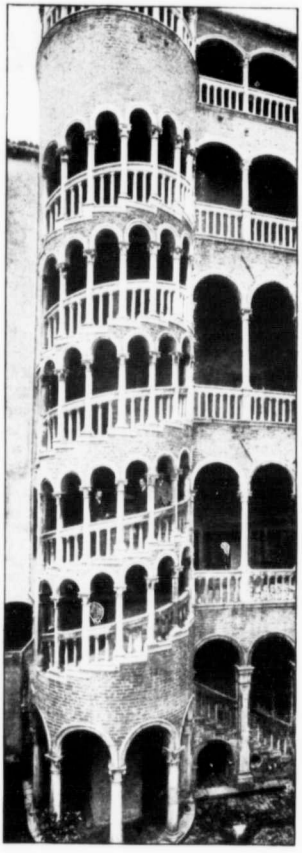

Fig. 16.—Scala del Bovolo, Palazzo Contarini, Venice

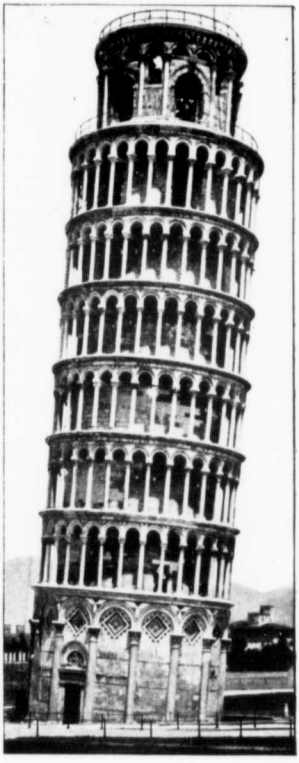

Fig. 17.—The Tower of Pisa

Reine Berthe" at Chartres (Fig. 18). It exhibits the delicate exterior ascending dextral helix, and even the top of *Mitra papalis* (Fig. 19) with extraordinary faithfulness, and the parallel becomes even more complete when the position of the darkened doorway is compared to that of the shadowy orifice of the shell.

In *Mitra papalis* at this orifice, you will observe the beginnings of three internal spiral lines which suggest that the

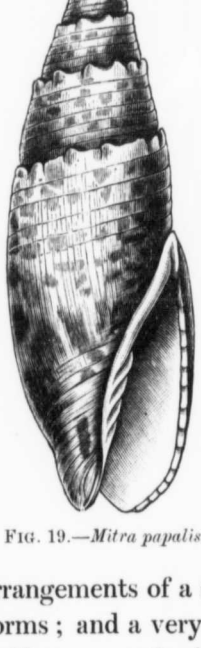

FIG. 19.—*Mitra papalis.*

FIG. 20. — *Telescopium telescopium.*

internal arrangements of a shell have as much to teach us as its exterior forms; and a very beautiful spiral may be seen by the aid of the X-rays continuing throughout the whole length of the long-pointed shells so common in the south. The clue is worth following up, and a section cut through such a shell as *Telescopium telescopium* (Fig. 20) actually reveals an exquisitely firm and elegant single spiral (a dextral helix) rising round the columella, that pillar which supports the whole, and this at once reminds me of the spiral in a staircase built in the old part of the Château of Blois many years before Leonardo

was in France.[1] But I do not for a moment suggest that there was any conscious comparison in the mind of the fifteenth-century architect, and this for the very good reason that the curve of his stairway and the beautiful spiral rail (on which the left hand would rest as one ascended) are both susceptible of a simple architectural explanation; so that all I should be inclined to say of this comparison at present is that, as the lines of the architecture are right and fulfil their purpose exactly, with an economy of space and strength, and a sufficiency of support, they were therefore very likely to be in harmony with those lines which Nature, the best of all artificers, has developed in her shell. I should need more resemblances than this to be satisfied that one might have been taken from the other; but, on the other hand, I shall by no means reject such a possibility, at the outset, as absurd; for architecture is full of such copies from Nature, as every organically beautiful, constructive art must be; and it is full of equally suggestive relics of the simpler forms of shelter from which the palace slowly grew. If the Egyptian pillar is a copy of the lotus-plant, so the peculiar shape of the Moorish and Saracen arch is a survival of that wind-blown tent, with conical top and bagging sides pegged closely in, which was the habitation of the Bedouin.

But to return to Figs. 20 and 28. If, in the case of the shell, it had ever become "necessary" (I can find no other word) to strengthen the central supporting column or columella, without too much enlarging it or adding to its weight, no better formation than this spiral could be conceived, and an almost exact parallel to it occurs in the air-tubes or tracheæ of insects and of plants. Though of totally different origin, these air-tubes in each case have a spiral thickening of the wall, which strengthens them and keeps them open, just like a spiral coil of wire round a rubber garden-hose: engineers and mechanicians are of course aware of this artful method of strengthening a cylinder by means of a spiral; the cannons made by winding wire round a central core are an obvious example. I

[1] *See* Fig. 28 in the continuation of this article next month.

Fig. 18 —Escalier de la reine Berthe
Chartres

have not found any good drawing of this formation in the tracheæ of insects, though I have seen an example under a microscope in the British Museum of Natural History. The tube has a delicate outside coating, and after the death of the insect the spiral (which thickens this coat) can be pulled out and examined. In just the same way the spiral band can be unrolled from the air-tube of a plant, and this is very beautifully illustrated in the "Text-book of Botany" by Julius Sachs (Second Edition, Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1882), which gives on page 114 the longitudinal section of a fibro-vascular bundle of *Ricinus*, drawn in Fig. 95, s, and s′. In Dr. Schleiden's "Principles of Scientific Botany," translated by Dr. Edwin Lankester (London: Longmans, 1849), the nature and origin of spiral fibres (discovered by Malpighi) is very carefully explained, with diagrams, on pp. 42–47, and to this I must refer my readers, for I have but space here to suggest that the same process observable in these tubes may have gone on in the formation of the spiral round the columella of a shell; and if so, it might no doubt be further shown that shells with only a single spiral need such strengthening less than those which possess eight, as may be perhaps observed by a comparison of Fig. 20 with Fig. 24. In any case, this additional growth has never yet been satisfactorily explained; it may certainly be useful, as in some way assisting the animal to keep firm hold of its shell, and it no less certainly is beautiful. It begins at the topmost and smallest chamber of the shell, and continues growing with the external growth to the largest chamber at the bottom. It is possible, therefore, that this spiral may have some intimate relation to the body of the animal in whose dwelling-place it occurs. But this I am inclined to doubt, for the reason that in *Turritella lentiginosa* (Fig. 37) it does not occur at all (though possibly because the "strengthening" process was not yet advisable), while if we take *Telescopium telescopium* (Fig. 20) with its one spiral as the beginning of a series, we shall find *Ceritheum giganteum* (Fig. 21) with two spirals,

Turbinella pirum (Fig. 4) with three, *Voluta vespertilio* (Fig. 38) with four, *Voluta pacifica* (Fig. 22) with five, *Turbinella fusus* (Fig. 23) with six, and *Voluta musica* (Fig. 24) with as many as eight. Whatever may be the real explanation of these internal spirals which are reproduced in every chamber of the shell, I do not therefore think that they can be so intimately connected with the anatomy of the living organism as with the structure of the shelter which it fashions

FIG. 21.—*Cerithium giganteum.*

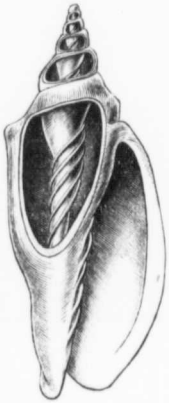

FIG. 22.—*Voluta pacifica.*

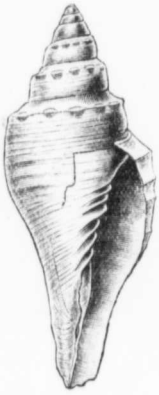

FIG. 23.—*Turbinella fusus.*

FIG. 24.—*Voluta musica.*

for its home; for though it may be true that the number of "notches" in the columella-muscle of these shellfish corresponds with the number of spirals round the columella in each case, the question why these spirals exist remains unanswered.

"It is better to take the lime and leave the shell," said Ruskin, forbidding his pupils to admire or use as ornament these "moulds or coats of organism." He had evidently never looked inside them.

But long before Ruskin's criticisms had become an artistic shibboleth, the inside of shells had fortunately attracted the attention of scientific men who possessed a combination of talents as rare as it is fruitful. I think it was Professor Free-

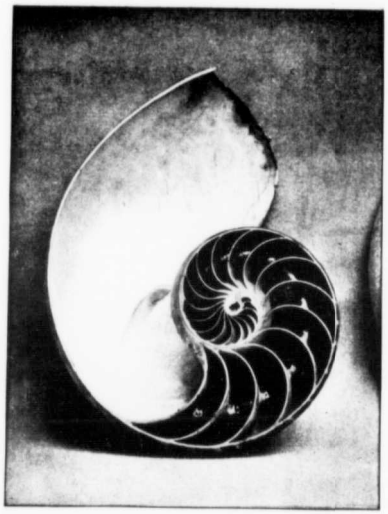

Fig. 26.—Section of Nautilus pompilius

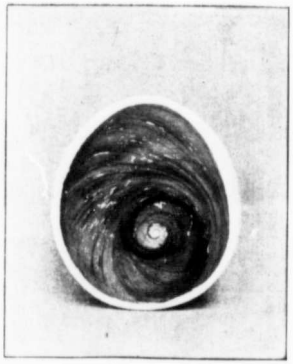

Fig. 27.—Operculum of Turbo marmoratus

man who said once that the true historian should not only know everything about something, but also something about everything. That may be a counsel of perfection; but it is an ideal that is worth remembering in days when too much specialisation sometimes darkens knowledge. The biologist is great, and the mathematician is great; but greater still is the man who can combine some of the knowledge that is in each without losing the accuracy of either. Such a man, to some extent, must have been Sir John Leslie, who was the first to indicate the organic aspect of the curve-line known to mathematicians as the logarithmic or equiangular spiral (Fig. 25). This spiral, he wrote, "exactly resembles the general form and elegant septa of the Nautilus" ("Geometrical Analysis and Geometry of Curve Lines," Edinburgh, 1821, p. 438). But Canon Moseley of Cambridge went further. He made an exact geometrical examination of certain Turbine shells (*Phil. Trans.*, 1838, p. 351) which exhibited a spiral curve wound round a central axis. This curve was found to be logarithmic, and from it could be framed a series of formulæ by which the other conditions could be predicted as they were found to exist. The spires of the shell increased in breadth in an exact successive series, each one of which was a multiple, in a certain ratio, of another. Thus the shell must possess this form and could possess no other, for its spiral logarithmic curve reproduced itself.

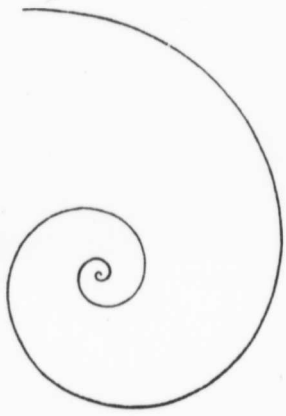

FIG. 25.—Logarithmic spiral.

Canon Moseley also noticed that the operculum was remarkable for its geometrical symmetry in the shells he examined; and he thereupon ascertained, *by mathematics*, a process which no naturalist had yet discovered—viz., by the revolution which the operculum of the shell must make round its axis. By cutting any part of the shell in the direction of

the plane of its axis he found that every section gave a form exactly similar to the form of the operculum; and so he proved in this way that the form of a turbinated shell is produced by the revolution of the perimeter of the figure formed by the operculum round the axis of the shell. In the Nautilus this figure is an ellipse which revolves round its minor axis and increases in geometrical progression without ever changing its form as it revolves. The operculum being of a fixed form, as the shell grew it increased in size proportionately, and thus formed a very convenient measure of the shell itself and all its parts, inasmuch as the curve of the shell possessed the peculiar properties of the logarithmic spiral. Nor was the extension of this animal's dwelling formed by merely pushing the operculum forward, as I suggested in speaking of the growth of *Scalaria scalaris* (Fig. 15), but by the more precise method of depositing additional matter along the lower margin of the shell which formed the tangent of the curve. In Fig. 26 I have photographed a Nautilus shell cut in two (*N. pompilius* from New Britain) so as to show the spiral within, and this should be compared with Fig. 25, which was drawn for me by a Senior Wrangler as an academic example of a logarithmic or equiangular spiral, without any reference to this paper or to the shell of which it seems so exact a copy. The spiral of the ammonite may be also compared to this. In Fig. 45 (at the end of my essay) the photograph of *Argonauta argo* shows a similar spiral outside. Fig. 27 is the photograph of the operculum of *Turbo marmoratus*.

I have abridged this description of Canon Moseley's investigations from Goodsir's "Anatomical Memoirs," edited by Sir William Turner (Edinburgh, 1868, vol. ii., p. 205 *et seq.*); and I insert it here in order to lay stress upon the fact that if any particular class of natural objects were to be chosen by a student for the purposes of such a mathematical and creative art as architecture, the class of shells would be the most suitable, inasmuch as they suggest with particular appropriateness those structural and mathematical problems which a builder so often has to face. The deductions made by Professor

Goodsir from Canon Moseley's investigations will be mentioned later on in their proper place. It will be appropriate, however, to point out here that M. Vial de Saint-Bel, a famous veterinary surgeon and anatomist of the eighteenth century, made very careful examinations and mathematical measurements of the body and skeleton of Eclipse, the famous racehorse which died in 1789. From these a valuable series of standards and proportions was deduced which I have republished elsewhere as a method for comparing the developments of the English thoroughbred in the past hundred years, and as some explanation, from the purely mathematical point of view, of a speed which was entirely owing to Eclipse's wonderful anatomical construction. The most interesting result of M. de Saint-Bel's investigations has only recently appeared; for he proved by mathematics that Eclipse must have made certain movements with his legs which nobody could see. Only when instantaneous photography was invented and applied to horse-racing, did these movements actually make their appearance in the photograph of a galloping horse.

Having given an example of "biological mathematics" before Moseley, I will add an example of mathematical biology after his time, from the "First Study of Natural Selection in *Clausilia laminata* (Montagu)," which was published in October 1901, by Professor W. F. R. Weldon in *Biometrika*. He pointed out that the problems presented by certain terrestrial mollusca in Europe are of great interest in connection with the theory of natural selection, and that such specific (though apparently "useless") characters as the shape of the spire, the number of ridges and furrows on a given whorl, or the size and shape of the aperture, can often be expressed in such a way as "to admit of numerical comparison between individuals." The shell of an adult *Clausilia laminata* is essentially a tube coiled round an axis so that the successive coils are in contact, much as in *Turritella lentiginosa*; and by carefully determining the pitch and measurements of both the peripheral spiral and the columellar spiral in a number of examples from the beechwoods of Gremsmühlen in Eastern

Holstein, Professor Weldon drew various conclusions. The upper whorls of the adult shell, he found, represent the condition of the young shell, from which this adult was formed by the addition of new material, in a practically unaltered form. Specimens taken from a district which the species is known to have inhabited since pre-glacial ages are in such equilibrium with their surroundings that the mean character of the shell-spiral is the same from generation to generation, and is not being changed by selection during the growth of a young generation. The life or death of an individual is in fact determined in each case by the value of a number of correlated characters, among which differences of structure so slight as that of the measurements of the spirals are associated with the difference between the survival and the total extinction of a race in a particular locality.

But, to return to the comparisons made in Figs. 18 and 19, or in Figs. 14 and 15, I must not as yet be imagined to suggest that certain architectural forms can be explained on a conchological basis, or that conchology should be considered from an architectural point of view. All I would urge for the present is that a staircase whose form and construction recall a natural growth, would more probably be the work of a man to whom biology and architecture were equally familiar, than that of a builder of less wide attainments; and I think I have already proved that neither the outside nor the inside of a shell can be neglected by any one who is studying those principles of construction which may be hidden in the processes of nature. I now propose to continue my inquiry by reverting to those species of shells which, like *Telescopium telescopium* (Fig. 20) or *Voluta vespertilio* (Fig. 38), more particularly suggest that form of architectural construction which is exemplified in the spiral staircase (Fig. 1) placed opposite the head of this paper.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LEGEND OF ST. JANE

ONCE in a happy hour I was allowed to publish an article upon Miss Austen which was described by a friend as a hymn in honour of St. Jane. The result was delightful, for there came to me sympathetic utterances from the Mother Country, from America, and from Australia, proving that wherever the English language is spoken, there exists a loving worship of the most fascinating of saints. I cannot hope that any second hymn of my composition would be welcomed, but in the character of a missionary I am anxious to spread as widely as I may the good news that there have recently been made in the proper spirit of painstaking devotion certain researches into the scenes in which Miss Austen lived and moved, that have yielded results of decided interest. Miss Constance Hill has written a book entitled "Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends." Miss Ellen Hill has illustrated it, Mr. John Lane has published it, and we Austenians will read it with gratitude.

Our attention is, in the first place, claimed by the outside of the volume, for the design on the binding is a facsimile of embroidery upon a muslin scarf worked in satin-stitch by Miss Austen's hands. I do not pretend that I have the least idea as to what satin-stitch may be, but I honour Miss Hill for reproducing anything that partakes of the nature of a memorial, and I find the cover of her work both quaint and attractive The illustrations by Miss Ellen Hill are of great value, and

bring before our eyes many sacred spots connected both with Miss Austen herself and her characters. One can imagine that one actually sees poor Louisa Musgrove on the top of those immortal steps at Lyme, and one looks with loving eyes at the desk in the parlour of Chawton Cottage.

As every one knows, Miss Austen was born at Steventon Parsonage, and thither Miss Hill directed her first steps. It gives one a pleasing thrill to read of how she took up her quarters at the small wayside inn of Dean Gate, which stands at the point where the lane from Steventon runs into the main road to the west, and which therefore must have been constantly passed and repassed by Miss Austen in her excursions into the outside world. Down this lane Miss Hill proceeded, and arrived at the place where our divinity visited Earth. The old Parsonage exists no more, but its work has been accomplished, and its immortality has been won. Could the exact position be discovered? Happily, yes. Miss Hill met with a great stroke of good luck, of good fortune, such as she well deserved. She saw an old man and made inquiries. The old man turned out to be no less a person than the son of a god-daughter of St. Jane herself, and he was instantly able to identify the site of her birthplace. Great events spring from trifling causes, and Miss Austen herself might have rejoiced at finding that this identification was rendered possible by the existence of an old pump. Glorious amongst its fellows, that pump had stood in the washhouse at the back of the Parsonage, and from the well beneath it had come the water of which Miss Austen had made use. It is sincerely to be hoped that a stone may be erected by this well to record the fact.

In a short article of this kind it would be as impossible as it would be undesirable to recount all the discoveries which Miss Hill has made, but her great "find" at Basingstoke of the old ball-room, is so exciting that I cannot but mention it. Miss Austen frequently speaks in her letters of the county balls, and Miss Hill is able to tell us not only where they took place, but also to make known to us the model upon which the

"Crown" was founded. Alas! the long passage with the draughts which Mrs. Weston dreaded is beyond our view, but the room in which Emma and Frank Churchill danced may still be seen. It has become a hay-loft over the stables at the back of the "Angel," but its handsome chimney-pieces, its windows and doors, and its floor, are left to testify to its former grandeur.

I pass on to Miss Hill's pilgrimage to Ashe Rectory, in which the Reverend Isaac Lefroy used to give dances a hundred years ago. Here is the room in which Miss Austen was to flirt, as she informs us, for the last time with Tom Lefroy, who was subsequently Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, and who survived his partner by more than fifty years. It is narrated in Mr. Austen-Leigh's Memoir that even in extreme old age he vividly remembered Miss Austen's charms, and Miss Hill is much to be congratulated on her success in locating the house which witnessed the parting of this very interesting pair.

Miss Austen was fond of dancing, but she was fond of music and singing as well, and Miss Hill has had the felicity of holding in her hands books, religiously preserved by the family, in which music has been beautifully and clearly written—it is believed—by Miss Austen herself. Miss Hill has also been shown at Chawton House an ivory cup and ball with which the goddess would sometimes disport herself, and at which exercise she was quite superhumanly skilful, and, finally, she has looked upon the "little mahogany desk," the most precious relic of them all, one of the most precious relics in the world.

I have not space to linger over Bath and the curious extracts which Miss Hill quotes from various writers as bearing upon the ways of the young ladies who diverted themselves in its streets, and in its Upper and Lower Rooms, but they afford additional examples of Miss Austen's accuracy in drawing actual life; and I can only just express my thanks for the complete identification of Captain Harville's house at Lyme as well as of the cottage at which Miss Austen herself stayed

when she visited the town to which she has given eternal fame.

It was from Chawton Cottage that all Miss Austen's novels were sent into the world, and Miss Hill naturally speaks at some length of what she saw there. We read her account with eagerness, and felicitate her upon a really remarkable discovery which she has made. Miss Austen, writing to her sister in November, 1813, states that she had never seen "Sense and Sensibility" advertised, and Mr. Austen-Leigh says that he had no record of the publication of the work. Miss Hill has come across an announcement of its publication in the *Edinburgh Review* for November 1812. She quotes the advertisement. "Sense and Sensibility. By a Lady. 3 vols. 15*s*." On the preceding line we read, "Edgeworth's Tales of Fashionable Life. Vol. 4, 5, 6. 21*s*." One wonders if Miss Edgeworth made early acquaintance with the tale of the anonymous lady, and if so what were her first impressions.

There is another quotation of interest given by Miss Hill which I hope I may be allowed to extract. It is a riddle composed by Miss Austen's father, of which the solution is still unknown.

> Without me, divided, fair ladies, I ween,
> At a ball or a concert you'll never be seen;
> You must do me together, or safely I'd swear,
> Whatever your carriage you'll never get there.[1]

The Austen family were fond of amusements of this kind, and there is another riddle to be found in Miss Hill's pages of which St. Jane herself was the author.

To Southampton, to Godmersham, to London, and to Winchester Miss Hill follows the object of our devotion. She knows where Gray's shop stood in Sackville Street where Robert Ferrars gave his directions about a tooth-pick case. She has studied Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn, and has

[1] I believe that this riddle has now been correctly solved by Dr. Richard Garnett, and that the answer is "Flambeau"—"Flam" once signified an idle story, and so gossip.

wondered which window appertains to the room in which Edward Ferrars and Lucy Steele held the conversation that was overheard by the unscrupulous Nancy.

Miss Hill alludes to the well-known suggestions that were made to Miss Austen by Mr. Clarke, the librarian of Carlton House, that she should undertake work of an uncongenial character. Similar suggestions were made to Charlotte Brontë and Miss Mitford, and Miss Hill to some extent compares the manner in which they were received by the writers. Speaking quite impartially, as true Austenians always do, I am glad to observe that Miss Austen's easy wit gave her much the advantage over her fellow authoresses.

It is not possible to estimate with any accuracy the value of the treasure with which Miss Hill has provided us. Suffice it to say that it is great indeed. Even as a mere commentary on the two volumes of Miss Austen's letters, which were published some years ago by the late Lord Brabourne, her work would be almost priceless; but it is, as I trust I may have indicated, very much more than this. Miss Hill has indeed succeeded, as she says, in reconstructing "much which, at first sight, seemed to be irrecoverably lost." Proud indeed she may be of such an achievement.

It could hardly be expected that she would not enter into the question of Miss Austen and a possible love-story. She appears to me to incline to the belief that Mr. Blackall did seriously touch Miss Austen's heart. For the benefit of the uninitiated I may state that Mr. Blackall was a clergyman whom Miss Austen and her sister Cassandra met in Devonshire. Cassandra did not doubt that he was strongly attracted to Jane, and a future meeting was contemplated, though if the space of a year was to elapse before it took place, as Miss Caroline Austen seems to assert, he would seem to have been content with a leisurely courtship. In the end Mr. Blackall died without again seeing Jane, and his death has given rise to a theory (not adopted by Miss Hill) that strikes me as more incredible than any other theory that has been started since the

days of Eve. Mr. Blackall is believed to have died about the year 1799, at which time "Sense and Sensibility," "Pride and Prejudice," and "Northanger Abbey" had all been written. It is suggested that Miss Austen's pen was laid aside from this date for something like ten years in consequence of the loss she had sustained. I fancy that any one who has read Miss Austen's letters, with their invariable flow of high spirits and cheerfulness, will instantly refuse to consider such a suggestion to be possible. It may also be remembered that it was in 1803 that the celebrated sale of "Northanger Abbey" for £10 to the bookseller at Bath took place, so that Miss Austen was able to dispose of novels if she could not write them. But we may push the argument a point further. It was during her stay at Bath—that is, between the years 1801 and 1805—that the fragment called "The Watsons" was composed—a clear proof that she was not unwilling to continue her work, though it is probable enough that the time at her disposal decreased in quantity after the removal from Steventon, and that until she had settled down again at Chawton in 1809 she found quiet hours few and far between. When it is considered that Miss Austen wrote almost entirely for the sake of amusing herself, and that the first attempts at publication made on her behalf had proved most discouraging, there is nothing to surprise us in the fact that she did not write much when she had other things to do. It makes one shiver even to think that had she remained in Bath or Southampton "Mansfield Park," "Emma," and "Persuasion" might never have existed; at least, we may invoke innumerable blessings upon the memory of her brother Edward, who, by establishing his mother at Chawton Cottage, saved the world from the risk of such a calamity.

Miss Hill, as I have said, seems to lean to the belief that there may have been a serious feeling for Mr. Blackall, and she calls attention to the "softening influence" that distinguishes the last three novels from their predecessors. But surely the course of life is sufficient to account for this without any

episode of love. No one looks at the world as irresponsibly when they are thirty-five as they did in their first outburst of youthful heedlessness, and, for my own part, I notice an even more marked difference between "Persuasion" and "Emma," which were written within about two years of one another, than I do between "Emma" and any of the three early works. "Persuasion" is full of tenderness. Both Anne and Captain Harville are beautiful characters, and I shall always believe that they owe their beauty in large measure to the dangerous illness through which Jane nursed Henry Austen. For my own part, I am disposed to take but moderate interest in the speculations as to the probability of Miss Austen's having ever lost her heart to any one. After all they are speculations only, and the results must be barren. But I think, upon the whole, that I am glad she did not marry, for no husband could have been even approximately worthy of her.

Miss Hill's book, the letters from distant quarters of the world, of which I have spoken, they are all delightful; and yet how can the one sad thought be excluded that she who is now regarded with such supreme affection and admiration died without the knowledge, without the most bare suspicion, of the value which the world would attach to her gifts. Can any parallel case be named of so little fame in life—so much after death? Surely it is hard, indeed, that such a fate should have attended the owner of the most dainty wit that mortal being ever possessed, when that owner could use it in adding to her portraits touches of the utmost brilliancy without in any way distorting their truth. Wonderful is such a power, but Shakespeare had it, Scott had it, and so had St. Jane.

IDDESLEIGH.

DANNY

IV

THE SCRUPLES OF DEBORAH AWE

AS she busied herself in her room, there came the sound of flat feet along the passage; then the door burst open and Deborah Awe stalked in.

Missie, pausing in white busyness, looked round with indignant eyes.

"Deb!" she cried. "How dare you?"

"What dare I not?" asked the gaunt Woman.

"Come into my room without knocking!" said indignant Missie.

"I would ha' knocked," said the Woman, "but for fear ye'd say, 'Ye canna come in.' And as I just *was* coming in I thought it best to enter first and knock afterwards. There's for ye," she said, and knocked.

"And now you can go out again," said Missie.

"Here I am," said the Woman, her back upon the door, "and here I bide. His Honour bid me see you to bed, and see you to bed I will."

"O, fudge!" said Missie, crossly. "I'm not so bad as all that."

"Fudge, fidge, or fadge! you will do his Honour's bidding," said the Woman, grimly; "so will I"; advanced upon her, and shocked to a sudden halt—"Him here!" she cried aghast;

and pointed her finger at a sedate grey figure on a low rocking-chair before the fire.

"Yes, certainly," said Missie. "Why not?"

"That he-male!" cried the Woman.

Missie looked at her with frank eyes.

"Yes, certainly," she reiterated. "He always is."

The Woman swung slowly round to face her, chin upon her breast.

Long she looked, then drew a deep breath.

"O the lewdness!" she cried, and marched to the door with lifted petticoats.

There she turned with accusing eyes.

"O Missie!" she said; "and me thinking you white as drip."

Missie, rosy a little, looked across at her with eyes that laughed.

"But why shouldn't I have my babe in my own room, Deb?" she asked. "Heaps of mothers do."

"Babe!" scoffed the old Woman. "Him a babe! That kills more in the day than many a man in a lifetime."

"I don't see what that's to do with it," said Missie, tartly.

The Woman dropped a shivering curtsey.

"Have it your own way, ma'am," she said.

"Don't ma'am me, Deb," said Missie. "You only do it when you want to be particularly nasty."

"And it's little for me to come between you and your ladyship's wishes," said the Woman, primly; "and if so be it is your wish to doff you before yon he-male on the chair——"

"Really, Deb!" cried Missie, hotly.

"That's between you and his Honour," the Woman continued, remorselessly. "Only," she sniffed, "I who am not like a lady, and have my modesty, I will not bide and see it."

"You're not wanted to," said Missie, and added: "From the way you go on one might think one was doing something that wasn't—well—nice."

"Hear her!" shrilled the Woman. "Nice! I ken

nothing o' your English nices; but I ken that if any lass that was no a lady unbuskit——"

"O do shut up, Deb—you and your buskings and nonsense!" cried Missie. "Really, you talk as if instead of being a dog he was—I don't know what."

"God made him male," said the Woman inflexibly.

"But not a horror," said Missie quickly.

"They're all of them kin are men and males," the Woman went on, harping. "There is little to choose between any God made that gate. They aye has the same leanings. And for myself I would liefer die than doff me before him on the chair or any other——"

"But you're not asked to, Deb," said Missie, impatiently.

"*Asked to!*" panted the gaunt Woman. "I would just wish to meet the billie that dared ask Deborah Awe——"

"I only meant," said Missie hurriedly, "that I daresay it would be wiser for *you* not. I think *you* can't be too careful, Deb," said white lady, looking demurely at the gaunt spectre in the door. "But it's different for me."

The Woman bridled.

"Maybe that is so," she said. "And yet," she added, regarding the other, white-armed and dear, "you are none that ill-favoured yourself, Missie."

"No, Deb," said Missie, meek-eyed. "Thank you, Deb; and you see," she went on, lifting her eyes, "as it's me, and as I don't mind, I don't see why you need."

"What!" cried the Woman, flaming again. "And will I bide and watch your shame?"

"But I'm not ashamed," said demure Missie. "I like it."

The Woman gasped.

"O, the brazenness!" she cried, hitched her petticoats, and tramped forth flat-footed.

Missie's white arm was round the other's ewe neck, staying her, before she was well out of the room.

"Now look here!" she said. "Don't be an old silly, Deb.

Come back and help me, there's a duck. I'm *dreadful* tired, Deb," she added with pleading eyes.

The Woman paused.

"I will bide if you will bid that man-male pack," said she ungraciously.

"O Deb!" pleaded Missie.

"He goes," said the Woman, inexorably, "or I go. None shall ever say that Deborah Awe stood by and watched a sister-woman out-faced."

"But he's so good," pleaded poor lady.

"Good!" snorted the Woman. "There is no goodness in any God-made male."

"And he sits like so all the while," said Missie, and pointed at the demure grey figure in the low chair, his face to the fire, and back upon her.

"Just so?" asked the Woman.

"All the while," said Missie. "I taught him."

"His back facing ye?" asked the grim Woman.

"Of course," said Missie.

"Nor stirs?" shrilly.

"Of course not."

"Nor keeks round?"

"Certainly not."

The Woman looked at the sedate grey back.

"I will believe that when I see it," she said grimly.

"Then stay and see it," said Missie, and drew her into the room.

"Well, I will bide," said the Woman, "because his Honour bid me. "More," she added grimly, "I will be near by him, and when he keeks round to spy ye, I will bring him such a clout as will gar him keep his eyes private for ever."

So she stayed; and all the while Danny sat, sedate, grey figure, his back upon them, nodding because he was weary from much slaughter, nor ever stirred, and the Woman saw and believed.

"And God made him man!" she cried, amazed, at the end of all.

"God made him a gentleman," said Missie, now arrayed in long white raiment, maidenly and dear, as one about to walk on the dewy lawns of heaven.

The Woman tucked her away in bed, kissed her fiercely, and forbad her to stir till she, Deborah Awe, came to her in the morning, and to give a cry if she needed anything in the night.

And Missie lay like a spent lily, curled, and said, "Yes, Deb," and "Thank you, Deb," and "Very well, Deb."

The Woman tramped to the door.

"And Danny?" she asked.

"Leave him, please, Deb."

"I thought his Honour bid him to sleep on the mat without the door."

"Good-night, Deb," said Missie, with sleepy eyes.

"Will he bide so, then?" asked the Woman.

"Please, Deb," sleepily.

"With his back so?"

"He'll stay so till I tell him to move," said sleepy Missie. "Good-night, Deb."

"Keep me!" cried the Woman, tramping forth. "He is not like a man at all."

The lady and her lover were left alone.

When the flat feet in the passage sounded no more, and all was still, she rose, white-rapt, and with hushed naked feet stole across to her lover, laughing softly at the quaint sober figure nodding drowsily in the chair before the fire.

Bending over him, she took his face between her mother-tender hands; and he, dreaming dreams of slaughter and the chase, looked up and beheld her above him in white raiment, with hair like the shadow of the glory to come, veiling her.

"Danny try to be not quite such a bluggy boy," prayed the mother, and kissed him "for mum's sake."

He rose and stood, his hands in hers, and lifting a grey muzzle, and shy eyes reverently to adore her maiden loveliness.

"Danny try to be a gooder boy," repeated the mother. "Danny not worry mother now. Mother not welly well."

And Danny yearned up to her, and murmured inarticulate love and penitence.

"Good-night, my blessed," she said, and kissed him again, then led him to the door and opened it. And there on the mat he lay and curled himself to watch over his Beloved while she slept.

But in the night, guard he never so faithfully, there crept in one across his body whom he did not see; and in the morning there came no long-robed figure, maidenly and dear, with hair like a shadow of wrought gold and white-twinkling feet, to peep round the door with sleep-clouded eyes and morning smile to cry her lover greeting.

V

THEY STEAL HIS LOVE FROM DANNY

It was now that they set to work to steal his lady from Daniel, son of Ivor.

For days the plot had been a-hatching, nor had he been unaware of it.

They tried to entice him from her room with soft words and meat-offerings; they sought to hound him forth with hushed abuse and bullyings; but he lay at the foot of her bed like a sea-grey log and refused to budge.

Then Deborah Awe made effort to carry him away by force: in vain.

"Dirty tyke!" she cried. "He heavies himsel' till I canna lift him."

"Better not try, Deb," urged the faint voice from the bed. "You'll only hurt yourself."

"Eh, but ye heard what the Doctor said, dearie?"

"But the Doctor's an owl, Deb," said the voice. "What was it he said about your herb-tea?—'Quack-quack' wasn't it?"

"And one day he will be called to his account for they words," said the grim Woman. "And if it was but the Doctor, poor daftie, I would let Danny bide and blithe to; but there was his Honour bid him be taken out."

"Then his Honour must come and take him himself," said the voice; and as the door closed, she at the head of the bed with pale face and clouds of aureole hair winked an eye of sunburnt gold, and he at the foot smote a sounding blow on the bed with his tail.

Later, while she slept, there came the Laird himself, he of the great hands and thunder brow, his enemy whom Danny hated, and kidnapped him. He bore him away to the birch woods on the face of the brae, and there lost him in the evening at the time when the wild things of the woods begin to stir for their night huntings. But Danny, who of wont would be away a-hunting from dew to dew, would not be tempted now.

Before ever the Laird was clear of the wood Danny was off the hillside, stealing over dew-grey lawns, quiet as the shadow of coming night, guilty as a haunted soul; had entered the house by way of the open window of the morning-room stealthily, crept up to her room, and there lay outside the door, so still that when the Woman, hurrying ungainly, entered the room, Danny, ambushed behind her unknowing skirts, entered too.

There he hid beneath the muslin curtains of the dressing-table, nor stole forth till she was gone. Then, tilting up against the bed, he licked the long fingers that drooped from under the coverlet, tenderly, to make her well.

The thin fingers stirred, seeking his brow.

"That you, Danny?" said a sleepy shocked voice. "Ahh! naughty bad!" yet did not seem so deeply displeased. So, velvet-footed, he leapt upon the bed and crept along till he came to the pillows with the shadowy pale face upon them, weary with the toil of living, and dark-frilled eyes closed now as though she slept.

With tender teeth he pinched her ear as he was wont to do to show that he was there and loved her; and she shook her head and smiled, murmuring in that shocked voice of hers, "Now, look here!" nor opened her eyes, but laid a white hand on his forehead.

So he laid his grey muzzle along the pillows and lay there beside her, watching her with untiring eyes.

A little later there sounded along the passage a ponderous hushed tramp as of an elephant marching upon his toes.

"Massa, Danny!" whispered his lady, with still shut eyes. And Danny, with bristling back, waited until the feet were at the door, then stole off the bed and crept beneath it.

But he of the thunder-brow marked a tail like a trail of dew vanishing away, thrust out a brutal hand, and haled him forth, wee Danny with the lion eyes, and holding him prisoner, marched to the door still with hushed elephantine tread.

"O Massa!" pleaded the voice from the bed, awaking.

He of the thunder-brow marched on.

"O, need you?" cried the voice from the bed, very pitiful.

"I must, Marjory," said he of the thunder-brow now at the door.

"O why?" begged the dear voice.

"Better, Child."

"No-ee."

The Laird hovered irresolute, and turned.

"Just a day or two, Child," he said, with voice of the coming water-flood.

"I *love* to have him so," pleaded the dear voice, threatening rain.

He of the thunder-brow stood where he was. The grim, wide mouth was bowed like a scimitar, and the stark face granite grey.

He stood by the door weighing the prisoner in his arms as though in a balance.

"Well, Child?" he said, in his voice of the coming water-flood.

"Well, Massa," she said, and smiled at him rainily.

"Will I?" said the Laird with throat of iron.

A minute she looked at him with fond eyes; her face tender, wistful, uncertain as an April day. Then she surrendered.

"Massa knows," she said, and smiled at him, yet with pity-moving lips. "Bring him here a minie first," she said, and swallowed.

He came to her, marching, loud, and stood beside the bed, great-shouldered grey, grim man, bending awkwardly that the prisoner beneath his arm might be near to her upon the pillow.

"Just a day or two," he repeated huskily.

She reached forth a hand transparent as a flake of snow, and stroked the broad brow of her lover; and he, impotent as in the hands of God, struggled not, curling his tongue upwards like a coral flame to caress her wrist.

"Just a day or two," said the Laird; nor seemed to know he spoke.

"Just for ever," said the lady, and looked up suddenly with anguished eyes. "You will be good to him, Massa. You won't—you won't—not even if he is a little—bluggy."

She broke down quite and sobbed.

"If you like me at all"—she gasped and lifted a streaming face. "I love him so—he's such a darling—he's so naughty."

The Laird bent and kissed her; nor spoke.

She wrestled with her sobs, and overcame them, smiling up at him through the rain.

"Thank you, Massa," she said, and patted his hand. "Bye,

my Danny," and waved to him. "Try to be a better boy—and not too bleedy. And don't *quite* forget your mum."

Then he was borne away; and she blew him rainy kisses whom she would never see any more this side.

Danny looked back at her with soft cocked eyes.

Then he understood; and with a grunt struck for the grey-haired throat of his enemy who had brought this ill upon him.

And because his heart was pure, and he was fighting for love of his love, he was inspired with strength, and battled like a thousand bulls. But his enemy, with arms of oak, as strong as pitiful, bore him away and handed him over to Robin Crabbe, henchman, to hold him fast until word came.

VI

RUDE ROBIN

Now Robin was a rude man. Deborah Awe, who had cause to know, affirmed he was the rudest man in all Hepburn, save his Honour. Moreover, he dreamed dreams and drank whisky neat, was vainglorious above all men; yet for the dreams' sake, and because he had understanding of visions, she forgave him much—his scourging tongue, his weeping eye, and his great thirst.

Now Danny loved him and he loved Danny; for the two did bloodily together on the brae morning and evening at the time of the dews; and, next to his lady, Danny lived for battle, murder, and the chase.

But Robin, though he loved Danny much, in those days feared the Laird more, except when fortified with liquor. So he made fast his prisoner in the wood-shed and barred the door; and morning and evening he came to him with weeping eye and told him how it went with his lady. But Danny sat in the dimmest corner, a grey shadow with mournful eye, and would not be comforted.

Then Robin considered, and remembered that which was

most dear to the soul of his captive next to his lady. And he went forth and waylaid great grey rats; and he cleared a space on the floor of the wood-shed and blocked all ways of escape and loosed them for his prisoner there.

Then Danny trotted forth and slew them sombrely and without glee; and Robin of the tarnished ringlets and flaming soul tarred him on with blasphemy and Old Testament battle-cries. But Danny, his duty done, trotted back to his dim corner there to mourn with reproachful eyes.

Robin retired into the kitchen.

Then the Woman assailed him.

"What is all the rout raging of the heathen that I hear?" she asked fiercely.

"Me and Danny," said Robin, dully, "at our work of a man."

"Fine I ken your work of a man!" cried the Woman. "You have been killing of God's creatures. O!" she cried, "that is like you man-males! Missie is in the Valley, and all you can do to help is to go rat-killing."

Robin looked up.

"In the valley?" he whispered. "Is that so?"

The Woman with the weary eyes collapsed.

"She is dwining," she said, brokenly.

Robin was silent for a while.

"Missie must not die," he said at last.

"That is as God wills," said the broken Woman.

"If Missie dies," Robin pursued, "then will Danny die too."

"Danny!" cried the Woman, "who cares for Danny now?"

"You do not," said Robin bitterly. "You have no heart at all."

"Heart!" cried the Woman. "Indeed, I have little heart for your vermins, and Dannys, and the like, with Missie drawing nearer God each tick of the clock."

"And when you have killed her quite——" Robin began.

"Kill her, keep me!" cried the Woman passionately. "Me that warstles with the Laird and yon weary Doctor body and none to help me!—me that am tending her my lone and blithe to do it, dear heart! me that never quits her night nor day! Kill her? whatna more can a body do to cure her? Tell me that, Robin Crabbe—you that have the dreams when you are in liquor—and I will do it."

"Ye could keep away," said the rude man, and dragged back to the wood-shed with weeping eye.

VII

MISSIE AWAY

THE fourth day of his captivity found Danny full of secret busyness, carried far into the night.

In the morning, unaccountably, he had missed a rat; and, marking the way of its escape, had discovered a hole and rotten board in the side of his prison-house. All day thereafter in the absence of his gaoler, he had wrought with earthy muzzle, delving hands and spurning feet; and when Robin entered had sat upon the earth-heap to hide it, mourning with reproachful eyes. Nor would he come forth to the slaying, though Robin tempted him with rats, young, unwhiskered, succulent, such as a three-months puppy would kill, said Robin, "Give him time."

Robin watched him awhile miserably; then he went forth and came to the kitchen to the Woman who sat within, idle for once.

"You have killed my Danny!" he gulped. "I aye tell't ye."

The Woman lifted her face; nor seemed to understand.

"Get out your blacks, man Robin," she said huskily. "The Lord has had His will of her."

Robin looked at her with startled eyes.

"Is she away?" he whispered.

The Woman began to speak, as one telling a tale in a dream; speaking as a man speaks at such a time; telling in short sentences with long pauses, dry-eyed and with woeful voice.

"Then his Honour went—him bein' but a man and unable to bear; and I was left with her. . . . Then she just lay a bit."

Her fingers began picking at her apron listlessly.

"Then she whispered me—and I bent—and it was to will his Honour to me—to mend him, and mind him, and see he changed his feet. And I swore to it. . . . Then she just lay a bit."

Her eyes were downcast, watching her fingers; and she went on soddenly.

"Then she opened her eyes and whispered me. And she was gettin' far, but I heard—and I was to give her dear love to Danny—'and don't girn at him, Deb,' says she: 'he's all the child to me.' And she looked at me, and she was crying. And I swore to it. . . . Then she just lay a bit.

"Towards sunset she began to stir, and I do think she would be waiting Danny home from the hunting. 'Don't be cross, Massa,' she says, frightened like. 'We can't help it.' Then she opened her eyes, and saw me and laughed like, and whispered: 'It is I am girning, I think, Deb.' Then she just lay a long bit."

The Woman's throat was haggard, and her face grey as the evening without.

"Then she smiled—and she just said—'Good night, Deb. Kiss,' and I kissed her . . . and she was away. . . . Just, 'Good night, Deb,' she says, 'Kiss,' . . . and I kissed her, and she was away."

She told it with dry eyes, soddenly, picking her apron, and Robin, who for all his rude tongue had the heart of a woman, stood in the door, his back to her, shaken with sobs.

Long he stood so, then turned, dim old man, with swimming eyes.

"Danny is dead," he announced.

The Woman looked up; and into her dull eyes crept a gleam of joy.

"Has he followed her home?" she said. "Then I am glad. He will be like company to her, and her feeling strange among them foreign angel-bodies."

Robin in the door paused.

"Danny is dead indeed," he said, "but not yet."

"What is that?" asked the Woman, uncomprehending.

"He cares no more for the killing," said Robin, "he cares no more to live."

The Woman flashed forth upon him.

"He has killed my Missie," she cried. "That should be killing enough for him for one while."

The flame died out. She was all grey again. Her hands fell to her lap, and set to their idle busyness once more; and she began again in that dull dream-voice of hers:

"And 'Good-night, Deb,' she says, 'Kiss' . . . And I kissed her; and she was away."

VIII

THE LOVER'S RETURN

Two days later at noon Danny stole out of his prison-house with earthy muzzle, and made for the house and his Love. He passed not far from Robin; but that old man stood at the bee-skeps, bowed figure of woe, whispering, and saw him not.

So he entered the house swiftly and unseen, by way of the kitchen, and then along dim, mouldy passages. The hall was strangely dark as he entered it, and there was an unwonted stir of people, silent-footed as in church. At the foot of the stairs was a drift of fair white flowers, piled deep, unfamiliar in that gaunt hall as a heap of lilies on a bleak hillside; and dimly seen through the heart of them a shining slab of oak.

Threading his way amid strange legs clothed in black, and still smelling of the tailor's iron, he sped up the stairs to the door of his Love.

It was shut; and he called to her through the crack at the bottom, low and very tenderly as was his way; and waited for the sound of skipping feet, the little laughter, and flash of half-hidden ankles as of old when she came to admit him of mornings, home from his foray with Robin in the dew.

In a passion of expectation he waited, watching the crack with ardent eyes; now thrusting at the door with impatient paw, now crying a soft call, now taking a little eager turn down the passage as though to seek help, returning again to snuffle, shiver, and cry to her to come.

She came not; and at last he lay down to wait, crouching close, lest there, in the house of his enemy, he should be seen.

Then a far door opened.

Down the passage came his enemy of the thunder-brow, like an old blind giant tramping in his sleep, and stumbled against the watchman at the door.

He looked down with eyes that did not see.

"Eh?" he said—"Eh?" as one lost in a mist of doubt.

"It is Danny, Sir," sniffled the Woman at his heels. "Will I take him away?"

The Laird opened the door without a word. Danny shot in. With a little glad cry he leaped upon the bed; and then he knew: his Love was gone.

Back he came with a fury of onslaught.

Too late.

The door was shut.

IX

THE LADY'S SLIPPER

In the grey of that evening the Laird came in.

Danny lay at the foot of the white bed—a sea-grey patch with sullen lion-eyes; and did not stir.

Great and grey and dumb, the Laird stood in the door and looked; and Danny clutched covetously away beneath his chin a silver slipper.

The Laird's throat stiffened suddenly. He turned and went out in that blind way of his.

At midnight the Woman came to him. He was sitting lonely in the hall, a short cloak about his shoulders. His hands were crossed; the stark face was lifted till the throat of iron could be seen, and his eyes were shut.

"He will not taste, Sir!" she gasped, tears in her voice.

The Laird's chin dropped.

"Who?" he asked with opening eyes.

"Danny, Sir—I laid the clout for him at the bedside—as Missie would; and I put his platter on it—as she would; and I called him to it and bid him say his blessing—just as she aye did. And he leapt off the bed, and walked round and sniffed it; and then," she cried in high voice of woe, "he just stood, waggin' a bit and looked at the door and waited."

"For what?" asked the Laird.

"For Missie!" cried the Woman. "He would never touch a morsel till she bid him. And now," she cried, her voice ever rising, "she will not be there to bid him any more."

"What did he?" asked the Laird.

"He bided a while," keened the Woman; "then he just looked at me and went back to the bed and his slipper. And there he lies and looks, and lies and looks, and will not stir for me."

"Let him bide," said the Laird briefly; and he was let bide.

For a night and a day the watcher lay so, he and his slipper; and the Woman tended him; and Robin was jealous to the soul because of it.

In the morning of the second day the old man came into the kitchen, nor paused as was his wont, but marched through to the door.

"Where to?" cried the Woman suddenly.

"To my Danny," said Robin, marching on.

The Woman thrust her gaunt self between him and the door.

"What is it you want with him?" she asked, fierce-eyed.

"I go to comfort him," said Robin.

"That you do not," said the Woman with tight lips.

"And who then is minding him?" said Robin.

"Deborah Awe," said the Woman, hands on hips.

Robin stared at her.

"And by whose bidding?" cried he.

"Missie's," said the Woman.

"Missie's?" cried Robin. "It was not Danny Missie willed to you. I leave your Lairds to you to mend and mind and girn at as you will," Robin continued hotly. "But this is *my* Danny. And now you would take him too!"

"Missie was my child to me," said the Woman doggedly; "and Danny was her child to her. Now Missie is away, it is for me to mind him, who was minnie to his minnie."

"But you do not love him," cried Robin.

"Do I not?" retorted the Woman. "I dirtied a saucepan for him the morn. If that is not love, I would know what is?"

Robin sat down by the door miserably; and the Woman went about preparing food for the mourner.

Later she took it to him herself, and fresh water, and laid them on the clout beside the bed. Silent-footed he leaped down, his slipper in his mouth, lapped up his water, wagging gratefully, yet one eye ever on his treasure; then he leaped back to his post of vigil, hoarded his slipper beneath his chin, and lay there with haggard eyes like a grey monument at the feet of his dead mistress, lying unseen where she had lain of old.

The Woman drew close to the bed and watched him with wrung face.

"He canna greet," she cried, with woeful eyes; and bent.

"Could ye greet a wee bittie, my man?" she said—gaunt

woman, very tender. "It would ease ye fine," she said. "So," and all in a motherly way, her face streaming with tears close to him, she showed him how; but Danny lay with tearless eyes and could not greet.

The Woman returned to the kitchen.

"He might not be a man at all!" cried the Woman, tearfully. "He finds no comfort in his food."

Robin, dull-eyed in the door, made no reply.

"I have appealed to his stomach," continued the Woman, "and what more can I, him bein' male?"

"Is a man's heart in his stomach?" sneered Robin.

"I kenna," said the Woman; "but I never met the man but I could mend his heart-break with a meat-pie."

"Then ye can mend Danny," said Robin shortly.

"I canna!" cried the Woman. "I just canna. I got him a gigot fresh from the flesher, and cut him a slice from it, and he'll have none of it. What more is there I could do?"

"Ye can do no more," said Robin. "Danny will die; and I aye tell't ye."

The Woman looked at him.

"Could you do nothing, Robin?" she implored.

"I could," said Robin, "if I would."

"And would you not?" cajoled the Woman, "for our wee man?"

"*Our* man, is it?" sneered Robin, tremulously.

"And is he not yours?" cried the Woman.

"He *was* mine," said Robin, swallowing.

"And is," said the Woman; "yours—and mine—and Missie's."

"Missie willed him to you," said Robin. "It is not for me to come between Missie and her will."

"She would will ye too," said the Woman. "Belike, he might eat for you."

"Ay," said Robin, "he loves me."

"He does so for sure," said the Woman. "Often you and

he have been takin' life together, and that is aye a bond between Christian men-folk."

Robin sat, dull-eyed, and made no move to stir.

"Go till him, Robin!" pleaded the Woman. "It may be he will mind ye."

Robin rose.

"If he will mind any," said Robin, "he will mind me," and went.

Danny lay at the foot of the bed as for these last two days, quite still, with haggard eyes and chin upon his slipper.

Robin sat down on the bed.

"Mannie," he said, and could say no more for the fulness at his throat.

Danny greeted him friendly as of old with faint flicker of ears and slow-moved tail; but he made no move.

Robin edged nearer, and the watchman huddled over his slipper. Robin patted him, and he crouched with levelled ears. Robin laid hand upon the slipper and Danny pinned him by the wrist; nor broke the skin.

The old man loosed the slipper, and Danny loosed his hold; then he licked the wrist where he had pinched it, very tenderly, watching the other with sad eyes.

Robin arose, and went out quickly, down the stairs and through the kitchen.

There the Woman waited him.

"Well?" she asked eagerly.

Robin trotted past without a word.

"Where is this slipper you would take?" she cried.

Robin was gone.

"Ah! You have mendit him fine!" jeered the Woman, tears in her voice—"you whom he loved."

X

DEBORAH AWE PRAYS

THOSE were days of misery for the Woman almost beyond bearing.

Upstairs Danny lay day-long with ever-growing eyes at the foot of that white bed; in the kitchen sat Robin, a maudlin heap of woe; while in the hall the Laird, grim, lonely, dumb, sat out his days with clasped hands and blind eyes.

"Missie willed him to me to mend him, and mind him, and see he changed his feet," she cried in anguish. "And how will I mend him—when he never doffs himself? And how will I mind him—when he never utters? And how will I change his feet—when he never wets them? Oh!" she wailed in shrill voice of woe, "what with him in the hall, speakin' none nor greetin' none; and Danny in the great room the same; and you in the kitchen dreep—dreep—dreeping all the while—Oh!" she cried, turning on him with sudden passion, "give over; or go and get drunk!"

"I have not the heart," said dim Robin, sniffling.

That afternoon, as the Laird kept lonely vigil in the hall, he heard a noise of secret sniffling without the door.

"Who is there?" he cried in harsh, leaping voice.

There was silence; then a voice, very small and woeful, replied:

"None, your Honour."

"Then begone!" said the grim Laird.

There was silence again; then a nose was blown, and the sodden voice again:

"It is but me, your Honour."

"And d'you hear me, Me?" cried the Laird.

There was more hushed sniffling.

"I hear ye," said the sodden voice, "but I dinna heed ye."

The Laird rose.

"And who are you," he asked terribly, "who does not heed me?" and began to tramp to the door.

"Robin," replied the voice, hastily.

The Laird flung wide the door.

Upon the stone-flags in the mouldy passage just outside the door kneeled Deborah Awe.

The Laird looked down at her.

"It seems there's a mistake," he said.

"Seems so," said the Woman, nor stirred from her knees.

Then she lifted a wet face to him, and it was wrung with woe.

"I was just putting up a bit prayer for your Honour," she said, clutching great knuckled hands—"Was ye objectin'?"

"I was not asked," said the Laird.

"Just that the Lord send you the comfort of tears—you and Danny," she continued with wrung hands. "O man!" she cried, gaunt woman on her knees, "there's a hantle o' comfort in tears. If ye could greet a bit, it would ease ye fine."

The Laird looked down at the wet moved face.

"Tears are no ease to men," he said, not unkindly.

"O, but ye should just see Robin!" cried the Woman. "Dreep—dreep—dreep it is all the while. And it eases him fine. And belike if ye could——"

"I can't," said the Laird briefly.

"Not of yourself," said the Woman, "but belike with the Lord to help ye——"

"I am not Robin," said the Laird.

"I ken he's not much in the way of a man, is not Robin," said the Woman; "but——"

"As God meant him," said the Laird, "so He made him. And He made me other; so there's no good talking."

"Hear him!" cried the Woman despairingly; "and how will I that Missie bid——"

"Get up!" said the Laird. "Go!" said the Laird.

The Woman did not move.

"May I no pray for Mr. Heriot?" she urged. "Just a bit —as Missie would. Now she is away, there is none prays for you but yourself. And ye ken that in the village if they pray at your Honour, it'll no be for ye but against ye."

"You may pray for me," said the Laird, "but you must do it in the kitchen. I cannot have you," said he, "praying about in the public passages."

"I thought I'd be nearer like," said the Woman, mopping up her tears.

"The kitchen's near enough," said the Laird; and turned.

"Awell," said the Woman, resigned and rising from her knees, "the Lord's there too, I'se uphold."

The Laird went back to the leathern chair and his blind reverie.

His hands were hardly clasped, his eyes scarce shut, before the door opened afresh, and the Woman stood in it, her face still bleared with tears.

"And there is Danny!" she said.

"What of him?" asked the Laird, opening his eyes.

"He is as is your Honour. The Lord has denied him the gift of tears. God gave woman the heart to sorrow, and tears to ease her of her sorrow," she went on; "to man He gave no heart and no need of tears; to dogs," she said, "and your Honour, He gave the self-same heart to mourn, and forgot to give them the comfort of tears: for it is all one with you and Danny. He speaks none, nor greets none; and he dwines and dwines because of the sorrow which cannot away in tears."

"Well," said the Laird, "how can I help?"

"Would Mr. Heriot go to him?" she begged. "I have tried, and Robin has tried; and he will not heed us. He just lies and looks, and lies and looks, and that wae with it to gar ye greet."

"He is strange with me," said the Laird, pondering.

"And he was with me," said the Woman, "but he's not

now; nor would he be with your Honour. Ye'd be like a bit o' Missie to him."

"Where is he?" asked the Laird.

"The same where—" cried the Woman, gulping; "Missie's bed."

The Laird went.

Danny lay as ever at the foot of the white bed, hoarding his slipper, and with haggard eyes.

The Laird sat down upon the bed, and laid grey hands upon his brow; and Danny made no protest.

"Danny," said the Laird, bending low, until his face was just above the sad eyes set in a pearl-grey sea, "do you not understand? She is gone," he said. "She is gone," and repeated it, low and slow, as a father teaching a child its letters. "Mother is gone. She will not come back to us," he said, "we will go to her."

But Danny looked up into the widowed face above him, and would not understand.

Then the Laird with sudden stiffening throat rose and went out, treading in that strange blind way of his.

XI

SHE IS NOT THERE, DANNY

NEXT morning when the Woman came to the mourner he rose wearily, slipper in mouth, and trailed out of the room.

She watched him plodding down the stairs, the slipper tap-tapping from stair to stair as he went; she saw him cross the sombre hall, where no soul of sun ever came now, and enter Morning Room.

"He is searching her!" she cried, hand to her throat.

Just then the Laird passed her, tramped down the steps, across the hall, and he too turned into the Morning Room.

Within stood Danny on the low tapestried chair she had

used to sit upon—maidenly white figure with bowed head, the sun in her hair, and her white-and-golden work upon her knees.

Against a little octagon table he leaned and tilted with long muzzle at the work-basket thereon. It fell; and strewed the floor with a thousand little knick-knacks.

He leaped down and searched amid the wreckage. Her thimble he took between his teeth, pinched delicately, shook, and snuffled into; a ball of wool he held with one firm paw, hopped round it on three legs, and nosed beneath; then into the gutted basket he thrust his nose, and scratched the bottom of it with diligent fore-paw.

"She is not there, Danny," said the voice of the Laird.

Danny looked up and saw him standing in the door, stark shadow of a man; then he snapped up his slipper, and trailed out through the glass-door into the green-smelling house of flowers beyond.

There was Robin at work, and with weeping eye; for he too had seen.

Here had been Missie's nursery of old. Here she had wandered with fond-tending fingers; and now it seemed that these, her children, drooped palely and without hope for lack of love, for lack of her to love.

Among them Danny searched. Round the rim of each flower-pot he sniffed with careful nose. One pale fuchsia that she had loved above all, because it ailed, and tended even on that last evening, that hung now brokenly like a love-sick girl, he stayed at. Round it he searched, eager, intent, his tail still low, yet stirring as with reviving hope; nor would abandon it, as though about it lingered still some far, faint rosy breath of her dear ministry.

"She is no there, Danny," said Robin chokily; and Danny looked at him.

In the Morning Room the clock chimed twelve. At that of old his lady would arise and fold away her work, neat, demure, old-maidenly; then she would skip, cry to him joyously,

clapping her hands above his head as he pranced beneath; and hand-in-hand, as it were, the two would fare forth gleefully into God's morning, he and she and her book of knightly deeds; up through the knee-high bracken, among the white stemmed birches, where the wind was always in the leaves like the rustle of women's robes, until they came to that high headland that thrusts a bare shoulder up into Eternity; and there would lie amid the tides of heaven and look out over the rough hewn land to Burnwater, that shone like a jewel set at the feet of the far hills, and the sea flashing like sheaves of shaken spears beyond.

So now he went to the door and asked.

Robin opened for him, and watched him canter across the silent lawns and lose himself in the heather beyond.

"Whither now?" asked the Laird at his elbow, harshly.

"To Lammer-more," Robin replied; "to inquire of God where He has lain her."

Twenty minutes later he was back in a bustle. Through the hall he shot and up the stairs at three-legged run, to wait outside the door of his Love in a fury of expectancy.

There the Woman found him, urgent to be admitted.

"She is no there, Danny," she cried, but opened to him.

In he thrust furiously; saw the bed lady-forlorn, and stood quite still, as one shocked to death; and the Woman saw the hope die out of him as the soul dies out of a man.

Then he threw up his head as if to howl; but no sound came.

So he stood a moment in the centre of the floor, grey muzzle in the air, like a lost soul praying.

Then he turned and trailed out.

(*To be continued.*)