MR. RHODES AND GREATER OXFORD

THE wind of public opinion, whether blowing in these islands or across the world at large, is an airy thing from which gales and sudden changes are to be expected; but it seldom veers so swiftly and so completely as it has done in these few days since the death of Cecil Rhodes. A month ago his name was one of sinister, or, at least, of doubtful import: to the Continent of Europe he was one of the two villains of a great tragedy, to the American an unusually dangerous millionaire, to the pro-Boer a horrible city nightmare, a kind of Gog to Mr. Chamberlain's Magog; even among his own countrymen the more thoughtful remembered unhappily that he had forgotten his great responsibilities as a minister when he countenanced a raid upon a neighbouring State; even the dispassionate student of character found him a sombre and incomplete outline, a huge note of interrogation: few were left beside the Jingo stockbroker to defend him wholeheartedly. And now that the sheet has been drawn away and the colossal statue is there before us, it is probably the materialist and the mere financier who least admire it, while the rest of the crowd is confessedly moved at the first sight of a great conception so high above the level of the marketplace.

We do not believe that this change in feeling is only a

passing impulse, due either to the completeness of the surprise or to that first generosity towards the dead which is natural and honourable in all men. The change is to be seen even among the pro-Boers, who have allowed personal hatred to play so large a part among the causes of their disgrace: it is to be seen among those nations who have most severely condemned the Raid, and the French Press was the first to hail with sympathy a scheme which revealed the man of ideas, though his ideas included not even a reference to their own country. The cause of this sudden diversion of a strong current is not inexplicable, though it is uncommon. The character of any man is more interesting than his acts: a public man is only judged by his achievements because as a rule it is only by them that he succeeds in conveying to his fellows any real idea of his inner self. Here and there a man of great character is also articulate; he expresses himself, he impresses his personality, so efficiently that what he actually does counts for less than what he is, and when the balance-sheet is made up he may be forgiven, though the greater part of his practical career was a succession of mistakes or failures. Mr. Gladstone was, of course, a typical example of this: Mr. Rhodes stood during his life at the opposite extreme. He was the type of the inarticulate character, the man who would never have been known if he had not been driven into action, who never was known, in any wide sense, except by his actions. And since these lay chiefly in doubtful regions, and were often open to unfavourable construction, it was difficult during his lifetime to find a sufficiently firm platform from which to praise him. But he had this great advantage over other inarticulate men, he could express himself by his will. It is evident that when the first part of the contents of that document was given to the world, public opinion turned from the nterpretation of the man by his actions to the reading of those actions by the light of the mind from which they came. And in so doing it turned in Mr. Rhodes's favour.

When we use the word inarticulate we do not of course

mean to imply that Mr. Rhodes never expressed his views in public, or that his speeches, awkward and chaotic as they were, gave no indication of the character of the man. They did, in fact, show very clearly the more ordinary and more English side of him: his energy and determination, his kindliness and good humour, at once emphasised and tempered by the blunt sincerity we know so well; his courage both in action and in thought. It was also evident to all but very prejudiced observers that wealth was not to him an end in itself. But to say that money is only desired for the sake of power, and power for the public service, is but to push the inquiry forward by one stage. We knew that Mr. Rhodes was an Imperialist: but that was not enough; we are all Imperialists now: what we were in doubt about was his ideal of Empire, his analysis of life, his comparative estimate of values.

The revelation, now that it has come, is the more surprising because it establishes at least one marked inconsistency, and shows the existence of an alien, or at any rate an uncommon strand in a character hitherto taken to be of all-British fibre. Or is it no longer unusual among English "city men" to hold that "educational relations form the strongest tie," to put "literary and scholastic attainments" in the first rank of equipments, and to value a university education "for instruction in life and manners" and—most astonishing of all—"for giving breadth to their views?" And do these opinions normally co-exist with a vigorous and repeatedly expressed conviction that it is of no use to have "big ideas unless you have the cash to carry them out?" Yet this inconsistency, this complexity, certainly existed in the mind of a man who was in some respects as simple as a child, and who, in many of his ways, held up the mirror to John Bull himself. We recognise in a flash that he was un-English in other respects too; in the nature of his self-seeking and his unscrupulousness. It was for others through himself that he worked; for others that he fell: in a good cause he would not hesitate to sacrifice his own reputation, his own conscience; for the Empire's sake

he would be anathema. This is not the way of our people; they will give their souls for their lusts; they will spend on others what they amassed for themselves; but they must be spurred to fortune-seeking by personal interest, and they are more careful of the individual conscience, however puny, than they are of the common welfare.

It is being rumoured about that this will does not, in fact, represent Mr. Rhodes: that he had assistance in the making of it. Most men, all wise men, have assistance in making their wills; and the hand of the lawyer is visible here in the long, ordered sentences which mean what they say and say what they mean. But to those who are familiar with such compositions the dominance of the testator's own style over that of the draughtsman is unusual and remarkable. It is at least equally certain that, whoever may have advised Mr. Rhodes as to the substance of his bequests, here, too, it was, in all that is essential, the intention of the testator that prevailed. If any one is inclined to think otherwise, let him consider how many men there are in England—or in Europe—of sufficient calibre to meet Mr. Rhodes on equal terms, much more to dominate him, and what has been the success of those who are known to have attempted such an enterprise. Let him also consider the complete correspondence between the ideas indicated in Mr. Rhodes's autograph note published by Mr. Stead in the *Review of Reviews* for April, and those set forth in the will, which carries on and develops the same train of thought. If there be a God, he reasons in the note of 1890, then

> As He is manifestly fashioning the English-speaking race as the chosen instrument by which he will bring in a state of Society based upon justice, liberty, and peace, He must obviously wish me to do what I can to give as much scope and power to that race as possible. Hence, if there be a God, I think that what he would like me to do is to paint as much of the map of Africa British red as possible, and to do what I can elsewhere to promote the unity and extend the influence of the English-speaking race.

These views have been known for more than ten years past to some, at any rate, of his intimates, but they were not given

to or realised by the general public; Mr. Rhodes's speeches show much devotion to his mother country, but not a deep sense of dedication to the service of a higher Power, which must be imagined, if it exist at all, as treating all men impartially as its instruments and beneficiaries. The publication of his will gave to most of us for the first time the certainty that Mr. Rhodes, patriot as he was, looked beyond mere patriotism, that he had learned, in spite of all his wealth, to believe that the forces which count in the world are spiritual and not material, and that even if it is easier to buy a man than to fight him, it is better still to grapple him to your soul with the steel of sympathy and a common education. And if a conclusive proof were needed that these ideas were the lawfully begotten issue of the mind which fathered them, we have only to remember that the form which the testator gave to his scheme, the method by which he sought to create the wider patriotism, the humanist sympathy, the ideal society which he desired, was the foundation of a greater Oxford.

It would be difficult to describe, but impossible to overstate the power with which the genius of Oxford enforces the imagination of those susceptible to such an influence. The mere sentiment, the feelings and memories created by the beauty of the place, and the ideal circumstances in which the years of thought and friendship pass so vividly and so swiftly, are not to be paralleled outside England. As a city Paris may be as old and as historic, Rome has the same atmosphere of familiar perfection, the same consecrated beauty, and in every university of Europe or America there is, and always will be while the tide of life flows through them, the same morning freshness of intellectual passion and romance. But in the Oxonian's belief, Oxford alone has the whole constellation ot perfections, and keeps the whole charm unbroken. To him it is always a hundred years ago, and it is always but yesterday, that he passed out into the world:

> Farewell, we said, dear city of youth and dream,
> And in our boat we stepped and took the stream.

That is a memory bound up with many places, a farewell that is spoken in many languages, but it is significant that the lines were in fact written of Oxford alone, and are part of an intensely imaginative poem, as if she alone had the power to raise a common loyalty to the pitch of inspiration.

The existence and enduring strength of this feeling makes it natural and intelligible that even a man so unacademic in mind as Mr. Rhodes should turn to his old university as a possible means of ensuring the carrying out of his work after his own death. He was, however, far too practical a man, and far too much in earnest, to allow any sentiment to lead him aside from the most direct and effectual path. His justification for choosing the road that passes through Oxford is nevertheless, we believe, complete. Perhaps because he had a world-wide experience of men, perhaps because his eyes were never dazzled by any splendour of his own academic career, he believed that the superiority of an English university training lies in the fact that it gives a pound of education to every ounce of learning. The output of scholarship in the narrow sense, is probably much greater elsewhere, and it may be true that a German or American student, if he is in search of the fruits of "a sterile classicism," would do better to stay in his own country. We are not commending our own inferiority in this respect: if a thing is to be done at all, we wish it could be done here at least as perfectly as elsewhere. But our system has compensations, and they have forcibly struck more impartial observers than Mr. Rhodes. An excellent French writer, criticising rather drastically, in a recent review, the system of his own university of Paris, concludes his argument with these words:

> La véritable éducation scientifique consiste dans cette imprégnation d'un jeune esprit en commerce avec une individualité supérieure. Et même si l'on y prend garde, toute éducation se ramène à cela, et c'est une conception très juste qui fait de l'Université, comme en Angleterre, un simple *milieu intelligent*, une atmosphère vivifiante où respire l'élite de la nation. L'on y travaille moins qu'ailleurs, sans doute, dans l'acception pesante du mot, et c'est un point où la

raillerie est facile et n'a pas été ménagée ; mais l'étudiant vit dans la familiarité quotidienne des plus grands esprits de l'époque ; le ton régnant est une façon de camaraderie bienveillante ; chez les professeurs, le maître n'est pas distinct de l'homme du monde et de tous les jours, en sorte que leur influence pénètre tous les détails de la vie. Quel profit n'y a-t-il pas à s'entretenir à chaque instant avec un Max Müller ! Les jeunes gens le sentent d'instinct, quand ils recherchent la fréquentation et l'amitié du maître qui a su éveiller les parties nobles de leur âme.

It may perhaps come as a pleasant surprise to the ordinary Oxford tutor to hear himself included among "les plus grands esprits de l'époque," but he would not be much less pleased if he could recognise through the veil which lies to this day upon the hearts of all Englishmen, the real feeling with which his old friends and pupils, those who enjoyed "la fréquentation et l'amitié du maître," preserve their recollections of him still fragrant, still pungent ; laid carefully away like some aromatic among the many spiritual garments, now old-fashioned and outgrown, in which the gay soul of youth loved to strut, and which it still regrets and treasures. To hear of the death or resignation of an old tutor or the head of one's own college, is to "go down" again, to feel a loss twice over ; for in the "residential system" which Mr. Rhodes rightly admired, the Don is the most residential part ; the most immediate link with the past in a place where the past is the great secret, the fire to be handed on.

For this is the chief claim, the supreme excellence of Oxford, that the continuity of human thought and aspiration is nowhere else so shiningly visible, so instinctively and intensely felt ; no other place of learning is at once so free of the past and so irresistibly led by the hope of the coming age. Witness after witness attests it ; to one she is "the home of great movements," to another the haunted land of the Scholar Gipsy, of secret learning disembodied of poor feverish life ; or she breathes from her towers the last enchantment of the Middle Age, while to yet another, coming at dusk into the circle of the magic life in which he himself had no place, her streets are thronged with noble shadows of the dead and living,

indistinguishably mingled, indescribably moving. Our kindly French critic was only half right after all; over and above the "milieu intelligent" and the "camaraderie bienveillante" there is something more strong and subtle, something that no one need attempt to put into words, for to those who have not felt it it is mere folly, and among those who have it is a password that need not be uttered above a whisper.

Mr. Rhodes was of this number, as he has showed clearly enough by touch after touch; and not only by the words he wrote, but by the books he valued and the buildings he planned, we know that he looked to the deepest and oldest roots for the fruit he most desired. The greater Oxford that is to do his work will be a fellowship binding the living not only to each other, but to all that has been great in man; and it will be more than ever conscious of the future, for which it gives its labour. For it is impossible to doubt that the place whose genius is to be brought so much more directly to bear upon the destinies of three Empires, must itself undergo some change in the process. It is not merely that the effect of the introduction of so many more scholars—the addition of two hundred to about six hundred already there—will be a strong and welcome reinforcement of the intellectual side of undergraduate life; but it cannot be supposed that in the presence of a large contingent of foreign and half-foreign allies, recruited from great distances, the main body of the university will ever for a moment be able to lose sight of the objective of the campaign in which all are together engaged, still less of the fact that they are engaged at all. We think, then, that all but those to whom any new thing is an evil in itself, to whom growth is a disease and hope a vice, will look forward to an increase of keenness, a widening of the outlook of our home-keeping youth, a kindling of the national imagination; and, possibly, to a successful result to a vast and splendid experiment. And, whether these expectations be fulfilled or not, we are glad that such an experiment should be made for the credit of the English name; for even those who most deplored

Mr. Rhodes's materialistic tendencies, and condemned him for unscrupulousness, must admit that no man in modern times has put forward a wider or more generous ideal of that spirit of patriotism from which the life of nations must, as far as we can see, continue to draw its health and strength.

ON THE LINE

The French People. By Arthur Hassall. (William Heinemann. 6*s.*)—Hard is it for the Anglo-Saxon to seize the spirit of the people who have made experiments in the art of governing for the instruction of the world, the wayward children of politics, whom not to love, despite all faults, is impossible for those who really know them. If Mr. Hassall has not achieved his difficult task with complete success, he has at all events given us a lucid and satisfying bird's-eye view of French history. He has traced its continuity from the mediæval times to the present day. For instance, we are made to feel the analogy between Etienne Marcel's democratic movement after the reverse at Poitiers and Gambetta's provisional government after the fall of Napoleon III. The great movements which have determined the progress and tendency of the nation are brought out in bold relief. The sense of proportion which is observed throughout is specially commendable.

Half the book is given to the pre-revolution period. From the confused early beginnings, the fusing of the races, the decay of the Roman influence, we pass to the energy and capacities of the people during the crusades which gave France a leading position among the nations, and the steps by which the unity of France was achieved under Hugh Capet, Philippe Auguste and St Louis. The crusade against the Albigenses is interestingly described, "when it seemed as if the South would begin a municipal and democratic revolution dangerous to the church." After the strength and progress of France in

the thirteenth century, its weakness during the Hundred Years War must always be a problem to English students, and the causes are here carefully analysed. There is nothing more noteworthy in French history than its marvellous recovery after periods of disaster and depression such as the Hundred Years War, the Revolution, and the German War of 1870. The ample materials for the modern period have been well utilised. Justice is done to the great constructive work of Napoleon I., though we think Mr. Hassall insists too much upon its being a new departure in the way of centralisation. Much of it was an adaptation of the symmetrical centralised lines of the monarchy, which accord with the French genius for methodical order. And is it not rash to lay down that "it is by developing a local spirit such as exists in England that France will find the best means for improving the radical defects of her Government and for remedying the evils of her free Press"? At no time in French history is there any sign that the system which is our pride showed any tendency to take root and flourish spontaneously.

We are realising how important it is to study French history alongside of English, and Mr. Hassall's accurate and suggestive book will give valuable aid, in a form not available elsewhere, both to students of history and to students of contemporary French politics.

In **The Early History of Venice** (Allen. *7s. 6d.* net) Mr. F. C. Hodgson gives a detailed narrative of Venetian history from its early origins down to the surprising Fourth Crusade in 1204, when the forces of the Christian allies were diverted by the policy of Enrico Dandolo, the old blind Doge, to the capture of Venice's old enemy, Zara, on the Dalmatian coast, the assault on Constantinople and the subversion of the Greek Empire which had become obnoxious to Dandolo. This event is a turning-point in Venetian annals, and the Republic henceforth occupied a new position as absolute mistress of the Mediterranean.

The early history of Venice is of unique interest, and all historical students will be indebted to Mr. Hodgson for this very scholarly work, founded on minute research into original authorities, and embodying all the learning of the Germans on the subject. A third part of Mr. Horatio F. Brown's well-known "History of Venice" covers the same ground, but by confining himself to the early centuries, Mr. Hodgson is enabled to go into details which are not easily accessible elsewhere. The causes which enabled Venice to maintain her isolation and independence against both Rome and Constantinople, to escape feudal influence, and to develop her democratic constitution are brought out. While election to high offices for short terms was common in the Western Empire, the peculiarity of the office of Doge was that it was an elective office for life, that it never became hereditary, and that the institution lasted for eleven centuries. Of the early doges, the most remarkable are Pietro Orseolo II., the friend of the Emperor Otto III., who conquered Dalmatia in 1000, and Enrico Dandolo. Mr. Hodgson discusses at length the opinion advanced that Dandolo had been bribed by the Sultan of Egypt to prevent the crusading host assembled at Venice from carrying out the original plan of crusade, and it is satisfactory that he is able to agree with M. Hanotaux, the French Minister, who has also investigated the subject, that the charge is groundless, and is due to the mistaken date of a treaty between Venice and Egypt. The whole story of the Fourth Crusade amply repays the closest examination. It has been told in the *langue d'oïl* of the Isle of France by one of the chief actors, Villehardouin, and the charm and spirit of the old chronicles are illustrated by Mr. Hodgson's full quotations.

The growth of the city, the history of the early churches and monasteries, the ecclesiastical system, the early Levant trade are all treated with equal minuteness. It is impossible to give too much credit for the thoroughness and critical care with which Mr. Hodgson has completed his task. Students who care to go below the surface will find here rich sources of

information opened to them in one of the most interesting fields of early mediæval history.

English Music in the Nineteenth Century. By J. A. Fuller Maitland. (Grant Richards. *5s.*)—The difficulties of writing a brief conspectus of the history of a given period are notorious. Mr. Fuller Maitland's sketch of the development of English music during the last century is a good example of how the thing should be done. He has resolutely cut down unnecessary names and dates and has kept himself as far as possible to the task of tracing the main streams of influence which have affected English composers during the prescribed time. Thus the reader closes the book not dulled or confused by an undigested mass of facts, but with a distinct mental picture of the march of music in England, in which the harmonies of perspective are carefully observed and no section is unduly elaborated at the expense of the others. Mr. Fuller Maitland has his sympathies and even his prejudices, but we do not like him the less on that account. A historian without the touch of nature that makes us all kin is apt to leave his readers as cold as himself. Mr. Fuller Maitland's prejudices do not seriously impair his impartiality. In his remarks upon Sullivan, a composer whose work obviously makes no special appeal to him, he pays a willing tribute to the really valuable work which that gifted musician accomplished in raising the standard of taste of the theatre-going public and so preparing the way for a national school of opera. And here he indicates not only the strength of Sullivan but the weakness of some of his predecessors and contemporaries, who have failed to make any mark upon their epoch, not because what they wrote was superficial or insincere, but because they were out of touch with the world in which they lived. Mr. Fuller Maitland's division of his history into periods is happily managed, though it is a trifle grandiloquent to speak of Sir Hubert Parry's and Mr. Stanford's appearance upon the scene as the Renaissance of English music. There were brave men before Agamemnon, and

people talked about Macfarren in the sixties very much as we now talk about Sir Hubert; also we fancy that a younger historian than Mr. Fuller Maitland would probably date the aforesaid Renaissance from, let us say, the decisive appearance of Mr. Elgar, and the recent remarkable revival of interest in orchestral as opposed to choral music. The fact is that terms of this kind are decidedly more subjective than objective. The Renaissance of music means, as a rule, to each one of us precisely the time at which we awake to a sense of what music is and can be. However, Mr. Fuller Maitland has treated the leaders of his Renaissance with conspicuous intelligence and sympathy, though he has somehow omitted in his sketch of Sir Hubert Parry's career all reference to the music which the composer wrote for the performance of the *Agamemnon* at Cambridge in 1900. In the later chapters of the book, which deal with the rising generation of English musicians, a certain congestion of names was almost unavoidable. No one who is not a prophet can say which of the many promising youngsters, who have cropped up during the last few years, are going to be the composers of the future. Mr. Fuller Maitland's plain duty was to leave no one out in the cold, who has done anything worth mentioning, and though the names of a good many of his budding geniuses are entirely unknown even to a pretty sedulous concert-goer, we prefer that in this case he should err upon the side of generosity. But with regard to singers, and, in fact, to executants of all kinds, he is distinctly too profuse. These gentry serve their purpose admirably and many of them make good incomes, but their connection with the history of music is of the slightest. In one or two rare instances it is possible to trace the influence of an executant upon the music of his time.

Dr. Joachim, for example, may fairly be said to have had a share in forming our musical taste during the past fifty years, and the level of song-writing in England has been sensibly heightened by the presence of singers, such as Mr. Plunket Greene, capable of giving expression to the noblest imaginings

of a musician. Sometimes, too—though, it is to be hoped, more rarely still—it will be found that a certain singer has been the means of creating a taste for music of a degraded and degrading type; but, as a rule, executants merely follow the lead given them by the public—and in a very dilatory manner. Mr. Fuller Maitland's book would have been no less valuable as a record of English music, if he had confined his attention to music pure and simple and had left its interpreters to take care of themselves. Still, the blemishes of the book are few, and for sheer knowledge, no less than for breadth of view, it deserves to rank high among recent contributions to musical literature.

Contentio Veritatis. Essays in Constructive Theology. By Six Oxford Tutors. (Murray. 12*s.* net.)—We understand that the appearance of this volume of essays has been expected with eager interest, and even with alarm in some quarters. It is regarded, and rightly regarded, as the manifesto of the rising Broad Church School in Oxford; as the work of men individually distinguished in various branches of learning, and united in their desire for a free treatment of the problems of Christianity not only in its historical and critical aspects, but also on the practical and social side. We may say at once that the interest is more than justified, the alarm quite unfounded. For the dominant note of the whole book is a reverent conservatism, which would have been impossible in such a work fifty years ago; a conservatism which is surprising to-day till we remember that it is the natural and inevitable result of liberty of thought and discussion which have only lately been permitted, at any rate to the clergy. If the methods of the writers are uncompromising, there is nothing in their tone or their conclusions which should distress even the most punctilious orthodoxy. Their purpose is

to awaken interest, to suggest subjects for careful thought, or at most to give a wider currency to ideas which are for the most part familiar enough to professed students of philosophy and theology.

Indeed, it almost seemed to us on a first reading that there were some things here which were hardly worth setting down, as they must needs form part of the intellectual equipment of all who think at all on religious questions. Yet it is still possible for a presumably educated man to announce from the pulpit to an educated congregation that the strictly historical evidence of the Resurrection is better than the evidence for the death of Julius Cæsar. It is not safe to take it for granted that people will see obvious facts: still less that they will draw any inference from them when they do see them. Therefore, the publication of a book like *Contentio Veritatis*, which sets forth the results of trained inquiry in religious subjects plainly and modestly, is both necessary and eminently beneficial at the present time. We welcome it first as a protest against the laboured revival of mediæval obscurantism, which grievously cripples the devoted work of its own supporters, and is driving educated men out of the churches altogether; second, because it may tend to set its authors and those whom they represent in a truer light with their brethren of the more old-fashioned orthodoxy; that, as Mr. Allen says, free inquiry may

> present itself neither as the foe of Christianity nor as its conqueror, but rather as its ally; [and come] to them not in the guise of a dreaded enemy, much less of a victorious enemy, but rather as a long-desired and gladly welcomed friend.

And last we welcome it as frankly stating what should be the attitude of Christians to those who are honestly unable to accept their conclusions:

> The scepticism with which the story of the Incarnation is often regarded by thoughtful people must not be condemned as a perverse refusal to accept a narrative which is unusually well attested, still less as a judicial blindness.

Surely to admit so much is not an unworthy capitulation, but the only basis of sincere and profitable argument.

Of the seven essays, one is historical, two deal with the criticism of documents, and the rest are theological in the stricter sense. It is earnestly to be hoped that the philosophical terminology which is demanded by Dr. Rashdall's subject will not discourage the general reader; for if he

perseveres he will be rewarded by a very lucid and genial statement of the intellectual basis of the belief in God. The argument of this essay must form part of the equipment of every one who has to deal with philosophic unbelief: and it is not in its controversial aspect that it is most valuable, but in its power to confirm and reassure the many weaker brethren whom a little learning has unsettled. Of Mr. Inge's work it is hard to speak at all within the limits of a short review. Both his essays possess, of course, solid learning and great literary beauty, but they have also a higher element which speaks straight to the soul of the reader, which is the purest spirit of that mystical Christianity of which Mr. Inge has made so profound a study. His essay on the Sacraments especially seems to us the very perfect type of what we should expect and desire from enlightened piety. Starting from the data of the "Golden Bough," he evolves a sacramental doctrine higher and more catholic than any that has yet been formulated, because it has its claim and its appeal for every part of human nature.

Mr. Wyld's account of the "Teaching of Christ" is happily less negative and unsatisfying than Dr. Harnack's, with which a comparison is inevitable. He seems to us to minimise unduly the importance of "Son of Man" as a Messianic title, but this is a minor point amid much that is excellent; and his treatment of the problem of Miracles is really enlightening.

The authors of the two essays on Criticism deserve our gratitude for the resolute unselfishness with which they have confined themselves to what is common property and intelligible to the non-expert mind in their difficult subject. We must confess that we finished Mr. Carlyle's paper with some disappointment, the more so because he seems to have been withheld from giving us the definite conclusions which we desire, by a reticence unnecessary in a question largely historical.

It is greatly to be feared that practical persons with no nonsense about them, who have laid it down once for all that the aim of education is to generate the Effective Bagman, will be driven to the verge of frenzy by John Huntley Skrine's

Pastor Agnorum. (Longmans. 5*s*. net.) This deplorable theorist, relying on Edward Thring's paradox that boys have souls, commits himself to the position that a teacher's real business is not with the Chemistry of dye stuffs, nor for the matter of that with Attic syntax, but with what he is pleased to call the Art of Living.

> All that the teacher can do is to help set free in his scholars a life which is born in them from above, and make the paths straight and the ways smooth for that energy which is the Divine made flesh—we must suppose that the usefullest study for a teacher will be the laws by which heaven commingles with earth.

Accordingly he has a great deal to say about the obsolete and quite unnegotiable virtues

> Truth and honoure, freedom and curtesie,

and little or nothing of the really valuable qualities which Matthew Prior admired in the Dutch nation, and which we are taught to envy and imitate in the Germans. And this misguided gentleman, having repudiated the Ledger as the basis of education, will have nothing to do with the Syllabus either. He actually pokes fun at the College of Preceptors, and derides Chairs of Pedagogy, arguing in his light way that the demand for them shows a lack of humour somewhere. The trouble is that our perverse idealist, who disregards the commercial and sniffs profanely at the *a priori* theoretic, shows a deep and convincing knowledge of boy nature, and is full of wise and even original counsels on the trivial problems which thrust themselves on the schoolmaster, but do not interest the educationalist. This is a very dangerous and subversive book. What is to become of us if once we begin to suspect that the British Empire is founded, not on Handbooks of Technology and the Complete Underseller, but on Character, on chivalrous instincts and self-effacing devotion, which do not carry marks in a competitive examination?

We are tempted to believe that the herald and the genealogist are at last to have a satisfactory periodical of their own. **The Ancestor**, an illustrated quarterly review—(Constable.

5*s*. net.)—starts life with every prospect of an honourable and useful career. Its exterior, its print, paper and illustrations are all good, and the contents of the first number attractive, and, so far as we have been able to judge of them, sound and well chosen. We do not feel inclined to go the whole way with Mr. Oswald Barron in his "Heraldry Revived"; putting the clock back is always a doubtful proceeding; but we cordially agree with him that in this case it does need putting right, and it certainly is not at present in good going order. Mr. Round's four short papers would alone give distinction to the number; and Sir George Sitwell contributes a most interesting study of the origin and history of "The English Gentleman," upon which we should like to hear a thorough discussion. Mr. St. John Hope's paper on "The King's Coronation Ornaments," and Mr. Wickham Legg's on three books connected with the Coronation ceremonies, give an air of actuality which is reasonable enough at this particular moment, but which we hope the Editor will make no great effort to keep up in future; his subjects are too interesting in themselves to need any hanging on pegs, and can seldom, we are thankful to think, lay claim to any kind of utility.

A famous painter of our day was wont at one time to take portraits of such men as were, he thought, the men of the future. He formed in this way a gallery of conjectures; he challenged time and time alone could prove whether he had guessed right or wrong. Mr. Fisher Unwin, enterprising publisher of "The First Novel Library," makes a challenge of the same kind. Whether he will discover a Stevenson, a Barrie, a Rudyard Kipling, or a brilliant genius who will cause us to forget all three, remains to be seen. His first venture is, as it should be, full of the charm of the unknown. **Wistons** —(by Miles Amber. 6*s*.)—is the first novel of some one who ought to write more. The division into three parts suggests an arithmetical division of readers. Everybody must like Part I. which is called "Betty"; nobody can like Part II. which is called "Robin"; and about half the people who were delighted

with Part I. will admire Part III., which is called "Esther and Rhoda." With touches of minute perfection the little sisters are set before us—their shadowy father, their beautiful, idle, uncanny gipsy-mother, their old nurse Betty, and the faithful Madgwick. The writer has woven an air of strangeness round the whole that makes the strangest incident only natural. Provided that no one attempts to read it aloud when a man is present, we accept without a murmur the instantaneous betrothal of Esther, and the assassination of Rhoda; even (though under protest) the death of Robin. But we cannot accept the intrusion of the fifth-rate minions of society who are thrust upon Esther by her irresponsible husband. The author has no gift of satire: the style falls with the subject. The word *realise* begins to vex the ear as pure gamboge vexes the eyes of some people in a sketch. It seems almost incredible that the same hand which wrought the subtle pathos, the delicate irony of other passages, should have set down this vulgar stuff. The relief of the reader when Mrs. Robin runs away from it all is greater than her own. She would have run back to her childhood, could she have done so. She too, like every one else in the book, except Betty and Madgwick, is irresponsible. Esther who needed but could not command love, Rhoda who commanded and did not need it, are alike in one desire only, the passionate wish and will to be themselves. The lovely, self-sufficing Rhoda, who might have succeeded, dies; Esther, who could not succeed—inasmuch as she was born for duty and religion though she owned neither—is left alive. The mystic epilogue strikes a wrong note. We are not concerned with abstract questions; we are far too unhappy at that moment. Miles Amber trifles with our tears.

Audrey. By Mary Johnston. (Constable. 6*s.*)—We are grateful to any writer who maintains the sense of romance in this introspective world and, for this reason alone, we are grateful to the author of "Audrey." Her romance is neither of the dashing Dumas school, nor is it of the subtler kind that deals with complicated characters and situations. It is a fantastic romance

and it matters very little to what time or place it belongs. As a matter of fact, it concerns the Virginia of the eighteenth century, the Virginia of "Colonel Esmond of Castlewood," and it tells us of Indians and traders and rebels and ladies, and of rich planters in ruffles and governors in full-bottomed wigs. But all through their adventures, it is fantasy—a rather elaborate fantasy—which gives them vitality, rather than the power of character-study or noteworthy dramatic skill. The heroine, Audrey, dreamer and Dryad, half child, half woman—Audrey, the drudge at the glebe-house, the unconscious genius, whom Sorrow took in hand and turned into a great actress—is a pleasing poetic conception; but when we lay the book down, we hardly believe in her. And there is more picturesque charm than vividness about the rest of the *dramatis personæ*: about the Virginian gentleman who made himself her guardian, the man of fashion and of letters, who crossed the sea to sow his wild oats in London and returned to America to love her; or about her rival, Evelyn Byrd, the well-bred, self-renouncing beauty—or about the lover's rival, the half-breed, Hugon, who brings about the crisis of the story. They all inhabit a mystic world with a climate of its own; and though they interest us much, we cannot hold them quite accountable for their passions or their deeds. Miss Johnston's real art lies in seizing the atmosphere of places and of seasons rather than of human hearts. She knows how to paint misty mountain and brown forest, the red-bird and the mocking-bird, the spring-time and the autumn in Virginia. Here is her picture of early spring there:

> Everywhere was earnest of future riches. In the forest the blood-root was in flower, and the blue-bird and the red-bird flashed from the maple that was touched with fire to the beech just lifted from a pale green fountain. . . . The sun lay warm upon upturned earth, blackbirds rose in squadrons and darkened the yet leafless trees, and every wind brought rumours of the heyday toward which the earth was spinning.

Such is the beginning of the chapter before the last; but it gives no foretaste of the end. Those who care for historical romances will get the book and discover that for themselves.

A FOOT-NOTE TO IMPERIAL FEDERATION

THERE is a sense in which the Boer War may be classified as far from "epoch-making." It is local and it is isolated, geographically isolated, and unless we agree that Europe is the whole world, politically isolated. In its causes, progress and consequences it has been and will be as thoroughly a domestic affair as the American Civil War. Indeed, Yankeephobia in the sixties took on a more practical shape than the Anglophobia of to-day has thought prudent to assume. Still there has been a spiritual and verbal waspishness on the Continent, not caused but certainly greatly inflamed by the South African War. The Boers have indirectly enabled us to take its measure with some exactitude. The sword which Mr. Kruger expected to see thrust in his hands either remained in its sheath or was unaccountably placed for him to sit on; and from this instructive issue of his Continental tour a light of singular steadiness and precision has been thrown on the realities of sea-power. It is now realised, abroad at any rate—one cannot well say at home too, with Mr. Brodrick and his precious Six Army Corps staring us in the face—and with something of the force of an international axiom, that so long as the British fleet remains unengaged, our true and vital strength is hardly impaired. Anglophobia, we have seen, has all the properties that Senator Mason, of Illinois, could wish for it, except the property of influencing foreign policy. A sportive *parergon* with the

French, and in Germany a way of whistling to keep the national courage up—the last two years have schooled us to watch its dramatics without excessive emotion. Of far more moment than this have been the effects of the war on our internal economy. It has largely dissipated that wondrous legend of the wisdom of Ministers which so far has served as a saving-clause in our democratic system. It has awakened, too, and in every corner of the kingdom, a spirit which is the sworn foe of shiftlessness and vested incompetence, and sets efficiency for the moment as the thing above all others that we have to strive for.

This, no doubt, is much; yet, if it were all, the Boer War, except as regards South Africa, could scarcely claim to rank as one of the decisive events of history. We have to look beyond its ephemeral incidents and beyond England to find the fact that redeems it. When the war broke out, and during its first few critical months, I was able to take note, by personal observations in the greatest of our sister nations, how quickly it ceased to be England's war alone. The Imperial *reveillé* was no sooner sounded than every quarter of the British world awoke to the response; and the answering note of loyalty and patriotism that swung over the seven seas was as instinctive and enthusiastic as that of the English people themselves. Colenso unified the Empire; it welded it into a vibrating whole. And that, it is well worth reiterating, is not only the overshadowing and transforming fact of the struggle with the Boers, it is one of the greatest facts in English history. One might even go farther without exaggeration. This voluntary union of self-governing communities, in spite of all differences of interests, temperament and environment, on behalf of a cause that appealed to their common patriotism and conscience, was a spectacle to which the whole world, except possibly in the Crusades, has never shown a parallel. What lay behind it? It was not self-interest, though the complete interdependence of all portions of the Empire needed, perhaps, the flame of war to make it a reality. When the flame burst forth it was

quickly and concretely grasped. It was not merely a reasoned sympathy for the Outlanders in the oppression to which they were subjected. Still less was it, as Mr. Goldwin Smith would characteristically persuade us, just the restlessness of youth seeking excitement and new experiences. Nor again was it solely that Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders, with that penetrating clearness of vision that used to be an English quality too, saw at once in the war a square conflict between irreconcilable ideals and still more irreconcilable political ambitions. The conviction that England was fighting another of her innumerable battles for the true principles of freedom did, no doubt, give an immense propulsion to their world-wide rally. But it was not the dominant impulse that prompted and, indeed, made it imperative for them to do something, sacrifice something for the Empire. Their spring to the side of the mother country when for a moment she seemed in danger was too instinctive and irrepressible to be explained by analysis. Its motive power was race and that passionate attachment to England and the Crown which is, perhaps, the nearest approach to a common religion that British subjects, or any other subjects, possess.

No one can quite know the strength or even the direction of this feeling who has not lived in the colonies themselves and freed himself for years at a stretch from England and its thousand blinding littlenesses. We talk Empire here, and within our limitations strive hard at times to feel it; but it is not really in our blood, it is not an inseparable part of our sentient make-up, this side of Jamaica or Quebec. From the colonial standpoint there seems always something in the last resort that eludes us, some deficiency of imagination or dramatic sympathy—or perhaps it is the accumulated easy-goingness of an old society—that makes us a little wonder at the elemental enthusiasms of the true colonial. At the back of his mind the Englishman does not quite admit the Australian or New Zealander to an equality with himself. There are always some mental reservations in his attitude, reservations that without

his knowing it do convey a rather grating sense of superiority. The Englishman feels much more strongly that the Empire belongs to England than England to the Empire, and there is a kind of sub-conscious resentment, a sense almost of intrusion, when the colonial puts in an equal claim to the affections of the mother-land. Considering how powerfully the imperfections of our national character work against an appreciation of whatever is intangible, this is perhaps not to be wondered at. Even the merely political spirit of Imperialism is a thing of yesterday's growth. Can we be truthfully said to have discovered the British Empire before the Diamond Jubilee? The dominating Cobdenism of forty years ago, which looked upon the colonials as so many purchasers of Manchester cotton and Birmingham hardware, we have indeed outgrown. No statesman to-day would quote approvingly, as Lord Granville did, Turgot's analogy between a colony and a cluster of fruit that hangs on the tree only till it is ripe. There is no talk nowadays of "cutting the painter" or "educating the colonies in independence." The absorption of Canada into the United States, which used to be speculated on so lightly in the early seventies, we should now regard as an irreparable calamity. The Empire is not in the least danger of slipping through our fingers for sheer lack of the energy or the desire to close them. On the contrary, now that we have come to a right political valuation of empire, and grasped without reserve the doctrine of each for all and all for each, we are even excessive in our eagerness to manufacture fresh ties of union and bind the branches of the race still closer to the parent stem. We show, perhaps, something of the zeal of the newly converted, but a few extravagances may be forgiven for the sake of the spirit behind them. To have the spirit of sympathy as we have it now is, after all, everything. It can hardly be commended or encouraged too much; it may even do practical good. But it can never work along sound lines, or produce results up to the fulness of its capacity, unless there is a clearer appreciation of the mental habits of the colonial and particu-

larly of the ins and outs of his feeling towards the mother country.

The Colonial approaches nearer the American than the English type. He has the directness, the emotionalism, the freshness, the impatience of restraint, the invigorating optimism of the typical American, with possibly a larger stock of solidity. His character and temperament, in the common phrase, are got up in good plain black and white. The virtues of a young and confident society are his—the nearness to the elemental simplicities, the frankness and openness that respond so overwhelmingly to a touch of sentiment and the breezy force that holds true to Anglo-Saxon strength and deficiencies in its disdain for whatever cannot be set about and polished off "right away." We make a great mistake if we imagine that it is our colonial system that mainly appeals to his loyalty. Self-government, equal rights and freedom from interference are indeed the pre-requisites of loyalty in the sense that they leave little or nothing for discontent to take hold of. They "clear the ground" better than any form of administration that has yet been devised, and no one would think of replacing them. But it is one of the vulgarest errors of statesmanship to suppose that the mere excellence of a system can do anything more than lay the foundation of devotion to the country that supplies it. It is a vivid hiatus in the philosophy of our rule in India that we claim the affections of the natives on the score of our racial superiority and the all-round perfection of the government we give them, forgetting that pride in the British race is something that only a Britisher can be genuinely stirred by, and that law and order and honest administration have little attractiveness for a generation that has known nothing else. Something of the same mistake we fall into with the Colonies. The control of their own offices and lands, the liberty to fix their own tariffs and manage their internal affairs in their own way, were desiderata only when they were withheld. They have been yielded long since, and are now accepted as a matter of course, as part of the ordained condition of

things, for which any special gratitude is superfluous. The real virtue of our colonial system is that it makes loyalty possible; it gives it something to build on, and prepares the soil for its fruition; but the forces that create and bring it to activity are wholly outside the machinery of even the best-regulated rule.

The man who pulls up his stakes in England and transplants himself to one of the colonies finds after awhile that the perspective of distance gives him a composite view of the mother-land very different from any he had achieved as a mere Englishman. When he thinks of England, it is of the country as a whole, idealised with the glamour of absence. It is the England of history and legend, the England of Oxford and old cathedral towns, of rich country lanes and appealing, unforgettable meadows and glades, the England of endless and yet restful pageantry where the old and the new blend in an air of comfort that is never crude and of romance that somehow never stales—it is this England, which he sums up in the word "home," that grips him most closely. Home and all it stands for, not only to him but to his children and his children's children. The Prince of Wales laid his finger on the very pulse of Empire when he mentioned those he had met and talked with on his tour, men and women born in the Colonies, never having seen England and with little expectation, though with an imperishable hope, of seeing it, who yet thought and spoke of it as "home" and "the old country." That they should do this, not from sentimental affectation but naturally and among themselves, gives us a glimpse of the silken thread that makes the Empire one. The Union Jack, which is one thing to us in London, is another and far more searching and significant symbol to them, not to be seen or thought of without a swelling pride of silence. Once for all it is sentiment that is the indestructible basis of the Empire. Indestructible one may fairly say, since even the Colonial Office has been unable to destroy it. It is by recognising and responding to sentiment that we bind the Empire most firmly, and it was

because we did neither thirty years ago that we all but lost our inheritance. It may even surprise some of our M.P.s to know that the average colonial has little use for any English institutions except such as allow sentiment to twine around them. He is devoted to England and the Crown, but instinctively he fights shy of Downing Street. For the squabbles of our Ins and Outs and the dreary whirlpool of party politics he cares not one brass farthing. Westminster, if it wins his respect at all, wins it as "the mother of Parliaments," not as the home of the present Parliament. The Colonial Office, so far from appealing to him as the heart and brain centre of the Empire, stands—or rather stood—simply as the essence of a phenomenal and ubiquitous tactlessness. To have wiped out this reputation is Mr. Chamberlain's crowning achievement; but what comment on the deficiencies of our sense of Empire could be more illuminating than the well-remembered surprise of the country that so able and powerful a statesman should have accepted, and even preferred, the Colonial Office portfolio? And what more ingenuous than the popular amazement at discovering that the new Colonial Secretary had actually a policy? Even to-day there are curious delusions as to what it is that Mr. Chamberlain has really done for the Empire. He is spoken of constantly, and even by men of some eminence, as the true and only begetter of colonial Imperialism. But for him, it has been claimed, and in so many words, the "splendid and spontaneous rally" of the Empire to the side of the mother-land would not have taken place. Such extravagances serve simply to measure the leeway we have yet to make up. Mr. Chamberlain's tenure of the Colonial Office has, indeed, been of surpassing value—but to us, not to the Colonies. He has roused the spirit of Empire—but it was not in Canada or Australia, but in England, that it lay dormant. It is our eyes he has opened and we whom he has educated to see and appreciate what every colonial has long felt by instinct.

> We've drunk to our English brother
> (But he does not understand).

Mr. Chamberlain *does* understand, and in great part he has made England understand too. It is more pleasing to our national pride to suppose that we have created what we have merely recognised, but it is not the historical fact. The response has been the fuller and heartier, no doubt, for the new assurance of sympathy and welcome, but, as a matter of strict record, the Colonies were Imperialists before we were, and England to-day is simply collecting herself to reach their level.

The drift of English policy during the past thirty years has, it can hardly be doubted, been away from Europe and towards the Empire. More and more are we outgrowing the Palmerstonian ambitions and coming to entrench ourselves behind the Empire, and the master-problem of Imperial politics during the twentieth century will be the development of this new ideal of racial unity. Now, if it be true that beyond everything else what holds the Empire together and gives it a generic vitality is that intangible compound of patriotism and pride in the stock and pride in England and English history which we include in the term "sentiment," it must follow that mechanical devices alone cannot be depended upon to produce Federation, or anything but the husk of it, and that all schemes which take that for their goal can only win real acceptance in proportion as they allow for sentiment. Machinery of whatever sort, whether in the shape of an Imperial Zollverein or a Pan-Britannic Senate, will be serviceable so far as, but no farther than, it squares with the emotional basis of Empire. To all such plans there is one infallible touchstone to be applied. Is there anything in this for the larger patriotism to take hold of? Does the idea that runs through it make a successful appeal to anything but one's sense of what ought to be in a perfectly mathematical world? In a word, does it give scope for sentiment, or is it at bottom but one more expression of the fallacy that the Empire is a problem in algebra? But, it may be said, legislation can only deal with the concrete; if deference to a host of vague unspoken feelings is to be its principle, nothing can be done. On the contrary, much can be done, and done at

once, though the right formula is hard to come by. One might lay it down that the puzzle of Imperial Federation is to get Kipling and the Kipling spirit written on the Statute-book, and as a rough-and-ready hint of the combination of practicality and sympathetic imagination that is needed, the definition might stand. Unless there be the certainty that the response comes from the heart, or whatever else may be the seat of patriotic emotion, our endeavours to knit the Empire more closely together in spirit as well as on parchment must ultimately be sterile. This has been conspicuously seen in the case of the Pan-Britannic Senate notion, put forward by Sir Wilfrid Laurier at the time of the Diamond Jubilee. It was found that to the average colonial, in Canada, the West Indies, New Zealand, or Australia, the idea did not commend itself; that "the old British principle of representation" left him curiously cold; that he was rather repelled than attracted by the possibility of its extension. And this for two reasons. He could not see that the proposed Imperial Council would be any improvement on the Agents-General or fulfil any vital function; and by instinct he drew back from any strengthening of the formal bonds of Empire. Mr. Reid, the Premier of New South Wales, gave the frankest expression at the time to his distrust of any scheme that would bring the Colonies into closer relation with Downing Street. Manufacture fresh political ties, of whatever kind, he argued, and you merely multiply occasions for misunderstandings; and he enlarged with much good humour and courage, and with perfect truth, on the progressive ratio between loyalty and non-interference. It may seem paradoxical, and it is in a sense unflattering, but none the less it is what marks out our Empire from all others; and there is no other condition of the relationship on which it would be more unwise to infringe.

What, of course, is wanted is something that will be satisfying to the sentiment of Empire and at the same time demonstrably useful. The Imperial Council project was neither one thing nor the other; the idea of an Imperial

Zollverein stands, of course, on a different plane, but its warmest advocates will not deny that it is still too inchoate to be of pressing significance. There remain, however, three pathways that may be followed up with immediate advantage. One leads to a common system of naval and military defence; the other to the establishment of England as the supreme educational centre of the Empire;[1] the third to an Imperial Civil Service. The first of these has already been largely discussed, and in this article it is enough to express the conviction that it meets at all points the essentials of the movement towards Federation, that it is both practically beneficial and harmonises with and encourages the underlying spirit which keeps the Empire whole. As much, too, may be said for any scheme that would give to the graduates of colonial colleges and universities the chance of completing their studies in England. At present for a great portion of the Empire the seat of advanced learning is in the United States, and on an average not less than one hundred and fifty British subjects are to be found each year taking the graduate course in American universities, simply because no provision is made for their needs in England. The new degrees of Bachelor of Letters and Bachelor of Science conferred by Oxford and Cambridge on graduates of foreign universities who pursue some definite course of study in England are not understood, and are not greatly valued abroad. Both in Germany and America—and on such a point their example counts for rather more than ours—post-graduate work ends in a thesis and the award of a doctorate; and this assuredly will have to be the termination of any course that may be organised in England if it is intended to be of real service. Is it too much to hope that Oxford and Cambridge may wake up to the duty they owe the Empire in this matter? Within the past thirty years they have expanded with unlooked-for activity and success, and never before did they touch the national life at so many points

[1] This was written before the publication of Mr. Rhodes's will, which strikingly confirms our contributor's views.—Editor.

as to-day. They have become democratic; may they not also become Imperial? They have risen strongly and capably to the needs of Great Britain, but the process of readjustment to twentieth-century conditions demands for its perfection something more than that. It demands that the needs of Greater Britain shall be recognised too, and on all grounds it is better that Oxford and Cambridge should pay heed to them rather than London or Birmingham. This is a matter that appeals more closely to the Colonies than may be readily imagined. From conversation with undergraduates and professors in Canada and the West Indies, and from not a little intercourse with those picked and ambitious colonials who now are driven to Harvard, Yale and Cornell for what Oxford and Cambridge should but cannot give them, I gathered most strongly the conviction that the establishment of a post-graduate course in connection with an English university would be a real service to the unity of the Empire. That students would not be lacking, that the opportunity to round off their education in England would be joyfully and instantaneously seized upon, I never heard disputed. What could be more significant, under this head, than the memorandum from the New Zealand Government to the Colonial Secretary suggesting that Queen Victoria's reign could not be more worthily commemorated than by organising a post-graduate college in affiliation with the London University? Better in London than not at all; but it is from Oxford and Cambridge that a move would be most welcomed. The fame and traditions, the atmospheric fragrance of those universities are a precious part of the blended memories and conceptions of England that the colonist keeps fresh within him; and I can imagine no more effective spur to learning than to hold out before the young Canadian or New Zealander or Australian the prospect of completing his studies within their walls. Nor is this all. The men who would take the post-graduate course would for the most part on their return home become teachers, professors and schoolmasters. To them would fall the task of training successive generations

of colonials, and can it be questioned but that their stay at Oxford or Cambridge would broaden their Imperial sympathies and leave its lasting effects on them and their pupils? To every corner of our possessions we should be sending out a missionary of Empire.

Not unrelated to this proposal is that of an Imperial Civil Service. Here again the Colonial Office has in its archives at least one formal petition asking that the English beyond the seas might have an equal chance with the English at home to share in the government of the Empire. The petition came from the governing bodies and professors of Australasian Universities, and was suggested to them by an address of Lord Tennyson's in which well-educated young Australians were advised to look to the Indian Civil Service as a career. Lord Tennyson's words were eagerly taken up in other portions of the Empire besides Australia, and nowhere more warmly than in Canada, where a similar idea has long been entertained. Commissions in the army and cadetships in the navy have for many years been within the reach of colonial candidates, and it cannot be doubted that those who have qualified for them have directly and indirectly contributed essentially to the oneness of the Empire. What is now required is an extension of this admirable policy to appointments in the Indian Civil Service and the other administrative departments that are of Imperial scope and character—the Foreign Office, for instance, the Admiralty and War Office, the Colonial Office, the India Office. To meet this requirement, all that is necessary is that the entrance examinations should be simultaneously held in London and the colonial capitals; and very small executive ability would be needed to map out a smooth and workable scheme that would be exposed to only one possibility of interruption—the chance that the answers to the papers might be lost by shipwreck. So long as the examinations for the higher grades of the Civil Service are confined to London, colonial candidates are inevitably prevented from competing. They are anxious to serve the Empire; they believe themselves

thoroughly competent to do so; in fair and open competition they are, at all events, ready to take their chances. But distance and lack of means are insuperable obstacles, so long as London is the gateway through which all the would-be servants of the Empire must pass. Most English boys of brains and capacity have been braced by the ambition of entering the Indian Civil Service; the thought of being a member of that incomparable Service draws out the imagination and the powers of youth as nothing else can. But, given the chance, Australians and Canadians and New Zealanders would be no less stimulated by its attractiveness; indeed, even without the chance, it is a career that powerfully moves them, as it must move every one of British blood. The same examination papers do duty for the Indian Civil Service, Eastern cadetships, and Class I. Clerkships in the Home Civil Service; and it is, above all, for the opportunity of showing themselves able to meet this test that colonials ask. They do not wish to intrude on those branches of the Civil Service, which, being exclusively concerned with local and English affairs, are naturally reserved to Englishmen; but where the range is Imperial in scope, they do claim that they should at least be given the chance of showing whether or not they possess the requisite qualifications. And to the idea of holding the Indian Civil Service examination at one and the same time in England, Canada, New Zealand, Australia and South Africa there is only one objection, and that comes from the severely mathematical man who sapiently remarks that logically we must go a step farther and include India too. Logic luckily never yet ruled a parish, much less an empire; and it need not now detain us from pressing on towards our goal, which is simply that of promoting the unity of the Empire by giving to all the white men who compose it an equal opportunity to share in its responsibilities and its glories. It may, of course, happen that the privilege, if granted, will be found useless; that colonial education has not yet reached the necessary standard. Nobody in the Colonies believes that this is so; but if after, say, five years, no colonial

candidate were successful, the privilege could be easily withdrawn. Let the attempt at least be made, and the new sense of kinship and community, which has been formed on the battlefield, be cemented by association in the works of peace. What further pledge of the oneness of the Empire will be needed when "the men of the four new nations" work side by side with those of England in the ordering of their heritage?

SYDNEY BROOKS.

THE CORONATION AND THE PSEUDO-JACOBITES

THE coronation of a new sovereign, the formal accession of what is, in the male line, a new dynasty—for the crown has now passed from the House of Brunswick, Hanover, or Guelph, to that of Saxony, Thuringia, or Wettin—provides, perhaps, a not unsuitable occasion to consider some pretensions that of late years have been persistently and noisily put forward, on the platform and in the Press, by a small clique of agitators posing as the only representatives now left of true monarchical sentiment in the British Empire. Most modern Britons will be disposed to think that a theory of monarchy under which the Imperial Crown might devolve automatically on a branch of the Neapolitan Bourbons carries its refutation on the face of it, but although it would be labour wasted to vindicate the title of Queen Victoria's descendants, to an Empire mainly created since the accession of King George III., for a Royalist at all events it is a pious duty to clear the memory of the real Jacobites of history from the reproach cast upon it by the antics of those imperfectly informed dynastic dilettanti who have recently attempted to usurp the name. These gentlemen, it is true, in a manifesto which saw light in the pages of a well-known magazine[1] in the oddly chosen year of the late Queen's Diamond Jubilee, had the grace to admit that their appropria-

[1] See "Legitimism in England," by the Marquis de Ruvigny and Raineval d Mr. Cranstoun Metcalfe, in the *Nineteenth Century*, September 1897.

tion of the style of "Jacobite" was not altogether felicitous or warrantable. "But for the peculiar local associations of the term," they admitted, "the Legitimist in England might with more propriety style himself a Carlist, and thereby identify himself more clearly with his brother in France or Spain." For "the Jacobite," they claim, with lofty indifference to history, "is simply an Englishman who professes the faith of Legitimism." It is against this glaring misconception of the real Jacobites of history—"the Cavalier interest" as Lockhart of Carnwath described his party—no less than against the general disparagement, by inference, of the post-Revolution British Monarchy, that it now seems desirable and necessary to enter an emphatic protest. "Carlists" these gentlemen may be—that is a matter for Don Carlos—but they are not entitled to misuse the grand old name borne by those who freely gave their lives and all else they had to give for those whom they regarded, not unjustly or unreasonably at the time, as rightful kings of Britain. The real Jacobite fought for the Stuarts because they were his fellow countrymen, and not from deference for any mathematical formula of monarchy, least of all for one which is not even mathematically accurate. His devotion may seem to some of us misplaced, and still fewer will now regret that it miscarried. It is, however, but the barest justice to allow that he was inspired by altogether different sentiments from these modern pseudo-Jacobites, these self-styled Legitimists, these English *Blancs d'Espagne*, whose view of the English Revolution is that of Dr. Priestley and Tom Paine, whose notions of kingship in general are on an intellectual and moral par with the ignorant and vulgar gibes of the sciolist Max Nordau at what it pleases him to call *The Lie of a Monarchy*, and whose ideas of Legitimacy might even satisfy the malice of Thomas Babington Macaulay.

By the law of primogeniture [they were careful to inform us] the sovereign of these realms should be Mary IV. and III., *née* Mary Theresa Dorothea, Archduchess of Austria-Este-Modena, and wife of H.R.H. Prince Louis of Bavaria. Of her genealogical right to the throne as representative

of the senior female line of the royal House of Stuart there is no dispute. The facts are stated in *Whitaker's Almanack* for all who run to read. [And, besides] The title of the present dynasty is a Parliamentary one only.

Of *Whitaker's Almanack* as a compendium of current facts it would be impossible to speak too highly, but that useful and meritorious and indeed invaluable publication, for all its solid worth and many merits, is not, and does not profess to be, an exhaustive manual of constitutional history or a complete guide in royal genealogy. Had these "Legitimists," who think so poorly of the present dynasty, carried their researches somewhat further, and consulted a less brief and sketchy stud-book of our sovereigns, they would have found that their "Legitimism" was a wholly illegitimate deduction even from their own narrow, false, and arbitrary premisses. Their large assumption is that primogenitary right is indefeasible, whereas the real Jacobite of history held, not that it was indefeasible, but that in his time, in the case of the male line of Stuart, it had not yet been lawfully defeated. But granting their assumption, for the sake of argument, to whom does it lead us? Not to H.R.H. Princess Louis of Bavaria, but to H.R.H. Robert, Duke of Parma. If primogenitary right is indefeasible, Robert I. of Scotland was no less of a usurper than his descendant George I. of Great Britain. John Baliol, and not Robert Bruce, was the "representative of the senior female line" of David, Earl of Huntingdon. Edward and Henry, sons of King John Baliol, both left no issue, but the eldest daughter Ada had, by Sir William Lindsay, a daughter and heiress, Christina, wife of Ingelram de Guignes, Sire de Couci. Through their descendants the representation passed into the House of France: at the time of the accession of King James VI. to the throne of England, the senior coheir of Earl David and King Malcolm Canmore was Henri IV.; from Henri IV. it duly descended to the late Comte de Chambord, the Henri V. of French Legitimists, and on his death it passed to his nephew Robert, eldest son of Duke Charles III. of Parma, by Louisa, daughter of the Duc de Berry. Thus,

on the principles of these new pseudo-Jacobites, the rightful sovereign, at all events of Scotland, "by the law of primogeniture," is the Duke of Parma. Well may we call them pseudo-Jacobites, since, while our reigning dynasty are unquestionably Stuarts in the female line, and reigning for that very reason, their iron rule of primogeniture would get rid of the Stuarts altogether. Grant the validity of their contention, and the Stuart kings in Scotland were usurpers from the very first.

The title of the present dynasty, they say, is "only Parliamentary," more than suggesting that a Parliamentary title is necessarily wanting in completeness and legitimacy. But an Act of Parliament is an Act of the King in Parliament, and is as much his act as his act out of Parliament. Do they hold that the concurrence of the Estates of the realm invalidates the royal pleasure, or do they fancy their modern principle of primogeniture so divinely indefeasible that not even the king could alter or suspend its operation? Either assumption is scarcely reconcilable with an exalted view of monarchy. The whole State is made dependent on the automatic working of a mathematical formula—deriving its authority from whom? Not certainly from history, English or Scottish. The first Scottish king who attempted to assert the indefeasible right of primogeniture—Duncan II.—was regarded by the majority of Scotsmen of his own day as an unnatural and impious usurper. For primogeniture was at first an illegal and unconstitutional innovation on the older system of tanistry—not peculiar to the Celts of Scotland and Ireland, but found also among the Teutons and the Slavs—by which brothers, as in Turkey, or sometimes two branches of the royal family, reigned in turn. The rule of primogeniture made its way by degrees on its own merits. It was adopted in the place of older systems of succession for reasons of practical convenience, and for the like reasons might be set aside.

Primogeniture gave Scotland King John Baliol, a *roi fainéant* who, after demonstrating his utter incapacity to protect the liberty and independence of the nation, finally

resigned his realm into the hands of the public enemy, King Edward I. Naturally and necessarily, therefore, primogeniture and King John Baliol were set aside. The staunchest upholders of monarchical authority have never asserted a right in any sovereign to subject his people to a foreign foe.

"The title," say the Marians or "Carlists," "of the present dynasty is a Parliamentary title only," and, therefore, "the Hanoverian dynasty has no divine right." But if by "divine right" they mean to indicate their "principle of primogeniture," we have seen already that in Scotland the Stuarts never possessed any. Their whole title to the throne of Scotland was Parliamentary. They ascended the throne in virtue of one Act of Parliament, passed in the reign of Robert I., and no sooner had they ascended the throne in the person of Robert II. than they further regulated the succession to the throne by a new Act of Parliament. It was under that Act (of 1373) that every descendant in the male line of the first Stuart sovereign reigned, and it is more than doubtful whether without that Act they would have been considered to possess any right to the throne whatsoever. The king's three eldest sons were born out of wedlock, the children of a lady related in such a manner to the Steward that without a Papal dispensation it was impossible, in the prejudice of the time, for them to marry, and the terms of the dispensation were so ambiguous and obscure that it is not even now clearly established whether or not they were designed to confer legitimacy on the Steward's natural offspring. It was under the terms of that Act that Queen Mary, the common ancestress of King Edward VII. and Princess Louis of Bavaria, came to the throne, on the assumption of the legitimacy of her lineal male ancestor, for on the contrary hypothesis the person entitled to the throne would have been the heir of the line of David, Earl of Strathearn, the elder of King Robert II.'s two sons by his second and undoubtedly lawful marriage with Euphemia Ross. So much later on as the reign of Charles I. serious anxiety and even alarm was felt by the sovereign on the subject of this

rival and unquestionably legitimate succession, which was then vested in the Earl of Airth and Menteith, and in the nineteenth century was in dispute between the family of Barclay-Allardice and that of Cunninghame-Grahame.

Thus—not to go into the case of earlier claimants to the Scottish Crown, such as Donald Bane, whose grand-daughter and heiress Hextilda carried his title, of whatever worth, to the ancestor of the Comyn slain in his wrath by Bruce, or Donald Bane Mac William, the reputed grandson of Duncan II., whose family claims kept the Highlands in turmoil as long as those of the Stuarts, or the still more ancient contest between the House of Moray, as the right heirs of Kenneth III., and the House of Atholl represented by Malcolm Canmore—it is surely sufficiently evident that, as regards Scotland and primogeniture, for the friends of the Stuarts the watchword must be "Least said soonest mended." Their title to the Scottish throne was primarily Parliamentary, although confirmed and strengthened by undisturbed possession, or prescription.

The real Jacobites of history, except perhaps the most ignorant and foolish members of the party, never declared that hereditary right was indefeasible, or that the king in Parliament could not lawfully alter the succession. It would have been impossible for them to maintain this in view of the repeated instances in English history, as familiar to them and to their adversaries as to us, in which this had actually happened. What they did say, through their accredited mouthpiece in the House of Commons, Sir Simon, afterwards Lord, Harcourt, was that the illegal violence of the Revolution invalidated the subsequent proceedings. A revolution was not then, and is not now, a constitutional expedient. But this plea, valid for their own time and for half a century later, has been disposed of, and dismissed for ever, by the manifest and unbroken acquiescence of the British nation in the rule of the House of Hanover ever since the accession of King George III. Whatever the original defects of the Act of Settlement, they have long since been made good by the force of undisturbed

possession, and repeated acts of national assent, and it is with indignation, no less than with contempt, that every true admirer of the Jacobites of history must now behold the banner of a spurious Legitimism uplifted by a clique of Cockney "Carlists" against a dynasty as truly and perfectly legitimate as any race of kings that ever reigned anywhere.

The Jacobite of history was an idealistic politician, but an idealist is not the same thing as an idiot, nor could a party which had among its leaders such men as Bishop Atterbury, the third Earl of Strafford, and the second Duke of Ormonde, fall back on the excuse of ignorance. No Jacobite amongst them can have failed to know that Stephen, Henry II., John, Henry III., the House of Lancaster, Henry VII., all succeeded in defiance of strict primogenitary right, or that Mary Tudor and Elizabeth, both of them illegitimate, reigned in turn in virtue simply of the Parliamentary title which to the pseudo-Jacobite seems worse perhaps than no title at all.

The whole origin of the idea that primogenitary right is indefeasible must be discovered in the fact that King James VI. and I., the undoubted heir in point of blood to the Tudor dynasty, being without a Parliamentary title, nevertheless succeeded to the English throne. But the unfortunate absence in his case of a formal title was due entirely to the reluctance and refusal of Elizabeth to recognise any successor whatever. It is true, too, that under the will of Henry VIII., in accordance with the terms of an Act of Parliament, the crown should have devolved upon the descendants of his younger sister, Mary Tudor, wife of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk—now represented by the Baroness Kinloss. But in this case the descent of the heir, Lord Beauchamp, was tainted through three generations. Charles Brandon was a bigamist, and had at least one wife still living when he married Mary Tudor. Henry Grey, third Marquess of Dorset, had repudiated his first wife, a Fitzalan, who survived the event by a score of years, in order to marry Frances Brandon, and the marriage of Lord Beauchamp's father, Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, with

Lady Katharine Grey, the repudiated wife of Lord Herbert, was certainly private, and possibly illegal. Nevertheless, Lord Beauchamp, and other persons of still more questionable claims, were objects of constant interest and attention to the intriguing politicians of the period, lay and clerical, and the peaceful succession of King James, as a great measure of Imperial union and insular consolidation, must be put to the credit of the statesmanship of Cecil.

Queen Elizabeth was unquestionably illegitimate, and is so still in law to this day. She reigned only under the provisions of an Act of Parliament. Yet notwithstanding this circumstance, so shameful and shocking in the eyes of those who set up to be better Royalists than the Tudors or Stuarts, and the further fact that her mere human Parliamentary title barred the divinely indefeasible primogenitary right of Mary Stuart to the English throne, King James and his Stuart successors never disowned or stigmatised Elizabeth as a usurper. On the contrary she was placed among the constellations as "that bright Occidental Star," and James I., Charles I., and even James II., each of them bestowed her name upon a daughter. But if Queen Elizabeth, reigning only under a Parliamentary title, was a legitimate sovereign, and if the Stuarts in Scotland, reigning under a Parliamentary title, were likewise legitimate sovereigns, why should we be called upon to despise and reject the present dynasty, who also reign under a Parliamentary title, and one which for the last hundred and fifty years has not been so much as seriously questioned? Why should we be expected to receive on the unsupported assertion of its authors—these Perkin Warbecks of the White Rose, and Lambert Simnels of Legitimacy—a view of monarchy and royal succession rejected not only by our own country but by almost every other? Even in the view of these gentlemen, it may be presumed, Henry VIII. was a legitimate sovereign, and he has seldom been accused of belittling his office. Yet Henry on no less than three separate occasions sought and obtained the authority of Parliament for the settlement of the succession.

Louis Quatorze, again, has not commonly been thought wanting in royal spirit, yet the *Roi Soleil*, the *Grand Monarque*, actually legitimised two of his natural children, the Duke of Maine and the Count of Toulouse, and placed them in the order of succession to the throne to the postponement of the House of Orleans.

And here it may be observed briefly in passing that these "Legitimists" who desire to disinherit the descendants of the great Queen and Empress who held her Stuart ancestors and kinsmen in especially affectionate and dutiful remembrance, would probably be not a little puzzled to frame a definition of "primogeniture" according with the facts of history. In mediæval Italy and Portugal and Spain, in Celtic Ireland and Anglo-Saxon Britain, among the Normans of Normandy and the Northmen of Norway, the hereditary right of natural, and in some cases even of adulterine and spurious issue, being acknowledged by their fathers, was at least as "indefeasible" as that of their brothers born in lawful wedlock. "I who by the will of Heaven am Emperor of Japan," exclaimed the Mikado at the time of the Satsuma rebellion, "descending in one unbroken line for ten thousand years." It is as easy to say ten as two, but the lineage of the Japanese Imperial family is beyond doubt incomparably older than that of any reigning House in Europe, though it has only been maintained by means which in Europe are no longer recognised as lawful. And the remembrance of this circumstance points directly to the obvious fact that the primogeniture of the pseudo-Jacobites is not really strict primogeniture, but only primogeniture qualified by the Christian law of marriage, a qualification sufficiently disclosing the modernity of the idea. In ancient Ireland, long after the nominal establishment of Christianity, a Monmouth would have been taken as his father's, or his uncle's, heir as a matter of course, nor would Alfred the Great have felt in the least degree dismayed at a proposal that Berwick should succeed King James II.

The neo-Legitimist idea of "indefeasible primogeniture" is

one that arose, and could only have arisen, in the later Western middle ages. The requirement of canonical legitimacy, is due, of course, to the influence of the Church, while the insistence upon primogeniture springs from the doctrine of the impartibility of the fief, inculcated for their own ends by feudal kings and lawyers. That the office of king itself is of divine right was declared in noble language by Lord Bolingbroke, and has been believed in all ages and countries. It is a glorious and inspiring faith, deep-rooted in man's innate moral sentiments, and part and parcel, not only of Christianity, but of natural religion. The religious character and sanctity of kingship is its primary and universal and inseparable attribute. But this sense of the solemnity and sublimity of monarchy is in no wise dependent on a mere legal theory based on the false analogy of feudal fiefs, and monarchical sentiment has been and still is at its highest, precisely with those peoples to whom the pretended principle of indefeasible primogenitary right is either abhorrent or unknown.

Neither Henry VIII. nor Louis XIV. was a Legitimist of a type that would have satisfied the somewhat exacting standard of the English "Carlist." But Mary Stuart, the ancestress of all possible pretenders to the British throne—pretensions may be perfectly well-founded—was not a Legitimist of any sort. In her will she disinherited her son for heresy, and bequeathed Great Britain and Ireland to Philip of Spain. Nor again was Victor Amadeus of Savoy, King of Sicily, and afterwards of Sardinia—the husband of the lady from whom the Princess Louis of Bavaria derives her "right" —much more of a Legitimist than William of Orange, or quite so much of one as George I. The Duke of Savoy busily intrigued for his son Charles Emmanuel, and was perfectly willing that he should renounce Romanism in order to qualify for our throne, while George I., for reasons probably both good and bad, was extremely reluctant to come over. The Duke's wife, Anne, daughter of Henrietta of Orleans, was apparently as eager in the matter as her husband, and not less ready to cut

out their unfortunate cousin. To claim, therefore, an "indefeasible" right for a descendant of this couple is, morally, something like claiming the same right in France for a descendant of Philippe Égalité.

The "English Legitimists" who half despise, and yet assume the name of Jacobite—in coolest disregard of the fact that the clans and families best entitled to adhere to it have been for generations past devoutly loyal to King George III. and his successors—assure us, in language even more emphatic than that which has been quoted, of their identity in sentiment and principle with the Continental Carlists. They do not appear to be aware, or at least to realise that if hereditary right is really indefeasible, the House of Bourbon has no *locus standi* either in France or Spain. The House of Hanover, at the worst, had a closer connection with the House of Stuart than the Capets with the Carolingians. For although attempts have been made to affiliate the later French House to the earlier, these can be ranked only with such genealogical pleasantries as the derivation of the first Napoleon from the Man in the Iron Mask—the elder brother, naturally, of Louis XIV. If primogeniture is really indefeasible, "Philippe VII." is as much a *parvenu* imposture as President Loubet, the Duke of Madrid as fraudulent a pretender as the Duke of Orleans, and the true sovereign of every French Legitimist the Emperor-King Francis-Joseph. The House of Lorraine claim descent from Charles the Great, and before the accession of the first Bourbon their kinsmen and cadets of Guise had made play with their Carolingian lineage against the last of the Valois.

So again in Spain our Carlists of the old rock have no right to content themselves with the modern, pinchbeck, semi-rational "legitimacy" of Don Carlos while there is a La Cerda available. To be put off with a Duke of Madrid in place of a Duke of Medina Celi is to allow a Bonaparte to do duty for a Bourbon. For the Dukes of Medina Celi are descended from Ferdinand De La Cerda, the rights of whose infant sons—if, indeed, they had any right according to then prevailing custom

—were ignored in his own favour by their father's younger brother, Sancho IV. of Castile. In former centuries at the accession of each sovereign the then Duke of Medina Celi went through the ceremony of formally protesting his claims, though this time-honoured pageant did not prevent them from subsequently serving the "usurper" as Viceroy or Minister of State, or even in his royal household. Nevertheless their "indefeasible" primogenitary rights were defeated chiefly through their own lethargy. At the time of the disputed Spanish succession the first Lord Stanhope, British Ambassador at Madrid, mentions the Duke of Medina Celi, then Viceroy of Naples, as a possible but incapable pretender.

The mention of Naples at once calls to mind that there also Bourbon Legitimism is, strictly speaking, illegitimate. Not the House of France in any of its branches, but the French family of La Tremoïlle, Dukes of Thouars, are really entitled to the sympathy of "English Legitimists." Their very title of Prince de Tarente commemorates the claims—derived through Charlotte of Aragon from Frederick, King of Naples—which they asserted unsuccessfully so lately as the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. But the legitimism of the "English Legitimist" and his *Legitimist Kalendar* is of so resolutely and rigorously an unhistorical character that, while he bows down before Augustin Yturbide, a Mexican rebel, who assumed the Imperial style in 1822, and was shot by his subjects two years later—a military adventurer only at one remove from Faustin I., Emperor of Hayti—he yet has no eyes for the Duke of Montezuma, the principal, but not the only Spanish descendant in the female line of the Aztec sovereigns.

In Northern Europe the neo-Legitimist is not less arbitrary and capricious. He makes a great to-do over the fallen House of "Vasa" in Sweden, although Queen Christina herself, in conversation with Bulstrode Whitelocke, Cromwell's envoy, compared the founder of her revolutionary dynasty with "your General," and although they ceased to be Vasa in the male

line on Christina's abdication. Their best blood was really derived from their German marriages. Yet with all this strained sentiment of Swedish "Legitimism"—the more ludicrous since the ancestors of these kings in exile owed their royalty to the expulsion of a Roman Catholic branch of the real Vasa, a pretty close parallel to the case of the Stuarts—the "English Legitimist" finds nothing amiss (on his principles) with Russia. In the whole Empire, with all its mediatised princely families, he selects for his romantic sympathy the family calling themselves Lusignan, whose late representative, the claimant King of Cyprus, Armenia and Jerusalem, offered to part with all his rights—divine and indefeasible—for a lump sum of twenty millions sterling—unhappily before the rise of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. And perhaps the "English Legitimist" does well to keep silence about Russia. For the most monarchical in sentiment of European countries is precisely that which presents the most complete and signal contradiction of his "principles." The reigning house owe their throne originally to popular election, the descent of the Crown has been the most eccentric on historic record, and, while the Imperial family are wholly unconnected in blood with the preceding dynasty, the direct lineal male legitimate descendants, titled and untitled, of Rurik, as also of the Lithuanian Ghedymin, are innumerable. No country in the world, or at all events in Europe, demonstrates quite so clearly the entire lack of connection between real reverence for monarchy and the untenable and unhistoric theories—unlearned pedantry—with which the pseudo-Jacobite would shackle and encumber it.

But all who have followed us thus far must have convinced themselves that his Royalism is a Royalism *pour rire*, his Jacobitism a coarse and clumsy caricature worthy of a member of the Calfhead's Club, his "Legitimism," if not quite that of the Tichborne Claimant, at least belonging to the same order of ideas. It is marvellous, indeed, that he should not take up the case of the Cantacuzenes, the Palæologi, or the Giustiniani, as heirs of the Eastern Roman Empire, that he should refrain

in his moderation from pushing the claims of King Menelek to the throne as well as to "the seal" of Solomon, or that he should content himself with "Mary IV. and III.," when he might demand the British Empire for the Athelstan-Huddlestons or the Caractacus-Craddocks. To take his "Legitimism" for a moment seriously, it would be interesting to know on what principle he excludes the undoubted descendants of the kings of Ireland from the benefit of his liberal interpretation of the maxim, *Nullum tempus occurrit regi.* In Celtic Ireland, as in heroic Greece, and the Scandinavia of the Vikings, the word "king" was employed more lavishly than modern usage justifies. But the provincial kings of Ulster, Meath, Leinster, Munster, and Connaught were real kings, as real as the modern kings of Denmark, Greece, or Wurtemberg, and recognised as such in English treaties and the like State documents. In three cases their descendants survive, though only in one case—for Lord O'Neill is in the male line a Chichester—have they been incorporated in the Peerage. If hereditary right is indefeasible for the Stuarts in "the senior female line," it seems a little hard that it should be totally ignored in the case of gentlemen whose lineal male ancestors, like those of Mr. Kavanagh of Borris, Lord Inchiquin, and the O'Conor Don, were most unquestionably royal centuries before a Stuart or Plantagenet set foot in Great Britain. Then, too, there are the "royal tribes" of Wales, doubtless tracing their descent, though the mysteries of Cymric genealogy are not easily fathomed, from their renowned "Brennin" Coel Hen—better known, perhaps, to most of us as "Old King Cole."

The authors of the amazing manifesto graciously tendered as a tribute to the Queen's Diamond Jubilee expressed a pleasant confidence that the "restoration" of the House of Wittelsbach would federate the British Empire. It may be allowed to them that the restoration of the House of Stuart might, and most likely would, have prevented the loss of the American colonies. For the reign of Charles II., as no less a

personage than the late Mr. Gladstone long ago proclaimed, was "the time of the greatest colonial freedom," and the reign of Charles III. might have been equally fortunate and free. Charles II., by the way, would scarcely have agreed with our pseudo-Jacobites that "democracy is an accursed condition," and himself expressly described members of colonial legislatures as "delegates" of the people. A second restoration of the Stuarts would undoubtedly have checked the growing predominance of the Parliament of Great Britain in colonial affairs, and, with it, "that baleful spirit of commerce which sought to govern great nations with the maxims of the counter," and these were the principal causes of colonial separation. Every genuine Royalist must also sympathise with the loyal sentiment of the old song, "The King shall enjoy his own again." But the Stuarts, let alone the Wittelsbachs, never enjoyed Canada, Australia, New Zealand, or South Africa. Only Cardinal York can have so much as known that Australia existed. Though the Stuarts laid the foundations of the Indian Empire, the greater part of the existing transmarine dominion of the British crown was acquired after their time. Only Newfoundland and some of the West Indian islands are pre-Hanoverian. On the principle of indefeasible hereditary right, whoever might be entitled to the throne of the British Isles, or any portion of them, the person entitled to the throne of the British Empire is clearly the heir-at-law of Queen Victoria and King George III. But to the hopeless and glaring inconsistencies of the pseudo-Jacobite there is no end.

"I will venture to affirm," wrote David Hume, "that it was not so much principle, or an opinion of indefeasible hereditary right, which attached the Tory party to the ancient royal family, as affection, or a certain love and esteem for their persons." This dictum undoubtedly holds good of the Tories in Scotland, who, as Hume observes, were there all Jacobites. In England the Tories were divided into Jacobite Tories and Hanoverian Tories. The Hanoverian Tories rejected the

Chevalier de St. George on account of his Papal Nonconformity; the Jacobite Tories adhered to him, notwithstanding his Nonconformity; but no person or party of any weight or standing adhered to him on account of his Nonconformity. The obstinate or conscientious resolution of the old Chevalier "to adhere to Popery" was what really prevented his restoration. In Great Britain the Roman Catholics were a negligible quantity, and in Ireland they were for the time being powerless. The real strength of the Stuart cause lay actually in the Highland clans, and potentially also in the English Tories and High Churchmen. But the Chevalier was a rigid, and perhaps fantastically punctilious, Romanist. Bolingbroke tells us that he objected to describe his grandfather, the first Charles, as "the royal martyr." "I conversed," he adds, "with very few among the Roman Catholics themselves who did not think him too much a Papist." James III. was no more willing to become the Papist King of Tory idealism, *ex hypothesi* not only a Briton but an Anglican, than George I., being a foreigner, was able to assume that *rôle*. So soon as the Hanoverian Tories realised the dogged impracticability of "the Pretender," they reluctantly acquiesced in the partisan potentate imported by the Whigs as being, on their principles, the less serious of two great evils.

The constitutional changes effected by the Revolution have been made the subject of gross exaggeration. The most important result practically was the temporary depression of the crown due to the alienism of those who wore it, but this, from the nature of the case, was only temporary. The lasting change of greatest consequence was the requirement from all monarchs in the future of strict conformity to the Established Church. But this, so far from inferring any degradation of the monarchy, is only what is usually required in law or fact of sovereigns everywhere. Every Byzantine Emperor on his accession handed the Œcumenical Patriarch a formal declaration of assent to the Nicene Creed and the decrees of the Seven General Councils. John Palæologus, and his brother

Constantine XIII., hastened the fall of Constantinople by their submission to the Roman Curia. A Tsar, who accepted for himself, let alone his Church and people, the Pope's claim to supremacy, would probably find it impossible to maintain himself in Russia. No Russian Grand Duke would be allowed to marry a Roman Catholic. Bernadotte was obliged to profess Lutheranism as a condition of his succession to the Swedish throne. Henry IV. could not obtain the French Crown without renouncing Calvinism. The titles of the "Most Christian" King of France, the "Catholic" of Spain, the "Faithful" of Portugal, the "Apostolic" of Hungary, the "Orthodox" of Poland, proclaim their conformity to the national religion. In our day the reception of the infant Prince Boris of Bulgaria into the autocephalous National Church was an event of international significance. In Protestant Saxony, one of the few exceptions to the general rule, the reigning family is Roman Catholic only because the Elector Augustus the Strong adopted that form of Christianity in order to qualify himself for King of Poland.

And this all but universal requirement is in itself pre-eminently reasonable, since in all countries, of whatever "confession," the sovereign stands in personal relation to the Established Church. In all German Protestant States the sovereign is officially *Summus Episcopus*. In no Continental country does the Pope exercise such free, full, and unfettered power over his spiritual subjects as in the British Empire. In all Roman Catholic countries the Pope's ecclesiastical supremacy is strictly limited, controlled and regulated, both by the local law and by express agreement with the Vatican. Except perhaps in modern Italy, all European sovereigns are "heads" of their respective national churches in the same sense as the monarch of Great Britain, and exercise at least as much practical influence on ecclesiastical administration. So far from being exceptional, much less unique, the position of a British sovereign in relation to the Church of England represents only the normal condition of affairs.

Viewed by itself, the condition imposed by the Act of Settlement that all future sovereigns should join in communion with the Church of England cannot be deemed exacting or unjust. And in our case especially the regulation was well warranted, seeing that the actual course of public events under King James II. and VII. had largely extenuated, and had gone far to justify, the policy of the Exclusion Bill.

The adherents, on paper, of "Queen Mary IV. and III.," who decry the Revolution and the introduction of the House of Hanover as "democratic," when, in point of fact, both were the work of the High Whig nobility, effected over the heads, and against the wishes, of the people, deprecate "No Popery sentiment" and advocate the removal of all "religious disabilities." But if there is the noisy and ignorant "No Popery of Puritan fanaticism, blatant, blind, bawling, and brawling there is also the sober and serious, legal and historical "No Popery," calm and quiet in the consciousness of its impregnable position, of national patriotism and loyalty and constitutional Church principle. "No Popery" was as powerful a force at Christian Constantinople as in Elizabethan England, and is as flourishing to-day in orthodox Russia as in Orange Ulster. The Highland Jacobites, few of whom were Roman Catholics, and most of whom were Presbyterians, fought for the Stuarts as their fellow countrymen despite a circumstance which most of them unfeignedly regretted. But none of them could have been persuaded to unsheath their claymores in the cause of princes who lay under the double disadvantage of being both Roman Catholics and foreigners.

To attempt to represent the real Jacobites, the fighting Jacobites, as moved by enthusiasm for the Church of Rome, though only of a piece with the general attitude of the English "Carlists," is an outrage upon history, the more inexcusable inasmuch as no institution has ever displayed a more constant and callous disregard for hereditary right than the Papacy itself. It was indeed largely from the political doctrine of the

Jesuits that the English Roundheads of the seventeenth century derived their unavowed but very real inspiration.

If these "earnest Legitimists" intend to take up the challenge of the King's Champion at his Majesty's forthcoming coronation, it may be hoped, for their own sake, that they will provide themselves with better weapons than they have hitherto seen proper to employ. They complain of "the crass stupidity of the man in the street," who "dubs every Legitimist a lunatic," but to those who have followed with a not unnecessary patience the examination of their "principles," it may perhaps appear that in this matter at all events that perpetual subject of pitiless depreciation, the unhappy person on the king's highway, notwithstanding his deplorable discourtesy, is not quite so crassly stupid after all.

WILLIAM C. MACPHERSON.

THE EDUCATION BILL

THE Government appear to have been roused at last to the gravity of the educational crisis, and have produced a really comprehensive Bill. The wicked fairies in the Cabinet (some have even gone so far as to give them a local habitation and a name) have managed, however, seriously to disable it at birth by making the adoption of the elementary portion permissive and not obligatory. Still there is good reason to believe that this defect may be cured by private treatment in the Cabinet. Otherwise the necessary operation will have to be performed in the Commons. Without the excision of this contracting-out clause, the elementary portion of the Bill is valueless. A more remote yet probably more real peril to the survival of the Bill is suggested by the past history of the present Government in their dealings with education. It may be truthfully said that no Ministry have acquired a worse record. Their promising project of 1896 was fatally maimed in the Commons through the negligence of those in charge of it. The twin Bills of 1898 were stillborn. The Act of 1899 was little better than a living skeleton, which, despite official coddling and cossetting has not yet got much flesh on its bones. The educational bantling of 1900 was born on the last expiring days of the session which gave it birth. Then came last year's short-lived measure which was quickly suppressed, and the little Cockerton Bill that has been happily described as "an afterbirth."[1] The

[1] *Cf.* "National Education." Preface by Laurie Magnus. John Murray.

concentration camps can hardly show a higher death-rate. One is irresistibly reminded of the old woman who protested she knew how to bring up children because she had buried ten. If the Government in general and Mr. Balfour in particular still imagine they have some reputation to lose in the matter, they must certainly do their utmost to see that the present Bill does not figure among the "Innocents" that are usually put to the sword towards the end of July.

The supreme merit of the present Bill is its adoption, with certain reservations, of one local authority for all grades of education. This authority is to be the County Council or County Borough Council, acting through an Education Committee. Devolution is provided for by allowing Borough Councils with a population of over 10,000, and urban districts with a population of over 20,000 the right to become the local authority for elementary education. These authorities can further give limited assistance to the other branches of education, but they nevertheless remain under the suzerainty of the County Council for secondary education, though they may receive exclusive powers of delegation from the latter authority. Elasticity is further introduced into the Bill by the permission to form joint committees by combinations between counties, county boroughs, or districts. In this way the dangers of uniformity are avoided, and it will be possible to constitute educational authorities to suit every variety of local requirements instead of splitting up agglomerations of common educational interests through the adoption of a cast-iron form of local control mapped out exclusively on geographical lines. London indeed is excluded from the elementary part of the Bill. Time would scarcely have allowed of a thorough-going settlement of the London problem which is quite *sui generis*, and in fact nothing would have been more fatal to the chances of the passing of the Bill than the solution that the Government were supposed to favour. The glorified form of Bumbledom, represented by a central body consisting of delegates from the various borough councils, would have borne too close a likeness to the

discredited Metropolitan Board of Works to have stood any real chance of adoption.

School Boards and attendance committees are wiped out under the Bill. In the case of the schools connected with them the new local authority will appoint bodies of managers. These, most probably, will largely consist of present members of the School Boards. Evicted as lords and masters they will be reinstated as caretakers under the new *régime*. No doubt the School Boards will vehemently protest as heretofore. But their power of resistance does not threaten to be very formidable. When their fire was drawn by the Bill of last year, the numerical weakness of their stage-like army of supporters was painfully apparent. This does not mean that the Bill will not be bitterly attacked. Behind the thin screen of the skeleton brigades of the School Boards will be found the train-bands of the more militant Nonconformists. Already the fiery cross is being sent round and a holy war proclaimed by the solemn league and covenant of the Free Churches. It is clear that one of the great issues in the forthcoming campaign will be the religious question. Only a careful examination of the topography of the battlefield can give us a clear idea whether the Government have pitched their camp in the best position for defending the true interests of national education against those who appear to desire to perpetuate division and disruption, and those who might be held to be aiming, in the picturesque words of the *Daily News*, at making education "the tool of the Church."

The Government's task is, indeed, no easy one. As honest brokers they have had to try and hold the balance fair between the denominational and undenominational schools. Many people are anxious to see substantial justice meted out to the denominationalists, but they are very disinclined to aggrandise clericalism, and while redressing the undoubted grievances of churchmen, they do not wish to imperil the legitimate rights of the Dissenters and Nonconformists. They recognise that the two types of schools represent two

ideals, two streams of thought, which have worn their way deep into national life. The attempt to dam up the one has been a failure. As Mr. Balfour pointed out, after thirty years of School Boards there are still in the country 14,000 voluntary schools against some 5700 Board schools, while the number of children under religious instruction is 3,000,000 against 2,600,000. The attempt to dam up the other would be equally futile. From the national point alone is it possible to get a bird's-eye view of the function and sphere of both. The State wants all-round efficiency, or in other terms, as many intelligent and honest citizens as possible, and it is broad-minded enough to believe that both systems are capable of turning them out. The State again knows that a house divided against itself, whether educationally or otherwise, is weakened. Its whole aim must therefore be to reduce conflict and competition between the two to a minimum and to make them co-operate in the sense of working side by side to promote the general welfare.

The difficulties of arbitration are always very great when neither party puts forward accredited representatives. But in justice to the denominational party it must be admitted that Convocation and the National Society have managed to bring their adherents more or less into line. As regards buildings, they offered to provide for their up-keep and repair in return for equality of financial treatment in other matters. The Government have apparently considered their offer a fair one, as they have practically embodied its terms in their own Bill. They have not gone so far as some people thought they would, as to demand that a body of denominational managers should be compelled to enlarge their school at their own expense, if it became too small for the needs of the district. It is probable they have adopted here the juster course. A denominational school could hardly be called on to enlarge its premises because of a sudden influx of new-comers into the district. It could, and no doubt would, be prevented by the local authority from allowing its premises to be overcrowded. In this way it

might be induced to build. But there would be no direct compulsion.

Local aid means, however, local control. Here again the Church party as a whole frankly faced the situation and proposed to allow of the addition of a certain number of external managers to be appointed by the local authority to the extent of one third of the whole body. The principle of local control thus formulated by convocation has been adopted by the Government. It has already stood the test of experience. It has been tried on a large scale by the London County Council in dealing with the numerous schools it subsidises and has proved a thorough success. To any one who is not suffering from the fallacies of political arithmetic it is clear that efficient control is not so much a question of counting heads as of the power of the purse. In this case the County Council will be in a far stronger position than even the London Technical Education Board, for not only must all rate aid come from them, but the entire income of most of the schools, which has hitherto been derived from Imperial sources, will be henceforth paid over to them. If the one or two representatives of the public authority are not satisfied with the proceedings of the Board of managers, the superior body will withhold supplies. The offending members can have as sweeping a majority as they like. They will be as impotent as a Government with a unanimous House of Lords in their favour in face of a bare majority in the Commons refusing to vote supplies. Of course they have open to them an appeal to the Board of Education, but they will have to have a very strong case if they expect to convince the central authority of the justice of their claims. To guard against any remissness on the part of the managers appointed from outside, the local authority, in virtue of their over-lordship, have also the right not only to control the secular instruction in these schools but also to require the school managers to carry out any reasonable repairs; to secure these precautions from becoming a dead letter, they further possess the right of inspection. Surely to the plain man who is not a violent

adherent of either party the allocation of rate aid to voluntary schools seems sufficiently "tied up."

The next point of importance is the position of the teacher under the new *régime*. Convocation practically proposed that the teachers' salaries should be paid by the local authorities, and this proposal has been adopted by the Government. In its present form it is certainly open to the criticism of denomina tional instruction being paid for out of the rates. This difficulty has been felt in some quarters and it has been proposed in place of equality of treatment for voluntary schools to accord them a dole out of the rates, leaving these schools to receive the central grants as before. The chief objection to the suggestion is that it lacks finality and after all the criticism is rather one *de forme* than *de fond*, as the French say. To satisfy those who stickle over such points, although *seventy-seven* per cent. of the cost of the entire maintenance of these schools has hitherto come out of the public purse, the teachers' salaries should be made a first charge on the grants from the central authority, which have hitherto been available for this purpose. The whole of the religious and part of the secular instruction they impart would therefore be paid out of the same sources as heretofore. Any difference that would have to be made up to them out of the rates could then be regarded as a payment for the balance of the secular instruction.

Under the new Bill the consent of the local authority is needed for the appointment of teachers, but consent can only be withheld on educational grounds. The latter clause may in some districts lead to a diminution of "Article 68," whose chief qualification for inoculating the youthful mind with a love of learning is having been successfully vaccinated. As, however, the local authority will have to pay a higher salary, if it wants a superior article, say of articled-pupil-teacher type, it is probable that at first things will go on much as before in a good many places and the rural districts will continue to be inadequately staffed. Reform, however, is certain in the long run.

Once the Bill has become law, the claims of teachers in the Church schools for equality of salary will be well nigh irresistible. The same authority cannot go on paying the denominational teachers on a different scale to the undenominational because the former happen to have been underpaid before. The whole system of salaries depending upon local caprice will be swept away and some sort of method of classifying teachers according to merit and years of service will probably be adopted. Only twelve years ago the French dealt most successfully with a similar problem, by making salaries an entirely non-local question except in so far as the cost of living enters into the accounts. The task in England would be far easier, as each locality would have to fix its own minimum in matters of salary, and so the problem could be worked out gradually instead of having to be solved forthwith for the whole country, as in France.

An obvious flaw in the Bill is the lack of any provision to guard against cases of unjust dismissal. As the Bill stands the managers apparently possess as heretofore the absolute right of dismissal. There is no appeal either to the Board of Education or the local authority. This should certainly be remedied. Of the two courts of appeal the local authority would be the more preferable, because they would be best able to judge of each case according to its merits. After having heard and decided the case, they could either uphold the teacher, or move him on to a similar post while contributing to his moving expenses, or else, as a sign of punishment, allow him to meet them himself. Of course, in extreme cases, they might dismiss him altogether, and in this instance an appeal might perhaps be allowed to the central authority.

But if the Church schools are everywhere maintained, we at once come across the standing grievance of the rural Nonconformist—that there is only one school within hail of his home, and that school is a Church of England school. No doubt the Conscience Clause goes a good way towards mitigating this grievance, but, as Mr. Balfour showed in his

speech, there is still need of devising a scheme to meet exceptional cases.

Now on this point both Convocation and the National Society made a very remarkable suggestion. As the latter have just passed a resolution approving of the Bill in the main, but expressing regret at the non-adoption of their proposal, in view of future discussion in the House it is probably worth while giving a rapid survey of it, in order to institute a comparison between it and that set forward by the Government. The denominational proposal may be broadly defined as reciprocity in religious teaching. According to it, Board schools should at certain times be open for distinctive religious teaching, in the event of a reasonable number of parents requiring it, in return for which the voluntary schools were also to be open at stated hours to the teachers of other religious persuasions. No doubt the bottom reason of this proposal was the honest desire that all children should receive, if possible, a religious training. On the face of it such a scheme seems remarkably fair, and the form in which it is couched unimpeachable. But would it work in practice? How would the High Church clergy stomach the idea of Baptists, Ranters, and other (to them) schismatics having the free *entrée* to their schools? Then there is the practical difficulty which would arise in the case of schools possessing only a single class-room. In such instances the local authority would have to build a sort of *annexe* to serve as an extra synagogue to those outside the orthodox pale. It would surely be impossible to have two sets of religious exercises going on at different ends of the room. The "happy family" plan ignores the vital point that it is not so much the dogmatic teaching given two or three times a week as the atmosphere of the school itself that produces its particular ethical cast. It is quite possible the Church would lose more in her own schools by weakening their atmosphere than she would gain by being allowed to teach *in partibus infidelium* once or twice a week. Certainly it would rouse the most serious hostility.

The teachers in Board schools would oppose it from fear of being pressed in to give denominational teaching. The cry of proselytism would be raised. The hands of the opposition, as represented by the free churches, would be greatly strengthened. No better religious war-cry would be devised than that of the Temple-Cowper clause in danger! For the Temple-Cowper clause represents the ark of the covenant to the independent spirit, which is very far from being dead in England.

Yet there are others who would go still further. They desire to see all schools made undenominational, with the proviso that any denomination may have the right to use the school at certain times by paying for its own teaching. In place of reciprocity they would establish free trade in religious teaching. Such a scheme would be probably unworkable. Were the schools thus turned into religious clearing-houses, what is to prevent Christian scientists, to mention no other religious charlatans, from using them as a centre of propaganda for their peculiar doctrines.

It is probably the inherent difficulties in these suggestions, well backed as they were, which have induced the Government to formulate an entirely new set of proposals. At any rate they have attached the problem of safe-guarding the wishes of denominational or undenominational parents to the larger question of school supply. Hitherto neither School Boards nor voluntary bodies have been allowed to build a new school where the number of existing places in the schools were sufficient to accommodate the number of children in the district. On the one hand there might be a large body of parents desiring secular or undenominational religious teaching, on the other there might be a number of Church of England or Catholic parents who were anxious to see their children brought up in the tenets of their belief. In each case the minority were helpless—the Catholic or Church of England minority might indeed build a school, but they could not look for a farthing of public money for its support. The Government have therefore

proposed to widen the definition of the word "necessary." Henceforth it will not only depend on the needs of the district as far as the mere number of places go, but also on the wishes of the parents for denominational or undenominational teaching. When a minority feels strongly enough on the matter to ask for a separate school—say a Catholic enclave in the midst of a Protestant area—the Bill provides them with the requisite machinery for formulating their demand. Similarly if the local authority propose to force a school on the district that the inhabitants or even a small fraction of them deem unnecessary, the right of protest to the Board of Education is given and the two parties can interplead one another. The obvious danger of the Government's proposal is the unnecessary multiplication of small schools. But this no doubt will be largely averted by "common sense, the needs of economy, and the difficulty of finding the necessary funds," inasmuch as the cost of building the new school will have to be met either by the parish or the denominational body who require a school after their own heart. Only where a real grievance exists will a minority be strong enough to carry through their demand for a separate school. The undoubted advantage of the present proposal is that each case will have to be dealt with on its merits. Certainly it seems just that the district itself, or even a minority of persons in it should possess at least an equal right to move in the matter.

On the other hand, it is clear that the building of such a school must fall on the parties concerned, otherwise the parishes would be duplicating their denominational schools all over the place, if the cost fell in the first case on the county authority. The Government have adopted the same principle in proposing to make the cost of improvements on public elementary schools chargeable on the parish or parishes concerned, as well as the liquidation of the existing liabilities of the School Boards they take over. They have even extended it to any exceptional expenses incurred for higher education in any particular area. Some persons appear to object to the idea of making the district

liable for everything connected with bricks and mortar. But it is exactly similar to that which has worked very well in France, where the erection and upkeep of a school falls on the budget of the commune.

The extreme cleverness of this proposal lies in the fact that it not only goes far to alleviate the religious difficulty, but also meets what promised to be a very formidable attack on the Bill from the county members, who view with distrust any sudden large automatic additions to the rates. The fact of the district being directly liable for buildings and improvements will remove the chief ground for alarm. An increase of the rate can only come from an increase in teachers' salaries, which can always be calculated in advance, so that the local authority will always know beforehand the cost of any change and will never be committed to any expenditure, the limits of which they cannot foresee.

The exact composition of the Education Committee is likely to cause no inconsiderable stir in Parliament. Adverse critics have not been slow to fasten on the fact that, though the Council are obliged to select and appoint the majority of the Education Committee, they are not tied down by the Bill to exclusively choose their nominees from members of their own body. No doubt the utmost capital will be made out of this slight deviation from the sacrosanct principle of popular control. But such elasticity of choice seems necessary to provide for those comparatively rare cases in which a County Council feels it has already enough to do, or for some reason or other is indisposed to take up the work. Judging by the niggardly way in which County Councils have exercised their powers of co-opting outsiders on to the Technical Education Committees, the chance of a council only appointing a minority of its own members seems in most cases distinctly remote. In making these nominations they will be well aware that the eyes of their constituency will be upon them. The practical danger of the committees being "packed" is therefore infinitesimal. In any case the nominees of the Council will naturally represent

the opinions of the majority who nominate them. If they make themselves unpopular, the majority will have to bear the brunt of their unpopularity. The special scheme under which they are appointed will decide the term of office allotted to them. To prevent any abuse of power on the part of these representatives of indirect election, their appointment might be renewable from year to year.

The second sub-section of the same clause provides for the appointment, either by the Council on its own initiation or on the nomination of other bodies in the district, of persons of educational experience or of persons acquainted with the needs of the locality. The proposal marks a great step forward. Hitherto England has been the only first-rate power which has tried to do without the expert, and the chaos she has got herself into all round, both locally and at the centre, is ample proof of the need of remedying this deficiency. It is astonishing to think that Germany called in the expert nearly a hundred years ago, and has been consulting him perpetually ever since. The success of primary education in France is largely due to the system having been built up by men who were thoroughly *au fait* with the problems inside and outside the schools. Its continued prosperity is maintained by the high standard of educational science among those who administer it. The United States is a still more striking object-lesson. In what may be described in some ways as the most democratic State the world has ever seen, the expert enjoys a reputation and a prestige unknown in many more autocratic countries. He has been evolved as the chief shield and protection of democracy against itself, and may with truth be described as the control of popular control. Several speakers on the Bill gave vent to their fear of the power the Bill might give to the permanent local officials. The presence of the expert on the Education Committee is the only way of keeping the official in his place. Not but what we need a far more efficient type of local official than we possess at present, especially in London where we have a population exceeding that of many of the small

European countries. The development and extension of local government demands all round a more efficient local executive.

One great blot there is on the proposal as it stands. No word is said about the presence of women on these committees. Eligible they undoubtedly are; but to ensure their appointment, in all cases councils should be compelled to nominate at least one or two to represent female education in the locality. This, however, is an omission that can be easily rectified by a simple amendment in the House.

The secondary proper part of the Bill has been cut down to very narrow dimensions. It practically represents the abortive Bill of last year with one or two improvements and omissions, some of which may be remedied in Committee. Secondary education is indirectly defined by a clause limiting elementary education to scholars under fifteen according to the higher elementary education minute. No doubt the higher grade schools will make some show of protest through their various spokesmen, but the publication of the Anson return last year sadly discounted their claims to be reckoned as "secondary." With only 2198 scholars above the standards out of 21,657 pupils in the London higher grade schools, it is clear that there are many of these institutions which do not even fulfil the functions of acting as a proper crown to primary education, to which sphere they have recently been confined. Another necessary delimitation will be vainly looked for in the Bill: the drawing of a line of demarcation between those secondary schools which should come under the new local authority, and those which should remain independent as heretofore. The latter, of which Eton may be taken as a type, cater more for the nation at large than for the locality in which they are situate. As such they should be placed under the direct control of the Board of Education, for which, however, no provision is made in the Bill. The Duke of Devonshire has indeed attempted to discriminate between these local and non-local schools by proposing to draw a line between assisted and

non-assisted schools, and to place the former category under local control. Unfortunately the financial test will not prove in all cases a satisfactory means of discrimination. Judged by its standard, such essentially local schools as Clifton and Cheltenham will be ruled out altogether, although their *clientèle* of day boys is very large. The most satisfactory course perhaps would be to leave the decision to the Board of Education on the understanding that it constituted a "court of claims" to try each school that appealed to be considered non-local. A very large number would not appeal at all. For such essentially *écoles nationales* as Eton and Harrow the application would be a very simple formality. The number of schools on the line is very limited.

It would have been highly desirable to find in the Bill some proviso that local and non-local schools alike should be subjected to compulsory inspection at the desire of the particular authority under which they may be placed. In either case the schools might be allowed to choose whether they would be inspected by the Board of Education or the Universities. Had the Bill dealt as fully with secondary education as it does with primary, it would have made definite provision for the creation of a regular inspectorate of secondary education. What is still more remarkable is the absence of any proposal for providing increased facilities for the training of teachers, especially as Mr. Balfour had harped on this gaping joint in our educational armour. Another small blot on the Bill is that it is still left optional to the counties whether they should apply the whisky money to educational or general purposes. The money ought forthwith to be "ear-marked" for education. This, however, is a point which can be set right in Committee.

Yet in spite of the way in which the secondary education portion of the Bill has been "scamped," the Bill on the whole is a remarkable Bill, assuming of course that the permissive clause, as indeed seems probable, will be sooner or later deleted. It is indeed a notable feat to have cut down to twenty clauses a measure that covers so wide a field. The Act of 1870 which

dealt exclusively with primary education contained over ninety clauses. Perfect the Bill is not, and cannot be, yet it is probably as good a one as can be expected under the circumstances. Unlike its patchwork and piecemeal predecessors it makes a resolute attempt to remove the two great stumbling-blocks in the way of organising any coherent system of national education in the country, by putting an end to the semi-detached isolation of the denominational schools, and by setting up one single paramount authority for all grades of education in England and Wales.

The best way, however, to appreciate its merits, is to examine into the possibilities and desirability of other alternatives. Firstly as Mr. Balfour has pointed out, we may leave things as they are with secondary education in the hands of the County Councils, and primary education partially under the School Boards, and partially under the management of voluntary agencies, but with no organic connection between the two. Yet if there is one point on which all parties and all sects are agreed, it is the need of organising a real national system of education, however much they may differ on means and methods. Educational efficiency can alone enable us to withstand the inroads of foreign competition by increasing the output of national brain-power, and efficiency alone can come by making the supply of schools adequate, and by rendering existing ones more effective. A more rigid division of labour can alone confine each school to the work for which it is intended, while at the same time it facilitates the closer connection between lower and higher education by bringing to light how each should interlock with the other. But all this is absolutely impossible as long as our schools remain under rival authorities or in comparative isolation. The scheme favoured by the Member for Newcastle does indeed mitigate the isolation of the voluntary schools by permitting the County Councils to aid and manage these schools. But such a palliative is no remedy from the national point of view. It would only intensify existing differences and by setting every local body politic by

the ears produce a sort of political schism of a kind hitherto unknown in English public life.

The creation of one paramount authority is essential to any truly comprehensive federation of English education. Universal School Boards are not only undesirable but impossible. Universal *ad hoc* bodies are likewise outside the range of practical politics. The Tories are committed to the County Council plan. Even the Liberal party, however much they may coquet with the *ad hoc* fad, contains a not inconsiderable number of ardent admirers of the municipal idea. What, however, is absolutely fatal to the Parliamentary chances of any scheme for a directly elected body is the fact that the Welshmen to a man are all County Council partisans, owing to the success of the Welsh intermediate system, while the Irish members, who are pledged to the principle of rate aid for Catholic schools, would vote solid against any such like proposal. Concede the principle of one authority and the County Council follows as the only possible solution. Those who are agitating for the rejection of the present Bill are therefore deliberately incurring a heavy responsibility for the future of their country. They are opposing the adoption of the only workable solution of the problem, and by hanging up all chances of reform are condemning us indefinitely to all the dangers of the existing chaos. For the opposition of the conscientious Nonconformist, however mistaken, one cannot but feel a certain respect. But one cannot extend it to that small knot of noisy self-advertising Little Englanders, who not content with doing their best to let and hinder the Federation of the Empire abroad, are busily trying to foment and foster those smouldering separatist tendencies in religion and education which are most calculated to divide and disunite their countrymen at home.

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

THE AUSTRO-GERMAN PRESS

FOREIGN politics are a matter wherein we may congratulate ourselves on a partial if delayed awakening from the intellectual apathy which is one of our national characteristics. We have made a meritorious effort, though the results are still lame and superficial, and we are still content with information, indefinite in character, collected scrappily and indiscriminately, invariably at second hand and consequently more often than not untrustworthy. In spite of our assumption of haughty superiority in connection with all that is connoted by the term "foreign," there are no people who are more sensitive to outside criticism, a tendency which, indiscreetly followed, may lead to futile bursts of anger as well as puerile manifestations of joy. Our meaning was illustrated on a recent occasion when a Parisian pictorial "torchon" was thought of sufficient importance to be made the subject of a Ministerial address in the Imperial Parliament—while, more recently still, certain cuttings from Berlin journals, carelessly selected by our sub-editors, and in many cases more than carelessly translated, roused a chorus of chauvinist indignation in our midst which was by no means in keeping with the stoical impassibility that we usually affect. Many a wave of popular excitement might never have arisen had we, instead of blindly trusting to sensational travesties casually or deliberately issued and prompted by interest, prejudice, or ignorance, ourselves

gone to the original sources and tested the accuracy of the quoted reports, especially had we weighed the relative importance of the views enunciated, which would naturally depend on the standing in their own country of the journals in question.

Unfortunately, although the average educated Englishman has sufficient acquaintance with the French language to venture without much hesitation into the labyrinth of literary sewage opened in the class of novels which have been labelled "rosse," there are comparatively few Englishmen who have more than elementary knowledge of the harsh beauties of the language of harmonious Goethe. Accordingly, when I read the other day the terms of Mr. Cecil Rhodes's will, so catholic in their pride of generosity, I found myself regretting that no portion of the academic scholarships, which are destined to ameliorate Anglo-Germanic relations, has been devoted to the maintenance of some English students at the universities of Germany. Even among those of us who would appear to be equipped, thanks to exceptional familiarity with German, for the task, there are few who dare to face the thankless deciphering of Gothic letters, row after row, rendered no more accessible by frequently faulty punctuation and paper that is without exception abominable. The hurried reader is confronted with a formidable obstacle in the absence of any sufficient headings which would permit him to pass at once without search or delay to the article or subject which interests him. That is the spirit of tradition carried to excess, and it is the less intelligible among a people who are so practical in their methods of intellectual and material expansion that for a long time now their scientific books have been printed in Latin type, and in many papers a similar concession has been made in the financial and industrial columns. It is curious that up to now neither the merchant nor the artisan in Germany has come to feel the inconvenience, and they continue, in these days of excessive competition and over-exertion, to plod their daily way through the congested paragraphs of the leading article. For to the German, in what-

ever grade of society, as, in a less degree, to the Frenchman, the leading article has been and remains the body and soul of his particular newspaper. The Frenchman, however, with his educational polish, is an individualist by nature and a hero-worshipper; he is roused to enthusiasm by the signed article, and, reading the *Intransigeant* for the sake of M. Rochefort, would immediately forsake the *Intransigeant* for *La Lanterne* if it happened that M. Rochefort were to return to his former organ. The citizen of the Fatherland, on the other hand, endowed with solid learning, inspired with the corporate feeling and with a quite peculiarly developed sense of his civic responsibilities, looks to the limits of his chosen column expecting there to find, condensed and methodically arranged by superior intelligence and reinforced by the support of fellow citizens of a similar way of thinking, the more or less definite and co-ordinated ideas of his own individual brain. The resulting consistency in the editor and constancy in the reader are without precedent or parallel. The editor when, not content with synthetising the tendencies of his public, he wishes to assume the *rôle* of director towards them, must have recourse to the same means as a wife whose object it is to win her husband to her views; to the reader on the patriotic plane the choice of a daily paper is as all absorbing as the selection of her first ball dress to the society *débutante*. I should add, that as a rule family tradition puts an end to all uncertainty, which is also effectually removed for the future by the home-paid subscription. If we except the people of Berlin and the large towns whose old-time regular habits have been corrupted by the 5-pfennig Press, the German seldom buys single copies. From what has been said it can be readily understood that the service of late news is, to speak generally, very inadequately supplied by poorly appointed agencies and particularly by wholesale "lifting" from the London Press, whose truthfulness the borrowers, with cheerful inconsistency, then proceed to question. In small provincial centres an ingenious method of advertisement has been discovered by the innumerable *Lokal-*

Anzeiger in the occasional gratuitous distribution through the town of little squares of paper on which are modestly displayed the few lines of some extraordinary despatch just to hand.

The *Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger*, a paper with a colossal circulation, which heads the list of the halfpenny Press, represents a notable success which is unique in Germany. It is a newspaper in all the modern comprehensiveness of the term, and deserves a place by the side of our own leading dailies for its up-to-date system of illustrated interviews, its telegraphic and telephonic correspondence, and its mobile staff of special correspondents. Its concisely accurate accounts of the most recent campaigns and military operations, among others, of the Chinese campaign, have gained for it a distinction, from the international point of view, which is enhanced by an absolute independence of party feeling.

In diplomatic circles, however, the illustrious and magisterial *Koelnische Zeitung* maintains unchallenged supremacy. This is the result partly of the profundity of its general outlook, partly of the literary and encyclopædic acquirements of its foreign and provincial representatives, the lowest of whom starts at a salary of about £400, quite an exceptional sum for a German journalist; but especially is it the result of its semi-official character. This semi-official Press is one of the most important factors in the Ministerial policy of Germany. Without receiving any direct subsidy from the Government, it profits by this patronage in high quarters to increase its circulation and its advertisements indefinitely. The Cabinet are at the same time provided with an instrument for sounding and inciting the disposition of the public with regard to the measures which are intended to be brought before the Reichstag, and with the opportunity of saying what could hardly be declared in the Parliamentary tribune. The *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, whose policy is elastically entitled "nationalism," a thin disguise for servile obedience to orders, and the *Post*, whose enigmatic label of *frei-Conservativ* reduces it to the rank of a respectable fossil, are hardly read outside the public

libraries and offices. The *Cologne Gazette*, on the other hand, boasting fairly decided principles of "national Liberalism," and consequently comparative independence of its protectors, displays in our eyes some moral superiority over its rivals. We do not suggest that the authoritative source from which this journal occasionally derives some unexpected information is not to be found on the Chancellor's table, or even now and then on the Imperial desk. It will be sufficient to refer to its recent changes of front on the subject of the Von Bülow-Chamberlain incident, and to the studied moderation which has marked the paper's tone since the beginning of the war in South Africa.

The *Koelnische Zeitung* furnishes additional evidence of the striking fact that Germany, unlike the rest of Europe, has so far escaped provincial decentralisation. This, however, evidently does not prevent the capital from contributing the most powerful contingent of the journalistic legion, among whom the Liberal group in particular form an imposing spectacle. At the head of the line, by virtue of its overwhelming circulation, comes the *Berliner Tageblatt*. It is, of all others, the pet organ of the moneyed middle-class, of high and middle commerce and industry, and accordingly, as the Jewish names of publisher and editor would at once suggest, in financial resources it yields to none. From another point of view the sympathies of men of the world are elicited by the variety and smartness of its literary, theatrical, and artistic departments, which are embellished with the signatures of the most famous novelists, critics, and travellers of the day. It may be remarked that the Anglophobe attacks which have appeared in this paper during the present campaign of the Boer War seem, if we consider the interests which its capitalist readers have in common with us, to be explicable only by the excusable desire to maintain a lucrative popularity.

The *Vossische Zeitung*, on a more austere and scholarly platform, occupies, in spite of a limited circulation, a position apart by reason of the intellectual quality of its contents and

its public, who are for the most part men of learning, science, or economics. Beyond the somewhat solemn and doctrinal entry of its leader columns, we breathe the generous inspiration of the ethics of the venerable Virchow. Every Sunday the *Vossische Zeitung* publishes a literary and scientific supplement, and its book reviews are unrivalled. It forms a page, always admirable if sometimes dry, in the philosophy of contemporary history, and was described to me quite justly by a German one day as a "political *Athenæum*." Genuine Liberalism is further honourably represented at Berlin by *Die Freisinnige*, owned and edited by the well-known leader, Herr Richter, and by the *National Zeitung*, to which the Liberalism with the Bismarckian traditions opposes the *Berliner Neueste Nachrichten*. On the other hand, Conservatism, properly so called, apart from the semi-official papers quoted above, which rather depend on the royalist or Kaiserliche party, has no pre-eminent organ to exhibit, because it is out of favour in the capital.

But mention must be made of the evil influence of the *Neue Preussische* or *Kreuz Zeitung*, the direct successor of the old particular Prussian party, formerly the greatest obstacle perhaps that Bismarck and the Crown Prince met with in the realisation of German unity. The hereditary tendency to Anglophobia has lately had an opportunity to assert itself again. The virulent bigotry displayed by this journal under the influence of the notorious Hofprediger Stöcker during the whole of the *Kulturkampf* is to-day reproduced to a similar degree in the ferocity of its anti-Semitic denunciations, so little in harmony with the gospel principles which we have a right to expect from a standard of Christian Conservatism. The socialism of Berlin, remarkable because it monopolises in a way the municipal council of the metropolis, is divided between the daring invectives of the popular *Vorwaerts* and the more scientific and constructive democracy of the *Volkszeitung*.

Passing now to the great provincial centres, we find, in the first place, at Hamburg, outside the *Hamburgischer Correspon-*

dent, a print politically colourless but fairly well informed, the expression of broad Liberalism in the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* and in the *Hamburgischer Nachrichten*, which has somewhat narrowed and aged since the death of the Iron Chancellor. Leipzig is distinguished by the anti-Semitic tone of its *Neueste-Nachrichten*, and Rhenish Prussia, that backbone of German Vaticanism, by the ultramontane principles of the *Koelnische Volkszeitung*, the mouth-piece of the Reichstag Centre. In the flourishing and active town that lies in the basin of the Rhine, we find the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the admirably edited but very dangerous organ of the intellectual democracy, and the very respectable, if old-fashioned, *Frankfurter Journal*, which is distinguished by national Liberal politics, and a literary supplement entitled *Didaskalia*. Finally, in the district of Munich, by the side of a Press so fearlessly particularist as to be the despair of Prussian Chancellors, appears the *Münchener Allgemeine Zeitung*, setting in relief the dignified though modest tone in which the academic senates of Germany venture to criticise the acts of the Ministry, finding themselves anon reduced to silence by the Kaiser's educational heresies.

We now arrive at the German section of the Austro-Hungarian Press, and must lay stress on the tone there adopted throughout the events in the Transvaal, which shows a marked difference from the tone of the Press in Germany. The latter abandoned itself to wholesale indulgence in jealous passion, but the former, while in unanimous agreement on our initial errors, has passed its strictures more in sorrow than in anger, recalling rather the reproaches of an affectionate father to an erring son. This correctness of attitude may be attributed, if you like, to the absence of economic and colonial rivalry; I prefer to regard it mainly as a signal manifestation of the innate courtesy of the Austrian, and in particular of the Viennese. All these qualities of intellectual and social politeness characterise the world-famous *Neue Freie Presse* which is, at Vienna, what the *Tageblatt* is at Berlin, with all

the superiority of taste conferred by residence on the banks of the Danube instead of the Spree. Like the *Tageblatt* again and in company with nearly all the Liberal Press in Austria, this paper is in the hands of the Israelitish plutocracy; its circulation rivals that of its contemporary at Berlin. This is due, no doubt, to the well-deserved prestige it enjoys abroad, as much from the excellence and certainty of its news and political notes, and the intrinsic worth of its feuilletons, as from the wide studies contributed by the most eminent specialists in sociology, art, and letters, which render it one of the most cosmopolitan of European journals. I cannot leave it without mention of the venerable musical critic Dr. E. Hauslick, a veteran of the Brahms-Wagner dispute, when he showed himself a disciple and a stalwart champion of the former, or of the learned dramatic critic, Herr Speidel, whose philosophic thought never fails to draw from a Shakespearean representation some psychological lessons hitherto unobserved, and whose erudition in the department of Shakespearean bibliography would put some of our native scholars to shame.

The Liberal programme of the Manchester school, of which the *Freie Presse* is the influential representative, may be recognised under a slightly more democratic aspect and under less obligations to the capitalist in the *Wiener Allgemeine Zeitung* and the *Wiener Fremdenblatt*, while the official *Wiener Zeitung* and, in particular, its semi-official evening edition or *Abendblatt*, forms a happy medium in which the dry style of the Ministerial or municipal gazette is blended with the varieties of late news and serial articles.

The *Extrablatt* is a journal which hardly does credit to the democracy; it is read only by the working classes and ought not to be quoted as an authority by our too confiding editors. In the provincial centres the loyalist liberalism of the *Pester Lloyd* sets itself to counteract the extravagant and metropolitan Pan-German principles of the *Ostdeutsche Rundschau*, directed by that turbulent spirit, K. H. Wolf. This latter journal is a lamentable echo of the distressing scenes which disgrace the

political assemblies of Austria-Hungary. At the extreme opposite pole is found the old particular Press which is published in the indigenous language; among such journals the *Pesti-Napló* and the *Magyarország* may be named as most prominent. A whole essay might be written on the influence exerted in provincial and municipal elections by the local papers, which regularly receive, from a special staff established in the head-quarters of the various parties, their leader and their general instructions. The example of the party organisations has been followed by the Government, and every little town can boast its official journal bearing the Imperial and royal arms. The local party editors, in return for work that embraces a little of every branch of journalism and is consequently very exacting, receive salaries varying from something like £80 to £130 a year. The editor of the Imperial or royal journal is very liberally remunerated by the Treasury; his duties, which can hardly be considered burdensome, are never to miss any meeting or banquet held in honour of the good cause of the ruling Ministry. Such duties he seldom fails to discharge, because he thus succeeds in putting himself constantly before the public, and we must not apply to a man who hardly writes at all, contenting himself with the lofty oversight of his underlings, the phrase so often accompanied with a contemptuous smile: "Oh! he is a writer for the papers."

MAURICE A. GEROTHWOHL.

JOSEPH JOACHIM: MAKER OF MUSIC

IN the language of their own age the greatest artists speak for all time; which is as much as to say that they do not speak merely for posterity, and that they may be as far beyond the comprehension of a later age as they were beyond that ot their own. The works of Palestrina and Shakespeare (to take the most widely different examples) were greeted by their contemporaries with an intelligent sympathy of which hardly a trace appeared in posterity until comparatively recent times; and even in cases like that of Beethoven, where there seems to have been a century of steady progress in the understanding of his work, it is rather humiliating to reflect how much of our superiority over our ancestors is merely negative. Beethoven was surrounded by brilliant musicians who worked for their own time and had not a word to say to us. Our ancestors had to single Beethoven out from that dazzling crowd; but we have little more than vague ideas as to who was in the musical world a hundred years ago besides the venerable Haydn, then penning his last compositions, and Schubert, Weber, Cherubini, Spohr; in short, precisely those men who are too great and typical to be compared with each other. And in so far as we are thus incapable of realising what it was in these great artists that was too new for their contemporaries to understand, we lose a certain insight which their comparatively few intelligent supporters possessed in an eminent degree, and we fall

into the error of greatly under-estimating the difficulty of classical art for ourselves. Indeed, an intelligent sympathy with great art is a privilege that is in all ages hardly won and easily lost. It is not the privilege of experts, nor even of remarkably clever people; it probably needs nothing beyond the sensibilities necessary for the enjoyment of the art, controlled by such clearness of mind as will save us from the unconscious error of setting ourselves above the greatest artists of the present and past. It is astonishing how many disguises this error assumes; and it often has no more connection with conceit than bad logic has with fraud. The expert is always in danger of reasoning as if his fund of recent technical and æsthetic knowledge had raised his intellect to a higher plane than that of the great men of an earlier generation; the student is constantly mistaking the limitations of his own *technique* for laws of art, and doubting whether this or that in a great work is justifiable when he ought simply to realise that it is a thing he cannot possibly do himself; and (most insidious of all such confusions of thought) many persons of broad general culture allow their own legitimate pleasure in a work of art to be spoilt by the consciousness that there is so much that they do not understand; as if it were an insult to their intelligence to suppose that any work of art should be too great for them to grasp at once.

These very obvious considerations seem to be more neglected in the criticism of performances than in that of compositions; yet it would seem that the very great performer must be almost as far beyond his own age as the very great composer, with the disadvantage that his playing cannot survive him to meet with more justice from posterity. The object of the present sketch is to describe the permanent element in the life-work of one whom most persons of reasonably wide musical culture and knowledge believe to be probably the greatest interpreter of music the world has ever seen. It may seem a strained figure of speech to call the greatness of Joachim's playing a permanent quality, except in the sense that it has more than stood the

test of time as measured by his own career of over sixty years of unbroken triumph; but there can be no doubt that the influence of such playing on subsequent art, both creative and interpretive, must continue to be profound and vital long after the general public can trace it to its source in the personality of the great artist who originated it. The immortality for which the greatest artists work is a thing of fact rather than of fame. Bach wrote his two hundred odd cantatas, sparing no pains to make them as beautiful as only he could understand music to be; yet he not only knew that there was no prospect of their becoming known outside his own circle during his life-time, but he cannot even have consoled himself with the hope of an immortality of fame for them afterwards; unless we are to suppose that he foresaw such a glaringly improbable thing as their publication by the Bach-Gesellschaft on the centenary of his death! To such minds facts are facts even if the world forgets them, the artist aims at nothing but the perfection and growth of his art. He cheerfully uses it to earn an honest living, and nothing of human interest is too remote to be material for his art; but he remains undeterred by all that does not affect the matter in hand. The desire for fame, contemporary or posthumous, as an end in itself, can no more explain the cantatas of Bach or the playing of Joachim than the desire for wealth or popularity. All men desire these things, for ulterior purposes, and many great men attain them; but to an artist the actuality of artistic production will always override all considerations of what the world will say or do when the work is finished. In extreme cases the artist is even blameworthy in his indifference to the fate of his work, as when a great painter is heedless in the use of colours that are not permanent.

Joachim's unswerving devotion to the highest ideals of the interpretation of classical music is a striking illustration of this rigorous actuality in the true artist's guiding principles. A composer must have more serious purpose than the normal man of talent if he persists in doing far more careful and

copious work than practical purposes demand, while he is all the time convinced, as Bach must have been, that this work will never become known. And this is yet more obviously true of a player; even if it be happily the case, as it certainly is with Joachim, that his efforts have met with the warm gratitude of the public throughout the whole musical world. Indeed, Joachim's success is as severe a test as his playing could possibly have had; for popular success cannot encourage an artist not absorbed in the realisation of pure artistic ideals to maintain his playing at a height of spiritual excellence far beyond the capacity of popular intelligence. At the present day it is as true as it always has been, that a student of music can measure his progress by the increase in his capacity to enjoy and learn from the performances of the Joachim Quartet: just as a scholar can measure his progress by his capacity to appreciate Milton. Here, then, we have work perfected for its own sake; work that must have been even so perfected if it had never been rewarded as it has been, for surely of all roads to popularity that which Joachim chose—the road of Bach and Brahms—was the most unpromising. The immortality of fact, not of name, is the only principle which will explain Joachim's career; indeed, it is the only explanation of his popular success. For, as is sometimes pointed out with unnecessary emphasis, he has attained his threescore years and ten; so that it is absurd to suppose that his present popularity can still spring either from the novelty of scope, which was once the distinguishing feature of his as of other remarkable young players' *technique*, or from that capacity for following the fashion which he never had and never wanted. It is the permanent and spiritual element that makes his playing as profoundly moving now as it was in his youth, and that would remain as evident to all that have ears to hear, even if what is sometimes said of his advancing age were ten times true. As a matter of fact, Joachim's energy is that of many a strong man in his prime. I believe it cannot be generally known in England what an enormous amount of

work he continues to do every day, apart from his concert-playing. As the original director of the great musical Hoch-Schule in Berlin, he continues to fill out his working-day with teaching, conducting, administering, and examining; while his numerous concerts, which we in England are apt to regard as the chief, if not the only, demand on his energy, are given in the intervals of this colossal work of teaching by which he has become a maker of minds no less than of music. His concert season in England—those few weeks crowded with engagements that leave barely time to travel from town to town to fulfil them—is in one sense his holiday; and while there are no doubt plenty of young artists who would be very glad of a fixed position in a great musical academy as a kind of base of operations for occasional concert tours, there are probably few who would not shrink from devoting themselves in old age to both these occupations as Joachim continues to devote himself at the present day. And his vigour seems, to those who have followed his work during the last eighteen months or so, to have increased afresh; certainly nothing can be less like the failing powers and narrowing sympathies of old age than his constant readiness to help young artists not only with advice and encouragement, but by infinite patience in taking part with them in their concerts. If all that he has done in such acts of generosity could be translated into musical compositions, the result would be like Bach's "fünf Jahrgänge Kirchen-cantaten," five works of art for every day in the year. In the presence of such an age it is the failings of youth that seem crabbed and unsympathetic. In boyhood the friend of Mendelssohn, whose wonderful pianoforte playing he can at this day describe to his friends as vividly as he can interpret Mendelssohn's violin concerto to the world at large; in youth the friend of Schumann, to whom he introduced his younger friend, Brahms; throughout life the friend of Brahms, whom he influenced as profoundly as Brahms influenced him; and in middle age one of the very first and most energetic in obtaining a hearing for the works of

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Dvoràk: a man of such experience might rather be expected to become in the end a *laudator temporis acti*, with little heart to encourage the young. But Joachim was not born in 1831 that his experience might be useless to those who begin their work in the twentieth century: and there is no man living whose personal influence on all young artists who come into contact with him is more powerful or leaves the impression of a deeper sympathy.

It is not my intention to repeat here the glorious story o Joachim's career; his leading part in the building up of practically the whole present wide-spread public familiarity with classical chamber-music, including that of Schumann and Brahms; the remarkable history of his early relations with Liszt and Wagner at Weimar, so well set forth in Herr Moser's recent biography of Joachim, and so entirely different from the crude misunderstandings of the typical anti-Wagnerian; or even the list of illustrious pupils who prove that Joachim's labour of love in the Hoch-Schule is not in vain. On the other hand, of Joachim the composer I have something to say, more especially as that is a capacity in which he has met with very scanty recognition; perhaps chiefly because his works are as few as they are beautiful, for music is not, like precious stones, famed in proportion to its rarity. Three concertos, five orchestral overtures (of which two are still unpublished, while the exquisitely humorous and fantastic Overture to a Comedy by Gozzi, though composed in 1856, has only just now appeared); these, with a moderately large volume of smaller pieces, such as the rich and thoughtful Variations for viola, and the later set for violin and orchestra, and several groups of pieces in lyric forms, are a body of work that is more likely to escape the preoccupied attention of the present age than that of the posterity that will judge of our art by its organisation rather than by its tendencies. Perhaps we may hope for a more immediate recognition of the beauty of the newly published Overture to a Comedy by Gozzi; for its humour and lightness are a new revelation to the warmest admirers of

Joachim's compositions, while it is second to none in perfection of form.

But let us turn from this subject for a moment to consider what is the real attitude of that public with whom Joachim as an interpreter is so popular. It is absurd to suppose that the public can completely understand the greatest instrumental music; that there is not much in the works of the great classical composers that is at least so far puzzling to them that they will prefer a coarse or one-sided interpretation to such a complete realisation of the composer's meaning as Joachim gives. But fortunately the typical representative of the intelligent public is not the nervous and irritable man of culture who is always distressing himself because he cannot grasp the whole meaning of a great work of art. The inexpert, common-sense lover of music, who represents the best of the concert-going public, never supposed that he could. All that he demands is that on the whole he shall be able to enjoy his music, and, unless it is exceptionally unfamiliar to him, he can generally enjoy a great part of it almost as intelligently as a trained musician, and often far more keenly, since he is less likely to suffer from over-familiarity with those artistic devices that mean intense emotion in great art and mere technical convenience in ordinary work. No doubt, the ordinary inexpert listener often fails to understand what is at once great and specially new to him; otherwise Bach would have been recognised from the outset as a profoundly emotional and popular composer. And, on the other hand, without the experience of constantly hearing the finest music even an intelligent man may easily be deceived into admiring what is thoroughly bad: indeed, it is a commonplace of pessimistic critics to point out that the audience that crowds a great hall to hear Joachim has been known in the very same concert to encore songs of a character altogether beneath criticism. But we often over-rate the importance of such things. The public does not claim to be able to tell good from bad; it simply takes considerable trouble to enjoy what it can, being in that respect far more

energetic and straightforward than many of those who would improve its taste. And if it often shows that it enjoys many things merely because it has not found out how horribly false they are, that is no proof whatever that its enjoyment of great art is spurious. No doubt it is sad to be victimised by false sentiment; but surely it is good to be stirred by true enthusiasm; and that the public can be so stirred without the smallest concession being made either to its ignorance or its sentimentality the whole of Joachim's career triumphantly testifies. Since the time of Handel it is probable that no musician devoting himself exclusively to the most serious work in his art has approached Joachim's record of a continuous popularity rising yet, after more than sixty years, to new triumphs that excite the wonder of many whose interest in music is of too recent growth for them to remember the enormous influence he has always had on his contemporaries and juniors, or to realise that many things now regarded as of quite a new and even anti-academic school owe their vitality to the tradition which he has established. Surely the public that has learnt so well to recognise and testify to the greatness of such a life deserves forgiveness for many temporary errors of taste. It is more important to love good art than never to be deceived by bad.

In the face of Joachim's universal popularity, the accusations of "cold intellectuality" which have been every now and then directed against him by those whose ideal of art is the greatest astonishment of the greatest number, are not only signs of second-rate criticism but libels on the public. If there is one thing in which the public is almost infallible in the long run, it is in detecting a lack of warmth in work that claims to be serious and solid. No assault on the public's feelings is too brutal (as Stevenson said of "Home, sweet Home!"), in other words, no sentiment is too false for popular success; but on the other hand no apathetic solidity is imposing enough to interest the public which suspects that it has not interested the artist himself. Indeed, the public is severe in

its sensitiveness to the difference between things done as the direct result of an intimate knowledge and love of the work in hand and the very same things as done simply because So-and-so does them. But, on the other hand, it does not readily fall into the error of demanding that no two artists shall have the same "reading" of a composition. When a man of good sense without musical training troubles to think about "readings" at all, the idea that a "reading" is the worse for occurring to a dozen great artists in different generations is the last thing to enter his head. There is no reason why pupils should fail to become great artists because they have learnt all that they know of the interpretation of great music from such a man as Joachim; what art needs, and what the public has the sense to demand, is that they shall so play because they so understand and feel. It does not then always follow that the public will give such work its due; but it is certain that where the artist has not thus made his master's knowledge and feeling his own, the public will not be deluded into believing that he has. Even the mere virtuoso must have some pleasure in his own virtuosity, or the public will have none. And it is probably sheer tenderness of conscience that causes the universal popularity of false sentiment; no one feels comfortable in refusing to respond when his feelings are appealed to by those whose claims he has no means of refuting, and this is precisely the position of the inexpert listener with regard to sentimental music.

Much has been written in praise and illustration of Joachim's playing and that of his quartet; and from most points of view it has been so well and so recently described, both in England and abroad, that to say more here would be impertinent. One point of view has, however, been somewhat neglected. I am not aware that Joachim's playing has been expressly reviewed as the playing of a composer; and I therefore propose to devote the rest of this sketch to a few observations on the largest and best known of his works, the Hungarian Concerto, drawing some parallels

between it and his playing, and thus illustrating how his sympathy with the great composers has come from a share in their creative experience.

The concerto is on an enormous scale; the first and last movements are, if I am not mistaken, the longest extant examples of well-constructed classical concerto form. And that the form is of classical perfection no one who has carefully studied the work can deny; indeed, so convincing and natural is the flow, and so just are the contrasts, that the length of the work remains quite unsuspected by the attentive listener, and would probably never be discovered at all but for the necessity of sometimes timing the items of concert programmes. One may imagine that the composer who shows such colossal mastery of form, would see to it that his playing of classical music revealed the proportions of all that he played, and that he would never dream of "bringing out the beauty" of this or that passage by playing it as slowly as if it belonged to quite a different movement from that in which it occurs. This is, indeed, a tempting short cut to impressiveness of effect; in fact, many fine artists have spared no pains or thought in the search for fresh passages in classical music that can be so revealed to the public; and at all times there has been a definite school of criticism that regards such a method as the true way of artistic progress. It must also be candidly confessed that the higher criticism ruins its own cause when it accuses such artists of false sentiment or vulgarity, or anything more reprehensible than the failure to recognise how much of the greatness of art lies in proportion and design. A sense of form, such as is shown in the Hungarian Concerto, is almost the rarest thing in art, and is incomparably the highest of technical faculties. If Joachim had not been capable of composing a work thus worthy to take a place among the great classical concertos, he would not have been able as a player to found that great tradition of interpretation that has made the last quartets of Beethoven on the whole better understood by the musical public than Shakespeare is by the average reader. The tradition, once founded, can be

nobly carried on by players who have no thoughts of composition; but to originate such a work requires an essentially creative mind. No amount of exploration from point to point, or loving care in the delivery of each phrase, no genius for breadth and dignity of musical declamation would ever have sufficed to make these works, so unfathomable in detail, grandly intelligible as wholes. And unless the whole is grasped, the details remain undiscovered.

Of course this grand quality of form is not directly recognisable by the public, either in compositions or in performances. It is a cause rather than an effect, and it is absolutely unattainable by mere imitation. Nor is a school-knowledge of the general facts of classical form equivalent to this true grasp of musical organisation, either in playing or in composition; for these general facts, just in so far as they are general, are accurately true of no one classical work. They are not the principles that make classical music what it is; they are the average phenomena that enable us to define and classify art-forms: and that kind of playing that carves the music joint by joint, that treats a fugue as if nothing but the fugue-subject were fit for the public ear, and that always plays a specially beautiful phrase louder and slower than its context,—such playing is as far removed from Joachim's method of interpretation as the form of a bad degree-exercise is from that of the Hungarian Concerto.

There is nothing scholastic or inorganic in Joachim's form; perhaps in the first movement one has a temporary impression of rather cautious symmetry of rhythm, just as one has with the first movement of Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, a work that in formal *technique* and proportions is remarkably akin to Joachim's, and probably influenced it more powerfully than the entire absence of resemblances in external style and theme would suggest. But, like the Beethoven C minor, the Hungarian Concerto soon shows that it is not of such matter as can be cast in a merely academic mould. Though in both works the opening *tutti*, with its deliberate transition from first

subject to second, is more like the beginning of a symphony than either Beethoven or Brahms allowed the *tuttis* of their later concertos to be, yet the treatment of the solo instrument, its relation to the orchestra, and the grouping and development of the themes, are in both works as mature and highly organised as possible, and as surely the work of a great composer in Joachim's case as in Beethoven's. The very outset of Joachim's first solo, where the violin passes from the impressive first theme to allude to the tender sequel of the second subject, a phrase originally uttered in the major mode by the oboe in its poignant upper register, but now given in the minor mode with the solemn tones of the violin's G-string; this is just such a freedom of form as only a true tone-poet can invent. Classical music is full of such things; ordinary formal analysis cannot explain them, since, as we have seen, it is concerned with averages, not with organic principles; and these passages have no external peculiarity to call the attention of the inexperienced to their significance. If there is much of this kind in classical music that is now of common knowledge, if it is possible to point out such things here, this is mainly due to the fact that the most influential musical interpreter of modern times can reveal the meaning of such traits because he has experienced them in his own creative work.

All that has been said here as to the form of the Hungarian Concerto and its analogy with the architectonic quality of Joachim's playing may be repeated in different terms as to the more detailed aspects of the work. The score is so full of detail that it is very difficult to read; not that there is anything startlingly "modern" about it; those who would seek in it the "latest improvements of modern orchestration" are doomed to disappointment. For one thing, it was written within two years of Schumann's death, eighteen years before the appearance of Brahms' first symphony, and twenty years before Dvoràk came to his own (largely through the united efforts of Brahms and Joachim themselves). The only modern influence that could possibly affect a work in so classical a form at the date

of this concerto was to be found in Brahms, to whom, in fact, the work is dedicated. But at that time Brahms was twenty-four and Joachim was twenty-six; and the history of the opening of Brahms' B♭ sextet and many things in his first pianoforte concerto will bear witness that the influence was about equally strong on both sides. However, all such historical matters are beside the mark. Joachim, both as composer and player, is an immortal whose work is so truly for all time that it cannot be measured in terms of the present or any age. The Hungarian Concerto may perhaps seem, to some who put their trust in symphonic poems, almost as antiquated as Bach's arias and recitatives seemed to most musicians in the 'fifties just a century after Bach's death; but a time always comes, even though centuries late, when it is recognised that in art all "effects" must have their causes no less than in logic and nature; and that the work in which the effects come from sufficient and deep-rooted causes has more vitality than that which depends merely on brilliant allusions to the latest artistic discoveries of its day.

When the time comes for the verdict of history as to the instrumental music of the last sixty years, Joachim will still be known as a purifying and ennobling influence of a power and extent unparalleled in the history of reproductive art; but I cannot believe that historians will ascribe this influence merely to the violinist; they will surely turn to the few compositions of Joachim, and they will see in the enormous wealth of harmonious detail that crowds the score of the Hungarian Concerto that very completeness and justness that we know so well in his playing. When they admire the art with which the solo violin is made to penetrate the richest scoring with ease, they will understand, perhaps better than ourselves, that true balance of tone and perfection of *ensemble* with which the Joachim Quartet quietly and simply discloses all essential points without reducing the accompaniment to a dull, disorganised mumble. When they see the wonderful burst of florid figuration that accompanies the return of the theme of

the slow movement, or the freedom and subtlety of its coda, they will hear what it was in Joachim's playing that showed us the true depth of expression in Bach's elaborately ornate melody, which our fathers thought so antiquated and rococo. And they will long to have heard Joachim's violin-playing as we long to have heard Bach at his organ: not from curiosity to verify an old record of technical prowess, but from the desire to recover the unrecorded manifestations of a creative mind.

DONALD FRANCIS TOVEY.

SPEAKING TO THE PSALTERY

I

I HAVE always known that there was something I disliked about singing, and I naturally dislike print and paper, but now at last I understand why, for I have found something better. I have just heard a poem spoken with so delicate a sense of its rhythm, with so perfect a respect for its meaning, that if I were a wise man and could persuade a few people to learn the art I would never open a book of verses again. A friend, who was here a few minutes ago, has sat with a beautiful stringed instrument upon her knee, her fingers passing over the strings, and has spoken to me some of my own poems and some verses from Shelley's "Skylark" and Sir Ector's lamentation over the dead Launcelot out of the "Morte d'Arthur." Wherever the rhythm was most delicate, wherever the emotion was most ecstatic, her art was the most beautiful, and yet, although she sometimes spoke to a little tune, it was never singing, never anything but speech. A singing note, a word chanted as they chant in churches, would have spoiled everything; nor was it reciting, for she spoke to a notation as definite as that of song, using the instrument, which murmured sweetly and faintly, under the spoken sounds, to give her the changing notes. Another speaker could have repeated all her effects, except those which came from her own beautiful voice, that would have given her fame if the only art that gives the speaking voice its perfect opportunity were as well known among us as it was known in the ancient world.

II

Since I was a boy I have always longed to hear poems spoken to a harp, as I imagined Homer to have spoken his, for it is not natural to enjoy an art only when one is by oneself. Whenever one finds a fine verse one wants to read it to somebody, and it would be much less trouble and much pleasanter if we could all listen, friend by friend, lover by beloved. Images used to rise up before me, as I am sure they have arisen before nearly everybody else who cares for poetry, of wild-eyed men speaking harmoniously to murmuring wires while audiences in many-coloured robes listened, hushed and excited. Whenever I spoke of my desire to anybody they said I should write for music, but when I heard anything sung I did not hear the words, or if I did their natural pronunciation was altered and their natural music was altered, or it was drowned in another music which I did not understand. What was the good of writing a love-song if the singer pronounced love, "lo-o-o-o-ve," or even if he said "love," but did not give it its exact place and weight in the rhythm? Like every other poet, I spoke verses in a kind of chant when I was making them, and sometimes, when I was alone on a country road, I would speak them in a loud chanting voice, and feel that if I dared I would speak them in that way to other people. One day I was walking through a Dublin street with "The Visionary" I have written about in "The Celtic Twilight," and he began speaking his verses out aloud with the confidence of those who have the inner light. He did not mind that people stopped and looked after him even on the far side of the road, but went on through poem after poem. Like myself, he knew nothing of music, but was certain that he had written them to a manner of music, and he had once asked somebody who played on a wind instrument of some kind, and then a violinist, to write out the music and play it. The man with the wind instrument had played it, or something like it, but had not written it down; but the violinist said it could not be played because it contained quarter-tones

and would be out of tune. We were not at all convinced by this, and one day, when we were staying with a Galway friend who is a learned musician, I asked him to listen to our verses and to the way we spoke them. "The Visionary" found to his surprise that he did not make every poem to a different tune, and to the surprise of the musician that he did make them all to two quite definite tunes, which are, it seems, like very simple Arabic music. It was, perhaps, to some such music, I thought, that Blake sang his "Songs of Innocence" in Mrs. Williams' drawing-room, and perhaps he, too, spoke rather than sang. I, on the other hand, did not compose to a tune, but still to notes that, if one neglected a few quarter-tones, could be written down and played on my friend's organ, or turned into something like a Gregorian hymn if one sang it in the ordinary way. I varied more than "The Visionary," who never forgot his two tunes, one for long and one for short lines, and, could not always speak a poem in the same way, but always felt that certain ways were right and that I would know one of them if I remembered the way I first spoke the poem. When I got to London I gave the notation, as it had been played on the organ, to the friend who has just gone out, and she spoke it to me, giving my words a new quality by the beauty of her voice.

III

Then we began to wander through the wood of error; we tried speaking through music in the ordinary way under I know not whose evil influence, until we got to hate the two competing tunes and rhythms that were so often at discord with one another, the tune and rhythm of the verse and the tune and rhythm of the music. Then we tried, persuaded by somebody who thought quarter-tones and less intervals the especial mark of speech as distinct from singing, to write out what we did in wavy lines. On finding something like these lines in Tibetan music, we became so confident that we covered a large piece of pasteboard, which now blows up my fire in the morning, with a notation in wavy lines as a demonstration for a

p
Im - - - pet u·ous heart, be still, be still;

Your sorrowful love may never be told;

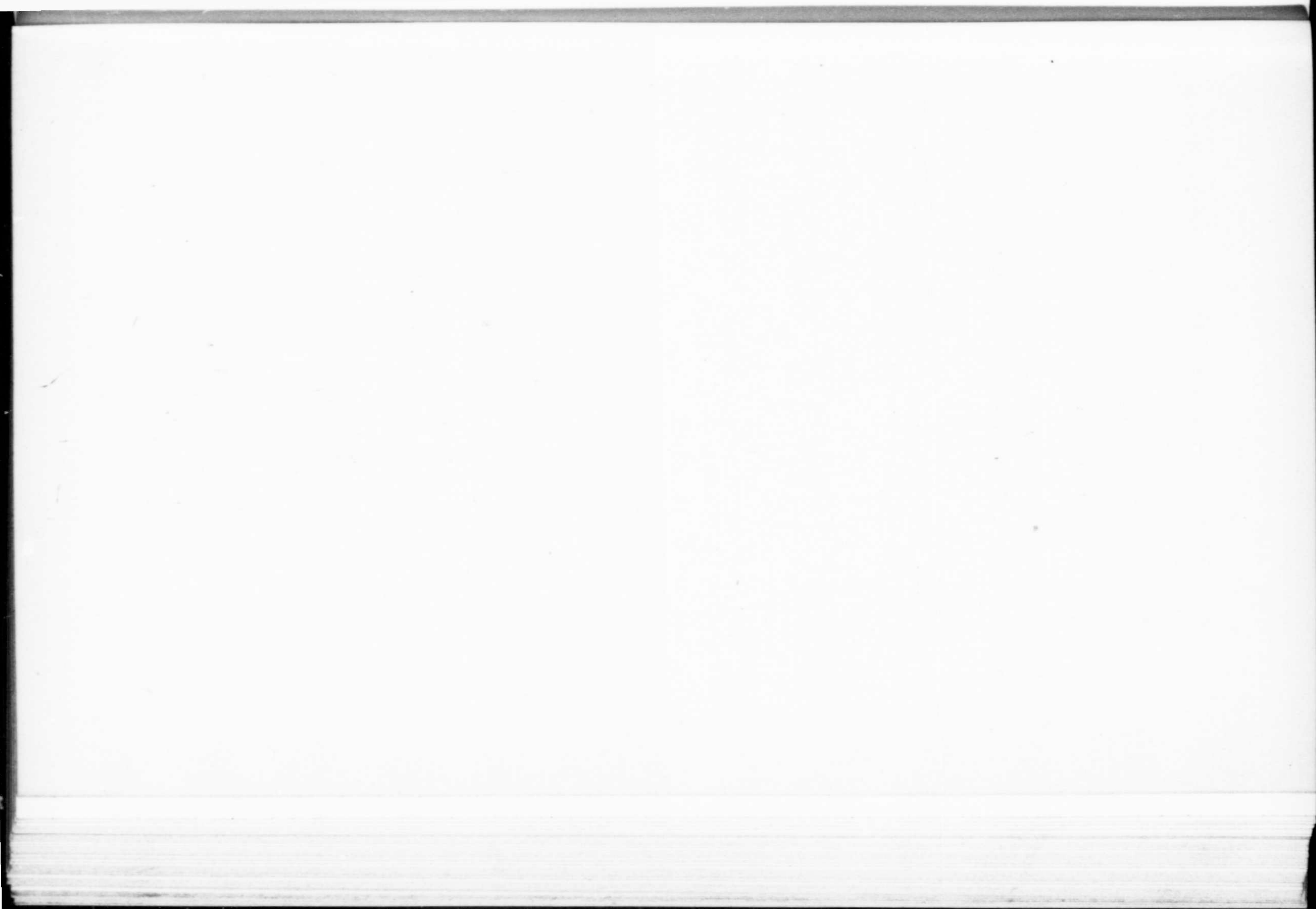
Cover it up with a lonely tune

f
He who could bend all things to his will
ff

f
Has covered the door of the infinite fold

With the pale stars and the wandering moon

Lines from *The Countess Cathleen* with Mr. A. Dolmetsch's notes for musical reading to the psaltery



lecture; but at last Mr. Dolmetsch put us back to our first thought. He made us a beautiful instrument half psaltery half lyre which contains, I understand, all the chromatic intervals within the range of the speaking voice; and he taught us to regulate our speech by the ordinary musical notes.

The notations he taught us are all much like this facsimile of a song out of the first Act of the "Countess Cathleen."

It is written, I am told, in the old C clef — the most reasonable way to write it, for it would be below the stave on the treble clef or above it on the bass clef. The central line of the stave corresponds to the middle C of the piano; the first note of the poem is therefore D. The marks of long and short over the syllables are not marks of scansion, but show the syllables one makes the voice hurry or linger over. One needs, of course, a far less complicated notation than a singer, and one is even permitted slight modifications of the fixed note when dramatic expression demands it and the instrument is not sounding. The notation which regulates the general form of the sound leaves it free to add a complexity of dramatic expression from its own incommunicable genius which compensates the lover of speech for the lack of complex musical expression. Ordinary speech is formless, and its variety is like the variety which separates bad prose from the regulated speech of Milton, or anything that is formless and void from anything that has form and beauty. The orator, the speaker who has some little of the great tradition of his craft, differs from the debater very largely because he understands how to assume that subtle monotony of voice which runs through the nerves like fire. Even when one is speaking to a single note sounded faintly on the Psaltery, if one is sufficiently practised to speak on it without thinking about it one can get an endless variety of expression. All art is, indeed, a monotony in external things for the sake of an interior variety, a sacrifice of gross effects to subtle effects, an ascetism of the imagination. But this new art, new in modern life I mean, will have to train its hearers as well as its speakers, for it takes time to surrender gladly the

gross efforts one is accustomed to, and one may well find mere monotony at first where one soon learns to find a variety as incalculable as in the outline of faces or in the expression of eyes. Modern acting and recitation have taught us to fix our attention on the gross effects till we have come to think gesture and the intonation that copies the accidental surface of life more important than the rhythm; and yet we understand theoretically that it is precisely this rhythm that separates good writing from bad, that is the glimmer, the fragrance, the spirit of all intense literature. I do not say that we should speak our plays to musical notes, for dramatic verse will need its own method, and I have hitherto experimented with short lyric poems alone; but I am certain that, if people would listen for a while to lyrical verse spoken to notes, they would soon find it impossible to listen without indignation to verse as it is spoken in our leading theatres. They would get a subtlety of hearing that would demand new effects from actors and even from public speakers, and they might, it may be, begin even to notice one another's voices till poetry and rhythm had come nearer to common life.

I cannot tell what changes this new art is to go through, or to what greatness or littleness of fortune, but I can imagine little stories in prose with their dialogues in metre going pleasantly to the strings. I am not certain that I shall not see some Order naming itself from the Golden Violet of the Troubadours or the like, and having among its members none but well-taught and well-mannered speakers who will keep the new art from disrepute. They will know how to keep from singing notes and from prosaic lifeless intonations, and they will always understand, however far they push their experiments, that poetry and not music is their object; and they will have by heart, like the Irish File, so many poems and notations that they will never have to bend their heads over the book to the ruin of dramatic expression and of that wild air the bard had always about him in my boyish imagination. They will go here and there speaking their verses and their little stories wherever they can find a

score or two of poetical-minded people in a big room, or a couple of poetical-minded friends sitting by the hearth, and poets will write them poems and little stories to the confounding of print and paper. I, at any rate, from this out mean to write all my longer poems for the stage, and all my shorter ones for the Psaltery, if only a strong angel keep me to my good resolutions.

W. B. YEATS.

THE SHELL OF LEONARDO

BEING AN ESSAY ON SPIRAL FORMATION IN NATURE AND IN ART

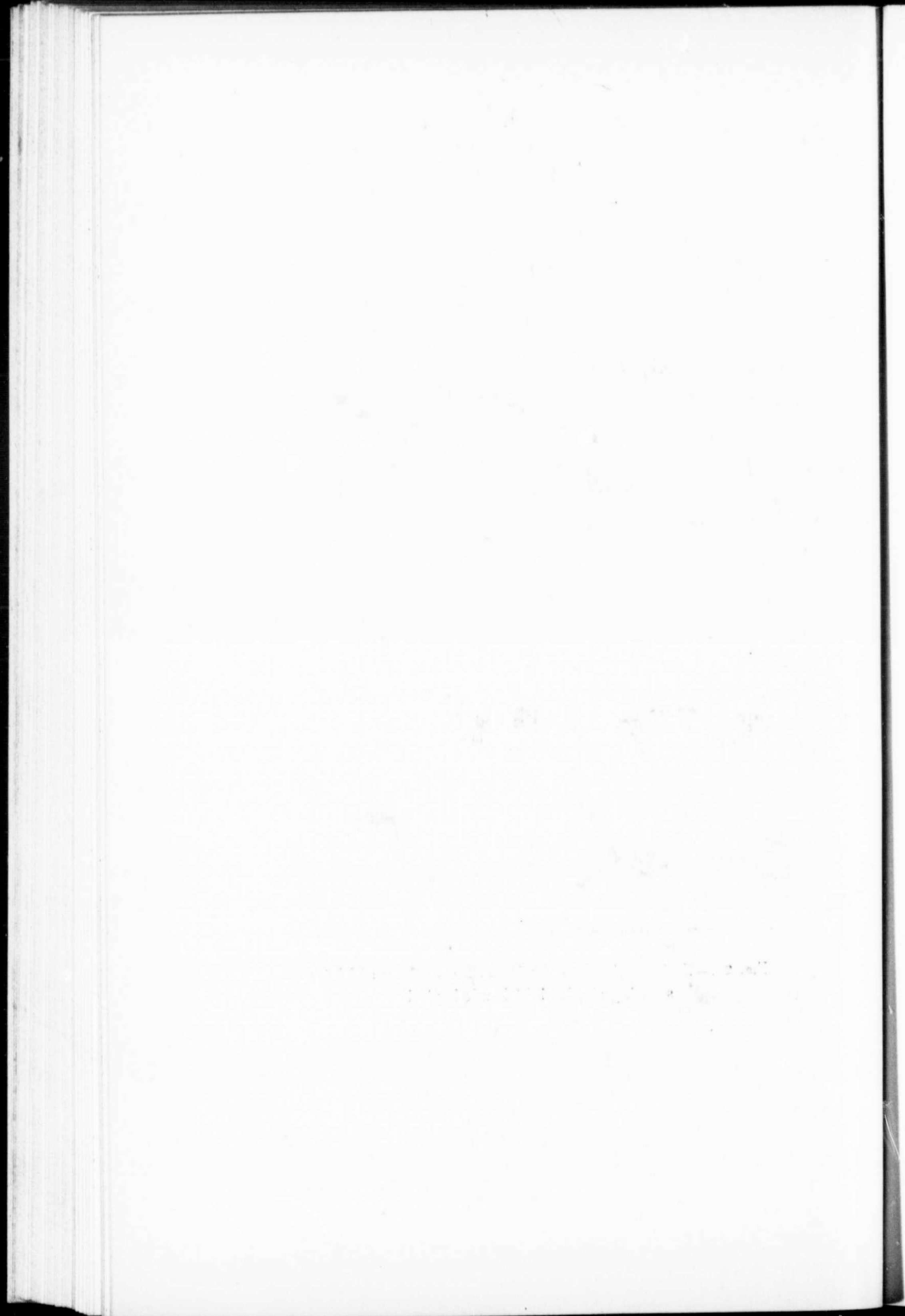
Part II

§ 5

IN my last article I attempted to give some explanation of the beautiful spiral lines upon the columella of such a shell as that shown in Fig. 38, which is the fourth in a series of which *Telescopium telescopium* with its single spiral (Fig. 20), is the beginning. In Fig. 28 I reproduce the photograph of an old staircase in the Château of Blois, built long before Leonardo da Vinci came to France. The origin of the architectural lines in such a staircase as this is more easily explained than the structure either of a *Telescopium*, or of a *Voluta*.

When the first great square or circular feudal fortresses or keeps were built, the walls were of such enormous thickness that the space for the living rooms was very considerably curtailed, and a staircase after the usual London pattern would have left hardly any room at all either for the owner's family or for his garrison. Yet it was necessary to get access quickly and easily—in some cases secretly—from one floor to another; and when a lady was living in the same building with a number of soldiers, she might desire, even in those rough times when dignity counted for more than decency, to have a separate

Fig. 28.—Staircase in the old wing of the Château of Blois; showing single right-handed spiral



staircase to herself, leading perhaps from her boudoir to the dais of the hall, while a different stairway, at the opposite angle of the room, admitted the crowd of men-at-arms who sat below the salt. To manage these separate approaches by means of two "London staircases" would have meant a waste of room even more fatal than our own modern cramped arrangements. The problem was first solved, I imagine, by providing a shaft in the thickness of the wall from one floor to another, the entrances of which opened in the corner of each room. But it would be impossible to drop a man down this shaft like a parcel, still less to climb up without help; and a ladder, whether of wood or rope, would necessarily be at a dangerously acute angle. So they began by inserting a brick at the bottom of a shaft, just where my piece of string was attached to the base of the cylinder in my first illustration (*see* Fig. 2) of an upward dextral helix; only you must now imagine that the cylinder has become a long hole in a solid body, and that into this containing circular body a slab of stone large enough to tread upon has been placed a foot above the floor. Continuing your natural spiral movement to the right, you must then place another stone in position, a foot higher than the other, and further forward—that is to say, further round this internal shaft up which you wish to ascend. Continuing in this way, you will gradually fix your slabs of stone to the inside of the shaft in constantly ascending spiral curves until you reach the top; and with a little practice you will be able so to adjust the angle of the spiral that the end of it exactly reaches the upper doorway. The wall will always be on your right as some support, but there is a dismal cavity on the left hand, and a false step would hurl you headlong through the middle of the brick-bristling shaft to the bottom. To avoid this, in your next experiment you take rather longer slabs of stone and diminish the danger; but a time arrives when you cannot increase their length owing to the fact that, though one end is firmly inserted in the wall, the other stretches out into emptiness, and a heavy weight

might entirely displace it. This would have been a critical moment for the builder whose shaft was of a large diameter.

When Charles V. of France built the grand staircase of the Louvre (since destroyed), Raymond du Temple found that the Paris quarries of 1365 could not furnish big enough slabs in time, for over six feet in length was what he needed. So a selection of tombstones from the Churchyard of the Innocents was made; and I can conceive no stranger material than this "derangement of epitaphs." Surely the Devil upon Notre Dame must have chuckled; for of what else are made the steps which lead to Hell, even if the paving-stones are—on good authority—of a different substance?

But as the first of these primitive connecting shafts was probably quite small, I think the true solution of the whole problem rapidly made its appearance. In the case of a shaft, for instance, of six feet in diameter, if all the slabs of stepping stones projected 3 ft. 6 in. from the wall they would overlap. The first case of overlapping may have been an accident; but, at any rate, it was soon found that this method entirely covered up that dangerous hole in the middle which I mentioned; and as soon as this was effected the greatest discovery of all came simultaneously to light. For as the stairway rose, a central column was seen to be rising with it on the left hand of any person ascending the dextral helix of the stairs; and by degrees the masons learnt so to cut their stepping-stones that this central column was not only built up by these stones but also in its turn supported them, for they now overlapped both at their ends and at their edges. And now at last the outer wall on the right hand side fell into its true position of a mere protective shell, while the essential feature of the whole was the central column round which the fanlike steps revolved.

To explain this first development of the real spiral staircase (instances of which may be found in most lighthouses and in the Tower of London), I reproduce here a drawing by Viollet-le-Duc, which shows one entire revolution of the steps

and also gives the drawing (Fig. 29) of a single step which contains its own portion of the central pillar, as will be found to be the case in the example I reproduced (in Fig. 14) of the Palazzo Contarini. It will be noticed that the architect has not yet reached the idea of a handrail, and is merely producing the simplest necessity for internal communication without any idea of decorative effect. Some kind of handrail for the left hand soon became necessary, and the first was probably a rope which was firmly attached to an iron ring at the top of the stairway and followed its curves down to the bottom, being kept at the right height by an occasional staple on the way. By degrees the stone of the central column got worn into a regular groove by the constant pressure of this rope, and it soon became evident that the handrail might become not merely an integral part of the stonework of the staircase but a very definite addition to the beauty of its decoration. Such spiral staircases were known to the Romans, who left the rough screws they filed out among the ashes of Pompeii, though they had not advanced sufficiently in mechanics to be able to make a nut that would accurately correspond. But the conditions of mediæval life made spiral staircases peculiarly valuable to the feudal architect, for doors could open into them at any height in their spiral upward course; they were easily lighted, and, at first, of simple and rapid construction which could be easily repaired. They could be held by a few men against a hundred foes; they joined the very top of the building with the very bottom, and the slope of their ascent could be made gentle or steep at will. We have, of course, long ago rejected such useful and

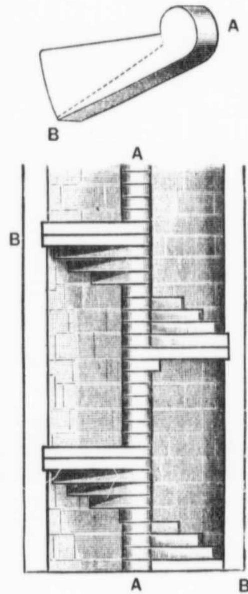


FIG. 29.—The primitive spiral staircase, showing the shape of each stone.

beautiful possibilities in London houses, which are as narrow and lofty as a feudal keep, perhaps because we could not easily get our furniture and other cumbrous living-apparatus up and down a spiral; yet with these methods it would be possible to construct two interior spirals where there is now scarce room for one narrow stairway and a set of useless landings. The danger of fire would certainly be reduced if one of these spirals were constructed of uninflammable materials, or even built outside the main walls of the building. At Hertford College, Oxford, the architect seems to have remembered a sixteenth-century model, but to have been unable to find workmen capable of carrying out a sixteenth-century design. At any rate the result is a somewhat inelegant compromise between the old and new. One of the largest "Newel-Staircases" in the United Kingdom is at Fyvie in Scotland.

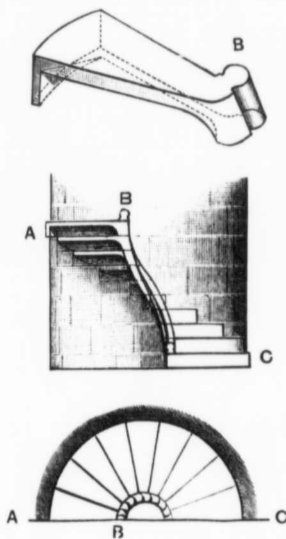


FIG. 30.—An elaborate spiral staircase, showing improved plan of stonework.

It was soon found that spiral staircases could not only be built into the interior of a house, as in the example at Blois already quoted (Fig. 28), but that there was a distinct gain both in freedom of access and in methods of lighting when the whole staircase was placed outside the walls, which thus secured an admirable additional adornment, as is the case in the "Escalier à jour" of the newer wing of Francis I. at the same château (Fig. 43). By the time this idea was realised the architect had made a very distinct advance, and the mason who built for him had attained a skill which is completely lost in his profession nowadays. The delicacy of measurement implied, for instance, in the single stone and in the completed spiral of the next stairway I reproduce from Viollet-le-Duc (*see* Fig. 30), can scarcely be

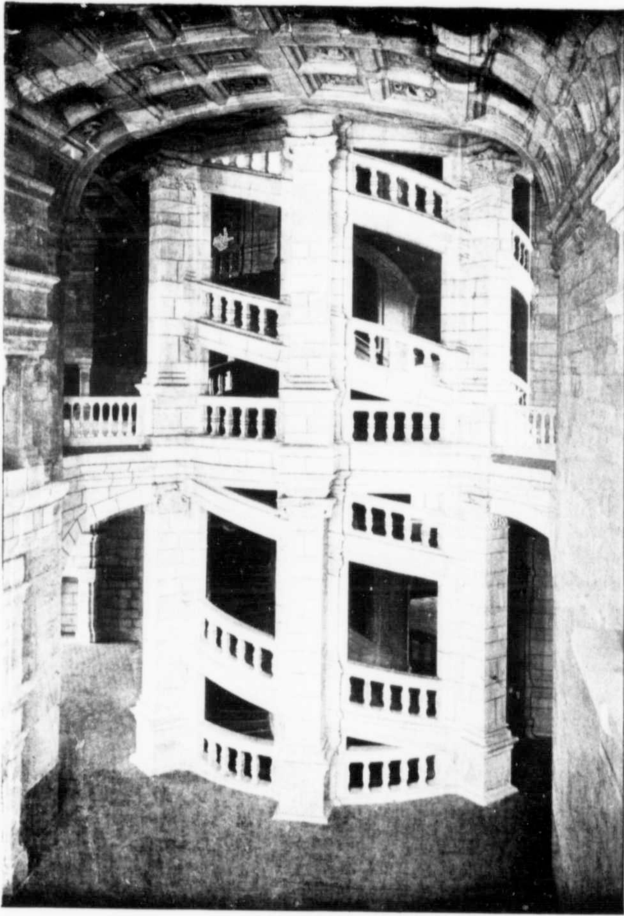


Fig. 31.—Two floors of the Château of Chambord; showing interlacing spirals of the double staircase.

appreciated by any one who has not endeavoured to do what is here accomplished. For it will be observed that each step is light yet strong, and carries with it not only the central spiral but the handrail as well, while the construction is so artfully managed that the solid central column becomes lighter and stronger as a hollow cylinder, and, though every step is firmly balanced in its place, yet a stone dropped from the top of this staircase would fall to the bottom without touching anything.

The beautiful possibilities of this method of construction were in fact soon discovered, and, as is so often the case in other matters, men went to extremes of geometrical enthusiasm which would be the despair of modern workmen. This may partly be explained by the fact that life in a feudal castle must have been very dull at best, and a tricky staircase like the one just mentioned may have been a godsend. Not enough of them are still in existence for me to give as many examples as I should like; but at Chambord in Touraine there is still a *tour de force* in the way of spiral staircases which would be very difficult to beat (*see* Fig. 31). It contains two spirals, one within the other, so arranged that a man may ascend from the bottom, while the lady is tripping downwards from the top; yet they will never meet or see each other, though their steps and voices are perfectly audible. The thing is a delight to generations and armies of tourists at the present day, and the pleasure it gave the courtiers of Francis I. in that Gargantuan Abbey of Thelema in which he combined fortress, hunting-seat, and pleasure-palace, after the dark days of Madrid, may better be described in the pleasant tales of a Brantôme or the picturesque exaggerations of a Rabelais. It is not my present purpose to go more into detail concerning such *jeux d'esprit*, for I am in search rather of the beautiful in construction than of the merely *bizarre;* but they serve to show some of the possibilities of a spiral, and of the attractions which it exerted upon a constructively imaginative mind. In the parallel which I am seeking between the lines of architectural construction and the lines of Nature's workmanship,

the central column of a spiral staircase is an integral factor, and in the older Blois staircase (Fig. 28) you will observe that the decoration of this central pillar, and the carving of the single spiral line that forms its handrail, have already reached a degree of beauty which enhances the exquisite masonry of the curved flight of steps; and the colonnettes carved upon its surface give just the same pleasing contrast that we noticed in the "Prentice Pillar" (Fig. 3). This style of decoration was in use earlier still in the fifteenth century, and, in the last illustration I shall borrow from Viollet-le-Duc, the wooden shaft of the now vanished Collège de Montaigu in Paris provides an excellent example, not merely of this kind of pillar, but of the rare sinistral helix (*see* Fig. 32). It is worth observing, however, at this stage of our inquiry, that while it was easier and more natural for a right-handed architect to draw plans for a staircase with a right-handed spiral, this "leiotropic" formation is not invariably better; for a man ascending it and turning perpetually to the left (*see* Fig. 28) would always have his right hand free to attack the defenders, and the garrison coming down would expose their left hands on the outside. A left-handed spiral will fit into any place where a right-handed spiral will go as a staircase, because a door can be pierced at any point in its course, and I think it is therefore probable that right-handed spirals are more common in staircases because architects are usually right-handed and "build up" more naturally in that formation, not because such spirals are structurally more convenient.

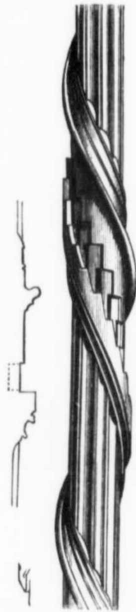


FIG. 32. — Central wooden shaft from the Collège de Montaigu in Paris, now destroyed.

Evolved architecturally somewhat after the fashion I have roughly sketched, was the staircase (Fig. 28) already long in use at Blois in that older wing of Louis XII., which Leonardo da Vinci saw when he first visited the château. I have now to

try and imagine with what thoughts he saw it, and what effects it may have had upon his busy and speculative mind at the moment when the various problems were just being considered of that new wing in the castle for which Francis I. had ordered plans and drawings to be submitted.

§ 6

With the circumstances of Leonardo's sojourn in France I must not concern myself too much. Within the shadow of the lime trees on the terraced garden of Amboise (some thirty kilomètres down the Loire from Blois) there is set a bust of the great Italian, and an epitaph upon the tombstone near at hand painfully records that underneath it are ashes "amongst which are supposed to be the remains of Leonardo da Vinci." It was at Amboise, at any rate, that he died on May 2, 1519; and the myth of those last moments in the arms of his royal patron at Fontainebleau becomes as shadowy and unreal as the artistic reputation of Francis I., a reputation which I have always thought to be much exaggerated. That miscellaneous grave is not calculated to increase it.

Leonardo had certainly lived in the Loire valley some time before June 1518, for a letter from him exists of that date written at Amboise; and he may well have reached there in the year before. His genius was of so universal a quality that I feel no necessity for proving over again that he had turned his attention, among many other studies, to those of architecture. The researches of J. P. Richter produce more than sufficient evidence of this, though no building has come down to us which has yet been recognised and agreed to have been built by him. "In peace-time," he wrote to the Duke of Milan in 1490, "I shall be of as much service to you as any one in whatever concerns the construction of buildings"; about the same time the Vice-General of the Carmelites writes to Isabella d'Este, concerning Leonardo, that "his mathematical studies have so drawn his tastes away from painting that he will scarcely hold a brush," and Sabba da Castiglione

says also that "when he should have wholly consecrated himself to painting, in which he would, no doubt, have become another Apelles, he entirely surrendered himself to the study of geometry, architecture, and anatomy"; and it is significant that between 1472 and 1499 we find many important buildings in Lombardy by unknown architects which are so good that the tradition of collaboration between Leonardo and Bramante may well be true. At Pavia Cathedral, and in the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan, this tradition was so strong that the corroboration of it lately found in Leonardo's manuscripts, preserved in Milan, was only to be expected.

By Baron Henry de Geymüller all the known architectural studies and writings of Leonardo have been collected, and among them may be pointed out his design for draining "Romolontino" (the Romorantin of Francis I.) and his sketches for a new royal residence at Amboise, "with a moat 40 braccia wide, and to the right of the castle a large basin for jousting in boats."

Already the best minds of his day had tried to grasp the problems of a proportion in architecture which should reflect the laws of construction and growth exemplified throughout organic life in Nature. Leonardo took up that inquiry in his usual original and thorough manner, and the investigations embodied in my former paper were all suggested by materials in his manuscripts. He has left sketches of columns with archivolts shaped like twisted cords, copied from interlacing branches. He has left drawings of flowers, such as eglantine, or cyclamen, of a delicate tenderness that is only surpassed by the loving accuracy with which he analyses and depicts the growth and structure of trees or of mountains; accumulating this infinity of observation not for its own sake merely, but in order to combine, and to create afresh; to invent with knowledge, and to design without disorder. "In this," he wrote, "the eye," that is, the imaginative insight of the artist, "surpasses nature, for natural things are finite, but the works which the eye can order of the hand are infinite." He studied

deeply the strength and resisting-power of various materials, and was the first to produce an exhaustive theory of the fissures in walls. He wrote much upon the nature of the arch, and the results of pressure upon it. There was no problem of construction that came within his ken which he did not grapple and attempt to solve. The traffic in a crowded city was a difficulty in Italy long before London had become overgrown. He proposed to solve it with a system of high and low-level streets, such as may be seen to-day at Chester, and as has been suggested in these last months for the new streets near the Strand.

His notes and drawings of anatomy were highly praised by so great an authority as William Hunter, and the downward stroke of a bird's wing, which is supposed to be so new a revelation of the instantaneous camera, was noted independently by Leonardo, as it had been drawn by the quick-sighted Japanese of his own time. He observed, too, that as the tips of a bird's wings in flight go up and down as well as onwards, they make a spiral in the air (Fig. 33) which is adapted to the strength of wind-resistance it has to encounter; and he made use of this observation in his theory of flying machines. But in this figure it should be observed that if the straight line between *a* and *p* is the direction of the body of the bird in flight, its wing-tips would be approximately on a cylinder whose axis was *ap* and radius the length of a wing; so that a more correct description would be that the movement of each wing-tip in flight describes a line of which each portion is a portion of a spiral, though the whole line so described is not a spiral. In the Windsor collection of his drawings there are careful studies of flowers, of grass and reeds, showing the various spiral formations of their growth. Water, and the forms of water, and of mountains, seem to have attracted him very strongly, as is suggested in the blue hills and streams which are the back-

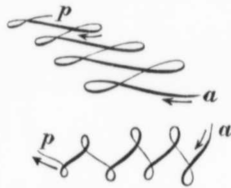


FIG. 33.—Spiral motion of the tips of a bird's wings.

ground to "La Gioconda." The Windsor collection is full of extraordinary studies of waves for his representation of the Deluge. The great struggle of one element against another did not appeal to him merely as a Biblical dream. He examined currents, whirlpools, and ripples, until he had a host of actual facts with which to work; of true observations from which to create his vision; of laws and principles by which to guide his imagination. It was for the gardens at the château of Blois that he made sketches of further improvements for the conduit, with its syphon discharging into the Loire, which was built in 1505 by Fra Giocondo, the Veronese architect. Among his drawings are studies of the curves of waves, and of the effects of currents upon the banks of the mainland and of islands. The water system of the Cher and Loire he had thoroughly worked out, and recorded in a map which shows the relative positions of Tours, Amboise, Blois, Montrichard, and other places in Touraine. In this connection, too, he frequently expresses his admiration of Archimedes, and of that great inventor's famous screw which raised up water by the revolution of a pipe twisted in a dextral helix round a rod.

He even investigated the structure of intestines, and it may be noticed that the drawing in Fig. 35 of the section of a shark's intestine gives a peculiarly interesting example of a dextral helix, the prime use of which is to ensure that the food passes slowly round and round the tube in order that every atom of nourishment may be extracted. A very beautiful parallel to this exists in the internal formation of *Auricula auris midæ* (Fig. 36), and still more clearly in that of *Turritella lentiginosa* (Fig. 37), a shell in which you may easily imagine yourself going up that "little tower" on a continuous inclined plane without any steps at all.

It is curious, to say the least of it, that when Leonardo was living at Amboise there existed a staircase built in the great tower by Charles VIII. on exactly this model. You might drive a carriage and pair down its sloping circular curves

to-day without meeting a single step in all the distance; and the Emperor Charles V. did, as a matter of fact, ride up it on horseback by torchlight during one of his ceremonious visits to his rival Francis I.

After all this, shall I be accused of too much special pleading if I suggest that, to one who had thus investigated the secret principles of construction and of growth, this inclined plane of the spiral staircase at Amboise, and this single helix of the old stair at Blois, presented a greater attraction than

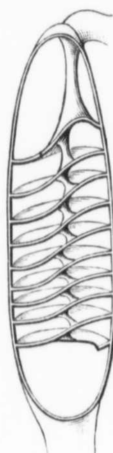


FIG. 35.—Longitudinal section of intestine of *Raia*.

FIG. 36.—*Auricula auris midæ.*

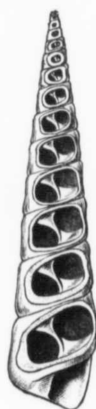


FIG. 37.—*Turritella lentiginosa.*

that of merely architectural problems skilfully surmounted? And is it too much to infer that, for one who had so long striven to approximate the rules of Art to the axioms of Nature, the comparison of the Amboise building to *Turritella*, and of the Blois stair to *Telescopium*, was no impossibility? Those two Italian staircases already mentioned, built by unknown artists in Fiesole and Venice, are both of such a period that, if Leonardo had ever studied the lines of a shell in connection with the architectural drawings for either, the names they both bear may well be the popular recognition of his skill in such works of constructive adaptation. It is

interesting, too, to find a persistent tradition connecting the spiral at Venice with a French model, which is not without a certain suggestiveness as to the investigations of the great Italian exile in that valley of palaces which is Touraine.

In considering the possibility of such studies in parallelism of structure having occupied the leisure of a great designer, it will be only natural to look for the evidences of any practical result towards the end of a life in which busy activity would for the most part postpone such delicate imaginations until increasing years had brought more opportunities of investigation and research. When Leonardo reached Touraine he was nearing the end of a life that had been crowded with creative action. The full fruit of one of the most strenuous and original careers ever known was in the autumn of its ripeness. Many of the problems which that fertile brain attacked have never yet been solved, and if I finally trace to its marvellous inventiveness a creation that no recorded architect has yet been found worthy to claim, it is chiefly because the beauty of that creation of man's handiwork remains unparalleled outside the realm of Nature.

As I approach this last portion of my argument, I must again refer to that series of internal spirals in shells which I mentioned before, beginning with the single line of *Telescopium telescopium* (Fig. 20), or even further back with the mere inclined plane of *Turritella lentiginosa* (Fig. 37), and ending in the eightfold curves of *Voluta musica* (Fig. 24). In that series I wish now especially to emphasise *Voluta vespertilio* (Fig. 38) and the four particularly graceful lines of its dextral helix. But I must also point out the beautiful lines observable in its external shape (Fig. 41) which are not quite parallel, yet satisfy the eye completely in their gradual upward ascent. You will notice too that the main external walls of the shell are buttressed, as it were, with little out-standing columns which hold up the first of the ascending lines in a manner that would be at once suggestive to an architectural eye.

We have already observed, both at Venice and at Chartres, the strange correspondence between the exterior arrangement of a staircase and the external shape of a shell. At Blois, in the old stairway, we have seen an internal single spiral closely corresponding to the internal single helix of the columella in a shell. I have now to point out an architectural example which combines both these correspondences, and does this although no one who only looked upon the exterior of the "Escalier à jour" at Blois (Fig. 43) would dream of what it contained within, any more than a person ignorant of biology who looked at the outside of *Voluta vespertilio* could imagine the existence of the quadruple helix inside it. When it was only the outside, or only the inside of a staircase that suggested the lines of a shell, the evidence may not have been sufficient to argue any connection between the one and the other in the builder's mind. But what if the external plan be the same in both a staircase and a shell, and if the internal spiral of the stair be an exact copy of the columella within the same shell, even to the number of its revolutions round the shaft? And what if, in addition, these arrangements are in each case carefully reversed in every detail?

§ 7

At Blois there is a staircase built later than the old example shown in Fig. 28, built just at a time when Leonardo's presence in Touraine might have enabled him to suggest its plan, built with its external lines corresponding to the outside of a shell, while its internal spiral reproduces the helix on the columella of that shell.

In the known examples of *Voluta vespertilio*, about one in a million contains a sinistral helix instead of the ordinary dextral curve. I have mentioned an instance where such a rare shell at Travancore was considered to have been a manifestation of the deity. It is therefore probable not only that travellers would try to select one of this kind to bring home, but also that in the case of shells common on the seaboard of a

country, the chief reason for the presence of one of them in the cabinet of a collector would be that it was distinguished above its million fellows by the possession of this rare sinistral helix.

Compare the *Voluta* in Figs. 38 and 41 with that shown in Figs. 39 and 42, and in the two latter instances you will see that the spirals are reversed, that the "entrance" is on the left instead of on the right, and that the external lines slope down from left to right instead of from right to left. Figs. 38 and 41 show the ordinary leiotropic shell with a dextral spiral. Figs. 39

FIG. 38.—Section of common *Voluta vespertilio* (leiotropic) showing internal spiral to the right.

FIG. 39.—Section of rare *Voluta vespertilio* (dexiotropic) showing internal spiral to the left.

and 42 show the rare dexiotropic shell with a sinistral or left-handed helix.

With this exceptional formation in your mind, remembering that the ordinary ascending curve described by a right-handed man is to the right, compare the magnificent spiral within the staircase of the wing of Francis I. at Blois (Fig. 40) with the helix in the leiotropic *Voluta vespertilio* (Fig. 38). It is identical in form, even in the fact that it is four times repeated, but it is reversed.

Then compare the external balustrades (Fig. 43) with the lines on the outside of the same shell (Fig. 41). They are arranged in the same way; they are similarly supported by slender columns; they show the same charming and curious irregularity, which seems inexplicable apart from their model; but they are reversed.

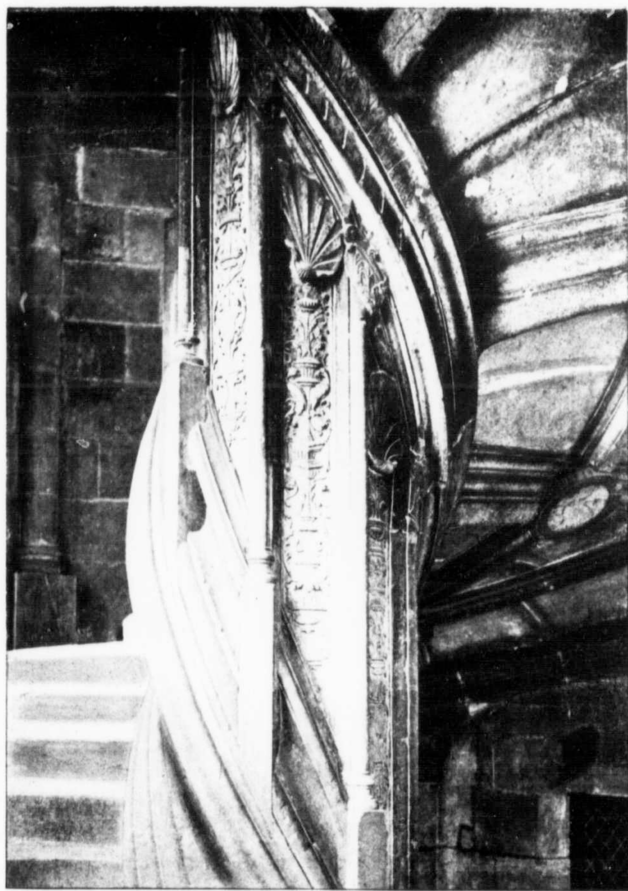


Fig. 40.—Interior of Escalier à Jour, Château de Blois, Touraine; showing left-handed spirals of the central shaft

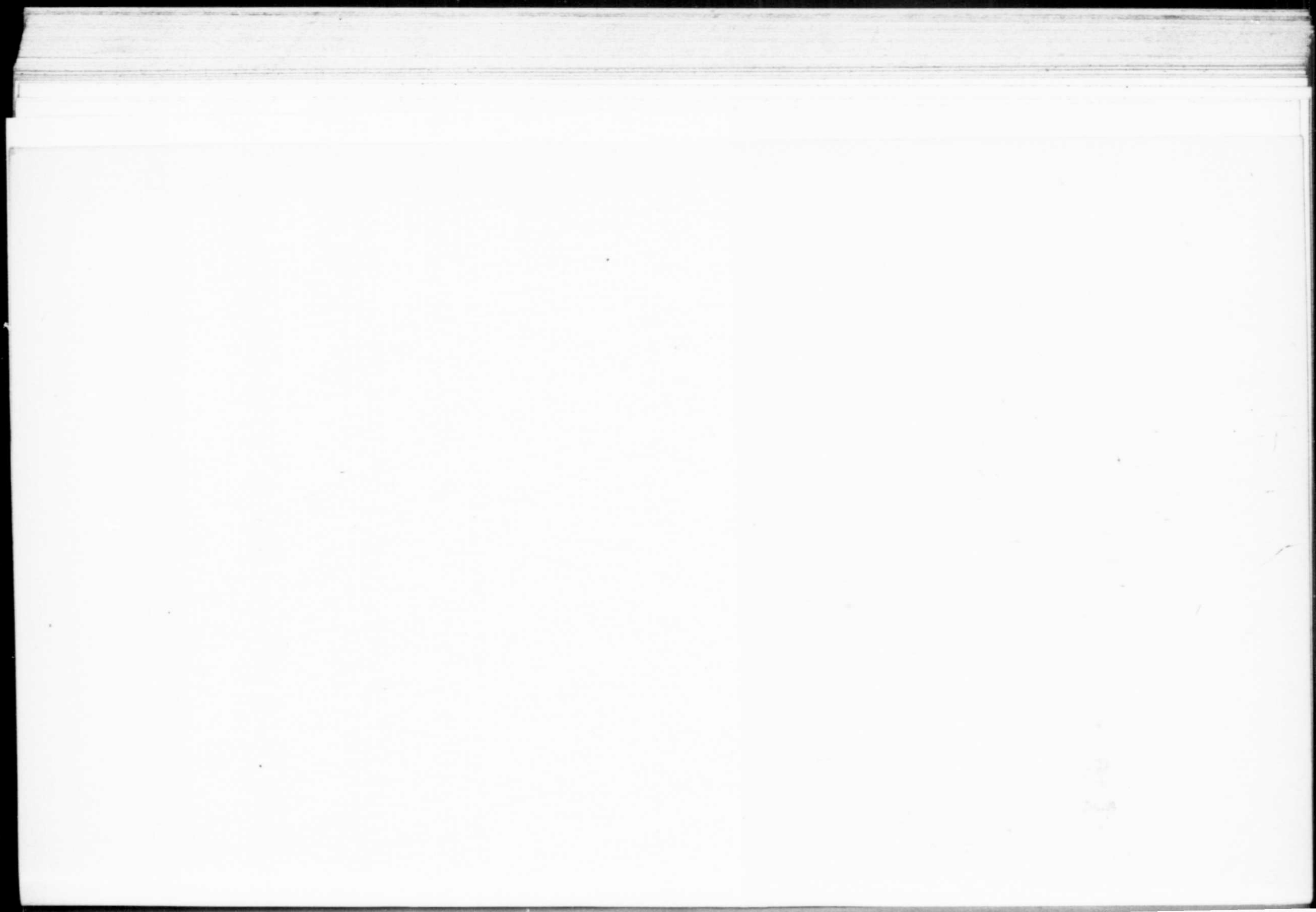


Fig. 43.—Escalier à Jour, Château de Blois, Touraine; showing arrangement of the external balustrades

Look at the doorway opening to the staircase from outside. It is in the same relative position as the "entrance" of the shell; but it is reversed.

There are therefore no less than four instances of agreement with the common shell, though in any one of these four a trifling difference would not have mattered to the construction. And in all these four instances there is an invariable and exact reversal, although again there might have been trifling variations in plan made by any one who had not got the shell before him.

Can such agreements and such differences be chance alone?

FIG. 41.—Common or leiotropic *Voluta vespertilio*, showing exterior of the shell drawn in Fig. 38.

FIG. 42.—Rare or dexiotropic *Voluta vespertilio*, showing exterior of the shell drawn in Fig. 39.

Can such lines be the result of a merely architectural solution of the problem? Can they be merely one more example of what we have seen already, of the fortuitous correspondence between perfect workmanship and the lines of Nature? Surely they must be a deliberate copy of the natural object they so closely imitate; yet not an ordinary copy, but a copy with the very striking and logical and persistent differences we have just noticed.[1]

This, in fact, must be an example of that greatest art which

[1] *It is with great pleasure that I here acknowledge my obligations to Messrs. Rivingtons, the publishers of "Old Touraine," a book in which I was first able to draw attention to this Staircase, and to indicate the line of possible investigation now carried on a little farther.*

imitates the greatest models with a difference that reveals the strength and personality of the designer; which discards the trivial and preserves the essential; which loves knowledge much and is therefore unafraid of novelty; which realises the existence and the value of a studied exception here and there among all ordered things; which can unite design with fact, and originality with truthfulness.

Such a creation as this might well have been one of the few practical results of that philosophy which was expressed in the words: "Natural things are finite, but man's handiwork is infinite"; a saying which was not likely to have been uttered by one who could have permitted many such works to survive him. For this man had realised that in the perfection of Nature there is an end attained, unchanging, because perfect in its kind; but that we are "something better than the birds or bees," and in our best building, as in our best art, the confession of that superiority must always be found. Hence comes that nobler love of change which is the divine unrest of genius, which often leaves so little done behind it, because there is always so much still to do. Some faint suggestion of this feeling is to be found in the expression on the face of "Mona Lisa." Not of any mortal handiwork were the words written, "Behold, it was very good"; for labouring humanity is driven forward through the ages by the constant search for something higher that is ever hidden, yet ever to be revealed.

If then, as I believe, this staircase was copied from a shell, the man who owned the shell and used it so must have been not merely an architect but a master of construction, for the groin-work and vaulting of the stairs (Fig. 1) are not the least astounding part of the whole building; and he must have been a decorative artist, too, of the very highest order. Confining your attention for a moment to the inside of the staircase only (Fig. 1), you will see ample evidence of this in several directions. The stairs wind upwards, folding round that exquisite central shaft as the petals of a flower fold one within the other; and in the very lines of each step itself a strange and beautiful

look of life and growth is produced by the double curve on which it is so subtly planned; for these steps are not straight as in the older staircase of the château, and in most ordinary instances, but are carved into a sudden little wave of outline just where each one springs out from the supporting pillar—from the supporting stalk, as it were, of these delicately encircling leaves. Though I am more concerned with constructive lines than with mere decorative detail, it is impossible also to overlook the set of those colonnettes that move upwards with the rising shaft, and the splendidly sculptural treatment of the shells which are set between the twisted capitals of each (Fig. 40). I would draw particular attention to these, because if they were placed here by the man who was inspired to take his original model from a shell, they would be treated very differently from any ornaments subsequently affixed by a lesser artist with a lesser inspiration. And this is, as a matter of fact, exactly what is to be found here. These shells are broadly carved, with light and shadow; not with a mere imitation of exact form but with a fine feeling for their effect in this exact position. Beneath them is a weakly conventional embroidery of later date, that is not merely meaningless, but is cut off at the bottom by the ascending spiral in a way which no one but a sculptor devoid of all structural adaptability could have permitted. They must be additions of about the same date as the statues set upon the exterior some fifteen years after the original structure had been built. They are repeated in the rooms of Catherine de Medicis above, and may be seen, in exactly the same setting, on the shaft of the great stairway of Chateaudun, a structure so complicated with archways and landings that the fine right-handed spiral of the central column almost loses its effect.

Yet it is the irresistible, spontaneous, uplifting movement of the whole that remains, after all, the main impression ot this marvellous piece of work at Blois. To walk up those steps is to be borne along upon a breath of beauty, and not to feel the clogging feet of human clay at all. Those waving lines

rush upwards like a flame blown strongly from beneath; for there is in them a touch of that spell which is elemental; of that same Nature's mystery which curves the tall shaft of the iris upwards from the pool in which it grows, or flings the wave in curving lines of foam upon the rocks the rising tide will cover.

He who made all this, and who owned the shell which first suggested it, must have been an architect of powerful originality, and an artist of extraordinary imagination, with a sense of harmonious proportion rarely equalled in the world, a sense which he had trained in many various arts and many branches of science, for he must have been a student of biology who collected natural objects with a determination to penetrate the secret of their beauty, just as one of the greatest of our modern sculptors, Gilbert, has studied the bony forms of fishes, and from them designed the most exquisitely curved armour, and the most fantastically beautiful ornaments. Learning and taste so universal as this seems to indicate have been rare at any period of the world's history; between 1500 and 1519 there was certainly but one man who possessed them, and that was Leonardo, the artist, architect, and biologist who devoted so much of his life to the study of the intercommunication between art and nature; who, in fact, did even more in this direction in the fifteenth century than Gilbert or any other artist did in the nineteenth; who gave this final manifestation of his constructive genius to France's ungrateful monarch just before he died; who came from those Mediterranean shores where *Voluta vespertilio* may be found. Professor W. R. Dunstan, F.R.S., has been kind enough to give me a *Voluta* from the Barton Beds of the Eocene Age on the coast of Hampshire, where there are a very large number of these shells to be found in so remarkable a state of preservation that they seem scarcely fossilised at all. In the days of Leonardo, and of course long before him, *Voluta* had vanished, as a living form, from waters that were colder than Italian seas. I have not reproduced the English specimen as it does not advance

my argument, though its lines are even more beautiful than those of the Mediterranean shell known to Leonardo da Vinci.

His death occurred in May 1519, only some twenty miles from Blois, at that Amboise where he had been living for some time. The first payments recorded for the new wing at Blois containing this staircase were made by Baron de Joursanvault in July 1516. The most cursory inspection of the plan of the whole building will show that such an external feature may well have been completed after the main lines of the building had been laid. Its beauty is artfully thrown into relief by the comparative simplicity of the wall from which it springs. So perfect a whole as is the staircase may well have taken many years to finish, after Leonardo had given the first masterly sketches of its plan. Some stones in it have been left untouched until this day, and a few are only roughly chiselled out. Above and around the entrance are three statues which are very characteristic of a master of a much later period, Jean Goujon, who was carving at Ecouen in 1544. His help may well have been called in to put the finishing touches to a structure which a greater than he had originated. No subsequent adornments could alter or weaken the beauty of the main conception.

The sinistral curve within it is rare in any architecture, and, as I have pointed out, it is an exact reversal of the spiral contained within the ordinary *Voluta*. It would have suited the internal and external arrangements of the rest of the building just as well if the drawings for this staircase had been made on the plan of the ordinary dextral helix which is exhibited in its simplest form in the staircase built at Blois (Fig. 18) before Leonardo came to France. There is no constructive reason, therefore, for the reversal, and a probable reason for any designer beginning his sketches with a left-handed spiral would be that he was himself left-handed.

Leonardo da Vinci was left-handed.

It may be urged that having made his first rough sketch in the manner which came most natural to him, the architect

could easily have changed it when once he had begun his working drawings. But Leonardo would not have considered the problem in that light. He was no mere slave to precedent. He had begun by drawing the left-handed spiral which came instinctively to the left-handed draughtsman. It interested him to notice the difference from the usual form, and he went on with his rarer form deliberately, carefully investigating whether it was better than the common style. As we look at the turn of the steps now, we realise that they move upward in the same direction as the hands of a watch move forward as it lies upon a table, "through the buttonhole," as they say in Lincolnshire. It is after this manner, too, that fashion has decreed we should deal a hand at cards, and that superstition has ordered us to pass the Port. In architecture also this arrangement produces an effect of hospitality in the curve, for a host could walk down it with welcoming right hand outstretched to the ascending guest, who was in his turn helped on his ascent by keeping his own right hand on the side-rail, just as you may see the modern athlete keep his right side inwards as he runs round the track at Queen's Club. Certainly, also, this stair is easier to walk up, a fact which may be verified by practical experience to-day. If you describe a circle on the ground with a walking-stick held in your right hand, the probability is that your curve will move towards the right when seen from above. But it should be noticed that the same curve seen from below would appear to be left-handed. In fact, the passing of wine, according to custom, would be in a right-handed direction as seen by all who still remained above the table, while guests upon the floor would only obtain an appropriately left-handed view of the solemn operation in which their interest had ceased. Right-handed spirals are not only more common in Nature, they occur more often in art, because the average right-handed architect had not cared to face the result that they involved a continual turning to the left; so he followed precedent, although on a left-handed spiral a man turns easily and naturally towards the right in his

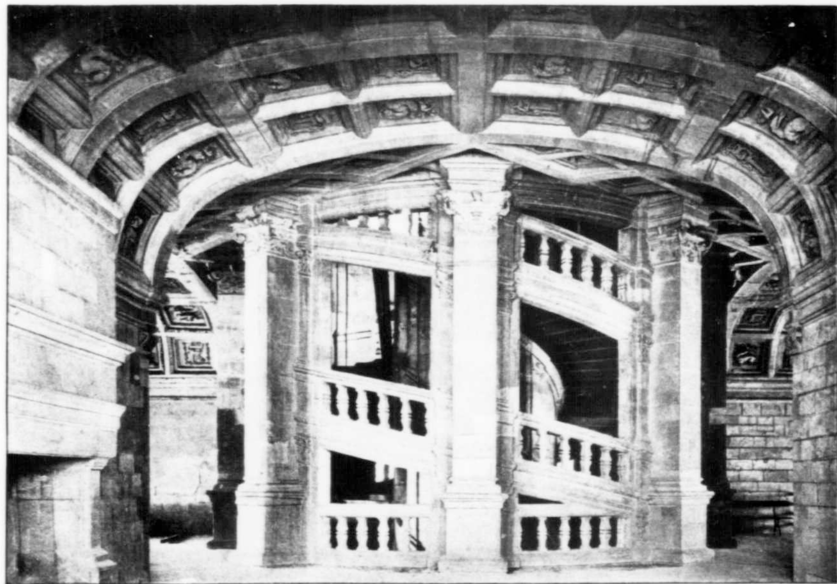


Fig. 44.—Staircase at Chambord; showing double spirals interlaced

ascent. So far, then, this new arrangement must have satisfied Leonardo's practical sense of fitness. But it involved carrying out the same idea of reversal in its entirety, without the help of any previous examples in the district to guide him.

It is, perhaps, not too much to say that Leonardo was almost the only man then living who could have faced the intricacy of such a structural problem successfully. Certainly, if it was a shell before him of which he was thus reversing both the internal and external lines, he was the only architect then living who might have done so with the knowledge that Nature had, in one example out of every million, done the same before him. One of these rare examples he may have possessed and used, but it is more probable that he did not have before his eyes so uncommon a dexiotropic *Voluta* as that which I have reproduced in Figs. 39 and 42; and if he did not, this rare shell, shaped by some left-handed angel of the Ocean, and worshipped as the evidence of some supernatural presence, becomes a triumphant vindication of his skill; for when its reversed lines are compared with his staircase they will be found exactly to correspond in every case. Rare as the sinistral single spiral is in architecture, Leonardo's particular development of the fourfold sinistral spiral is unique; and it is significant that the double interlacing staircase built by Pierre Trinqueau in 1526, close at hand in Chambord (*see* Fig. 44), is also of this same rare sinistral form which had but just previously been built by the Loire; in tacit acknowledgment, as it seems to me, that no single stairway, even if it were similarly reversed, could ever compete for sheer beauty of construction with the older masterpiece at Blois.

To Leonardo the revelation of spirality thus so triumphantly manifested, its connection with religious doctrines, and the value of its symbolism, must strongly have appealed. As we know, he investigated many of the forms it took, and no doubt he knew far more of them than I have indicated here. He found it in such humble instances as the coil of the worm, the curve of the snailshell, the budding of the fern. Com-

pleted in the Ionic capital, arrested at the bending-point of the acanthus-leaf in the Corinthian, it became, he saw, a primal element of architectural ornament, eloquent with many meanings, representing the power of his favourite waves and winds in Greek building, typifying the old Serpent of unending Sin in Gothic workmanship. This strange and strong formation is a final test of affinity in one great order of the animal kingdom; it regulates the beating of the human heart; it expresses the relation of those two great elementary forces, electricity and magnetism, and the study of it was naturally attractive to an intellect so keen that I should shrink from limiting its range by the discoveries which later workmen have unearthed and published in their four centuries of toil since that rare spirit fled.

From the fact that some acids and salts, when seen by a ray of polarised light, show spirals which turn either to the right or left, modern investigators have been inclined to take the occurrence of this formation as a test between organic and inorganic matter in the long argument as to the possibility of breaking down the distinction of vital force which is supposed to exist between the thing that has been "naturally" created and the thing which is "chemically made." In his laboratory a chemist can now make a compound, such as tartaric acid, which will be optically neutral, that is to say, it will exhibit a mixture of right-handed and of left-handed spirals, whereas in Nature we find these spirals are of one kind, either right-handed or left-handed in each case. In the laboratory the one kind can be separated from the other by biological means, for there is an organism which feeds upon one sort and rejects the other. Pasteur, however, devised a process by which no such biological assistance was necessary; for by crystallising the compound he was able to pick out those salt-crystals with their hemi-hedral face to the right from others which exhibited the left-handed formation, and in this way he approached very near the boundary which still guards the mysteries of organic life; and it was the spiral formation which enabled him to do so.

To Leonardo science was the handmaid of the imitative and creative arts, the tool by which he gave reality to his imaginations. His work was the healthy manifestation of a strong and subtle intellect; the mixture, and the equipoise, of all that is best in the faculties of man; and this is why his creations show that elusive quality of naturalism mingled with the ideal, of analysis with emotion, of soul with body. In him the artist and the scientist dwelt harmoniously together, worked harmoniously. No one of his time had observed so keenly; no one could express his observations with a greater realism. But his art was no mere servile form of imitation. He could both imagine and create, because he had an inexhaustible material from which to mould fresh forms. "Non e creatore se non Iddio ed il poeta" ("God and the poet are the only creators") said Tasso. But only an intellect so comprehensive as was Leonardo's could have justified the greater saying: "Natural Things are finite, but the works which the Eye can order of the Hand are infinite." One of such "works" as these did he reserve for the close of his life, and for its expression he chose that "mistress-art," architecture, to which all the other arts he knew are handmaids.

Again and again has the same search for the subtle and elusive causes of beauty been taken up. It has attracted minds so different as Hume, Bernouilli, Burke, and Winckelmann, among many others. Hogarth left us his idea of it. Professor Goodsir adopted the logarithmic spiral as a kind of teleological chart in Nature's beautiful designs. Taking Canon Moseley's investigations as his text, he tried to illustrate their logical corollary that the form and law of growth of an organic body being known, its form at any future time might be made a matter of mathematical elucidation. Following out with astonishing fidelity the line of investigation laid out by Leonardo da Vinci three centuries before, Professor Goodsir asked when it would be possible, by ascertaining the accurate shape, form, and proportion between the parts, organs, and whole body of any animal, to advance anatomical

study geometrically. One of his most enthusiastic disciples, D. R. Hay ("On the Human Figure," 1849; "Natural Principles of Beauty," 1852; "The Science of Beauty," 1856), examined the geometric outline of the human body, and produced a certain harmonic proportion, by following which a correct anatomical outline could be drawn from a mathematical diagram. What Goodsir sought for all his life was some physiological law ruling the form and growth of organisms as gravitation is held to prevail in the physical world. If from the geometric curves of the planets' orbits Newton deduced the law of the force, said he, may we not learn "the law of the force" in natural objects also when we have got their mathematical forms? It may be very long before we do so, because very few biologists are mathematicians as well. But if ever this does come to pass, Canon Moseley's paper will be taken as the beginning of a new epoch in natural science.

Professor Goodsir considered that biology owed its progress to the study of final causes, to the study of the remarkable adaptation of structures to particular functions. This is not the most fertile mode of procedure in physical or chemical investigations, owing to the difference between organised and inorganised bodies. For each individual organism forms a system in which the reason why its parts are adapted to each other may be studied. But it is impossible to put the Solar System under our eye and examine it in order to explain the Sun. It is noticeable, however, that Newton showed in his "Principia," that if attraction had generally varied as the inverse cube instead of as the inverse square of the distance, the heavenly bodies would revolve, not in ellipses but in logarithmic spirals, rapidly diffusing themselves and rushing off into space. If therefore, asked Goodsir, the law of the square is the law of attraction, is the law of the cube the law of production, and is the logarithmic spiral the manifestation of the law which is at work in the increase of organic bodies?

So strongly did Goodsir believe himself in the correctness

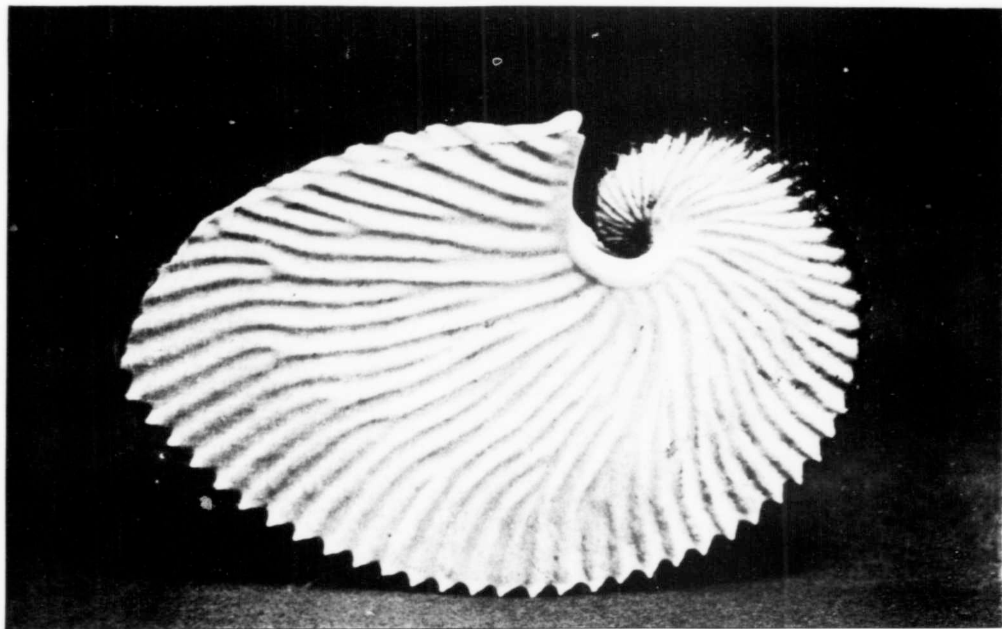
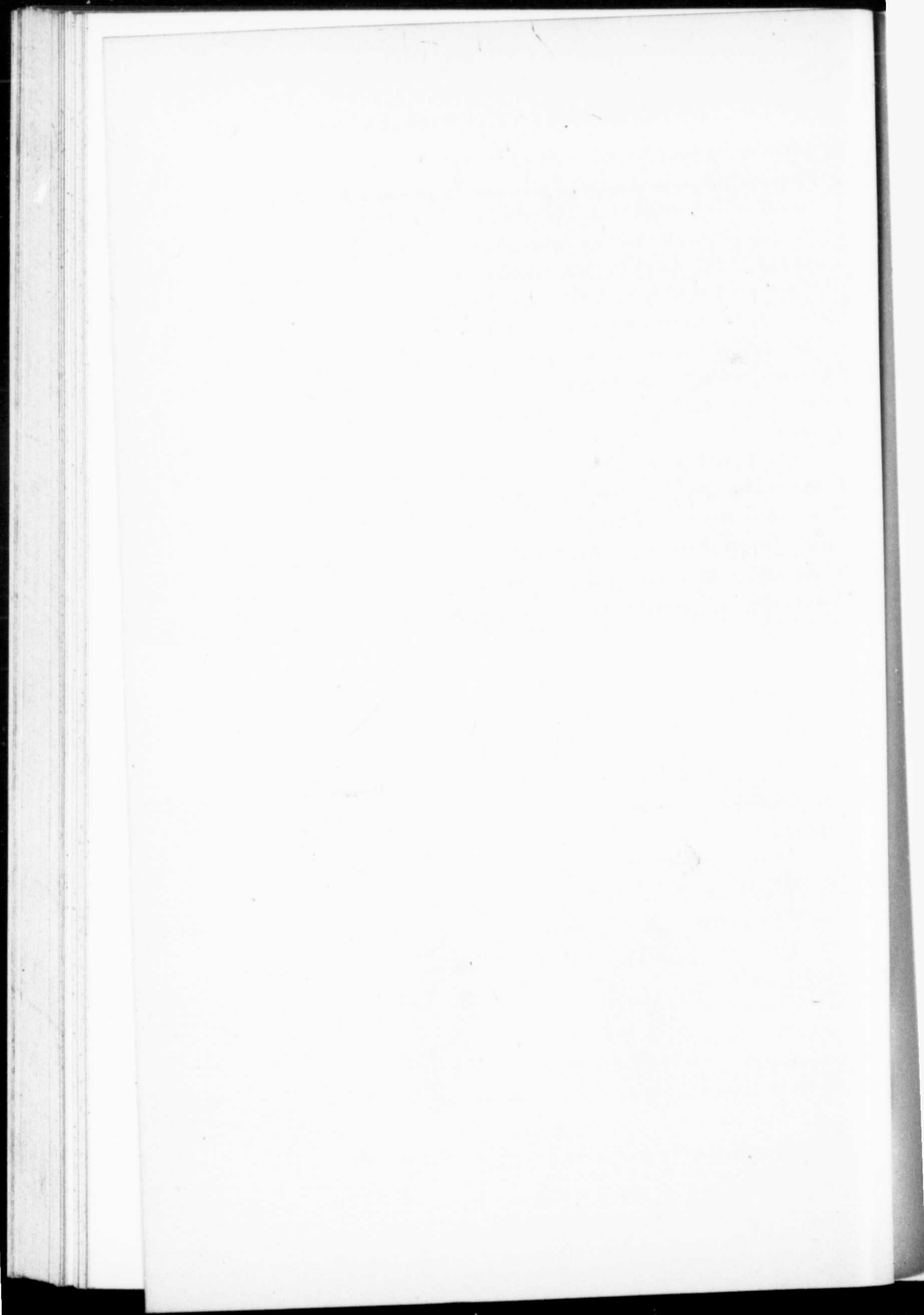


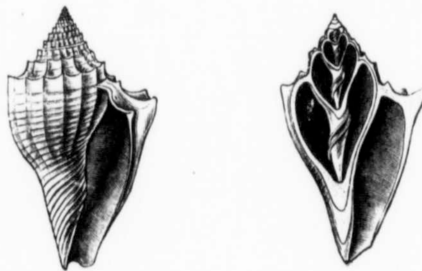
Fig. 45.—Argonauta argo



of his theory that on his grave in Edinburgh, where a medallion portrait is now fixed, he originally ordered the logarithmic spiral to be sculptured, which represented to him the fundamental principle of beauty and of growth in nature. Pettigrew and Francis Darwin have done much towards the investigation of spiral formations in Nature; and to many another besides Professor Goodsir's pupil has the same idea appealed. But not one of all of these has left such visible monuments of insight and creative power as the Leonardo who saw the same problems both in nature and in art so long before them.

"Majestati Naturae Par Ingenium." We have not yet said the last word on that theory of flight he studied from the wings of birds before the fifteenth century was gone. We know very little more than he has written of the mysterious forces which shape the structure of waves, of reeds, of animals, of shells. We are still groping after those fundamental laws he sought, which existed "before the fair flowers were seen, or ever the movable powers were established, before the innumerable multitude of angels were gathered together, or ever the heights of the air were lifted up." We, too, must look beyond, as he looked long ago, towards the stars moving in the sky, "to their own natural home which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival."

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.



ART AND RELIGION

ART has been called, until we are all perhaps a little wearied of the phrase, the handmaiden of religion. Permit me for a short time to consider the relationship from the other point of view, to consider religion—I will not say as the handmaiden of art, but from the point of view of the service it renders incidentally to art; to consider how far in the greatest period of European art the Church has furthered the love of ideal beauty, and how far it has, if at all, checked the expression of that love. Certainly the Church has always been on better terms with art than with science, and this, I suppose, because art has concerned itself either with immediate visual facts about which no ground of dispute could arise, or else with the presentment of an ideal world, the main lines of which she has been only too glad to receive from the teaching of the Church, whereas science has at various times set up a rival system of truth which could not fail to conflict with established dogma.

Personally I am convinced that art only attains its full development when it sets before itself the aim of presenting an ideal world, not merely repeating an actual. With the painting of turnips and saucepans, an excellent thing in its way, the Church is not likely to have much to say one way or another; but to the presentment of an ideal world she cannot altogether remain indifferent. She undoubtedly has need of the artist to embody her conceptions of the ideal truth in sensible form;

but what interests us in our present inquiry is that that need gives the artist his great opportunity. In architecture this requires no proof; in all ages and all countries it is to religious architecture that we naturally turn to discover what were a nation's ideas and aspirations. But in painting, too, it is the same. To begin with one comparatively low consideration. The demand for such visible presentment of an ideal world made the artist's a genuine, honest profession, a straightforward, well-organised trade. He supplied a real want, and care was taken by the guild organisation that he supplied it honestly. We have changed all that. There is no real want to be met now, or, to be more accurate, the real demand is out of all proportion smaller than the supply, and it must be remembered that even this demand is very rarely due to a *want* of, a desire for, beauty, but rather to a hundred social necessities and conventions. One *must* have pictures for one's walls, especially if one is a dentist furnishing a consulting-room. But I need not enlarge on the painful condition of modern art as compared with that of the later Middle Ages and the Renaissance; suffice it to say that the modern artist paints for the exhibitions—that is, for the public, not for patrons; and even for the public not to possess, but to stare at his work for a few idle and distracted moments; and of all patrons at the period we are considering, the Church was the most constant and the most efficient in directing the artist's labours. The *Church* instead of the *exhibition!* What a difference for the artist is implied there! A definite space to fill and to beautify, a particular illumination which would never be materially altered; above all, a mood in his spectators of reverie and *recueillement*, a mood receptive of severer and more grandiose harmonies, of beauties that lie hidden and await a more patient eye and less preoccupied brain to reveal themselves.

But all these advantages were merely accessory to the one supreme advantage that the Church did not merely ask beauty of the artist in the abstract, it demanded the expression of certain definite ideal conceptions. It gave him a subject for his art;

it restricted his choice of subjects; it confined his imagination within clearly marked limits. To minds that have accepted the modern conventional phrases about liberty and originality, these sound but dubious advantages; they were, nevertheless, immense. Great original geniuses, either by power of will or by the bias of a strong and narrow temperament, may at all times be able to use complete liberty. Most men are stupefied by it. Their creative faculties range impotently over the whole possible field of life. Whereas, if their imagination is forcibly arrested on a certain set of ideas, even a mediocre mind will strike out some personal and original conception. The waters which lay in stagnant marshes now flow between well-made embankments, and limitation becomes the source of power, the starting-point for originality and invention. You can see this in Italian art. Every one painted a Madonna and Child, and yet we feel, for that very reason, the personality of each artist—even the second and third-rate men—more clearly than we do now when every one paints just what strikes his fancy.

So much for limitation in the abstract; but when we consider what the subjects were to which the artist was limited, we see more clearly how advantageous the particular demands the Church made on the artist were to him. He was limited to the subjects of Christian mythology—that is to say, everything he treated of was supposed to be, if not actually supernatural, at least super-normal. Every event he depicted, even of the life of a saint so recently dead that he may have seen him, was supposed to have a significance deeper and profounder, and of a totally different order, to the events of common life. But in the majority of subjects the idea to be presented was actually that of supernatural, of divine beings.

And here again the Church's choice was singularly blessed for the artist, for the idea of divinity was intensely anthropomorphic. How much of the appeal of Egyptian and even Buddhist sacred art is lost to us by the fact that with them the idea of divinity was non-human and monstrous! A creature

with a hundred arms or a dog's head can only represent divinity to a limited number of people, who have been brought up from their youth to be habituated to such a strange concept, while Apollo is still a notion which appeals to us æsthetically as divine. And Christianity growing up in the intensely humanised *milieu* of Græco-Roman thought was saved for the most part from the extravagance of Oriental fantasy.

Now an anthropomorphic conception of the supernatural was of immense consequence to the artist. I think it is not too much to say that it is impossible to the artist to understand the natural without reference to the supernatural. That it is impossible to give to the body its full expressiveness, to utilise all its characteristics without sublimating it. There remains in every part of nature something of primeval chaos, some crude *disjecta membra* imperfectly informed by the idea, some contradictory irrational qualities, something unintelligible and merely accidental. Now it has always been the aim of the highest art to eliminate the accidental, to make every part cohere in a perfectly apprehended and clearly consistent unity. And to aim thus is to aim at the supernatural in the sense that the work of art is more complete, more perfect, more inherently unified than nature. It is therefore all important that the artist's imagination should be riveted on the supernatural, but at the same time that he should conceive it as of the same kind as the natural, only more complete, the natural carried to its furthest point. And this aim of the artistic imagination the Church gave.

And yet more. For to our imperfect imaginations it is impossible to subsume all the varieties of nature in one single perfect type. The artist to stimulate his faculties to the full must have many supernatural types to which he can refer the infinitely various natures, both bodily and mental, of individual men. Those nations, like the Arabs, which have really kept the first commandment, have also kept the second, to the great detriment of their figurative art. Perhaps Protestant England may be counted among them. But the Church of the fifteenth

century, in Italy, did not enforce the first commandment, and it therefore gave the artist what he needed, what was, for all purposes of the imagination at least, a polytheism. It gave him what was of an importance, not to be over-estimated, a *divine woman*, and it gave him in the saints a large and varied pantheon of demigods. I speak æsthetically and not doctrinally, though any one who knows modern Italy will allow that to the mass of the people, especially in the South, such a distinction is not even now apparent. In illustration of this point I may perhaps be allowed to quote from a sermon which a friend of mine heard preached in a church in the village of Ravello, where is practised with great fervour the cult of a comparatively obscure saint, St. Pantaleone:

> V'è ne son' molti santi, fratelli miei, molti santi, magnifichi, gloriosi, potenti. V'è per esempio il Sant Antonio di Padova, santo di gran' valore, chi ajuta ai poveri, v'è il San Francesco d'Assisi santo di vita esemplare e di grande carità, v'è il San Bernardino di Siena santo reverendissimo e molto facondioso, v'è il San Pietro di Roma santo celeberrimo e glorioso, v'è il San Gennaro di Napoli, santo di gran reputazione e molto rinommato,—ma il piu magnifico, il piu efficace, il piu potente, il santissimo di tutti i santi è il San Pantaleone di Ravello.

After all perhaps a local saint is a better rallying point for municipal public spirit than the most gorgeously emblazoned mayor.

But to return to my subject. Christian mythology then gave the artist a number of ideal types corresponding to almost all varieties of the human species at all ages and in all conditions. Where it failed him, as compared with the classic mythology it replaced, was in its imperfect idealisation of the forces of nature. It supplied him with no ideal concepts of the fruitful and life-giving earth, such as Demeter, or of the beneficent energy of the sun, such as Apollo. It isolated man's moral nature more completely from its surroundings. It gave but little scope for the expression of pantheistic conceptions, so that when, in the middle of the fifteenth century, men's imaginations were fired by such ideas, as they were again so strikingly in the nineteenth century, the

artists were forced to turn to Pagan mythology to find forms in which to express their deepest emotions, and Botticelli, religious as he was, and intensely Christian as he became, found for a time in the Lucretian conception of Venus the fittest formula for his pantheistic notion of the universe.

Nevertheless, the Italian genius, with its inherited love of nature, and helped thereto by the teaching of its greatest saint, did find even in Christian mythology an outlet for its sense of the sympathy between humanity and the forces of nature. How much, one may see by their treatment of such subjects as St. Jerome in his lonely cave, as Mary Magdalene repentant and a solitary in desert places, or by Bellini's supremely poetical treatment of the Agony in the Garden, where the twilight landscape is almost more expressive of the supernatural moral tragedy than the figures themselves; or again in that most affecting *Pietà* by Buonconsigli, where the grey barred clouds on the steel-blue sky of dawn enforce the sentiment of more than mortal grief.

And even granted this want in Christian mythology as a complete expression of the imaginative needs of mankind, how much did it not give that Greek mythology had failed to give! Instead of the capricious, whimsical, and occasionally disreputable relations of the Olympian gods, Christianity made the central point of its whole system the idealisation and perfection of the most appealing, the most picturesque, of human relationships, that of the Mother and her child. If artists had been confined to a single theme, no other one could have been chosen which was so inexhaustible, so rich in pictorial and imaginative possibilities, allowing, as it does, each artist to express his own personal ideal of womanly beauty seen in a situation more central and fundamental than any other conceivable. Bellini repeated the subject twenty times without ever repeating himself. Each version was an entirely new and distinct ode to the divine Mother, his early ones tinged with a mysterious pathos, his latest filled with the pure joy of physical well-being.

Or take again the *Annunciation*, and consider it merely for its pictorial advantages, for the stimulus it gave to the artist's powers of decorative design, as well as for his command of expressive pose and feature. A woman, the most beautiful imaginable, is startled at her devotions by the sudden inrush of a being of superhuman magnificence. At once the artist sees in his two figures the opportunity for a subtle balance of line, for that polarity which enters more or less into all beautiful design, while anything like a too rigid symmetry is avoided by the contrast of mood, and therefore of gesture, and so of line, between the angel whose rapid flight is brought to its gentle close, and the sudden movement of surprise, the start of awakening from reverie to a reality of incredible significance, which characterises the Virgin's movement. Here no powers the artist may have will be thrown away. The most elaborate and methodical technique, the finest chasing of gold patterns, the most translucent enamelling of colours, cannot go beyond the idea of the angel's celestial splendour. And here let me digress a moment to point out a curious and, I think, significant contrast. The modern notion holds that "mere technique" is something too mechanical, too base for the soaring flights of ideal imagination—that it smells of the workshop, is gross and material. In the fifteenth century you may almost pick out the intensely religious artists by the extraordinary perfection, the elaborate mechanism, and the methodical preparation of their technique. No splendour of transparent or opalescent colour patterned with burnished gold but would be appropriate to the idea of the angel. No observation could be too intimate, no psychological analysis too searching or too subtle, to express the conflicting emotions which would come and go on the Virgin's face as she gradually apprehended the divine message. Such a subject becomes the starting-point for infinitely varied trains of thought, for endless invention on the artist's part. Fra Angelico treated the subject again and again. He seems to have dwelt with peculiar delight, with something of a severe epicureanism, on the charm of Mary's early life, on the freshness

and sweetness of her secluded home. In one of his earliest pictures at Cortona, he builds for her a portico in the new classic style, for Fra Angelico was no reactionary in matters of taste, and all around he spreads flowery meadows. In this he shows how far he could go in sumptuous decoration and resplendent glow of colour. He treats the Annunciation again in one of the frescoes at S. Marco, but in a simpler style, though with the same delight in suggesting a seductive simplicity and flowery austerity in her surroundings. But note the varied possibilities of the subject. Here the Virgin has not yet realised the meaning of the message. She gazes with a wrapt intensity of expression on the angel, with eyes fixed and features set as of one in a trance. If we turn to a third version of the story to be seen in one of the cells at S. Marco, we find that by choosing the scene a moment later Fra Angelico has created a totally new subject. Here the Virgin has understood the full meaning of the angel's word, and yields herself with awful humility to the divine will. And how significant for this deeper and more intensely passionate moment is the changed position and attitude of the angel and the Madonna, how emphatic is the empty bareness of the setting.

And here let me point out the immense advantage to art of having to treat of a comparatively small number of extremely well-known subjects. It is only when the artist can rely on the spectators having complete familiarity with the subject that he can proceed to the finer shades of expression. He knows that the spectator will recognise the subject at once, will not ask why the figures are doing what they do, will not be troubled in his understanding by curiosity or surprise. Having seen hundreds of pictures of the same subject before he will instantly look for those points in which this artist's treatment differs from them; will accept readily the slightest accentuation of a particular idea in the pose or expression; will, in fact, enjoy at once the essential artistic qualities of the work and not its accessories. The desire for novelty is indeed profoundly opposed to the acceptance of originality. It

was by a like instinct that the Greek dramatists, instead of inventing new plots, treated again and again a few stories which all their audience knew by heart, and the effects of irony which they were able thus to rely on have their counterpart in the subtle shades of psychological expression which Italian artists introduced into the renderings of Christian mythology.

I have considered so far subjects which demanded great imaginative insight and great powers of idealisation. But Christian mythology provided others in which the most secularly minded artist might find his account. The *Adoration of the Magi* was an excuse for the display of all the splendid chivalry of contemporary court life. The story of St. Nicholas of Bari provided the painter of genre scenes with delightful episodes, and it became immensely popular about the year 1430 for twenty years on; then, with an increased interest in landscape, *Tobias and the Angel* took its place; and the Church fortunately extended its tolerant welcome to the expression of every kind of beauty; the anecdotal garrulity of a Gozzoli or a Carpaccio, the sensuous charm of a Filippo Lippi, the scientific curiosity of a Paolo Uccello, all took their place in a system which was wide enough to embrace every genuine impulse towards the harmonious interpretation of life. Later on, with the Catholic reaction and the introduction of a Pharisaical notion of piety as a negation of life, and not as a passionate activity, all this was changed, and Paolo Veronese was actually called to account by the Inquisition for giving to his religious pictures the sumptuous accessories of contemporary life.

But I have not yet touched on what seems to me to have been the most striking effect on art of Christian mythology. With its insistence on the moral and spiritual nature of man as opposed to the more physical view of Greek mythology, the Church forced the artist to intensify his powers of expression, to search out what in the human figure becomes indicative of spiritual states, of moods and emotions, and to develop to its highest point the language of gesture and facial expression, so that as compared to Greek painting which, so far as one

can judge, was mainly lyrical, Christian art became, in its highest and most characteristic forms, a dramatic art.

At the very origin of Italian art there arose two geniuses who at once discovered the possibilities of dramatic expression, and gave full effect to the new beauties it implied—Giotto and Giovanni Pisano. To discuss their work would carry us too far. I need only remind you how Giotto, by the depth of his sympathy, by the width of his experience as a man of the world, and by his genial humour, was enabled at once to give visible external form to those strongly marked moral and spiritual situations of which the Christian myths gave numerous examples. Coming as he did so soon after St. Francis of Assisi, he embodied in the traditions of Italian art the spirit of St. Francis' teaching.

It was indeed another of the many fortunate circumstances of Christian art in Italy that the artist accepted the Christian ideals as they were interpreted by St. Francis and his immediate followers. And the essence of St. Francis' teaching was its humanity and its naturalism. It was he that made the love of beauty, and the love of natural things, of animals and birds, of sunlight and flowers, a prominent part of the Christian attitude, so that the Italian artist had not only a supernatural ideal to aim at, which implied, as I have said, that generalising and idealising faculty which is necessary to a great art, but it was what one may term a naturalistic and a human supernaturalism. St. Francis accentuated yet more that anthropomorphism which was already characteristic of the Christian conception. If one studies Italian art with a view to discover how the artists came to visualise their presentments as they did, one finds that they generally had in their minds St. Bonaventura's version of the New Testament history rather than the authorised version. In the Bible the relation of Mary to her son is given only in outline; in St. Bonaventura it becomes the centre of gravity, as it were, of the whole story. And such it certainly was in Italian art with incalculable advantages in its increased appeal to the emotions of actual life.

With the disillusionment and disaster that followed in the fourteenth century Italian art fell somewhat from the elevated humanity of Giotto's creations. The monstrous, the fabulous, and the crudely miraculous element of Christian mythology again came into favour, and with it a lessening of the artist's hold on life and nature. But with the opening of the fifteenth century there came a revival. And here we find what at first sight seems a paradox. It is among the revolutionaries, the enthusiasts for scientific principles and classical example, and not among the reactionaries and belated Gothic designers, that we find once more a return to the serious dramatic art of Giotto. It is to Masaccio and Donatello, not to Ghiberti and Spinello Aretino, that we must turn to find an art expressive of spiritual situations. During the course of the fifteenth century, however, an increasing worldliness makes itself manifest in art; with Filippo Lippi the Madonna becomes the centre for a picturesque interior; with Ghirlandajo the subjects of Bible history become the pegs on which to hang his brilliant portraits of patrons; with Gozzoli they are an excuse for fashionable display.

Yet once again with Verrocchio the dramatic ideal asserts itself, bound up with a new conception of the possibilities of psychological expression due to the increased power of representation which art had gradually acquired. With Verrocchio's pupil, Leonardo da Vinci, Christian dramatic art reached its culminating point, and nothing is more instructive than his attitude to Christian mythology. For Leonardo was the first scientific sceptic, the first rationalist, the first to deny the possibility of miracles on the ground of the universality of natural law, and yet no artist of the time adhered more strictly to the Christian cycle of subjects, and none rendered with such penetrating insight their spiritual essence. No other *Adoration of the Magi* conveys as his does the sense of a revelation of light shining for the first time upon the thought-tormented features of antique wisdom; no other *St. Jerome* realises as his an access of penitence, an agony of devotional yearning, and that

without the slightest taint of sentimental insincerity. Other "Madonnas" may be more lovable and more humble, but no other impresses us as does this with the sense of having penetrated the veil of phenomenal life to the secret sources of all existence. Finally, no other artist came within measurable distance of an adequate representation of the Last Supper. This was, indeed, one of the few subjects dictated by the Church which was really refractory to pictorial treatment. The mere problem of composing the thirteen figures, so that each should be seen, without undue monotony, and yet with a sense of balance, was almost insoluble, and one after another the artists of the Renaissance tried it and signally failed. But Leonardo succeeded, and the result, so far as can be judged by what remains, was the greatest dramatic composition of Christian Europe. Here each figure is a completely realised individual type, each reacts to the situation in a manner which accords perfectly with his personal character, while all are combined into a whole not only by a subtle rhythm of line, but by a gradation in dramatic intensity from the centre to the extremities.

We see then that the *sine quâ non* of a great religious art is not so much an intense actual conviction of the metaphysical truth of dogma as a conviction of its imaginative appropriateness. We see that the Church could still stimulate and control the imagination even of so revolutionary a thinker as Leonardo without insisting on dogmatic uniformity. And it is perhaps along these lines that the Church of to-day might once more supply what I am convinced is the greatest want of our civilisation and our race, the want of an imaginative life to sanctify and ennoble the life of every day.

It is true that religion has become purer than it was in the fifteenth century, and has been purged of much gross superstition, but like everything else it has become specialised; it is no longer conterminous with life and thought; it no longer is the central stimulus, the guide and moderator of the imaginative life of the people. And in the expression of such

imaginative life as exists it cannot be said that the Church of to-day sets a particularly noble example. I do not wish to digress into the much larger subject of the Church patronage of the present time, but I may say in passing that of all the degraded and commercial substitutes for beauty which afflict modern life, not the least revolting are the decorations with which some devoted people cover the walls of their churches. The cheap stencils of bad design which creep over the walls, the trumpery brass work for altar rails which can be bought at the stores, and, worst of all, the windows executed by our most celebrated firms, whose names carry conviction to the subscriber, and who will provide something almost indistinguishable from the work of a real artist, but in fact absolutely dead or enlivened only by a pernicious sentimentality,—such things are neither edifying nor ennobling; it may be doubted whether they are more harmful to devotion or to art.

I am suggesting here a much larger work for the Church to undertake; but the first and most obvious thing, and one that should not be difficult, is that she should see that as a patron she is at least on a level with the best private patrons of the day; that she should lend no countenance, whatever the temptation to do so, to the dishonest counterfeits of commercial firms,—dishonest not in intention but in effect, since they pretend to a beauty which no competent authority would allow them to possess. And let us remember that the choice is often between a picturesque or a vividly dramatic presentment of ideal truth, and an absolute negation of the idealising and imaginative faculty, a crass and dull-witted materialism, a crafty and unenlightened commercialism. And if the Church could again find forms for the expression of an imaginative view of even the trivial things of life, could make it once more related even by an exoteric symbolism with the infinities which it implies, I for one, not only as an artist but as a man, should feel more hopeful for the future. It may be that it neither can nor ought to do this; obviously the claims of dogma rest on different grounds to those I have been considering.

Eternal truths must not be distorted even to make life beautiful once more; and if to clothe the abstract truth in exoteric symbols means to lose sight of the truth itself, then we must be content to go on in the sordid and revoltingly ugly surroundings which are the distinguishing characteristics of the past hundred years of our civilisation.

Roger E. Fry.

AN UNKNOWN HUMORIST

I MAKE no apology for the excessive proportion of quotation in the following pages, for when (in a world given to dulness) a new humorist is brought to light, it is hard for the gag to be used at all; and in "Country Conversations," the book from which I quote, we have, I think, a humorist in the best sense of the word, and one of very high quality. Not exactly new, for this little book was written between 1845 and 1864, and printed privately in 1886; but new probably to almost all, if not quite all, readers of the present article. The author's name is not known, and her book cannot have been read, in its sixteen years of existence, by as many persons as ask for the novel of the hour at Mudie's in a single morning. I wonder, by the way, if it is the collection of "Country Conversations" to which Sir M. E. Grant Duff refers in his "Diary," as having so pleased Mr. Gladstone. Very likely, I think. It is pleasant to picture those noble features relaxing over the author's agreeable cynical humour—cynical in its uncompromising realism, and yet full of kindly understanding too. To have won so much confidence argues a very sweet and sympathetic nature.

Rather than apologise for the amount of quotation, I could express the wish that this article were nothing else; because the passages which I have omitted are often as good as those that have been chosen, and are sometimes better; while, as I have hinted, the book from which they have been taken is so

uncommon that stimulated readers, excited to know more of it by these foretastes, will have the greatest difficulty in acquiring it. My own endeavours during eight years have yielded no result. Very modestly privately printed books that make their appeal only to friends soon vanish, even if there is genius in them.

Genius I think there is in "Country Conversations." Not exactly the genius of creation, but the genius of fidelity to fact, fortified by the humour aforesaid and a very choice sense of form; though I fancy that few things would so have disturbed their author as to be told of it. All that I know of the author—of Miss G. as she calls herself in the dialogue—is told in the Preface and between the lines of the work itself. She was an invalid lady living in the Peak country in the fifties and sixties; she "cultivated habits of the most friendly intimacy with her neighbours; her sole object was to preserve the exact expressions of those whose histories of themselves and of their affairs she had found so interesting." In doing this "she scrupulously avoided making any additions or changes, though she sometimes omitted trifling details, and recorded as little as possible of her own share in the dialogue." Thus her editor; but he understates the case a little, I think. Miss G. did not alter words, but either she brought a consummate art to bear upon the arrangement of her reports, or she so influenced her neighbours when in a communicative mood that they talked their native best all the time, and unconsciously obeyed the laws of form. After all, to make one's neighbours talk their best is one kind of genius.

Miss G. begins in the true vein of comedy. The motive of the first sketch, told in a series of conversations ranging from 1857 to 1864, is one with that of *The Egoist*, the greatest of modern comedies—the choice of a mate. The hesitant here is Mary Harland (daughter of a Peak country dairy farmer), whose mother, Mrs. Harland, unfolds the plot.

"Mary is a very good, prudent girl. She says to me, one day as she was breaking the curd, 'Mother, I will never let loose my affections on no man till

I have proven him to be pious and in good circumstances.' For you know, Miss G., one will not do without the other; but indeed, men is so crafty one can't find out what their circumstances really is. Why, there's my daughter Anne's husband; I never could fancy him. He has too low a mind for me And such a big unmannerly fellow! Why, Anne did not reach above his elbow; and a cast in his eye and all! But I thought his circumstances were good. He said he killed twice a week; and that looked well. So I persuaded my husband to give his consent to the marriage; but the very first time as I went to see them, Anne says to me, 'Mother, we're worsening in money every week; and if you can't help us, I shall soon be in the 'sylum.'

"Eh, dear! I thought I should have fainted; and I says to Anne, 'This comes of pushing past your father.' So I goes back to my husband, and tells him all that had passed; but he set his face like a stone against me, and never spoke so much as one word. Well! I tried him again, night and day, twenty times; but never a word could I get. So I says to myself, 'I'll just turn it over to the Lord'; and before I had prayed to him a week that He would open a path for me, my husband was thrown out of a gig and broke his leg all to pieces, and I soon perceived that this would be the means of softening his heart.

"So one day, when he was a bit better, I says to him, 'Hught, you'll never be the man you have been, and you had better give up the malt-kin to Goodman, for that's what the Lord means by this misfortune.' And he said, 'Mary, you're right'; just so."

The whole Harland family, by the way, was given to difficulties with the affections. George succeeded in getting himself engaged to two sisters "at onst," and nothing but his mother extricated him. Tom had a grievous disappointment. In his mother's words:

"My son Tom, Miss G., has met with a disappointment about getting married. You know he's got that nice farm at Hallwood; so he met a young lady at a dance as he was very much took up with, and she seemed quite agreeable; so as he heard she had five hundred he wrote next day to purshue the acquaintance, and her father wrote and asked Tom to come over to Southwick. Eh, dear! Poor fellow! He went off in such sperrits, and he looked so spruce in his best clothes, with a new tie and all. So next day, when I heard him come to the gate, I ran out as pleased as could be; but I see in a moment he was sadly cast down. 'Why, Tom, my lad,' says I, 'what is it?' 'Why, mother,' says he, 'she'd understood mine was—was a harable, and she *will not* marry to a dairy.'"

As for George, it would have been better had he adhered to

the wrong Miss Thornton. A year later Mrs. Harland admitted as much:

> "Do you know, Miss G., I do believe I caused my son to make the wrong chice betwixt the two sisters. He'd better have stuck to Caroline, for she's been making two cheeses a day ever since she was married, and I hear them very well spoken of. Now, Jane's cheese, in my judgment, won't hit our Factor's fancy. I said to her when she was first married, 'Jane,' says I, 'the cheeses off our pastures cannot be put together in the same form as they're done on the other side the country, so you had better watch and see how our old Martha does them.' Eh! how I did affront her. 'She wasn't come here to be learnt by a servant indeed.' But the Thorntons have all been brought up to look at servants as beasts of labour. And Jane has hurt my feelings in another way, too, Miss G. You see, I'd put myself about all roads before the wedding to make things comfortable for her at Hallwood. I'd gone there two or three times a day in the heat of the sun with fithers for the beds, and bits of bedside carpets and maccassars for the parlour chairs, and two or three chaney ornaments as I could spare. Well, and when Jane came she never took notice of nothing—no more than if she'd stepped into an empty barn! When Caroline came over to see her, I took her on one side, and I said, 'Caroline, I'm afraid Jane's not content; at least, if she is, she makes no acknowledgment.' 'Mrs. Harland,' said Caroline, 'Jane is a Thornton, and Thorntons never acknowledges nothing.'"

But these are interruptions: it is Mary's comedy. Here is Mary, three years later—in 1860—on her suitors (she calls them shuitors):

> "I'll tell you, Miss G., how I serve them. I wish to show them every respect, so I get a right down good envelope—not one of them flimsy things—and I put the gentleman's letter in it, with these words, 'Mary Harland is much obliged, but she is engaged.' I used to put 'but she's too young' before I was turned twenty-one; but one of them wrote again twice, and then I was forced to explain my sentiments. I told him he was high church (he never misses morning and evening), and I'd been brought up to the chapel. I shouldn't mind a bit changing to the church, Miss G., if other things were agreeable, but I couldn't tell him the real cause for laying him on one side; I'd heard he'd had a touch of the rheumatics two springs together, and you know, Miss G., a farmer as couldn't go out in all weathers would make but a poor profit."

Mary's mind, as her mother said, being "set on a family haltar" it followed that "a pious man was the first consideration,

though I must own," she added, "that the one of 'em as I likes best is not a bit pious." "Who is it?" asks Miss G. "Well, ma'am, if you must know, it is Robert Thornton, Jane's brother, him with the rheumatics."

Another year passed and Mary was still single. Her explanation ran thus:

"I'm as undecided as ever, though I've been partly engaged since last August was a twelvemonth. Robert had paid me a vast of attention for five years, but he never came out and out till then. He said, 'Mary, you and me have been acquainted long enough, and I don't see why we should not get married.' So I says, 'Robert, I cannot say as I've any objections to you, only I've always built myself up that I'd marry a pious man, and a pious man I will have.' 'Well, says he, 'I'm not pious for certain, but I've always striven to do what is right.' 'Maybe you have,' says I, 'but that's nothing at all to the purpose; I must have a man that has set himself fully to serve the Lord.' So, of course, he could not say he had; but he went on writing the beautifullest of letters, mentioning his soul pretty often; and just before Christmas he came over, and there was a class meeting; you know we all as belongs to the class tells one another our experiences, so after we had done there was a long silence, and then Mr. Green shouted out ever so many times, 'Who'll be on the Lord's side?' and nobody answered—we rather expected my youngest brother to speak, but I suppose he didn't feel fully ripe—so the preacher bawled out louder than ever, till at last Robert jumped up and shouted, 'I will!' Eh! I was astonished above a bit."

Miss G. "I suppose you were much pleased, Mary?"

Mary H. "I can't say as I was altogether, for I knew I should have to put him off with something else."

Mary's "something else" consisted in solicitude for her mother's health. Robert arrived, smiling and triumphant, the next morning, radiant that his conversion had removed the last obstacle; but only to be met by this depressing filial concern. After a tearful scene with Mrs. Harland, he accepted his fate. That was in 1861. In 1862 he became urgent again, and this time it was Hemily's health that intervened, and her need for hedication. Again Robert bowed to fate.

In 1863 Mary exclaims:

"Oh, this marrying, Miss G., it's a harder job than ever. I fully thought it was all coming to a finish last February, for Robert was dangerously ill.

I can't say I was not grieved, but I made myself comfortable in this way. You know I've been praying all along to the Lord to interpose with something of a sign; so I thought maybe his death was to be it. He didn't seem quite pleased when I told him how I felt—he hasn't gained that much faith yet—and he drove me fairly into a corner about getting married in May, till, indeed, we came to have a little unpleasantness."

Mrs. H. "Yes, I was obliged to sit me down betwixt them, and deliver my mind first to one and then to the other. 'Mary,' I said, 'Robert is in a debilitated condition, and he must not be put about.' Then I spoke quite collected to Robert. 'Robert,' says I, 'if Mary's not worth waiting for she's not worth having; young women is not reared to be given to young men just for the asking. When May was fixed on, how could we forecast that Hemily's liver would be so disranged as to prevent her turning even the shabbiest-sized cheese? and no one can say as our cheeses are shabby.'"

But the end came. In 1864 Mrs. Harland tells the story:

"Though it is a many months since Mary's wedding, it's not over with my sorrowing, Miss G. Our house has never been the same—everything was in the right place when Mary was here. The week before she was married I said I could not go through with it; but my husband and sons were both on Robert's side, and the flys were ordered (and there were seven of them), so I was forced to give way; but I always will keep to it, Miss G., that I am as deserving of my daughter as any gentleman in all England. Before ever Robert took her to the church, I says to him, 'Now, Robert, you go down on your knees and thank me for letting you have her'; and he went down as composed as could be. Mary was married in a bridal fall and wreath, that came quite as cheap as a bonnet, and a worked muslin dress that I must own had been washed. She has left that behind for Hemily; but, indeed, I say we can have no more weddings at Bewley; indeed, Hemily is disposed quite the other way, though there are two or three that would be glad to have her, especially since we got such a good price for our cheese. I am happy to say Mary has given the greatest of satisfactions with her cheese at Green Hayes. Before she went away her father said to her, 'Now, Mary, you be sure to do your duty to your cheese, and then you'll put your husband in a persition that he cannot deny you anything in reason that'll make you comfortable.' When I had put my daughter into the fly (they had a pair of white horses), I felt she had set out on the journey of life away from me, and I could not do with my husband's trying to pass it off with bits of jokes, such as 'Mother' (that's me) 'looks the most stylish of the party,' Miss G. Mary had a cross laid before the door of her new house; the old lady, you see, is a bit given to drink, and old Mr. Thornton has been obliged to spend four pounds for a partition in the lobby, so that Mary's visitors shan't catch sight of the old lady when she is unsettled."

I have omitted quite as many scenes of the Comedy of Mary Harland (now Mary Thornton) as have been quoted, but enough is given to show the reader how perfect a thing it is. There is not a word too many or too few, and not a word misplaced. Character emerges from every syllable.

From Mary Harland we pass over several villagers and come to Mary King. Mary King was a labourer's wife in the same district. We meet her first replying to Miss G.'s question, "How have you and John agreed together since I left Bewley?"

"Well, ma'am, those words of yours when we parted have acted very well. 'Mary,' says you, 'when John's in a bad temper you be in a good 'un; for it's both on you being a bad temper together as does the mischief.' So mony a time when he's contraried me I've said to myself, 'Now I'll be on Miss G.'s plan'; and we've had nothing but bits of huts since—never no fighting—and a very good thing we've left it hoff. For, ye see, a man's hand falls very heavy on a woman, and mony a time I've been black and blue; only he was a deal more careful where he hit me at after he had that seven and sixpence to pay for them leeches to my side. You remember it, don't you, ma'am? I'd been saying summat again his mother—he calls her all to pieces himself, only he wunna let me—so he knocked me hoff the chair, and it caused himplamation; and fine and foolish John looked when the doctor shook his head at him."

Two years later Miss G. asked the same question again.

"Pretty well; indeed, I darsna fly into them passions; the doctor says it'll be present death if I do. Mine is the white passions as drives the blood hinwards and causes bad palpulation at the heart. Mr. Walker, the doctor, come in one day just as I'd knocked John back'ards at the door for coming in with dirty shoes just when I'd been two hours on my hands and knees cleaning the floor; but you know, Miss G., a hot temper is naterally grounded in me. My mother had a hawful temper; I've seen her empty a shovel full of hot ashes on my father's head. Now, I won't say but what I've thrown a ash or two at John, but they've been cold 'uns; and one day my mother snatched up a gown as I had been buying for myself, and put it on the fire, and her said, 'There, now; and next time I'll put you on the fire, too, if you buy finery without my jurydiction.' Eh! how I cried when I see'd them beautiful pink and yellow stripes kindling; but her was a good mother at the root for all her was so strict; and when I sees girls nowadays fithered and flounched up, and pomped out so as when they comes swelling along one's obliged to get out of the road, I often thinks to myself, it's a pity there's not some mothers

in Bewley like mine. John often says to me, 'Thou'rt the very model of thy mother, Mary, temper and all.' 'Yes, John,' says I, 'and didn't her warn thee that I'd a foul temper; and didn't thee say, like a big fool, "'I wull have her, temper and all?'" Thous conceitedst thou couldst master me, but thou hast larnt different.' 'I have that,' said John."

Mary King is the most indignantly human of all these good folk. Here are some of her casual remarks:

"I couldna for shame go to church in my milking cloak; you know, it was that as made Parson Taylor axe if I was a Hirishwoman. I shall never forgive him for them words; maybe I should if I'd iver had a chance to give it him back again. I watch'd my hopportunity sharp enough, but I never cotched him. Think of a parson calling a decent woman by such titles!

"Mary Harrisoin come in one day last week, and her was bragging that Samuel got up of a Sunday morning and lit the fire and milked cow, and cleaned shoes fore her and Hemily was up, and her says, 'If I was you, Mary King, I'd mak John do the same for you.' So says I, 'John was never brocken to such work when he was a lad'; and you know, ma'am, men's just like the young things—calbes—that one rares, they must be brocken.

"John's mother is dead at last, but she lay a long while; you know, sick folks canna go hoff unless they're kept nice and clean. I'll be bound her'd have died a deal sooner if I'd had the tending of her, because I should always have been fettling and washing of her.

"I hates them Methodists, Miss G.; but still old William Smith made a fine finish of it, and was buried, too, very respectable, with hat-bands at five and sixpence a yard, and funeral cards with hurns and willers. I'm thinking of getting mine framed against the wall."

Anne Berrisford, another labourer's wife, was one of the dissenters whom Mary King despised. Her contrary view of noisy spiritual manifestation is expressed at the end of this conversation:

"I should like you to see my youngest girl; she's not out o' the way handsome, for you know, ma'am, I'm hard-featured, and Daniel is long-featured (though he looks pretty well when he's tidied up a bit), but she was the loveliest tongue for a child of two-and-a-half as ever anybody heard. Whatever we say, long or short, she has it in a minute, and specially if there's a bad word said she's sure not to miss it; and then, if I hoffer to beat her, her'll cry out, 'If mother beats Hemma, Hemma 'll tell daddy, and then daddy 'll beat mother;' really I say such an admyrable little creatur is more than nateral. I shall be taking her with me to chapel by-and-by; we attends the Primities."

Miss G. "Are those the Ranters?"

Anne B. "Oh! no, ma'am, the Ranters jump, and the Primities only shouts. I don't hold with jumping myself, though to be sure wasn't it St. Paul —oh, no, it was King David—as danced before the ark? The shouting is a reality, depend upon it, Miss G., for you know when the facts of the Lord works into one's inside one cannot help but shout."

The monologue of Mrs. Ward, another unlucky wife, must be quoted in full:

"I'm very poorly, ladies; the doctor says I've got a skin on my longs, and I'm troubled with them nightly prespirations; they come through nervousness, I think. You see, my husband is sadly given to rambling in his head; he can't sleep for the feelings of his thoughts, and it's very awkward for me, ladies, when I've been toiling and moiling all day to be kept awake all night discoursing about salvation, and nonsensiclar things, too; for John says, sometimes, 'I'm going to die, and then thou'lt be sure to be marrying again, for thou'st handsomer every day.' Did you ever know such conceit, ladies, and me nigh sixty years old? It's all come through that catastroph as befell my husband with a crowbar (maybe, ladies, you're not apprehensive what a crowbar is), and when the wound in his hand was nigh as deep as a well, the doctor neglected to give him the medicine shuitable for distracting the implimation away from his head but I don't wish to blame the doctor neither, for he's as tender-hearted a gentleman as need to be; he left off being a surgeon because he could not bear to notomize dead folks; he didn't so much mind the men, but he said it always turned him sick to notomize a female. I'm expecting my daughter and her husband from Australia; they've been gone six years, and they'd four children there and they all died, so as it cost them £3 when they was born, and £6 more when they was buried, Charles made his calkilations as that would take away his profits. You see, ladies, luck isn't laid before everybody in this world, but them as has gotten it always thinks other folks might do as well if it wasn't their own faults. Good-bye, ma'am, you'll be going home to your own family soon?"

Miss G. "I'm going home to my sister."

Mrs. Ward. "O! then you're not married! Dear o me! Well to be sure! You'll excuse me for saying so, but I'm particular glad you're not. I've wished scores of times that I'd concluded not to be married myself."

Miss G. "It's the conclusion very few people arrive at."

Mrs. Ward. "Excuse me, ma'am, but you're in herror. There are two sisters and a brother at Rowland, and two brothers and a sister at Broadstone, as have all concluded never to be married."

Incidentally, you observe, Miss G.'s little volume is another contribution to the accumulating mass of literature of the

marital relationship. Mary Harland's indecisions; George Harland's adventures among the Thornton sisters; Mary King's contests, physical and ethical, with her husband; the testimony of Betty West, of Mrs. Raikes, of Mrs. Jones, of David Evans, of Mrs. Ward, and, indeed, of all Miss G.'s other quaint, but very normal, interlocutors, all add to the common store of bedrock knowledge of men and women who have stood at the altar. There is little of moment in married human nature that is not recorded by this modest and slender volume.

With David Evans we leave the Peak country, but not the subject of marriage, and come to Llansevern. He was an old widower there, and Miss G. and he held the following conversation:

Miss G. "I hear that you lost your wife ten years ago. You must have led a sad, lonely life since her death."

David E. "Quite the other way, ma'am. I'd never no peace till she went. I prayed to the Lord night and day for thirty years that He would please to part us; but I left it to Him which way it should be. I was quite ready to go myself; but He took her at last, and right thankful I was indeed."

Miss G. "I suppose you were always quarrelling?"

David E. "I had a hot temper enough before I was married; but when I see what an awful woman she was, I says to myself, 'Now, two fires cannot burn together'; and I grew as quiet as could be, and never contraried her no ways. But she was a most awful woman; indeed, she did throw a coffee-pot just off the fire at my head one day."

Miss G. "I hope she repented before she died?"

David E. "Indeed, I don't know. I did often say to her when she lay a dying, 'My dear, I hope the Lord will forgive your sins; but I do not know as He will, for you have been a most awful woman, my dear.'"

In a book strong in philosophical characters, Edward H., the stonemason, comes out, perhaps, at the head. It is not until the end of the following conversation that we light upon his stoicism, but I give the whole conversation as it stands:

Mrs. H. "If I'd known it was you, ladies, I'd have come to the door, but yesterday there come a knock, and before I could get to the door it opened, and there come in, eh! such a length of black fithers I was fairly frighted; it was some lady in a hat as had lost her road. My husband is very bad, indeed,

ladies; indeed, I thought it was a done job with him last week, and him unconvarted yet. He was very near getting his conversion last winter; he came in from the public one Saturday night near ten o'clock, and he says to me, 'Anne, it's plain enough thy prayers isn't strong enough for me, and I'm determined to try what they can do for me at Cresbrook Chapel, and we'll set out this very night, to be ready for the meeting in the morning.' So we set out, and as we passed the 'Nag's Head' I could hear him saying, 'Be off with ye" —that was to the Devil, you know, ladies. It was twelve o'clock when we got to Cresbrook to my mother's, and as soon as morning came my husband said, 'I'll go to cousin Jane, as has axed me so often to go to chapel, and if her axes me again I'll go.' So he went, but her never axed him, so I took it that the Lord had not appinted this time for Ned, so we come home again, and he soon took to drink worse than ever; but he's better to me than he used to be, for when I knelt down to say my prayers he'd often pull me up again by the roots of my hair. He's coming down stairs now, ladies. 'Ned, thou must tell these ladies what ails thee, though they 'll maybe scarce understand such broad talk as thine, but thou must speak thy best and they'll excuse it."

Edward H. "The doctor says the muscles of my liver is set fast, and he ordered me a hot slivver bath to loosen 'em; so I borrowed one, and while I was in it two or three of the neighbours looked in, and they kept saying, 'Stop in a bit longer, lad, it'll fatch the grease out of thy bonnes;' so I stopped and stopped till I was well-nigh jead, and I have been going worse ever since."

Miss G. "Have you been subject to these attacks before?"

Edward H. "Yes, ma'am, since I was a lad. I was 'prentice to my uncle, a stonemason, and one day when I was at the top of a ladder, thirty feet high, me and the big ston I was carrying come down together; and when I laid on the ground half-stunned, the first words my uncle said was, 'The ston's not brocken'; he never axed me if I was hurt, and as soon as I could move, he said, 'Up with it again, lad,' so I went, but afore I was half-way up I fainted right away, and fell to the ground with the ston atop of me that time, and I was in bed eleven weeks. My uncle was a bit of a rogue, but he grew to be quite a big sort of a man afterwards, and used to ax me to dinner, and very handsome victuals he set before me, but I niver felt right in the stomach till I'd said summat about the big ston. However, I niver said much, for I kept thinking to myself, 'the words as one has not yet spocken one has got yet for to say.'"

Let us end on a rather gayer note, where the speaker is no disillusioned old man or woman but a Welsh donkey boy. Here is a fragment of his prattle as he drew Miss G. along the shore at Rhyl:

"That lady there is a queer one. The first day I took her on the sands her kept saying, 'I can see nothing.' 'Well,' says I, 'to be sure, ma'am, sand

is sand; but there can't be splendider fields of it nowhere.' So then her told me to take her down to the sea at low water. So I says, 'I will, if you like; but you won't come back in the same fashion you go, for the donkey will soon be plundering in a bog, and the chair set quite fast; and then you must get out and lay yourself flat on your face, and hold fast with both hands to one end of a handkerchief, and then I should tie the other end round my leg, and lay me down on my face just before you, and flounder and paddle with me arms and legs till I'd drawed you over the bog. That's the way we always serves ladies as gets bogged. Your legs goes down like pins into a pincushion; but when you're spread out it takes a long time to suck you in.' So then her said no more about the sea; but her kept on murmuring as her could see nothing, and when I pointed to a gull or a flag-staff for her to look at, her thought I was a-mocking of her. She was quite cur'ous one day in town. Her would go out in the chair when it was a-showering and a-powering as hard as it could, and every time the wind blew the rain in her face her fell into a pet with me, and said I was taking her in the face of the rain a-purpose, and she made me turn first down one street and then another till we had gone miles and miles; and I'm sure when I got home I squeezed three quarts of water out of my jacket—pilot cloth holds it, you know."

"It was at that there corner that the *Royal Charter* was wrecked. A woman in Rhyl had two sons aboard, and one of them was saved; but he had been so long in the water that his skin came off all in one cake. The doctor perceived it quite loose, so he just nicked it down the backbone and turned the skin off right and left just as you would an orange. And then he cured the skin, and his mother lapped it up in a cupboard. It looks for all the world like bathing-caps. The other son as was drownded wasn't washed up for a month. He had a belt round him with his name at full length cut on it, and a bag with seventy sovereigns inside it; but his head and arms and legs were all washed away. So his mother said, 'Seventy sovereigns—no! Nor twice seventy should not make her own to such a poor battered thing as that for her son.' So she made them carry off the body and the belt and money and all. She was working hard for a living, so there was stupid foolishness for you. I wonder what sort of a skiliton it must be as I wouldn't own for the sake of seventy pounds."

"Them lifeboats is cur'ous things, ma'am. The men as mans the boat is stuffed into holes in the deck, the very same as putting corks into bottles, so that they can't come out when a storm comes on; and as they are short of hands, they can force any gentleman, or even a duke or prince, to come. My sake! how queer a grand one must feel when his legs go down into the hole, and he can see no more of them."

Was it not Carlyle who said that every parson should write

the history of his parish—to keep him out of mischief? But parson can succeed to parson so quickly—duplicate parish histories would become so common—that the task might be amended, I think, to writing each the history of his parishioners. Possibly the foregoing pages may serve to kindle ardour in that direction. In substituting parishioners for parish, however, our poor rector's difficulties would be immensely increased. For to set on paper parishioners as they are is a greater labour than to deduce acres from the Doomsday Book. Consider how few writers have done it, have really penetrated the rural mind. At the present moment who is there? Mr. Hardy seems to have given up the pastime. Miss Wilkins in New England, Mr. Shan Bullock in Ireland, occur to one, as being able to envisage life through peasant or lowly eyes, and sum it up in peasant phrase; but the gift is of the rarest. The late Dean Ramsay is, perhaps, an example nigher to Miss G. It is rather what he did for the Scottish peasantry that she has done for a handful of Peak dwellers, but with none of his conscious purpose. Miss G., utterly without thought of the future or of the worth of her evidence, set down these conversations for her own and a few friends' amusement. And they turn out to be authentic literature.

E. V. Lucas.

TEN CHARACTERS FROM SHAKESPEARE

FALSTAFF

'TWAS in a tavern that with old age stooped
And leaned rheumatic rafters o'er his head,—
A blowzed prodigious man which talked, and stared,
And rolled, as if with purpose, a small eye
Like some sweet Cupid in a cask of wine.
I could not view his fatness for his soul,
Which peeped like harmless lightnings and was gone;
As haps to voyagers of the summer air.
And when he laughed Time trickled down those beams
As in a glass; and when in self-defence
He puffed that paunch, and wagged that huge Greek head,
Nosed like a Punchinello, then it seemed
An hundred widows wept in his small voice,
Now tenor, and now bass of drummy war.
He smiled, compact of loam this orchard man;
Mused like a midnight webbed with moonbeam snares
Of flitting Love; woke—and a King he stood,
Whom all the world hath in sheer jest refused
For helpless laughter's sake. And then, forefend!
Bacchus and Jove reared vast Olympus there;
And Pan leaned leering from Promethean eyes.
"Lord!" said his aspect, weeping o'er the jest,
"What simple mouse brought such a mountain forth?"

MACBETH

Rose like dim battlements the hills and reared
Steep crags into the fading primrose sky;
But in the desolate valleys fell small rain
Mingled with drifting cloud. I saw one come,
Like the fierce passion of that vacant place,
His face turned glittering to the evening sky;
His eyes like grey despair fixed satelessly
On the still rainy turrets of the storm;
And all his armour in a haze of blue.
He held no sword, bare was his hand and clenched
As if to hide the inextinguishable blood
Murder had painted there; and his wild mouth
Seemed spouting echoes of deluded thoughts.
Around his head, like vipers all distort
His locks shook, heavy-laden, at each stride.
If fire may burn invisible to the eye;
O if despair strive everlastingly;
Then haunted here the creature of despair,
Fanning and fanning flame to lick upon
A soul still childish in a withered hell.

MERCUTIO

Along an avenue of almond-trees
Came three girls chattering of their sweethearts three.
And lo! Mercutio, with Byronic ease,
Out of his philosophic eye cast all
A mere flow'r'd twig of thought, whereat. . . .
Three hearts fell still as when an air dies out
And Venus falters lonely o'er the sea.
But when within the further mist of bloom
His step and form were hid, the smooth child Ann
Said, "La, and what eyes he had!" and Lucy said,
"How sad a gentleman!" and Katharine,
"I wonder now what mischief he was at."
And these three also April hid away,
Leaving the Spring faint with Mercutio.

JULIET

Sparrow and nightingale—did ever such
Strange birds consort in one untravelled heart?—
And yet what signs of summer, and what signs
Of the keen snows humanity hath passed
To come to this wild apple-day! To think
So young a throat might rave so old a tune,
Youth's amber eyes reflect such ardent stars,
And capture heav'n with glancing! Was she not
Learn'd by some angel from her mother's womb
At last to be love's master? doth not he
Rest all his arrows now and mutely adream
Seek his own peace in her Italian locks?
Comes not another singing in the night?—
Singing wild songs along the way of silence—
For at the end waits Death to pluck his bloom
Which is of yew the everlasting star.

JULIET'S NURSE

In old-world nursery vacant now of children,
With posied walls, familiar, fair, demure,
And facing southward o'er romantic streets,
Sits yet and gossips winter's dark away
One gloomy, vast, glossy, and wise, and sly:
And at her side a cherried country cousin.
Her tongue claps ever like a ram's sweet bell;
There's not a name but calls a tale to mind—
Some marrowy patty of farce or melodram;
There's not a soldier but hath babes in view;
There's not on earth what minds not of the midwife.
Beauty she sighs o'er, and she sighs o'er gold,
For gold buys all things—even a sweet husband,
Else only Heav'n is left and—farewell youth!
Yet, strangely, in that money-haunted head,
The sad gemm'd crucifix and incense blue
Is childhood come again. Her memory
Is like some ant-hill which a twig disturbs,
But twig stilled never; and to see her visage,
Broad with sleek homely beams, her babied hands
Ever like 'lighting doves, and her small eyes—
Blue wells atwinkle, arch and lewd and pious—
To dark'n all sudden into Stygian gloom,
And paint disaster with uplifted whites,
Is life's epitome. She prates and prates—
A waterbrook of words o'er twelve same pebbles:
And when she dies—some grey long summer evening
When the bird shouts of childhood thro' the dusk
'Neath night's faint tapers,—then her body shall
Lie stiff with silks of sixty thrifty years.

DESDEMONA

A STONY tomb guards one who simply dreams
Of peace that shines tho' love went down in storm—
Dreams ever a dark visage stoopeth o'er
Whose darkness is not hatred but a mask
Love took for tend'rer loving. And when night
Steals thro' the sky to mock Othello, then
Rises she, counting at the windows high
Star after star till all her pray'r be told,
And dawn repeat the glory of her end.
But on one day, in affluence of June,
At topmost flood of noon a shadow falls
Sweet at her side, chill head to snowy foot,
And then it seems the cypresses obscure
Whisper, "O willow"; and a shrill bird swoops,
As if the Moor had flown a silver soul
To take her captive at the key of Heaven!

IAGO

A DARK lean face, a narrow slanting eye
Whose deeps of blackness one pale taper's beam
Haunts with a flitting madness of desire;
A heart whose cinder at the breath of passion
Glows in a momentary core of heat
Almost beyond indifference to endure;
So parched Iago frets huge Time away.
His scorn works ever in a brain whose wit
This world hath fools too many and gross to seek.
Ever to live incredibly alone!
Mask'd, shivering, deadly, with a simple Moor
Of idiot gravity, and one pale flow'r
Whose chill would quench in everlasting peace
His soul's unmeasured flame—O paradox!
Might he but learn the trick!—to wear her heart
One fragile hour of heedless innocence,
And then 'farewell' and the incessant grave.
"O fool! O villain!"—'tis the shuttlecock
Wit never leaves at rest. It is his fate
To be a needle in a world of hay,
Where honour is the flattery of a fool;
Sin, a tame bauble; lies, a tiresome jest;
Virtue, a silly whitewashed block of wood
For words to fell. Ah! but the secret lacking—
The secret of the child, the bird, the night,
All truth—else were this Desdemona—Why!
Woman a harlot is, and life a nest
Fouled by long ages of forked fools. And God—
Iago deals not with a tale so dull!
T' have made the world—Fie on thee, Artisan!

POLONIUS

THERE haunts in Time's bare house an active ghost,
Most flattered at his name—"Polonius."
He moves small fingers much, and all his speech
Is like a sampler of precisest words
Set in the pattern of a simpleton.
His mirth floats eerily down chill corridors;
His wisdom prates as from a wicker cage;
His very belly is a pompous nought;
His eye a page that hath forgot his errand.
Yet in his bran—his spiritual bran
Is hid a child's demure small silver whistle
Which, to his horror, God blows—unawares,
And sets men staring. And 'tis sad to think,
If once he might but don thin flesh and blood,
And pace important to Law's inmost room,
He'd see, much marvelling, one immensely wise
Named Bacon, who at sound of his youth's step
Would turn and call him Cousin—for the likeness.

OPHELIA

THERE runs a crisscross pattern of small leaves
Espalier in a fading summer air,
And there Ophelia walks, an azure flow'r,
Whom wind, and snowflakes, and the sudden rain
Of love's wild skies have purified to heav'n.
There is a beauty past all weeping now
In that sweet crooked mouth, that vacant smile;
Only a lonely grey in those mad eyes
Which never on earth shall learn their loneliness:
And when 'mid startled birds she sings lament,
Mocking in hope the long voice of the stream,
It seems her heart's lute hath a broken string.
Ivy she hath that to old ruins clings;
And rosemary that sees remembrance fade;
And pansies deeper than the gloom of dreams,
But ah! if utterable, would this earth
Remain the base unreal thing it is?
Better be out of sight of peering eyes;
Out-out of hearing of all-useless words;
And, lest, at last ev'n earth should learn mad secrets,
Lest that sweet wolf from some dim thicket steal,
Better the glassy horror of the stream!

HAMLET

UMBRAGEOUS cedars, murmuring symphonies,
Stoop'd in late twilight o'er dark Denmark's Prince:
He sate, his eyes companioned with dream—
Lustrous large eyes that held the world in view
As some entrancéd child a puppet show.
Evening gave birth to the all-trembling stars,
And a far roar of long-drawn cataracts,
As if Time were his creature ebbing ever.
He sate so still, his very thoughts took wing,
And, lightest Ariels, the darkness haunted
With midge-like measures; but, at last, ev'n they
Sank 'neath the influences of his night.
The sweet dust shed faint perfume in the gloom;
Through all wild space the stars' bright arrows fell
On the lone Prince—the troubled son of man—
On Time's dark waters in unearthly trouble:
Then, as the roar increased, and one fair tower
Of cloud took sky and stars with majesty,
He rose, his face a parchment of old age
Sorrow hath scribbled o'er and o'er and o'er.

W. J. DE LA MARE.
(WALTER RAMAL.)

DANNY

XII

DANNY'S SEARCH

ALL that day and the next he sought her.

In green shaw and lonely strath and all among the birch-woods, where she would walk in the golden evening, he searched. Where she had once been, there must he go to look. Not a cottage in Hepburn but he entered it; not a rheumatism-ridden beldame, to whom she had ever ministered with sympathy and pudding—pudding in that basket-basin that he once valorously carried and spilled lamentably to the tune of maiden laughter—but he came in upon her, a sudden sea-grey shadow, snuffed her frowsy ankles and was gone, before she had well begun to scream.

All that day he searched about the home-places familiar to them both, and Robin with weeping eye, watched him. In woodland nook, known to these two only, where she would harbour at noon mid hart's-tongue and lady-fern, a wild cherry above her, the noise of bubbling water in her ears; on many a headland private to him, and her, and the God who walked with them there with trailing skirts in the dew of morning; in secret glade beside the burn, where she would splash a line in June, and, wearied, lie out her length upon the bank with far-flung arms amid the fox-gloves, nor there be anywise afraid; while he, dripping, alert, and clamorous, did doughtily for his lady's

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sake and his own delight against the water-rats and heathen of the wilderness—he searched them diligently; nay, not a meek-eyed wood-anemone that she had once caressed, but he stayed with lifted paw and anxious eye to inquire of it if his lady had passed that way.

Then he carried his search abroad. In the Forest of Altyre, in those far cleughs where the red deer lie at noon, he sought her. All along the shores of Burn-Water, on Windyhope, and the Hill of the Eagle, in grey moss-hag and far away on the wind-beaten pastures beside the sea, he made his search. He asked the heron in the pool; he asked the wet-eyed cattle at the Ford; he asked the wild goats on the sea-whipped cliffs.

Once a herd saw him standing like a grey watchman in the opening day on the high loneliness of Lammer-more, where she would go to watch the morning with trailing robes of grey samite sweeping out of the East over the moors. And once beside the lake of the Black Dwarf, amid the desolate hills, one who had no lawful business there saw him, the lonely hunter, passing rapidly by, so rapt in search that, seen himself, he did not see.

On the evening of the second day, the Woman in the door of the kitchen peering forth with weary eyes, beheld him coming down Lammer-more.

"He is homing!" she cried to the heap of misery by the fireside. "He is coming off the hill."

Robin rose and crawled to her side.

"Wha's yon at the brae-foot?" asked the dim old man.

"The Laird," said the Woman, biting on her apron.

"Biding him?" cried Robin.

"Ay," said the Woman, apron in mouth. "And has been these three hours."

"God help my man!" cried Robin, and in an ecstasy of woe trotted in again.

The Woman watched on, apron in mouth.

She saw the little figure coming off the hill at swift unvary-

ing trot; she saw the Laird at the brae-foot, ominous, grim, cloak-wrapt, waiting as another had used to wait of old with cold maiden cheeks and riding whip. She heard him call, and drew her breath; but Danny passed him by, swift, trotting shadow, nor seemed to hear; crossed the lawn, into the kitchen, passed her too, trotting on haggard, weary, intent; passed Robin, huddled by the fire; down the long mouldy passage, and up the stairs to lie, all travel-stained and ragged as he was, on the mat at Missie's door.

To him, as he lay there, the Woman came, grey with misery for him. A wash-tub was in her hands, a towel over her arms.

She put the wash-tub down upon the floor and knelt beside him, unweeping, unspeaking; spreading out her cloth upon the floor, and making arrangements with lean, large-knuckled hands as though to give a child a bath; and behind her Robin leaned against the wall idly swallowing his sobs.

Then the Woman took Danny to do for him as Missie would do when he was home from bloodying—bathing his feet, his eyes, plucking the thorns out of his coat, making him sweet as her own sweet self. So now the Woman did; and as she began to wash his mouth dread feet sounded in the passage, and the Laird stood over her.

The Woman kneeled bolt upright. One gnarled hand sought Danny and clutched him to her.

"What's all this rout and wash-tubs, and all?" the Laird asked harshly.

"I am for washing Danny," said the Woman.

"You are for doing everything in the public passages," said the Laird.

"He was lying outside Missie's door," said the Woman. "I'd no the heart to stir him."

"Why does he want washing?" asked the Laird.

"Missie would aye redd him up whiles," said the Woman vaguely.

"She would so," said the grim Laird, "when he was home from bloodying."

"He has not been bloodying!" cried the Woman quickly.

"That he has not!" corroborated Robin. "He has been with me all the while," faithful liar that he was, who had never stirred from before the fire these days past.

"Then why wash his mouth?" asked the Laird.

"It mistens the lips," said Robin.

"He may have bloodied a bit in between whiles," said the Woman sullenly. "God made him male."

"He has not bloodied," said the Laird. "I would to God he had!" and he passed on down the passage, tramping.

At his own door he turned.

"Leave his mouth," he said, "and mend his heart: and may be you will red him up to some purpose."

XIII

THE VOICE OF LAMENTATION

NEXT day was the Sabbath. All the morning he searched diligently and alone. At noon the kirk-bells tolling brought him home.

Robin saw him stand before the house as though awaiting her as she would come forth on Sabbath afternoons, she and the Laird; when of old the three would go down the drive together to the great iron gates, and there part company, the Laird, tramping on kirk-wards to garner in his people without remorse; while Danny and his lady, with wicked laughter and joyful feet sped across the park; climbed Lammer-more, and there passed a holy hour in that world-oblivious loneliness she loved.

Now Danny stood before the house with lifted face and waited; while the kirk-bell tolled.

The great door opened. On the top of the steps the Laird appeared alone.

Danny looked; then started away, and of set miserable purpose.

The Laird watched from the top of the steps.

"Where will he be gone?" he asked shortly.

"To drown him," gulped Robin.

The Laird swept his short cloak about him, and strode kirk-wards.

Robin and the Woman were left together. And as they stood thus silently, there came towards them floating from on high a far note of wailing.

"Dear sake!" cried the Woman, hearkening. "What's yon?"

"It's the sound of a breaking heart," said Robin, choked. "The Lord peety our man this day."

From far away on the height of Lammer-more, it came to them, that voice of Lamentation. Over the birch-woods, borne on sorrowful wings it floated, long-drawn and low as Love's swan-song.

Down in the village they heard it amid tolling bells; across Burn-water it travelled, anguished still; by the Ferry lingered, and the boatmen there knew it for Danny mourning his heart away as faithfully as ever did man-lover for his mistress; then it fared forth and lost itself on the comfortless cold bosom of the sea.

The Woman stood with bowed head and prayed.

"The Lord send Missie is not hearing him," she cried, swallowing her sobs. "It would just break her heart!"

"Then there would be two with broken hearts," sniffled Robin. "Maybe that would be like company."

"O!" cried the Woman, "O!" as the sound of wailing grew. "Will you not go to him, Robin?"

"I canna," cried Robin, tender coward that he was. "I could na bear to see him suffer!" and the tears streamed down his face.

"O you man!" cried the Woman. "I will go my lane," and set forth her woman's courage on her.

"You will not go without me," said Robin jealously, and followed.

Together they set forth.

It was Robin who stopped her.

"The Laird's gone," he said, and pointed.

The Woman looked up and saw that it was so.

"The Lord go with him," she said solemnly.

It was an hour before he came back, the grey Laird, striding. His face was like a frost, and Danny in his arms.

"It's peetiful—just peetiful," whined Robin, and choked.

"The Lord send it will end soon!" cried the Woman.

"It will end," said Robin, "or he will end."

"Better so," said the Woman. "I could not bear to see him live so."

"Ay," said Robin, "you do not care. He will die, and I aye tell't you—and you do not care."

"And Missie will be blythe," said the Woman, unheeding. "That's what I care."

"It will make no matter to Missie," said Robin, resolute not to be comforted. "He will not go to heaven."

"He will so," said the Woman, doggedly.

"Who tell't you?" said Robin, turning on her.

"Missie," said the Woman, and shot out her chin at him.

Robin turned away.

"Ay, ay," he said in high cracked voice of woe. "He'll be there the morn. And I aye tell't you."

XIV

LOCHINVAR IS AT THE DOOR

Late that evening Robin came upon the Laird suddenly; and there was a misty splendour in the old man's eye, that the Laird knew of old.

"Well?" said the Laird briefly.

The old man stood in a puddle with lifted face and half-closed eyes.

"The Lord—in His mercy—has seen good—to take him," he said, in the deliberate voice of one delivering his text.

The Laird stayed from his marching.

"Who?" he asked, with sudden thunder-brow.

"Daniel—son—of—Ivor," said the preacher, "of this parish, bachelor."

"Is he dead?" asked the Laird, suddenly stern-lipped.

"He is," said Robin; "away and away and all," and bowed his head upon his breast.

"Away?" shouted the Laird. "Where away?"

"That is not for me to say," replied Robin, and crossed meek hands upon his bosom. "For some there is a heaven; for others there is a hell; and for the likes o' you and me there's a between-the-two."

The Laird strode across to him, and laid stern hands upon his shoulders.

"Hear!" he said sternly.

"Where?" said Robin, meek still.

"Is Danny dead?"

"Not that I know," said Robin, with some asperity.

"Has he gone, then?"

"Ay," said Robin testily. "Ay, ay, ay. I am telling you."

"Searching her?"

"Searching 'em out!" said Robin, rolling his eyes.

"Who?" said the Laird.

"The heathen!" said Robin, kindling.

The Laird looked at him, and his hand dropped from the old man's shoulder.

Robin sloshed round in his puddle, stood there, and began to shake with silent giggles.

"Crabbe!" said the Laird.

"What?" sniggered Robin.

"Your back is on me," said the Laird.

"If you walk round this gate," suggested Robin, "it will not be neither."

"And if you turn round," said the Laird, "I shall see your face."

"And I will see yours, my mannie," said Robin; "and I would rayder not."

"Crabbe!" shouted the Laird.

"Ay, billie," shouted Robin.

There was a moment's pause.

"Why are you standing in a puddle?" said the Laird, suddenly.

"Becob," said Robin, meek again, "the Lord gar'd me so to do."

"And I gar you to continue so to do," thundered the Laird, "until the sun has set." And he marched away.

"May I no sit me?" cried Robin, weeping suddenly, and sat him.

The Woman was sitting in the kitchen.

Now as she sat there, gaunt, tender-eyed, her Book upon her lap, her mittened hands upon her Book, her thoughts with Missie far away, a crooning voice, very caressing, came in upon her dreams.

> Little virgin, white as snaw!
> Dainty, daffin', winsome, wee,—
> Lochinvar is at the door,
> Knockin', knockin', loud for thee.

The lady he came a-courting looked not up.

"You are dripping drunk," she said.

Lochinvar leaned against the door-cheek and ogled her out of the night with mildewy eye.

"Ay," he said, "you have no guts. There is no heart of love in you:

> Will ye be
> Wee wife to me,
> Hummin', bummin',
> Busy-bee?"

"If ye wait for me," said the Woman, shortly, "ye'll want long."

"Ye're not asked yet, chuckie," said Robin. "That was just a song; no an offer."

"And if I was," said the Woman, "ye'd yet want."

"I'd prefer to want," said Robin. "When my first died I found I could do wantin' her better than with her."

The Woman looked at him over her spectacles.

"I see," she said, "you are yourself again."

"I am so," said Robin, "and not me only."

"Who else, then?" asked the Woman.

"Daniel, son of Ivor," said Robin.

The Woman dropped her hands.

"What's that?" she cried.

"Daniel, son of Ivor, has gone forth," cried Robin, kindling, "to war."

"Bloodying!" cried the Woman.

"Some call it so," said Robin.

"How d'ye ken he went bloodying and not searching?"

"Woman," said Robin with majesty, "I am that Robin Crabbe that dreams dreams."

"Ay," said the Woman, "and drains drams!"

"And I," said Robin, "say that it is so."

"The Lord send you're saying the truth for once," said the Woman.

"Woman," said Robin, "I have said it." And continued: "He has put forth like Saul to the slaying; and he will be away three nights—you will see; and then he will return and he will be whole of heart again—you will see; and thereafter he will bide and comfort the Laird, as is Missie's bidding. So I say, and so it will prove."

"Belike it may be so," said the Woman, nodding. "Three days breakin', three days makin'—that's the way of a man's heart."

Robin marched out.

"I will dream no more dreams for you," he said. "You shall dream dreams for yourself from now."

XV

DANNY DOES HOMAGE

For three nights Danny was away, as the dreamer had foretold, and none but the stars of the night and the creatures of the wilderness knew the bloody way he went.

In the dawn of the fourth day, while still the clouds hung like a gloom on Lammer-more, Robin found him curled outside the wood-shed.

The grey mud of the moss-hags was on his flanks; between his toes was the sand of the badger-earths of the Forest; he lay at length as one very tired, with hollow flanks; and he was ragged with travel and stained with war.

As Robin came to him, tiptoeing across the yard in fever of uncertainty to know if he was whole again, the little knight woke, wagged, yawned hugely, stretching his toes as does a cat; then came to his old man with grin, fond look, and twinkle of ears as of old; and his eyes, though closed with dust of war, were sane and sweet again.

Then Robin took him in his arms tenderly, and kissed him, and bore off to the kitchen and the Woman.

"I have dreamed a true dream," he announced. "It's even as I tell't ye."

The Woman looked up from her scrubbing, saw the old man in the door, the tears yet on his cheeks, and Danny in his arms.

"O, my bloody wee one!" she cried motherly, rose hastily, and clattered over to him with outstretched arms and mother-murmurings.

"Dinna girn at him so," said Robin.

"Girn!" cried the Woman, snatching the prodigal away, "Girn!" as she smothered him with love. "Will I girn at my man returned to me?"

"*Your* man!" flashed Robin jealously. "It used not to be *your* man one while."

"Maybe no," said she, nursing her baby in lean bosom; "but he will be my man to me from now; and I will be woman to him, and it is I will have his heart, it is I will have his heart. So God made man, making woman for him. To ilka man he gave his Woman to mend him and mind him and warstle him to heaven—if so may be; and Danny shall have me."

"In Missie's stead!" sneered Robin. "You will do fine."

"I will make shift," replied the Woman, rocking on flat feet, "until she has need of him."

The Woman took her man away, fed him, washed and made him sweet as Missie would of old; and Robin watched her.

When it was over, and the little knight was once again himself—and sweet as the morning—she went to call the Laird.

Danny went before, brisk and busy as ever; Robin followed.

Past Missie's door the little man trotted, busy, bustling, paying no heed.

The Woman turned to the old man at her heels.

"You are right," she said bitterly.

"I aye am," said Robin.

"He is whole of his heart-break!" she cried. "I thought he would have died when Missie went—and now," she cried, "he just jaunts past her door as though she'd never been. There!" she cried, "he is little better than a man at all!"

"We are not howling-yowling all the while like you women-bodies," said Robin, "but we feel things sore. Conseeder the Laird," said he, "conseeder me."

"Certainly it is so with the Laird," replied the Woman. "He greets none, nor speaks none."

"He has not my heart," said Robin.

"He has not your Dreep-eye," said the Woman, "but he has not forgot. He minds Missie all the while. Ay," she said

tenderly, "he has just lappit her away, and laid her to sleep like a wean till he can go waken her. But Danny," she said sorrowfully, "he has forgot."

"He has not forgot," said Robin steadfastly. "And that you will see. Missie bid him come comfort the Laird, as I tell't you, and he has come."

The Woman turned on her way.

The Laird had already risen.

"Is he home?" he asked in his short, harsh way, before even she was in the room.

"Ay," said the Woman indifferently, "and whole of his broken heart—this bein' the sixth day."

"Where is he?" asked the Laird.

"Here," said the Woman, and turned.

"Where?" said Robin grimly.

She looked.

"Dear sakes!" she cried, "he *was* here and is not. O!" she cried, "if he has gone back to Missie's room!" and started hot-foot down the passage, but the Laird stayed her.

"He is coming," he said; and as he said it the tick-tacking of nail-shod feet upon the naked boards came to their ears.

At the far end of the passage appeared Danny, and in his mouth a lady's riding-whip.

So he came to the Laird's feet, dropped his burthen there, and stood over it, wagging, wide-mouthed, well-pleased.

"O Missie!" cried the Woman, her apron to her eyes. "O the wee man!" For just so had he been wont to do for his lady when home from bloody doings in the dawn, coming to wake her and, knightly, bringing with him the whip with which she was to chastise him.

The Laird picked up the whip.

"Na!" screamed the Woman, and snatched up the threatened knight.

"Never," said Robin, rolling up his cuffs, "but over the last corp of Robin Crabbe!"

"Put him down," said the Laird in his curt brutal way.

"Will I?" said the Woman, and looked at Robin.

"It's your affair," said Robin, and withdrew down the passage.

"Put him down," said the Laird.

The Woman obeyed, and with shut eyes began to pray.

The Laird bent till his face was close to that of the grey man at his feet.

"I will lay no finger on you, Danny," said he, "now or ever."

Danny stood at his feet with lifted face and dubious tail; then he raised himself and stood against the Laird's knee and pawed. The Laird took the paw in his own great hand; and Danny looked up into his eyes, and thenceforward was the Laird's liege-man for ever.

Robin, who had unrolled his sleeves and returned, looked at the Woman.

"What said I?" he asked.

XVI

DANNY'S EXCUSE

It was a Sabbath afternoon a month later that the Woman in the kitchen was roused from her Book by a noise of worrying in the bowling alley.

"What's yon?" she asked of Robin.

"It is Danny," said Robin at the window.

"What gars him girn so?" asked the Woman.

"Belike he has killed," said Robin, "and is giving Christian burial."

"Belike," sniffed the Woman. "The Lord appointed the Sabbath for to be a day of slaughter—that is what the man-males hold."

"He appointed the Sabbath to be a day of rest from labour," said Robin meekly. "It's no labour to kill," said the old man; "it's a re-creation."

The Woman dropped her hands.

"There's a pair of ye," she cried; "each bloodier nor t'ither!"

"I try to leeve up to him," said Robin simply, and went out to join his brother in blood.

Danny lay under a lilac on the far border of the lawn. He held something between his fore-paws and chewed it and with gusto; then he shook it ferociously and tossed it far.

It sped through the air and fell at the feet of Robin.

A moment the Woman looked, then she fled forth.

"Kep him off!" she creamed. "O the blasphemy!" And snatched it up from Danny's jaws, and turned on him like a squall. "And you son to her!" she cried to Danny prancing at her feet; and every word was as a sword.

Danny stood at her feet, abashed, nor understood.

Robin strolled up.

"What is it all?" he asked.

"It is hers," said the Woman, with drawn face and much-moved bosom.

"Whose?"

"Missie's," said the Woman, and began to brush it reverently with the hem of her apron—a silver slipper, dim now, stained with dew, and webbed across with gossamers; yet lady-dainty and fragrant with dear memories of the foot it once had shod.

Robin looked with awed eyes.

The Woman with working throat brushed reverently.

Danny stood at her feet, with lowered tail and lifted face, wistful for his treasure.

"God made you male," said the Woman, quiet again now; "and that must be your excuse."

Then a shadow fell upon her.

"Give it me!" said a voice.

The Woman looked up. The Laird stood beside her with outstretched hand.

"Give it me!" said he.

"What would you with it?" asked the Woman, jealously.

"Give it me!" said the Laird in his curt rude way, and she gave it.

He marched with it indoors, Danny trotting before him, head upon his shoulder, wistful for his toy.

"Not that, Danny," said the Laird; lapped it in silk, and laid it in a cabinet with certain other pathetic treasures—all that remained to him, but the memory, of That Year, and turned the key.

XVII

MUTE DANNY

THENCEFORWARD it proved as Robin had foretold. Danny gave himself, great-hearted, to the comforting of his old man desolate. And the Laird needed it.

A lonely man all his days, on the threshold of his age he had taken to himself a child-wife; and had loved her.

Sour and dour, with the solitary humour of his race, he was sinking fast into that dark loneliness which seems the habitual end for the members of his house, when she had come to him with maidenly white ways, child-laughter, eyes of love, to ripple through that house of silence and shadow, as a sun-lit wave straying through sullen water-ways of the under-world.

Tenderly she had set to wooing him from himself; maidenly, she had played upon the keyboard of his life and had struck forth old melodies of his mother-time, long, long forgotten; motherly, she had knelt beside the embers of his heart, and diligently had blown upon them; and, indeed, was fast winning him back to the ways of men (he, the first Stark Heriot, so it was said, ever to be thus humanised), and was emerging into the light, leading her old man by the hand; when the sword fell.

In his grey age, hurled back upon himself, there was left to the Laird a memory; and Danny.

Inaccessible ever, he now fenced himself about with eternal loneliness. In that austere and desolate land he went his lonely way, habited in silence; and with him went mute Danny, friendly, throbbing, nor would be shaken off.

Grim and ever greying, the Laird stalked abroad, his short cloak swept about him, the moving shadows on the moors for company, and Danny ever at his heels.

He sought no sympathy and accepted none; but there was mute Danny, thrusting on him no ill-timed condolences, yet urgent to be friends. He walled himself about with iron; but there was mute Danny with importunate paw, craving admission. He fell back upon himself and locked the door; and lo! there was mute Danny lying upon his heart to keep it warm.

There then he lay, nor would be stirred; and there he was let lie.

At first, indeed, the Laird cherished him for her sake who had bequeathed him; later he bore with him because of his importunity; and last of all he loved him for himself.

So the two began to live their silent lives in the naked house on the face of the moor. Together and alone they set forth to grow old; together dreamed dreams of what had been and what in the tender time to come would be; and no man ever came between them.

So Danny, born to be loved of queens, with manners of a court of kings, and eyes to languish the heart out of a star, began to live out his life with a recluse grim Laird, rude Robin of the Weeping Eye, and his Woman; and was happy.

XVIII

THE HUSH OF GOD ON LAMMER-MORE

Now all his life fear of the Laird had lain like a shadow on his people; aye, before ever he slew the father of Simon Ogg

under the stark shoulder of Gaunt Scaur. But in the days of Danny awe of the Laird grew on his people.

These were the days when the dumbness was on him. Harsh and hard and grey, like an East wind marching, he would stalk through Hepburn with downward eyes, his short cloak swept about him; and the silence lay upon him like a shroud; while ever at his heels cantered his Squire in grey.

In the village at that time the pair began to acquire an ill name. The Mother of Simon Ogg declared it was no that cannie, this intimate friendship between the two; the more so seeing that it was common knowledge that in Missie's time they had not been that close.

When the great gates of the House clanged and the pair came forth, the grey man stalking grey Squire at heel, the women in their rose-laden porches retreated within doors and watched fearfully from behind drawn blinds. As the Laird swept by like the Shadow, it seemed a village of the dead, such was the hush; and it was not till he had passed the last house, that any dared come forth to peer secretly at him now halted at the bridge over the burn. There he always stayed; Danny leapt on to the coping, and hunted with diligent nose; while the Laird, leaning against the parapet, watched.

Danny never came to the bridge, but he hunted so upon the coping with questing tail; and the village knew why. For in the old days would not Missie often sit there, while waiting the Laird at business among his people? Had they not seen her time and time again of summer evenings, perched on the coping, swinging slim ankles and, brimming with malicious laughter, drop pebbles on the backs of the fat trout asleep in the deep-eyed pool beneath; while Danny at her side with alert ears would crane his neck and grin hugely.

It was after he had searched the coping thus and had come to the Laird waiting him at the bridge-head that the village, watching with white eyes, would see the two talking together—Danny with lifted face saying his say, and the Laird with bowed face hearkening.

The inhabitant of the cottage nearest the bridge declared indeed that, though the two communed together thus as the world saw, yet no words passed.

"Nor likely!" scoffed the Mother of Simon, "seeing the dumbness is on the Laird; and he could not utter if he would."

"Yet have I heard him," said the other.

"What!" cried the Mother of Simon. "Can the dumb speak?"

"I know not," said the other softly, "but the Laird can."

Now he was a young, soft man, who had come from the Western Isles, and now herded sheep and dreamed his days out on the hillside like David of old; and Robin was jealous of him for the dreams' sake. And his tale was that herding high on Lammer-more in the holy evening, when up there was silence, purity and pale stars, he had seen the Laird stand, watching the going down of the day from the topmost pinnacle of the moor.

Bareheaded he stood, so the dreamer told the tale, and black, his back upon the evening star, looking forth over the moor to the far sea.

"And there," said the David of the West with dream-misty eyes, "the sun lay on the watters like a path of beaten gold leading into GOD's far country."

He stopped suddenly; the soft face and clouded eyes dropped. He was no more a seer and teller of dream-tales, but a dull and callow youth, blind to all things but the bottom of his own pint-pot.

"Did ye hear nothing?" asked an old man.

The dreamer shook his head and drank.

"Was ye near by?"

"None so far."

"Was it still out-bye?"

"The Hush o' GOD."

"And ye heard nothing?" cried Robin.

"Nothing," said the youth, "but the wings o' bats aboon me."

"Then," said Robin triumphantly, "how is it you know his Honour spoke?"

"He spoke," said the other soft, persistent dreamer. "I saw him. His lips stirred so"—he rose and stood with lifted face, holding forth blind hands as though to his Beloved—"and he was laffin' and daffin' tender-like as with a wean. And while he stood so," continued the teller, in his soft western speech, "I heard a cry at his feet; and I looked; and there was the wee dog looking the way the Laird was; and he was thrusting with his paw so"—and he rehearsed it—"and girning like. And then the sun sank; and the wind rose; and darkness covered the stars; and I could no more see. And when it was fair night again, I looked, and the Laird was gone, and the wee dog with him."

A hush had fallen on all. They had gathered round with awed eyes. Now they turned to Robin dumbly.

"It is Missie comes to tryst him there," said the old man, nodding quietly. "It was there, at that hour of evening, she would go of old, she and Danny, to whisper secrets with the Lord."

XIX

ROBIN THE ORACLE

YOUNG Simon Ogg, he of the flaming head and pale eyes, had another tale that he told quakingly in the village ale-house And his tale was that he, too, being at the fall of night on Lammer-more——

"What did ye there?" interposed Robin jealously.

"Takin' the air," said young Simon, sullenly.

"Ah," said Robin, "gathering flowers for your father's grave, belike."

"Ay," said young Simon, "him that was killed by the Laird out-bye."

"I mind me," said Robin, nodding; "and your minnie offered thanks next day before the congregation."

Simon retired into sulky silence, and it was a while before they could coax him forth to tell how being on Lammer-more he had heard the Laird talk, and more, had *heard Danny reply.*

The village looked at Robin.

That dim old man took his cutty from his mouth, tapped it on the heel of his boot, and made answer deliberately:

"I am no denying it," then arose and went out.

But for that, Simon's tale would have been generally discredited; for Simon, son of his father, and afflicted, was known to be full of nightmare imaginings about the Laird and his familiar.

Two nights later this same Simon appeared in the ale-house in a sweating panic to declare on oath that the Laird was himself by day and Danny by night, and that he, Simon, had cause to know that these things were so.

The village listened and mocked.

Later, and at dead of night, they took the tale to Robin.

Now Robin cherished a feud against all the village, and Simon Ogg in particular. Moreover he found it difficult to forgive them that they listened to that other, who, as he complained, dreamed his dreams and made no acknowledgment.

So when the deputation came to the kitchen-door, in the hush of secrecy and lanternless, Robin received them coldly.

Himself taking a seat, and ostentatiously omitting to offer them one, he asked their business.

"And queek!" he said. "I who am factor to the Laird these thirty years, have little time to clack with a pack of old wives wearing trousies."

"It is this that we would ken," whispered the leader, fearfully. "*Is his Honour whiles himself and whiles Danny?*"

Robin sniffed.

"Ask his Honour," he said at last.

The deputation sniggered at the thought of it.

"Is there none other kens?" asked the leader at length.

"Aye," said Robin, "there is me."

"We kennt if any could tell us, it would be you, Mr. Robin," said the leader cunningly. "You that have his Honour's private ear."

"That could I," said Robin, expectorating.

"And ye will?" cajoled the other.

"Never!" said Robin firmly, "while time is;" and added, "and belike not then."

"What for no?" asked the leader.

"What!" cried Robin, "would ye ha' me that have been factor to the Laird these forty years——"

"It was thirty a while gone," interrupted a rude youth.

"It was so," said Robin, "ten years back."

"The years fly," said the rude youth.

Robin rose.

"And so'll you," he said, marched to the door, and held it wide.

The deputation took the hint.

Only the leader, an old, large-eyed man, stayed.

"Mr. Robin," he said, when the others were gone and the door was shut, "you ken things."

"What man kens," said Robin, mindful of the rival dreamer, "that I ken; and more," he added, "and more."

The old man left the door and drew closer.

"Whisper!" he said, and bent. "*Is there one soul to the two of them—to Danny and his Honour?*"

The oracle of the dim ringlets wiped his eye.

"Maybe ay," he said; "maybe no," he said; "and maybe —neither."

XX

THE KEEPER OF THE PEACE

In fact there were never at any time two Lairds, while there never was the time when there were not several Dannys.

First there was the Squire of the day: a Gentleman-in-waiting, very staid and with demure eyes, who in summer lay

beside the Laird on the sunward side of Lammer-more; and in winter stretched before the fire in the hall with hollow-heaving flanks, and dreamed. This was that same Danny who on Sabbaths was Keeper of the Door; leading his lord to kirk, and during service lying in the porch, and there, inexorable in resolution as in courtesy, barring entrance to the laggards; to whom woe! when the Laird came forth.

Followed another Danny—the Danny of the Dews, going the round of the Marches with his battle-fellow rude Robin o' the Heart of Fire.

All among the lady-birches clad with lace of gossamer, where in the dawn the black-cock ruffled dew-sprent plumage, on high Lammer-more, through diamond-sprinkled heather and tawny bracken-beds, he marched as though to pipe-music, he and Robin, like Jonathan and his armour-bearer, going forth against the Philistines.

Keen as a sword, wary as Ulysses, fiery as Saladin, there was never such a Warden of the Marches to do stern justice in the outlaws of the wilderness. He could be patient as a cat and as still; he could be stealthy as a fox, shadowing his enemies; and when the stalking time was past and the time for the onset came the fury of the Lord gat hold of him. He smote upon his enemies like a tempest; he overwhelmed them like an avalanche of stars. Muckle or small, as Robin declared, it was all one to Danny, there was nothing so great but knight-like he attempted it; nothing so small but he slew it out of courtesy.

Many the tale Robin brought home of fearful adventurings in the dews; many a time the grey knight returned from some immortal struggle against odds, bloody, ragged, and yet ever with bustle of love and tender eyes as his Woman came clattering to meet him.

And while she bandaged him with lean fingers, Robin would sit on the edge of the dresser and tell the Homeric tale.

" In my days," the old man once averred, " I have fought

as few have fought since Samson. But I am second to our man!"

The Woman hearkened sourly.

"He will fight one fight too many yet," she croaked; "and one day he will be overcome."

"My trust is in the Lord," said Robin piously, "and my bit stickie."

The Woman finished her business of love with a kiss, and sent her soldier forth to join the Laird, only the bandage above his eye, and plastering down one ear, giving him a rake-hell air that sat quaintly on his innocence and eyes of love.

The Woman turned to Robin.

"And what part play you in these bloody battlements," she scoffed, "you that are a man of war?"

"I just keep the peace," said meek Robin.

"I would fain see you!" snorted the Woman; and a week later did.

It was in the hoary dawn when a glow was in the East like the reflection of hell-fire on the grey heavens. The Woman was raking out the ashes of last night's fire when there came to her from far away on Fir-Tree Knowe such uproar and shrill clamour that she fled forth screaming.

On the brae-side above her, under the lonely fir that stands ruddy-glooming on the bald pate of the Knowe, she beheld the Keeper of the Peace. He was raving round an imagined tourney-ring, conjuring the worlds to watch; and calling on his champion and the God of Battles in a breath.

"Mother o' Mercy!" screamed the Woman, floundering up the brae-side, her petticoats in either hand. "What is it?"

"Armageddon!" howled Robin. "Ho the Danny! Ho the man! Rip him! Rend him! Rive him! Remember Jonathan and the Passages of Michmash!"

Breathless, the Woman floundered on to the Knowe.

Under the fir and all about its roots, hissed and hurled and swept a many-eyed cyclone, of blended grey and brindle.

"Clutch him off, God-forsaken!" screamed the Woman.

"He'll be clawed to his death else!" and flung into the ring.

"Hold off, Hellicat!" howled Robin. "Let be! let bide! Would ye wrest his glory from him?" and hurled her headlong off the Knowe.

Back she came vociferous, hair awry, to find the fight was over.

Robin sat upon a boulder, a dead marten-cat dripping between his knees, and panted.

Danny with torn shoulders, and hackles still on guard, came across to his Woman with fond eyes, to tell her all was well with him.

She clapped him up in her arms, all bloody as he was.

"And this is your keeping of the Peace, ye Bloody Egg-Battle!" she cried to Robin, panting on the boulder. "O, if I dinna report on you to his Honour! O, if I dinna put up a prayer to Missie on your behalf!"

Robin mopped his brow, unmoved.

"I never saw the like of that for a fight," he said, "and that's nothing to some I've seen," he added. "She was in the fork of the tree, glowering just awfu', but I had her out of it with a bit rock in her bosom. And 'fore ever she laid foot to sod Danny was fast to her. And Oh Woman!" he cried, "it was fearfu'! it was *fearfu'! just fear-fu'!* One while I doubted we would not prevail. Indeed," said the old man, mopping, "but for me and the Lord——"

"Much you did!" cried the angry Woman, rocking her soldier on her breast, "you that clawed me off when I'd ha' clutched him."

"And what would ye ha' me do?" cried Robin.

"I'd not ha' ye stand by and see my man clawed to his death!" cried the Woman furiously.

"Fair is fair," said Robin doggedly. "And the Lord looks to me to keep them to it."

"Hear him!" shrilled the Woman, "him and his fair?...

What!" she cried, "would ye stand by and lift ne'er a hand to help my man, and him bein' torn to tatters!"

"Fair is fair," cried Robin doggedly, "and if one is under-getting the other then it's my job to give him a bit of a bat to set fair again."

"A bit of a bat to Danny!" screamed the Woman.

"Na," said Robin shrewdly. "If the Lord delivers them into his hand, who am I to interfere?"

"Ay," scoffed the Woman, "and if the Lord's agin our man."

"Fair is fair," said Robin, smacking his lips, "and when it's two to one—I'm for Danny."

XXI

WARRIOR, SAINT, AND SEARCHER-OUT

To Deborah Awe the bloodiness of her man was long a source of tribulation.

She never tired indeed of making excuse for him: God had made him male, and therefore he could not help himself; Robin led his feet astray; and belike if all went well and Robin was gathered to his fathers, her man would become more Christianified.

To which Robin always retorted (1) that he did not intend to be gathered to his fathers yet a bit, and (2) that when Danny was past caring to kill he would be past caring to live.

"Onyways," snapped the Woman, "he is not like a man, is not my Danny. He does not murder for the murder's sake and call it sport. He kills by way of duty."

"He kills," said Robin emphatically, "for love and the glory of the Lord."

Danny's indeed seemed the rage of the fanatic. He massacred like some warrior saint of old who slew the bodies of the heathen gleefully to save their souls. There was no crime of blood but he would perpetrate it with a fervour of

devotion, a passionate conviction of the highness of his cause, and bear himself thereafter in so tender and devout a way as to lend a halo to his crime.

"There was never the like of him," Robin once averred, in a sweeping wonder of pride. "Battle's his hunger; blood his thirst. It's like the drink to a drunkard—the more he has the more he's for having."

"And but for you, who entice him to shedding of innocent blood," cried the Woman, "he would be as good a Christian as a God-made-male may be."

"To every man his work of the Lord," Robin replied stoutly. "Some is warriors—and such was Jonathan; some is saints—and such was Missie; and some is Searchers-Out—and such is his Honour. And Danny," said he, "is neither one nor both, but a bit of all three."

"And Robin Crabbe the same," jeered the Woman—"Warrior, Saint, and Searcher-Out!"

"And some," continued Robin, "is just yatterin', squatterin' old yeld yowies; and such is Deborah Awe, Spinster!" and he went forth gleefully.

"It is better to be a spinster," screamed the Woman, "than the son of one!" and pursued him. "And besides, that there is just this difference between you and Danny!" she shrilled; "Danny is a gentleman, and you are pot-swabbing, byre-raking son of your Mother, as I have just said!"

Robin in very truth was a rude man, but Danny for all his bloodiness had the sweetest courtesy of any knight since Lancelot. No lady but must love him for his manner's sake; and to his frouzy Woman he bore himself as to a Queen. In truth he was the prettiest mannered murderer who ever sped a soul. He expiated his crimes in courtesy; and from the bloodiest doings in the dew came forth from the Woman's hands like a maid from the maying, innocent, gay, demure, tripping across the great hall to greet the Laird and take up his dear duties as Squire of the Day.

Sweet of heart as Galahad, he was still bloody as a ferret, and not ashamed of it. What he did he did frankly, and all the world was welcome to watch him at it. Stealth and subtlety and creeping deeds were not for the little knight of the fair eyes. He loved light, and to bloody beneath the open eye of heaven.

Once in the early days of their fellowship the Laird caught him red-handed.

He had stalked a jack-hare in the birchwoods, and had snapped him in his form, when a voice from heaven thundered at him.

The slayer looked up. Above him, among the birches, towered the Laird. The heavens were on his grey head; the bracken to his knees; he was cloak-wrapt and with thunder-brow.

Simon Ogg, upon his belly in the bracken, there on secret business of his own, peeped forth fearfully, and his face was white as the boll of the birch above him as he heard; but there was no fear in the heart of Danny.

Blandly the little knight arose. His booty lolling from his mouth, he staggered to the feet of the Laird, laid it there be-slavered in the bracken, and smiled up into the dour face above him.

Simon, quaking, waited to see the dumb Laird smite once and smite no more. He smote not; more terrifying still to fearful Simon, he spoke:

"Mind!" came the harsh inexorable voice. "I will have no murder!" and the Laird turned on his heel and was gone.

That evening Simon, standing in the ale-house door, watching the Laird and his body-Squire sweeping down the street, turned to Robin and asked him if Danny feared any?

"None," said Robin, "now Missie is away."

"Did he fear her?" asked the youth.

"He feared her word," said the old man, "not her whippie."

The youth of the red eye-rims pondered.

"And does he fear none now?" he asked.

"He fears not the face of man," said Robin.

"Or the face of the Laird," said Simon, and trembled.

(*To be continued.*)