THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

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The Editor of the Monthly Review *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* Editor, *"Monthly Review,"* 50a *Albemarle Street, London, W.*

DÉBÂCLE

IN this country the King's Government will always be influenced, if not controlled, by the aristocracy. That is as it should be. On the hustings it may or may not be politic to gild the pill; but for those who do not heed or need gilding there remains only one question, Whig or Tory? The two words are as devoid of significance to-day as chain and plate armour. "Whig" has suffered most from rust and wear; let any man define "Whig" who can; he will be conspicuously able if he can disentangle "Whiggism" from the dozen illicit connections in which it has sought consolation and profit these many years.

"Expediency" in short is the inspiration of the Whig; "principle" of the Tory party. The Whig or—to use one of his dozen *noms d'aventure*—the Liberal, seeks his profit where he can find it. In the name of Liberty he does not even hesitate to set class against class; as witness the unchristian cry of "Classes against Masses." A party that can condescend so far has added one more to the crimes that have been committed in the name of Liberty: minor condescensions are comparatively blameless.

The Tory, on the other hand, contemplates the nation as a whole. He does not believe that "a man's a man for a' that." On the contrary, he sees, and recognises, the obvious fact that men are as various as the trees of the forest; nay, as the leaves on the trees of the forest. According to him the secret of good judgment is to utilise to the best advantage of the State

the enormous differences between man and man; not to cripple our action by the ridiculous pretence that they are all equal, or even alike; which they obviously are not.

They believe in doing their duty in the state of life to which they are called; with the not very difficult rider that they may, for a trial, be called to a state of life from which it is their plain duty to escape as soon as possible. This process is called "rising in the world;" for which a thousand avenues are open. Tories do not believe in making people happy by Act of Parliament. They recognise that this can only be done by the process of robbing Peter to pay Paul. According to the Tory, a man must rise, if he wishes to do so, by his own exertion; and "State"-help only means dipping into the pocket of his next-door neighbour, which is a flimsy travesty of the Eighth Commandment.

Cherishing these and similar principles the Tory accepts, as a matter of course, the lead of the aristocracy in political affairs, while the Whig must needs obscure the great fact with phrases chosen according to the tastes of the audience which he is endeavouring to persuade, and the part that he is, himself, playing at the moment. The Tory's attitude is the easier to assume, because it is simpler and more natural. Now it is, precisely, with the aristocracy that the Tory has at the present moment his most serious quarrel. It is upon the shoulders of the aristocracy that he casts all the blame for the recent misconduct of affairs, and for the cast-back of his party's fortunes throughout the country.

This is not altogether matter for astonishment, but is rather to be ascribed to the need of coalescing with Liberals; a need forced upon the Tories by the direst of all the Liberal fits of expediency. All Tory principles have for the last twenty years been tacitly dropped in the face of the imperative necessity of saving the United Kingdom from disruption. None the less has it been Tory mismanagement that has prolonged the crisis for so long; and in the meantime the old wholesome English habit of discussing public affairs has been

altogether discontinued. Politics have been voted a bore; and not unnaturally, for there has been nothing to discuss. The Tories throughout the country have seen a Ministry supremely indifferent to criticism, which is a good thing if it is a symptom of strength and confidence; but there has grown up a feeling that this indifference is derived from personal disdain of the voters. This suspicion has not been lessened by the type of candidate favoured by those who direct the fortune of the party. An embittered Press has not hesitated to describe the majority of those candidates as "guinea-pigs and nobodies." The middle classes, loyal to the Union and constituting the backbone of the Tory party, have found their interests systematically neglected and even denied: and their exasperation was not lessened by the distribution of power. The spectacle of peers of England filling subordinate posts and grasping eagerly at every little office of actual or potential value was disagreeable. This practice brought the Peerage into disrepute and offended Tory principles. Moreover, it intensified the belief that under our present *régime* the ordinary M.P. was nothing but a counter in the party game; that power will always be kept in the hands of a very few, and that, for the rest, the Tory members, so long as they voted straight, might go into public life "for what they could get out of it." This phrase, which would have disgraced a man in our grandfather's or even our father's days, is constantly heard to-day; and heard unrebuked.

Add to all this the pressure of severe taxes local and imperial: and a silent resentment at the preponderance of the Liberal Unionist wing in the counsels of the party. All honour to those Liberals who saved the Union and to their successors in power: but while rendering honour let us at the same time admit without bitterness—but also openly and without reserve—that they have had their pound of flesh, and have insisted on having it.

Add to this that for twenty years the party has had the power to abate the Irish nuisance and has not abated it, or

even told the country why it should not be abated. Add to this that one Chancellor of the Exchequer made an admirable and highly successful attempt to raise money otherwise than by the eternal income tax. When all our hopes were raised, and we felt that here, at last, the party had found courage to face the old unbearable ill with a new remedy, the experiment was needlessly and pointlessly abandoned. Such half-hearted fighting never yet won a battle.

> And backward now and forward
> Wavers the deep array,
> And on the tossing sea of steel
> To and fro the standards reel;
> And the victorious trumpets' peal
> Dies fitfully away.

We all know what happened in the battle of which these lines record the crisis; precisely the same thing happened last month, and the Tories were smitten hip and thigh. They will remain out of power for many years; and if the Whig-Radical-Liberal-Socialist-Nationalist-Labour party can be persuaded to avoid mistakes and will pass certain two measures the Tory rout, already absolute, will be as enduring as the rout of 1714.

But that is a tremendous IF; and in the meantime, what are the Tories going to do? In the first place, no party can be strong that does not contrive to put some heart into the man in the street. The man in the street is rather exacting. On the one hand he does not want "inside information," and does not, as a rule, believe in what is given him for "inside information." He wants to know a few principles and the reasons for and against their application, with precise knowledge as to how action upon these principles will affect his own interest and the interest of the State. That is not much; but it is more than the party has given him hitherto. Then on the other hand, he wants to see the party managed at least as well as a successful County Cricket Club, and on the same principles; and that is a very high standard indeed, and one which the existing party organisation does not even approach.

Why should the Tories throughout the country commit themselves to any such arduous enterprise as that of rivalling, in their party works, the organisation of a cricket club? The question is pertinent; for the Tory mind, resting as it does on principle, tends to indolence, just as the nimbler mind, devoted to expediency, is always in danger of committing itself to insane adventures. For example, supporters of the present government are already "ventilating," and not disdaining to entertain, schemes of plunder for class advantages which may well call for all the strength of the reorganised Tory party to battle.

The best reason for taking this trouble is that it is not only the affairs of England that are at stake on the individual vote: it is the peace of Asia, the progress of Africa, the salvation of Australia, and the future of half of the continent of North America. This is commonplace to those who have travelled, and observed. What was wanting was that this invaluable experience should be handed on to those who could not afford to acquire it at first hand. This is where the aristocracy has as a whole lamentably failed; and at this point the party must begin if it is to do any good in the future. The natural allies of the nobility in this indispensable work are the middle classes, on whom the nobility have cheerfully trampled for twenty years. As a result they find themselves face to face with Socialism, and it is to be hoped that they like the prospect.

Hitherto it has been assumed that the Tory leader could have the middle-class alliance for the asking. They might have done so, any time this twenty years; but it does not follow that they can have it to-day at any price. It must never be forgotten that the sentiments of the middle class were, for a century, strongly Liberal. Nothing but the wild adventures of 1886 and 1892 drove them to, and kept them in, the Tory camp. They have not been so well received there that they should be expected to resist an invitation to return to their allegiance. Many such invitations are possible; but these we may consider later.

For the moment we are considering organisation, which is impossible without a steady lead from the nobility and steady support from the middle classes. By "middle classes" I mean all the people with incomes between £500 and £5000 a year. Below £500 a year it is difficult for a man to gain, at first hand, much political knowledge of the kind that is useful to-day; while above £5000 a year a man may, if he is careful, aspire to play a leading part. The organisation that can alone save the party is that of a county cricket club. So many hundreds of thousands of people understand what this means that it is unnecessary to elaborate the parallel. It is enough to point out that "efficiency" which everybody chatters about in politics is a stern reality in cricket. For example, there is nothing but disaster ahead for a cricket club that should play men for the sake of their names. During the last twenty years nobody could have failed to remark the employment of men who did not appear to have any particular aptitude for the work with which they were entrusted. The answer to any comment has always come back like an echo—it is to give them an introduction to public life. "Mais, c'est à crever de rire." An introduction to public life, for a peer of England! As if a peer of England were not by the single fact of his existence part of the public life of England. It is only a question of what part he elects to play. The secretary of the nearest cricket club will guide him if he has any doubts.

Assuming that the party organisation is strong and intelligent, in ten years time we shall once more see a formidable Tory party: supposing that, all this time, the Liberal Unionist wing does nothing, and that the Government does nothing. Both these suppositions are extravagant. In particular, the Liberal Unionists have always known what they wanted, and they have generally got it. It is extremely unlikely that they will take the recent defeat with philosophy; or leave the Tories to extract them from a position into which, as they might justly hold, Tory mismanagement has led them.

To turn to the present Government and its prospects. When Sir Henry has been in power for two years, say, and

has allowed his more explosive supporters to blow off their steam, he will have measured his strength. In two years time he will have got his interesting, but somewhat unmanageable-looking, team well in hand. Suppose he then began to talk of Electoral Reform? Why not? Electoral Reform is the most ancient tradition of his party: the principle is its very life-blood. Of course, Ireland must come into line with the rest of the United Kingdom on this point; equally, of course, the Irish Members will furiously mutiny. But then the loss of the Irish support in the House will be more than equalled by Tory sympathy, which cannot in common decency be withheld. So Redistribution will come in as almost a non-contentious measure. Allow two sessions for this, and one year for the new register to get into working order. Sir Henry dissolves, and comes back stronger than ever.

What could the Tory agents throughout the country say? To any appeal, the innumerable middle-class voters who have voted Tory for twenty years in spite of Liberal traditions, would naturally say: "You had power for twenty years and refused to exercise it. Here, at least, is a party with some courage: we back Sir Henry."

The Liberals, then, come back for a second term of power. It is true that the Irish will be furious; but their voting power will be considerably reduced. It is reported that their leaders have expressed themselves as indifferent on this point, "because fifty Irishmen could make as much noise as a hundred." That is exactly the kind of argument that we should expect from the Irish party; it constitutes a permanent justification for refusing Home Rule. Moreover, the votes lost in Ireland will have been regained in England; a sound exchange, to say the least of it. The second term of Liberal power will—if wise counsels prevail—be devoted to finance. If there is any one point on which Liberal traditions are stronger than on the question of Reform it is Finance. The oppression of one class has always been denounced as unsound by the best financiers. Moreover, the income tax, an invaluable resource in time of war, has always been pronounced as unjustifiable at a high

rate in times of peace. It happens to hit the middle classses hardest. There is no reason why the Liberals should cherish people who have kept them out of power for twenty years; but five years punishment will probably be found sufficient for the defection. Moreover, the rally over Redistribution will have started the movement towards the Liberal flag. Five years devoted to reducing the income tax from 1*s.* to 2*d.*, and to discovering "new sources of revenue" (a pretty euphemism which we all understand) will complete the middle-class conversion. Sir Henry dissolves again: and what, again, can the Tory agents say to the country? To any appeal, the voters will say: "We backed you silently and uncomplainingly for twenty years; and for twenty years you trampled on us. We vote for Sir Henry, who has done more for us who were his enemies than you did while we were your best friends." So Sir Henry will come back for a third term, stronger than ever.

The Tories can only move on certain lines; and wherever they move they will find the ground cut from under their feet —if the Liberals follow Liberal traditions. What, then, is the limit to this idyll of perpetual power? None, at present discoverable, except the mistakes which Sir Henry's party may be obliging enough to make. As the mistakes of the enemy are absolutely the only source of consolation remaining to the Tories let us look those possible mistakes in the face.

1. *The Church.*—This is the most likely mistake for the Liberals to commit. Disestablishment is in line with the trickiness into which the policy of expediency always tends to degenerate. It answers to the more ignoble side of that policy; the fondness for fishing in troubled waters and of setting class against class.

There is no step that the Liberals could take which would more quickly and effectually check the recrudescent sympathies of the middle classes.

2. *The Army.*—The last word on the British Army was said forty-five years ago when Lord Palmerston's military adviser thus summed up:

As to the British Army, the question is—What do you mean to do with it? If you want to go masquerading about on the Continent you could do that in the time of Frederick the Great with 50,000 men. You can't do it to-day with less than 500,000. Your Lordship can have that army to-day if you like to introduce conscription (whereat Lord Palmerston shook his head); or if you can persuade the country to pay for it (whereat Lord Palmerston laughed). In the alternative we must have the Guards, and we must have the Indian Army. The present system of enlistment will suffice, for these purposes, with variations from time to time according to the fluctuations in the state of the wages market. For the rest—Back the Volunteers.

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge is reported to have cut it still shorter by saying: "I'll give you an Army to-morrow if you like to pay for it." In time there came Mr. Brodrick's scheme, of which everybody made sport. But, in the opinion of one humble observer, the only person in the House who did not look foolish on that occasion was Mr. Brodrick. What he said was, in effect: "If you want to use eighteenth-century machinery to do twentieth-century work, this is the price that you must pay." It was a very valuable lesson. Then came Mr. Arnold-Forster, probably the most learned civilian in military matters who ever existed. What everybody expected was that, so soon as he had held office long enough to meet the charge of having come into power with his mind made up, he would have told the nation plainly that neither he nor anybody else could make one man do the work of ten; and that if we wanted a twentieth-century army we must adopt twentieth-century methods. Now we have Mr. Haldane; and if Mr. Haldane can make one man do the work of ten he will be cleverer than Lord Palmerston, and the Duke of Cambridge, and Mr. Brodrick and Mr. Arnold-Forster all put together. But it is improbable that Mr. Haldane will proceed on that assumption; so the Tories have nothing to hope from War Office blunders. The nation realises that all the possible experiments have been made, and that nothing remains except to shift the pegs from time to time. There is, perhaps, a small cloud on the serene War Office horizon—Japan.

3. *Foreign Politics* is where the Liberals have generally come to grief in recent years. The public can know nothing whatever about them; and criticism is almost absurd. In this case all that the public can know is that no Grey was ever weak-kneed. If he blunders, he blunders consumedly. This Grey will probably not blunder; and if there is a difference of opinion it will not be the Foreign Secretary who will go to the wall.

4. *India.*—No stranger freak of politics was ever known than that which placed the fortunes of the greatest military empire in the world in the control of Mr. John Morley. Nevertheless he wrote, among other things, the Essay on Compromise; so the Tories will have no more to hope from India than from Foreign Politics or the War Office. The Colonies are, perhaps, more hopeful: there are many rocks ahead at the Colonial Office.

On the whole it must be confessed that the Tory prospects never looked worse, except, perhaps, in 1714. They are now paying the penalty for neglect of the party, just as they did at the earlier date. For two years before the death of Queen Anne there had been practically no government in England. "The sterility of good and able men is incredible" was said at the time; but perhaps Henry St. John took no pains to bring forward his "good and able men," of whom there must have been many. He counted on the young bloods of the October Club, who corresponded to the guinea-pigs of to-day; and probably reflected that his own genius could be relied upon to remedy any deficiencies. It was a natural blunder; but it ruined his party. He was devoted to sport, and condescended to letters. He loved adulation: especially the adulation of ladies. He was disdainful of the crowd, whom he thought he could always cajole with fine speeches. While he loved power, he loved still more the pretence of despising power. Isolated among his cronies he remained contentedly ignorant of the temper of England; and in his downfall he left his party bankrupt of everything but hope.

WALTER FREWEN LORD.

LORD LOVELACE ON THE SEPARATION OF LORD AND LADY BYRON

THE Earl of Lovelace has printed a volume in which he offers to explain the separation of Lord and Lady Byron in April 1816. It is a book which no one but Lord Lovelace could have written. Only the poet's grandson could venture to illustrate so faithfully the meanest points in Byron's character, with barely a suggestion of his genius or finer feelings.

In the course of his narrative Lord Lovelace frequently refers to the recent edition of Byron's "Letters and Journals," published by Mr. Murray in 1898–1901. So far as those remarks concern me, they are of interest only to myself, and they interest me but little. But Lord Lovelace's repudiation of all connection with that edition is a different matter. It compels me to reply to the charge of having deceived the public by acknowledging my indebtedness for assistance which he denies.

In 1896, as Mr. Murray has proved from Lord Lovelace's own letters, Lord Lovelace accepted the editorship of Lord Byron's works. When, in November 1897, I succeeded him, with his warm approval, as the responsible editor of Byron's "Letters and Journals," he placed in my hands his autograph copies of extracts from certain letters of Lord Byron to his

half-sister, Mrs. Leigh. They were not for publication. I read them and returned them to him. I construed them as a danger-signal; but neither he nor I commented on their contents. I took Lord Lovelace's action as an intimation of his wish that nothing should be said on the possible relations between Lord Byron and his half-sister, or on their possible bearing on the ultimate causes of the separation.

The wish, thus attributed by me to Lord Lovelace, agreed with my own personal inclinations. I was concerned, and the public were concerned, with Lord Byron only. To me—and to them—Lady Byron was an excellent woman, who would never have been heard of but for the misfortune of her marriage with a man of genius. If she wanted a separation, I could imagine half a dozen excellent reasons which would justify her in obtaining her wish. But the details of the squalid story are scarcely more interesting than fifty similar cases heard in the Divorce Court, and, for public decency, heard *in camerâ*.

Moreover, the extracts from the letters, though not incompatible with the existence of an unusual warmth of affection between the brother and sister, were not conclusive of guilt, and had no necessary bearing on the causes of the separation. Either the letters were in Lady Byron's possession at the time, or they were not. If they were not—as was certainly the case—they could not have influenced her decision. Even if they were in Lady Byron's possession, they were not to my mind at all conclusive of Mrs. Leigh's guilt. And for this special reason.

Lord Lovelace has industriously raked from the muck-heap a number of cases of such an attachment as that which he charges against his grandfather. But he has not done his scavenging fairly. He has suppressed the only case which is really pertinent. Byron was not the man to be outdone by his own father. His possession of certain letters, written by his father, Captain Byron, to his own sister, and his knowledge of their contents, would spur him on to boast, even if he had no right to do so, of a similar vice. If his mood was that described by his

wife in 1816, he was quite capable of writing letters to his half-sister for the pleasure of torturing Lady Byron with suspicion of their relations. There was no proof that they ever reached Mrs. Leigh. Therefore Lord Lovelace's book of extracts, without further evidence—and none was offered to me—was at once inconclusive of guilt, and irrelevant to the causes of separation.

When the edition of Lord Byron's "Letters and Journals" reached the third volume, and the period of Lady Byron's separation from her husband, no opinion was expressed on the causes of that event. The subject was relegated to its proper place—an appendix in small print. On only one of the letters contained in the proofs of that appendix did Lord Lovelace make any comment. He queried the letter numbered sixty-nine, with the note "May not this arouse suspicion?" I thought, on the other hand, that, as the letter had been already published, its omission would be more significant. I therefore retained it, as there were other ladies besides Mrs. Leigh to whom it might apply. I remember no other instance in which I did not defer even to such a suggestion of Lord Lovelace's wish as was conveyed by a query.

The fourth volume of the "Letters and Journals" was in the Press, when its publication was delayed in the circumstances set out in the following statement. That statement, dated February 2, 1900, formed part of an intended preface to vol. iv. It was written by me, in consultation with Mr. Murray, with the facts fresh in our minds, with the documents before us, and was settled by Mr. Murray's legal adviser. It is therefore, in comparison with Lord Lovelace's wild assertions, an authoritative account of the events which preceded his repudiation of any further association with the edition of Byron's "Letters and Journals." It was, however, withdrawn, and not published, because the private exhibition of its contents by Mr. Murray to Lord Byron's legal representative produced a settlement of the dispute which was not unsatisfactory.

To two passages in vol. iii. Lord Lovelace, after publication, objected. The first was the statement made in the Preface, and repeated on p. 137, that the letters to Miss Milbanke were "printed from copies made by the Earl of Lovelace." The second was the statement (p. 287) that "no evidence exists to prove the precise nature of the charges on which Lady Byron separated from her husband." In consequence of these objections Lord Lovelace requested Mr. Murray to delay the publication of vol. iv., at that time ready for the Press. His request was complied with. After a delay of six weeks, he, through his solicitor, offered partial fulfilment of his promises, on the following conditions. All the letters to Mrs. Leigh were to be withdrawn unless I consented to accept as my own, and publish in my own name, without modification, explanation, or comment, a statement which, to my knowledge, was inaccurate and misleading. I was willing to publish the statement as Lord Lovelace's, and on his authority; but I declined to accept it on my own responsibility. The letters were therefore withdrawn.

No reason for Lord Lovelace's action was given; all explanation was refused; arbitration, accepted by Mr. Murray, was declined by Lord Lovelace, and his solicitor was directed to close the correspondence.

The statement which Lord Lovelace, and the representative of Lord Byron acting with him, endeavoured to force upon me was as follows: "That the letters from Lord Byron to Miss Milbanke were neither Lord Lovelace's contribution nor selection, and that he did not contribute any of the letters in the volumes hitherto published; also the statement that no evidence exists as to the cause of separation of Lord and Lady Byron was made in too positive a form."

I take the three parts of this statement in their order:

1. *The letters from Lord Byron to Miss Milbanke were neither Lord Lovelace's contribution nor selection.*

The facts are as follows: The copies are in the handwriting of Lord Lovelace. They were handed by him to the late Mr. Murray as some recognition, on behalf of his sister and himself, of Mr. Murray's gift to him of a portion of the Augusta Leigh correspondence. When these copies were placed in my hands by Mr. Murray, I enclosed them, at his request, to Lord Lovelace, and asked his express permission for their publication; and Lord Lovelace replied that, with one exception, he could see "no objection to their publication." The excepted letter was withdrawn, and the remaining letters were printed from his own copies, without omissions or alterations.

So far, then, it is plain that the letters were, distinctly and beyond all doubt, Lord Lovelace's *contribution*. That the *selection* of the letters and extracts was his I have never stated, and do not allege.

2. *That Lord Lovelace did not contribute any of the letters in the volumes hitherto published.*

The facts are as follows: Not only did Lord Lovelace contribute the

letters to Miss Milbanke, but he also contributed some of the letters to Mrs. Leigh which have been published, and at least seven letters written by Lady Caroline Lamb. Further than this, unless undue stress is to be laid upon the word "letters," the statement is inaccurate as to portions of other letters contributed by him.

But, beyond these facts, the statement is misleading from its large suppression of the truth.

From first to last Lord Lovelace has claimed, received, and exercised the fullest opportunity of controlling my work as Editor. I do not, of course, press this fact against Lord Lovelace so far as to hold him responsible for every statement made in this edition. That would be unreasonable. But all the proofs, in all their successive stages of proofs in slip, revises in slip, proofs in pages and revises in pages, have been sent by the printers to him as well as to myself. He has obviously read parts with care; has made corrections and excisions, offered suggestions, and raised objections. On no occasion have I failed to carry out his wishes, even when they were, in my opinion, detrimental to my work.

3. *Also the statement that no evidence exists as to the cause of separation of Lord and Lady Byron was made in too positive a form.*

The facts are as follows: No such statement is anywhere made in my work. What I said (vol. iii. p. 287) was that "no evidence exists to prove the precise nature of the charges on which Lady Byron separated from her husband." This cautious statement is very different from that which Lord Lovelace imputes to me, and I adhere to it; but, whether it is correct or not, Lord Lovelace himself is mainly responsible for its being made.

In the presence of Mr. Murray, in his room at 50 Albemarle Street, I asked Lord Lovelace what were the causes of Lady Byron's separation. He replied, and Mr. Murray confirms me in my recollection, that he did not know himself; that he believed there might be found to be some temporary cause for their not living together as husband and wife; that, so far as he was aware, there was no permanent cause for their not doing so; and that Lady Byron had been badly advised.

At a later date Mr. Murray wrote to Lord Lovelace, suggesting that there were some episodes in Lord Byron's life which it might be desirable to pass over in silence. Lord Lovelace replied:

"My conviction is that your nightmare is a complete illusion. There are passages in his [Lord Byron's] life which it would be highly improper, even criminal, to bring forward at the present time—not because damning to him; I altogether deny that anything that *with truth* could be brought up against him is so bad as that—but because it would be dishonouring to the informers prematurely to uncover a series of events which, though they have long passed far out of reach of all human judgment, a respectful silence still keeps out of common knowledge."

The significance of these two statements of Lord Lovelace is increased by the fact that they were made to persons who were, to a very great extent, themselves behind the scenes. I felt that, if neither Lord Lovelace nor Mr. Murray knew "the precise nature of the charges on which Lady Byron separated from her husband," there could exist no evidence to "prove" them.

My carefully worded sentence, then, is intended to include a variety of charges, the "precise nature" of which it is impossible to "prove," and is not exclusively confined to the one point referred to by Lord Lovelace. As to that one point I relied upon Lord Lovelace's own statement, and I may therefore be excused from contradicting it on Lord Lovelace's unsupported authority.

It is possible that the key to many of the difficulties in which the separation is involved may be found in the explanation offered by Lord Byron to Hanson, his solicitor. Of that explanation Lord Lovelace himself has probably no knowledge. The evidence for it is in Mr. Murray's possession, and from its nature it is unlikely to appear in any legal document.

So much for the statement which the representative of Lord Byron (at the instigation of Lord Lovelace) and Lord Lovelace have endeavoured to force me to adopt as my own.

I am grateful to them for the ground of action thus selected. The Leigh correspondence might have been justly withdrawn, if the material placed at my disposal had been misused. The refutation of any such charge lies in the fact that the letters are withdrawn, because I could not in honour give my name to a statement which Lord Lovelace himself declines to sign.

Copies of the letters to Mrs. Leigh, now withdrawn by Lord Lovelace, are in my possession. In all the circumstances of the case, an Editor might feel himself morally justified in using his legal rights to paraphrase or make extracts from these letters. But no allusion to them, and no information derived from them, will be found in these pages.

The result of this statement of the case was that Mr. Murray was permitted by Lord Byron's representative to publish ten out of the twenty letters to Mrs. Leigh which were to have appeared in the fourth volume. It was not, and never has been, alleged that any of the twenty letters revealed any family secrets, or were in any way unfit for publication. On the contrary, they present Byron's character in its most favourable light.

From this moment Lord Lovelace withdrew, finally and publicly, from any connection with the edition. Since the publication of his book, I see more clearly the grounds of his action. No doubt the indirect effect of the six volumes of letters was to raise the popular estimation of Lord Byron's

character. But I partially understood Lord Lovelace's feelings at the time, and had no desire to run counter to his wishes. I recognised that he wanted to disavow all connection with an edition which contributed indirectly to enhance his grandfather's reputation. What had been written could not be altered; but when the sources of the letters were stated in vol. vi., the ambiguous phrase "Family Papers" was substituted for "Lovelace Manuscripts," and no further acknowledgment was made of indebtedness for Lord Lovelace's assistance.

The only document produced in Lord Lovelace's volume which directly bears on the separation is Lady Byron's statement of March 14, 1816. That document is merely a legal device for writing "without prejudice" over all her manifestations of warm affection towards her half-sister-in-law. This course may have been justifiable in the circumstances. But, unlike the use of the legal phrase, it gives no warning of suspicion or of the need of caution, and, therefore, undoubtedly adds a new element to the insincerities of social life. It is the principle, apparently, on which her grandson acts. Lord Lovelace solicited and accepted favours from the late Mr. Murray, "without prejudice" to rancorous hatred and suspicion towards the donor.

Has Lord Lovelace produced any "evidence to prove the precise nature of the charges on which Lady Byron separated from her husband"? I think not. It was the opinion of her legal advisers that Lady Byron's "proofs and suspicions" were "decidedly not enough to establish the charge." But the case was to be tried in the Spiritual Court. On what evidence did her advisers intend to rely to win their case? Lord Lovelace nowhere tells us. Neither does he tell us whether Lady Byron definitely charged her husband with misconduct after, as well as before, marriage. Neither does he print the confession which, as he alleges, was subsequently made by Mrs. Leigh. This should be conclusive as to the alleged fact. Why is it not published? Did the cause mentioned by Lady Byron to Mrs. Leigh in her

letter of September 1816,[1] have no influence on the separation? Did not the ferocious insult levelled by Byron, through his wife, at Lady Milbanke—an insult which he is said to have given to the solicitor engaged in preparing his defence as his explanation of the demand for separation—appear neither in Lady Byron's written nor in her verbal statements to Dr. Lushington? Until Lord Lovelace can answer these and other questions, his material does not controvert a syllable of the statement to which he objected in the edition of Byron's "Letters and Journals."

ROWLAND E. PROTHERO.

[1] "Letters and Journals of Lord Byron," vol. iii., Appendix to chap. 12, No. 72.

THE COMING EDUCATION BILL: A FORECAST

IT did not require Mr. Birrell's statement to his constituents at Bristol to assure us that a Bill amending the Education Act of 1902 will be the chief Government measure of this session. The history of the past three years, and particularly the course and results of the General Election, had taken that decision out of Mr. Birrell's hands. All that remains to the Government is to give effect to the express mandate of the electorates. That mandate is definite so far as the fundamental, but indefinite so far as the subordinate, principles of the new measure are concerned. And herein lie both the Government's opportunity and its chief difficulty. Had the mandate been less explicit in the first, and less indefinite in the second, of these respects, Mr. Birrell's task would have been so much the easier, and the credit due to him if, and when, he successfully accomplishes it, correspondingly less.

The electorates have laid down two, and only two, essential conditions of the new Bill. It must

1. Establish absolute popular control of all schools maintained at the public cost; and

2. Abolish all denominational tests for teachers employed by the State.

These are the generally accepted postulates of the problem upon the attempted solution of which the new Minister of Education is now concentrating his energies. Beyond these

the electorates at large have placed no restrictions of any kind upon him. Within the limitations of these two conditions he has been given a perfectly free hand—and a majority more than sufficient to enable him to enforce his wishes upon the House of Commons, and, by presumption, upon the House of Lords also.

But to conclude from this that his task is going to be either easy or pleasant would be a fatal mistake. He, at all events, is under no such false impression. He has already realised that the acceptance of the two essential conditions named is but the beginning of Ministerial sorrows. Differing from the ordinary image in the mist, the Spectre of the Education Brocken assumes larger and ever larger proportions the more nearly it is approached. Mr. Birrell has already realised that the denominationalist possesses equal political rights with the undenominationalist or the co-denominationalist, and that the Roman Catholic conscience may possibly prove quite as intractable as its Nonconformist congener. He has long since given up any hope he may ever have conceived of being able to please, or even to conciliate, both. The utmost extent of his present ambition is to evolve a scheme which will meet with only the irreducible minimum of aggressive hostility—not to speak of passive resistance—from one side or the other, or perhaps both.

Nevertheless there are other limitations upon his freedom of action than those placed by either the mandate of the country or the prejudices of religious bigotry. He stands in the position of an architect instructed to transform an antiquated castellated building, with its structural and sanitary limitations, into a roomy mansion possessing all modern conveniences; he is commanded to alter as little as may be of the actual structure; he finds the old edifice is made up of a number of separate tenements, the holders of which all claim vested interests in the building; they dare him to touch these or to eject them—and the funds at his disposal for buying them out are strictly limited. The President of the Royal Society

of British Architects would find some difficulty in devising a plan to meet the case—and so does Mr. Birrell!

There is no intention or attempt in the present article to advocate any particular solution of the difficulty in whole or in part. The rather is it intended—to vary the simile—to be a survey of the coming battlefield; an estimate of the forces to be engaged; an indication of the direction in which each may be expected to operate; and, having regard for the relative strength of the contending forces, an "intelligent anticipation" of the probable result of the impact where the main issues of the fight are involved.

I. The Nationalisation of Education.

The keynote of the new Bill will be the nationalisation of education. The tones of this note were perceptible—though suppressed by the dominating influence of the denominational note—in the Act of 1902. But that which was more or less faint in Mr. Balfour's composition will become powerful, even strident, in Mr. Birrell's. His limitations will not be those of his own conception, but will be forced upon him by the character of the instrument upon which he has to play.

By a strange contradiction the schools termed "National" present the chief difficulty in the way of nationalising education to-day. But the whole terminology of the subject teems with similar paradoxes. While the denominational school is called "National" the chief characteristic of the "voluntary" school is the complete absence of "voluntaryism" in its maintenance. In respect of such schools the Local Education Authority is no "authority" at all except for the purpose of furnishing the necessary funds.

But on this point the mandate of the country, which Mr. Birrell must obey, is explicit. The "authority" must become real and not nominal. Popular control must become absolute. It is true that enthusiasts like Canon Cleworth maintain that the Act of 1902 already gives complete public control; but

they will find it difficult to convince the new House of Commons that their view is correct.

If then popular control is to be made absolute, we shall have a real and not merely nominal nationalisation of education. This again involves the effacement of the existing distinction between "provided" and "non-provided" schools. Under the Education Act of 1906 there will be only one class of State-supported public elementary schools. The name that may be given them, whether "State," "Council," or "National" is immaterial. For all practical purposes they will all be "National" in the sense that they will be both maintained and controlled by the nation and not by any denomination.

This will not be easily accomplished. When it is remembered that, of 20,227 existing public elementary schools, 14,082 are privately managed though wholly maintained at the public cost, and that only 6,145 fulfil the conditions laid down by the mandate of the country, the magnitude of the change now contemplated can be the better appreciated. The managers of the 14,082 schools will not voluntarily or easily surrender the power and patronage they now exercise at the public cost.

Apart from this question of power and patronage, there is the essential fact that the "nationalisation" will necessarily mean the undenominationalising of the 14,082 schools. For, the National School Society notwithstanding, the new House of Commons, where the Free Churchmen alone outnumber the whole body of the Unionist Opposition, is not likely to admit that a "National" school can be "denominational," or that public control is reconcilable with private management.

To overcome this difficulty a number of suggestions, more ingenious than practical, have been put forward. One such is that in urban areas possessing a sufficient number of school places to meet the requirements of the "National" pupils, provision might be made in special schools for the "denominational" pupils. Such schools, it is suggested, should be

restricted to pupils belonging to one denomination, and should be entitled to the same measure of rate-aid as the "National," or "undenominational" school. This proposal is put forward primarily in the interests of Roman Catholic schools, and less directly, of Jewish schools. There are 1063 of the former, and only 13 of the latter in existence. The manifest objection to the proposal is that it involves preferential treatment for one denomination. If this preferential treatment were accorded to the Roman Catholics, the Anglicans would immediately put in their claim. It is obvious that in this matter the State must be impartial. It must treat all denominations alike. That is, it must give rate-aid to all or to none. But the idea that a House of Commons, which is expected to pass a Disestablishment and Disendowment Bill in its third session, should deliberately enter upon a scheme of concurrent endowment for all denominations during its first session, is too obviously absurd to be entertained. It would simply, Mr. Birrell would say, be perpetuating and intensifying the evils of a system which in two years has produced 70,000 prosecutions for Passive Resistance.

As an alternative to this it will also be suggested that existing denominational schools so desiring may be allowed to contract out of the Act. That is to say, in return for the privilege of maintaining their denominational character and of retaining the rights of private management, they will surrender the claim to rate-aid which the Act of 1902 gave them. In a word, they would revert to the system obtaining before that Act was passed, become once more semi-voluntary, drawing the bulk of their income from Imperial sources, and making up the deficiency by means of voluntary contributions. This, it is true, would avoid the danger of a recrudescence in more virulent epidemic form of the Passive Resistance fever—for, strange anomaly, the Nonconformist conscience permits the payment to the tax-collector of what it refuses to the local rate-collector. But there remains a more serious objection to this proposal. It would mean not only asking the House of

Commons to disobey the popular mandate, but asking the Conservative Opposition to stultify itself by undoing what the Conservative Government had so recently effected.

It is no answer to say that these would be special cases, limited to urban communities, and consequently restricted in their area of application. For, it will be argued, why should the urban denominationalist enjoy privileges refused to his rural brother? Is not the denominational conscience in the country entitled to the same amount of consideration as is accorded it in the town? Nor would the area of application be so restricted as is assumed. Five-sixths of the 327 local education authorities control education in urban areas. One-third of the autonomous municipal boroughs, and one-fourth of the autonomous urban districts have, at present, not a single "Cowper-Temple" school. The whole of the religious education imparted is frankly denominational. On what principle of selection would the schools to be deprived of existing privileges be determined upon? For, as has been noted, the proposal contemplates providing in each urban area a sufficient number of "Cowper-Temple" schools before any claim could be put in by any school to contract out of the Act.

Then there still remains the even more fatal objection that such a plan would upset the whole scheme for ensuring uniformity and co-ordination of education. Mr. Birrell has formed high ideals of what national education in this country should be. Neither Switzerland, Germany, nor the United States, far as they are in advance of our system, fully answers his conception of a national system fitted to the requirements of a country which has to maintain its proud position of pre-eminence in the world's commerce and industry. Animated by such ideals, no Minister of Education with such a progressive majority prepared to support him, would be likely to revert, even in the case of a small number of schools, to a system which past experience has proved means educational inefficiency, and which has been legislatively condemned by the only political party which, by any stretch of imagination, could be

expected now to advocate its re-establishment. Every State-supported school left outside the sphere of popular control would be a standing menace to our national system of education. It would afford not merely the pretext, but the leverage, for the undoing of the national scheme by any future reactionary Minister of Education.

Thus, whether we do or do not relish the idea, we are forced to the conclusion that from motives of self-preservation, if upon no higher ground, the advocates of a national system of education (which is tantamount to saying the whole of the present House of Commons except the Irish Nationalists) will insist upon all State-maintained public elementary schools being placed upon a footing of absolute equality so far as conditions of admission, staffing, maintenance, and control are concerned.

II. The Co-ordination of Education.

The nationalisation of the elementary school will facilitate the co-ordination of all other grades. England is only beginning to realise the importance and possibilities of technical and secondary education. The fostering of these, and the fitting of them in with, and supplementary to, the system of elementary schools, is one of the objects upon which Mr. Birrell is known to have set his heart. This will be a non-contentious part of the new Bill, and the new policy will probably find expression in the removal of the twopenny limit imposed by Section 2 (1) of the Act of 1902, with, possibly, a corresponding increase in the Treasury contribution.

III. The Administrative Machinery.

The regulation of the administrative machinery may, with one exception hereafter noted, be expected to prove a largely non-contentious subject during the coming discussions. Not because the opposing parties, nor even the various sections in the dominant party, are in anything like agreement upon the

subject; but because by common consent there exists a general unpreparedness unduly to complicate the new Bill by the inclusion therein of anything not demanded by, or consequent upon, the popular mandate.

We may therefore expect to find the constitution of the existing Local Education Authority left untouched. There will be no cutting up of the country into new education authority areas; no re-establishment of the old School Boards; no reversion to the old *ad hoc* principle of election. The county, urban, or borough council will remain, as at present, the Local Education Authority, and will continue to carry on its work through its education committee.

But the experience of all education committees is that they are now overburdened with work, largely owing to the great mass of purely routine, and frequently unimportant, business they have to transact. Another frequent and equally well-founded complaint is that the local interest in educational efficiency is discouraged and suppressed by the establishment of an educational bureaucracy in each county area. Closely related to the latter is the complaint that the working man is, in the county areas, excluded from any active participation in educational administration by the loss of time and the cost of travelling involved in frequent attendance at meetings of the education committee.

It may be anticipated that some attempt will be made to remedy each of these grievances in the coming Bill—the first two by a larger measure of permissive devolution of powers from the county education committee to subordinate district committees; the last by a provision that the travelling expenses of members of the education committee may be made a charge upon the county fund. This proposal will be challenged on the ground that it will only be a preliminary to the payment of members in Parliament—an objection which will have but little weight with so democratic a House of Commons as we now possess.

Reverting to the question of district committees subordi-

nate to the county education committee, something may be learned from the case of Wales, which has not infrequently been made an experimental ground for English legislation. Dr. Clifford and others have put in a powerful plea for reducing the size of the administrative areas, and have suggested existing Local Government Poor Law areas as the unit. For reasons already given Mr. Birrell is hardly likely to listen to this demand. He may, and probably will, however, encourage the creation of district committees with extensive local powers at the discretion of the Local Education Authority. Wales has already foreshadowed a practical solution. In its thirteen county areas (excluding its four county boroughs) the Principality has about ninety Intermediate schools, each under the Welsh Intermediate Education Act having its own local governing body subordinate to the county education committee. Around each of these is an easily defined group of elementary schools, averaging fifteen or eighteen in number. The Welsh idea is then, to divide the county into areas corresponding with its Intermediate school districts; to reconstitute the local governing body on a more democratic basis; give it the charge of all grades of education within its area—elementary, secondary, technical, continuation, and science and art schools. In addition to this each individual school will have its own body of local managers, subordinate to the district committee and responsible for the purely local affairs of its own school.

The advantages of such a scheme, if accompanied by a large devolution of powers to the district committee, are almost too obvious to require demonstration. The district committees would be, in fact, resuscitated but glorified School Boards, possessing in some respects more extended powers. Seats upon them would be eagerly sought by the better and more intelligent class of village Hampdens, and as such seats could only be secured by elected members of the various existing local authorities—*e.g.*, county, town, urban, district, and parish councils—it is easy to conceive what a revivi-

fying effect it would have upon the constitution of those authorities.

The contentious part of the proposal comes in with the appointment of local managers for each individual school in the group. The denominationalists will put in a strong plea for at least a minority representation upon the body of local managers for every school which is now controlled by them. The demand will be as strenuously opposed on the double ground (*a*) that the representation of private interests is incompatible with the principle of popular control; and (*b*) that the schools having been deprived of their denominational character, the necessity for denominational representation no longer exists.

IV. Equalising the Financial Burden.

Another non-contentious and much needed reform will be a provision for equalising the financial burden. At present the incidence of taxation for educational purposes is very unequal. Not only so, but it presses most heavily upon the communities least able to bear it. To take a few illustrative examples: while Cambridge, where a penny rate is equivalent to 3*s.* 4*d.* per child in the schools, has an elementary education rate of 14*d.* in the £, Oxford, where a penny rate produces 4*s.* 2*d.* per scholar, is let off with a rate of 7½*d.* in the £. While a penny rate produces only 1*s.* 2*d.* per pupil in Bilston, Ilkeston, and Llanelly, the same levy produces 6*s.* 8*d.* per scholar in Bournemouth, 7*s.* 8*d.* in Beckenham, 8*s.* in Ealing, and 9*s.* in Hove. Even in the same county the education rate varies enormously in neighbouring towns. In Berkshire, New Windsor has a rate of 7*d.* and Newbury 1*s.* 1½*d.* in the £. In Cheshire the education rate of Macclesfield is twice as much in the £ as in Wallasey. Torquay, in Devonshire, gets off with 4¼*d.* as against 11*d.* for Devonport. Hartlepool, in Durham, has an education rate of 20*d.*, as against 5*d.* in West Hartlepool. In Middlesex, Ealing pays 5*d.* and Enfield 20*d.* in the £. In Essex, Southend-on-Sea is jubilant with a 6*d.* rate, while Walthamstow and West Ham groan under a 24*d.* rate.

This inequality will be to some extent modified though not altogether removed by the coming Bill, which will either revive the old Necessitous School Board Grant, or make a material addition on a more elastic sliding scale, to the present Aid Grant. In any case, the proportion of contribution as between Local and Imperial Funds will be largely modified, the latter giving more and the former less than is the case at present in the heavily rated areas.

V. School Buildings.

When we come to consider the question of school buildings we touch one of the greatest difficulties Mr. Birrell has to face. The public now own 6145 schools, providing accommodation for 3,172,622 scholars. The voluntaryists own 14,082 schools with accommodation for 3,688,859 children. If the schools are to be "nationalised" and brought under popular control, accommodation must be provided for at least three and a half million children in addition to the schools already publicly owned. This can only be done by either (*a*) utilising the existing denominational buildings, or (*b*) by building new schools.

It is just here the denominationalists see their opportunity, and propose making the most effective use of it. They say, in effect:

> Continue the existing denominational character of our schools, and confirm us in our existing powers of control, and we will continue to grant you the use of our buildings free of cost for the purposes of secular education. If not, we will compel you to provide new school buildings, at an estimated minimum cost of £40,000,000.

To this the extremists on the other side reply:

> The country has decided in favour of absolute popular control and the abolition of religious tests. The denominational character of the schools, and the private control thereof, must both be abolished. You hold your schools under definite educational trusts. You cannot close them at your option. The precedent set by the Act of 1870, and confirmed by the Act of 1902,

established the paramount right of Parliament to vary the nature of your trusts, or to relieve you of them entirely. We are willing to recognise existing rights of private or denominational ownership for denominational purposes, but we shall insist upon the purely educational trusts being observed.

The Bishop of Manchester has recognised the weakness of the denominationalist position, and Lord Stanley of Alderley the strength of the "National" position. The former has suggested the possibility of the Church reverting to a purely voluntary maintenance of her schools as the only available means of retaining her denominational rights of ownership in her existing school buildings. The latter, taking the Act of 1870 as a precedent, suggests the compulsory acquisition of the buildings for school purposes as an alternative to the optional transfer under that Act. The Roman Catholics have emphatically declared that under no conceivable circumstance will they yield their proprietary rights in their school buildings. In cases—and they are numerous—where Parliament has already made building grants towards the erection of these schools, the problem is of course simplified.

Placing for the moment the question of compulsory confiscation aside, there remain three courses for an amicable adjustment of the differences as between the Nation and the Church. These are:

1. A general application of the principle contained in the Act of 1870. This provided for the transfer of the school building to the Local Authority during school hours and its unfettered use by the owning denomination at all other times. A nominal rent of 5*s*. per annum was paid by the Education Authority, the real consideration, however, being the maintenance of the structure at the public cost for the use of the denomination outside school hours.

2. The second suggested solution is a variant of the first. It contemplates the payment of a substantial rental of 3*s*., 4*s*., or 5*s*. per pupil per annum by the Education Authority to the owning denomination for the use of the buildings during school hours. In such case the denomination would be responsible

for the maintenance of the structures and would have its unfettered use as before. The rent could be applied for any or all of the following purposes: (*a*) Maintenance of the structure; (*b*) The cost of religious instruction; (*c*) Bursaries carrying the children of Church parents to the secondary school. (N.B.—This plan has already actually been adopted in some cases—even in Wales!)

3. The purchase of the denominational rights in the buildings. Though it would cost £40,000,000 to replace existing buildings by new structures, £20,000,000 or £25,000,000 would more than cover the estimated value of the present buildings, many of which are out of date and would only be used pending the erection of more suitable schoolrooms. Under any such scheme the Church would lose all claim to the use of the buildings for denominational purposes outside school hours.

It is probable that a clause will be introduced making provision for the use, under certain restrictions, of all buildings rented, leased, or purchased by the Education Authority for ordinary parochial purposes. This would go a long way towards providing every community with its own parish hall —a long felt want.

It is possible a time-limit will be fixed within which it will be competent for the Education Authority and the Owning Denomination to arrive at a mutual agreement under one or other of the three methods indicated—every such agreement to be subject to the sanction of the Board of Education. At the expiration of the time-limit the Education Authority will be called upon to provide any then remaining deficiency in school accommodation; and, to ease the pressure of local burdens, special building grants in aid may be made from the Treasury.

VI. Religious Instruction.

The question of religious instruction will afford as fertile a field for contentious discussion as the ownership of school

buildings. Without entering here at any length into the merits of the question, it may be said that the abolition of denominational tests for teachers greatly simplifies the problem. If the teacher is not required to subscribe to any particular creed, it is obvious he cannot be called upon to impart "definite religious instruction" in the tenets of any particular church.

This, however, by no means solves the problem. The State—whether it be represented by Parliament or by County Council—must of necessity adopt an attitude of strict impartiality towards all contending creeds and churches. What it grants to one it must grant to all; what it refuses to one must be granted to none. The State, then, will assume no responsibility for denominational instruction.

But what of the so-called undenominational instruction (which, however, would be more properly termed co-denominational instruction)? Around this question the battle will rage with all the fierceness which has ever characterised so-called religious discussions. There will be three distinct forces operating on the field. These will be:

1. The denominationalists, frankly demanding denominational teaching.

2. The co-denominationalists demanding a new State recognised and established religious formula.

3. Those who, from lack of a better name, must be termed secularists, although largely consisting of persons enthusiastic for the efficient imparting of religious instruction.

The Roman Catholics will all fight for the first of the three systems; the Labour Party for the third; Anglicans will be divided between the first and second; Nonconformists between the second and third. Those who favour the first will accept the third in preference to the second, which will thus be subjected to both a frontal and a flanking attack. The demand that the co-denominationalist shall be placed on a footing of absolute equality with the denominationalist will probably grow in volume and intensity, and will compel Mr. Birrell to modify his personal point of view.

A somewhat clumsy and not altogether courageous attempt

will be made to shift the responsibility from the shoulders of Parliament to those of the Local Education Authority. This will mean the intensifying of local sectarian rancour with consequences anything but favourable to the interests of education.

The outcome will not improbably be the placing of all religious instruction, denominational and co-denominational, outside the official school curriculum, while affording "facilities" on an equal footing for each and every denomination, either acting independently of or in unison with each other.

VII. The Teachers.

As a matter of common justice the vested interests of teachers in schools transferred by consent or otherwise to the Local Authority, will be religiously observed. To this extent, and to this extent only, will the right of the public to engage —and dismiss—its own servants be restricted.

Relieved of the obligation of subscribing to any particular creed, they will be relieved also of the duty of imparting religious instruction as a condition of their engagement. Some would go further than this, and forbid any member of a school staff giving denominational instruction in the school outside school hours—on the ground that permission to do so would be a standing temptation to one of two evils, either (*a*) that the dominant denomination should secretly favour candidates of its own church; or (*b*) that every denomination in turn would put forward a demand that it should be represented upon the school staff by at least one of its members. It is hardly probable, however, that Parliament will consent to go this length.

It may be that the Bill, as introduced by Mr. Birrell, will not contain all the provisions herein foreshadowed, and that it may contain provisions hardly reconcilable with some of them. But the Bill as it leaves the House of Commons may be reasonably expected to approximate in its character to the forecast given above.

Beriah G. Evans.

SOCIALISM AND DEMOCRACY IN GERMANY

THE German Social Democratic Party supplies another excellent illustration of the truth implied in the saying—slowly rises that which is oppressed by poverty. The phrase was originally coined by Dr. Johnson in regard to certain eminent men who, after a long and keen struggle, became famous. But what is true of individuals may justly be applied to corporations, political, social, religious, and so on. Nor is there any lack of historic data by which the correctness of this view may be confirmed. However, in no way can the truth of this saying be so easily demonstrated as in the case of the growth and development of Socialism in general, and in that of German Socialism in particular. Speaking generally, Socialism, as it is at present understood and interpreted, is a development of more or less modern times; from the historic point of view, however, it is interesting to note that its origin can be traced from the time of Lassalle and Fourier, Owen and Marx, back to the great and eventful period of the French Revolution, and, further, from that time so far back as to the writings of such philosophers as Plato and his contemporaries.

Let us briefly examine the main currents which moulded the destinies of nations on a large scale. The political revolution which took place at an earlier or later period in almost every country, and shaped its individual national policy on a permanent basis, may be divided into three phases. Though these

are quite distinct from one another, they nevertheless exhibit many striking points of similarity. The first instance we have of the struggle for individual freedom is the rise in arms of the slave against the free-man, and, later on, the rebellion of the serf against his master. That point, after a more or less protracted and fierce fight, having been obtained, there followed the general agitation for political liberty. We have, for instance, the interesting case of the plebeians demanding loudly and vigorously equal rights with the patricians; first, in so far as local administration is concerned; and, secondly, in the general government of the country by what is usually termed power of vote. Then, after a certain interval, there comes what is known in history as civil war, in which the people strive to overthrow class representation in Parliament, and to substitute for it really popular representation. Such are the chief features of political history. By far the most important of all revolutions, both from the political and economic points of view, namely, the great French Revolution, stands, of course, as something quite distinct by reason of the fact that its principle object was the complete upheaval of the established order of things: it was, indeed, the creation, as it were, of a new world and a new people in place of the old. So we must leave out of consideration the work of which the French philosophers and agitators of that particular period laid the foundations.

And, further, when the equalisation of political rights had become recognised law, the demands of the agitators did not cease, for they had paved the way for the coming struggle for the establishment of economic equality. Put briefly, this struggle is now in progress, and goes by the name of Socialism. It represents, if considered as a whole, the struggle of party, as it were, against parties more highly placed; and, further, the general disaffection of the non-possessing towards the possessing class. The object of the Socialist parties—broadly speaking, that is, from the international point of view—is to effect a substantial and general improvement and to bring about an

equalisation of social conditions. It is quite in keeping with the general law of nature and evolution that those who possess nothing in the way of material wealth should envy those who have a more or less great store of riches, and that they should strive to establish a state of affairs more favourable to themselves. Now, it is interesting to note that not more, perhaps, than two or three decades ago this was practically all that Socialism meant or represented. But as time has gone on, great and unforeseen changes have taken place in practically all spheres of human activity, with the result that the present huge numerical preponderance of the non-possessing over the capitalist class has brought about a certain morbid political condition, and it is this particular feature of modern Socialism which calls for our closest attention.

The socialistic tendency must, almost inevitably, run parallel to industrial development and progress, and this quite apart from the other prevailing features of social life with their concomitant conditions. For, speaking generally, if a limited number of people manage to secure into their hands the great bulk of capital and practically all the means of production, then all that remains for the non-possessing classes is their labour, which they sell to capitalists in return for wages. Such is the state of affairs which manifests itself wherever industrialism flourishes. Now, the natural and logical inference from this consideration would be that the older and the more flourishing the industrialism in a particular country, the stronger the Socialism. But an examination of the statistics relating to the different industrial countries in this respect will at once show that this is far from being the case. For, if such an argument were correct, one would expect that in countries in which industry is carried on on the vastest scale, the political inclinations and actions of a very large proportion of the population would be of an advanced and pronounced socialistic character. Viewed strictly in the light of this theory, one would expect to find that Socialism was very strong in, say, Great Britain—where, as is well known, industrialism has been established

much longer than in any other country—and, also, in the United States, where trade and commerce have advanced with such giant strides. Further, one would expect that in Germany, which, though a great, is still a young, industrial nation, Socialism would not as yet have gained much power. But, as is, perhaps, a matter of common knowledge, exactly the reverse is the case. In Great Britain, as well as in the United States, Socialism as a political force is, so far, of little importance compared with what it is in Germany. It is true that in "the country of unlimited resources"—a term first applied to the United States by a well-known leader of the French Socialists—the socialistic idea, speaking generally, has spread very rapidly during recent years, as may easily be gathered from the fact that at the last presidential election no fewer than upwards of 500,000 votes were polled by the Socialists—strangely enough, just about the same number as the Labour representatives obtained in the recent General Election in the United Kingdom. And here it may be pointed out in passing that Labour must, of course, not be confounded with Socialism; and, further, that though many of the new Labour Members of Parliament—no fewer, in fact, than twenty-three, as one of their spokesmen stated in an article published in the February number of a contemporary—are avowed Socialists, not one of them was sent to Westminster as such.

The progress of Socialism in America is all the more striking when the highly important point is borne in mind that the election in question concerned a man of such a strong individuality as Mr. Roosevelt, who enjoys the full confidence of the country and widespread popularity. But, this notwithstanding, the general influence upon the progress and realisation of national policy exercised by the American Socialists becomes insignificant when compared with that of their contemporaries in the Fatherland. Again, as regards Great Britain—we cannot include the whole Empire, for the state of affairs in some of the colonies would have to be summed up very differently—the absence of strong socialistic undercurrents is, in view of

the presence of such a huge number of unemployed, very remarkable indeed. In any other country these unemployed would be a serious menace to society, yet this winter, despite their great sufferings, there was no general upheaval, indeed no social disturbance of any kind worth being chronicled. It is, of course, by no means impossible that, in case the number of unemployed should continue to increase at the same rate as it has done during the last five years or so, there might be a repetition of that rioting which was seen on a certain occasion in the streets of London, but at present, at any rate, there are no indications whatever to justify the fear of the manifestation of such disturbance. Supposing now there were, at a certain given period, as many unemployed in Germany as there are in Great Britain, there can be no doubt that the Government would have done much more than the British Government has done to ameliorate their condition, and this out of fear lest serious rioting might take place, or outrages upon citizens perpetrated. Nor can it be explained by the fact, as some superficial observers are inclined to think, that in this country there are not many Socialist agitators who endeavour to fan the flame of disaffection, for, as a matter of fact, in some parts of London and provincial centres they are to be found at almost every street corner. Yet, taking them as a whole, their oratory is almost entirely wasted, for though the unemployed may listen to them, they take but small heed of dangerous advice. That being so, the important question with which the student of economic and political subjects is at once confronted is: How is it that Socialism has made such little progress in this country? The question is, no doubt, a most interesting one and requires a great deal of answering and explaining; but there is one point which I may touch upon in the very first instance, for it bears upon the practical indifference of even the unemployed to Socialist argument. Put briefly, before any one can have a proper understanding of the meaning and principles which underlie the theories of Socialism, a more or less considerable amount of general education is almost a matter of

necessity. In Germany, as will be seen later on, the Socialist party is to a very large extent composed of people who have received a higher education, quite apart from the fact that they belong to what may be properly called the middle class. So far, this point does not require much further comment, for, as is well known, access to higher educational schools has become very easy during the last twenty-five or thirty years, and the natural consequence is that there has been an enormous over-production, as it were, of well-educated people, who find themselves quite unable to obtain employment, that is, of a kind which their education, speaking generally, has fitted them for. As a matter of fact, there is a vast number of men—the so-called "verkommene Existenzen," as Bismark not inappropriately termed them, or the "Hungerscandidaten," as they were described by the Kaiser—placed in this somewhat unfortunate position. Therefore, if all these circumstances are taken into consideration and the important fact is borne in mind that it is they who form the bulk of what is commonly spoken of as the German "Proletariat," it is not at all surprising that the great majority of these intellectual unemployed—if the term is permitted – have become members of the Socialist party. Then, further, if the lower orders of the German working classes are compared, that is to say, from the educational and political point of view, with their British contemporaries it will be found that the former are better educated and better informed on political questions than the latter, and, therefore, are more ready to grasp the possibilities of personal benefit to themselves which the establishment of the Socialist state would bring with it. Thus the point we just briefly touched upon forms one of the chief reasons of the development, and, in fact, goes a long way to explain the astonishing growth of Socialism in Germany.

However, it is essential to enter more fully into details while examining the various reasons for the lack of widespread Socialist tendencies in this country, tendencies which, until recently, were almost unrepresented in Parliament. To begin with, what strikes the foreign observer of British affairs as one

of the chief reasons why Socialism, taking it as a whole, has not developed greatly in this country is that old inherent and tenacious conservatism which is so marked a characteristic of the English people of all classes, one of the results of which, no doubt, is that among the masses of the people there is at all times a conflict between political prudence and what I may perhaps be allowed to call patriotic feeling. Nor does this apply to the British nation alone. As a matter of fact, the French, too, greatly resemble the British people in this respect. To illustrate this, we need not go so very far back in history. Briefly stated, France has now been under republican rule for the last thirty-five years or so, yet, in so far as considerations of a political and national character are concerned, the Frenchman remains, to all intents and purposes, practically the same as he was at the time of the Emperor Napoleon III. That is, to my mind, one of the principal causes of the many and marked differences which exist between the French Socialists and their German contemporaries—a fact which has never been so pronounced as within quite recent years.

As regards the limited extent to which Socialism has developed in Great Britain—as to the Labour Party, it yet remains to be seen what policy its representatives will follow, for, as matters stand at present, their programme is far from being definite—there cannot be much doubt that the great respect which the people of this country hold, not only for established authority, but also for that form of authority which is summed up in the word "capital," is strongly against the spread of socialistic tendencies to any considerable extent. But to carry the matter still further, closer examination shows —and there is little room for doubt in this respect—that prejudice against Socialism is, after all, not so pronounced amongst the working classes. This is, indeed, so much the case that, at the last Congress of the Trade Unions, some of the speeches delivered by certain orators, who are supposed to reflect the opinion of a large percentage of the working men, were of a distinctly socialistic character. But the

essential factor is that, unlike Germany—a point to which we shall have to refer more fully later on—the middle classes are bitterly and strenuously opposed to any movement which, in their opinion, is of a pronouncedly socialistic nature. It is true a considerable proportion of them may be Socialists—it may be recalled that not long ago one of the most influential members of the Upper Chamber said: "After all, we are all of us more or less socialists"—but their tendencies are certainly very far from being socialistic. Now, the question arises: How is this fact to be explained? It is probable that, thanks to the general political conditions of the country, Socialism is unable to gain a footing in this particular section of the population, amongst whom there is a pronouncedly strong desire to rise in the social and economic scale, and Socialism is regarded as the greatest enemy to all such ambitions. To those who have, Socialism suggests self-sacrifice, and the middle class in general is not prepared for political altruism of that kind. There is another highly important factor, which, in discussing the subject in question, must not be omitted from general consideration, and which, to my mind, forms one of the greatest anti-socialistic influences—and that is religion, not as a cause but as an effect, it should be added. For it will be found that those classes which are most religious are most in opposition to socialistic claims, and this applies in a far greater degree to the British than to any other nation—despite the fact that church attendance is declining so rapidly.

Here, then, we have further reasons why Socialism is relatively weak in Great Britain, and, what is perhaps still more important, they enable us the better to understand why it has grown so strong on the Continent in general, and in Germany in particular. Moreover, they suggest at the same time that there is very little chance of Socialism triumphing to any extent in this country—at least in the near future—and this notwithstanding recent indications.

In so far as the German Socialists are concerned, it is

interesting to note that they are now better known by the name of Social Democrats, and, as the words imply, Social Democracy is a combination, a blending, as it were, of the social with the democratic principle. One point, however, deserves to be particularly emphasised, namely, that until quite recently the democratic element was for the most part overlooked, and strikes and boycotting were the only socialistic methods upon which the party relied. But more recently the democratic element has come into its own, that is to say, political revolutionary influences, as they were originally advocated by Ferdinand Lassalle and his followers, have been recognised at their true value.

As the general principles of the Social Democratic Party are based upon the theory of Marx, we had better inquire what that theory is. Shortly speaking, Marx argued that there is constant change—a natural one, as it were—in the progress of society in general, and that the mainsprings or causes of this change are materialistic interests. Further, that they directly, indeed one might say exclusively, concern the productive classes, taking them as a whole; that the upper classes have but little or no share in this progress; and that as the one class progresses, and the other does not, the latter will eventually collapse and, as an immediate and natural consequence, there will be the establishment of a new order of things which will correspond with prevailing necessities. Now, it must be admitted that there is a great deal of fascination about this supposition, no matter how hypothetical it may appear to be. But, on the other hand, it deserves to be pointed out that, though this theory can be applied to Germany as Germany is to-day, and as it is likely to continue to be, it cannot be applied to Great Britain, for in the latter country materialism in the form of trade, commerce, or finance concerns every class of the population. Without enlarging upon any particular details, it should be borne in mind that in Germany the population may, broadly speaking, be divided into two classes, the intellectual and the commercial; or, in other words, into

those who are directly dependent upon materialist interests and those who remain outside such interests. Put briefly, in the Fatherland the upper or aristocratic classes—as well as the huge army of which the so-called "Gelehrtenwelt" is composed—take, as a rule, no part in actual business affairs, though many of them follow certain professions, and, on the whole, look upon all kinds of offices of State as their lawful prey. But in Great Britain the case is entirely different. Very few members of the nobility proper are professional men, but the great majority of them are in some way or other directly connected with business or financial enterprises. The conclusion, therefore, to be drawn is that, owing to the fact that materialistic interests prevail in all classes, the Marxian theory has practically no chance of gaining a firm footing in this country. And there is another no less important point which must not be lost sight of, for it militates to a considerable extent against the advance of Socialism and Democracy, as understood in the Teutonic sense, on this side of the Channel. For, on the whole, the Press in Great Britain upholds both the throne and the power behind it with a loyalty equal to that shown, say, by the Royalists of the time of Charles I. and Charles II. But this aspect of political and social life is totally different in the Fatherland, as may be easily gathered from the great number of editors, journalists, and publicists who are annually imprisoned for *lèse majesté*. So far as the Socialistic Press alone is concerned, it may not be out of place to mention that during the last decade or so the number of editors sent to prison each year for that very political offence varied between fifty-five and eighty. Again, the Social Democratic theory, that is to say as regards its relation to present economic conditions, will be found on examination to be no longer entirely utopian, but more or less practical. There is, it is true, a certain party of Socialists who hold what may be called utopian ideals, but a considerable proportion of the German Social Democratic Party advocate practical politics. Those who remain practical aim first to ascertain the conditions of

the past, then to study the nature of those of the present, and finally to draw up a general law which can be presented to the public as a rational system for the future. A comparison of past and present conditions in this country and in Germany shows very broad differences, and hence, what is applicable enough to the Fatherland is, almost of necessity, unsuitable for Great Britain, and equally so for the United States of America.

Speaking generally, two or three decades ago the Social Democratic Party was, perhaps, of no particular importance outside the German Empire. Now, however, that the whole civilised world is one single organisation, as it were, and that, as a consequence, the reflex action of one country spreads like an electric wave to all others, interest in Social Democracy has become manifest far and wide. Socialistic ideas, in the Fatherland in particular, have attained both power and influence.

In describing, a little while ago, the career of the German Crown Prince I said that if Socialism in Germany increases at anything like the same rate in the course of the next two or three decades as it has done in the past, then, presuming that he will come to the throne in the natural order of things, it is clear that when the Crown Prince is Emperor he will be face to face with a political power of almost incalculable strength. I have since had the opportunity of discussing this subject with one of the foremost and ablest German politicians, and he tells me that the rapid growth of socialistic tendencies in the Fatherland has never before formed anything like such a great and constant source of irritation to the Emperor as it does at the present time. Now, the important question arises: How is this phenomenon to be explained? As a matter of fact, a great variety of circumstances have combined to bring about the present state of affairs.

In the first place, that is, if considered from the purely economic point of view, we have it that while it is true that certain groups or classes in Germany have gained very rapidly

in material wealth, the working population, taking it as a whole, has certainly become impoverished, and this despite the great skill that has been displayed in organising and distributing labour. It is true the number of the unemployed in Germany at the present time is not so great, relatively speaking, as is the case in this country. As a matter of fact, judging at least from recently published statistics, it would seem that the total number of the unemployed in the Fatherland does not amount to more than a half, and in certain parts of the Empire to not more, in fact, than about a third of that in this country. But, nevertheless, the general economic condition of the labouring classes throughout the German Empire is far from being so favourable as it was, say, some ten years ago. It is impossible to enumerate here all the various causes that are responsible for the existence of this deplorable state of social affairs. Suffice it, therefore, to call attention to the principal fact, namely, that as people have gravitated more and more to the towns, and these centres have rapidly increased in size, the burden of taxation has become much heavier and, what is of still graver importance, rent and the cost of the necessaries of life have become higher. It is true that wages have increased, but this increase does not balance the increased cost of living, and so it has come about that the working classes are worse off to-day than they were formerly. That widespread dissatisfaction, based as it is on very real economic grievances, has arisen and increased, to no small extent, the numbers of the Social Democrats is, after all, not surprising. But however much the last-mentioned points may have contributed towards the increase of the numerical strength of the party in question, the fact remains that the chief political power of the Social Democratic Party in Germany is derived from the *bourgeoisie* —a circumstance far from being generally known. Now, if the question is asked how this has come about, it can be answered with certainty that the strong repressive measures which were at one time used by the Government with the object of suppressing the Social Democratic movement had a

totally contrary effect, for, instead of the number of members of the party decreasing or remaining stationary, it was very largely increased by sympathisers whose social position was in many respects higher than that of the working classes, but who, though not so much affected by economic considerations, viewed with no little apprehension the growing power of Capitalism throughout the Empire. That the Government were ill-advised in adopting measures of repression it is hardly necessary to say, for history shows that this is the most certain way of promoting the cause acted against.

It is quite a mistake, therefore, to suppose that the German Social Democratic Party is composed almost entirely of working men, and, that being so, it follows almost as a matter of course that the policy of the party, or rather of the different members of the party, cannot be uniform. Certain internal ruptures, which are far from being infrequent, and especially two or three which have occurred recently, show what pronounced divergences of opinion as regards policy exist. There are, in fact, two parties within the party, and, no doubt, it is well for the German Government that they are not of one mind on many vital points. One of them advocates what may be termed orthodox Socialism, that is, the socialistic principles first laid down by Karl Marx. Briefly stated, the direct inference to be drawn from the Marxian theory, to which allusion has already been made, is that, as capital accumulates into a few hands, the capitalists obtain possession of all the implements of production. The workers, being without means, that is, beyond the wages which they receive for their labour, and which are just enough to keep them alive and able to work—but no more—are, of course, unable to buy back that which they themselves have produced, excepting a comparatively small part, and this under special and favourable circumstances only. That process naturally implies that there is over-production; over-production, on the other hand, gives rise, after a certain period, to stagnation of trade, and, consequently, there is no way out of this economic difficulty other

than by discontinuing work and by closing factories and workshops. What follows when this stage is once reached is obvious. The workers, thus brought to a state of starvation, will come together and act upon Marx's famous admonition: "Working men of the world unite"—for the purpose of proclaiming a general revolution. According to Marx, the Government, out of fear of disastrous consequences of a revolution will be forced to pass an immediate law by which workers are given entire possession of all implements of production, that is, the fruits of their labour are henceforth equally divided, and, to cut a long story short, a totally new social state is thus established. Now, it is just over half a century since this theory was enunciated, yet the world goes on in pretty much the same old way, and not a single one of the main principles which Marx advocated has so far been carried into effect. The moral to be drawn from this fact is clearly recognised by the more practical-minded members of the Social Democratic Party, and these form what we may term its heterodox section. They aim at throwing aside, as something outside practical politics, Marx's theory of the ideal state of the future, and at directing their attention almost exclusively to the possible work which lies to hand—namely, the material, mental and moral betterment of the labouring classes. This section of the party is still in a minority, but it includes most of the better-class element, amongst whom are to be found men of considerable wealth.

Earnest advocates of the immediate and imperative amelioration of the people as they are, these Revisionists, as they are called by their colleagues of the orthodox or Marxian type, would best be described, from the British point of view, as Radicals of advanced views, but, as would appear, the policy of the Social Democratic Party is so elastic that they can be included within its ranks.

LOUIS ELKIND, M.D.

THE OFFICER QUESTION

THERE is no reason for surprise that in reference to the present subject there should be *quot homines, tot sententiæ.* The very uncertainty which now attends every stage of the military career sufficiently explains the innumerable endeavours, official and unofficial, to devise means of securing to all deserving officers that full measure of success which, owing to the irresistible force of circumstances, is nevertheless unattainable, except by a fortunate few. Children cry for the moon and dogs howl their objurgations at the light-reflecting satellite of our Mother Earth, believing, in their ignorance, that it is only a short way distant from them. So it is with the too-sanguine reformers who foolishly pretend that a few hundred plums can be distributed among many thousands of persons with any certainty that the fruit shall invariably be awarded to the most deserving. The full problem is insoluble, despite the best intentions and the purest methods. Moreover, I am convinced that even if it were indeed practicable to formulate a plan under which recognised merit might regard the future with complacency, and the assumed contrary be deprived of all reasonable grounds of hope, the results, so far from being satisfactory, would be extremely detrimental. "All is not gold that glitters," and there are occasions when the immediate value of a rude bar of hitherto neglected iron is found to exceed that of a golden idol. Men who have achieved notable success have been known thereafter to shrink from hazarding the laurels already

won, and many a brilliant achievement has actually been no more than a mere flash in the pan, the result of a solitary inspiration—sometimes a borrowed one. The fairest idol has frequently been found, after further examination, to have feet of clay.

Bubble reputations have been burst from time to time, in South Africa, for example, long ago as well as more recently. One at all events that had soared very high collapsed disastrously in 1881. Was it that a fictitious reputation had been gained, or was it that a really brilliant soldier committed but one fatal mistake? We shall never know. "The man who has made no mistakes has seldom made war," and it is only by plentiful opportunities that a large balance of successes over failures, indicating undeniable merit, can properly be accumulated. If, then, it be not altogether expedient that merit displayed under particular circumstances should be regarded as finally established beyond the reach of further question, how much more certainly would it be a mistake to extinguish entirely the lingering hopes of the hitherto unsuccessful, and thus add absolute apathy to the tale of already assumed shortcomings!

> Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
> Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest.

Let not, therefore, the rude iron be hastily cast aside, for it may yet serve to smash through an obstacle which more delicate instruments have proved powerless to penetrate. There are occasions when an iron will is of greater value than the most perfectly educated or naturally subtle understanding. Military advancement, in the general sense, must therefore remain open to any who may be fortunate enough to meet with opportunities, however tardily, and prove capable of taking advantage of them. Estimates of soldierly capacity arrived at in times of peace or in contests with savages are very often misleading; only in real war can the warlike merits of any individual officer or soldier be ascertained with any degree of certainty.

Granting, at all events for the sake of argument, that a

system of selection so perfect as to ensure, absolutely, the preferment of none others than the most worthy, is, humanly speaking, impossible of realisation, we are naturally led to consider whether a less lofty ambition might not advantageously be substituted—"the most efficient compromise between the ideal and the obviously practicable." Do what we may, the more lengthy the list of really deserving officers the larger must be the proportion fated to receive very little for their pains—the number of commands and Staff appointments being necessarily limited. Merit can be disclosed only by those who are fortunate enough to obtain the necessary opportunities, therefore the "fickle goddess" must be accepted as to some extent the arbiter of military destinies; and all we can hope to ensure, by means of regulations, is that in normal conditions no officer shall suffer preventible hardships arising solely from the absence of special opportunities for distinction. The points to be discussed in this connection appear to be pay, regimental and other promotions, and pensions.

Uncertainty as to the advantages possibly to be derived from good fortune and the exhibition of conspicuous merit we cannot remove by any legislation; but, upon the other hand, we undoubtedly can, without serious difficulty, ensure the attainment of a definite minimum by all those who, though failing to procure the opportunity to demonstrate their qualifications for special advancement, have not actually shown that they are incapable of leadership. It is too often overlooked that many officers of great soldierly merit deliberately decline service on the Staff, preferring to serve regimentally, as executive leaders of men, playing the part for which they believe themselves to be better fitted, and to which their natural inclinations, their predilection for actual touch with the soldier rather than their own personal advantage, irresistibly lead them. Without such officers there can never be first-rate regiments, and without fighting units of the best quality, generals and Staff officers, however consummate their own genius or talents, must always conduct warlike operations

under very great difficulties. Yet the just claims of the regimental officer are consistently ignored, and it has now become equivalent even to a term of reproach to be described as no more than this. Favoured young men, marked for "accelerated promotion," are continually being pitchforked over the heads of the regimental class, and in too many cases the superseded are not merely of longer service but also far more competent soldiers, in the higher as well as in the regimental sense, than those put over them. The authorities have frequently exercised their powers of "selection" arbitrarily and unjustly; they have not troubled to consider whether some particular regiment might be the better of "new blood"—with a view to introducing the man thought best fitted to infuse the strain that is wanting—but as often as the influentially supported claims of Brevet-Major Doub have been before them they have been content to appease his patrons by thrusting him into the first vacancy, regardless of vested interests, be the latter never so strong. The natural result of such proceedings has been to provoke widespread discontent. No man, however competent, can feel any confidence that his legitimate right to regimental promotion may not at any moment be set aside in favour of some "promising young Staff officer" backed by powerful interest against which mere merit is of little account.

I do not for one moment suggest that it is otherwise than for the good of the service that men of transcendent ability should be rewarded by special advancement. The man who is ever going to be fit for the command of forces in the field will certainly be fully competent for the discharge of such responsibilities by the age of forty, and will be less fit, not more fit, after the expiration of every subsequent lustrum. In normal conditions no officer can hope to be a general before he is fifty, and only by some happy stroke of fortune can any attain that rank even so comparatively early. By sixty, nine men out of ten have become lacking in enterprise, and although prompted by their matured understandings they may avoid defeat or

even achieve moderate successes, they can seldom nerve themselves for a bold decisive effort involving the hazard of everything "to win or lose it all." Such being the case, it logically follows that men who appear marked to be even moderately great leaders in war must, for their country's sake rather than for their own, be pushed on so that they shall attain high rank before it is too late. But such men are rare, and in the great majority of cases those actually selected for "accelerated promotion" pass over others, unknown indeed unto Pharoah, who are nevertheless their equals or superiors as practical soldiers. If the authorities would only take some little pains to discover the men who are highly thought of by their own contemporaries instead of relying so much upon the often superficial judgment of superior officers—too often themselves notoriously incompetent—judicious selection would more often follow, and the results of it would seldom excite resentment among those consequently superseded. To me it has long appeared that the only sound method of securing the survival of the fittest, and that the most fit shall so far as possible be at the very top, is to rely upon *rejection*, as a general rule, and resort to *selection* only in exceptionally deserving cases. No officer should be allowed to continue in the Army unless he is clearly fit to perform duties suitable to his actual rank, and believed fit, so far as reports and examinations can testify, to undertake those of the rank next above his own.

Officers must necessarily be either fit or unfit; there can be no middle class; whoever is not undeniably fit is therefore unfit; and accepting that thesis, whoever is fit deserves to be promoted in his turn if not by special selection, and whoever is unfit should be compelled to retire from the Army. Assuming a regiment officered upon the principle suggested, it at once becomes obvious that the introduction of any outsider not manifestly superior to all and sundry involves gross injustice; but, upon the other hand, just because all are competent they would readily welcome a future Napoleon or Wellington, because they would be capable of understanding him.

Indeed, they would regard it as a compliment to themselves that they should have been so honoured as to have such a one set over them; *esprit de corps*—meaning for such officers the efficiency of the regiment before everything—would prevail altogether over any personal grievances occasioned by the loss of a "step." It is not the accelerated promotion of a few really first-rate men that galls, but that of so many mediocrities who frequently reflect only too truly the moderate quality of those by whom they have been recommended for advancement. It is by wholesale flattery of the superior officers under whom they work, that many Staff officers obtain selection; and imitation being not only the most sincere but the most effective form of flattery, it is not surprising that numbers of our "rising young officers" are the very counterparts of those whom they have so studiously courted and upon whom they have moulded their conduct and ideas.

Some misguided heretics among our reformers attribute to the "regimental system" all the difficulties by which the course of legitimate promotion is beset. These men argue, quite reasonably, that it is an intolerable anomaly that A, who joins the Blankshire regiment, should become a lieutenant after twelve months' service and a captain after six years; whereas B, who joins the Loamshire Light Infantry, is for three or four years a second-lieutenant, and serves ten or eleven years before obtaining his company. It *may* be that A is the better officer of the two; but it is just as likely that the contrary is the case. In order to remedy this clearly undesirable state of affairs it is seriously proposed to sweep away altogether the regimental system (and with it all the advantages of that glorious *esprit de corps* that has carried us successfully through so many apparently impossible situations) in order to establish what is termed "Army promotion" in a distinct "corps of officers," according to seniority, or by selection, from one general list. I can imagine nothing more mischievous. Apart from sentiment, and ignoring for the moment all dangers of defeat in battle—owing to lack of cohesion in the "scrap-heaps" that would be accounted

to us for regiments, or to the extinction of the noble rivalry between corps having great historic reputations of which they desire to prove themselves worthy—there is, I think, one quite commonplace, yet nevertheless extremely cogent, objection, namely, this: selection practised upon a general list, and regardless of regiments, could more easily be governed by favouritism than it can be at present. Where Brevet-Major Atkins, V.C., D.S.O., *p.s.c.*, is senior captain of a particular regiment, it requires some little nerve upon the part of the authorities to ignore him in favour of Captain Doub, late A.D.C. to an influential general officer. But if the names of all officers stood upon one general list, the regimental idea being ignored, Brevet-Major Atkins would be but one of many sufferers, and Captain Doub would profit accordingly.

The inequality of regimental promotion is, however, undoubtedly objectionable, and by any means short of destroying the definite identification of particular officers with particular regiments, it would be well to remove the disparities of fortune that arise from it. To effect the required purpose ought not to be difficult; all that seems to be required is to grant, as suggested, promotions in the *Army*, but without interfering with the position of an officer on his regimental list. My proposal is that pay and promotion should be principally governed, in all branches of the Army, by length of service; and that, outside the regiment itself, every officer should take precedence according to Army seniority. Every officer, after completing two years' service, should become a lieutenant in the Army and draw pay as such; after nine years he should receive the pay and rank of captain, after eighteen years those of major, and after twenty-five years those of lieutenant-colonel. At present an officer cannot definitely commence mounting the real ladder towards the rank of general officer until he has become a "full colonel," and this rank is usually reached by Staff officers far more rapidly than by regimental. Thus by promoting majors of twenty-five years' service to be lieutenant-colonels, and forthwith including them among the

"Officers of the Army on the Active List," selection for the rank of colonel and subsequently for that of major-general would be brought more speedily within the reach of regimental officers than is now the case. At present there are many regimental majors of twenty-six or twenty-seven years' service left hopelessly behind Staff officers who have served half a dozen or more years less. Moreover, it is not very much to ask for an officer who has served zealously for twenty-five years that he should then be paid at the rate of eighteen shillings per day; more especially as large numbers of Staff officers of far less service are in receipt of yet higher pay.

Reverting to the pay and promotion of junior officers the arrangement I suggest is as follows: A second-lieutenant promoted to fill a vacant lieutenancy in his regiment before completing two years' service, would not rank as such in the Army nor draw the pay until the date on which the qualifying service had been completed; and to his name on the regimental list there would be attached two dates, that of his regimental lieutenancy and that of his Army second-lieutenancy. Upon the other hand, a regimental second-lieutenant of two years' service in that rank would enjoy the pay of a lieutenant, and rank in the Army as such from the date on which two years' service had been completed. To subalterns, except as regards pay, the proposed arrangement would usually be of little consequence; but a regimental lieutenant, having Army rank as captain, would in the event of performing good service in the field be eligible, as a captain, for promotion forthwith to a brevet-majority, or a major in similar circumstances to a brevet-lieutenant-colonelcy. The regimental rank of a captain in the Army, not yet on the regimental list of captains, might be "lieutenant and captain," and in the case of an army major, "captain and major." It appears to me that by adopting the method proposed, whereby every qualified officer in the Army would be promoted in the ordinary course on the expiration of the same period of service, the inequalities resulting from the chances of slow or rapid promotion in regiments would be

sufficiently adjusted. Moreover, the hardship now involved by "bringing in" specially selected officers to fill regimental vacancies would be considerably mitigated; because neither the Army promotions nor the consequent increases of pay of the junior officers would be immediately affected. Every officer would be able to count with absolute certainty upon reaching the rank of lieutenant-colonel—though not necessarily as commanding officer—provided that he performed his duties sufficiently well to be reported fit for promotion to that rank. In a word, the attainment of any rank, up to that of lieutenant-colonel, would no longer be a matter of luck in the case of any officer considered fit to receive it. Upon the other hand, officers granted accelerated promotion as their reward for good service on the Staff, or regimentally, would nevertheless receive the full benefit of their advancement, because promotions by selection would of course be to *Army* rank, and therefore carry with them the pay of the rank to which promoted. The general result of the plan would be that whereas exceptionally capable officers might by their own merits win early promotion to high positions, and thus obtain more than the minimum offered to them by their terms of service, other officers gifted with ordinary ability would have only themselves to blame if they should fail to attain the rank and emoluments of a regimental major with the Army rank and pay of a lieutenant-colonel. Regimental and battalion commands, Staff appointments, and promotion to the rank of general officer would remain as now the prizes of the fortunate or of the especially deserving. It should, however, be, I think, a general rule that no officer holding the rank of lieutenant-colonel should be precluded by the introduction of a stranger from succeeding to the vacant command of his regiment or battalion; if not fit to command he ought not to have been allowed to rise to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, or should forthwith be retired; but if fit, he ought not to be superseded by any one—unless the general condition of the corps manifestly demanded the introduction of "new blood" *at the top*. A corps may quite possibly have fallen into a bad state without any blame attaching itself to

a particular officer, yet in such cases it is sometimes expedient that the innocent should suffer along with the guilty, by the introduction of a new commanding officer known to be fully capable of "wheeling into line" the whole lot.

It is frequently urged that the British officer is underpaid and ought to receive a "living wage." I do not think that any substantial increase is called for; because, even in existing conditions, the supply, although insufficient for the needs of some particular branches of the service, generally exceeds the demand. Be this, however, as it may, I am certain that reasonable security in reference to promotion and retired pay would popularise the commissioned ranks of the Army far more effectually than any increase of pay that Parliament would be likely to sanction. There should be a definite engagement with every officer under which his steps of regimental rank, subject to his passing the prescribed tests for each, would be assured to him, and also the rates of pension laid down in the Royal Warrant in force on the date of his joining the Army. There is at present no engagement whatever, and the terms of retirement to which an officer has been looking forward may at any moment be cancelled by a stroke of the official pen. For example, officers who joined the Army in the 'seventies, were promised pensions at the rate of £250 a year, on retirement as majors after twenty-three years' service, or, if they had served seven years in the rank of major, pensions at the rate of £300. These terms were cancelled in 1887, and the Order cancelling them was made retrospective against all who had not by that time actually reached the rank of major. Such high-handed action upon the part of any but a public department would have been regarded as a breach of contract and declared illegal if tested in a court of law; but against the Crown, in such cases, officers have no remedy, as many know to their cost. It is notorious that Army officers regard the ways of the War Office as essentially fraudulent, and that some of them think it no wrong to cheat that detested institution in return, whenever the rather rare opportunity offers itself.

It would not, in my opinion, be desirable to attract officers by means of high pay; we do not want officers to join the Army as a means of earning their bread, but because they desire to be soldiers. Yet having regard to the increased cost of living, and to the increasing poverty of the class from which most of our best officers have hitherto been obtained, it would, I think, be well to make a small increase in the pay of all the junior ranks, thus: second lieutenants, six shillings instead of five and threepence; lieutenants, seven shillings instead of six and sixpence; captains, twelve shillings instead of eleven and sevenpence; and "mud" majors, fourteen shillings instead of thirteen and sevenpence.

Although, however, I deprecate any considerable advance of pay and regard as far more important than any increase whatever a definite agreement conferring under specified limitations certain rights, I hold it to be imperative that the State should stand *in loco parentis* to poor men of really high intellectual and soldierly capacity who cannot at the ordinary rates of pay afford to enter the Army, or to accept commissions from the ranks. To provide for this urgent necessity the following suggestions are made:

(1) Scholarships entitling the holders to free education at Sandhurst and Woolwich:

(*a*) Open to the sons of officers only.

(*b*) Open to the general public.

(2) Annuities of £100 a year for ten years, and a kit allowance of £100 to the successful candidates in a special competition on leaving the military colleges; candidates for these examinations to be specially recommended by their company officers, and by the commandant, as likely to make good officers.

(3) Annuities of £100 a year for ten years, and a kit allowance of £100, to successful candidates in an annual competition for commissions from the ranks. Candidates to be certified by their commanding officers to be fully competent for the position to which they aspire, and to be without private incomes.

I would suggest ten scholarships at each of the military colleges, and the award of five annuities at the end of each term, making ten annually. There should be an establishment of twenty annuitants composed of successful candidates for

commissions from the ranks, the vacancies on the establishment being competed for as they become available. By means of these annuities an existing grievance would be removed. At present many of the best non-commissioned officers are obliged to decline combatant commissions, because of their lack of private means, whereas many others have been promoted in consideration of their willingness to forego the £100 kit allowance already payable to a limited number of those who accept commissions from the ranks. Even in war, the most meritorious are not necessarily selected. For example, a colour-sergeant who was awarded the medal for "distinguished conduct," and mentioned in despatches "for skill and gallantry in command of his company after both his officers had been killed," is still only a quartermaster-sergeant—although he had, at the time he distinguished himself, a "first-class certificate of education."

There remain the great and difficult questions of accelerated promotion and of military education, but space is not available for more than a brief reference to them. As regards the former, I am inclined to think that the suffrages of contemporaries should, in the cases of the junior ranks, by some means be invoked. Possibly the following plan might meet the case. Let a fixed number of "accelerated promotions" be given annually, by competition, in each branch of the Army, the candidates being selected by ballot in their own regiments or corps. The understanding should be that successful candidates would be promoted in their own regiments, since otherwise votes might imaginably be given for an unpopular and therefore usually incompetent officer, solely in the hope of getting rid of him. Such a system could not, however, be applied advantageously to promotions beyond the rank of captain.

As regards military education, we now commit, I think, two errors: (1) We look for Jacks-of-all-trades in place of encouraging specialism. (2) We "drive" good and bad alike, in conditions that provoke a distaste for study, instead of *making it worth the officers' while to work voluntarily.* To

encourage study by awarding prizes, and to compulsorily retire from the Army all who fail to attain the necessary standard of proficiency, would answer our purpose far better than the present system of incessant worry. Garrison classes should be re-established and conducted by undeniably first-rate instructors. The military education of young officers in their regiments necessarily involves great unfairness; in one regiment the instruction given is admirable, whereas in another it is not so; and it very often happens that otherwise highly qualified men are totally incapable of teaching. As all officers have to pass examinations they should all, so far as practicable, enjoy equal advantages in the quality of the tuition given to prepare them for the ordeal. Teaching is a "gift," requiring not only knowledge of the subject, but expertness in imparting that knowledge. One of the best topographists the Army has ever known proved unable, in a course of six weeks' instruction, to teach the writer of this article so simple a matter as the construction of "scales"; but a fresh instructor brushed aside all the difficulties, permanently, in less than twenty minutes. The fact is that some very scientific men, fully capable of teaching other scientists, cannot bring themselves down to the level of the ignorant, and by talking over the heads of the latter fail altogether to teach them anything whatever. Finally, we must not forget that examinations do not afford conclusive evidence of capacity as "leaders of men," and that "leaders of men" are what we need—except for the administrative staff and scientific and other "departments." Many an officer who scrapes through at the bottom of the list or even fails altogether is a far better soldier than he who passes at the head of it. Examinations save trouble to the authorities, but they are at best unreliable guides towards the selection of our leaders in war. Above all things let us encourage, instead of discouraging, "specialism." Pope wisely wrote:

> One science only will one genius fit,
> So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

A. W. A. POLLOCK.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

(*B.* JANUARY 27, 1756. *D.* DECEMBER 5, 1791.)

Le génie n'existe pas sans deux dons supérieurs, la mesure et l'universalité ; la mesure c'est-à-dire l'art d'assujetir ses pensées, de choisir entre elles, de condenser en quelques éclairs toute la clarté qu'elles recèlent ; l'universalité, c'est-à-dire la faculté de voir la vie dans tout son ensemble, de la representer dans toutes ses manifestations harmonieuses. Le monde n'est pas fait seulement de ténèbres et de larmes. On y trouve aussi de la lumière, de la gaîté des fleurs et des joies.—MAETERLINCK.

MOZART'S whole career it has been justly observed impinges so closely on the miraculous that to seek in it any precise relations of cause and effect may well seem a needless pedantry. The musician who, at the age of four, could scrawl down a clavier concerto, write a violin sonata at seven, and symphonies at eight, and who could recall after a lapse of twenty-four hours a difference of half a quarter of a tone, does not appear very amenable to the laws which govern ordinary humanity. Looking back over exactly a century and a half since his birth, there is no one else in the history of music who can be judged by quite the same standard, estimating Mozart that is, according to his universality of range, his spontaneity of expression, his rapidity of consummation, his permanent influence upon composers of every conflicting calibre. Whilst, too, every great composer necessarily leaves his descendants a certain heritage, Mozart came too early in the dynasty of European music to himself receive much

accumulated treasure. And more than this, we have to remember that the ever-advancing march of his genius was arrested in the full flush and bloom of life. The two composers who strike one as having in their creativeness most points of analogy with Mozart have been perhaps Chopin and Tshaïkovski. Chopin's artistic feelings and tendencies, albeit manifested in another fashion, were, nevertheless, identical with those of Mozart. Both aimed at embodying musical ideas with crystal clearness and perfect finish, without ever over-burdening the beauty of a musical thought with any rushing torrent of sound. And Tshaïkovski, whilst in no wise a prodigy, retained throughout his fifty-three years the same childlike simplicity which attracts us to the eighteenth-century composer. He had the same fecundity and versality of production, the same love of elegance and precision, the same instinct for melody. But neither to Chopin nor Tshaïkovski was vouchsafed Mozart's radiant sunniness of temperament. Chopin, Schubert, Schumann, Grieg again have possibly been Mozart's only compeers in stamping upon their works from the outset the hall-mark of individuality. Even Beethoven and Wagner began by imitating others. There exists a tiny minuet composed by Mozart at the age of five which is already imbued with the unmistakable Mozartian flavour. One would not suggest, of course, but that if he lived at present he would not compose in a wholly different style. His music was an undimmed reflection of himself mirrored in his epoch. His absolute sincerity and simplicity in the eighteenth century give him life in our own age, and must surely continue to make him live so long as simplicity and truth are the sole right principles of the beautiful in art.

I cannot write poetically, he remarks in one of his numerous delightful letters to his father, for I am no poet. I cannot make artistic phrases that cast light and shadow, for I am no painter. I can neither by signs nor by pantomime express my thoughts and feelings, for I am no dancer, but I can by tones, for I am a musician.

Chronologically, only fourteen years separate Mozart and

Beethoven, yet a whole world of thought, or rather to put it still more accurately, of mode of expression can divide these two. Mozart was the last supreme utterance of the antique in our music. He belongs closely, so to speak, to the period of perruques and powder. We cannot, on the other hand, so much as think of Beethoven ever appearing with any other head-dress but his own leonine mass of shaggy hair—a head-dress henceforth to be associated especially with the modern musician. Referring to the *rôle* of Osmin in his "Entführung aus dem Serail," Mozart wrote:

> As a man in such a towering passion outsteps all the boundaries of order and moderation, and wholly loses himself in the excess of his feelings, so also must the music. The passions, however, whether violent or otherwise, must never be expressed to disgust—and music even in the most terrific situation must never give pain to the ear, but ever delight it and remain music.

What is this but the outcome of that second nature of Mozart's age, the perruque? Even now there are numerous partisans to advocate the continuance of the perruque in music; whilst following its scornful abandonment by Beethoven we have the opposite school of Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner, Richard Strauss, and others claiming for their art to be allowed to express everything and something, whether ugly or beautiful, provided only that the expression be one of inevitable sincerity.

Yet desirous as was Mozart himself never "to pain the ear," and translucently simple as his harmonies can sound to modern listeners, they could on occasion be both painful and incomprehensible to his contemporaries. Thus a score could be returned to him as being "full of mistakes"; or it is related that a conductor rehearsing one of his works repeatedly exclaimed to his musicians, "you are playing wrong," till the parts were handed to him to convince him to the contrary, when he tore them up in disgust. Musical history repeats itself. Fifteen years later, we find much the same thing happening to Berlioz. In spite of the perruque, nevertheless, Mozart had now and again a distinct touch of the ultra-

modern hovering over his ideas. Another passage from the letter just referred to might indeed almost be an extract from some Wagnerian epistle:

> Why do the Italian comic operas please universally, notwithstanding their miserable libretti—even at Paris, of which I myself was witness? Because the music is supreme, and everything is forgotten for it. So much the more, therefore, must an opera please of which the plot is well contrived, and the words wholly written for the music, and not for the satisfaction of a miserable rhyme, which in a theatrical representation only does mischief; for the rhyming versifier introduces words and even whole verses, that put to flight or destroy the best ideas of the composer. Verse is indeed indispensable to music, but rhyme on account of the rhyming most injurious; the gentlemen who set to work so continually go to the dogs, they and their music together. It would be most desirable were a good composer who understood the theatre to be united with that true phœnix—a judicious poet; such a pair would have no cause to lament over the applause of ignorant admirers. Dramatic poets appear to me to have as many mechanical tricks as trumpeters. If we composers were to abide so firmly by our rules (which formerly, when nothing better was known, were good enough) we should produce as wretched music as their wretched books."

In his gift for musical characterisation, Mozart, if we except it may be Verdi and Tshaïkovski, remains unsurpassed by every other composer for the lyric stage. Quite early in his career he was invited to compose an air to personify a pompous military man, a *capitano* and an inordinate chatterer. Mozart allotted such a ludicrous clatter of triplets to one single note, with a syllable to each, as must have completely overpowered even the *capitano's* wife. But this was merely an initiatory token of the composer's future power. One recalls the pulsating breath of life infused into Constanza, Belmont, the Pasha Selim, Osmin in the "Entführung aus dem Serail," or one smiles irresistibly at the very thought of Figaro, Cherubino, Susanna, Barberina in Figaro's "Hochzeit." And first after these comes the culminating point of the composer's insight into the complexities and impulses of the human heart and mind as displayed in his "Don Giovanni." With what consummate skill Anna's noble purity, Elvira's jealousy, and the dainty coquetry of Zerlina are all pitted against the comic

rascality of Leporello, and dominating these four separate studies is the deeply and eternally eloquent type of Don Juan himself revealed to us "to the very heart of his heart and the very marrow of his bones in that elusive mirror we call music! And this, too, in the jaunty, lightly tripping dialect of *opera buffa*." [1]

Mozart's humanity, we submit, is still, perruqued and powdered humanity, but with all that, how wonderfully and piquantly human are every one of these creatures. It is this subtle gift of characterisation preserved for the voice which differentiates Mozart so widely from Haydn and Beethoven. He was, *au fond*, far less of a symphonist than a vocal composer. There are few even of the gay, irresponsible melodies of his instrumental parts which a voice would not gladly sing. The Germans are not far wrong in their assertion that he gave Italy its best Italian opera. None of the Italians have been greater masters than he of the Bel canto or beautiful song, either in the broad expressive cantabile or in the fioriture, *i.e.*, vocal embroideries. Had he been less southern in his whole nature and mood, he might well have anticipated that other Austrian, Schubert, in the creation of the typically German Lied. Mozart, however, preferred to use his choicest melodies, either as arias in his operas, or as the slow movements in his chamber music and symphonies. How many songs he actually wrote is uncertain, but the best of these remain: "Schlafe mein Prinzchen," "Sei du mein Trost," "Das Lied der Trennung," and "Das Veilchen." In the latter he came under the spell of Goethe's exquisitely pathetic little lyric, which he expressed in music as touching as are the words which it accompanies. A fragrant violet, perceiving a lovely young girl coming across the meadow, hopes that she will pluck it to wear in her bosom. Yet it dies happy, since it is her foot which crushes out its life. But sweet as is "Das Veilchen," it cannot rightly be included in the category of the Lied; it is a pure *canzonetta*. As it was, Mozart created no

[1] "The Opera, Past and Present." Apthorpe. London: John Murray.

new forms in music. He rather polished and chiselled those which he already found, leaving it to Beethoven to enlarge, broaden, and amplify the spirit of instrumental music. Sonata form, the basis of all chamber and symphonic music, exercised a lasting fascination upon Mozart. But whereas Haydn revelled in expressing this form repeatedly in the string quartet, Mozart, with his obvious vocal instinct, transported it on to the stage, apportioning amongst his voice parts music which in form analysis may often be perfectly well regarded as sonata or first movement form. Voluminous as is the Mozart bibliography, he yet lived before the era of musical commentary of any psychological value. His biographers, we venture to think, have one and all greatly exaggerated the so-called unhappiness of his life. A man possessed of his amazing facility for productiveness, and this without a taint of the disastrous superficiality of most fluency, could never be really unhappy, no matter how untoward his outward circumstances. Mozart could write music much as other men write letters. Albeit, as a child he was so susceptible to tone that he fainted at the sound of a trumpet, we might be tempted to say of him nowadays that he had "no nerves." Every one knows the anecdote that "Don Giovanni" was composed in a public beer-garden in the midst of bowl-playing and conversation, Mozart quitting his task from time to time to take a turn in the game. This story, if not true, is at least eminently characteristic. On another occasion we are told that he composed a score in a fortnight in a house with a violinist overhead, an oboe-player beneath, a pianoforte teacher next door, all hard at work the whole day, a babel of sounds which he declared to be delightful, since it "gave him ideas." Tales such as these, whether authentic or no, certainly suggest a man totally oblivious to outward circumstances when in the trance of creation; and carefully and critically as we may listen to Mozart, we catch no echo of tragic, poignant emotion. Only in the G minor symphony do we begin to feel as much as a throb of the Beethoven passion. "Eternal sunshine in music," exclaimed

Rubinstein, "thy name is Mozart." It was doubtless the element of cloudless sunshine in this music which caused it to be slighted by the generation of ordinary amateurs immediately following its author's brief lifetime. Highly significant of a general indifference to his utterances was his burial unmourned in a pauper's grave. The first thunder rumblings of the coming world drama of the French Revolution were beginning to reverberate through Europe; and the tragic grandeur of its musical counterpart, the mighty Beethoven, could easily drown the limpid, laughing voice of a Mozart. But in our own struggling period of perplexed problems and unresolved discords we can most of us turn all the more eagerly, with a sense of relief and repose, to the gracious concords and transparent harmonies of this wonder child.

In Mozart's quality of quick throbbing, mercurial happiness, which no circumstance can bind or fetter, lies his immeasurable superiority to that other apostle of happiness in music, Mendelssohn. Mendelssohn was, if one may so term it, placidly, prosperously happy, thanks to fortuitous circumstances. Mozart was blissfully happy in spite of ill-health, poverty, and failure during his lifetime, to win the universal recognition which he merited. His wife, Constanza, has been censured for their perpetual money worries, and handed down to posterity as "a wretched manager." Yet—and to the honour of wifely sympathy be it recorded—it was always Constanza who spurred him on to higher and higher flights of genius. Without question, she grasped his capacity from a wholly different standpoint than did her sister Aloysia Weber, to whom he had at first offered himself. Aloysia was an opera singer; the vocal virtuose is often singularly obtuse musically. Aloysia could only confess that when Mozart was wooing her, it never occurred to her to find in him anything approaching greatness. She merely viewed him as a little man. Constanza was a sufficiently advanced musician to be delighted with Bach's fugues, then still a novelty, known only amongst a small circle of connoisseurs. Although at the outset Mozart connected his

intention of marrying her with the irksome necessity of having some one to look after his linen, it was during their courtship that he composed his first great opera, "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," giving Constanza's name to his heroine, whilst he expressed his own feeling in the part of Belmont. It was Constanza alone who could beguile her husband to rest his overwrought brain by relating one after the other fairy tales and comic stories of every description till he fairly wept with laughter. She, too, probably awakened in him what he called that "love of fairies, genii, giants, and monsters, of gazing on the magnificence of enchanted palaces, and reposing by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens," which led to the composition of "Die Zauberflöte." Rising early and leaving his wife still asleep, Mozart would frequently leave little notes on her pillow, such as "Good morning, dearest little *Weibchen*. Hast thou had pleasant dreams? In two hours I return to thee. Be a good little woman, and don't run away from thy husband." After eight years of marriage, too, he could address his Constanza thus:

> I have merely to work, and that will I do most willingly from love, my little wife, to thee. I am just as happy as a child at the thought of getting back to thee. What an enchanted life we will lead together again! If the people here could see into my heart, I should be almost ashamed. I am cold to every one and everything. Perhaps if thou wert with me to share the kind attentions I receive, these might give me more pleasure; but now they are all lost.
>
> P.S. In writing the foregoing page many tears fell on the paper. Now let us be happy. Prepare thyself; the kisses begin to fly about amazingly. Teufel! here's a crowd of them. Ha! ha! I just now caught three that were delicious.

Mozart was by no means of a too spiritual, of a too austerely, ascetic temperament. How could he otherwise have conceived his Don Juan with a peculiarly masculine insight into the voluptuary's senses? He could quite well echo the sentiment of the popular German adage:

> Wer liebt nicht Weiber, Wein, Gesang
> Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang.

Besides requiring a mender of linen for a wife, he wrote to his father somewhat naïvely that it was incumbent for him to marry in order "not to live dissolutely after the manner of other young men." He always enjoyed the exhilaration of wine, particularly champagne and tokay, and in the fever-heat of excitement at the climax of composition it was Constanza's task to ply him with punch. Nothing pleased him better than the mirth and movement of a crowded ballroom or a Viennese carnival. Numberless sets of dances were dashed off for these scenes; quadrilles, minuets, waltzes; and in the infectious carnival gaiety of his E flat symphony he may almost have prepared the way for Schumann's Viennese reminiscences. Mozart was a keen and, from all accounts, an admirable billiard player. Metaphorically speaking, his delicacy and directness of touch with a cue were at one with his method of handling a score. In his finesse of form, proportion, symmetry, his faculty for design, he must have owed much to his phenomenal gift for mathematics. As a child his love of arithmetic was as great as his ardour for music. He would cover the walls, tables, chairs, even the floor with figures. Thanks to this sense of proportion his thoughts and the exact means which he adopted to express them are a perfect match. There is not a note but counts.

Hence in our latter-day renditions, when we double his instrumental parts, reinforce his orchestra, and augment his chorus, we altogether destroy the equipoise of his finely conceived scheme of balance. His inimitable delicacy, his smallness, are totally distorted, and the modern Mozart performances only too often remind us, not of the tender wood-violet crushed by the maiden's foot, but of the coarse forced flower of the modern horticulturist, who sacrifices to mere size the perfume and the dainty contour which constitute the violet's true charm. It may be urged that Mozart, presented in the original, is engulfed in our vast concert-halls and opera-houses. True. Here he coincides with a fine water-colour hung high on the wall of some immense picture-gallery. To

hear Mozart properly one naturally requires the exact auditory conditions of his own time; and of course an untampered score. Wherever feasible, Mozart invariably composed in the open air. "How vexatious, was his complaint to Constanza, to be obliged to hatch all one's conceptions within doors." Is it too fanciful to attribute the freshness, the dewy sparkle, as it were, of his music to this intense love of being in the open? Then, as now, outdoor life in the spring and early summer was greatly favoured by the Viennese. In the public gardens, where every one assembled, the occasion was always enlivened with music. It was for these promenades that Mozart wrote so many of his winsome and ingenious divertimenti and serenades for wood wind, his "garden" music, as he styled it, or some of those tempting morsels entitled "Kleine Nacht Musik"—

> A kind of instrumental music at once light and ariose, somewhat between the symphony and the dance, but calculated to impart elegance and tenderness of sentiment to the promenaders, was at any time attractive to him, and amongst his easiest work. His serenades were not such as "the starved lover sings," but imbued with all the genius of the south.[1]

It was chiefly with this music that Mozart elicited the praise of his compatriots, not with his operas. It was left to the Bohemians at Prague to go wild with enthusiasm over the latter, and it was to the honour of the Slav, not of the Teuton, to have commissioned the composition of "Don Giovanni," and to have at once acclaimed it as a masterpiece.

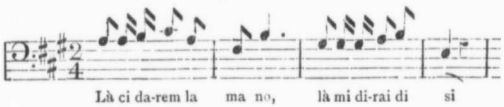
In these days of scientific research into heredity, it would be supremely interesting to have a clue as to the attributes and characters of Mozart's ancestors. But it seems difficult to trace back further or more specifically than to his paternal grandfather, who was a bookbinder, whether musical or not being left unmentioned by the biographers. His father, Leopold Mozart, was an excellent violin-player, who became "valet" musician—then a somewhat coveted post—to the Archbishop of Augsburg. He was further a meritorious

[1] "The Life of Mozart." E. Holmes. London: Novello.

composer, writing, amongst other works, a set of pieces quaintly designated as: "The Morning and Evening melodiously and harmoniously introduced to the inhabitants of Salzburg." Of evident educational value at the time was his treatise on the theory and practice of music: "An attempt towards a Fundamental System for the Violin." The best violin-players in Germany during the latter half of the eighteenth century all used this work, and Leopold was known throughout Europe as an intelligent instructor of his instrument. Of Mozart's mother we hear but little. Of the seven children born to this couple, only two survived infancy, Wolfgang Amadeus and Anna Maria, born four years before her brother. She likewise evinced a remarkable precosity for music, which, however, exhausted itself apparently with years. She continued a good performer and a lover of music, but her brother rapidly eclipsed her talents. And as would seem to have happened in the case of every other creative musician of the highest rank, the fire of Mozart's genius was not transmitted to another generation. Of the six children born to him of Constanza, two sons only lived. One of these adopted music as a profession, but although we learn that he inherited much of the sweetness and gentleness of his father's disposition, his abilities as a composer and teacher were mediocre. Mozart and his sister were carefully trained in music by their father, who very early toured triumphantly through Europe with these two prodigies. In London they were much sought after. Nevertheless, they earned more notoriety than money, being mostly paid, as Mozart himself put it, "in verses and shoe-buckles from dukes and duchesses, or nods and smiles from Empresses." Next to Constanza, it was upon his father that Mozart lavished the treasure of his warm, affectionate nature. One of his odd, childish fancies was that in his father's old age he "would preserve him in a glass case, that he might the better contemplate and admire him." He himself was not destined to old or even to middle age. Can we, however, after all cry "Ah, the pity of it" over

his brief thirty-five years? No—hardly. For had Mozart lived to be a hundred, he could scarcely have accomplished a greater wealth of achievement. We sum it up marvelling. Dances, sonatas, concertos, chamber music, church music, symphonies, operas, and somewhere in every one of them we are held by his ineffable charm, by the eternal spirit of youth and love. Well may votaries of music be proud that in their own kingdom, and not in literature, not in painting, nor in sculpture, was the destined medium by which the miracle Mozart was made man.

DON GIOVANNI.



A. E. KEETON.

[NOTE.—This article was written in December last.—ED. M.R.]

LORD CURZON IN INDIA, 1899-1905

IN his Budget speech, 1901, Lord Curzon enumerated twelve reforms in the administration of India, to which he attached great importance. These were the establishment of a stable frontier policy, the creation of a North-West frontier province, a reform of the transfer and leave rules, the establishment of a stable rate of exchange for the rupee, the encouragement of irrigation, the application of a remedy for agricultural indebtedness, the reduction of the cost of telegrams between India and Europe, the preservation of archæological remains, the reform of education and the police. He can therefore be judged out of his own mouth, and it is by his success or failure in carrying out this programme that his Viceroyalty stands or falls. Lord Curzon's frontier policy was not that of either the Forward or Masterly Inactivity school. He preferred

> a code which could with consistency and without violent interruptions be applied to the whole line of our North-West Frontier from the Pamirs to Beluchistan. Its main features consist in the withdrawal of our regular troops from advanced positions in tribal territory and their concentration in posts upon or near the Indian border, and their replacement in tribal tracts by bodies of tribal levies trained up by British officers as a militia in defence of their own native valleys and hills; in other words, the substitution of frontier garrisons drawn from the people themselves for the costly experiment of large forts and isolated posts thrown forward into a turbulent and fanatical country. The policy has to justify itself, and that it can only do in time. I do not say

that it will save us from frontier warfare, or from occasional expeditions, or from chronic anxiety. All I claim for it is that it is a policy of military concentration against dispersion, and of tribal conciliation in place of exasperation.

To carry out this policy, a light railway has been built from Peshawar to Dargai, to strengthen the British hold on the Malakand Pass, and the garrison of the Chitral road has been concentrated at Drosh.

A railway has been pushed on to Jamrud, and the Khyber Pass is to be guided by two reorganised regiments of Khyber Rifles (Afridis).

A military road has been constructed from Peshawar through the Kohat Pass, and a light railway runs from Kushatgarh on the Indus to Thall on the flank of the Samana range.

The garrison of regular troops on the Samana has been concentrated at Kohat, and is replaced by the Samana Rifles (Orakzais).

The garrison of Waziristan is concentrated at Bannu, and two battalions of Waziri militia are enlisted for the Tochi and Gomal valleys respectively.

The blockade of Mahsud Waziris by a military cordon, in which the new militia was largely employed, lasted for more than a year, from the beginning of 1901 to March 10, 1902, and provided the first practical test of the new policy. The operation was a complete success, and was carried out at an infinitely less cost than that of a punitive expedition in the old style.

The North-West Frontier Province was constituted in February 1901, from the four trans-Indus districts of Peshawar, Kohat, Bannu, and Dera Ismail Khan, with the tribal territory beyond their limits, and the six political agencies of Dir, Swat, Chitral, the Khyber, the Tochi Valley, and Wano.

Lord Lytton, in a minute dated April 22, 1877, thus summed up the case for the formation of a frontier province:

The Viceroy would by means of this arrangement command the services of his own specially selected agent, in whose hands the threads of all our

border politics and tribal relations would be concentrated. The time of such an agent could be devoted almost entirely to purely frontier duties; and he would be better able than any lieutenant-governor of the Panjab can possibly be to visit with adequate frequency, freedom of mind, and singleness of interest all parts of the frontier; thus making himself personally and thoroughly conversant with the social facts, individual characters, and local sentiments which claim incessant and concentrated attention in the successful administration of border politics. The political and administrative conduct of the frontier would be in the same hands and pass through the same channels. All division of responsibility and all antagonism of schools and systems would thus be avoided.

To Lord Curzon the change was recommended by the possibilities it afforded of greater rapidity, and therefore of greater freedom of action, in dealing with the tribes, and by the greater scope it gave to trained ability in their administration. It brought the Pathan tribes inside as well as outside the frontier under the same control, whilst freeing them from "the complex paraphernalia of Indian civil justice." Another great advantage is its economy. In the seven years previous to 1899, £4,500,000 were spent on frontier expeditions; in the seven years subsequent, £250,000.

The creation of the North-West Frontier Province has been most unjustifiably represented as a "flouting of experienced advice," and as an attempt of the dominating war party to get rid of the Panjab civil control, and to "permanently throw out of doors (in frontier politics) the great knowledge and experience of the chief of the Panjab Administration."

Lord Curzon's reform of the transfer and leave rules is intended to prevent the disorganisation consequent on the frequent transfer of officials. Most Government officials are entitled to a month's leave every year on full pay, called privilege leave, and they can allow this to accumulate up to three months. Formerly nothing prevented a man from taking privilege leave and then returning to India and taking some other kind of leave next year; two fresh appointments to his office were thus necessary in two successive years. By the recent amendment of the rules, no officer on return to India

from privilege leave can take any other kind of leave except sick leave till he has rendered eighteen months' active service. By way of compensation for this restriction, privilege leave is allowed to be combined with furlough, which was formerly forbidden. On the subject of report-writing, Lord Curzon has stated his opinion that "the real tyranny to be feared in India is not tyranny by the executive authority, but by the pen." There was a very real danger that district officers would be debarred from devoting themselves to more important duties, by the necessity of spending an increasing portion of their time on reports on the multitudinous subjects about which the Central Government is always inquiring. This is the result of increased centralisation, which reduces the district officer, who should be a benevolent despot constantly on the move among his people, to the level of a report-writing machine.

Under recent orders, reports are in future only to call attention to the really important events of the year, a maximum limit is imposed for each report, which is not to be exceeded without special orders; and reports on some subjects are abolished altogether. This salutary reform, too, has been represented[1] as a deliberate attempt to "muzzle the servants of Government."

> The day was when in the writing of thoughtful, well-considered, and detailed reports lay the surest road to high preferment. All that is now changed, and the recent orders of the arch-imperialist Lord Curzon, by which anything but the meagrest notes are condemned, have finally closed the door to public information. The bureaucrat reigns supreme in India, and enforces silence on all.

As a result of the currency policy initiated under Lord Lansdowne, the closing of the mints to the free coinage of silver, and the declaration of the willingness of Government to give or receive at the treasuries rupees at the rate of 15 to the £1, a stable rate of exchange has been secured. The possessors of silver jewellery, who can no longer convert it into coin at pleasure, and the employers of Indian labour,

[1] "Twenty-eight Years in India" (Fisher Unwin).

who draw their finances from London, and who no longer find their pounds sterling purchase an increasing number of rupees, may view this policy unfavourably; but, on the whole, the opposition is declining, and the benefit to the country at large of filling the otherwise continually widening gulf of loss by exchange is better understood.

The total railway mileage in India, according to the latest statistics available up to the end of April 1905, was 27,904 miles, against 22,048 in 1898. According to Mr. Robertson's figures, India possesses one mile of railway for every 82·36 square miles of territory and every 12,231 inhabitants; the corresponding figures for Great Britain and Ireland being 5·53 square miles and 1889 inhabitants. Judged by a European standard, India is still backward in railways; but Lord Curzon seems to agree with the recent Famine Commission that

> the time has come for a new departure in famine policy, which would place irrigation works in the position that protective railways have hitherto occupied in the Famine Insurance Programme. To put the food-supply of the country into circulation, was necessarily the first object of a wise famine policy; to protect and develop the supply itself should be its second object; and this is the function of agricultural development generally, and of irrigation in particular.

It is recognised that irrigation works should not in all instances be expected to pay the market rate of interest on the capital expended, and the total expenditure on irrigation has increased proportionally to that on railways, the latest figures being:

1903–04. Railways, Rs. 30,87,72,000 (£20,584,800)
Irrigation, Rs. 4,04,19,000 (£2,694,600)
1904–05. Railways, Rs. 31,89,24,000 (£21,261,600)
Irrigation, Rs. 4,06,18,000 (£2,907,866)

In his Budget speech of 1900, Lord Curzon estimated the total practicable increase to the irrigable area of India as 4,000,000 acres. He appointed an Irrigation Commission under Sir Colin Scott Moncrieffe to investigate the most suitable sources of water-supply in each province, whether irrigation

canals, tanks, or wells, and to draw up a programme of works as a means of insurance against famine. The Commission recommended an outlay of 44 crores of rupees (about 29 millions sterling) in twenty years on nine protective irrigation schemes to irrigate 4½ million acres. Of these schemes, the most important are the Lower Bari Doab (between the Beas and the Ravi), the Sind Sagar (between the Chenab and the Indus), and the great Tungabhadra storage project in Madras. In addition to this, an annual outlay of 58 lacs (£386,628) is recommended in loans for private works, and in free grants for unproductive private works. This is independent of the completion of previous schemes for the Chenab, the Upper Bari Doab, the Jhelum, and Sirhind canals.

The danger to the State when the land of the agricultural classes passes into the hands of the money-lenders, who, as a rule, shirk contributing their fair share to taxation, is the result of British rule. Formerly no alienation of land was possible without the consent of the whole body of village shareholders. The British Government has given the cultivators absolute and transferable rights of property in their land instead of tribal tenure, and has increased the security which they can offer for loans from the mere value of the crops on the ground to the full capitalised value of the land. The cultivator is proverbially as stupid as his own bullocks, and does not hesitate to borrow when he requires a little accommodation; but his rights in the land are liable to summary sale at the suit of any creditor, and he is generally sold up for non-payment of the debt. This eagerness of the money-lending classes to invest is incidental evidence that the land revenue is not excessive.

The Deccan Agriculturists' Relief Act, 1879, first gave legislative sanction to the policy of limiting the cultivator's right of disposing of his holding. This Act did not go far enough, for the Famine Commission of 1900 pointed out that the indebtedness of the Deccan rayats was due to the "rigidity" of our revenue system, which forced them to

borrow cash to pay their assessments, and to the fatal facility with which they could borrow, having such valuable rights to offer as security. The "rigidity" referred to alludes to the fact that the revenue has to he paid, irrespective of the productiveness of the season, the theory being that the profits of good years should counterbalance the losses of bad. The Commission recommended that, in all cases of debts due from cultivators, if the money-lender's claim was that of a mortgagee only, the debt should be investigated and a fair sum fixed. The annual produce of the holding should then be ascertained; and, after providing for the support of the cultivator and his family, the balance should be set aside to pay off the debt in a term of years. On the expiration of the term the holding should revert to the cultivator. For the future, restrictions should be placed on the transferability of land, by requiring that any sale to a person not of the agricultural classes should not be valid without the consent of Government. In accordance with these recommendations, the Government of India passed the Panjab Land Alienation Act, 1900, and sanctioned the Bombay Revenue Code Amendment Act, 1901. The work entitled "Twenty-eight Years in India" denounces these acts as "the uprooting of a peasant proprietary," and an "extraordinary measure of confiscation."

Speaking of the proper charges for telegrams between England and India, Lord Curzon said in 1901 that there would not be the maximum telegraph traffic between the two countries till the rate was reduced to 1*s.* a word. As a step in this direction, the telegraph companies have been induced to lower the rate from 4*s* to 2*s.* 6*d.* a word.

With shame, it must be acknowledged that up to now the British Government in India has been insufficiently mindful of its stewardship of the archæological remains of the country. Priceless monuments, like Asoka's pillar at Lauviya Araraj, near Bettiah, have been scrawled all over with names, both European and native; and the carved lion on the top of this pillar has been used as a target for ball practice. The walls of

the ancient capital of Gaur were long used as stone-quarries by the neighbouring rayats, and a large part of the ballast on the Assam-Behar railway is said to have been taken from the same source. In Lahore, the Chota Khwabgah, or sleeping-chamber of Shah Jehan, was used as a military church, and the mosque of Dai Anga, famous for its enamelled tiles, as the office of the railway traffic superintendent.

At Ahmedabad, Lord Curzon found that the delicate tracery of the windows of the mosque was being ruined by the storage of old records. He announced his intention "to assert more definitely the Imperial responsibility of Government in respect of Indian antiquities"; and all over India famous buildings and remains have been reclaimed from inappropriate uses and placed in repair so as to enable them to display their architectural beauties to advantage.

The education policy advocated by the Viceroy was laid down in his speeches to the Convocation of the University of Calcutta, and to the Conferences of Directors of Public Instruction at Simla in 1901 and 1905, in the Resolutions of the Government of India on text-books and on the appointment and report of the University Commission.

The most important changes are the abolition of primary examinations, and the substitution of general efficiency for payment by results, as the standard by which primary schools are in future to be estimated. Vernacular education, both primary and secondary, has been reformed on modern lines by the introduction of an adaptation of the *kindergarten* system, nature-study, and hand-and-eye training. The practical teaching of the "science of common life" has been substituted for a smattering of science usually learnt by heart, and taught entirely out of books, without experiment or apparatus.

The University Commission was appointed to consider how far the teaching function of the Indian universities, which had hitherto been merely examining bodies, could be extended and improved. The Commission reported that, owing to the continual cheapening of university education, more persons had

availed themselves of it than were intellectually qualified to profit by their studies. In the desire to increase the output of passed students of the universities, quality had been sacrificed to quantity. They recommended that the college fees should be raised, and that the affiliation of such colleges as did not teach the full graduate course should be discontinued. Continuance of the affiliation of a college should be conditional on its being certified to attain a certain standard of merit after inspection on the part of the university.

In spite of the opposition they excited, these proposals were accepted by Government; and grants of public money were made to the universities to meet the loss of fee-income caused by the diminution in the number of students owing to the raising of the college fees. The author of "Twenty-eight Years in India" asserts that "Lord Curzon has offended beyond forgiveness the educated classes of Indians," by the adoption of this policy, which he calls "the uprooting of popular education." Seeing that university education is enjoyed by such an infinitesimally small minority, it is difficult to understand how it could ever be termed "popular;" and it is the climax of exaggeration to describe the Commission "as playing ducks and drakes with the intellectual future of a couple of hundred millions." The same work considers it "only human" for "New India" to suggest that "the Government of India was seeking to do something to check the unhealthy overgrowth of university education."

It has been found expedient to limit the freedom formerly allowed to local governments in interpreting the orders of the Government of India on education. A Director-General of Education in India has been appointed to ensure that the education policy of the local government should be animated by "community of principle and of aim."

On the report of the Police Commission, a general improvement in the pay and prospects of all ranks of the police has been sanctioned; and a new class of officers, entirely confined

to natives of India, to be called deputy superintendents, has been instituted.

Now to consider the character of Lord Curzon's administration under the heads of taxation and famine management, and foreign policy, the two former heads being taken together, since some regard them as cause and effect.

Military expenditure, which has increased from £15,200,000 in 1896 to £17,700,000 in 1903–04, is now the disturbing element in Indian finance; but the increase is part of the policy of the Home Government, and India equally suffers from it. Lord Curzon ineffectually protested against the extra charges of £548,000 for recruiting and training British troops at £7 10*s.* a head, and £786,000 for their extra pay; but his opposition to the fresh annual charge, which the Home Government proposed to lay upon Indian revenues, of £1,100,000 for the 12,500 men in South Africa, who were to be "earmarked" for Indian service, was more successful. Another item on the credit side is the grant of £257,000 to the Indian army which the Royal Commission on Indian expenditure obtained from Imperial revenue. Lord Curzon thus summed up what there is to show for this increased military expenditure, in his farewell to Sir Power Palmer, on his retirement from office as Commander-in-Chief:

> He may look back, as he retires, upon an army almost entirely re-armed with a modern quick-firing rifle, supplied with a large increase of officers, equipped in respect of transport with a *bonâ fide* organisation. He may contemplate a system of frontier defence, worked out upon a scientific plan, and almost immeasurably superior to that of a few years ago, the mobilisation of coast defence, artillery rearmament, the Madras reconstruction, and the establishment of Indian factories for the supply of materials and munitions of war.

By "the Madras reconstruction" is meant the substitution of the more warlike races of Northern India, for those of whom the Madras army was largely composed.

One blot upon British rule is the average level of dire poverty among the inhabitants, which is the chief cause why, when famine occurs, the enfeebled population die off like flies.

Lord Curzon, in his Budget speech, 1901, estimated that the average annual income of an Indian had risen from Rs. 17 (£1 16*s.*) in 1880 to Rs. 30 (£2) in 1900, but that the income of an average agriculturist was only Rs. 20 (£1 6*s.* 8*d.*). Out of this miserable pittance of £2 a year each native of India has to pay in land revenue and taxation 3*s.* 3¼*d.* Mr. Digby, in "Prosperous British India," estimated the average daily income of an Indian as 2*d.* in 1850; 1½*d.* in 1880; and ¾*d.* in 1900.

In 1903, for the first time for twenty years, the burden of taxation was lightened by levying the Salt Tax at Rs. 2 (2*s.* 8*d.*) instead of Rs. 2½ (3*s.* 4*d.*) per maund (80 lb.), and by increasing the minimum annual income exempted from income tax from Rs. 500 (£33) to Rs. 1000 (£66). Certain other small concessions in cheapening postage and telegrams have also since been made; but the cost of famine relief has prevented further remission of taxation.

The famine of 1900–01 was a truly overwhelming calamity. It was the second famine in three years, and there was a deficiency of water and fodder as well as of grain. It affected from 600,000 to 700,000 square miles of territory. It cost the Government £4,277,000 for famine relief, and £947,000 for agricultural advances. In the famine of 1877–78, the deficiency of rainfall was from 25 to 50 per cent., but in 1900–01 some districts did not get more than from one-eighth to one-thirtieth of their average rainfall. The Famine Commission of 1878–80 estimated that more than 4½ million people were likely to be on relief works at the same time; in June 1900, there were nearly 6 millions.

Lord Curzon estimated that there was "an excess mortality of half a million in British India more or less attributable to famine conditions." The author of "Twenty-eight Years in India" points the finger of scorn at him for underestimating the mortality. Half a million, or four millions: which? By deducting the decennial average from the death rate for 1900, we get the excess mortality due to famine *and plague* in Bombay, the Central Provinces, Berar, Ajmere, and the

Panjab. This amounts to 1,236,855, of whom 230,000 are known to have died of cholera and small-pox, so Lord Curzon's estimate, which related to famine only, and did not profess to be exact, is not inaccurate, whilst his critic's figures are grossly exaggerated.

Lord Curzon takes credit to himself, not undeservedly, that

> on the one hand, we have set our face against indiscriminate and pauperising charity, and have endeavoured to insist on relief being administered with the care and method we owe to the taxpayer and the exchequer. On the other hand, we have been prepared to accept any expenditure, of which it could be shown that it was required to save life or to mitigate genuine distress.

"Twenty-eight Years in India" compares the taxation of land to at least a 55 per cent. income tax. This ignores the essential distinction between taxation and the rent due to the State as supreme landowner. A 55 per cent. income tax is inconceivable, but an even greater percentage taken as rent, provided that the ordinary agricultural rate of profit was left to the payer, might not be considered excessive.

Charges of reckless enhancement of land revenue are constantly brought against the Government; but it is not generally stated whether the cultivated area was the same or not, after the enhancement, as before, which makes all the difference.

The Government of India in 1902 issued a detailed resolution on the incidence of the land revenue, which asserts that, in provinces in which the revenue is received from landlords, the standard of 50 per cent. of the assets recommended by the memorial of ex-civilians to the Secretary of State is uniformly observed, and that in *rayatwari* provinces the State is actually taking less than one-fifth of the gross produce, which the memorialists say should be the maximum. Owing to the complicated and varying nature of the rayats' holdings, any mathematical determination of assessments, according to gross or net produce, must entail undue rigidity. With reference to the proposal that assess-

ments in *rayatwari* tracts should be increased only when the land has increased in value through Government irrigation works, or a rise in the price of produce, the Indian Government argues that the State's right to share in the produce of the land carries with it a right to share in any increment of the produce, or its value, due to the growth of population and the gradual development of the country resulting from railways, roads, or irrigation works, or from the general enhancement of values due to expanding resources.

No alteration in the system of scale or assessments can permanently save an agricultural population from the effects of climatic disaster. No country in the world with similar meteorological and economic conditions could be saved by any possible land revenue system from the same misfortunes as happen to India. It is not proved that the most highly assessed areas have suffered most from famine.

Attempts have been made to render the demand of land revenue more elastic. Agricultural improvements effected by the rayats' own capital are not assessed, and prospective assets are no longer taken into consideration. Large enhancements, which are often the necessary outcome of long-term settlements, are imposed according to a progressive and graduated scale. The revenue collection is as far as possible adjusted to the variations in the circumstances of the people; and assessments are reduced in cases of local deterioration from causes such as continual malarial fever or earthquake.

One reason why famines bear so hardly upon the population is that agriculture is the one great industry in India. Lord Curzon has done his best for the development of scientific agriculture by the multiplication of agricultural farms, the appointment of a Director-General of Agriculture with the Government of India, and the establishment of the College of Agriculture at Pusa Bengal; and he has encouraged the investment of capital in various sorts of non-agricultural enterprises. He has placed the management of Indian railways in the hands of a board of experts; he has subsidised the schemes for

the application of modern science to the needs of the tea- and indigo-planters; and he has established a Ministry of Commerce and Industry, and an Imperial Customs Service for the more efficient superintendence of trade matters. Lord Curzon showed that he was mindful of the part which India should play in the defence of the Empire when, on the outbreak of the Boer War, he sent 13,200 British troops to Natal, and when, on troops being called for to put down the Boxer rising in China, he sent an expedition from India of 1300 British officers and men, with 20,000 native troops. He checked the French attempt to obtain a coaling-station in the Persian Gulf. He endeavoured to extend British influence and trade in South-Eastern Persia, by the appointment of additional consuls, by the delimitation of the frontier between Persia and Afghanistan on the Helmand River, which was going from January 1903, to June 1905, and by carrying the Quetta railway as far as Nushki on the Beluchistan border to improve the facilities for caravan traffic between Beluchistan and Seistan.

His visit to the Persian Gulf with an escort of warships in the cold weather of 1903–04 was intended to emphasise the determination of the British Government to maintain its prestige and paramount position, and to resist by all the means at its disposal any attempt by another Power to establish a naval base there. The Thibetan expedition of 1904 was undertaken to counteract the Russian intrigues of the Lama Dorjieff, a Mongolian Buriat from the shores of Lake Baikal, who had induced the Dalai Lama to send an embassy to the Czar in 1900–01 to offer him the suzerainty of Thibet and the protectorate of the Lamaist religion. Another object was to enforce upon the Thibetans the fulfilment of the obligations undertaken by them under the Anglo-Chinese Treaty of 1890, and the Trade Regulations of 1903.

Within India itself, the principal event of his Viceroyalty was the Delhi Durbar of 1903, when all India acknowledged "its loyalty to a common head, its membership of the same

body corporate, and its fellow citizenship of the same Empire," "which is the only bond of union for its divisions of race, and class, and customs, and creed." Lord Curzon claimed the princes of the native states as his colleagues in the great work of Indian administration, and he has endeavoured to fit them for their duties by the care that he has bestowed on the Chiefs' colleges. He provided in the Imperial Cadet Corps a military career for high-born native youths. Other important events have been the deposition of the Maharajah of Panna for misconduct, and the treaty with the Nizam concerning Berar. The old arrangement was that the surplus revenues of this province, less the cost of administration, should be handed over to the Nizam. It is now to be permanently leased to the Indian Government in return for an annual payment of 25 lacs of rupees (£166,605), and a lump sum of 41 lacs (£273,306), and the Hyderabad contingent is to be absorbed in the Indian army.

A circular to the native princes forbidding them to leave their dominions without the permission of the Government of India was somewhat harsh in its language, but it enforced the salutary principle that the Government of India is trustee for the welfare, not only of its own subjects, but of those of the native states as well. The home Government in 1904 paid Lord Curzon the unique compliment of extending his term of office for two years, on the ground that "questions relating to railways, irrigation, famine administration, and police had all been investigated, and it seemed disadvantageous that the Viceroy, who had himself initiated the investigations, should quit office before they were dealt with."

Lord Curzon went home for six months in 1904, and Lord Ampthill, Governor of Madras, officiated as Viceroy. Lord Curzon returned to India in the cold weather, and the two most important questions that came before him were the partition of Bengal and the abolition of the dual control of the Indian army.

The partition of Bengal, according to the Government of

India, was necessitated by the fact that the old province was too large for a single charge, and that it was impossible for the Lieutenant-Governor to keep in touch with the people. The alternative of a Governor from England with a council was dismissed as antiquated, and that of decentralisation, with the transference of powers to certain commissioners, on the analogy of the Commissioner in Sind, as impracticable.

The Bengalees view the partition as an attempt to dismember the Bengalee nation, and the Hindus as an attempt to erect a counterpoise to themselves in the Mahomedans, who are in a majority in Eastern Bengal. In spite of bitter opposition, the partition came into force on October 16, 1905, when the Chittagong and Dacca divisions of the old province and the Rajshahi division (with the exception of Darjiling), and the district of Maldah were united with Assam, under the name of the Province of Eastern Bengal and Assam.

Ever since his arrival in India, Lord Kitchener, the Commander-in-Chief, has chafed against the system by which his proposals were liable to be criticised by the military member of the Viceroy's Council. Lord Curzon and his whole Council, except the Commander-in-Chief, were in favour of the *status quo*. The Secretary of State supported Lord Kitchener. Though it was settled that the Commander-in-Chief should correspond direct with the Viceroy, Lord Curzon did not resign, but endeavoured to fall in with the policy approved by the home Government. When, however, his proposal to fill up the vacancy in the military membership caused by General Elles' resignation by the appointment of an officer of sufficient standing to be available as a second adviser on military topics was rejected by the Secretary of State, he resigned in August 1905.

Lord Curzon took up the reins of government better qualified than any of his predecessors, by his travels in Persia, Afghanistan, and the Far East, to exercise his independent judgment on questions of Indian foreign policy. Throughout his Viceroyalty he was continually on the move, and lost no

opportunity of visiting the furthest corners of the Empire. He is besides a prodigious worker, and he brings an absolutely open mind to the consideration of any subject with which he may be dealing, sparing no pains to inform himself fully upon it. His visit to the Bombay famine camps in the height of the hot weather of 1900 is an instance of this. Hence comes his confidence in himself, his ability to take his own line, and his intolerance of opposition. His policy was framed in accordance with his own views, and no Viceroy ever owed less to his Council or his secretaries. He governed as well as reigned, and took a direct and personal share in the administration. He strove to hold the balance even between the white man and the black, and his attempts to bring white men to punishment for brutality to natives of India made him personally disliked. The cases of the West Kent and 9th Lancer regiments and the tea-planter prosecutions were not mere "playing to the gallery," but the Viceroy's action was dictated by his sense of justice. He cared nothing for popularity, as is shown by his Calcutta University Convocation speech of 1905 on the general want of respect for truth among Indians, in which he went out of his way to tell a home truth which he considered necessary to press upon the attention of his hearers, regardless of the storm it would arouse. The general effect of his Viceroyalty may be summed up in his own words: "I should like, if I have time, while in India to place upon the anvil every branch of Indian policy and administration, to test its efficiency and durability, and, if possible, do something for its improvement." The benefit of such minute inspection to the efficiency of Indian government is incalculable, but it is not conducive to the popularity of the inspector.

ANGLO-INDIAN.

A SERVANT OF THE CROWN

His Excellency the Acting-Governor announces with regret the death of Mr. Harold G. Parsons, a District Commissioner, which took place in the Colonial Hospital on the morning of the 27th August. His Excellency desires to place on record his deep sense of the loss which the Colony has sustained by the untimely decease of this very able and experienced officer.

SUCH was the official epitaph of one of the most brilliant, versatile and courageous men who ever gave their lives for the advancement of their country and died before their true worth had been appreciated by any save their closest friends. Something more is needed to do justice to the memory of Harold Parsons than the sentence I have quoted from the Government *Gazette*[1] of the Colony of Lagos, West Africa. The effects of hard work and fever upon a heart enfeebled by a wound received in the South African campaign, brought to a sudden close a career which had showed promise of as great distinction in the world of thought and letters as in that of action and administration; in the short space of scarcely eight and thirty years its mark was left on both.

The best classical scholar of his year at Wadham, where we began our life at Oxford on the same day, Harold Parsons had already seen more of the world, and experienced more varieties of life, than any of those with whom he came into immediate contact. We had breakfast and lunch together, we two and one other, every day for four years, and we were all within a few weeks of the same age; out of those three

[1] For August 30, 1905.

young and hopeful Musketeers he was the "Athos" and the "Porthos" rolled into one, a blue-eyed, simple-hearted gipsy-student, as ready for a duel as a dinner, for a keen philosophical disputation as for a traveller's tale, for a sculling-race as for an essay. In the College sculls we raced each other blind every summer, and each won them twice. In the College eight he was the best seven a stroke could wish, and to his sterling qualities of hard work he added more true watermanship than most of the men who got their Blue from Eton or Radley. But he had not been to an English public school. Though he was English born,[1] and, it would not be incorrect to say, English bred, he went, at thirteen, to the Melbourne Grammar School, which he left easily head of the school in work and play, with the Argus Prize for English Essay, published by request (when he was only sixteen) in the *Melbourne Review*. It was a plea for Imperial Federation; and as a prophecy of what he was afterwards to do, it has a value which will be evident later on. The mere voyage to Australia and back, in one so precociously full of observation and intelligence, showed him more of the world than most of us had ever heard of. He travelled largely on his way home to his English tutor, and indeed all his life he was "a wanderer and a gatherer," as he once wrote of the Australian "Hungry Tyson." One result was, that he was easily head in the whole list of those who tried for the open entrance scholarships we both won; and another was, that he never gave much heed to any further University examinations. "Without examinations," he used to say, "Oxford would be perfect. They are her only blemish."

But he had something in him which examinations could never give, for his mind was that fascinating combination of the experience of forty with the spring and audacity of nineteen. It was not always understood by the striplings who wrestled as conscientiously with "Pass Mods" as with the problems of a cricket-match, and knew as little of the world outside as they cared for the scholarship within. He left his

[1] At Blackheath, on March 8, 1867.

mark on Wadham, as he left it everywhere he went. The Junior Common Room, with its frieze of shields, its portraits of Nicholas and Dorothy, its writing-room, its pleasant opportunities of talk and coffee, was his own foundation, and his record of its early history still reposes on its walls.

That was one of his chief distinctions: he could not only do things, he wrote about them too. He was still in Oxford when he wrote an article for W. E. Henley's *National Observer*, which smote the Cobdenists hip and thigh and attacked their whole doctrine more than a decade before the Manchester school had even begun to lose its old supremacy. His views on men and things were tinctured with that mature experience which was his, so that his writing seemed the work of a much older man, so far as its conclusions went, while his style was instinct with the sure strength of untarnished physical powers, with that innate sense of phrasing and of words which saved him all the labour of apprenticeship, and produced the writer even in the undergraduate. His power with his pen was sufficiently evidenced during the years, soon after his degree, which he spent in London, chiefly under Henley's influence: a welcome member of the band which counted many a future celebrity under the same banner—Kipling, Stevenson, Thomas Hardy, Swinburne, Barrie, George Curzon, Gilbert Parker, George Wyndham, Harold Frederic, Stéphane Mallarmé, Marriott-Watson and many more. Of them all, none upheld the creed of Toryism so bravely, none belaboured the Whig or detested the new Radical so whole-heartedly as did the new recruit from Oxford. Principalities and powers and creeds were more to him than he knew himself, much more than was suspected by many friends of that bold stormer of Conventionality's most sacred strongholds, that somewhat reserved, intensely chivalrous, almost quixotically generous champion of the King, the People and the Bible.

The columns of the old *Observer* revealed both the undergraduate of twenty-three and the long-headed traveller, who saw deeper into things than most of his contemporaries. In

writing on social questions, on his philosophy of life, the same astonishing mixture, the same intrepidity and insight, are still more observable. His onslaughts on what was then known for short as "Clapham" were especially spirited; and his theories of life at that early time were as follows:

> The complete philosopher [he wrote], though he delight not in the misfortunes of his fellows, will extract a certain pleasure from his own. At first, of course, he will have taken life seriously. Carelessness is not for the young: and a light heart is the reward of experience. But as the years go by he will begin to cultivate serenity like a garden herb. . . . The life-story of the average man is printed in stereotype, on the meanest of pages, and multiplied to infinity. In most copies, it may be, the notes scribbled at the side are worth reading: the record of a holiday, the moment of passion, the sudden impression, which make the man's tale real to him and, after some fashion, his own. So that for the poorest octavo of them all it is the margin that matters, in a way. But for ourselves, as amateurs of existence, we have to insist, to begin with, upon large paper. Our rivulet of text, at all events, shall flow through a wide meadow of margin. . . . We must learn to dispense with many things. Poverty, after all, is life next the bone, where it is sweetest. And the man born without an income cannot spare time to make one. . . . Labour is for the general; the few must either command or dispense with wealth.

London was not long to hold, nor Literature alone to claim the writer of the brilliant essays which delighted every reader who could appreciate light-hearted youth still unburdened with too many facts. But even these few sentences are an indication of the personality that went out of English journalism when Harold Parsons was called to the Bar and promptly sailed for West Australia. "Desperation," he wrote to me, "knocked at my elbow, and whispered news to me out of Barbary." As a matter of fact his first objective had been Zanzibar. His barrister's wig actually went there. But Africa did not secure him yet. Himself went many a league further east of Suez. And he started with all the Elizabethan spirit of adventure that sang so often in his blood, in the phrases that were on his lips in his last years:

> To Tunis and Argiers, boys!
> Great is our want, small be our joys.
> Let's then some voyage take in hand
> To get us means by sea or land.

Philosophical or not, he never really mastered what he sometimes preached: "l'art suprême de vivre avec soi-même." He was the most gregarious and domestic person in the world, and liked nothing better, at proper intervals, than life by the family fireside. Next to that, life in the open with a good comrade was his chiefest joy. All his misfortunes came from periods of mental or physical loneliness. All his happiness was shared with some kindred spirit. "I stood on the North Cape at midnight," he wrote to me once, after one of his wanderings, "and drank champagne there. It is far less solitary than your White Horse Hill in Berkshire. I met the Dean of W—— there, in gaiters."

Speaking figuratively, I should say that he was meeting Deans in gaiters all his life; for he had not only an unfailing sense of the dramatic, which made him the best *raconteur* in the world when he came home from his travels, but also a fresh and abundant humour which constantly lit up his narratives with strange parallels from distant countries, or sudden references to his present surroundings, that proved how unquenchable was his zest of life, how wide and deep the foundations on which his capacity was based. That capacity was chiefly memorable for its astounding versatility, its never-failing courage. It showed itself, during his short life, rather in action than in ways which might have left more visible trace behind; and his highest qualities were beyond doubt administrative. For he was a true pioneer, a leader of men, who might not only have founded an empire overseas but have laid down its laws and written the history he had helped to make. In the present shape of the Australian Commonwealth Bill he has left a definite, practical result behind him, such as few men have produced who are not the accredited statesmen of their country. That was only a part of the legacy he left us; it was but an infinitesimal fraction of what he might have achieved had his life lasted longer.

West Australia did not wholly please him at first, though by all his family tradition he felt himself Australian; and for

a year or two he wrote unhappy letters—letters, that is to say, which began unhappily, but always sounded the old bugle-note of confidence before the end.

When I came to Perth three months ago [he wrote] I attacked fortune with a fury which would have made all the difference in London, if only I could have waked myself up in time. I dressed, visited, dined, attended *levées*, and wrote letters to every man with a bank account or a pen whom I knew in Europe or America. Withal I knew something of Australia, and I was resolved not to go the ordinary way, of the "new chum" or "remittance man," as the phrase goes here.

He got a certain amount of legal work. But he was fretting for bigger chances; and he soon went further afield. The tramp into the interior he often told me, and he wrote it for his favourite "Maga" later on:—

Early in 1894 I walked from Burracoppin, then the head of the railway line, to Coolgardie. It was in the first days of the rush, before the Boulder mines had been started, or ever the chimneys of Kalgoorlie were hot. It was my first experience of the Australian people, and I found it good. Our party was about a hundred strong, swampers and teamsters; and we swampers paid thirty shillings apiece to have our swags carried up by the flour- and fodder-laden waggons, alongside of which we tramped. I remember now the unappeasable track—red and dusty, two chains wide, stretching endlessly eastward, up hill and down, dividing the dull immensity of twisted gums. . . .

In December 1904 I had a letter from him, headed "Hannan's Find, East Coolgardie Goldfield." He was doing fairly well in the law, and winning cases, and with them a reputation.

It is very hot and dusty here, but we are fairly comfortable, four of us, Oxford men, including the Warden. I am very weak with dysentery. I have a camel man with his beast camped day and night beside my house, waiting to go out to new finds for me and certain others. It is all a fever of excitement and discomfort. What a curious thing it is! I have struck many friends of a sort. But those three or four years with you and Aramis at Oxford were the best. I have been sunk in a certain apathy till lately with illness and other miseries. But now I am beginning to taste success—or rather money—I am beginning to be alive again and to want to see you. We shall meet some time, in middle life, and past sorrows will be . . . past sorrows. We must bear everything and live everything down. After all, what is life, that we should

grieve at the departure of oneself or one's friends? And who are you and I that we should be exempt from the utmost bitterness?

Within a few months that "camel man with his beast" had started for Kalgoorlie. At the second municipal election ever held in the new township Harold Parsons was elected Mayor, on the 16th November 1896, with nine Councillors, and a total municipal revenue of about £16,500. When his year of office had elapsed the revenue was doubled, and the rateable value of property had become £117,463. He thoroughly enjoyed the work of organisation, and it is characteristic that a photograph of him soon after this period shows him, not mining, but planting trees with Mr. P. Hannan and a party of about a dozen men. He soon made a rapid visit to London, full of business connected with mining, fighting various law-suits, and with every legitimate prospect of realising a quarter of a million sterling. The little triangle of friends, who made a point of meeting whenever one of their number returned from journeyings abroad, had a jovial dinner on that occasion, and nuggets of all shapes and sizes abounded at dessert, to prove to us that he had "struck it rich."

But romance was only just beginning. He returned to lay out streets and squares, to watch over the growth of public buildings, to found the Kalgoorlie Chamber of Mines, of which he became first President, to sit in the Upper House at Perth, to become a member of the Legislative Council of West Australia. He brought back a wife. And then a slow and relentless tragedy seemed about to unfold. She died in England; and as we came back from her funeral I learnt that he had lost his fortune too. He would only have deplored that had any one he loved been hopelessly involved in his misfortunes. But during the few weeks he stayed with me, at this crisis of his fate, he gradually took up his life again in his strong hands and shook himself out of the lethargy that had very naturally menaced him. He had valued money only for the power it gave. He had been unable to hold his own against those whose trade it was to make it and love it for

itself. The war had not long broken out in South Africa, and he determined at once to offer his services at the front. Action was his best remedy; then as ever.

The journalist, the mine-owner, the colonial politician, turned out to be as fine a soldier as ever led a squadron of horse. As was his wont, he loved his latest occupation better than any he had tried before. With no other training than a few drills in the old days with "The Devil's Own," he went to Aldershot in March 1901. He drilled his first company so efficiently that he was promptly given another. This only worried him because he had got really fond of all his men, as usual. In April he embarked as "sea-captain" in command of a provisional squadron, his second lot of men, after spending most of his spare cash in completing the smaller details of their equipment. The pair of Zeiss glasses given him by his comrades at the Savile Club was almost the only luxury he left himself. As soon as he had reached the front his letters were full of requests for strong wire-nippers in large quantities, which he demanded urgently from every friend he had. At Capetown he reverted to the rank of Second Lieutenant, and was given a third section to knock into shape; and, as far as I could understand his letters, it was with yet a fourth that he was finally sent to the front in the Harrismith district in charge of 131 Glamorgans. He had provisional command at Harrismith of the Glamorgan squadron, until he was appointed as Second Lieutenant to the command of A troop of the 53rd squadron East Kent Imperial Yeomanry.[1]

Fortunately, I have many letters both from himself and those who saw him at this time in South Africa, where he was

[1] At Aldershot he had detected a very efficient N.C.O. in the person of one Private E——, aforetime of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, a Mason, and an unquestioned authority on cockfighting. This man he smuggled into Harrismith as his personal servant, then employed him to dragoon the Welshmen into shape, and subsequently presented him to the East Kent Yeomanry as a Squadron Sergeant-Major, and to the 11th Regiment of Imperial Yeomanry as acting Regimental Sergeant-Major, in which capacity E—— thoroughly proved his soldierly excellence and love of fighting.

known, characteristically enough, as "The Padre." Evidently his personality exercised no small influence upon them, at a time when most of his fellow officers were younger in years, and nearly all younger in all-round experience, than himself. His habit of "thinking big," his faculty of seeing clearly one important thing when less resolute mentalities vaguely envisaged six, made the best of them want to find out and cultivate the germs of those great gifts that were his birthright. As an officer his main characteristic was intense pride in his own troop, and keen personal interest in any man under his command who was worth his salt. He held very strongly that the first duty of an officer to his men and horses was to fill their stomachs. He had a wholesome horror of false economy, and exemplified it by his constant endeavour to make his troopers into good shots, himself keenly setting the example. Every available round was used in practice at a biscuit-tin stuck up on the veldt, or an ant-heap at uncertain range. When he was posted with his troop at the head of Olivier's Hoek Pass, he made a rifle-range, and challenged his regular colleagues to shooting-matches. By the testimony of all eye-witnesses his personal bravery was unquestioned and superb; and of responsibility he never had—either there or anywhere else—the slightest fear. In questions of tactics he always knew his own mind. He thought out every situation carefully, determined on his line of action, and resolutely followed it through, his ideas on scouting being especially sound, if a little unconventional. The strong originality of thought and action which was so characteristic of him made him more useful as an independent commander than in co-operation with other units.

He could handle niggers. He knew it, and so did they; and his sense of race-distinction was invariably strong. "Soundness and efficiency" were as much his watchwords at the front as they had been when he was only writing about Tory politics in London. Very few men came up to his standard of either, and he was eminently a judge of both. His loyalty to and confi-

dence in a "sound" leader were perfect; his appreciation of an "efficient" N.C.O. or trooper just and generous. Again, there must be no compromise—either a workman or a waster; and his esteem for the one was only equalled by his contempt for the other. As a brother officer he was a splendid comrade. Many a time over the dinner-table after an exhausting day's work he would drive away his companions' depression and fatigue by his exhaustless vitality, his unending sense of humour, his infectious merriment. The one thing that rankled in his cheery soul was being regarded—"for the first time in my life"—as an elderly person.

Send out some double-lever wire nippers [he wrote to me from Harrismith]; every trooper wants them, and I send out twenty men a day as scouts. The country is all over wire fences. Some one ought to get up a subscription and send out at least 1000 pairs for the Yeomanry. . . . They let me run a Cape cart now, with two extra horses, because I am a good provider (convey, the wise it call). Let me know anything that happens about the King's title. No Byzantine metaphors I hope. Why not call a King a King?

This last was a subject that much interested him, and I received from South Africa, later on, a long essay on the true constitution of the British Empire, and the position of our Colonies under the Common Crown, with which he wished to keep alive public interest in the subject. As we shall see he returned to it again and again, on more favourable opportunities.

Another letter from Harrismith spoke of warmer work.

We lost our third officer, out of five, last night. We lost two wounded yesterday. . . . Did you get a recommendation of mine for my Sergeant-Major for a Royal Humane Society medal?

Suddenly came bad news. After a few weeks of great anxiety, I had a letter from hospital: "I'm hit at last; but a long way from dead yet." He had been shot in the shoulder and lung, just above the heart, at Tweefontein.

An old Commandant dropped me at fifteen paces after we had held out for one and a half hours, and we had no one else with us on the hill, so I told my fellows to clear them. The old chap laid me out and covered me up and

gave me water, and then took my watch and all I had. They took everything from my tent—rugs, Mauser pistol, wife's photo, *and* those glasses,

the pair given him by the club.

He wrote so fine an account of the action up to the time of his own severe wound, in the *Fortnightly* for January 1903, that there is no need to repeat here his indignant refutation of the various charges made against his men. "No blame, in any case, can be attached to the main body of our men, who behaved with admirable steadiness," he concludes; and again: "No white flag had been raised, and only about eighty men made their escape." In all, 58 were killed, 84 wounded, the missing and prisoners amounted to 250, and no group of more than five men surrendered at a time.

All the sergeants of the 34th, except one, were killed by bullets in the forehead. Lieutenant Watney, ordering five of his men to smash the Maxim, charged up the slope to cover them, and fell, together with seven out of the ten troopers, the available remainder of his section, who had followed him.

Parsons was left in command of his squadron, every other officer having been killed or wounded, and the attack he led was the last resistance possible, at about half-past three in the morning.

He made apparently a good recovery, but there is no doubt that his heart had suffered in some obscure way, and that his death was hastened by the wound he received in De Wet's last success. Before the war ended he was out on duty again, as keen as ever, and writing long letters about blockhouses and commissariat, interlarded with abstruse details on the art of cooking, to serve as memoranda for a volume he intended to devote to that subject on his return. Many curious and entertaining notes for it are in my possession now. In the end he left South Africa with the medal and five clasps,[1] being picked out as one of the officers to sail in the *Bavarian* with the representative Troops for the Coronation. Owing to the

[1] The clasps are: South Africa 1902, South Africa 1901, Transvaal, Orange Free State, Cape Colony.

postponement, it happened that these very men, who had been picked out for their good record, fared worse than many of their comrades. Already it seems as if England has forgotten the great army that sprang up at her hour of need from the United Kingdom and every quarter of the Empire. No official care seems to have been taken even to retain the names and addresses of the numerous irregulars who had been trained into efficient N.C.O.s at great expense to the nation, and with very little inducement would come forward at any other National crisis. The Imperial Yeomanry, again, from the moment of their appearance at the front, showed a higher proportion of casualties than any other force. No record remains of them as a body. The late Government stated that they were unable to grant a site for the memorial subscribed for in the Colonies and elsewhere, to be erected in London to the memory of all who fell. It is a sad indication of the general state of apathy that the capital of the Empire should contain no public record of the names of those who died in her cause, and came from Australia, New Zealand and Canada to fight her battles.

Harold Parsons never was to know how far public forgetfulness could go. As soon as he returned to London he threw himself heart and soul into Imperial politics.

As long ago as 1888, when he was but sixteen, he had written the essay on the Federation of the British Empire, which was published in the *Melbourne Review*, and is before me now. It is an astonishingly precocious piece of work; but I can only mention it here as an indication of the deep-rooted principles which stirred the man from the earliest moment he began to think about politics at all.

In *Blackwood's* for November 1899, an article had appeared from his pen on "The New Australian Commonwealth and the Privy Council." It attracted wide attention, for he was the first non-official writer definitely to warn the public, both here and in Australia, of the constitutional dangers of the Commonwealth Bill as it was first drafted. "It is a very able

statement of the case," wrote one in high authority, and well capable of judging; "it expresses the argument clearly; and it will stand as the history of the question at issue." He followed it up with letters and articles in well-nigh every newspaper. The difficult task of rousing Englishmen to appreciate any detail of their constitution, or to consider the welfare of any of their Colonies, was at length accomplished. Those who were connected with the *St. James's Gazette* in the early spring of 1900 are still proud to remember that, as they had been the first to sound the note of warning to a deaf and unbelieving public concerning the inevitability of the War, so they were foremost among those who helped Harold Parsons to drive home his point in another question of vital importance, and to defeat Mr. Haldane's plausible scheme for the absorption of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the House of Lords. Clause 74 in the Commonwealth Bill reads as it does owing to the repeated and forcible expositions made by Harold Parsons of the danger involved in denying to Australia the appeal to the Privy Council. He did not wholly succeed: but the High Court of the Empire was practically established when he achieved the victory of preserving the appeal for all Australian citizens in all matters except constitutional questions of domestic interest.

This fight was fought before he sailed for the Cape. His chief work on his return was devoted to a study of "Our Colonial Kingdoms," which was foreshadowed in the Paper read before the Colonial Institute, and published in their Journal for June 1903. In two distinguished articles contributed to his beloved "Maga," one on Captain John Smith, of Virginia, happily entitled "A Knight of the Sun," and the other, "Lords of the Main," dealing with England's sea-dominion, he outlined two new chapters of the book he planned so carefully and worked so industriously to finish. Never were books so eagerly perused, authorities so mercilessly ransacked, arguments so gaily culled from every possible document and archive in the Bodleian Library or London. The book grew steadily. Its author has

gone from us with his work unpublished; but his material is here, and the last ripe fruit of that clear intellect and steady brain will not be wholly lost. It will never, perhaps, have quite the form he would have given it. But more than enough remains to publish a fair and appropriate record of a book that would have firmly established his reputation.

The frontispiece he wished to be the portrait of "th' admired Empresse," Elizabeth, "Angliae, Franciae, Hiberniae, et Virginiae Regina." The dedication was fixed too. "Deo, Patriae, Tibi." The title-page, a matter of much consideration, had been submitted to W. E. Henley, as, perhaps, too long. But Henley would not change a word. "*Stet* the lot," he wrote, after his cheery habit, on the margin; "it's Unique. W. E. H."

It ran as follows—properly spaced out:

The Invisible King or The Common Crown in the Constitution of the British Empire Being some Account of the New Politics Leading to the Loss of Our Former Colonial Empire; together with an Examination of the Late Sovereignty of the Imperial Parliament and the Present Sovereignty of the Crown-in-Council, By Harold G. Parsons, B.A. Sometime Senior Scholar of Wadham College Oxford, of the Inner Temple Barrister at Law, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, the Zoological Society, and the Colonial Institute, former Member of the Legislative Council of Western Australia, Hon. Lieutenant in His Majesty's Army, and District Commissioner at Lagos, W. Africa.

The telling title, "The Invisible King," he had found in one of Lecky's quotations from Algernon's Sidney's "Discourses on Government," which were Cromwellian essays on the sovereign power of the Crown, and the survival of the judicial part of Sovereignty. He strongly believed in England's mission and precedence of teaching nations how to live, and took as his motto the splendid phrase of Milton:

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle renewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full heavenly beam, purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking

birds, with those that love the twilight, flutter about amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

Final sovereignty, he held, must be vested somewhere, and in something. The complete sovereignty of the British Empire does not reside in the English Parliament, but in the people of the Empire; and therefore the only body that can be said to be a central Imperial Government, or to represent the "Common" sense of the Empire, is the Common Crown, the Crown-in-Council, the Cabinet in its capacity as a Committee of the Privy Council advisory to the Crown, and not in its other capacity as a Committee of Parliament; for the Cabinet, with the Crown, is the trustee to which the sovereign power of the people is committed; the Cabinet, with the Sovereign, is our "Invisible King."

These doctrines Harold Parsons enforced by arguments from leading law cases, from the Colonial Charters, from Appeals to the Privy Council, from ceremonies surviving in the Coronation Acts, from the story of our sovereignty in the Four Seas, from the constitution of the Channel Islands,[1] and from the history of our dealings with Ireland and the West Indies. He proved up to the hilt that the formulas of Empire are neither new nor unprecedented. He destroyed the hypothesis that the Colonies have always been dependencies of the nation, naturally subject to an Imperial Parliament. He enforced this by a wide sweep of historical and political research, pointing out that the Empires of Rome, Charlemagne, Charles the Fifth, and Napoleon were logically connected as expressions of a Continental system hostile to ourselves; of a system, yet dreamed of, by some thinkers, as the future United States of

[1] As Sir Charles Dilke has always told them, the Jersey people nowadays give up too easily their ancient contention that Parliament has nothing to do with the States of Jersey or Guernsey. He considers that the islands together are an independent kingdom under personal union with the Crown. But they have slid gradually into treating themselves as two coaling-stations under the Imperial Parliament, a position which may be convenient but has no historical authority.

Europe ; of the system which conquered us under Cæsar and William the Norman, and which was beaten as the Armada, or as the projected invasions of Napoleon. The second of his fundamental generalisations was the concurrent existence of the extension of the Realm (that is, of incorporation with representation), and of Federal Empire (that is of inclusion under the Common Crown). After the Kingdom of Wessex had expanded as far as geographical and racial considerations allowed, and had become the United Kingdom, the system of inclusion under the Common Crown went on as a British Empire which was capable of indefinite expansion. As Henry VIII. proclaimed, this realm of England "always was an Impire;" and unless our free settlements over sea come under the system of the Common Crown, they must separate from us, and "Impire" will be over.

It was in putting into practice those theories of work and government on which he had written so much, that Harold Parsons spent the last two years of his life. He died "a servant of the Crown," in the service of that Empire which claimed the best of him, and which he knew and loved so well. He was rising rapidly in the Colonial service of West Africa when sudden heart failure, following a fever in Lagos, carried him off unexpectedly. It will be a fitting close to these pages to recall briefly some of the administrative work he did in those two years.

He went out to Lagos as a District Commissioner in July 1903, writing from the s.s. *Jebba*, off Sierra Leone :

> I am a very fortunate fellow to have the friends I have, and indeed I have no feeling of loneliness in the world now. Something has gone permanently. The spring has gone out of my life. But I am not at all incapable of happiness. Contrariwise, as I am not at all afraid of death, and have quite got over the feeling which was so oppressing me in London, I believe I am the very man for this coast, if only I can get work up-country for which I feel myself exceptionally well fitted.

Our first news of him was that he was at work as a police-magistrate. Suddenly came tidings that he was managing a

big agricultural show, the first ever held at Lagos. The chairman of the committee was Mr. Speed, the acting Chief Justice; and the detailed supervision was in the hands of Harold Parsons. His success in organising it was fully recognised in the Governor's speech, at the opening, to Mr. Speed and the other members of the Executive Committee, in which the words occur:

> You have been most ably assisted and supported by Mr. Parsons, who, I know, has with enthusiasm most generously given us the full benefit of his experience in such work. I have no hesitation in saying that yourself and Mr. Parsons have rendered important service to the country.

Sir William MacGregor was able to recognise other qualities in his new Commissioner, as well; for his speech concludes with the sentence:

> I understand that Mr. Parsons has undertaken to write a Report on this Show. This will be good news to those interested in it. I wish to tell them that Mr. Parsons is a scholar, a man of wide knowledge, an accomplished writer.

Harold Parsons was soon afterwards sent up to the Residency of Ibadan, where a strong and capable man was badly wanted; and within his first year of service he found himself in practical control of one of those large districts up-country where he had longed, on starting from England, to show his real qualities of administration. He was not slow in proving them.

Owing to tribal conditions of land tenure and of labour among the Yorubas, the actual planters of cotton must not be white men but natives; for the social fabric is ancient, conservative, and intensely feudal, including a system of practical servitude which has many parallels to the classical "ascripti glebae." Harold Parsons thoroughly enjoyed unravelling the many problems involved in his surroundings, and strongly felt that, at present, an open market for labour would merely spell anarchy and prevent either cotton-growing or general progress; the chiefs, he insisted, must be the instruments of our rule through sympathetic British Residents. How admirably he was himself fitted for the task was proved by many incidents. As

he had shown in the South of the Dark Continent so here again he gave unfailing evidence of his qualities of leadership and control, of that understanding of the black races whose sound qualities he respected and with whose "magic" he never trifled. He almost eradicated small-pox, for instance, in his district by the discovery, after conversation with his friend, the "Pagan Archbishop," that the fetish-priests spread the disease in order to obtain the garments of the dead, which were their perquisite. He assisted in introducing the more extended practice of the elements of midwifery in order to benefit the coming generations of natives. He worked hard to get a register of land implying proper titles, with a map and properly marked boundary stones, so that the district might take its right place among the productive portions of the Empire. By judiciously combining the facts that the natives were steeped in secret society traditions, and were also first-rate agriculturists, he evolved the Yoruba Agricultural Union, as one result of his successful Show, with a firm foundation in official ordinances, and branch Agricultural Societies at Abeokuta and Ibadan. He thus realised a wish he had expressed in writing from Lagos, almost as soon as he had gone up-country among the natives.

He at once advocated the acclimatisation and free distribution of every kind of seed-plant and economic tree from West and East Indies, onions from the Soudan, rice from Japan, guinea-grass from the West Indies, fodder and pasture-grasses to follow, then plough-cattle and implements, and finally the indispensable motor-car. He sent home to me a large and excellent sample-bale of unginned cotton from this district which cost threepence retail. With it were sent cloves, antimony, red pepper, native-grown indigo and native-woven cloth. All were evidently susceptible of great improvement, and as soon as he came home on his first (and only) furlough he was off to Kew Gardens for information and assistance. He had already found out that castor-oil seed should be immersed in hot water before planting to ensure good results; and on the experimental farm of the Ibadan Agricultural

Society he was making tests of cottons, sisal hemp, china-grass, Zunguro millet, bananas, pine-apples, Para rubber, breadfruit, mango, granadilla, lettuce, cabbages, radish, oranges and couch-grass.

Already the Balogun of Ibadan, one of the Chiefs of the Council, and President of the Agricultural Society, had led the way by planting hundreds of coffee-trees, besides cotton, castor-oil, cocoa, cocoa-nuts and kolas, and an area of couch-grass for pasture; and a new cotton-ginnery had been erected at Ibadan by the British Cotton-Growers' Association, who found that most of the cotton ginned at their factory in Abeokuta had come from Ibadan.

> Unginned cotton pays the native at home [wrote Parsons to me], one penny per pound, even if he has to carry it two days' journey to the buyer at the railway. Any man in England who would devise the right kind of cotton-gin for Yorubaland would make money. It must be suitable for carriage to remote centres on carriers' heads in sections of from 60 to 180 lbs., which would go in hammocks. All the English patterns seem to have broken down, and the American "Eagle" type appears more suitable. The new gin must be tough, light, easily put together, and easily repaired. Above all it must be worked, not by steam, still less by oil, but by manual labour, with some sort of crank or treadmill, even with a wheel worked by the small donkeys of the district, after some such fashion as that in which horse-power is applied to the Australian mines. No native can work an oil-engine. The ordinary old hand gins of the district are now useless, for they cannot deal sufficiently quickly with the increased output.

So his last sojourn in London was full of schemes for the betterment of West Africa. He joyfully sketched his plans for persuading the Colonial Office to grant his friend the Alafin of Oyo, the champion of agricultural reform, a bigger crown, with larger jewels, than that worn by the Alake of Abeokuta, a much less influential person. Nearly every seed he had sent us was carried off for the inspection of the official botanists at Kew. But he made up for that by presenting me with the hideous sword that had been the chief instrument in a peculiarly revolting murder, which he was proud to have judicially avenged.

Among the barren pessimisms of our inactive life, his career showed strong and memorable, and there was no talent he possessed which he did not put to its full use. It seems incredible that so indomitable a man should have passed from us so soon. His courage and resource, as unfailing as his humour, as true as his judgment and his knowledge, formed a combination that had triumphed over poverty and riches over early success and bitter failure, owing to a confidence in, himself that was as deep-seated as it was carefully hidden from all save his most intimate friends.

He went out again to West Africa on Christmas Day, 1904; and when he shook hands with me for the last time he said he should never see me or England again.

His high qualities had been quickly recognised in Lagos, and on his second arrival there he was taken into much closer connection with the direct administrative work of the Governor's Staff, and lived over his office. His work interested him, and he could not be prevented from doing too much of it. He had had fever in his first year, and he had not got rid of it in England. Another attack in 1905 weakened him still more. Quite suddenly came the cable that he had died from heart-failure early on Sunday morning August 27, 1905.

A tablet, subscribed for by his relatives and friends, will record his memory, as the only monument of his life that England holds, in the chapel of Wadham College, Oxford. At Lagos, he left the manuscript which will soon be published. Almost the last quotation he sent me, and he was always sending new ones, was the sentence written by Daniel in 1602:

> Let us go no further, but look upon the wonderful architecture of this State of England, and see whether they were deformed times that could give it such a form, where there is no one the least pillar of majesty but was set with most profound judgment. . . . The best of the best Commonwealths that ever were in the world, being continually in all ages furnished with spirits fit to maintain the majesty of her own greatness, and to match in an equal concurrency all other kingdoms round about her with whom it had to encounter.

One such "fit spirit," it may be said without undue

exaggeration, was Harold Parsons, whose life was cut off so soon that only by a few could his splendid qualities be rightly appreciated. I have spoken much, perhaps, of mainly personal matters; but I think they show that his death is a grievous loss to more than his personal friends. Already the effect of some of his theories has become visible. It was mainly because Mr. Alfred Lyttelton lost sight of their most important principle that he failed to secure approval for the permanent Council he suggested to the Colonies in April 1905. The scheme of Imperial Government which Parsons recommended, partly realised already in the Committee of Imperial Defence, has been still further illustrated in the Royal Warrant of December creating precedence for the Prime Minister for the first time in English history; that precedence was inevitable when the Prime Minister had been recognised as the leader of the Cabinet in its capacity as a Committee of the Privy Council, and as a trustee of the sovereign power of the peoples of the Empire.

> Providence set apart the nations [wrote Parsons in "Maga" for February 1900]; we have only to see now that the reaction does not go too far. We may be grateful if it guide us to a respect for sound learning and clean living, for sacrifice, training, efficiency, a sense of public duty, and the guidance of the many by their betters.

So Tory, and so Elizabethan, he died, as he had lived; and there are many who will see again, in memory, those kindly blue eyes, and feel once more that honest hand-grip, when they hear the echo of his favourite verse:

> . . . Let's then some voyage take in hand
> To get us means, by sea or land.
> Come follow me, my boys, come follow me;
> And if thou die, I'll die with thee!

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A SLUM

THE interest which the public increasingly takes in the conditions of life in the East End of London encourages me to write a short account of a visit I lately paid, in the character of temporary help, or "stop-gap," to a ladies' settlement.

The slum in which it was situated can without exaggeration be described as uncivilised and Hooligan to a greater extent than any other in the London area; my experience, therefore, may not be without interest to those who are ignorant as to the manner in which half the population of our great city exists. To myself it was a revelation: unlike anything I had imagined possible—and if others can be induced to give their services for three or four weeks occasionally as I did, my story will not have been written in vain.

I went to help as well as I could the overworked ladies of the settlement, in the absence of some of their colleagues who had gone away for a short rest. The Christmas holidays were in full swing, with the usual treats for girls and boys and men and women of the slum, and during my visit of three weeks I assisted at nine treats, besides the daily routine of district visiting at the houses of the residents, visits to the factories, and superintendence and entertainment of clubs, which never ceased. Half an hour's breathing space for any one of the ladies occurred but rarely.

A book written by a hard-working East End clergyman

which some time ago attracted a good deal of attention, and which I have myself read, appears to me to do scant justice to ladies' settlements. It describes them as up-to-date nunneries, owning no allegiance beyond their four walls, and with a head lady as parish priestess. Whether this be true of other settlements it might be presumptuous in me to say, though it does not at all tally with what I have heard from persons presumably much better informed than myself. But it certainly is not a true description of the particular settlement of which I have personal knowledge. I cannot imagine anything less resembling a nunnery. A head, of course, there is, and must be if the varied and laborious work of the ladies is to be conducted systematically; and unless so conducted it could not be successful. But all ladies' settlements in the East End work under the Bishop of London or the Bishop of Stepney, and under the clergy of the several parishes in which they are established. And they are not sisterhoods. The ladies can come and go as suits their convenience. Both resident ladies and visitors (working visitors, be it observed, and none other are received) regard the settlement as a home and centre for work, either permanent or temporary as may suit their inclinations. The settlement which I visited could accommodate seven or eight resident ladies, each with a separate bedroom. Visitors are expected to pay a certain amount weekly for their board and lodging. Resident ladies pay rather less. Three good servants were kept in our house, and perhaps a short description of the building and its surroundings may here not be out of place.

Blank walls and factory chimneys, narrow, dirty, mean streets, and more blank walls—that was the depressing vision which met my eye as I drove towards the settlement, and I confess my heart sank very low indeed when the cab drew up, in the meanest street of all, at the door of the house I was to consider a home for three weeks. Once inside, however, the kind welcome and cheerful faces of the three resident ladies in charge dispelled my gloomy forebodings. With great pride

they showed me first the large, airy club-room, opening out of the entrance hall. I was struck with the size of the fireplace and the number of windows, and last, but not least, with the fact that a full-sized grand piano stood invitingly at one end of the long room. Observing my surprise, the head lady explained that in a few hours I should be asked to play for the club girls, who were expected that very evening both for needlework and dancing; and it occurred to me that the large fireplace and numerous windows might have some relation to the requirements of ventilation—an inference amply verified before the end of the evening. She then showed me the excellent kitchen and sculleries, and lastly, with some apologies for its size, the dining-room. It was cosy, and that was all I could say; but no doubt some day a better room will be provided. Upstairs I was taken to see a beautiful little chapel used for morning and evening prayers, and sometimes for other services when the bishop or clergy come on special occasions. This, I was informed, was kept clean and in order entirely by the ladies. Next I was taken to my own bedroom, which was on the same floor, as were also the rest of the bedrooms and a good bath-room. It was all cheerful and well furnished. But the drawing-room, as they explained, was the place to which all went as a peaceful haven whenever there was a spare half-hour for any one to rest. A large room with three or four sofas and as many armchairs, four or five writing-tables, books, pictures, flowers, everything to please the eye and the mind. It was a room calculated to make us feel at *home*. So much, then, for the interior arrangements. Outside was a strip of gravel and a border (which in summer I was told was gay with flowers), called by courtesy the garden. High walls screened it from the noisy streets outside, and in the summer months it is used as a playground for the eighty or one hundred children belonging to the boys' and girls' clubs, who play for hours together, superintended by the residents and visitors, who take the duty in turn.

Of the first importance in a slum settlement is a large

cheerful club-room both for girls and for boys, and perhaps more particularly for girls. In the slum in which I was working these were all, or nearly all, factory hands. I believe the great temptation to which factory girls, as a class, give way is the temptation to drink. Certainly it was so in this particular slum, where they had succumbed to it before the ladies' settlement was established, and where they still habitually frequent the numberless public-houses in the place; spirit clubs, too, exist in every factory, and to these the girls pay most of their savings week by week for the express purpose of providing an occasional debauch, or, as they would themselves call it, "bust up."

In the slum I am speaking of intemperance is the *fashion*. Not to get drunk occasionally is to be out of the fashion. And though hard-working clergy and the not less devoted ladies of the settlement working under them labour to stamp out the awful habit, the results they can show for the toil of years are lamentably small. Yet, discouraging as this sounds, a nucleus has been formed of factory girls, rough and excitable and rowdy enough in all conscience, who, in the midst of well-nigh insurmountable difficulties, aspire to a better and higher life than it seemed likely they should have any chance of living when they were first launched upon the world. Belonging to the settlement club brings a girl or boy into frequent contact with ladies of culture and refined manners. And from the entertainments which they take part in of an evening at the club they at any rate learn that there are pleasures superior to dram-drinking. Even the tiny ones are enrolled in the girls' and boys' clubs and trained to become members of the Band of Hope. Perhaps it is not too much to hope for that the next generation of factory girls will be an improvement upon the existing ones, thanks to those, whether clergy or lay helpers, whose lives are devoted so nobly to bring it about. Now I will briefly describe my first evening in the club, typical as it was of many others.

About 7 P.M. some five-and-thirty girls bounced into the

room, and greeting the two resident ladies and myself with rough good humour, as if we were all pals together, at once seated themselves, with much noise and chaff, at three deal tables on which were arrayed various garments, more or less unfinished, intended eventually to clothe a child belonging to the Waifs and Strays Society, in whom the factory hands had been encouraged to take an interest.

Feeling a little nervous at their rough-and-ready method of making themselves at home, and unaccustomed to the utter absence of shyness and decorum which they displayed, I seated myself at the piano in some trepidation, at the request of the head lady, who then explained to the company that I had just arrived to help for a short time at the settlement. She added that instead of listening to a story-book as usual while they worked they as a special favour would be given the opportunity to listen to any music I chose to play, and this, to my relief, was extremely well received. "Go on, Miss, we ain't pertickler, but give us something cheerful to start with," said one big, bold-faced young woman near me, and a loud stamping of feet emphasised her request. Accordingly I dashed into a cheerful, rousing march, and was accompanied throughout by stamping and occasional singing. This demonstration was gently but firmly suppressed by the head lady, whose tact was unfailing, and whose sympathy with the girls and knowledge of the excitable spirits she had to manage was quite admirable. Gradually I played more sentimental music, and at last ventured to give them a favourite Bourrée by Handel. Greatly to my relief, this was applauded, the marked time and rhythm exciting renewed stamping and thumping on the tables. As eight o'clock struck, amid a great noise and excitement, tables were shoved aside and I was requested by the head lady to glance at a dance programme she had written out and pinned on the wall, and to play polkas, waltzes, jigs, and lancers in succession for an hour or longer.

There was so much noise and laughter going on that it was with difficulty I could hear myself play, but at last the girls

had chosen the partners they preferred and settled down in good earnest to the real business of the evening. Winter though it was, the atmosphere of the club-room by this time was, to one unused to the kind of thing, almost intolerable. But the sight of thirty-five of the roughest, wildest, rowdiest girls in the United Kingdom enjoying an evening in such innocent fashion consoled me for my discomfort. To a stranger unaccustomed to the manners and customs of factory hands, it was amusing to notice the anxiety to dance in one special set of lancers, and the disappointment of those who were not lucky enough to get partners in time, and so had to retire lower down the room and make up another set for themselves. There are cliques in the slums quite as much as in more pretentious society, and some girls seemed doomed to sit out dances in the club-room just as their richer sisters sometimes have to do in London and country ball-rooms.

Before beginning to play I had a hint from the head lady to leave no pauses between the dances, but to go on playing—until I dropped off the chair from sheer fatigue. The reason for this, she told me, was that instead of resting or chatting in the intervals, factory girls almost invariably quarrel, and even come to blows sometimes, between dances.

So the only way to ensure peace is to keep them hard at it without a moment's pause. Noticing that I looked tired during the course of the evening, one really very pretty girl came up to the piano and said, to my surprise, "You just let me play a polka for them, Miss, and you 'ave a rest." I gratefully accepted the offer, and without a note of music she sat down and played with spirit and good rhythm a polka, to which the whole room danced vigorously. I was watching them with interest, leaning against the wall in a retired corner, when I suddenly felt myself seized round the arms, a voice shouted in my ears, "You come on and 'ave a turn with me, Miss," and before I had time to think of refusing I found myself capering wildly down the long room, supported and very well steered by my burly partner, who encouraged me to

"Go ahead" whenever I murmured that I should like to rest a moment. So, tired as I was, and stifling as was the atmosphere, to call it nothing worse, I felt I must go on polkaing and prancing till the factory girl who had taken my place at the piano saw fit to stop playing. How I did it I cannot now imagine; but it would have been considered "very proud and stuck-up" to give in, and fatal to my usefulness and popularity in the future. Perfectly exhausted by 10.15, I joyfully shut the piano and shook hands affectionately with several girls who said they must go "'ome now, as their pals [*i.e.*, young men] were waiting outside to escort them." About fifteen elected to remain a few minutes for evening prayers in the little chapel upstairs. I followed, and was, as the musician of the evening, asked to sit down at a battered little harmonium and play a couple of hymns. I obeyed, of course, and the girls quite suddenly sobered down, and with real reverence knelt and joined in the short service. Ten minutes later they had all departed, and my first evening at an East End slum settlement came to an end.

We had also two clubs of forty boys each who came weekly to the settlement, but, unless two or three men, friends of the ladies, or the neighbouring clergy came in to keep order, the evenings were, during my short visit, more often than not brought to a premature close by the riotous behaviour of the boys, many of whom were regular hooligans. Games of all sorts were provided, but music and songs were, on the whole, the most popular form of amusement, and choruses of a warlike character were shouted with the greatest ardour. One club of boys was absolutely unmanageable without the assistance of three or four men inside and a policeman outside, and it was necessary to maintain very strict watch to prevent the boys from stealing, or, in their own language, "nicking" such articles belonging to the club as they might take a fancy to. The greatest patience is needed in dealing with them if any good results are to be achieved. Of course, the younger they join the club the more chance there is of a reformation.

The other boys' club interested me less than that of these hooligans, as, though they were obviously of a somewhat higher stamp, and would doubtless have thought it beneath them to steal, they lacked the spontaneous, warm-hearted temperaments of the others. Their faults were the ordinary failings common to school-boys, and quarrelling, jealousy, spite, temper, and disobedience are from their very familiarity more depressing to combat than the "nicking" and hooliganistic tendencies. Strange as it may seem, I think we all preferred the rough boys in our hearts.

The treats to which I have alluded were extended to both boys and girls, on which occasions exhibitions and grand feasts took place in an adjoining shed in the yard, commonly used for boxing and fencing by the boys. The neighbouring clergy made a point of coming to all these, if but for a short time, and seemed to co-operate most heartily with the ladies in their endeavours to humanise and encourage both boys and girls.

The preparation for these feasts and treats was anything but a sinecure. The shed had to be decorated; many loaves and cakes had to be cut up; and speaking for myself, and I fancy for other visitors also, I can truly say that by the time the boys and girls arrived we were all, including the servants, so tired that we would have joyfully gone to bed. But it was a real pleasure to see on these occasions the beaming faces and to watch the efforts of all to be on their very best behaviour. The treats were looked forward to for weeks beforehand, and I believe they really were gratefully appreciated.

The efforts of the ladies of the settlement to improve the condition of the population in the midst of which they live are not confined to the younger members of it, but embrace also married women who work in the factories, and who by reason of their home duties are unable to join the clubs. Besides visiting them in their homes, they are accustomed to read to them or converse with them at the factories during the dinner-hour. The women had a subdued, crushed manner for the

most part, and it went to my heart to see their pale, thin faces and their miserable rags. But it was pleasant to see how they enjoyed the readings, and how eagerly they welcomed the magazines which the ladies of the settlement gave me for distribution among them. On the other hand, it was only too evident that many of the employers were utterly indifferent to the comfort and health of these poor women. A large number of those who live at too great a distance from their work to go home to dinner are in the habit of bringing their meals with them. There was a good coffee-shop started as a private speculation some few years ago where I understand a dinner can be had at a moderate charge; but this also is too far from some of the work-places, and at any rate there are many who cannot, or do not, dine there. Where no separate shed is provided to shelter these there is no alternative for them but to eat in the streets or the nearest public-house, or to squat upon the floor of the building in which they work. In such cases there is no fire at which they can either warm themselves or boil water for their tea. I made shift in one such place to sit upon an iron shaft in preference to the earthen floor whilst I read to about twenty women huddled on the ground in this way, and I did not find it luxurious. Happily the employers are not all indifferent to the comfort and health of these poor women. It is told of at least one factory proprietor in this crowded district that in his anxiety to make money he does not forget what is due to his fellow mortals—that he pays them liberally, does not work them excessively long hours, and does all he can to make life bearable for them away from the public-house. In one factory to which I was sent to read I found that a room had been allotted for the use of the women and girls during the dinner-hour and that a superintendent had been appointed to attend to the fire and provide hot water, as well as to maintain order and suppress bad language. But I fear these are very exceptional cases. Both in the factories and at the coffee-shop which I have mentioned, ladies who go to read during the dinner-hour are received

with the greatest cordiality and gratitude by the women. At the same time any one who undertakes to read or sing to these people must be prepared for very plain speaking on the part of her audience. A kind lady who sang once or twice at a factory, being rather husky at the time, was candidly informed at the conclusion of the performance that it was "quite plain *she* did not know how to sing." Fortunately, she had a full sense of the ludicrous and told the story with evident amusement.

Since I left the settlement I learn that little temperance guilds have been formed in the hope of counteracting the drink clubs. That such clubs are allowed or winked at by proprietors or foremen of factories is most abominable. But indeed only those who are brought into close contact with the factories in the East End, as the clergy and the members of the settlements are, can know what abuses exist in them. Whether any steps can be taken to remedy them is beyond the scope of this paper. I am content to give facts, leaving my readers to draw their own inferences.

Besides the visits to factories and the club meetings and the treats already described, other philanthropic business makes almost unceasing demands upon the ladies of the settlement in my slum. There are Sunday-school teaching and Bible classes, mothers' meetings, and Bands of Hope, all carried on under the clergy of the district. Some of the ladies are on the local committee of the Charity Organisation Society and take an active part in its work. There is a Factory Girls' Country Holiday Fund to be managed, country holidays for children, a society for the relief of distress, and other useful works of like character, in all of which the resident ladies of the settlement are engaged. The particulars of these I do not remember. But I venture to hope that I have told enough to give some idea of life in a slum settlement and to elicit the reader's admiration for the noble women who devote their lives to the management of them.

A. GLEIG.

ANTI-SEMITISM IN RUSSIA

MORE than a year ago a French man of business who had been connected for many years with South Russian industries, in discussing a revolutionary outbreak at Ekaterinoslav, said to me: "When disorders break out in Southern Russia, whatever the original cause may be, they end in Jew baiting." The recent disturbances all over the country on the proclamation of the Constitution certainly bear out this statement. Although the causes of the unrest are complex and have nothing to do with the Jewish problem, it has not proved difficult for the reactionary party, whether bureaucrats or genuine fanatics, to convert it into a series of anti-Semitic *pogromy* such as have never been seen before. It must not, however, be concluded that these atrocious massacres and orgies of plunder are exclusively the work of the bureaucracy; they are the result of a feeling of hatred for the Jews which is deeply ingrained in large masses of the Russian people, fanned and encouraged by the authorities. A brief sketch of the Jewish question in Russia should be useful to understand, not only that aspect of the present troubles, but the international problem of the emigration of Jews from Russia and Poland into Western Europe.

The total number of Jews in the Russian Empire amounts to about 5,000,000. Were they evenly distributed throughout the country they would form but an insignificant part of a population of nearly 140,000,000. But the enormous majority

of the Jews are concentrated in the ten governments of Poland and the neighbouring governments of Western and Southern Russia—in all a population of about 40,000,000. Nor are they evenly distributed over the provinces of the so-called Jewish Pale, for they live almost exclusively in the towns. In almost every town of Poland, Lithuania, White Russia, and the South-Western provinces, there are large Jewish settlements; in some, such as Berdicheff, they constitute the majority of the population. At Warsaw there are 250,000 Jews out of a total population of 750,000; at Odessa 150,000 out of 450,000; in many other towns they are 20, 25, 30 per cent. of the whole.

Outside the Pale no Jew has the right to reside, excepting in Transcaucasia, where there are small Jewish colonies, unless he is a university graduate or a merchant of the First Guild. As a matter of fact, a certain number of Jews do manage to dwell in other parts of Russia, because the authorities are unaware of them or have received bribes. But they are always liable to expulsion at a moment's notice, and sometimes to wholesale expulsion after having been tolerated for years. The laws by which the Jews of Russia are governed are a maze of contradictory and complicated enactments, of which the sum total is that they have all the obligations of citizens, but no rights. In Poland and the West the great majority are excessively poor, and dwell in the most squalid conditions. They are for the most part miserable, undersized, underfed weaklings, dressed in rags, in every way wretched specimens of humanity. They are, as it were, suffocated in the Pale, for there is not enough opportunity for them in the few professions open to them, and they exist only by the most sordid and ruinous competition. They are excluded by law from all the public services, and they may neither own nor farm land, nor obtain mortgages on it; consequently they are all driven to commercial pursuits, especially as intermediaries of trade, and to the liberal professions. The grain trade is largely in their hands, and is carried on in a very speculative manner. The Jews buy up the crops before they are above ground, and then

gamble on the rise and fall of prices. In all businesses in which they are engaged they undersell their rivals, and show ten times more capacity than the Russians. In fact, they are the only people in many parts of the country with any business ability at all, and they alone make money circulate. They thus acquire a number of commercial monopolies; certain businesses are wholly in their hands, and few are the Russians of the West who do not owe them money. The Russian is naturally improvident, extravagant, and a lover of good living; the Jew is the contrary of all this, and the result is inevitable. This state of things does not tend to make the Jew popular, although in the present state of Russian national economy he is indispensable. In other parts of Russia, in such towns as Rostoff, Mariupol, Kharkoff, &c., where the Jews are not permitted to dwell and only exist on sufferance and in small numbers, their presence is an unmixed blessing There is no Jewish proletariat, and very little usury, whereas the Jews contribute largely to the prosperity of the towns in question.

In the liberal professions, too, the Jews are predominant; this is due not only to their own ability, but to those very laws enacted with the object of excluding them. In the universities and public schools only a certain proportion of Jewish students are admitted—from 10 to 12 per cent.—and the Jews may not even open schools of their own unless they can provide the requisite proportion of Christians, which was no easy matter in certain towns of the West. In the school examinations Jewish candidates are purposely treated with greater severity than Christians, and practically only those who pass out of the gymnasium with the gold medal are admitted to the university. But the consequence is that the Jewish graduates are the chosen among the chosen, and easily out-distance all competitors. The best lawyers, doctors, bankers, and merchants, as well as many *savants*, are Jews.

These various circumstances, added to the objectionable appearance and unpleasant characteristics of the majority of

the Russian and Polish Jews, and the long-inherited prejudices of the Orthodox Christians, make them hated and despised in a way that few other races have experienced. The anti-Semitic enactments of the Russian Government, far from being regarded as the iniquitous acts of an oppressive bureaucracy, are in accordance with the feelings of a large part of the nation, albeit the most ignorant part. The Jews of Russia, unlike those of England, France, or Italy, remain a community apart, with interests entirely different from those of the Russian people, seldom mixing with Russians, speaking for the most part a different language—German, Yiddish, or Hebrew; they are in Russia but not of it. A Russian Jew is a Jew who happens to be a Russian subject, whereas an English Jew is an Englishman, who happens to be of Hebrew extraction and religion. But the defects of Russian Jews have been very largely, if not created, at all events accentuated by the policy of the Government, its enactments have separated them more and more from the rest of the community, and have developed those grasping qualities and their tendency to live by parasitic trades of which they are always accused.

Although Russian anti-Semitism is due to these various causes, and is not exclusively the creation of the bureaucracy, the latter has used it for its own purposes, and the more ferocious outbursts would never have taken place but for the encouragement given from above. After the death of Alexander II. a wave of political reaction, bigoted Orthodoxy, and chauvinist patriotism spread all over Russia; but at the same time an under-current of discontent continued, which weak at first and limited to the intellectual classes, gradually gathered strength and extended to the working masses. Economic distress increased and added strength to the Liberal and Socialist propagandas. The authorities attempted to stem the advancing tide by attributing the wretched economic conditions of the people to the Jews, and used anti-Semitism as a safety-valve through which the growing unrest was to find vent, Officials, police officers, *agents provocateurs*, priests, landlords, shopkeepers were

constantly preaching this theory to the people, and the idea that the Jews could be plundered and even murdered with impunity became very general, being based on practical experience. While the most peaceful demonstrations of social or political discontent were ruthlessly repressed, anti-Semitic outbreaks rarely met with opposition or punishment on the part of the authorities. The first outbreak on a large scale occurred in the early months of the reign of Alexander III., when the people, shocked and enraged by the murder of Alexander II., turned on the Jews, "to vent," as M. Leroy-Beaulieu says,[1] "their patriotic vengeance and their private hate." The accounts of those disturbances, which took place almost at the same time all over Southern and Western Russia, closely recall the recent *pogromy*. Then as now the idea that the Tzar had given the people three days' licence during which to plunder the Jews was spread abroad and universally believed, and the authorities gave colour to it by their passive attitude. The police and soldiers did nothing, while the dregs of the people plundered and maltreated the Jews. In the few places, such as Wilna,[2] where the authorities showed firmness, no disorders occurred.

These popular outbreaks were paralleled by increasingly severe legislation against the Jews. A number of the highest personages in the land made no secret of their anti-Semitic opinions; among these the Grand Duke Serge, M. von Plehve, and M. Pobiedonostzeff were the most conspicuous, and their views found practical expression in a series of anti-Jewish laws and ukazes. It must in fairness be added that both the Grand Duke Serge and M. Pobiedonostzeff were genuine fanatics and bigots, and that the latter is thoroughly sincere and honest in his convictions. Count Witte, on the other hand, although not a convinced Liberal, was opposed to anti-Semitism, because he wished to obtain the assistance of Jewish finance for his

[1] "L'Empire des Czars, vol. iii. p. 616.

[2] General Todleben, the hero of Sevastopol, was at that time Governor-General.

economic projects, and while he was Finance Minister the Jews obtained a respite. The severely censored Press, too, was allowed the most absolute freedom in the matter of anti-Semitism, and such papers as the *Novoie Vremya* and the *Moskovskiia Viedomosti* made themselves the champions of this policy. In the provinces the official organs of the Government published violent attacks on the Jews.

The anti-Semitic outbreaks increased in violence and frequency, and culminated in the hideous massacre of Kishinieff in 1902; the complicity of the Government on that occasion was clearly demonstrated by the fact that the *pogrom* was carefully prepared by a Press campaign publicly carried on by a local paper, the *Bessarabietz*, by the astounding circulars addressed by von Plehve to the Governor forbidding him to repress any outbreaks which might occur, and in the *reductio ad absurdum* of the subsequent proceedings against the authors of the massacre. At Homel the atrocities were nearly as bad, and there was hardly a town in Southern and Western Russia which did not have its *pogrom* great or small.

It may be asked why the Jews did not leave Russia *en masse* when life was made so impossible for them and further persecution was known to be inevitable. The answer to this question is threefold. In the first place, a considerable number of Jews did leave Russia and found their way to England and America, as well as to Germany and Austria. In the second place, however, the enormous majority were too poor to leave even if they had wished to do so. Thirdly, in spite of occasional persecution, robbery, and massacre, a great many Jews find that it pays to live in Russia. Certain trades and businesses are wholly in their hands, and many affairs are never transacted save through Jewish intermediaries. If there is the risk of total loss, and even of massacre, the profits are very high. And although the Jew is hated and despised in certain respects he is trusted. A Christian grain merchant told me that no one but a Jew could go up country and buy grain direct from the peasants, as the latter were accustomed to

sell to the Jew and mistrusted all other buyers. They know that although the Jew is very hard at making a bargain and is "the son of a dog," yet when the agreement is made he will not try to back out of it even if it prove to his own disadvantage. The very wealthy Jewish bankers of St. Petersburg enjoy a position of great influence, and are received in the most exclusive society, and their less fortunate co-religionists, if they were the despised and rejected of men, could still bribe the authorities. Bribery is, indeed, the one corrective to injustice in Russia.

Still the constant persecution has made a deep impression on the character of the Russian Jews, which has undergone a remarkable change in recent years. In every European country the Jew is more or less a Liberal in politics; he is naturally an anti-Clerical and opposed to aristocratic forms of government, and his intellect makes him inclined to progressive ideas. But at the same time his business capacity and his money-making proclivities make him a lover of order and an opponent of revolutionary disturbances, especially of those based on doctrines inimical to the rights of property. Essentially peaceful, he is almost invariably a law-abiding citizen. But in Russia persecution has driven him inevitably into the ranks of Social Democracy and revolution. Excluded from all the public services, he could hardly be in sympathy with the bureaucracy which organised anti-Semitism, forced to do military service and treated with exceptional severity in the ranks, but not allowed to become an officer, he is naturally opposed to militarism and Chauvinism; a frequent victim of the lust of plunder and blood of the ignorant masses, he favours their enlightenment.

Practically every Jew became either a Constitutional Liberal or a Social Democrat. Numbers of the various Nihilist groups were Jews, Jews were found in almost every anti-Government conspiracy, and Jews have been sacrificed by the score on the altar of Russian freedom. A sort of alliance between Liberals of all shades and the Jews, and also

between the latter and the various persecuted subject nationalities of the Empire, was formed. Thus in Poland, although the Jews are very numerous, anti-Semitism is far less bitter, because Poles and Jews are equally opposed to the Russian Government. Many Jews are enthusiastic Polish patriots, and go by the name of "Poles of the Mosaic persuasion." The Social Democratic propaganda made a large number of converts among the poorer Jews both in Russia and Poland, and in fact almost every Jewish workman is now a Socialist. The Jews themselves formed a Socialist society of their own, called the Bund, and although its original object was the introduction of forbidden literature into Russia, it has ended by becoming a regular revolutionary association. Socialism and independence came to be so much a part of the Jewish character that the Lodz Jews refuse to accept regular employment in the mills, preferring to work independently at home, although it is materially to their disadvantage. Of late there has been a tendency towards a division of the Jews; the wealthier business and professional men are mostly inclined towards Constitutional and Moderate Liberalism, whereas the working classes are anti-capitalist and Socialist, and in Poland the latter have no sympathy with Polish nationalist aspirations as being contrary to the international ideals of Social Democracy.

This political attitude of the Jews, although natural enough, provided the reactionaries with a strong argument against Liberalism for use among the masses. They could point out that the movement was largely worked by Jews, by the "exploiters of the people, the enemies of Russia, of the Tzar, and of Christianity," and that if only the Jews were swept away there would be no more discontent, for every one would be happy and prosperous. This method of reasoning was not without effect among a part of the population, and helped to retard the progress of Liberal ideas, which were regarded as Jewish intrigues propaganda.

Not less remarkable is the change in the personal character of the Jew. The Russian Jew has always been even less war-

like than his co-religionists in other countries, and his enemies constantly accused him of cowardice. The fact that Jewish massacres occurred in towns like Kishinieff where the Jews were very numerous was cited in support of the charge. "One can have no sympathy with people who let themselves be butchered without a struggle," is a sentiment often expressed by those who forget that it is not easy for unarmed men and women to resist when attacked by hordes of roughs supported by the police and the troops. But within the last year the Jews have suddenly changed their attitude. They have become warlike, arrogant, violent, even foolhardy. They have been arming steadily, and there is now hardly an adult Jew without his revolver; although there could be no prospect of a Jewish revolt, some hundreds of thousands of desperate men armed with six-shooters can give the authorities a great deal of trouble. Above all, they have ceased to fear the police. When I was in Warsaw last summer I frequently saw parties of soldiers in charge of a police officer stopping and searching passers by for arms, and I noticed that the men examined were almost invariably Jews of the lowest class, puny, undersized weaklings who seemed incapable of any violent action. But I was told by a foreigner long resident in the town that these were just the most desperate characters, by whom political assassinations were most frequently committed. In fact, every day policemen were murdered in the streets in broad daylight, "shot down like partridges," as Count Witte said in a recent proclamation, and the assassins were never arrested. During one of the more serious outbursts a party of young Jews armed with revolvers openly attacked the military prison where there was a strong force of troops with *mitrailleuses*, well knowing that they would be shot down to a man. They were inspired by a fanatical enthusiasm for freedom and by the recollection of their wrongs and sufferings. "We no longer recognise the Jews," I was often told. In the woods round Lodz and in Lithuania large bodies of Jews were in the habit of holding secret meetings to

discuss political affairs and organise strikes; lately those who took part in the assemblies were all armed, and are said to have actually practised drilling and military exercises.

Throughout all the provinces of the Pale similar movements have been going on; especially in Southern Russia it was expected that the general unrest might lead to more anti-Semitic outbreaks. The Jews made every effort to collect arms and were prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Ever since the beginning of the war in the Far East Liberal ideas have been making rapid progress in Russia, and concession after concession has been extorted from the unwilling but feeble autocracy. But the reactionaries have not been idle, and have strained every nerve to save the situation by converting the discontent of the people into anti-Semitic channels. The traditional veneration of the lower classes for the Tzar was played upon, and the Jews were represented as his enemies and as those of all things Russian. The bands of roughs which exist in every city and come forth whenever there is trouble in the air, were made use of and perpetually egged on against the Jews, and even against the intellectuals, with promises of immunity and unlimited plunder. All those who had anything to lose by the passing away of the old *régime* were enlisted in support of the anti-Semitic and anti-Liberal movement. The *chornaya sotnia* (literally black hundred), an association of police officials, *agents provocateurs*, shop-keepers, officers, some genuine bigots, and many equally genuine scoundrels, was formed in every town to organise reaction. The execution of their orders was entrusted to the *huligani*, as the roughs were called (from the English word hooligan), who were only too delighted with the work. The first outbreaks took the form of patriotic war demonstrations, when money was extorted from Jews and well-dressed persons, and hotels and restaurants were plundered. But these were mere trifles in comparison with what was to follow. Day by day the plans for a general outbreak against the Jews as a

counterblast to the Liberal and Socialist agitation matured. By appealing to the criminal instincts of the dregs of the people, the reactionaries hoped to sweep away large numbers of Jews and Liberals and to cow the rest, while they would show the Tzar at the same time that a large section of his subjects was still loyal to the autocracy. That some of the highest personages in the land were in the movement is very probable; that large numbers of provincial governors and police-masters and minor officials were directly concerned in it and encouraged the outbreak is certain. Such men as General Kleigels, Governor-General of Kiev, Baron Neidgard, Prefect of Odessa, Count Pilar von Pilhau, Prefect of Rostoff-on-the-Don, and numbers of other governors and police-masters, are undoubtedly in a large measure responsible in the atrocities. The actual organisers were usually civilians or ex-officials, disreputable lawyers, merchants who suffered from Jewish competition, and persons who owed money to the Jews.

It is not clear what determined the choice of a particular date for the general outbreak. It is possible that the reactionary leaders got wind of the coming Constitution, or that they received a hint from above that a counter-revolution opposed to the strike movement and the general agitation of the Liberals would not be unwelcome. However this may be, the Constitutional Manifesto of October 17/30 caused much joy among the Liberals all over Russia; on the following day they organised demonstrations to celebrate the conquest of freedom, while the Socialists availed themselves of the occasion to proclaim the necessity for still wider liberties; at the same time a series of counter demonstrations was organised by the *chornaya sotnia* in Southern and Western Russia. These began with expressions of loyalty to the Tzar and ended in brutal attacks on the Liberals and the Jews, in which large numbers of persons were killed and a vast amount of property plundered or destroyed. The authorities —police, soldiers, and Cossacks—either remained passive

spectators or took part in the plunder. The *pogromy* all began on the same day and ended three days later, after having followed a very similar course, varied only by the special circumstances of certain towns and the individual genius of certain leaders of the outbreaks. An account of the *pogrom* in one place gives a general idea of what occurred elsewhere. As the events at Odessa and Kieff have been told in detail in the papers, I shall describe the case of Rostoff-on-the-Don, which I visited a few days after the *pogrom* and learned from eye-witnesses what actually occurred.

Rostoff is a handsome, well-built town of some 120,000 inhabitants, on the river Don, at a few miles from its estuary into the Sea of Azoff. It is the centre of the grain export trade of south-eastern Russia, and possesses several prosperous industries. The great majority of the population are Russians, but there are large settlements of Armenians, Caucasians of various races, Greeks, and other foreigners, and 6000 Jews. The presence of the latter, however, does not constitute an economic question. They are all more or less well-to-do, there is no teeming and starving Jewish proletariate, and there is practically no Jewish usury. Consequently even such excuse for anti-Semitism as exists in the western governments is lacking.

The Imperial manifesto was published at Rostoff late on the evening of the 17th/30th of October. The following day the Liberals and Socialists organised a procession of the usual type—red flags, the Marseillaise, Russian revolutionary songs and impassioned speeches. The *chornaya sotnia* at once organised a counter-procession, which paraded the streets with Russian flags, portraits of the Czar, and ikons, carried by loose women and other disreputable characters. A collision between the two processions occurred in the Sadovaya Street, and a few revolver shots were fired on each side. In the meanwhile a large meeting was being held in the wide open space near the prisons, and violent speeches were made, advocating, among other things, the immediate liberation of the political prisoners.

The "politicals" themselves were waving red handkerchiefs from their barred windows, and a deputation was sent to the prefect to demand their release. This he refused to do, and when his reply was known the attitude of the crowd became more menacing. There was talk of demolishing the prison, and although nothing of the kind was actually attempted, there was tumult and much shouting, when suddenly the Cossacks opened fire on the crowd. A panic ensued followed by a general *sauve qui peut*. Then the *chornaya sotnia*, with their hooligan bands, appeared on the scene and cheered the Cossacks loudly. The cry *Bei Jidoff!* (Down with the Jews!) began to be heard, and immediately the hooligans set to work to plunder and demolish the Jewish booths in the Pokrovsky bazaar close by. It was noticed that those booths had been marked with a red cross the night before, to distinguish them from those belonging to Russians which bore a white cross. Then the bazaar near the cathedral was treated in the same manner, and some Jewish houses were plundered and burnt. The worst devastation occurred in the Moskovskaya Street, where most of the Jewish shops were, and there was also a good deal of looting in the Sadovaya. The iron shutters might have been made of paper for all the use they were against the onslaughts of the mob. Every Jewish shop was plundered, all others being spared, save in a few cases of accident or mistake. The streets were soon piled high with plunder of all descriptions, from grand pianos to felt hats, and from wardrobes to gold watches. The robbers at once proceeded to sell the stolen goods, and well-dressed ladies and gentlemen of the best Russian society went out to make purchases, obtaining for ten roubles fur coats worth five hundred, and valuable jewellery for a mere song. It seemed as though all sense of shame and decency had deserted the Russian people. What could not be sold or carried away was smashed in a childish and wanton spirit of destruction. Grand pianos were stoned into matchwood, thousands of windows were shivered into powder, and miles of cloth and cotton goods torn to shreds. Among the most active window

smashers the glaziers were conspicuous, while carpenters devoted themselves to the destruction of woodwork and ironmongers to that of iron work. A certain Russian shopkeeper, named Kulakoff, was seen pointing out the shops most worth plundering to the hooligans.

In some cases Jewish shopkeepers came to terms with the looters, and purchased immunity by paying them sums of money. A chemist saved his establishment by informing the crowd that he had enough ether on the premises to blow up the whole block. Everywhere Jews were maltreated, beaten, stoned, and many killed outright.

The authorities in the meanwhile did nothing at all. The mayor, M. Khmelnitzky, assured me that they were unable to do anything, but there is a general consensus of opinion that they could have stopped the outbreak at once had they so wished. On the contrary, the Cossacks protected the hooligans and even took part in the looting themselves. The fire-brigade, which had been called out, dashed off to the burning houses, had a good look at them, and returned to quarters. The police-master and his assistant walked about among the crowd calmly, chatting amicably with the looters, advising them to spare this or that shop, sometimes adding: "There are no Jews here; move on please."

But if the authorities did nothing, the Jews themselves, assisted by the Russian Liberals and some Armenians, formed a *Samoborona*, or self-defence league. Armed with revolvers they attempted to protect life and property, and kept up a sharp fire against the hooligans, of whom a great many were killed. When the latter got hold of isolated members of the *Samoborona* they beat them to death, but, as a rule, they were arrant cowards and fled at the least sign of armed resistance. The *Samoborona* would have saved a large number of houses and shops had not the soldiers and Cossacks fired on them to protect the hooligans.

It was not until the third day that the authorities decided that the Jews had had enough, and issued strict injunctions to

the troops to stop the *pogrom*. In an instant order was restored and the hooligans disappeared as if by magic. The number of killed amounted to about two hundred, the wounded to over five hundred, and the damages to some 7,000,000 roubles. Of the killed and wounded the majority were hooligans shot by the *Samoborona*, but among the "intellectuals" beaten to death by the mob were many schoolboys —in one school alone an acquaintance of mine counted twenty-two corpses.

What occurred at Rostoff was reproduced at Odessa, Kieff, Ekaterinoslav, Elizavetgrad, and a hundred other towns on a larger or smaller scale, with the result that close on twenty thousand Jews were killed and one hundred thousand wounded. The outbreak was the last card of the reactionaries, and in a measure it has succeeded; evidently there is still a large section of the people who hate the Jews more than the bureaucracy, and prefer plunder to constitutions. On the other hand, the Liberals of all shades either generally sided with the Jews and in many cases were themselves the victims of the hooligans, for outbreaks against them occurred in some towns such as Tver, where there were no Jews. "The one thing for which we have to be thankful," an Odessa Jew said to me, "is that this outbreak has not destroyed our *entente* with the Liberals."

Count Witte's Government certainly did not design these atrocities, but it has little power over the local officials, and other influences were at work besides that of the Ministers. It will be interesting to see whether a Constitutional Russia will solve the Jewish problem. It is certain that an organised Government can prevent the recurrence of these troubles if it wishes to, but there is always the chance that even a democratic Russian Parliament may have an anti-Semitic majority; if the Jews are now granted a full measure of liberty, as will no doubt be the case, they will rapidly acquire great power and influence, which will make them still more detested. Even among educated Russians they are often very unpopular. On the other hand, once they are treated as ordinary citizens, they

will tend more and more to become assimilated with the rest of the population; they will be spread over such an immense area that they will be noticed less, and with the progress of the Russian people the Jews will cease to enjoy their present monopoly of trade. In Poland, where the masses are more civilised and business capacity more highly developed, anti-Semitism is still a feeling and a prejudice, but no longer a brutal passion. But before this change occurs the Russian Jews will probably still have much suffering and many trials before them, and the question of Jewish immigration into the West of Europe and America will continue to be a serious problem.

L. Villari.

ON THE LINE

THE people who believe, with Mr. Wilfred Campbell, that "the eternal theme of man is man," and who do not read verse merely for its æsthetic side, will find much to approve of in his **Collected Poems** (Fleming H. Revell and Co, $1.50 net). The poems are divided, rather arbitrarily, into eight classes: (1) "Elemental and Human Verse," of which perhaps the most striking is "Unabsolved," founded on the confession of a man who went with one of the expeditions to save Sir John Franklin's party, and who, being sent ahead, saw signs of them, but through cowardice was afraid to tell; (2) "Nature Verse," including "To the Rideau River," with haunting lines like these:

> Out by dim hazy shores in reedy shallows,
> The drowsy cattle sun them in the heat;
> And far from woody slopes and ragged fallows,
> A lazy wind goes loitering in the wheat.

(3) "Elegiac and Memorial Verse"; (4) "Poems of the Affections"; (5) "Dramatic, Classic, and Imaginative Verse," where, as in (3), the Tennysonian echo is somewhat too insistent; (6) "Sonnets"; (7) "The Sagas of Vaster Britain"; and (8) "Lake Lyrics."

In the penultimate division Mr. Campbell shows that he can rid himself of the rather ostentatious Chauvinism which is too often a rock of offence in the poets of younger Britain, for "Canada, my Own, my Own," is a vigorous onslaught on the political corruption which has been, and, to some extent, still is the curse of the Dominion. Indeed, we are tempted to find fault with the author in that his verses are not even

more distinctively Canadian, at the risk of incurring the reproach of faithlessness to the creed so frankly stated in the Introduction.

"In the works of the great Nature poets, the very strength and beauty of the verse is owing to the fact that the thought and imagination dwell upon the human, and nature as affecting the human, rather than upon the mere objective nature, as solely an æsthetic aspect."

Lovers of the imaginative side of nature poetry will find something to carp at in this, but although we may never have seen with our own eyes the vast monochrome of yellowing prairie grass in the late fall, or the glimmering leagues of snow under the great luminous fan of the Northern lights; never have heard the scream of the loons at sunset over the broad fringe of rustling reeds round the Great Lakes, we can all recognise the vivid realism of

> In the wild October dawning,
> When the heaven's angry awning,
> Leans to lakeward, bleak and drear;
> And along the black, wet ledges,
> Under icy, caverned edges,
> Breaks the lake in maddened fear;
> And the woods in shore are moaning;
> Then you hear our weird intoning,
> Mad, late children of the year;
> Ride we, ride we, ever home,
> Lost, white children of the foam.

It has been the purpose, successfully accomplished, of the writer of this bright and comprehensive little volume (**William Hogarth**, by G. Baldwin Brown. London, Walter Scott, 3*s.* 6*d.* net) to add to the popular information about this characteristic English artist; to gather together in easy form the main facts of his life and work; and to show what actually art in England owes to him. The Pepys of pictures was, in fact, the first outstanding personality of the British school of painting; he practised successfully in many departments of art

—as portrait-painter, book-illustrator, designer of ornament, scriptural and historical cartoonist, and engraver on silver and copper-plate, thus acquiring the practical skill which, later, in his "pictured morals" brought him wealth and fame. Hogarth is one of those who justify the definition of genius as the infinite capacity for taking pains.

Professor Baldwin Brown has dealt with the art aspect of his subject in a pleasantly illuminating manner, his explanations are clear and conclusive, and have the advantage of being illustrated with excellent reproductions in half-tone of characteristic examples of Hogarth's work. He has further added to the charm and popular qualities of the book by inserting a chapter and adding an appendix describing the London Hogarth knew and loved; and of which in several of his didactic and social pictures we get glimpses. Truly, in these days, when "improvements" are sweeping away so many relics of historical London—when so many streets and buildings loved by the eighteenth century are already forgotten or all but forgotten, we ought to treasure the views retained in Hogarth's backgrounds.

Professor Baldwin Brown's descriptions of the three famous series, the *Harlot's Progress*, the *Rake's Progress*, and *Marriage à la Mode*, are agreeable; but there is no mention of the early drawings of *Marriage à la Mode* which enrich the collection in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge—a notable omission, considering how interesting is the comparison between them and the series in the National Gallery.

We heartily commend this, the latest biography of Hogarth. It gives us the man as well as the artist. He is depicted with all his qualities and prejudices—a plucky, persevering little citizen of famous London town; businesslike, loyal, insular to the backbone; exalting the qualities of roast beef and despising "Froggy" like a patriot; but, above all, we are shown the moralist and reformer, who, without depicting the horrible for virtue's sake—as Ruskin blamed Cruikshank for doing—preached his ideals in pictures.

A FACE OF CLAY

AN INTERPRETATION [1]

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

CHAPTER XI

FURIC

In nature there are no rewards or punishments; there are consequences.

THE installation at Ros Braz occupied fully the attention of Téphany and Mary Machin during the following week. Upon the evening of the day when the ladies moved in from Pont-Aven, Michael returned. He looked the better for his visit to Douarnénez.

"But I wish he would shave off that horrid beard," said Machie.

The words echoed a similar wish in Téphany's heart, and when Michael called at Ros Braz, she said, "Will you do me a favour?"

"Gladly, gladly.'

"Don't be rash!"

In his old boyish manner he exclaimed: "I am so grateful to you, Téphany." He glanced round the garden, in which they happened to he standing, to make sure that they were alone; then he added gravely: "I would cut off a hand to serve you."

"I believe you would," she answered, the colour coming

[1] Copyright, 1905, by Horace Annesley Vachell in the United States of America

into her cheeks. "All the same, it is not so certain that you will cut off your beard."

"My beard!" He regarded her ruefully.

"Yes. And your hair; and—and—" she plunged headlong, "and smarten yourself up."

"Smarten myself up? What odd creatures women are!"

"If it be odd to wish to see their friends at their best, women are odd. If I appeared on this lawn in"—she eyed him critically—"in a shockingly shabby and soiled dress, with my hair falling over my face, and in positively disgraceful shoes, would it not annoy you?"

"Perhaps," he growled, frowning. "But after shipwreck——"

Téphany touched his arm gently.

"I know, that, Michael, but—to—please—me."

"All right." He turned on his heel.

This instant acquiescence, this flattering desire to obey what he regarded as a whim, stirred Téphany profoundly.

"Michael!"

"Yes."

She approached him shyly. If her words were the words of a mature woman, her looks were those of a girl.

"I can guess," she murmured, "what you are thinking, and you are wrong. When you deliberately"—she faced his eyes bravely—"set about changing the old Michael, you thought, perhaps, that a different face staring at you whenever you looked in the glass——"

"Looked in the glass," he repeated. Téphany smiled.

"Obviously you have not looked in the glass," she amended. "Let me begin again. When everything connected with the old Michael became hateful——"

"Yes, yes."

"You changed him outwardly——"

"As he was changed inwardly."

She shrugged her shoulders in delicate protest,

"Still—you remain Michael Ossory, and what you have done, good or evil, is part of you—and imperishable."

"That is tremendously true," he answered.

"Because it is true, is it not madness to rebel? You have shrunk from yourself, Michael?"

"Yes."

"And you have tried to turn yourself into another man, a hermit—*you?* You have thought—if I hurt you, forgive me—that because you have sinned you must put on sackcloth and carry a face of mourning. You have rushed out of the sight of God and man. Let me finish! I have not your brains, but even my intelligence tells me that you are illogical. You are you; and if you have mutilated yourself in the past, is that a reason to mutilate yourself in the present? Has suffering—I know how deeply you have suffered—taught you that? I don't ask you to try to become more like the old Michael out of mere whim."

"If it were possible!"

"It is possible."

They were silent. Téphany wondering whether she had penetrated the crust; Ossory, on his side, turning over her words, weighing them, resolving them—using the verb in its chemical sense—into their elements. Was Téphany right in believing that sin might form accretions upon the soul comparable indeed to such excrescences and rugosities as appear upon a neglected body? For the first time, since sin and its consequences had overpowered his finer sensibilities, he began to see, very dimly, that all sin, all suffering, whether great or small, must be subject to a divine statute of limitations. Man alone, not God, dares to pronounce his brother man hopelessly bankrupt. Michael drew a deep breath.

"You mean this," he said slowly: "ten years ago I lost, let us say, the sight of one eye, and ever since I have refused to see with the other?"

"I mean just that."

"Téphany, you have been, you are, a true friend to me,"

Next day he presented himself at Ros Braz, shaved. He looked so like the old Michael that Téphany had some difficulty in suppressing a cry of astonishment. His face was singularly well-balanced, strong yet refined, with features delightfully irregular, but not, as is so often the case, exasperatingly contradictory. It was a real pleasure to see once more such a firm yet delicately-modelled chin. And the clean-shaven skin had that fineness of texture and clearness which only youth or a renouncing of the flesh-pots will give. Michael lived upon the plainest food, and in the open air. With the change in his appearance was a change, too, in manner. Once he laughed with an echo of the whole-souled mirth of other days. Téphany laughed with him, but the tears were near her eyes, because, in spite of the change, those other days seemed so remote.

He came often to Ros Braz, because his boat was there, and he spent long hours upon the sea; but he seldom passed through the château gates. When he did call upon the ladies he always seemed loath to leave them. Téphany noticed, too, that he talked more to Mary Machie than to herself. This, however, was not surprising, for Machie's sympathy, her kindliness, her belief in the goodness of others, her sensibility, were always, so to speak, on tap. Téphany, on the other hand, had moods when the prattle of Johnnie Keats bored her; when Carne, with his western vitality and energy, exasperated her; when the talk, invariably ending and generally beginning with success in art, seemed hopelessly banal and tiresome. Michael never took part in these disquisitions, but he listened attentively enough to Carne, with the half-mocking smile which provoked the Californian to reassert his theories with greater emphasis and in a louder voice. One day Carne said angrily to Téphany:

"Ossory has failed, and therefore he thinks that success is not worth having." Whereupon Téphany replied drily: "I don't think you look much below the surface, Mr. Carne."

"Perhaps it is as well that I don't," he retorted. "Unpleasant things underlie failure sometimes."

She divined that he was jealous of her friendship for Michael, and made allowances for him. At times, he attracted her in a way that troubled her peace of mind. His love-making was charming—what all love-making should be in its first stages. He brought her flowers and books, he was able to anticipate her whims, he planned pleasant excursions. Machie was never tired of singing his praises. Had he not persuaded Mère Pouldour to give up strong drink? Was he not a devoted son, writing long letters to his mother regularly once a week? Had he not ideals, culture, refinement rare indeed with most young men, and with these excellent qualities the strength to protect, the tenderness to cherish, an unprotected woman, alone in the world?

It would be absurd to deny that Machie's words produced an effect. Téphany's breakdown had given her pause; it constrained her to an accounting, to the striking of a balance. If she lost her voice, what would become of her? She had saved, it is true, a couple of thousand pounds; she had her small income; she could attain reputation as a teacher of singing. But the woman in her turned in dismay from a future to be lived alone, barren of triumph, of excitement, in some placid backwater of life. And if she regained her voice, what then? Her perception, her power of self-analysis, told her that the greatest triumphs of her profession would not suffice without other things. When money first came to her, she had thought a thousand times how sweet it would be to share it with Michael—the Michael who was too proud to approach her: the Michael to whom she must go: the Michael whose failure should be redeemed and glorified by her love.

But the old Michael had loved somebody else, and the new did not want her, save as a friend. He was even willing that she should marry another. The consciousness of this bit deep into her mind.

To make certain of Michael's indifference, she feigned a greater interest in Carne than she felt. Machie accused her of flirting.

"And the young man needs no encouragement," said Machie, very severely. "He wears his heart upon his sleeve, poor fellow! You ought to take him, Téphany, or send him about his business."

"His love-making does not interfere with his business," Téphany replied.

This was true. Every morning and all the morning was spent by Carne at Ros Braz. He showed Téphany his studies of Yannik's head, and said that they were the best work he had ever done, and that Téphany had inspired him to the effort of his life. He added that he acted upon her advice in regard to the taking of Léon Bourhis into his confidence. Fisherman and painter were upon the best of terms; Bourhis was willing enough that Yannik should pose for so amiable, so *gentil a monsieur*. Here again Téphany realised, with a curious misgiving, Carne's power of imposing his will upon others, and winning their affection against odds. Bourhis was a fair type of the Breton fisherman—simple, loyal, honest, yet capable of fiercest passion and jealousy. Téphany wondered how the prejudice of such a one had been overcome. Bourhis himself enlightened her.

"Monsieur has been goodness itself," he told Téphany. "He came to me like a comrade. '*Mon brave*,' he said, 'you want to marry the best and prettiest maid in Finistère. I know all about it, and I wish you luck. When is the marriage? I must assist, mark you.' That is how he spoke to me, Mademoiselle, with a smile and a shake of the hand. I said that we must be patient, and he laughed—a laugh that warmed the heart, look you. And then he offered to help. He said that he wanted to paint Yannik's head, and that the old woman was willing. And it seems, Mademoiselle, that Monsieur is in love himself—oh! he is not cold, that one! —yes, passionately in love with a demoiselle; but he won't ask her to marry him till he has painted a great picture—and if Yannik can help him to paint it, and if he can pay the money which will hasten our marriage—why not—why not?"

"Why not?" repeated Téphany, blushing. Then, feeling her blood warm with resentment against Carne's reference to herself, she said, with an acerbity wasted upon Bourhis:

"It is strange that Monsieur Carne should have told you his secret."

"Secret, Mademoiselle? It is no secret, or I should not have spoken to you about it. Monsieur is not ashamed of being in love; he is proud of it. It is like that with men. Everybody knew that I adored Yannik long before I told her so. The maids hide their hearts, Mademoiselle, not the men."

After this duologue Téphany was kinder to Carne, because she was conscious that she had not been quite fair to him.

About a week later Carne told her, with an accent of triumph, that he had persuaded Yannik to take off her coif. She had masses of the loveliest hair a-gleam with indescribable tints, which Carne transferred to his canvas with enthusiasm. When Téphany said to Mère Pouldour, "How did Monsieur persuade Yannik?" the grandmother answered chuckling, "Léon and I persuaded Yannik, Mademoiselle; and Monsieur has a tongue like running water."

Téphany nodded, saying nothing. Yannik blushed when she saw her, and looked down somewhat shamefacedly. Téphany eyed her keenly, making no protest, yet sensible that the girl was in troubled waters. As she was turning away Yannik cast an appealing glance at her: a fluttering, helpless look which loosened Téphany's tongue.

"What is it?" she asked gently.

"Oh, Mademoiselle, you are angry with me for taking off my coif, but indeed I could not help it."

"It is not easy to say 'No.'"

"But why should I say 'No,' Mademoiselle? If he paints my face, why shouldn't he paint my neck and hair?"

"You have taken off your collar, too, then?"

At once Yannik assumed a slightly defiant expression.

"Grand'mère insisted, to oblige Monsieur."

"Well, Yannik, you will be married the sooner."

Again the expression in the pretty face changed. Defiance melted into perplexity. She shrugged her finely modelled shoulders.

"Monsieur Carne has been very generous," said Téphany.

"Oh, yes. But——" Yannik hesitated, then with passion she continued, "He gives the big pieces to grand'mère, and she spends them——"

"Not on drink?"

"On masses for the souls of my father and uncles."

"Oh!"

Dismay provoked the exclamation.

"Léon would be angry if he knew," added Yannik; but immediately afterwards she said with resignation: "And yet, if—if they died unshriven after mortal sin, perhaps, grandmère is right, and I *am* selfish to think of myself."

"I will speak to your grandmother, Yannik."

"Mademoiselle, she will be so angry because I have told you. You won't tell her or Léon? Promise me."

Téphany promised, not without reluctance. The case presented extraordinary interest, because, in spite of her education, of her experience of the world, she could look at this sacrifice of Yannik's little dowry from the point of view of the grandmother to whom the souls of her sons who had perished at sea clamoured unceasingly for such help as money alone could secure. She saw, with distinctness, the old woman sitting at the door of her cottage, her fingers busy with her knitting, but her bleared eyes gazing across the smooth waters of the estuary at the terrible ocean out yonder. And the mist in those eyes was to Téphany as the mist between sea and sky, or as the mists between the here and the hereafter—impenetrable shadows behind which might shine most radiant light. . . .

Those who have the sympathy necessary to apprehend Téphany's veneration for the faith which sustains Breton peasant and fisherman against outrageous fortune will appreciate

the distress and perplexity aroused in her by this robbery of the living to pay for masses for the dead. "Let the living work in anguish, provided that the dead repose in peace." To attempt to controvert such a belief would be hopeless. Could the voice of any living person thrill like the chorus of the unburied dead? In the sob of the sea, in the wail of the wind, in the bay of a hound, in the dreary note of the curlew, Mère Pouldour heard and recognised the agonised invocation of her strong sons.

Naturally enough, Téphany dreaded to enlist Michael's sympathies. To speak to Mary Machin was to invite indignation, but nothing more potent than words; to appeal to Carne meant an indirect violation of her promise to Yannik. The young man, in his masterful way, would probably keep the money back in trust for the future Madame Léon Bourhis. The grandmother would vent fanatical rage on Yannik. Michael, however, might be induced to lay the matter before Père Hyacinthe, who, albeit not Mère Pouldour's spiritual adviser, would doubtless strain a point to oblige Michael and to right a wrong.

Nevertheless, Téphany was sensible of an increasing reluctance to speak to Michael on this subject. In the light of subsequent knowledge, this unreasonable shrinking on her part to do a natural action possessed significance; but finally, after some procrastination, she walked to Pont-Aven and into Michael's studio.

Michael was painting, and when Téphany came in he nodded, but went on with his work. A new model was posing, one of remarkable appearance—a type of the Breton rapidly becoming extinct, an amalgam of the Iberian and Celtic races oftener found in Morbihan than Finistère. The man had long black hair and a beard, both streaked with white. Out of his sallow face shone a pair of dark-blue eyes, overshadowed by thick black brows. His features were massive.

"This is Furic," said Michael.

The model glanced at Téphany without moving his head.

Téphany spoke a few words in Breton, a kindly greeting. Immediately the Breton's harsh features softened, as he replied in the same tongue.

"You are not of Finistère," said Téphany.

"No, Mademoiselle."

"He came up from Belle-Isle in one of the tunny boats," said Michael. "Make him talk, if you can. He won't talk to me."

Téphany asked a question in regard to his calling. The man answered with a monosyllable; then, he thawed into speech. He had served in the navy, and he seemed to know every inch of the northern and western coast of Brittany. Téphany became more interested in his talk than his face. Each word indicated a survivor of the old race of passionately superstitious fishermen, who interpret everything connected with the sea according to an inexorable code of traditions handed down, orally, from prehistoric times.

"You must have seen some terrible storms?" Téphany murmured.

"Ah, yes, Mademoiselle; but I was never frightened."

"Really?"

"You see, I know I shall not be drowned."

"You say—*you know?*"

"Certainly. At the moment I was born the moon was shining in a cloudless sky; it was high tide, also."

"Therefore you cannot be drowned?"

An ironical inflection sharpened Michael's voice. The man frowned.

"I have been wrecked," he said defiantly, "wrecked three times. Once all the crew perished; I alone was left."

Téphany nodded, thinking of Corentin, who was saved when her father and the rest of the crew were wrecked on the Concarneau reefs.

"And once," continued Furic, addressing Téphany in sombre accents, "once, Mademoiselle, I was sitting with my old patron in his house. We were drinking cider; making

the most of the few hours before we sailed for Iceland. It was the 19th of February, Mademoiselle. Suddenly we heard a noise outside; a seagull was beating its wings against the pane of the window. Lantec said, 'Is that a sign for me or for thee?' I said, 'It is not for me, *mon vieux*'; nor was it. Well, our boat was cut down by a steamer upon a foggy night in April, and Lantec was drowned with half his crew. His body, of course, was never recovered, and his spirit returned to Paimpol. His sister has heard it calling, '*Iou—Iou—Iou!*'"

"You believe that?"

"Why, of course. It is the voice of Bugul Noz, the shepherd of the night. I, myself—— He paused, and a curious expression of terror flickered across his weather-beaten face.

"Yes?"

"Nothing, Mademoiselle. Of course, I am a poor ignorant fisherman."

Now he looked simply shy and obstinate. Michael said abruptly:

"Paimpol? What took you, a Belle-Isle fisherman, to Paimpol and the cod-fishing?"

The man shrugged his broad shoulders.

"I had my reason," he answered moodily. "For the rest one must earn one's bread where one can. The tunny-fishing is a poor business at times."

Shortly afterwards, Furic was dismissed. As Michael cleaned his palette, he said to Téphany: "It's rather odd how I got that model. I met him only yesterday. He came and offered himself as a model this morning.'

"How very odd!" said Téphany

"That is not all. Last night he got very drunk. And drunk I can picture him as an unpleasant customer. At any rate his *patron* and he fell out and came to blows. He offered to pose because he's out of a job.

"He looks very wild," said Téphany.

"That, of course, is the reason why I engaged him. I shall make several studies of his head. If you want to draw him, you are welcome; he'll be at the studio from nine to twelve each day."

"I came here to talk about something else," said Téphany.

"You are not in trouble?" Michael asked quickly.

"I? No."

Then, without preliminaries, she plunged into a statement of the facts. Looking at Michael she saw that his usually impassive face seemed to be much moved; he frowned heavily, and moved his hands with unmistakable irritation. At the end he said sharply:

"It's abominable."

"If you spoke to Père Hyacinthe——"

"But I'm not thinking of the old woman. Let Carne find another model."

"But, Michael, he is so set on this one. He raves about her, just—well—just as you used to do."

"Père Hyacinthe would not interfere. I doubt if he knows the old woman; and he is a Breton; if you think the dead do not call to him——"

He shut his lips resolutely. When he opened them he added, in a different tone of voice: "Perhaps I shall be able to say a word to Carne, although you——"

"Yes."

He smiled nervously, with a humorous twist of the lips.

"I was about to add that a woman such as you are, Tephany, would touch levers out of my reach."

Téphany's cheeks were unduly warm, as she answered quickly: "I shall not speak to Mr. Carne; I don't believe it would be any use."

"But to please you—surely——"

"To please me!" She echoed his words disdainfully "You advise me to put myself under obligations to a stranger a foreigner——"

"Come, come—a stranger and foreigner?"

"You know perfectly well what I mean. His ways, his ideas, his beliefs are strange and foreign to me."

She spoke with such heat that the man watching her might well be excused for interpreting her agitation as confirmation of the speaker's interest in this stranger and foreigner.

"Look here, Téphany, leave this matter in my hands. I'll think it over, and do what I can. I am not sanguine of doing anything."

Téphany took her leave, angry with Michael, angry with herself, and angry with Carne, the original cause of the mischief. It was too late to return to breakfast at Ros Braz, so she joined the big crowd in Yvonne's dining-room, finding an empty chair next to Johnnie Keats—the one usually occupied by Carne. Keats welcomed her warmly, inquiring after Mary Machin with much solicitude. It was generally his part to talk with Mary and to criticise her water-colour drawings. He had quite made up his mind that Carne would marry Téphany, and had settled, not without anxious thought, what sort of a wedding present to give. After breakfast, while they were drinking coffee in the garden at the back of the annexe, Keats began to speak, as usual, about his friend's work.

"He's struck a bonanza, has Clinton. Well, he admits now that I know a good thing when I see it. I said from the first that little Yannik was a peach."

Téphany held her tongue, wondering whether it might be expedient to take the Satellite into her confidence.

"Of course, he's shown you her latest study of her?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you think it great?"

"I was sorry Yannik had taken off her coif and her collar."

"Clinton generally gets there in the end," said Johnnie. "It's extraordinary what a little way he has with him—and he is such excellent company. I don't know what I shall do without him. We've been chums since college days."

"Why should you do without him?" Téphany demanded.

She tried to keep asperity out of her tones, and failed. This assumption upon the part of everybody that Carne had but to drop his handkerchief, to whistle one bar, and that she must flutter to him, was becoming exasperating.

"Oh, I suppose he'll be settling down one of these days, Miss Lane."

"Settling? I always imagine Mr. Carne on the move."

"Of course he'll go on and on till he gets to the very top of the tree. Why, I don't mind telling you that for the last three years I've kept his letters because they'll be wanted some day."

"Are you going to write his biography, Mr. Boswell?"

"I shall contribute letters and reminiscences," he replied imperturbably.

"I don't like to see you grovelling at Mr. Carne's feet."

"I do grovel—that is the word—in the presence of genius."

"Nothing has ever shaken your faith in your hero?"

She was conscious, as she put the question, that Johnnie regarded her keenly. But he replied seriously: "Nothing."

Téphany laughed, not ironically. Faith in anything quickened her interest and enthusiasm. None the less some imp prompted her to murmur: "You are very loyal, but if—just for the sake of argument—if he did something quite unexpected, something shameful——"

Keats nodded. Being a true son of the West, his humour rather liked to disport itself upon the grotesque and impossible.

"Even if he took to cannibalism, Miss Lane, I should stand by him."

"You would furnish the principal joint. For that matter there are moral cannibals, who do devour their nearest and dearest. Yes, you would let yourself be gobbled up."

"Under certain circumstances, it might be better to be gobbled up than to live on. Your moral cannibal, I suppose, puts his victims out of their pain when he swallows them."

Very placidly, he lit a cigarette, and smiled at her through the circling clouds of smoke.

At that moment Yvonne came into the garden to say a word to Téphany.

"I have only just heard that you were here," she said, smiling maternally. "A compatriot of yours, a big man, well known, very distinguished, came last night. He asked for you."

"And his name?" said Téphany.

"Bah! Those English names——"

"Sir Japhet Smyth," Keats said quietly, "the doctor."

"Oh!" Téphany exclaimed. "Sir Japhet Smyth? Here?"

Yvonne nodded: "In the salon, waiting to speak to you, when you are disengaged."

Téphany rose at once, wondering what had brought the famous specialist to Pont-Aven. Within a minute the great man was telling her.

"I am taking my holiday slightly earlier this year," he said, "and spending it in Brittany. I remembered that you were at Pont-Aven. How is the throat? Better?"

Téphany was touched by this solicitude, although she was quite unable to determine whether Sir Japhet's interest was entirely professional or not. In any case, it was most kind of him to have remembered. Out of his consulting-room, he looked less formidable. She answered his questions.

"Um!"

"And your verdict, Sir Japhet——?"

"I shall call at Ros Braz, and make an examination, if you will permit me. After that, I may be able to form an opinion. We shall see. You look well. Your native air agrees with you. Yours is a very remarkable case, you know. It has been on my mind."

So the interest was professional, after all.

"I prescribed quiet," continued Sir Japhet, stroking his chin, "because excitement, physical and mental, was the cause

of the mischief. Singers ought always to be phlegmatic persons, and the successful ones generally are so. When may I call upon you?"

"To-morrow morning, if you will be so kind."

Upon the morrow he arrived with his dismal little black bag full of shining instruments. The examination lasted some time, and was very disagreeable, and not painless. At the end of it, Sir Japhet allowed himself a reassuring smile.

"I think we shall do well," he said to Machie, who was present, "but public conveyances ought to be stoutly built. This throat will never carry Wagner, for instance." Pleased that he had sustained his simile, he added smiling: "A jinriksha throat, my dear Miss Machin, not an omnibus."

"But you do think she will be able to return to the stage?"

"If this marked improvement continues, certainly; but we must be careful, very careful."

"When may I sing?" Téphany demanded.

"I have made your throat rather sore, eh? Let time allay the slight irritation. Within a few days you may try some simple ballads. I intend to make Pont-Aven my head-quarters, more or less, for the next fortnight, so I shall have an opportunity of seeing you again. Before I go back you can begin slight but regular practising. I hope to hear you in La Bohème next season."

"She has been so plucky and patient," said the enthusiastic Machie, "I'm sure she deserves a reward."

"Um!" said the great man. "I am rather fond of quoting a maxim no doubt familiar to you: 'In nature there are no rewards or punishments; there are consequences.'"

CHAPTER XII

LA COTRILLADE

Être avec ceux qu'on aime ;
Cela suffit.

"FINE weather, Mademoiselle!"

Léon Bourhis indicated with a gesture the calm waters of the estuary and the soft skies above—skies of a superlative beauty of form and colour radiant with aërial masses of filmy cloud. Much rain had fallen during the night, but such of the clouds as had not yet discharged their burden of moisture were moving majestically away in a southerly direction. Above the lemon-coloured strip of sky which divided them from the sea they displayed their imperial purple with edges sparklingly white against the rain-washed blue beyond. To the north and north-west an opaline haze obscured the horizon. From this herald of heat, the filmy vapours above seemed to be retiring, not in rout, but in excellent marching order, like well-disciplined cavalry, masking the retreat of the heavy battalions. The part of the estuary protected by high banks from the breeze was unruffled. The surface presented the appearance of an exquisitely polished silver mirror reflecting the trees of Poulguen inshore and the forms of cloud above.

Téphany had accepted an invitation from Michael to visit the sardine fleet, now fishing off Port Manech. Machie, always a wretched sailor, refused to accompany her friend. They set sail early. Téphany had not been alone with Michael since that day—more than a week ago—when she had lost her temper because he seemed so indifferent to the fact that Mère Pouldour was robbing Yannik. Afterwards, she told herself that Michael was not really indifferent, that he would interfere somehow, that she had not appealed in vain. For the moment the situation at the cottage remained the same; or, if altered the change was for the worse. Yannik looked pale and

miserable ; she avoided Téphany ; she was not seen upon the small quay chattering with Léon.

Michael took the tiller, while Léon and the boy busied themselves with the big red sails. Téphany sat down beside Michael. Very abruptly he said :

" I did what you asked. I spoke to Pére Hyacinthe. He admits, which is a good deal from him, that Yannik has been scurvily treated ; but, as I supposed, he can't interfere. I am sorry I was not more successful."

" Thank you, very much," said Téphany, looking up gratefully.

Michael, however, did not meet her eyes. He was staring at the distant horizon, at the fleet of boats dimly to be discerned in the offing. Léon stood up in the bows staring also in the same direction. Téphany, glancing from one man to the other, was struck by a curious similarity, not of form or feature, but of expression. These were men of the open air, sons of the wind and sea, strong and vigorous as the element they both loved. And wind and sea, sun and rain, had placed upon each her unmistakable brand,

" You like this, Michael ? " she asked.

" Yes," he answered.

Descending the river the character of the scenery began to change, as the sea asserted her dominion over the land. Téphany could feel its pulse — the throb of the tide on the turn.

They passed a châlet, built upon a point of rocks in the centre of a small pine wood between Pont Manech and the ocean. The châlet overlooked the mouth of the river, and just below the wood Nature, as if anxious to exhibit her sense of contrast, had hollowed out of huge masses of rock a delightful cove. Here the green grass of a meadow, oaks and bracken, met a broad riband of the finest white sand, skirting a tiny bay as clear and as blue as that of Avalon in California. Michael stared at the châlet. Téphany followed his glance.

" Fairyland ! " she exclaimed impulsively.

"Yes," said Michael; then in a low voice he added: "This is the cove where I painted that study—the one with the splintered masts and the body."

Téphany turned aside her eyes. To change the subject, she said:

"And how is that terrifying model of yours?"

"Oh, Furic?" Immediately his tone lightened. He began to speak like the old Michael. "Well, the confounded fellow left me to-day. He has gone off on some mysterious pilgrimage. By the way, I have heard a good deal more about Bugul Noz, and I'm making a study illustrating the Breton pursued by some such phantom. You must see it, Téphany."

"I should like to see it. Will you exhibit it, Michael?'

At once the fire and sparkle faded from his eyes and face.

"Certainly not," he said abruptly.

Leaving the estuary, they passed the bristling rocks of Port Manech. To the right, stretching north, lay the grim coast of Finistère, the granite rocks upon which many a stout craft has been splintered. Upon this July day the summer seas seemed to be caressing them with a soft sibilant purr of satisfaction. Léon Bourhis pointed out the Glénans Islands—rose-coloured shadows melting in the haze of the horizon—where Yannik's father and uncles had lost their lives, and then spoke sombrely of the Pointe du Raz and the Baie des Trépassés. The boy, squatting at the foot of the mainmast, fixed his dark eyes upon the speaker's face.

"And farther north," said Bourhis, "are the Islands of the Dead."

"Why were they called that?" Téphany asked.

She knew the legend; but Léon's voice had fascination when he spoke of the folklore of his province.

"Mademoiselle must have forgotten. The souls of the dead live in those islands. Ask the fishermen. More than one, *ma Doué!* has been summoned at night to ferry the dead across, has felt the weight of the boat, deep down in the water,

has strained at the oars, and then, as the keel touched the shore of the islands, the boat has been lightened, because the passengers have stepped ashore."

The boy crossed himself.

Bourhis went on to speak of King Gradlon and his daughter, of her fate, and the fate of the wicked city of Ys, submerged for its sins, like the cities of the plain.

"You believe this, Léon?" she asked.

"Why, yes, Mademoiselle. Men have seen the towers of the city, and heard the bells chime when the waters of the bay are smooth and the moon is at the full."

By a strange coincidence, as the man was speaking the tinkle of a bell floated across the sea, the bell of Nivéz, so attenuated in sound that to Téphany it seemed indeed to be wafted from some enchanted city lying beneath the waters. And the coast, fading in the haze, became a shadowy land, far away, unreal, indefinable. Only the boat and the water across which she flew light as a petrel possessed substance and form. Out of the silence which succeeded the silvery note of the bell, Michael's voice came abruptly:

"To these simple people"—he spoke in English—"the mystery of the unseen is as sweet as that bell."

The fishing fleet was now close at hand, and both Bourhis and the boy laughed gaily.

"The fish are there, Mademoiselle. You will see a pretty sight."

As he spoke he and Michael lowered the sails. An instant later they nearly came alongside of one of the fishing-boats.

"The *patron*," whispered Bourhis, "is going to sow *la rogue*."

In the stern of the boat, his fine figure superbly defined against the sky, stood the owner of the boat. With rhythmic swing he began to scatter the seed, the cod's roe mixed with coarse flour or sand, which lures the sardines to the surface. The cream-coloured bait fell upon the water in tiny flakes. Instantly the surface flashed into sparks of silver.

"They have the luck, those fellows," said Bourhis enviously.

The crew of the boat manipulated the filmy blue nets, drawing them gently and in perfect silence about the sardines, who were intent only upon gorging themselves with the highly seasoned, rank-smelling food. When the first net was full of fish the men allowed it to drift out behind. The *patron* flung more *rogue*, the fish came in ever-increasing numbers to the surface, following the boat, which was rowed by the crew slowly and in absolute silence.

"Why don't they draw in the first net?" whispered Téphany.

"They are afraid of frightening the shoal away," Michael replied. "Sometimes they have as many as four nets out astern, and as many as a thousand fish in each net."

Téphany nodded. The silence, the dexterity with which the men put out the nets, the scintillating water, the fine figure of the *patron*—these impressed her greatly. The breeze dropped, hardly dimpling the quiet surface of the sea; the sun warmed her to the core.

"It's fair-weather fishing," Michael murmured.

They went on, visiting other boats. Presently, the first boat left for Concarneau. This one would receive the biggest price from the packers, and much excitement there would be in speculating what this price might touch.

"We will follow and see," said Michael.

In company with half a dozen other boats, they sailed north in the wake of the first.

Soon they were rounding the white mole opposite the reefs upon which Henry Lane had perished. Téphany, since the day of the storm, had seen the place many times, yet her eyes filled with tears. Then she felt the warm clasp of Michael's hand, and his voice vibrating with sympathy: "Poor little Téphany!"

Their eyes met. Téphany withdrew her hand, blushing slightly. Since Michael had shaved off that odious beard, it seemed hard to believe that ten years lay between the present

and that memorable day when she had flung her arms about his neck and kissed him.

They went ashore. Concarneau was buzzing with anticipation of good times. Famine had left marks upon the hearts of all, upon the faces of many. Now, the sun was shining with renewed splendour in the fisherman's heaven, and the price for sardines was authoritatively announced:

Twenty-seven francs a thousand!

Before half the fleet was in, however, the price had fallen to eighteen francs a thousand, where it remained. By this time excitement had gripped the people, and the conviction that the years of lean kine were over.

The sardines were counted and despatched to the factories; the fishermen prepared the famous *cotrillade*, the broth which is their one solid meal of the day.

"I am awfully hungry," said Téphany.

"We will have breakfast at the Voyageurs," said Michael.

"But I want to eat the *cotrillade*."

Téphany insisting, Léon led the way to the house of a cousin, who supplied the big pot and the fuel. The room, typical of ten thousand Breton kitchens, was long and low, with a broad stone hearth at one end upon which smouldered a faggot or two beneath the hanging *pot-au-feu*. Facing the hearth were the *lits-clos;* opposite door and window stood a huge oak *armoire*, with hinges and locks of brilliantly polished brass. In the centre of the room was a narrow oak table.

With the bellows the boy blew the smouldering sticks of wood into flame. Léon put the fish into the pot, added pepper and salt, and covered the whole with water. Michael went out to buy butter and bread and cider. When the fish had simmered for three-quarters of an hour, a generous supply of butter was ladled into the pot. Then the fish was eaten. Afterwards more butter and bread in slices was added. The soaked bread was eaten last.

Téphany, with appetite sharpened by a morning spent on the sea, ate heartily, because the broth tasted so amazingly

good. She felt herself to be flesh and blood of the people whose simple food she shared. The cousin and his wife sat at the table with them. Each person was provided with a bowl and a spoon. The cider was drunk out of cups. In spite of the fire on the hearth and the hot sun outside, the kitchen remained quite cool. Through the open door, one could see another kitchen just opposite, where another *cotrillade* had been cooked and eaten. The fishermen talked loudly after they had swallowed their glass, a-piece, of cognac, speaking of the good times, and then in grumbling accents of the enormous price, as much as one hundred francs the *barrique*, demanded by those sharks the vendors of *rogue*. After all, they, and not the fishermen, seized the lion's share of the spoil. Téphany smelled tar, and that peculiar pungent odour of woollen garments saturated by salt water.

With a little encouragement, the cousin's wife was persuaded to speak of the famine, when the children had died like flies in frost. Under cover of Léon's loud voice, the woman whispered to Téphany that Michael had saved many little ones from starvation.

"He is good, is Monsieur! Ah, my God! one has only to look at him to see that; is it not so, Mademoiselle?"

Her shrewd eyes sparkled with curiosity.

"But looks are sometimes deceiving," Téphany hazarded.

"But we women know, in our hearts; yes. And Monsieur surely is the kindest of men, and deserving of all that the Holy Mother will send him: a loving wife for example, and half a dozen adorable children. Oh, oh, indeed? Monsieur is a *célibataire endurci, hein?* What a pity! Because, after all, can anything in this world make up to an honest man or woman for the loss of a home?"

She pointed to the rude hearth as she spoke. And, immediately, some indescribable spirit of the past seemed to touch Téphany's heart, as she sat at the rude oak table, looking at the hearth which had warmed and nourished generations of fishermen.

Le foyer Breton!

At sea, when the tragedy played by wind and wave held the stoutest heart appalled, when night spread darkness upon the scene, when the terrible cold paralysed all activities of mind and body, did not a vision of this hearth flit into the strained and despairing eyes of the strugglers? Surely. And did the vision of home, of all that these simple, God-fearing men held most dear and sacred, fortify and sustain them in that supreme moment when the outrageous monster engulfed them, because, such as it was, hewn out of granite, it endured from earliest youth to extremest age as the epitome and expression of the true and everlasting home beyond?

This granite fire-place, smoke-stained, chipped by hard use, riven, sometimes, by intense heat, was to Téphany as eloquent as the spires of the province, hewn also out of granite, and fashioned—by what miracle of patience?—into surpassingly delicate forms of loveliness. But the hearth was a greater thing than the spire. The spire represented art in its noblest, most soaring manifestation; the hearth, if it were worthy of its name, stood for life and love.

Inevitably, the mournful reflection followed that to her this love of the hearth was ineradicable, that no triumph could compensate for its loss.

At her request the men lit their pipes. Léon predicted a superb season for the *sardiniers*, citing the cases of those fortunate ones who had literally captured fortune with the seine, but Michael sat apart, staring at the hearth with a slight frown upon his forehead. Téphany told herself that he shared her thoughts; as boy and girl this had been a matter of frequent occurrence: emphasising the sympathy of one for the other, demonstrating, so to speak, the strength and value of their friendship.

Léon, intent upon bringing every topic into the charmed circle of his love-affair, began to speak of Yannik and his marriage. Téphany noticed that Michael listened with attention to the simple story. How many times had a similar tale been told in this ancient kitchen?

"The old woman will live with us," he addressed his cousins. "Eh, what? A nuisance that? Yes. But one must take the rough with the smooth. *La vieille* has too many wrinkles on her face and on her heart, poor soul! but Yannik's skin is white as satin. Name of a pipe! I am not the only one who thinks so."

They sailed back with the north-west breeze behind them, meeting many belated boats. The men shouted greetings to Bourhis as they passed. Fortune had not come to all, but the luck on the whole was marvellously good, and the fame of it would attract the Dournénez fleet and perhaps the fishermen of Lorient. Léon, usually so quiet and reserved, but warmed into speech by excitement and the prospect of good times, prattled gaily of the sea, speaking of her in absurdly caressing tones as the good little mother with milk in plenty for all her children. Ah, well, this was his world; he knew no other; it had been his cradle often; it might be his grave. Michael listened to the talk and the laughter as he steered the boat, but he gazed—so Téphany noticed—into the mysterious horizon where sea melted into sky, and sky into sea, both indivisible in the shadows of twilight.

When they reached Ros Braz, Michael accepted Téphany's invitation to sup, but took his leave soon after, meaning to walk back to Pont-Aven. Passing Mère Pouldour's cottage, he saw a light in the kitchen, and through the open door he caught a glimpse of the old woman knitting. Probably, he reflected, she was waiting for Yannik, who might be abroad with Léon. A sudden impulse stirred him to step in and exchange a greeting with the grandmother, and, if opportunity served, to say a word in regard to the fat five franc pieces.

"A lovely night, my aunt."

The old woman nodded, her fingers busy with the needles.

"As you say, Monsieur, a lovely night."

"A lovers' night!"

"Ah, yes. If one were twenty again. Moonlight—and a lover."

"Lucky Yannik!"

"Certainly she has luck, the little fool, if she would take it when it comes."

The latter half of the sentence was growled out. Michael divined exasperation in the peevish tone, the frowning brows. At the same moment he made sure that the old woman was slightly under the influence of liquor; not drunk, but what the Bretons call *cidralisée*.

"But I understand she has taken it?"

Michael spoke interrogatively, wondering whether he would be answered truthfully. Mère Pouldour eyed him with wrinkled suspicion, till she remembered that he was a friend of Carne. Naturally all painters thought alike upon certain subjects. Befuddled and garrulous, she burst out vehemently:

"She is an imbecile. Look you, Monsieur, that little idiot has the chance of putting five hundred francs into her stocking—and she refuses to take it. What do you say to that?"

"Five hundred francs!"

"Five hundred francs, Monsieur, not a sou less. And, by the Virgin, if she asked a thousand, he would pay it. He is quite off his head. What he sees, God knows. At her age I was handsomer. May I offer Monsieur a cup of cider? It is good this year, the cider."

Michael entered the cottage, and drank some cider, clinking cups and exchanging toasts in Breton. He told himself that he was committing a shameful breach of hospitality. The old woman gabbled on:

"It is like this, Monsieur; you are an artist, and you will understand. Your friend, Monsieur Carne, has asked Yannik to do him a little service—a bagatelle. He wants to paint her white skin, which it seems is of a whiteness and texture, so he tells me, to drive a painter mad. Look you, he cares nothing for the little idiot, save as a model. There are painters who have come to Pont-Aven—well, well, we need not speak of them. Monsieur Carne has asked Yannik to take off some of her clothes; not all, no indeed. To the waist—nothing more.

As usual, I shall be present. Nobody else will be the wiser. And she refuses—name of a dog! If you would speak a word to her, Monsieur. And it means marriage."

"And Léon Bourhis?"

"Pouf-f-f! He is young, and a fool, too. All young people are fools—fools; that is understood."

"I will speak to Yannik, as you wish it. Good-night."

"Good-night, Monsieur; and thank you."

"Do not thank me." Michael's voice was harsh. "You understand that if I speak to Yannik it is entirely on her account, not on yours."

"Why, of course, Monsieur."

Michael walked away, smiling grimly because, in the most reprehensible fashion, he had so successfully salved his conscience and thrown dust in the old woman's eyes.

He walked swiftly towards Pont-Aven, wondering what had become of Yannik. He had made so certain, the old woman was as certain, that the girl was with her lover in the moonlight. If she were with Carne——

A dozen half-forgotten incidents lent colour to the conjecture. Their relations being already of such an intimate nature that Carne had asked her to pose for the figure, warranted the fear that the first indignant refusal would yield to importunity. Yannik's capricious treatment of Léon, her April moods, the obvious influence which Carne exercised over her—all these were factors in a conclusion from which, nevertheless, he shrank.

"It is impossible," Michael muttered to himself.

And yet the anger quickening his pulses told him that it was not impossible. Carne loved Téphany; he wished to make her his wife, his companion, his chum; but if he were weak in character—and Michael had no reason to believe him strong—could he withstand, he, so susceptible to all forms of beauty, the temptation to seize it, if it were offered?

With these thoughts biting into his mind, Michael came to the parting of the ways. The road to Pont-Aven lay to the

right, the short cut through orchards and fields and moorland turned sharply to the right. Now he hesitated. If Carne were with Yannik, the odds were overwhelming that he had told her to meet him at some spot on or near the path.

He took the path.

It sloped gradually to the river, skirting the indentations of the estuary, winding through tiny valleys and over miniature hills till it reached the deserted chapel of Trimour. Many times between Trimour and Ros Braz Michael stopped to listen, straining his ears to catch some whisper borne on the breeze. Not a sound reached him, save the occasional mournful hoot of an owl and the croaking of the frogs in the water-meadows. The chapel itself was not unlike that at Trémalo, and lay about halfway between Ros Braz and Pont-Aven. A small pardon for children took place there each summer. The chapel during the rest of the year was kept locked. Some peasant, who lived a couple of hundred yards away, kept the key, and would show the chapel on demand to any one who wished to see it.

Michael crossed a low wall, and stood upon the fine piece of turf surrounding the chapel. Upon this the trees cast dark shadows. Michael's eyes pierced the shadows, but he saw and heard nothing. At once, with an odd reaction of conviction, he told himself that Carne was not the man to ask Yannik to meet him near a place which she regarded as holy ground.

The chapel had been built at a time when the raising o temples to God had been esteemed the noblest work of men's hands. During the period preceding the Renaissance al manifestations of art were essentially links binding the finite to the Infinite. The greater the artist the more clearly did he interpret the divine Spirit working within him. From its first inception his masterpiece was dedicated to God. It had often struck Michael that in Brittany, and in Brittany alone, something of the original feeling and design still lingered—moribund, it is true, but even so an influence that permeated life and thought. Elsewhere the pictures of Raphael and

Leonardo, the embroideries of vestments and altar-cloths, the embellishment of church plate, the designs of the Gothic architects, had been transmuted to the service of man, to the building and furnishing of his palaces and châteaux.

Britanny had spent millions upon its churches, chapels, ossuaries, and Calvaries; but its palaces could be counted on the fingers of one hand. The people still lived in plain houses, content with plain furniture and plain food. One meal a day sufficed the fishermen, as strong a race of men as may be found in the world.

To-night these thoughts filled Michael's mind as he gazed at the chapel of Trimour, seeing clearly the worshippers now long dead, hearing their fervent voices, feeling, subtly but unmistakably, that their labours, their prayers, their fasts had not been made in vain.

Suddenly, out of the shadows and silence, he heard a real voice—a woman's voice—raised in supplication. The words were unintelligible; but the intonation, tender, pleading, vibrant with emotion, penetrated every fibre of Michael's being. For the moment he believed that he had been bewitched, that a creature of his fancy had found speech; then, repudiating this as absurd, he realised that the voice was that of a fellow creature in distress, calling upon God to deliver her. A moment later he recognised Yannik.

His first impulse urged him to leave the spot as quietly and quickly as possible. He shrank from the possibility of discovery, analysing the situation for Yannik and himself. Why had he been brought upon a seemingly fool's errand to this unfrequented spot? Was it possible that he was the instrument by which the aid this child entreated might be given to her?

He walked to the south-east corner of the chapel. Under the east window, in the moonlight, knelt Yannik. Her hands, which held a rosary, looked curiously white and delicate; her upturned face, beneath the coif, showed a milky transparency. Michael paused, as the years rolled back, revealing another

kneeling figure—Téphany, in the Concarneau studio, beseeching God to save the father who, at that moment, was being hurled upon the reefs. Yannik was nothing to Michael: Téphany had been very dear; and yet Téphany's distress had quickened an abominable desire to transfer it to paper, whereas now sympathy filled mind and heart.

"Yannik——"

She sprang to her feet, trembling, glancing from right to left, attempting to localise the unknown voice.

"Don't be afraid. It is I—Ossory."

He approached her.

"If you are in trouble, will you let me help you?"

She shook her head dolefully, too frightened to speak.

"Perhaps I can guess what your trouble is," he continued.

At this she plucked up enough courage to raise her eyes.

"You have been asked to pose for the figure?"

"Monsieur—who has told you?"

"Your grandmother."

Even in the moonlight Michael detected a look of relief. Yannik, evidently, had feared that Carne had been babbling. The girl's face softened.

"Poor grand'mère," she sighed.

"You have said 'No'?"

"Ah, yes, Monsieur, many times; but—but——"

Her indecision, her distress were pitiful. Michael remained silent. It was easy to divine what was passing in the girl's mind—her instinct to submit, to obey, and perhaps, above all, the passionate desire not to displease her grandmother.

"Yannik——"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"I am going to ask you a very serious question; and I ask it here, upon the spot where you were kneeling a moment ago. You wish to marry Léon—from the bottom of your heart?"

As he spoke he grasped her hands, holding them firmly, compelling her eyes to meet his. Her glance was timid, distressful, but quite honest.

"Yes, yes, Monsieur. And if I do what—what I am asked to do, and if Léon hears of it, he will cast me off. I know he will."

The tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Because you felt that you were weak, or, shall I say, because you felt that the others were stronger than you, you came here to-night to pray?"

"Yes, Monsieur"; then, in a more confident tone she added, with childish simplicity: "Naturally, our Lady doesn't grant all prayers, no; but sometimes, often, yes. I came here last summer, when I was in despair because I could not sell my dolls. Well"—her voice rang out triumphantly—"I sold all of them before the end of the month."

"I think," said Michael, gravely, "that your prayers to-night will be answered as you wish. Run along home."

He patted her hands as he released them. She looked at him gratefully: accepting his assurance with confidence; then she turned and flitted away into the shadows of the trees.

CHAPTER XIII

YVONNE LETS FALL A HINT

The future comes not from before to meet us, but streams up from behind, over our heads.

Upon the following morning Carne was breakfasting as usual in the old panelled dining-room, still used for the informal first meal. At the end of the table sat five young ladies, very enterprising amateurs, who were on a sketching tour, and head over heels in love with art. They talked joyously and hopefully of their "work." Before midday some of them would be in despair; but always youth, stimulated by Yvonne's excellent food, would urge them to fresh efforts in the afternoon. Each girl had three canvases in hand: a peep-of-day effect of a shot-silk grey, a bit of noon sunshine, and a nocturne in purple and gold. They glanced at Carne with interest,

because Johnnie Keats, who rose late, had assured them that he was a genius; and they looked also at a rather picturesque Scotchman, an Associate, who was talking very confidentially with Sir Japhet. Carne, too, kept his eyes and ears upon the Scot, who had been heard to declare that a month at Pont-Aven, during the season, was worth four hundred a year to him. He painted few pictures there; but he sold many, painted elsewhere, especially to Americans. According to Johnnie Keats, Angus M'Vittie "rolled" possible buyers consummately, and Mistress M'Vittie "rolled" the wives, while Miss M'Vittie "rolled" the daughters. Carne could hear the canny Scot whispering to the great man:

"Sir Japhet, ye'll agree with me that there can be no fundamental success in art or medicine without beesness abeelity?"

"Quite, quite," assented Sir Japhet.

"It's the age of self-advertisement, and it wad be a lee if I denied that I tak' my times as I find it."

"Yes, yes," said Sir Japhet, who was slightly hard of hearing. "One misses one's *Times* here, although I do get the weekly edition."

"And ye'll note this, Sir Japhet: in the strenuous competeetion of the day an artist canna say 'No' to a reasonable offer for his wark. Ye'll kindly bear that in mind, if ye should tak' a fancy to ony wee banks an' braes o' mine ye may see here. And between a man like yersel' an' me the price wad be a' richt."

Carne nearly choked when he heard this. And when, a moment later, M'Vittie demanded eggs from one of the maids, the Californian wished that he could have the privilege of supplying and delivering some "extra French" ones. Such a fellow ought to be pilloried. Then his sense of humour asserted itself. After all, M'Vittie was honest enough to put his desire into words. All painters liked to sell their stuff, and a cheque was an uncommonly handsome form of acknowledging merit. He began to wonder what his yet

unpainted picture of Yannik would fetch when he caught Téphany's name.

"Ma wife says that we've a nightingale in Pont-Aven."

"Do they sing in July, Mr. M'Vittie?"

"She means Marie de Lautrec, the new singer. And *incog*——! She's known here as Miss Lane."

So the cat was loose at last—an almost inevitable incident now that the world and his wife were coming to Pont-Aven. Sir Japhet coughed discreetly.

"I know the young lady; she is a friend of mine."

"Not a patient, Sir Japhet, I hope."

"A friend, Mr. M'Vittie. Miss Lane was born here. If you have discovered her little secret, pray keep it to yourself."

He rose and left the room. Carne wondered whether Téphany had been a patient. At this moment Yvonne passed through the room and, seeing the Californian, paused for a moment's chat. Next to her *anciens* in favour the genial landlady placed Carne. He had promised to paint her a panel; and he adored Pont-Aven. To all painters Yvonne loved to talk "shop." The shibboleth of the studios, the Montmartre and Quartier Latin slang never failed to unlock the doors of a cellar-like memory stored with well-matured anecdotes. During the season, however, she was much too busy to consider days other than those of the present or future. Carne, with his quick perceptions, divined that she had an object in stopping to speak to him.

"You are content, Monsieur? Everything goes well, *hein?*"

"Everything goes very well indeed," Carne replied.

Yvonne glanced about her room. The young ladies had just left the room. Their laughter could be heard as they sorted sketching umbrellas and paint-boxes piled in a heap upon the long green bench outside. Two men at the end of the table entered into a warm discussion concerning the modernity of Leonardo da Vinci's technique. Yvonne lowered her voice:

"You have found something good at Ros Braz?"

Carne frowned. He was not quite sure whether Yvonne was alluding to Yannik or Téphany.

"Everything is good at Ros Braz, Mademoiselle, except perhaps the cyder."

Yvonne's shrewd eyes twinkled. Carne's glib evasion of her question answered it. Too straight herself to take other than a short cut, she continued bluntly:

"You have made little Yannik pose for you."

Carne shrugged his shoulders.

"*Made?*"

"Is it the wrong word?"

"There has been no compulsion, I can assure you. How did you know? I have tried to keep the fact dark. People will talk such nonsense."

"I hear everything," said Yvonne, chuckling softly; then, in a graver tone, she concluded: "It is a pity for her—and, perhaps, for you."

Before he could reply she had whisked out of the room. For a large massive woman, she could move and speak with extraordinary lightness.

Carne finished his breakfast, and, lighting a pipe, took the path to Ros Braz.

As he passed the pool below the mills, he came upon Ossory. Michael had set up his easel and umbrella close to the path, but his canvas was still untouched. The men greeted each other cordially enough. Michael looked worn and haggard; so much so that Carne said with sympathy: "You are rather off colour, Ossory."

"I've had a wretched night. I suppose you"—he stared hard at the young fellow—"don't know the miseries of sleeplessness?"

"Don't I? Well, as a matter of fact I didn't sleep exactly like a top last night. I've a big picture in my head: that means pangs, eh?"

"I have something to say to you—a favour to ask."

Ossory's nervousness betrayed itself in a slightly jerky

utterance and movement. Carne sat down upon a granite boulder. The young man jumped to the conclusion that his senior was in serious trouble, and about to demand help. Being excessively generous, he said warmly: "Ossory, you look as if you were in a tight place?" Michael nodded. "If I can help you, don't deny me the pleasure of doing so."

"Thanks," said Michael with a faint smile. "You're a good fellow; I daresay you would lend me money if I asked for it."

"With pleasure."

"Thanks again; but I'm not going to ask for anything except a patient hearing." Then, after an awkward pause, he broke fresh ground: "You know that I was a friend of Miss Lane's father?"

"She told me so."

"And I was also, and am still, a friend of hers."

"Of course you are. Who could help being her friend?"

"You make my task easier, Carne. I should not like you to think that I am interfering with business that doesn't concern me, but, tell me, you care very greatly for Miss Lane's respect and regard, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You would make sacrifices for her sake?"

"Yes."

The monosyllables fell abruptly, but not ungraciously. Michael's tone implied sympathy and insight which provoked surprise, not annoyance.

"Then sacrifice this idea of painting a big picture with Yannik in it."

"Who told you—Yvonne?"

The name escaped without consideration. Everybody in Pont-Aven knew that Ossory never entered Yvonne's house, although an *ancien*. But a reason for this lay pat to the lip. Between Yvonne and the *patron* of a rival inn raged a fierce feud. Michael—so said the gossips—had returned to Pont-Aven, after an absence of two years, and had established him-

self at the Lion d'Or—an unpardonable offence. Because of this, Yvonne had cut dead an ungrateful client.

"I heard of your intention from Yannik herself and the grandmother."

"Yannik has behaved like a little fool," said Carne angrily.

"I can understand exactly how you feel, Carne. But you will forgive my telling you that you don't quite realise the issues involved."

"I respect the girl," said Carne hotly; "I like her; I want her to marry Léon—the sooner the better: I'm helping on the marriage. I tell you my conscience is clear. And the old woman is sensible. Ossory, this picture means a lot to me; but I give you my word that I'm mad keen to paint it, because any success diminishes the distance between Miss Lane and myself."

"The distance between Miss Lane and yourself?"

"How can I forget that she is famous, a great singer, while I am comparatively obscure?"

"You tell me Téphany Lane is a great singer?"

"Why surely, you, her old friend, know that."

"Certainly, I did not know it."

"All Pont-Aven will know it in a week. She sings under the name of de Lautrec."

"It was her mother's name. This is very astonishing."

"She has chosen to come back here as Téphany Lane. One can guess at reasons: the wish for rest——"

"Famous," repeated Michael, absently, "famous, little Téphany; it seems incredible——"

"That she should not have told you."

"No," Michael replied coldly, "her silence is most natural. She thought that her success would throw limelight upon my failure. I am glad—glad that she has succeeded."

"But you will admit that her success makes it harder for me?"

Michael considered; after a pause he said with conviction:

"She will marry the man she loves, no one else."

"And if she takes me, she won't have to give up her profession," said Carne eagerly. "I should not wish it. We could live in London or Paris; she could sing, I should paint."

"You have thought it all out. Forgive me, I had no wish to sneer; you are right to think of her. Now, I will speak plainly. I understand how you feel about this picture. All the same," he gripped the Californian's arm, "you must give it up. Paint it, and if you gain the world, you will lose the woman you love."

"This is amazing."

"She resented your persuading Yannik to remove her coif."

"Yannik needed little persuasion. She wanted me to paint her hair. Surely you, Ossory, don't share Miss Lane's views?"

"I feel as she does," said Michael.

"I shall not paint Yannik," said Corne, after a long pause. "You have done me a great service—a very great service."

"What is the finest picture that ever was painted compared to the happiness of a good woman?" Michael asked the question in a loud voice, as if stating something that experience had proved to be true. Then, with a curt nod of dismissal, he picked up his palette.

Carne understood that no more was to be said. He shook hands with Ossory, thanked him again, and instead of going on to Ros Braz strolled back to Pont-Aven and into the Bois d'Amour. Here he sat down to reflect upon what had passed. A delightful exhilaration seized him, for he told himself that Ossory would not have interfered in a matter so delicate without sufficient reason. It seemed fairly obvious that an old friend had spoken a word in season on behalf of Téphany, whose happiness he must consider to be imperilled. At the same time, with the acuteness of a son of the Golden West, Carne tried to interpret the peculiar expression upon Ossory's face, when he admitted that he shared Téphany's prejudices. More, it was a rather curious coincidence that Yvonne should

have let fall a hint that same morning. Finally, he told himself that he must talk over these strange things with Johnny Keats.

Meanwhile, Johnnie was painting the poplars below the bridge from a coign of vantage on the left bank of the Aven. What flesh tints were to Carne, poplars were to Johnnie. He liked also the life in and about the pool; the coming and going of the great carts laden with sand, the colour of the craft, the lithe bodies of the gamins who bathed at high tide, the laughter and chaff of the girls washing linen in the sluice above the first mill, the reflection of their coifs and collars in the water. Of these things and people Johnnie spoke genially and not without humour; but poplars he treated seriously from ten to twelve each morning. When he saw Carne approaching from Pont-Aven, he blinked his eyes, and murmured: "I am jiggered." Then, as Carne joined him, he added, "What's the matter with Ros Braz?"

"Johnnie, I'm going to hunt for another model."

"W-w-what!"

Carne told his story; at the end Johnnie admitted regretfully that, under the peculiar circumstances, the masterpiece must be "chucked." Then he added with conviction: "All the same I feel in my bones that the Luxembourg would have wanted it."

"I'd give up more than that for her," said Carne.

"What you have done ought to melt a stone. I think Miss Lane the daisiest girl I know—bar one."

"Eh?"

"Clinton," said Keats uneasily, "I have not been quite square with you; I have not played ball. From the first you let me know how much you thought of Miss Lane, but I—well, I——" He blushed scarlet.

"Heavens, you're not in love too?"

"Miss Machin has corralled me."

"I'm as blind as a bat not to have found you out. Why,

my dear old Johnnie, this is splendid. You know, I've been worrying a bit, because I felt that if I was lucky enough to win the wife I want, what would become of you?"

"That has bothered me, Clinton."

"And Miss Machin—is she——"

Keats became very confused.

"I don't know; it's quite impossible to say. I've put in some good work, but who is a judge of his own work? Not I, certainly."

He laughed nervously, adding with his deprecating smile:

"Women are like poplars to me, only more so, they catch my eye in any landscape, but my eye can't catch them."

"Your eyes are all right. I say, when are you going to——"

"I thought of writing; I'm tongue-tied."

"Tongue-tied? You?"

At that Keats made confession, laying bare his soul. Did Clinton remember little Mamie Schermerhorn? Clinton remembered her perfectly. She had belonged to their dancing-class; a charmer with ultramarine eyes and two immense yellow pigtails. Every boy in the class adored Mamie.

"She adored me," said Keats. He blushed when he said it. Then he added: "I was not bald then, and I had a figure."

"Mamie adored you, eh?"

"I met her two years ago in Paris. She also is very stout now, and has four children; one little girl the living image of what she used to be. She told me she had loved me to distraction. If I had known it," Keats sighed, "if I had only known it! What good times I missed! Afterwards, it was the same old story. I was never able to tell the girls that I liked them; I never dared ask if they liked me."

"You must ask Miss Machin if she likes you at once," said Carne, with authority, "and not by letter."

Keats abstractedly put a brush filled with green paint into his mouth.

"She will be scared to death," he muttered. "Dash it, what am I doing?"

"Scared or not, you've got to speak."

"So have you, Clinton. Somehow, that makes it easier for me."

"In this case you must lead the way; I have reasons—good ones, too. Why not this afternoon——"

"How you rush one!"

"I've seen you flattening your nose against shop-windows, staring at things you wanted to and could buy, but didn't."

"Perhaps I thought I might lay out my money to better advantage," said Keats, with dignity.

"Oh, oh! You think there may be others——"

"Never! I'm up against the real thing." He was terribly serious, but his slang clung to him. "I wish I wer'n't so bald. Somehow a bald man making love strikes me as being rather ridiculous. Confound it!" he concluded with exasperation, "nearly everything about me is ridiculous, except my feeling for her."

"She likes you," said Carne with decision. "Now, Johnnie, every minute you waste is precious. Remember the good time you might have had with Mamie Schermerhorn. Strike while the iron is hot."

"I'm hot enough," said Johnnie, wiping his forehead, "but somehow when I find myself with her I get cold feet."

"This afternoon, you go to Ros Braz—alone."

"If you——"

"I have particular business here. Johnnie, are you a man or a mouse?"

"I'm a man," declared Keats valiantly.

"By the way, you can mention, casually, to Miss Lane that I have given up the idea of painting Yannik."

"I'll rub it in well," replied Johnnie.

Accordingly, after luncheon, John Keats rowed himself down to Ros Braz, where for the present we will leave him in

good company. Carne saw his friend start, wishing him luck and pluck. Then he returned to the hotel, asked for a few minutes' private talk with Yvonne, and learned from the pretty little *bonne* in the office that Mademoiselle was in her garden, which lies up the hill on the right of the road leading to Quimperlé.

Carne smiled as he climbed the hill, because Yvonne loved her garden, and was never happier than when she was counting her rows of peas and lettuces, and speculating as to the probable number of ripe melons. At such times, as Carne was well aware, she might be induced to forget the heavy responsibilities which lay at the foot of the hill, and chat comfortably of lighter matters at the top. She greeted him with a beaming smile and the remark that the rain had accomplished wonders.

"All the same, it has brought slugs," she added.

"I climbed up here to tell you that I am not going to paint little Yannik."

"Good!"

"You may say that, truly; for, between ourselves, I had a vision of a picture on the line, and paragraphs—dozens of them!"

Yvonne eyed him shrewdly.

"A good head, a good heart, and a clever hand will carry you far. Take that from me."

"Is that all you have to say?"

"Why, what more do you want? Oh, you artists! How you love flattery!"

"I want you to tell me candidly why you gave me that hint this morning."

"Oh!"

Her fine face clouded.

"You must feel," urged Carne, "that you do owe me an explanation."

His pleasant voice was very beguiling, as he leaned towards her, whispering: "I am so discreet, and I have done what you asked, haven't I?"

Yvonne crushed a slug.

"How I hate those slimy creatures!" she exclaimed, with surprising vehemence. "And there are men like them, who creep and crawl into the heart of what is pure and sweet and destroy it. Come, I will answer your question partly."

She led the way to a seat, not a very comfortable one. Carne sat down beside her, reflecting how admirably she fitted into the simple garden about them, which, designed almost entirely for practical uses, had charm and delicacy for an artistic eye. Along the borders, side by side with the massive cabbages, bloomed ethereal flowers. It was impossible to overlook the cabbages, but the flowers captured the eye and held it. Another thought flitted in and out of the painter's mind. This particular garden was laid out upon a very steep slope, and the soil, originally, had been thin and poor. Careful cultivation, infinite labour, had made it enormously productive.

Yvonne had remained silent for at least a minute, but when she spoke she came, as usual, straight to the point.

"I will tell you what I can upon the condition that you ask no questions."

"Understood."

"Good. I gave you that hint this morning, because I believe you to be a gentleman." She used the word *gentilhomme*, which to-day means so much more. Carne's eyes sparkled. He was certain that she was going to allude—indirectly, perhaps, but unmistakably—to Téphany. Yvonne loved Téphany. And this love had quickened, as love will, her remarkable quickness of perception, her shrewdness, her executive ability. But the light faded in his eyes, giving place to an entirely different expression as Yvonne slowly continued, weighing every phrase, as if she feared to say too much:

"Because you are a gentleman I am going to tell you something which happened long ago—something which affected me greatly. Even now," she sighed, "I feel the pain of it, although it only concerned me in this way: I lost a friend."

She paused again. Carne nodded sympathetically. He made sure now that Yvonne was about to confide to him some incident in her own life, unconnected with Téphany. This disappointed him; but interest and curiosity still flickered in his eyes. Yvonne's nice use of words astonished him, till he remembered how much she had associated with men of culture and refinement. She was the daughter of peasants; she had led a laborious life, cultivating a sterile soil, as her people had done for generations. But among the cabbages she had planted flowers.

"Do you speak of love?" he asked softly.

"I speak of ambition, Monsieur."

The word startled him. He moved uneasily, divining the drift of her preamble.

"I am ambitious," she continued. "And I can sympathise with all who are ambitious, especially the young. My friends—I have had many friends—have been ambitious men, Monsieur. They come here to me, and they like the simple life of this little world, but their thoughts are in the larger world beyond. They enjoy the present because they think so continually, so confidently, of the future. I cannot blame them, because I have done that myself. Indeed"—she laughed whimsically—"I do it still. I live to-day in a hotel larger than my annexe."

"I have my castle in Spain, too," said Carne.

"One of the young men who came here had genius—the most wonderful thing in the world. Because he had genius he thought nothing of pleasing the dealers and the people who buy pictures. He tried to please himself. Ah! but he was hard to please. Nearly always he destroyed his work, painted it out, and began again, and again, and again."

"Yes, yes," said Carne, eagerly, "it is the only way."

"Unfortunately, he was very poor, and he could not find what he wanted here. Others had found it, not he. Who can account for these things? One day I told him that he must leave Pont-Aven. I felt that he would find in Morbihan,

in the wildest part of it, what he could not find here. In the end I persuaded him to go."

She was silent for a moment. Carne, who had heard a score of stories about her generosity, told himself that doubtless she had furnished the money for this campaign into the wilderness. Yvonne continued drearily:

"He did find—a beautiful girl. He wrote to me, raving about her. He sent me a little sketch, and he swore that his chance had come. Perhaps, when you saw Yannik, Monsieur, you thought your chance had come?"

"Yes," said Carne decisively.

"There are opportunities and opportunities, Monsieur. Some an honest man and woman must pass by. This girl was not a model, and my friend knew it; but his ambition tempted him to take her, to use her, to—to abuse her. Well, I can tell you two more things. His ambition killed her——"

"Killed her?"

"I can answer no questions, Monsieur. You must take my word for this—it killed her, and then it killed him."

She closed her lips with almost violence.

"You have told me this," said the Californian—not unmoved either by the story or the teller's emotion—"for Yannik's sake?"

"Yes; and for your own."

Carne eyed her keenly: it was impossible to doubt her sincerity.

"Yannik," he said, with an effort to speak lightly, "is an opportunity which I shall pass by. In self-defence, I must add that you have alarmed yourself unnecessarily about her"—Yvonne set her chin at an obstinate angle—"but I can understand your feeling, and I sympathise with it."

He held out his hand, which Yvonne took, as they both rose. In the moment of parting Carne fired a haphazard shot:

"You are not the only one who has asked me to leave little Yannik alone."

"Eh?"

"Michael Ossory spoke to me this morning."

"Monsieur Ossory?"

Yvonne's face, naturally of a sanguine complexion, had been burnt brown by wind and sun; now it became ashen-coloured. Carne had the delicacy to bend down and pick a flower. When he looked up, Yvonne had recovered her self-control, and her face was composed, even smiling. But she said, in a slightly high-pitched voice:

"Monsieur Ossary may have heard this same story. But, in any case, you will keep what I have told you to yourself?"

"Of course," said Carne.

. . . . .

He lifted his hat, and walked slowly down the hill, with his mind in a welter of blurred images and emotions. He had divined the truth: Yvonne's friend and Ossory were identical. Yvonne's simplicity had betrayed her. Had not Ossory been acclaimed as a genius, even by the mighty Gérôme? Had he not left Port-Aven? But *where* had he gone? Carne had an instinct that in the back of his brain lay the answer to the question. But he could not find it. Then, when he had abandoned pursuit, the will-o'-the-wisp floated back into his memory. He had showed Ossory some studies. One, in particular, had provoked criticism, because Ossory contended that the coif was inaccurately drawn. Finally, Ossory had ended the discussion with an impatient: "Man, I have painted it scores of times. Do you think that I do not know the Port-Navalo coif?" Also Carne remembered how abruptly Ossory had changed the subject.

"I should like to know the facts," the Californian reflected. "And I suppose they may be found, even now, in Port-Navalo." He muttered Yvonne's words: "It killed her, and it killed him."

Carne composed an epitaph of two words:

"Poor devil!"

(*To be continued*)